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WHOLE No. 615.

Religious Miscellany.

A Song of Praise.

Day by day my heart is singing
Praise to thee my gracious Lord;
Ever from its depths upspringing,
Joyous strains of sweet accord.
Till that Christ is still my own;
Bel me trust in him alone.

He hath loved from years eternal,
Girdle me to do his will;
Leadeth on through pastures vernal,
By life's river, deep and still.
Safe, I rest from earthly care—
Christ, my Shepherd, dwelleth there.

All my wants thy love supplieth,
Naught of good I ask in vain;
Knowing this, my soul replieth,
Glorious thanks to thee I strain.
All things thou dost give to me,
Thine, dear Lord, the praise shall be.

Thou dost read the heart's deep yearning,
When its cry will not be stilled;
When it pleads, (as Jesus learning),
"Let me with myself be filled."
Coming in the chosen way,
Thou dost answer while we pray.

For the bliss thou hast bestowed,
For the light that cheers the way,
For the peace thy spirit knoweth,
Heart-felt praise I bring to-day:
Thou hast led in paths unadorned,
Richest grace to me hast shown.

Thanks to thee for every hour,
Be it glad in joy or gloom;
Weakness shall show forth thy power—
Thou canst make the desert bloom:
Give as seemeth to thee best,
Then in love withhold the rest.

Thanks to God for every blessing,
For his mercy rich and free;
This our watchword, Lord to thee,
Praise we render, Lord to thee,
Evermore his love proclaiming,
Giving glory to his name.

The Atheist Silenced.

Being in Manchester some time since, when a certain infidel lecturer was announced to lecture on Atheism, we went, out of curiosity, to hear him. After indulging in a large amount of scurrilous and blasphemous rant for about an hour and a half, he concluded by saying that the only safe rule of faith was to believe nothing that wasn't capable of mathematical demonstration; and that as the existence of God could not be demonstrated it ought not to be believed.

When he had sat down, a gentleman who we instantly recognized as Burlington B. Wales, Esq., whose essays and lectures on language (recently delivered at the Collegiate Institution) have won for him the reputation of a distinguished linguist, rose to reply to the remarks which had been made by the lecturer.

On being invited to take a position on the platform, he said he had no intention of wading through the continent of mud which the lecturer had been so long constructing; he should only fasten upon his two closing remarks, namely, that nothing should be believed that was not susceptible of mathematical demonstration; and that the existence of God not being susceptible of mathematical demonstration, ought not to be believed. Now, in relation to the first position, it was a fundamental axiom in mathematics that every circle must have a centre; but he need hardly tell the lecturer, that while it was absolutely necessary to admit this centre, its existence had never been demonstrated.

"Let this table," said Mr. Wales laying his hand upon a circular table which was on the platform, "be considered a yard in diameter; now where is the centre? It is not in either of the semi-diameters, for they are equal; and if it be in one it must be in the other; so you prove too much, for you show that there must be two centres in one circle, which is an absurdity, and destroys the very thing you are laboring to establish. It cannot be between them for they are in contact. You are thus driven to this conclusion—that this mathematical centre is a point devoid of parts, namely a spaceless point—something that does not occupy space. Now, as all entities occupy space, if this center does not, then it is not an entity; ergo, it is a non-entity, that is—nothing! So much for the lecturer's first proposition, that nothing ought to be believed that is not susceptible of mathematical demonstration.

"This concludes us to the second proposition, that the existence of God is incapable of mathematical proof. And here, I hope the lecturer will signify his admission or rejection of the premises laid down as I proceed.

"First, then, attraction either resides in matter, or it does not reside in matter. It was admitted to reside in matter.

"Secondly, it is equally diffused through matter, or it is not equally diffused through matter. Admitted that it was equally diffused.

"Thirdly, repulsion, resides in matter, or does not reside in matter. Admitted to reside in matter.

"Fourthly, it is equally diffused through matter, or it is not equally diffused through matter. Admitted that it was equally diffused.

"Now mark the result," continued Mr. W.: "Here are two permanently antagonistic forces, equally resident in matter, equally diffused through matter, equal in extent, and equal in power; these forces are said to be the motive power which moves all bodies. But it is one of the most self-evident propositions of Euclid, that where equal is equal, the result will be the establishment of an equilibrium; not motion, but quiescence or rest. Thus, if you take a pair of scales and place a pound weight in each you establish an equilibrium, which will remain forever undisturbed, unless interfered with by some external agent. If on the other hand, it is contended that attraction is stronger than repulsion; then, once stronger, it will forever remain so, and drawing all bodies into one agglomerated mass, again the result would be, not motion but rest.

"But nothing is at rest; suns, systems, planets, stars are all in rapid motion. What, then is the power which has destroyed the equilibrium of these two antagonistic forces, and which has

given to the universe that motion which they ever striving to prevent?
"We find no evidence of its existence in matter; yet it is evidently superior in matter, since it controls the motions of nature—neutralizes the tendency of those laws and forces which, without residing in matter, is evidently superior to it, constantly acting upon it, overcoming its inertia, and compelling it into motion, we call God. God! the inevitable word which terminates all our studies, the grand climax to all our knowledge, shining like a mysterious star upon the borders of both worlds, revealing to us the moral liberty of this, the moral justice of that."

Mr. Wales' argument, certainly one of the most lucid, forcible and original for the existence of God which I ever fell to my lot to hear, seemed to make a great impression upon the audience, more especially as his opponent declined to reply in "consequence of the lateness of the hour," though it was not quite ten o'clock!
On leaving, Mr. Wales was warmly congratulated by the Christian portion of the audience (and especially by Dr. Middleton, who chanced to be present; and with whom he subsequently rode home to supper), upon the skill and success of his argument, and for the good feeling with which it was conducted; for Mr. Wales is somewhat apt to silence an opponent by a withering sarcasm instead of a fact or an argument. We rejoice that this was not the case on the present occasion.—*Presbyter.*

Ten Rules for Rightly Judging of our State.

It is not easy to know ourselves. We are blind to our own faults. The worse men are, the better they often think themselves to be. Paul never thought so well of himself after his conversion, as he did before it. It is therefore useful to test ourselves by safe and strict rules, by which we shall be judged at the last day.

1. No man has any more goodness than the tenor of the Scriptures applied to his case will evince. The tenor of God's word is its general scope. This condemns some men outright; others it at once acquits; but others sometimes are of doubtful character. They give some show of piety, some exercises of mind not very unlike Christian experience, but the scope of the Bible is against them.

2. No man has any more purity of mind than he evinces by his habitual speech. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." He that flatters, backbites, reviles, carries scandal, or delights in foolish talking and jesting, is not right. But he who speaks no evil, uses his tongue to bless God and man, and keeps it from falsehood and deceit and vanity and malice, and trains it to love and truth, is on the road to heaven.

3. Nor has any man goodness beyond what is proven by his habits of devotion. Some have no habits of devotion. Such have no piety. Others have fits of praying and confessing, but they will not always call upon God. Their closets can bear witness to their miserable mode of life. But others are habitually in a devout frame. Their piety is proven by their serious study of God's word, their hearty prayers and prayers, their honest self-examinations, and their serious and useful meditations.

4. Nor have any man's attainments gone beyond what his common practice evinces. All true religion is practical. To hear God's word proves no man a Christian; but to hear and do them shows any man to be a child of God. What is your life?

5. Nor is any one better than upon full and fair trial of his principles is shown to be. All of life is a test. Some habitually fail, though at times they seem almost ready to do right. It is Jesus' habit to deny Christ. It was Judas' habit to fall when tempted even by a few shillings.

6. Nor has any man more moral excellence than his conscience, duly enlightened, declares him to have. He may have less than a blind conscience declares him to have, but never more than a good conscience claims. If our conscience is against us, we are undone. "If our heart condemns us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things."

7. We have no more piety than is evinced by our conformity to the moral law, whether regarded as consisting of the ten commandments given by Moses; or of two as given by Christ—supreme love to God, and equal love to man; or of one as Paul says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." What does the law say of you. What do you say of it?

8. Nor has any man any more excellence of character than as he is in moral character like God. God is just. Are you unjust? God is true. Are you a deceiver? God abhors cruelty. Do you delight in mercy? God is long-suffering. Are you impatient towards your foes? Are you an imitator of God?

9. No man has any moral excellence except as it is wrought in him by the Holy Ghost in regeneration and sanctification. Has the Holy Ghost ever wrought effectually in you? Were you ever born again? Were you ever soundly converted? Is your sanctification progressing? Do you know what sanctification is?

Ty yourself, prove yourself, and find out what manner of spirit you are of. Self-deception is always more or less willful. Of course it is wicked. It is also foolish. It is always dangerous. It is many times fatal. "Be not deceived." "Know ye not that Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"—*Am. Messenger.*

The Solemn Standpoint.

"I feel," said a truly Christian man, on his death bed, "how foolish were many of the pursuits which have occupied my gliding hours."

It were well for us to anticipate some of the views which we shall take of earthly things when we come to lie on our death-bed.

What will be our view of the regard for property which we cherish? It is proper that we should provide for our own; it is proper that we should be industrious and enterprising in our business; but our desire for property must not be excessive—must not degenerate into idolatry, as it often does. Covetousness is declared by the Word of God to be idolatry. We should regard with horror the sight of a Chinese idolater coming from the worship of his idols to the tombstone table. Is idolatry in a professed Christian less sinful than in a benighted heathen?

What will be our views in relation to the amusements we have pursued? Man must have rest and relaxation. His nature requires it. Health, physical and mental, would give way under the constant pressure of labor and austerity. But amusements vary in their character; some are benefiting a Christian, and some are not. Viewed from a death-bed, will not many things which we have persuaded ourselves to regard as innocent, appear sinful? Will not many things which we have considered wise, appear foolish? What will be our views of our efforts to do good? Alas! we shall feel that our motives were very impure, and our efforts very feeble. We shall wish we had done more for Christ.

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Several weary months of captivity thus passed over Yanne, her bondage daily growing heavier, when the changing season compelled Chellyly Aga to remove with his tribes from the mountainous districts towards the rich plains on the banks of the Tigris, where the pasturage was abundant for the flocks. This change brought them within two days' journey of the city of Mosul.

Yanne's friends, who were on the watch there, when they heard of this, felt that the time had come to make an effort for her rescue. One of the foremost to do this, was determined to go himself to the camp, taking with him a shrewd man of the country, a Protestant, named Eremiah, who had been to Oromochia, and had seen Yanne there.

Dr. H. applied to the Pacha of Mosul for a suitable band of soldiers to go with him to rescue the girl. He expressed some surprise that Dr. H. should go in person, but made no objection, and gave him an order upon a Turkish officer who commanded a body of troops fifteen or twenty miles distant from the Koordish encampment.

This officer readily promised compliance with the Pacha's letter, and soon Dr. H. and Eremiah were in company with about eighty irregular horsemen and footmen, travelling in haste and in silence towards the Koordish tents. Their expedition was not without danger. Chellyly Aga and his sons were fierce warriors, noted in battle. They could muster about an hundred armed Koords, able to wage a desperate encounter. The Koords are naturally suspicious and on their guard. They would resist the rescue of Yanne to the utmost of their power. The only hope lay in disarming suspicion until the leaders could be seized, and then by threatening their lives in case of an attack, they might hope to gain their object without bloodshed.

The Turkish officer stipulated that he be left to his own discretion as to planning the enterprise and lulling apprehension.

It was early morning when the encampment was reached, and the officer sent a messenger forward to the camp, saying that he was escorting an American traveller through the country, who having heard of the fame of Chellyly Aga, desired to visit him in his tent and partake of his hospitality. An affirmative answer was returned to this flattering request, and soon the whole party dismounted around the great reputation, where Chellyly Aga and his son, surrounded by armed attendants, awaited them. Dr. H. and the Turkish officer were escorted to seats of honor beside the chieftains. At first, while reserve, suspicion and preparation for attack were manifest in every look and movement, their project seemed hopeless. But as pipes and coffee were circulated, and conversation became general, the brow of the chief relaxed, and his attendants gradually dispersed a little to perform the duties of hospitality. Eremiah meanwhile, armed with such apparent indifference, and managed to see Yanne, and to communicate to her his intention, so that she might be in readiness.

In the tent the wonderful discoveries of the Western World were recounted. Telegraphs and railroads were described. All the hearers were apparently deeply interested. Even the soldiers pressed forward to hear the news. Etiquette was forgotten in their eagerness to listen, so that they even found their way behind the chief. Suddenly the Turkish officer gave a sign, and these zealous listeners at once threw themselves upon Chellyly Aga and his son, and pinioned their arms to their sides, so that they were incapable of the slightest resistance, and the astonished and excited crowd who pressed forward to witness the scene, were secured by the slightest movement on their part would result in the death of their chief, and while surprise still prevented the concerted action of the Koords, the chief were bound on to horses. Yanne was also mounted on a horse, and in a moment more the whole troop were scouring over the plain.

So instantaneous was the whole movement, that Dr. H. was not fully prepared for it, and found himself left behind after the rest of the party had left. His position was one of extreme peril, as the infuriated crowd closed around him, and a threatening manner and stern voice opened the way to where his horse was tied, and mounting him, he was soon borne out of danger.

The party pursued their way with excited feelings, the successful rescued, the defeated desponding. Yanne was rejoiced at her deliverance, for which she had been so long hoping. The chief was chagrined at their being thus overpowered and overpowered; the younger was especially exasperated at the escape of his bride. Night came on while they were yet distant several hours from Mosul, and compelled their encampment. In the stillness of the evening the quick ear of Eremiah overheard whispers which revealed a strange and wicked plot. It seemed that the Pacha's letter, nor desire to save Dr. H., or the simple humanity, had stimulated the Turkish soldiers to such zeal and activity in the rescue of Yanne; but he was all the time scheming for his own advantage, and making tools of the others. He had heard the fame of Yanne's beauty, and knew what a prize she would be deemed in the Pacha's harem, so he intended to carry her at once to the Pacha's

palace, knowing that for the delivery of such a present, he might expect an offer of honor or a rich reward in money.

Upon this discovery a hasty consultation was held by the trio most interested. To Yanne this prospect was terrible, far more so than the fate from which she had just escaped. Once within the Pacha's harem, her doom for life would be sealed. As a result of their conference, while the wearied soldiers were sleeping and the officer was dreaming of his golden prospects for the morrow, Eremiah and Yanne stole away in the darkness and with rapid steps made their way toward the city. Fear lent them wings, excitement strength, and heaven protection, so that soon after the gates of Mosul were reached.

The morning, the fugitives entered and made their way to the house of the English Consul, where under the protection of the English flag, Yanne was safe from the love of Koordish chief or the lust of Turkish pacha.

The scene at the camp about the same time baffles description. When the officer gave the summons to mount, and no Yanne started from the group of sleepers, his disappointment and rage were unbounded. The bird had flown, the schemer was outwitted, his castle in the air had vanished. Dr. H. of course explained nothing, but Eremiah's absence explained enough. Danger of an attack being now over, the captives were released and allowed to return, and the remainder of the party hastened to Mosul.

On their arrival there, the officer repaired at once to the palace, and told the Pacha what a prize he had almost delivered into his hands, and how he had almost been successful in the possession of her at all hazards. Finding by inquiry where she had gone, he sent a messenger to the consul demanding her immediate surrender. The reply was returned that she would stay where she was. Another message was sent by the Pacha, that he would send soldiers and take her, even if they had to tear down the walls of the consulate. Still Yanne was not given up, and he hesitated to execute his threat, through fear of the consequences should complaint be made at Constantinople.

He then attempted by a ruse to obtain possession of her. He secured an order for her to appear before the civil court, on the ground that she was the wife of a Mohammedan, and of course a Mohammedan, and was kept in the house of a Christian. He expected either to seize her upon the way to court, or to secure her conversion, both by the temporary disorder of their faculties, and at length by a constant incapacity and stupefaction.

It is attended with expense, which can often be ill spared.

It is sure to excite uneasiness in the family of the drunkard.

It shortens life.

To these consequences of drunkenness must be added the peculiar danger and mischief of the example. Drunkenness is a social festive vice; apt, beyond any vice that is mentioned, to draw others by the example. The drinker collects his circle; the circle naturally spreads; of those who are drawn within it, many become the corrupters and centres of sets and circles of their own; every one countenancing, and perhaps emulating the rest, till a whole neighborhood is infected from the contagion of a single example. This account is confirmed by what we often observe of drunkenness, that it is a local vice; found to prevail in certain countries, in certain districts of a country, or in particular towns, without any reason to be given for the fashion, but that it had been introduced by some popular spreading quality of drunkenness, let us connect a remark which belongs to several evil habits, also recited. The consequences of a vice, like the symptoms of a disease, though they all be enumerated in the description, seldom all meet in the same subject. In the instance under consideration, the age and temperament of one drunkard may have little to do with inflammation of the liver; the fortune of a second may not be injured by the expense; a third may have no family to be disquieted by his irregularities; and a fourth may possess a constitution fortified against the poison of strong liquors.

But if, as we always ought to do, we comprehend within the consequences of our conduct, the mischief and tendency of the example, the above circumstances, however fortunate for the individual, will be found to vary the guilt of his intemperance less, probably, than he supposes. The moralist may expostulate with him thus: "Although the waste of time and of money be of little importance to you, it may be of the utmost to some one or other whom your society corrupts. Repeated or long-continued excesses, which hurt not your health, may be fatal to your companion. Although you have neither wife, nor child, nor parent to lament your absence from home, or expect your return to it with terror, other families, in which husbands and fathers have been invited to share in your inebriety, or encouraged to imitate it, may justly lay their misery or ruin at your door. This will hold good, whether the person seduced be seduced immediately by you, or the vice be propagated from you to him through several intermediate examples. All these considerations it is necessary to assemble, to judge truly of a vice which usually meets with milder names and more indulgence than it deserves.—*Palmer's Moral Philosophy.*

The Patient Astronomer.
Cosoline Lucretia Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, Sir William Herschel, was born at Hanover on the 16th of March, 1750. She is herself distinguished for her astronomical researches, and principally for the construction of a selenographical globe, giving in relief the surface of the moon. But it was for her brother, Sir Wm. Herschel, that the activity of her mind was awakened. From the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits, her attendance on both his daily labors and nightly watches was put in requisition, and was found so useful that his removal to Datchet, and subsequently to Slough—being then occupied with his review of the

work at Rochdale has commenced with the church in a most gracious manner. It is now Wednesday; we began three days ago. On Sabbath afternoon, when it was estimated that there were as many as 1800 present, he who baptizeth with fire was in our midst. The names of about one hundred have been handed in to the Secretaries—some have been justified, others sanctified wholly. In view of the multitudes we have seen saved since we left America, our hearts are filled with adoring praise. We do not lose sight of the fact that one soul outweighs the wealth of the world. If angels in heaven rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, what should be our joy? I often feel like Fletcher: "Oh! for a gust of praise to go through the earth!"

Feb. 18.—My voice, you know, was never very strong; and it seems scarcely less than miraculous that I should be enabled thus for a succession of days, weeks and months to exert my voice, and often, after addressing a congregation of from two thousand to three thousand for three quarters of an hour, to sit down without hardly a feeling of weariness.

The Superintendent of the circuit has been in since I began to write, and says the number best since we commenced our services here, as recorded by the Secretary, is two hundred and fifty, some of whom have received pardon, others purity; and the names are not recorded until they are clear in the blessing sought, when they have retired from the altar and gone into the vestry and recorded their names. Of course none are willing to do this, as this act seems formidable until strong in the witness. I have known persons to go two or three times to the vestry-door, and turn again to the communion-table, fearing they were not quite clear enough to be witnesses to give their names. This is a blessed work, when we remember that it is but eight days we have been here.

General Miscellany.

Estimate of the Sin of Drunkenness.
Drunkenness is either actual or habitual, just as it is one thing to be drunk, and another to be a drunkard. What we shall deliver upon the subject must principally be understood of a habit of intemperance; although just of the guilt and danger described may be applicable to casual excesses; and all of it in a certain degree, forasmuch as every habit is only a repetition of single instances.

The mischief of drunkenness, from which we are to compute the guilt of it, consists in the following bad effects:

1. It betrays most constitutions either to extravagances of anger, or sins of lewdness.

2. It disqualifies men for the duties of their station, both by the temporary disorder of their faculties, and at length by a constant incapacity and stupefaction.

3. It is attended with expense, which can often be ill spared.

4. It is sure to excite uneasiness in the family of the drunkard.

5. It shortens life.

To these consequences of drunkenness must be added the peculiar danger and mischief of the example. Drunkenness is a social festive vice; apt, beyond any vice that is mentioned, to draw others by the example. The drinker collects his circle; the circle naturally spreads; of those who are drawn within it, many become the corrupters and centres of sets and circles of their own; every one countenancing, and perhaps emulating the rest, till a whole neighborhood is infected from the contagion of a single example. This account is confirmed by what we often observe of drunkenness, that it is a local vice; found to prevail in certain countries, in certain districts of a country, or in particular towns, without any reason to be given for the fashion, but that it had been introduced by some popular spreading quality of drunkenness, let us connect a remark which belongs to several evil habits, also recited. The consequences of a vice, like the symptoms of a disease, though they all be enumerated in the description, seldom all meet in the same subject. In the instance under consideration, the age and temperament of one drunkard may have little to do with inflammation of the liver; the fortune of a second may not be injured by the expense; a third may have no family to be disquieted by his irregularities; and a fourth may possess a constitution fortified against the poison of strong liquors.

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Extract from Mrs. Palmer's Last Letter.
ROCHDALE, Feb. 13, 1861.

We have long stood engaged for Rochdale, but have had so many pressures elsewhere that we only arrived in this place on Saturday evening last.

Dr. P. has on several occasions remarked that Tuesday evenings are with us seasons of most manifest power. While our dear brethren and sisters in Jesus are remembering, and we trust praying for us in the Tuesday afternoon meeting, we are engaged in our seven o'clock evening service. Would that the Lord might inspire the hearts of his people to ask in faith for still greater and mightier things in our behalf. We are endeavoring to sink deeper into the purple flood, and trust that we are daily rising higher in all the life of God. Never have we felt more deeply the necessity of clinging momentarily to the cross, or never more fully assured of our entire identification of interest in the Redeemer's kingdom.

We have been spending some time at the places where the Macedonian cry was specially loud because of the desolations of Zion. More truly so was the case in regard to the royal town of Windsor. A little before we visited that place, an official meeting had been called, at which the President of the Conference from London was present to devise what could be done, the loss of the cause of Methodism, and the financial embarrassment of the chapel being so great, that it seemed well nigh impossible to sustain the cause longer. A special messenger came for us, and we turned aside from many imperative calls from large and influential towns to go to Windsor church.

In Windsor the church membership was about fifty, but the Superintendent of the circuit said that he knew of scarce a dozen who seemed really to enjoy religion. I might go into many interesting details, but can only say that the Lord permitted the people to see that holiness specifically, is just the power needed to raise low churches. From the Secretaries' report, we have reason to believe that over one hundred professed disciples, such as Paul would have asked the question: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" were spiritually baptized. Many of these went about manifesting that it was indeed a gift of power they had received. They brought their friends to Jesus from all parts of the circuit, and many also came from London, twenty-two miles distant, seeking the full baptism of the Spirit, and others seeking pardon. The number of the newly-blessed was at least between two and three hundred. We did not hear the exact report of the number saved during this season of visitation on the circuit, but are sure the above computation is below the number of those who professed to receive pardon. We have had very encouraging letters from the Superintendent and others since we left, announcing that the work of revival is spreading in various parts of the circuit. Praise be to the Lord!

missions we have pursued? Man must have rest and relaxation. His nature requires it. Health, physical and mental, would give way under the constant pressure of labor and austerity. But amusements vary in their character; some are benefiting a Christian, and some are not. Viewed from a death-bed, will not many things which we have persuaded ourselves to regard as innocent, appear sinful? Will not many things which we have considered wise, appear foolish? What will be our views of our efforts to do good? Alas! we shall feel that our motives were very impure, and our efforts very feeble. We shall wish we had done more for Christ.

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Yanne's friends, who were on the watch there, when they heard of this, felt that the time had come to make an effort for her rescue. One of the foremost to do this, was determined to go himself to the camp, taking with him a shrewd man of the country, a Protestant, named Eremiah, who had been to Oromochia, and had seen Yanne there.

Dr. H. applied to the Pacha of Mosul for a suitable band of soldiers to go with him to rescue the girl. He expressed some surprise that Dr. H. should go in person, but made no objection, and gave him an order upon a Turkish officer who commanded a body of troops fifteen or twenty miles distant from the Koordish encampment.

This officer readily promised compliance with the Pacha's letter, and soon Dr. H. and Eremiah were in company with about eighty irregular horsemen and footmen, travelling in haste and in silence towards the Koordish tents. Their expedition was not without danger. Chellyly Aga and his sons were fierce warriors, noted in battle. They could muster about an hundred armed Koords, able to wage a desperate encounter. The Koords are naturally suspicious and on their guard. They would resist the rescue of Yanne to the utmost of their power. The only hope lay in disarming suspicion until the leaders could be seized, and then by threatening their lives in case of an attack, they might hope to gain their object without bloodshed.

The Turkish officer stipulated that he be left to his own discretion as to planning the enterprise and lulling apprehension.

It was early morning when the encampment was reached, and the officer sent a messenger forward to the camp, saying that he was escorting an American traveller through the country, who having heard of the fame of Chellyly Aga, desired to visit him in his tent and partake of his hospitality. An affirmative answer was returned to this flattering request, and soon the whole party dismounted around the great reputation, where Chellyly Aga and his son, surrounded by armed attendants, awaited them. Dr. H. and the Turkish officer were escorted to seats of honor beside the chieftains. At first, while reserve, suspicion and preparation for attack were manifest in every look and movement, their project seemed hopeless. But as pipes and coffee were circulated, and conversation became general, the brow of the chief relaxed, and his attendants gradually dispersed a little to perform the duties of hospitality. Eremiah meanwhile, armed with such apparent indifference, and managed to see Yanne, and to communicate to her his intention, so that she might be in readiness.

In the tent the wonderful discoveries of the Western World were recounted. Telegraphs and railroads were described. All the hearers were apparently deeply interested. Even the soldiers pressed forward to hear the news. Etiquette was forgotten in their eagerness to listen, so that they even found their way behind the chief. Suddenly the Turkish officer gave a sign, and these zealous listeners at once threw themselves upon Chellyly Aga and his son, and pinioned their arms to their sides, so that they were incapable of the slightest resistance, and the astonished and excited crowd who pressed forward to witness the scene, were secured by the slightest movement on their part would result in the death of their chief, and while surprise still prevented the concerted action of the Koords, the chief were bound on to horses. Yanne was also mounted on a horse, and in a moment more the whole troop were scouring over the plain.

So instantaneous was the whole movement, that Dr. H. was not fully prepared for it, and found himself left behind after the rest of the party had left. His position was one of extreme peril, as the infuriated crowd closed around him, and a threatening manner and stern voice opened the way to where his horse was tied, and mounting him, he was soon borne out of danger.

The party pursued their way with excited feelings, the successful rescued, the defeated desponding. Yanne was rejoiced at her deliverance, for which she had been so long hoping. The chief was chagrined at their being thus overpowered and overpowered; the younger was especially exasperated at the escape of his bride. Night came on while they were yet distant several hours from Mosul, and compelled their encampment. In the stillness of the evening the quick ear of Eremiah overheard whispers which revealed a strange and wicked plot. It seemed that the Pacha's letter, nor desire to save Dr. H., or the simple humanity, had stimulated the Turkish soldiers to such zeal and activity in the rescue of Yanne; but he was all the time scheming for his own advantage, and making tools of the others. He had heard the fame of Yanne's beauty, and knew what a prize she would be deemed in the Pacha's harem, so he intended to carry her at once to the Pacha's

palace, knowing that for the delivery of such a present, he might expect an offer of honor or a rich reward in money.

Upon this discovery a hasty consultation was held by the trio most interested. To Yanne this prospect was terrible, far more so than the fate from which she had just escaped. Once within the Pacha's harem, her doom for life would be sealed. As a result of their conference, while the wearied soldiers were sleeping and the officer was dreaming of his golden prospects for the morrow, Eremiah and Yanne stole away in the darkness and with rapid steps made their way toward the city. Fear lent them wings, excitement strength, and heaven protection, so that soon after the gates of Mosul were reached.

The morning, the fugitives entered and made their way to the house of the English Consul, where under the protection of the English flag, Yanne was safe from the love of Koordish chief or the lust of Turkish pacha.

The scene at the camp about the same time baffles description. When the officer gave the summons to mount, and no Yanne started from the group of sleepers, his disappointment and rage were unbounded. The bird had flown, the schemer was outwitted, his castle in the air had vanished. Dr. H. of course explained nothing, but Eremiah's absence explained enough. Danger of an attack being now over, the captives were released and allowed to return, and the remainder of the party hastened to Mosul.

On their arrival there, the officer repaired at once to the palace, and told the P

Obituary Notices.

Died, at Aylesford, on the 9th of February, CAROLINE, the beloved wife of Mr. Eliakim Wallace, in the 31st year of her age...

Mrs. Wallace had been early taught, by parents who themselves feared God, that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom...

It was not possible for one whose heart the Holy Spirit was so fully subduing to his own will, and preparing to take "the mould Divine"...

Now on the brink of death we stand, And if I pass before, They all shall soon awake to land, And I shall see them there...

The Lord had "chosen her in the furnace of affliction"; and He was with her, attempting the fire; and watching the process, till He saw His own reflex image stamped upon her heart...

"Nip by the wind's unkindly blast, Parched by the sun's directer ray, The morning glories, heavy die away."

Again—a youth of 15 years, BLISS, whose brief life was burdened with weakness, became a victim to Consumption, and passed away...

Mr. Eliakim Wallace, late consort of our deceased sister, survived his partner in life, and his companion in tribulation, only about five weeks...

The parents of Bro. Wallace are members of the Baptist Church; and taught their children to respect and observe the duties of religion...

The writer frequently visited this afflicted family; and he always found Bro. W. and his wife ready and eager to converse upon the things of God...

over whom he had been placed. Seldom or never was he known to absent himself from the house of prayer, when he could be present...

There is heaven? is a question frequently asked, and variously answered by the human mind...

It was not possible for one whose heart the Holy Spirit was so fully subduing to his own will, and preparing to take "the mould Divine"...

Oh, into what near and sweet neighbourhood heaven brought the chastened believer when it becomes the home of loved ones...

Thoughts such as these are suggested by the decease of friends—a parent, brothers and sisters—whose names are marked by six adjacent mounds of earth in the village graveyard...

Again—MARTY, a little girl of six summers, is torn in a moment from a mother's embrace...

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The Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1861.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Ordinary, Review, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Conference, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence. We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

Letter from England. From our own Correspondent.

ENGLAND, April 24, 1861. The doings of our half of the globe just now are almost distressingly poor.

There has been plenty of the spray and froth of political life, but not a single drop of Cabot's, no run-away kings, no revolutions, nothing, indeed, out of which a newspaper editor or correspondent could make a decent living.

Next Sunday evening the new census of the population of England is to be taken in every house in the land. The details required this time are fewer and more simple than those of the census of 1851.

By the way, we did almost get up a "difficult" with France last week. At the funeral of the Duchess of Kent several of the princes of the Orleans family attended in the character of mourners, a not very unseemly thing, seeing that they belong to the kindred of her late Royal Highness.

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Solemn Considerations.

"Oh earth! earth's heart! hear the word of the Lord!"

A faithfully discharged Gospel ministry may be considered the richest benefit any people can possess, or any locality be favoured with.

Experimental goodness, "having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come."

In its blessings, infinite and eternal—offering salvation through Christ to all. Inseparably connected, as by Divine appointment, stand the lives and agency of the Lord's messengers; and closely interwoven a vast responsibility of the people to whom they minister.

It cannot be otherwise, in connexion with these views and feelings, but that sorrow of heart has been experienced, and the silent tears fall o'er the pages of the "messenger of the churches," who have broken to us the bread of life—the Lord's dear sent servants, by whose instrumentality our immortal souls have been fed and nourished; they rightly dividing the Word of Truth—2 Timothy ii. 15. These—many of them—have gone to their bliss reward, and the souls saved shall finally appear as stars in their crown of rejoicing.

At the present era the impaired health of the Lord's messengers—"ambassadors for Christ"—presents a painful aspect: their languid appearance seems to express "the seal of their house hath eaten me up;" yet they diminish naught of their fatigues and labours on this Circuit to save immortal souls; pressing through the most intense atmosphere, and every vicissitude of weather, to fulfil appointments, and holding protracted meetings—which was done during February on the Bay Shore and at Canoe, at which latter place the Lord of the harvest has been pleased in an especial manner to crown their labours by a gracious revival, in the salvation of souls through their instrumentality; so that they may now humbly exclaim, "The best of all is—God is with us."

As regards the preservation of the health of the Lord's dear servants, the writer would feel instrumental in "stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance." Dr. Clark observed on this subject: "As Mr. Wesley never acted from caprice—from the mere impulse of the moment—but ever from conviction, and the most mature deliberation, under the influence of Divine light, and with an eye to the glory of God, none therefore, unless entirely ignorant of the life and labours of this extraordinary man, will infer his decision (at the last Conference, held in Bristol, 1790, in which he totally originated a mode of God, John Wesley, presided) originated from declining zeal. No: for as his days decreased, his labours multiplied and continued to abound, until the weary wheels of life stood still." Possessing the spirit of his Divine Master, the Great Head of the Church, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end." In a private meeting with some of the principal and senior preachers, held in Mr. Wesley's study, he proposed a Rule should be made, "That no preacher should preach three times on the same day." It was agreed by the preachers to be absolutely necessary in most cases; without which the place could not be supplied. Mr. Wesley replied, "It must be given up; we shall lose our preachers by such excessive labour." They answered, "We have all done so; and you, sir, even at a very advanced age, have continued to do so." "What I have done," said he "is out of the question: my life and strength have been under an especial providence; besides I know better than they how to preach without injuring myself; and no man can preach three days without killing himself sooner or later; and the custom shall not be continued." They pressed the point no further, finding he was determined. Yet they evaded its force by altering the minute thus—(when it went to the press) No preacher shall preach three times in the same day in the same congregation. Mr. Wesley had said, He who preaches the Gospel, he ought, must do it with his whole strength of body and soul. He, who instead of preaching, talks to the people—merely speaks about good things, or tells a religious story—will never injure himself by such employment. Such a person does not "labour in the Word and doctrine;" (1 Timothy v. 17, last clause,) he tells his tale, and as he speaks so his congregation believe, and sinners are left as he found them. Not so, the Lord be magnified as regards this highly favoured Circuit. A revenue of praise is due, that evidence is not wanting. "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul." "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: in thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted."—Lxxxix. Psalm 15, 16.

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Our Children's Corner.

Little May and the Old Man.

One sunny day little May Went through the woodland near; Tripping along by brook and stone Without a thought of fear; Though she had never known the way Until she found it that day.

Outside the wood a path she took, That to the meadow led; And there she saw with book in hand A man with hoary head; His smile was sweet, his eyes were blue; He said "Young lady, whence come you?"

"I'm little May; from home I came To take a summer walk; May I sit down upon this bank? I'd like with you to talk.

What is that book within your hand, Can I its meaning understand?"

"Sweet lady, 'tis a blessed book Which makes my old eyes see In that calm eye which hangs above A blessed company; Three children have I living here, And I expect their home to share."

"Sweet lady, 'tis a blessed book Which makes my old eyes see In that calm eye which hangs above A blessed company; Three children have I living here, And I expect their home to share."

"Please, read your book here by the brook? And so the old man read Sweet words, that filled her with surprise Until she softly said, 'I did not know there is a place Where we can see a Savior's face.'"

"He came to earth," the old man said, "To die for you and me." "Why did he die?" "That we might join A glorious company" And still the old man read the book, And still sung on the chiming brook.

He read how Jesus put his arms Around each little child, And now, with hands upon his head, In holy words and mild, He blessed every little form By faithful water to him borne.

And little May, full many a day, Passed through the woodland lone, And always found the good old man Upon his mossy stone, And by the little singing brook, He read from his delightful book.

Industrious Ada. Many little girls work because they must, and do it in such an unwilling manner, that the mother, sister or friend, would rather perform all the labor alone, than to witness such unamiable conduct, and look upon such an unpleasant fact.

I know of many little girls who spend their leisure in useful employment, but there are not very many among your friends who really love to work.

I do not think that little girls should sit in the house and sew, and knit, and embroider, all of the time—no such thing; they should play in the open air, many hours each day; run, jump, drive hoop, play ball, count in winter, work in garden in summer, take long walks in the woods, searching for flowers, singing with the birds, and chirping with the grasshoppers, and doing anything of the kind which makes them healthy and happy.

But when they are in the house, and have work of any kind to do, they should perform it carefully, neatly, patiently and perseveringly.

Ada is a little black-eyed girl, now about eleven years old; her mother has much work to do—her elder sister is teaching school in the city, so little Ada is her mother's only help.

"How much can such a little girl help her mother?" asks a child's voice.

"I do not know all the many steps those small, little feet take, or all the little helpful things her busy hands perform for her mother; but I know she is always industrious, washing dishes, sweeping, dusting, taking care of her own little room and that of her brothers. She tries to make biscuits and cakes sometimes; occasionally she is led to wonder why her biscuits are not as light as mother's, or why her loaf of cake should look so nicely done, and when cut, be unlovely in the center?" Her mother explains the cause of each fault, and she frequently has very nice little bakings of her own.

For the last two years she has done every stitch of her own plain sewing; made and trimmed her under garments with tape-trimming, or embroidery, so that her mother has no sewing of that kind to do for her. Her school aprons are always made very neatly; her mother's morning collars fashioned by the same busy fingers, and at Christmas and New Year her friends received presents of crocheted and brilliant collars—the products of her industry, which so nicely completed, you would not suppose such a little girl could have done them.

At school, Ada is diligent and studious, and when her arithmetic troubles her more than usual, her cheerful, persevering industry overcomes all the difficulties at last.

In play she is active as any of the girls, and likes sport as well; but when recess is over, her studies are cheerfully resumed.

How many of the little girls who read this, will try to imitate industrious Ada?—Little Pigkin.

The Grammar Lesson. "Henry, have you learned your lesson?" inquired Mrs. Lincoln one evening, as she saw her son engaged in reading a story book.

"No, mother; it is a grammar lesson, and I hate it. Besides, what use is there in my studying it?"

"To teach you to speak correctly, Henry—"

"I am sure, mother, I can talk well enough now, without any help from a book."

Mrs. Lincoln was silent a few moments, and then said, "Henry when your bed-time comes this evening, if you have made less than six grammatical errors, you may, perhaps, discount the next Mary may take notice of what you say, and write down your mistakes, and at nine o'clock we will beak the result."

"O," cried Henry, "how nicely I shall get rid of it! You may be sure I shall not make six blunders in two hours."

By and by the clock struck nine, and aunt Mary laid aside her work, and took up a piece of paper. Henry glanced at it, and said pleasantly, "Now, aunt Mary, I want to know how I have got on."

"Well," said aunt Mary, "in the first place, you said that to-morrow James Murray was going to town to play cricket. That was wrong; you should have said he was going to

Notes & News.

GOOD REASONING.—A few weeks since, a Christian woman visited a Southern plantation. Among the slaves was an old man, with whom the following conversation was held: "You are an old man; will you not die soon?" "Yes, I know I must."

"Where do you expect to go?" "I think I shall go to the good land."

"Why do you think you shall go there?" "I can not tell; but the nearer I come to death, somehow Jesus and I get nearer together."

"Good reasoning, blessed reasoning." "Father, I will those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."

A medical student, who had been served very hard at his examination for admission to the faculty on a very warm day, was nearly overcome by the numerous questions put to him, when the following query was asked: "What course would you adopt to produce a copious perspiration?" After a long pause, he observed, "I would have the patient examined before the Medical Society!"

NATIONAL GALLERY.—The London Weekly Express says, "A large body of workmen are daily engaged in finishing the improvements at the National Gallery for which a vote was granted in the last session of Parliament. The old sculpture gallery has been removed, and the new one, of very elegant design, by Mr. Pennington, the government architect, is making rapid progress. Its dimensions are seventy feet long by fifty feet and twenty feet high, lit by a large circular skylight and surrounding side-lights. It will be four times the size of the former sculpture gallery, with appropriate classical ornamentation. Above this the new picture gallery which abuts upon the barracks, is also proceeding. The new picture gallery will have a fine elliptical roof composed of wrought and cast-iron girders, to be seventy-five feet by thirty and thirty-two feet high, elegantly decorated and with surrounding ante-rooms. It is expected that the galleries and other improvements will be completed and opened to the public by the end of March."

Agriculture.

How Long should a Cow go dry.

It is the custom of dairymen who make butter and cheese, to keep their cows on grass and to stop milking twice a day about the end of November, and a month later to dry off the entire herd. These cows come in again in March and April, so that they go dry two or three months. With this system of feeding and this period of calving, this is probably the best course. Two or three months upon hay alone will only serve to place the cow in that good healthy condition to carry her safely through the period of calving, and subsequent milking, till the substantial grasses of summer and autumn can supply the demand upon the system. Cows differ very much in their disposition of holding out their milk, some being "dried off" with difficulty, and others manifesting a decided decrease, as soon as they are again with calf. The former are very desirable when milk for the family is needed, or for the extra supply; but dairymen are satisfied with a good flow of milk from April to November. As far as milk is concerned, we would milk just as long as the food we proposed to employ would keep the cow in good order. A respite will secure greater health and vigor in the cow. If the period is too long, the milk becomes fleshy, and the milk-producing tendency is diminished. Cows dried in November, if they do not calve till July, are apt to get too fat, the bag is hard and inflated, often resulting in loss of one or more quarters. We have practiced daily milking for a few days previous to calving in such cases, with good results. The milk upon the calf of the protracted milking of the cow, kept on no more than good ordinary feed, is well known. A slender weanling, he is said to be "knocked in the head with the milk pail." Under ordinary circumstances the cow should dry at least three months, if we desire a well-developed, perfect calf. This is one reason why many of the fine breeds of cattle do not compare in holding out their milk with some of our inferior pretensions. In the former a fine calf has been preferred to quantity of milk, in the latter all other propensities and qualities have been subordinated to the single one of giving milk.—Homesend.

A Few Words on Hatching and Rearing Poultry.

I would recommend all parties desirous of procuring a superior breed of birds, at the least possible expense, to obtain two or three barren hens about to sit; they buy from some neighbor, having the desired breed, fresh-laid eggs, allowing from eleven to thirteen to each hen, according to size; should more than thirteen eggs be placed under a hen, and the weather prove cold, the chances are that one-third of the clutch, at least, are spoiled. If an out-house or cellar can be used for the nest-house, so much the better, provided the floor is slightly moist. In the darkest corner place a good half-ounce of straw; and to better form a nest and prevent the eggs from chilling when the hen moves, a row of bricks all around. In such a place the chickens will shell out strong and healthy. Many persons may wonder at my recommending a moist place; but it will be remembered, if you leave a hen to herself she will choose for the brooding place a spot under a bed of nettles, a gap in a hedge, inside a stack of fagots, or similar damp places; all being places nature has pointed out as the most suitable, and apparently for this reason: the germ of the egg floats uppermost with and against the shell, in order that it may meet the genial warmth of the breast of the fowl. We must, therefore, in hatching, apply most warmth to the part only; the egg being supplied with only a limited quantity of moisture, it is thus arranged to prevent evaporation from a large surface, as the egg is only very warm at the part in contact with the fowl, until the blood-searching nourishment for the embryo has surrounded the inner surface of the shell, when the whole egg becomes gradually warm, and eventually of an equal temperature.—Cottage Gardener.

Tomatoes.

Germinate in a hotbed, or kitchen; for very early fruit transplant into small pots. The tomato improves by every transplanting, and each time should be set deeper. From four to five leaves appear, pinch or cut off the larger, lower leaves and the terminal buds, and continue this mode of pruning until the fruit is far advanced, so that when ripe the bed will seem to be covered by one mass of large, smooth tomatoes, of the richest pomegranate color, and the leaves hidden by the fruit. Set plants two or three feet apart, in the warmest place you have, and let them fall over to the northern frame twelve or fifteen feet high; or on a post braced up to sustain them, and keep them from the ground, which delays ripening, creates mold, invites cut-worms, and always gives the tomatoes an earthy taste. Try now only one cluster (the first that blossoms) and cut everything else gradually away. If you wish late tomatoes, pull up each plant by the roots, just before the frost comes, and hang them upon the south side of the building, top down, with a blanket to roll up days and let down nights. When ice makes, hang them up in any room that does not freeze, or in a dry cellar, and you will have fresh tomatoes all winter—shrivelled to be sure, but of fine flavor.

Horses, if kindly treated, and not overworked when young, will retain their vigor and working power to a much greater age than is generally supposed. As an evidence of what proper treatment will accomplish, a gentleman exhibited at the Springfield Horse Show a four horse team whose aggregate ages amounted to 107 years. This team trotted last year a mile in 3:15 minutes. One of the leaders, whose age is 35, can go twenty miles a day with greater ease and speed than the majority of roadsters.

English and American SHOESTORE.

ARCHIBALD GOREHAM 15 Duke Street. WOULD respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his large and splendid stock of Fall Goods from Melita, East, Eastern State, Halifax, and Boston.

Ladies Kid top Instants, Balmoral Boots, Elastic Eastern State, Halifax, and Boston. Ladies Kid top Instants, Balmoral Boots, Elastic Eastern State, Halifax, and Boston.

Kid top side Lace Boots, Military Heel. Kid top Elastic Side Boots, do do. Kid top Elastic Side Boots, do do. Kid top Elastic Side Boots, do do.

French Merino Elastic Side Boots, very neat 7/6 do. Kid top Elastic Side Boots, do do. Kid top Elastic Side Boots, do do.

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RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR BUILDERS AND OTHERS.

Valuable Real Estate in Brunswick Street for Sale. THE Subscriber offers for sale the well known SUGAR HOUSE PROPERTY in the rear of Brunswick Street (opposite the Wesleyan Church), consisting of a large lot, containing 123 square feet, and a small lot, containing 123 square feet.

Also, a Valuable Lot adjoining, facing on Brunswick Street 120 feet by 100 feet, making the whole property 243 square feet, for a class of buildings thereon; there is also a superior never-failing deep well of spring water, 123 feet deep, and a large lot, containing 123 square feet, and a small lot, containing 123 square feet.

Apply on the premises to H. G. HILL, No. 3, Brunswick Street.

MARK THESE FACTS! The Testimony of the whole World. In Laguna, the seaport of Caracas, on the other side of the Andes, and according to the late Baron Humboldt, who visited it in 1804, the hottest place in the world was there, the temperature of the air being 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

According to a report made by the commander of the place, blood-letting was not only necessary, but it was necessary to bleed the patients in the most profuse manner, and to bleed them in the most profuse manner, and to bleed them in the most profuse manner.

They saw atropics, the bed-ridden for 15 years made well, and a woman who had been blind for 15 years made well, and a woman who had been blind for 15 years made well.

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THE TRUE BALM OF GILEAD AND THE PHYSICIAN THERE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS. THE MEDICINE OF MEDICINES. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.

THE question is not, what mainly and evil they cure, but what they do not cure. There are four quarters of the world, and in each are to be found the four-famed RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.

IN the Empire of Brazil the cured effected have been many. The great City of Rio Janeiro besides the day when "Ray's" celebrated remedies were first introduced into the Empire.

Gen. Henry A. Wise, late Ambassador to Brazil states that no other medicines were used by the Emperor in his family, and that during four years' residence he himself was preserved from death by the use of Radway's medicines. He states that the use of the Radway Pills and Ready Relief among all classes have saved thousands of lives every year.

IN Spanish America, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT. Are of universal use. The old Republic of Colombia and each of its three Republics—Venezuela, of which Caracas is the capital; New-Granada, of which Bogota is the capital; and Ecuador, of which Quito is the capital.

Gen. Jose Villamil, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Republic of Colombia, writes to the Hon. Secretary of the War, and says: "I have used your Ready Relief, REGULATING PILLS and RENOVATING RESOLVENT, kept the army in perfect health. The army surgeons and physicians used your medicines with such perfect success in the Hospital as to report every soldier in the army (not disabled by broken bones) ready for duty as soon as their wounds were healed, and without the slightest influence of these remedies. They not only infuse health and strength in the enfeebled and worn out, but within the heart and blood of all who use them courage to persevere and conquer."

THE FRIENDS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. When honored by a grateful populace for cured deemed miraculous, have smiled, while they drew from pockets inside their sacred vestments bottles of "Ray's Relief," or "Ray's Pills," and denying by the act that they had used other than human agencies, blessed by Divine Providence.

By every mother who has a child suffering from colic, and who has tried every other remedy, and who has tried every other remedy, and who has tried every other remedy.

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