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Religious Miscellany.

Enough.

Dost thou need *sunshine*, heart?
Art weary of this cloudy, shadowed life—
Of all this dark, unsatisfying strife?
There is a sunny part,
Where light and joy undimmed forever shine;
And Jesus says, poor heart, it may be thine.

Dost thou need *rest*, my heart?
Art thou so tired with care, and toil, and woe,
And longing one unbroken peace to know?
There is a quiet part—
A place where thou mayst go put off thy care—
A blessed rest, where Jesus bids thee share.

Dost thou need *love*, O heart?
Hast thou found all thy dear ones false and weak?
One pure, unchanged affection dost thou seek?
There is a loving part;
All thou mayst give out all thy sweetness there,
To meet the love of Jesus, rich and rare.

Dost thou need *trust*, my heart?
Are all things faithless in this world below?
And doth thou long some truer thing to know?
There is a faithful part—
A hope which never fails, held out to thee—
A trust in Jesus, whence all fears may flee.

Dost thou need *joy*, my heart?
Sadness drooping o'er thy earthly way?
And doth the night seem to o'ercreach the day?
There is a joyful part—
A place of bliss, where sorrow never lives—
An "everlasting joy," which Jesus gives.

Dost thou need *much*, poor heart?
Art ever yearning, yet art never filled?
Hath earth thy weary longings never stilled?
O! seek that "better part."
Ah! fulness dwells in Him who once hath died
Go, heart, to Jesus—and be satisfied.

Spiritual Baptism--A Reminiscence

BY REV. J. W. MACOMBER.

In yielding a point of duty after a long and painful struggle, with reference to a matter that was to affect my whole future being, and involving consequences as lasting as eternity, I received a baptism of the Spirit, such as I had never before realized or conceived to be the privilege of mortals. For months I seemed swallowed up in God, and lost in the vast, unfathomable deep of infinite purity and love. With a faith that knew no obstacles, and overleaped every barrier, triumphing over the timidity and extreme diffidence of my nature, duty became my delight, and it was more than my meat and drink to do my Master's will. Not that there was no struggle of the flesh, no temptations to yield in the discharge of painful duties, but there was the faith that overcometh—

A faith that would not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe

An unyielding purpose to do duty, and a calm trusting in God for results.

One evening, on my way to class, the thought occurred that I might be called upon to take a prominent part in the exercises of the evening, when suddenly there came upon me a feeling of emptiness, barrenness, and utter destitution of emotion, accompanied by a strong temptation to turn back and remain at home. But by an instant act of faith casting myself on Christ for "grace to help," with quickened pace I bent my steps to the place of prayer. On entering the room I found a goodly number assembled, and the time having arrived, the leader invited me to conduct the opening exercises. I opened the book at the hymn commencing:

"Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give

And the little company evidently sang in the spirit. Then in childlike simplicity and appropriating faith we pleaded the promises and invoked the presence of the Master of Assemblies. The hearty responses and occasional outbursts of subdued and holy feeling gave evidence of the presence and power of the Spirit. We arose and sang another hymn, accompanied by ejaculations of praise and such evident signs of emotion as told that the Saviour was manifesting himself in no ordinary manner to his people. The hymn sung, the leader rose to speak, when an aged mother in one corner of the room, his countenance radiant with holy joy, cried out in the simplicity of his heart, "You need not lead to-night, Brother C., you needn't lead! Jesus leads to-night!" Brother C. remarked that he did not intend to "lead," but rose to say that he would leave the meeting in the hands of the great Leader, to be conducted according to the direction of the spirit. He resumed his seat, and the flood-gates of glory were lifted up, while waves of glory rolled in upon that little company like the influx of a mighty ocean. Every heart was melted, every eye streamed tears of joy. All power of utterance seemed to be lost while shouts of "glory," and triumphant "hallelujahs" from lips unused to shout, broke forth on every side. Timid ones, usually retiring and shy, struggled to control their feelings until they could no longer; they gave way to the uncontrollable impulse of their hearts, and praised God with loud voice. Occasionally there would be a lull in the tempest of holy feeling that swept over our little circle, and then would rise one of the sweet songs of Zion mingled with murmuring prayer, melodious and soft as the gentlest breeze of summer. Anon the rising tide of glory would break over us, and shouts of victory would drown the voice of song. After a time the leader and then the writer made unsuccessful attempts to speak. There was a confusion, no discord. All was harmony as the united spirit swept the chords of hearts attuned to divinest melody, and with one accord we broke forth in the praises of the Redeemer. The other classes came in, and leaders and members gathering about the door and windows, beheld with silent wonder and awe the wonderful works of God. At length Brother D., a leader, ventured in and made an effort to speak, but in vain. Thus hour after hour passed away until, at about eleven o'clock, one by one we silently withdrew to our houses.

That season I shall never forget while memory lasts. Its impressions will never be effaced from my soul. The thoughts of those hallowed moments thrill through my very being, and the results of that *baptism of fire* will be summed up only in eternity. The holy fire spread in the Church. God's minister proclaimed with clearness and power the doctrine of a full salvation, believers were sanctified, and a hundred precious souls were brought to Christ.

Sometimes in the discharge of duty God shuts us up to the exercise of unmixed naked faith. Every resource is cut off; all sensible manifestation withdrawn. How many have thus been brought into doubt, and, yielding to temptation, into condemnation. At such times the voice of God and the command of duty are, "Go forward!" which, if promptly obeyed, would bring deliverance as signal as that wrought out for his people, when he brought them through the waters of the Red Sea. "The trial of your faith is precious.—*Ch. Advocate.*

The Invisible Wires.

BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

Natural objects have been teachers of spiritual lessons ever since time began. Mountain, valley, wood, stream, cloud, and sunshine, has each had its appropriate lessons for man, and inspiration has given to each a voice of utterance, clear and distinct. Inventions of art and discoveries of science, too, have their lessons, so that new teachers are continually coming upon the stage and speaking to those who have ears to hear.

An example of this we find in the electric telegraph, that wonderful discovery of the age Great thoughts of the invisible communication between heaven and earth have been suggested by it, and still, as we view it, we may gather fresh lessons from its teaching. Prayer has been called the telegraph line from earth to heaven Is not the invisible fully typified by the visible, which seems itself only in part a thing of sense, an object occupying the boundary line between the visible and the invisible? Should not every sceptic stand rebuked when he receives a message over these wires? He believes in the message just received from a distant city, but he does not believe in messages sent from the heavenly world. He does not understand the mode of communication in the latter case. Does he understand it in the former? He does not believe in mysteries. Is there no mystery here? He trembles when the visible wires signal to him of disaster or death, but heeds not the solemn notes of warning that speed along the invisible wires. How absurd and inconsistent is unbelief! How rational and reasonable is faith.

Telegraph lines are now very numerous; so are those of which these are a type. The latter however numerous, have one common terminus. A new line is completed every time a soul is born into the kingdom of grace. In heaven the completion of each new line of communication is celebrated with songs of joy and shouts of triumph. Over one just completed passed the message, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and quick as the lightning's flash the message is returned, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee."

At the end of another line is a sick-bed, on which lies a weary sufferer. Again and again the message passes over the line, "O Lord, heal me! If it be thy will, let this cup pass from me." The message returned is similar to the one received by the great apostle, "my grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Strengthened and comforted, the sufferer feels that he has received a message from heaven.

Again a mother whose little ones are crying for bread which she has not to give, sends speeding over the wires a cry for help, and quick as thought another message speeds away to the heart of a Christian neighbor, and he feels a sudden impulse to go to the lonely widow, and see if she is in need.

Sometime in the same instant the message is sent and the answer is returned. Again the answer is long delayed. Once a Christian mother sent over these invisible wires messages of prayerful entreaty for her son. That son grew up wilful, reckless, obstinate. After years of sin, he sickened, and was carried to a hospital, in a country far from the land of his birth. A faithful minister came to his bedside to bring the Gospel of glad tidings. He would not listen, but turned his face to the wall. Ah! where were those messages which passed from earth to heaven so many years before? They have not been forgotten. The answer is speeding. The man of God determines to make one more effort. He sits down by that bed, and sings a song his mother taught him in his childhood. The man's heart is reached now. He turns, and with a tear in his eye asks,

"Where did you learn that?"

"My mother taught it to me.'

"And my mother taught it to me!" he responds, now melted and subdued, ready to listen to the message of love which the Gospel minister is yearning to impart.

Believe it, trembling Christian, no message travelling over these wires is ever lost. If no answer has been received, it is waiting for you somewhere in the future. Employ, then, without ceasing, this line of communication between heaven and earth.—*S. S. Times.*

Be Strong.

To be a Christian even in the lowest sense, is a great thing. But it is possible to be in Christ, and yet be worth very little to his cause. Spiritual life may exist, and still be so weak and sickly as to accomplish nothing great or useful. It is our duty and privilege not only to "put on Christ," but *to be strong in him*, and in the power of his might. It is not enough to have grace—we must grow therein, must add to our faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to this brotherly kindness and charity. It is only when these things are in us, and abound, that we shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge and service of Christ Jesus our Lord.

There are many reasons why all Christians should endeavour to be "strong in the Lord." The Christian life is arduous and difficult, hence we need strength to perform its duties, and to endure its trials. It is a warfare, and war is always a serious and earnest business—especially so when the enemy is numerous and powerful. Such is emphatically the Christian warfare. He contends not against flesh and blood only, but against principalities and powers; against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in "high places." His enemies are the world, the flesh, and the devil. Their name is legion, and they are well organized. He must, therefore, have strength to encounter such a foe with success. Again, the Christian life is called a race—a life-long race. The prize for which he runs is glorious—not a crown such as earth can give, but a crown of life—a crown of immortality and eternal glory. Here, again, he needs strength, that he may run with patience, and endure to the end, in order to obtain this crown. Or, if we take the weakest figure, and call his life a *service*, still it is an arduous, a self-denying, and difficult service—one that requires great energy, and patient continuance in well-doing. In every view of the case it is clear that the Christian needs strength—a strength not to be found in himself, but only in the Lord, who is everlasting strength.

What then are the conditions or means by which this strength is to be obtained? First, we must seek it in Christ. It is in the power of his might only we become strong. Second, we must put on the whole armor of Christ. The panoply is complete. Arrayed in this we are invulnerable and invincible. We can not only quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one that he may hurl against us, but we can carry the war into his own camp. Third, we must look well to our rations. He that would be strong, must have sustenance. The best of soldiers may easily be vanquished, if once cut off from their base of supplies. The stoutest arm will soon fail, if forced to contend with both hunger and fatigue. We must lie near to God, and feed much upon the *hidden manna*, if we would renew our strength, and mount up on wings as eagles. The vigorous growing Christian is one who loves his Bible, who loves the place, and duty of prayer, who lives in daily and intimate communion with God, in the use of all the appointed means of grace within his reach. Fourth, frequent exercise is indispensable in the development of strength. If a man would become an athlete, he must consent to a long and patient training. Years are required to develope the fullest strength. The same is true in the camp. Much patient toil and drill is necessary to a full development of the physical powers in any profession. The condition is the same in spiritual things. The strong man everywhere is a man of active habits. A soldier on furlough, who would insist on lying in the shade, and leading an inactive lazy life, in order that he might husband his strength for some great emergency, would inevitably fail when the emergency came. It is daily constant exercise that gives him the needed strength for great occasions. How important at a time like this, when the fields are so ample, and so white to the harvest, that all who profess and call themselves Christians should be men of strength! "Strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—*Christian Press.*

Religious Intelligence.

[From the November Missionary Notices]

The Revival in South Africa.

FURTHER ACCOUNTS.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Robert Lamplough dated Annshaw, Middle Drift, August 7th, 1866.

Since I last wrote to you about two months ago, we have had a glorious revival of God's work in this Circuit, which has resulted in the conversion to God of about nine hundred souls: all of whom, with the exception of perhaps one hundred, were not members of the church before, whilst a considerable number of them were heathen. As a result of this gracious visitation, we have now more than fourteen hundred names on the class books, and every week this number is increasing. But it will be better for me to give you a few particulars of the work in order; though I really do not know where or how to begin.

CHARLES PAMLA, NATIVE MINISTER.

In my last letter, I think I told you that Charles Pamla had been to Keiskama Hoek to preach, and that he returned with the good news that between thirty and forty souls had found peace during the services. Charles had also been the means of several being converted at Annshaw, about the same time; and at our Missionary Anniversary Services, eight souls professed to enter into liberty. So that when the Rev. William Taylor came to Annshaw, some fifty souls had found peace in the Circuit, and there was generally a good state of feeling. But it was Mr. Taylor's visit that seemed to light up the flame, which burned with such power and rapidity, and resulted in the speedy conversion of hundreds of souls. It was on Thursday afternoon, the 14th of June, that Mr. Taylor arrived from King William's Town. After dinner Charles Pamla came, and he and Mr. Taylor spent nearly an hour together, in going over the sermon, in order that Charles might be better able to interpret it. At four o'clock the first service began. The chapel was crammed in every part, as I think I never saw it before. Mr. Taylor preached from Acts i. 6 8: "Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" I shall not attempt to give you a description of the sermon: suffice it to say, that it was full of power and accompanied by the demonstration of the Spirit to the hearts of all.—The whole congregation seemed bowed down, and one general cry rose up from sinners' hearts, as on the day of Pentecost. Had there been six thousand people instead of six hundred, the results might have been as great as at Pentecost. As Mr. Taylor intended to preach again that evening, this first service was closed without a prayer-meeting, and the congregation dismissed. About half-past seven o'clock, the chapel was again crowded, and Mr. Taylor preached from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Of this sermon I can only say that it was as powerful as the first; indeed, his appeals to sinners were overwhelming, and Charles Pamla was carried beyond himself; so that the sermon lost none of its power in passing through him. Towards the close of this sermon, Mr. Taylor sang, in his own peculiarly melting way, a piece called "Why will ye die?" and to the surprise of all, not excepting Mr Taylor, Charles interpreted the piece, and *sang* it, line after line, in a most marvellous manner. I never heard anything like it; and even Mr. Taylor, who has witnessed many surprising things, said afterwards that he really thought he had met with something new under the sun for once. The next morning, when Charles was spoken to about it, he said he was not aware he sang. Well, to return to the service, at the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Taylor asked those who wished to be on the Lord's side to stand up. Immediately upwards of a hundred rose on their feet. The prayer-meeting then began; but it was utterly impossible to be heard either in praying or singing. The excitement and cries seemed so great, that I proposed to Mr. Taylor that the meeting should be dismissed; but he replied, "Let the good Spirit work in His own way; they are struggling into the kingdom. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'" And the result showed that he was right; for by twelve o'clock, when the meeting was closed, about *seventy* souls professed to have entered into liberty. But most wonderful was it to see how Charles Pamla seemed to understand the work, and what was necessary to be done. He and others soon brought order out of what appeared to be confusion and noise. It was quite impossible that the penitents could come forward to the communion rail, as there must have been a number of two hundred seeking salvation; and the chapel was quite full, so that there was no room to move about. But Charles and some of the other Leaders managed to arrange all the seekers in the chapel, and then a prayer was offered up on the other side, to which some had retired into liberty were led.

The next morning at sunrise, the chapel was again full, and a prayer-meeting was held for about two hours at which many came to found peace with God. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Taylor preached again, from Romans viii. 3, 4:—"For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh," &c. In introducing this subject, he gave an exposition of the Ten Commandments, so simple, so fresh, and withal so powerful, that the impression made on the minds of those who heard it will never wholly pass away. I cannot stay to describe the sermon; all I need say is, that it equalled those of the previous day. Mr. Taylor sang several times in the sermon, and in the prayer-meeting afterwards, and Charles Pamla interpreted, and sang too. After the service, Mr. Taylor remained at the prayer-meeting until three o'clock, and then left, as he had to preach at Alice that evening. He seemed very much pleased with the work, and regretted very much that he had not time to remain longer at Annshaw. About one hundred and fifteen souls entered into liberty during the twenty-four hours of his stay.

CONVERSION OF THE HEATHEN.

And now, Mr. Taylor being gone, I scarcely know how to carry on anything like a connected account of the work. It is impossible to tell you about all the meetings, for they were held twice a day for several weeks; and at each meeting there would be from fifty to eighty penitents, twenty or thirty of whom would find peace. At last, when all the people who were members, or who attended the services regularly, had found peace, the heathen began to come forward, having been sent for by their converted friends.—These people required much instruction, and at first seemed very dark about the way of salvation; but being instructed by the Leaders and people, they were soon enabled, through the good Spirit's teaching, to lay hold of salvation by faith in the blood of Jesus. Some, indeed, could not find peace until they had cast off their heathen ornaments; and the sight was occasionally witnessed in the prayer-meeting, of a woman stretching out her arms, and two or three Christian women removing the rings and bracelets, &c.; the poor heathen meanwhile crying out aloud in her distress of soul.

Generally speaking, penitents were enabled very speedily to lay hold of the Saviour, and rejoice in a sense of forgiveness; and very wonderful was it to see the effect when some of these entered into liberty. For a few moments the face appeared transfigured with light; and the smile of joy which shone forth from their eyes was such as I shall never forget. I cannot attempt to describe such cases; but I have several present to my mind while I write. One man, I noticed, came forward every morning and evening for some days. He was a heathen; and I noticed him because he was lame, and as he came forward he hopped on one leg. At the close of the meeting he generally had to be carried out by three men, being too much exhausted to move. The morning he found peace, he was led to the seat reserved for the new converts, where he sat for a little time, apparently in deep thought; he then burst out into such a laugh of joy and surprise as I shall never forget; and he kept on in this way for some ten minutes, as though perfectly unconscious of all outward things,—feasting his soul with the wonderful love of Christ, which filled him with surprise and joy.

FELLOWSHIP MEETING.

About twelve days after Mr. Taylor's visit, we had a fellowship-meeting, in order to give the new converts an opportunity of testifying of the grace of God. The chapel was crowded; more than half the congregation being composed of those who had just found peace. I forget how many spoke that evening; but the meeting was again held the following morning; so that altogether nearly fifty spoke. Several of them were very old people, not a few were children, many had just left heathenism, and two were deaf and dumb men. These latter did not speak, to be sure; but they pointed to the heavens and the earth, and laid their hands upon their breasts, to signify that the great God who made the heavens and the earth had come into their hearts, and then they smiled in a peculiar way, to intimate that their souls rejoiced. Who will say that these men were not taught of the Spirit, in a way which we cannot understand? Only less wonderful than this was the testimony of little children, not more than ten or twelve years of age, many of whom had heathen parents. The way in which these little ones (with only a sheep's skin on) testified to what they had experienced of the saving grace of God, was truly amazing, and shows that perhaps we have not, as we ought, believed in the salvation of little children. When listening to the words of some of these children, I could only wonder and adore the wonderful goodness of Him who is the Spirit of Truth, and whose peculiar office it is to instruct the soul, and lead it to Christ. I hope I learned a lesson that night which I shall never forget.

THE NATIVE HELPERS.

The most prominent feature, however, in this work, and the one which I am most anxious to bring before you, is the way in which Charles Pamla and Boyce Mama, and the Native Leaders, have been used as instruments in this work. Indeed, the work has been in their hands, especially of Charles and Boyce, whom I have not been used at all, so far as I can see. Up to the time that Charles Pamla left, to accompany Mr. Taylor to Natal, to interpret for him, (which, by the way, I forgot to mention before,) he had been the instrument of awakening and leading to Christ about three hundred souls in this Circuit, Mount Coke, and King William's Town. Boyce Mama has also been very successful, having been the means of the conversion of nearly the same number, all in this Circuit. William Shaw Kama, I need not say, is also very devoted and very useful; but his work seems to be to build up and lead on those who have found Christ, and this I believe he is doing. Joseph Tela is also very earnestly engaged in preaching, and wishes to give himself up as an evangelist, (like Boyce,) to labour amongst the heathen. The effect of Mr. Taylor's visit upon the Local Preachers is wonderful, and they are six times as efficient as they were before. As an instance of their zeal, I may mention that David Ndwanga went out to a heathen village, accompanied by some ten or twelve men, and they remained at that one village, preaching and praying, praying and preaching, almost night and day, for a week. I have not heard the result as yet; but I believe many of the heathen were quite overcome, and at least one had found peace. This is the way the work is to be carried on now. What could Mr. Sawtell and I do, in this large Circuit, without our native helpers? Almost nothing; and it seems to me that one thing that God is showing us in this revival, is the necessity of laying hold of, and making effective, our native men, and employing them much more largely than we have hitherto done. This is quite Mr. Taylor's opinion. He was delighted with Charles, and Joseph, and others, and said, "Those are the men to evangelize Africa."

New York Daily Prayer Meeting.

The personal applications for prayer from those who profess to be concerned for the salvation of their souls, are very affecting. It has been remarked that no appeal for prayer occasions so much emotion as that which proceeds from the lips of a truly convicted sinner when he appeals, in broken accents, to the friends, of Jesus to intercede for him. "Christian friends, will you pray for a poor sinner like me? Words feebly utterred, and followed by others—indicating the deep wounds which sin has inflicted upon the soul,—call into exercise the spirit of devout supplication. The remarks which are made, and, more emphatically, the prayers which are offered, when such requests are presented, indicate a consciousness that the Saviour of sinners is fulfilling his precious promise to be present where his disciples meet to worship him.

One brother said, a letter had been placed in his hands which appeared to have been written by a person whose experience as a Christian was very affecting. "I have read," she writes, "nearly all the reports published in the *N. Y. Observer*, and seldom, if ever, without a desire that my case could be presented there with that deep interest and strong faith which is so marked a feature in that blessed place of prayer, and have, at two different times, sent my request; but the blessing desired has not been bestowed. I will not despair, but desire to renew my request through you. The blessing must come from God, but I feel encouraged to seek it by united prayer in the place he has so greatly honored. I have longed to feel that Jesus had pardoned me. I saw myself a sinner. I could not ask God to save me, but only pray, 'Gather not my soul with sinners.' I did not dare to indulge a hope, and yet I felt, in my inmost soul, adoration and love for God. During all these years I have had many seasons of intense anxiety and earnest pleading to be enabled to lay my burden of sin at the foot of the cross and receive Jesus as my Saviour. But there is something in the way. I cannot do it." She now requests prayer that she may be relieved from this oppressive burden, and have joy and peace in believing, and be established in the Christian hope, and be a means of good to others.

There were quite a number of requests for prayer for those whose light appeared to be obscured.

The remarks which were made upon these requests, and the prayers which followed, showed that the way to obtain light and peace is to go simply and directly to the Saviour, trusting in his promises, and in the efficacy of his precious blood to wash away every sin, and in his grace to remove every cloud of darkness.—*Observer.*

General Miscellany.

Recovery of the Ocean Cable.

At the banquet recently given in New York in honour of Cyrus Field and his achievement in regard to Trans-Atlantic Telegraph communication, Mr. Field in his speech gave the following account of the recovery of the lost cable:—

After landing the cable safely at Newfoundland, we had another task—to return to mid-ocean and recover that lost in the expedition of last year. This achievement has perhaps excited more surprise than the other. Many even now "don't understand it," and every day I am asked "how it was done?" Well, it does seem rather difficult to fish for a jewel at the bottom of the ocean, two and a half miles deep. But it is not so *very* difficult—when you know how. You may be sure we did not go a-fishing at random, nor was our success mere "luck." It was the triumph of the highest nautical and engineering skill. We had four ships, and on board of them some of the best seamen in England, men who knew the ocean as a hunter knows every trail in the forest. There was Capt. Moriarty, who was in the *Agamemnon* in 1857-8. He was in the *Great Eastern* last year, and saw the cable when it broke; and he and Capt. Anderson at once took their observations so exact that they could go right to the spot. After finding it, they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys; for fogs would come down, and shut out moon and stars, so that no man could take an observation. These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each had a flag-staff on it, so that it could be seen by day and a lantern by night. Thus having taken our bearings, we stood off three or four miles, so as to come broadside on, and then casting over the grapnel, drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went. At first it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water, but our men got used to it, and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing line was of formidable size. It was made of rope, twisted with wires of steel, so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow, and sat on the rope, and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us.—But it was a very slow business.

We had storms and calms, and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day.—Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long slimy monster fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed, but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to startle it, and suddenly broke away, and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but, finally, on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before moonlight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable. When finally it appeared, it was midnight; the lights of the ships, and in the boats around us bore as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken, only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room, to see if our long sought for treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man, and was heard down in the engine rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west.

In regard to the electric power required to send a message across the ocean, the following extract from Mr. Field's remarks will be read with surprise:

When the first cable was laid in 1858 electricians thought that to send a current 2,000 miles, it must be almost like a stroke of lightning.—But God was not in the earthquake, but in the still, small voice. The other day Mr. Latimer Clark telegraphed from Ireland across the ocean and back again, with a battery formed in a lady's thimble! And now Mr. Collett writes me from Heart's Content: "I have just sent my compliments to Dr. Gould, of Cambridge, who is at Valentia, with a battery composed of a gun-cap, with a strip of zinc, excited by a drop of water, the simple bulk of a tear!" A telegraph that will do that we think nearly perfect. It has never failed for an hour or a minute.

The Man.

Is there a man a whit the better
For his riches and his gains?
For his acres and his palace—
If his inmost heart is callous—
Is a man a whit the better?

And if a man's no whit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his purple and fine linen,
For his vineyards and his vines,
Why do thousands bend the knee
And cringe in mean servility,
If a man's no whit the better?

Is a man a whit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Though he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a bit the worse?

And if a man's no bit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty, even pocket,
And a brawny, working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by
With a cold and scornful eye
If a man's no whit the worse?

Science and Discovery.

THE MOON.

Perhaps the finest stereoscopic pictures in existence are two of the moon. They are the most complete surprise. You look at them out of the instrument and see only a few blotches of light and shade, giving no hint of what they really are. Put them in their place, and a rounded globe swings in the darkness. There are the mountains, the deep caves, the sun-illumined and the darkened spaces. You want to grasp the undeniably round globe in your hands.

The moon is the most interesting of the celestial bodies. It goes staggering about the earth in a path that is almost inconceivable. At one time it is within 221,436 miles of us, and soon after it is 31,825 miles further off. Even when the sun exerts its greatest force and draws the moon away from us, as it passes between us and the sun, a force 1-89th as great as the earth exerts to draw the moon, even then its path is concave toward the sun; and we may add is concave toward us at the same time. Is that conceivable? Suppose a wheel to be turned on its axis. Any given mark on the rim passes through an orbit concave toward the hub. But suppose wheel, hub and axis to be carried around another centre, while the axial revolution is being made. Obviously this secondary revolution gives a concavity towards the secondary centre.

Sometimes the moon has a velocity of 65,700 miles an hour, and soon after we find it has added 4,600 miles an hour to its speed. How is this? The earth and moon have a common motion around the sun of 68,000 miles an hour while the moon has a motion of its own around the earth of 2,300 miles an hour. In going round the earth, it adds its motion to that of the earth on one side, and subtracts it on the other; as a man might walk backwards or forwards on a train of cars.

The moon revolves on an axis at right angles with man's line of vision, and yet he has never seen but a single hemisphere of her surface. We gaze on the same features of the same side of the moon, that Copernicus and Ptolomy saw decades of centuries ago. The moon revolves on its axis, indeed, but it revolves around the earth also, and in just the same time. Walk around the centre-table, keeping your face toward it all the time, and you complete a revolution round the table and a revolution of self at once. If the moon's axial revolution varied in the least from its time of revolution round the earth, we might hope to see its other side; but it is hopeless now.

The time of that revolution is twenty-nine and one-third of our days. Therefore from sunrise to sunset, on the moon, is fourteen and two-thirds of our days; a long time for children to keep awake. But the night is equally long, so that they can make up their sleep.

If people lived on this side of the moon, they would always see the earth like a great moon, three times as large as theirs appears to us, always in the same place. When they passed between the earth and sun they would see the full face of the earth, illuminated by the sun, showing itself like a great full moon, making their long night three times as light as ours is at full moon; then passing round to the other side of the earth, would see less and less of its illumined surface. Then they would be calling us their old moon. People on the other side of the lunar orb have no moon, and never see the earth, unless they get up excursion parties and come over this side. It must be a fine sight if they do; for all portions of the globe sweep like a panorama before their eyes. The continents, islands, rivers, mountain ranges, volcanoes, and storms, may be clearly seen. How they must wonder at the smoke of battle, or the burning of Portland!

But there is neither air nor water on this side of the moon. How do we know? Our air gives us a twilight—a belt 1,200 miles wide between light and dark. The boundary between light and dark on the moon is a sharply defined line. There is no water; for a vertical sun, for fourteen days, would send up clouds of steam to obscure the landscape. Still there may be both water and air on the other side. Why don't it flow round, as on the the earth? Because the centre of gravity is thirty-three miles nearer the other side than it is this. This side is in effect a vast range of mountains thirty-three miles high, to which neither clouds could rise, nor winds blow. And water and air seeking the lowest level, would leave this entire side of the moon and go to the other. Still, it is hardly likely that there are any of either to go.

By our best telescopes we are able to see the moon the same as if we were within 140 miles, and used the naked eye. How does it appear? like a congeries of vast volcanoes. No scenery on earth has a tithe of its wildness. Perpendicular precipices rise 10,000 feet in air. Vast cavities sink 17,000 feet below the surface. The sunshine creeps down one side of these tremendous depths for days, and then creeps up the other. There is no mistake in the figures, for the heights of lunar mountains are better know than those of earth. The number of these cup-shaped cavities is beyond credibility. There must have been convulsions there to which earth has always been a stranger. And when we consider that there is a slight attraction of gravitation to topple down these slender mountains, that there is no frost or wind to assist, it is no wonder that the surface appears unchanged from age to age.

How about the weather? Some people regard the moon as principally useful to influence the weather of this planet. They look forward to its "changes" as the beginning and end of storms. But the fact is, the moon has no changes at one time more than another. It no more changes when it "quarters" or "fulls" than when it is one hundred and ninety-nieths, or passes any other fraction. It is no larger when "full" than when empty. And it is preposterous to pretend that the light of the full moon drives away clouds, when the light of the sun 300,000 times greater, cannot. The most accurate observations, extended over forty years and kept on record, fail to give any evidence that the moon influences the weather to any perceptible degree.

But if it does not affect the serenity of our atmosphere, it does affect the serenity of our minds. Man is more sensitive to influence than the dead earth or air. Many people find it difficult to sleep during the full moon, and *lunatics* are worse during that period. But that is easily accounted for. The moon not only reflects more light then, which is hostile to rest, but it reflects the chemical rays of the sun in still greater abundance. And this agency of growth is unfriendly to repose.—*Zion's Herald.*

Obituary.

MR. THOS. NICHOLS OF CANNING, N. S.

It is my painful duty to furnish some few particulars connected with the death of Mr. Thomas Nichols of this place. Our dear Brother had been a consistent member of the Methodish Church more than 30 years and departed this life about 4 o'clock on Thursday morning 15th inst., aged 63 years. His removal by death has made a deep impression upon the minds of the people in this community generally, but especially do the members of the Methodish Church feel that they have sustained a great loss in his removal. Our beloved Bro. fell from his loaded team and seriously injured his head, the wheel as is supposed having passed over it. It was hoped that the case might not prove to be a very serious one, but unfavourable symptoms soon set in, and in less than a week he was hurried into eternity. But thank God his work was done. The last religious service that Bro. N. attended was on the evening previous to the accident. In those exercises he took a very active part, and it was observed that he was more than usually engaged. The day after the accident occurred, I went to see him and found him happy

in God. Having to visit Scott's Bay I did not see him again until the following Wednesday, when I rode over in company with the doctor and found him dangerously ill. That day I had to proceed to the Berwick Circuit to attend Missionary Meetings. I saw him no more until on my return home I gazed upon his cold clay corpse which reminded me of, and I was constrained to repeat that beautiful verse of Wesley's.

Ah, lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair," &c.

Our Bro. was a firm believer in the doctrine of holiness and I had anticipated much valuable help from him as a prayer Leader, and Class Leader. But it is all right. God is too wise to err. Some few broken sentences were gathered by the friends, that dropt from his dying lips—such as "Cold river." "Bank" "Want the whole armour on." "Want more faith," and repeated that verse

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to that alone
Laughs at impossibilities
And cries, it shall be done."

At another time he was heard to say "Burden"—"but all right with my God." "Not a cloud." A very large and attentive congregation listened to a discourse founded upon Heb. xii. 1 2. Wherefore seeing we also are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." After which his remains were conveyed to his native place Aylesford, there to rest under the watchful care of that Jesus who is Lord of the living and the dead. May his afflicted Widow and Children be divinely sustained.

R. WEDDALL

Canning, Nov. 24th 1866.

MR. JOSEPH STONEMAN, OF YARMOUTH.

It has become my duty to chronicle the first death that has taken place in our society here since my appointment to this Circuit.

Brother Joseph Stoneman, my Circuit Steward, and the first person who welcomed us to the Parsonage, on our arrival here, has suddenly sickened, and passed away. Our brother experienced religion many years ago under the ministry of one who had been highly honoured of God in the conversion of souls, and who *ought still* to be in *his right place*, and at his *proper work*.

At the time of his conversion Joseph was quite a youth, in a mercantile house in New Brunswick. Some years subsequently, having commenced business for himself in this town, through much energy and enterprise in commercial pursuits, he was blest with more than an ordinary share of success; and eventually took rank with the leading mercantile men of this place.

But what to himself *now* is far better, in the midst of secular engagements, he gave prominency to the "one thing needful." This was more pre-eminently the case, both during and since that memorable revival of religion on this Circuit, under the Rev. John Prince, last winter. On that occasion our brother consecrated himself fully to God, and experienced a rich manifestation of grace.

Though naturally unobtrusive, and retiring in his religious demeanour, during the above named revival he bore continuous, fearless, and unequivocal testimony of the power of God; and his reiterated appeals to relatives and friends, to attend to personal salvation, will not be forgotten.

Although much of his time was taken up with ordinary business engagements, he did not shrink from the duties he owed to the Church of Christ. He accepted, and in the most considerate and affectionate manner, discharged the duties of Circuit Steward until the rapid strides of disease confined him to his house. His illness was rapid consumption, and although all his friends feared the final issue, but few anticipated his immediate dissolution.

In all my interviews with him, his mind was tranquil, and confiding in God. He expressed his thankfulness for the more recent stand he had taken in the church, and felt the importance of "following the Lord fully." His mind was calm, not exctatic, but peaceful. His reliance was not upon any good in himself, but wholly upon the merits of his Redeemer. Peculiar tenderness for the feelings of his beloved wife and relatives led him to refrain from giving expression to what, I think, he felt assured of, namely, that his case was exceedingly precarious. In the possession of peace of mind, he continued, amid increasing debility, until Sunday evening the 14th of October, when, without the least premonition, he said to his anxious mother, "I want to sleep," and in a few minutes calmly slept in Jesus.

He has left a painfuly bereaved and disconsolate widow and three children, who with endeared relatives and friends mourn his loss.—His mortal remains were carried to the Wesleyan Church, followed by a long procession of all classes of the community, who after listening to a sermon from the writer, continued the procession to the Yarmouth cemetery, where with deep feeling, the body of our late brother was committed to the sanctuary of the dead.

O that in this loud call, all may recognise the admonitory lesson.

JAMES G. HENNIGAR.

Yarmouth, Nov., 1866.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, DECMB'R 5, 1866.

Ritualism in the English Church.

"The point now is, not whether the Church of Rome is wrong and the Church of England right; but whether the Church of England holds the doctrines and authorizes the customs of he Church of Rome. In short, is the Church of England Roman Catholic? Impossible,—It is! history false? Why all that waste of blood in days gone by, and the outbreak of these terrible revolutions upon which successive generations look back with fear and shuddering? Why did a Roman Catholic Sovereign persecute Protestants, and a Protestant Sovereign persecute Roman Catholics? Were they fools or mad men, or were they both? Whatever moderns may think, those old champions on either side believed with all their heart that there was a gulf, and a wide one, between them,— *and that great gulf still yawns between us, as all true Protestants and true Roman Catholics* still equally maintain." *Extract from letter of Rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, to his Parishioners, Nov.* 1866.

The extract above given is not of doubtful import in its application to the English Church; it is undoubtedly true of that Church in other days, and ought to be equally so at the present time, for the unchanged teaching of her Articles and of her Book of Common Prayer is essentially Protestant, assuredly not sustaining the doctriner, nor authorizing the customs of the Church of Rome. But Jesuitism has stealthily entered the English Establishment, and is effectually accomplishing its aim. Through the folly and perfidy of her own sons, that Church is now occupying a false position. The figment of apostolic succession is essentially Romish; but being fondly cherished by the English Clergy, its legitimate fruit has appeared in numerous perversions to Romanism, and still more deplorably in the spread of Romish opinions and practices within the Church. The time was when it was justly the boast of her clergy, and a matter of profound satisfaction also to many non-conformist christians, that the Church of England was the bulwark of Protestantism. Greatly would we rejoice to see the day when this might again be said of her with confidence; but the palpable and multiplied indications now presented to the contrary, seem to forbid such a hope.

Ritualism has of late made astonishing progress in the English Church. Though cautious in its early measures, it now, having gained a foothold, is introducing its innovations unsparingly, and flaunting with unblushing effrontery its undisguised Romanism in the face of the Protestantism of the nation. So much is this the case that many christian people, who were not carefully watching the gradual development of High Church principles during several years past, are now taken by surprise, and are filled with alarm on opening their eyes upon the doings of a considerable portion of the clergy.

Ritualism as it now shows itself, is not simply an error of weakness or a venial offence, it is something more than mere childishness or folly; nothing less than thorough Romanism. To Roman Catholics we would offer no insult. We can respect their conscientious attachment to the creed and worship of their Church. But we regard the conduct of those who are eating the bread of Protestantism and ministering in her sanctuaries, and yet are introducing the teachings of Rome, and a mimicry of Romish worship, as worthy of unmitigated contempt and condemnation.

It is gratifying to find that there are some—would that their number were multiplied a hundred fold—who have had sufficient manliness and love for the truth to speak out at this crisis. The English Press has not been silent. Some of the leading secular journals have blown the Protestant trumpet with no uncertain sound. Eminent clergymen have fearlessly uttered their censures against the spreading evil. One of the principal correspondents of the *Times* on this subject is the Rev. Lord Sidney G. Osborne. He seems to think that a secession will take place from the English clergy to the Church of Rome, including several of the Bishops.—Such a movement would be no loss to the Church of England; and were it to include not only extreme Ritualists, but also the whole body of Puseyites, the cause of Protestantism and of spiritual religion would be thereby greatly advantaged. Certainly those ought to take their departure who repudiate the name of Protestant,—who believe in priestly mediatorship—the confession of sin to the clergy—transubstantiation, and the offering of a sacrifice for sin in the Holy Communion—who encourage the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and praying for the dead. But we fear this will not be the case to any very considerable extent while the union between Church and State subsists; for in the Establishment Jesuitism can wield greater influence, and can accomplish her work more effectually, than would be possible out of it, and she may cherish the hope of compelling Protestantism to take an independent position.—What a marvel is it that though the Church of Rome is losing its hold in Italy, it is strengthening itself in England, and spreading its principles in the State Church of a professedly Protestant nation! But the Church and State connection, instead of being a source of strength in resisting the swelling tide of heresy, is a positive occasion of weakness.

To give a representation of the services of Ritualism, we copy the following from the *Times* :—

"RITUALISTIC SERVICES.—The churches which were so notorious last spring are equally notorious still, and a visit to such a place as St. Alban's, Holborn, on the occasion of what is called the "High Service," is still sufficient to startle even the most tolerant of ordinary Churchmen. Priests as they delight to call themselves, in defiance of the most judicious of English divines, are conspicuous in dresses unknown to the English eye for three hundred years. Three of these personages bedizened with green and gold and yellow, and covered with black stripes and crosses, stand with their backs to the congregation on the elevated steps at the east end of the church. The altar is overladen with gorgeous ornament, and illuminated at noonday with two great lighted candles. Pyramids of tapers, such as are seen in Roman Catholic churches, are placed at each side; the chancel is emblazoned with tinsel banners; and the white surplices of the choristers are the only things in the gaudy spectacle which could remind one of the customary ritual of the English Church. Here, across an atmosphere which is faint with the odours of incense, the green and gilded priests are dimly discerned performing unintelligible manœuvers, bowing and bending and turning and crossing from side to side, until the recitation of the words of the service becomes the smallest part of their functions. Two white dressed attendants carry a silver censer, from which the fumes of the incense are incessantly tossed, now over the altar, now over the book from which the Gospel is read, and now into the faces of all the performers in the chancel. A fine organ and excellent singing, in which, where it is allowed, the congregation join with impressive effect, supply the only legitimate element in the ceremonial, and the performance culminates in a series of flexions and genuflexions, which can only be fitly described as the Elevation of the Host."

It is ominous that episcopal warnings on this subject have been but few, and in general so feeble. One of the best which we have met, is from the Right Rev. Dr. Gregg, Bishop of Cork, in his recent charge. His Lordship said :—

"The clergyman is not to hide them, the elements, from view when using the prayer of consecration, as if there was some mystery in them or in what he was doing. The mystery is in the heart of the faithful, where Christ is present in a heavenly manner to strengthen and refresh the soul of every one who truly trusts in Him. The word 'altar' cannot be found in the New Testament as certainly applied to what we call table. What claims, then, those persons can have to the title of true ministers, or sound members of our Church, who call the holy table 'altar,' and the consecrated bread 'sacrifice,' it is not easy for us to say. Their attachment to Protestantism, and their loyalty to their prayer-book seem, to say the least, doubtful, and their inclination to a kind of Romanism is, I fear, undoubted. We see men in these degenerate days, ministers and pastors of our Church, as they are called, perverting, not preaching the Gospel; subverting, not building up souls; making very little of Christ and His work, and very much of themselves and their own. They turn away the minds of men, so far as they can, from the fulness and all-sufficiency of Christ and the gracious work of the Spirit to beggarly elements of human device unknown to pure and early times, and end aver to fix them on sights and shows, on dresses of clergy, on colors and forms and figures, on turning now to this side and this thing, and again bending and bowing to that side and that thing; one time they gabble in one part of the service and again they mutter in another, as if clergymen were showmen or necromancers, and the laity were babies to be amused, and fools to trifle with, not to teach. Frivolities and fantasies are such things; they act only on the senses, or perhaps at best engage the imagination, but satisfy not in any degree the deep requirements and longings and yearnings of the soul. Such trifling and puerility the people could have equally well, and with as much benefit, in theatres, or in heathen temples, with an idolatrous service, and from pagan priests. Such teachers wrong the laity and rob them of their right. I wonder the laity can submit to it. The laity constitute the largest portion of the Church; for them are the clergy maintained, and the fabric of the Church upheld; and yet they allow a state of things to go on in the service of the Church which pains every pious mind while it starves the soul, and from which the manly mind recoils,—a state that is an insult to the understanding, a perversion and misrepresentation of the Christian religion and a degradation of the Church. Ritualism is childish,—and as symbolizing corrupt doctrine, it bodes us no good, but is ominous of evil. It pretends, indeed, religion, and promises peace, but it is an engine of war,—a device of the foe. It is no part of Christianity; no trace of it can be found in the Evangelists or Apostles. Truth, heaven-born truth, needs neither coloring nor embroidery, nor artifice to commend her; she looks fairest in the purple light of youth and native complexion, arrayed in her simple and modest attire; and she needs none other to charm our minds, conciliate our favour, and fix our regard."

Ritualistic principles have not been limited to the British Isles; they prevail to some extent in these Provinces. In New Brunswick and Newfoundland Puseyism is rampant, and Nova Scotia has not wholly escaped. The Bishop of this diocese has been successful in indoctrinating some of his clergy with notions at variance with pure Protestantism. It is however gratifying that all who are under his influence, are not as pliant as he could desire, as some have had the honesty and the christian courage to resist the introduction of novelties savouring of Rome. The recent attempt to coerce a venerable clergyman in the use of the surplice in the pulpit, contrary to his practice during a lengthened and useful ministry, contrary to his custom during several years past under the immediate eye of the Bishop, contrary to precedent in the Province from the beginning, and contrary to the prevailing habit of the Protestant portion of the English clergy as distinguished from Puseyites, has awakened much interest, and elicited enquiry which, it may be hoped, will result in good.

Some idea of the principles of Bishop Binney may be gathered from his Charge at the last Visitation. We have room but for a brief extract, which will be sufficient to show the measure of his Protestantism—his christian catholicity, and his leaning towards the Greek and Latin churches in preference to union with any of the non-Episcopal Protestant bodies. His Lordship says,

"We are sometimes asked why we do not seek for unity with the Protestant bodies around us, in the first place, rather than with these corrupt branches of the Catholic Church. And we can give several reasons for our selection; but it is a sufficient answer, that we could not agree with them upon first principles. We and the Greek and Roman Churches all profess to adhere to the order and discipline, as well as the doctrine, of the early Church; whereas most of these bodies claim nothing more than a general agreement with the descriptions given in the New Testament of the first Christians. We believe that our present ministers can trace back their authority, as derived by succession, through an unbroken line, from those who received their commission from Christ; whereas these other bodies cannot pretend to claim any such authority for their ministers. We regard Episcopal ordination as an essential feature of an Apostolic Church, whereas they reject it.—Lastly, the name of the several sects who have risen since the date of our separation from Rome is legion, and their number is steadily increasing, by division and sub-division, so that we cannot in any way make advance toward them. A few of the leading denominations may be supposed to occupy a different position from the others in this respect; but if we were to descend to *them*, we should then have, in conjunction with them, to descend still lower to others, to depart still further from the ancient strongholds of the faith."

So much for apostolic succession! It is surely to be desired that the Evangelical portion of the English Church would but open their eyes to the fact, that all the evils in their church over which they lament, have connection with this fabulous notion; and so long as they, in theory and practice, cling to this, to the injury of the cause of christian charity, they must expect to reap the fruits which they now witness. If the succession notion were anything more than a fond conceit, then it would be of importance that something more of certainty be attained in regard to it than has yet been proved to exist by the ablest writers in defence of Anglican Apostolic Succession. But it is a myth,—a baseless fabric,—a chain in fragments which cannot be put together, many essential links being lost,—an antichristian dogma of most pernicious tendency.

An extract from the letter of the Rector of St. Paul's to the Bishop, will not be out of place in this connection. The reply from the Bishop is at some length, but cannot be regarded as satisfactory on the points raised by Mr. Hill. Were it not that the question is a grave one, our risibilities might be excited by the Bishop's ideas of the Rector of St. Paul's being behind the times, not well-informed on the question—his parishioners being fed with milk and not with strong meat—being content with the rudiments of the gospel, while the Bishop himself, and those who sympathise with his views, are leaving first principles and going on unto perfection. It is matter of gratulation that Mr. Hill is not aspiring to such a perfection, and that he is solicitous that the people of his charge shall be fed with "the sincere milk of the word." The following is from Mr. Hill's letter to the Bishop:

"For several years past I have watched with close and intense anxiety the course of events and the various movements taking place in the Church within this diocese, and it has not been without a sad and wearied heart, and mournfull disappointment, that I have noted the gradual but sure development of a system of doctrine and practice antagonistic to the purity and simplicity of the faith once delivered to the saints—that faith as held and proclaimed by the pure branch of the Church of Christ, which once held the proud position of the bulwark of the Protestant Reformed Religion.

Among those things introduced by authority are strange innovations in the vestments to be worn by officiating ministers during public service, and thus attaching much importance to the mere color of a garment; for in this country no question can possibly arise as to which is the ordinary vestment in use, and the guilt of the blood which may arise is on their heads who pretending that it is of no consequence, nevertheless introduce, and, if they could, would force a novelty.

A vast importance is attached to church furniture, such as taking advantage of a non-committal decision of the Lords in Council to urge the placing of Credence Tables in Churches, which, notwithstanding their lordships' opinion, that it is more an adjunct to a Communion Table than to an altar, is well known to every man of intelligence and information to be specially symbolic of certain dogmas held by the Church of Rome, and we may rest assured that those in England, now termed Ritualists, who have sufficient courage openly to avow their sentiments, would smile sarcastically at the feeble effort to disrobe their favorite emblem of its true meaning. Bodily worship in its various forms, assimilating our once reverent and simple ceremonial to the manners adopted by the Church of Rome is evidently encouraged: incessant bowings, crossings, genuflexions, turnings, and the childish, if not blasphemous, custom of at certain times attempting to symbolize the Great Jehovah, the Infinite Trinity, by making an image with three fingers of the human hand; these and such things as these are offensively thrust upon the notice of those who once learned from the same Church that what our Father asked was the deep homage of the heart and the dedication of the life. Can one be blind to the unscriptural views promulgated respecting the Lord's Supper, now fondly termed the Eucharist? While the Romanists are charged with substituting the Virgin Mary for Jesus, it is too plain that some false members of the Church of England are substituting bread and wine for that great and gracious Being. The term transubstantiation is indeed avoided, but we are told of the real presence; while every adjunct of the Lord's Supper which tends to invest it with mystical meaning and to enshroud it with superstitious awe is plainly fostered by act, if not distinctly recommended by words. Your Lorship studiously avoids the mere word "altar," though your pupils and followers glory in it and use it. But the shadow is of no consequence if we have the substance to contend with, and however the simple title may in this matter be shunned, the real thing itself is palpable enough. The plain old Communion Table, with its "fair white linen cloth," is, when possible, to be decked with cloths of gorgeous hue and rich embroidery; it must be raised to a certain height, be surrounded with its steps, approached with awe, and every circumstance of duty to be performed thereat be of such a nature as to call up the ideas of priest, altar and sacrifice. There is meaning in all these things or they are mere puerilities, simple child's play, and as I believe every intelligent man would indignantly repudiate the charge that he intended to trifle with God, the only alternative is that they are emblematic, or symbolize truth or supposed truths.

Then we have the grave, serious proposition made, in a paper conducted by a high dignitary of the Church and a doctor in divinity, of our duty to bring about a union of the Roman and Greek Churches. This indeed is proposed by a correspondent, but one, I have reason to believe, who stands uncommonly high in your Lordship's favor. Putting aside the Church of Rome, is it not a sad sign of a falling Church when her guardians and directors are advocating union with the Greek Church. Can they possibly know anything of its history or tenets? and this, in preference to a union with those pure branches of the Church of Christ, singularly honored by the great Head of the body, during the last 300 years, in the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. Who can say, after this open bold avowal, that the leaning is not towards Rome with some, and towards its somewhat different but kindred sister? I am aware of the severe censure passed on Rome for dogmas lately promulgated, but I am also aware of the great principles so carefully laid down, by which Rome is shewn to be infinitely superior to those branches of the Church of Christ, which are stigmatized as being without the pale. Alas! that the Church of England should now have within its pale those who could make such a choice. I shall be told that the late movements which are now culminating to a head, are simply a protest against ritualism on the one hand, and the extreme laxity of the sincere Protestant on the other. It certainly is possible that some may think so, but I trust that no one will imagine that we who oppose those errors and novelties have so little discernment as not to see that the principles of ritualism are adopted by those who are pining for vestments, furniture, and such things. It is true, some things which are not yet fully authorized by legal opinions are rejected, but everything for which there is the slightest pretence of authority is eagerly adopted. This fact is quite sufficient to decide the great question of principle. Those who go as far as they can now with safety, will go further still when their ground is sure.

I might add much more—the advocacy of prayers for the dead, the contemptible mimicry of the language used by the Church of Rome—but I forbear. It is a saddening, painful summary—Church furniture, clerical millinery, and posture making; this morbid sentimentalism boasting itself to be the real spirituality, seeking to introduce by degrees the whole sacerdotal doctrine and practice of a sacrificing priesthood, and of sacraments efficacious to salvation, because received at such hands: the visible Church, the only depository of saving grace, ministers of sacraments, the only dispensers of that grace, remission of sins obtained only through their ministry, in which they stand as mediators between us and God, so that by them only, we come to Christ, and through them to God; all this, and more than this, the development of the system introduced into our once peaceful midst. As a servant of Jesus Christ, ministering in the Church, I protest against it all. As a fearless defender of His cause, who alone is my Master, I shall not permit, without my strongest efforts to prevent it, that pure branch of the Church of the living God, to which I belong, to be corrupted and debased. I deny emphatically that the Church of England holds or teaches this new system. It is a gross libel that she does so. My birthright shall not be wrested from me; as God gave it me I shall keep it, and with my consent, by silence, it shall not be travestied and altered and made to appear what it is not. It is a bitter thing to be wounded in the house of one's friends, bitter grief to the Church of England to know that she has nursed in her own bosom the pinion which guided the shaft which has now pierced her to the heart; 'more bitter than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.'"

The Wesleyan.

Nearly nineteen years ago the first number of the present series of the WESLEYAN, was issued. Its publication has been continued weekly from the commencement. It was the original design that the paper should be sent only to subscribers from whom payment should have been received in advance; and it was so announced. These terms were not insisted upon; and have been practically ignored. Financial embarrassment has therefore been the result. Many thousands of dollars have been lost to the office, during these years, which will never be received. This loss is not attributable to any want of ability or fidelity in the office of publication. It is plainly and directly the result of having abandoned, from the first, the pre-payment plan: which was done with the approval and endorsement of the Conference.

The Conference has been aware that the financial affairs of the paper were becoming almost each year more unsatisfactory. Resolutions, designed to secure better results for the future, were passed. Still the concern sank deeper into debt. Then followed pledges of greater zeal in behalf of the paper. Still greater grew the loss. Then came other resolutions, and other pledges, and appeals to delinquent subscribers. Still the loss accumulated. Resolutions, pledges and appeals have been tried for many years; and yet there is no improvement. And, *for the last year*, some hundreds of dollars more have been added to the long list of utterly bad and doubtful debts.

As there was ample evidence, that these unfavourable indications were the result, not of fire, nor of disaster on the seas, nor of commercial panics, nor of "hard times." nor of incompetency in the management of the paper, but of sending the paper weekly to hundreds of non-paying subscribers, the last Conference adopted as a remedy for the existing evil, the pre-payment plan. This new arrangement requires that, from January 1st, 1867, the WESLEYAN shall be sent only to subscribers who shall have paid for it in advance. Or, if, in some instances, a minister of Conference sends a name without advance payment, the amount shall be charged to the minister ordering the paper.

Of the plans within the choice of the Conference the above seemed expedient, and safe and wise. Other plans might have been approved. *Firstly*, the old system might have been continued another year. Financial embarrassment might have been postponed. This would have been satisfactory to those who do not like radical changes of any kind, and who are not fully aware of the real financial condition of the concern. Or, *secondly*, the publication of the paper might have been discontinued. This, however, was not yet considered a debatable question. Or *thirdly*, the pre-payment system, which invited the acceptance and the trial of the Conference might be adopted.

The Conference judged that the latter alternative only was practicable. In adopting the pre-payment system it has followed the example of the successful journalism of the country. Experience has shown that no newspapers, except, perhaps, those which are merely local, and whose subscribers are generally known to the publishers, and within their reach, can be sustained on the credit system. Other papers that have had an extensive circulation, and on similar terms, have had to mourn over financial troubles, identical with those of the *Wesleyan* office. We know of no paper of wide-spread circulation, and healthful financial condition, that is conducted on the credit system. The leading, widely-circulated, well paying papers of the day, would, unquestionably, soon become bankrupt, if that system prevailed among them. No paper that has happily escaped from the perils of that system, and adopted that of payment in advance, allows itself to backslide into the mire and contamination of worthless balances, unproductive dollars, debts due which can never be overtaken, and dishonoured names.

Of course, objections may be urged against this new Method. Some may affirm that we will thereby *lose many subscribers*. We may lose some. We need not, however, lose our good name by this change. Reasonable men will easily recognize its necessity. Those who are disposed to pay for their paper will respond to a rightful call, and pay in advance. Many, who may not at first comprehend the right in this matter, will be open to an intelligent presentation of the subject, and perceive, and adopt the wiser and better method. Others, who have received the paper for three, five, or ten years, and who, because of disinclination, or carelessness, have become delinquents, we may lose.—The parting will be regretful. It may be difficult for us to stand it. But every difficulty has its own peculiar pleasures, and its own rewards,—sometimes.

It may also be objected that the ministers, who make up the subscription list for the Wesleyan office, *will suffer loss* by becoming personally responsible for some names. This is admitted. Even though there should be great prudence, and tact, and energy on the part of the ministers, in canvassing for the paper, there may be some loss. But *there is loss now*. There has been loss each year under the old system. This loss is not felt directly; and is not seen annually in the accounts of the brethren. It is, nevertheless, none the less real. The Connexional Funds feel it; and, in due time, will show it. The hundreds of subscribers who have for years received the paper, without paying for it, have received it at the expense of our ministers.

The loss really comes home to them at last. It is one of the fruits of the credit system that, though the debtor may not escape the penalty of delinquency, its sins are visited upon the creditor in every generation. If, therefore, there is loss attending the publication of the *Wesleyan*, the ministers, under any circumstances, will be the sufferers. And if there be loss, in occasional instances, under the new system, a continuation of the old would involve consequences much more disastrous.

We think it will be apparent to the thoughtful, that sound policy, and right, and duty, called for the adoption of the plan of *payment in advance* as the policy of the paper for the future.

We should, however, be awake to the truth, that changes, even though good and desirable, are not unaccompanied with dangers. If a patient in sickness, has come to a favourable turn in his disease, and the crisis is past, and health and strength are really coming to him again, still great care and prudence are essential; and, unless secured, the last state of that one may be worse than the first. In passing from a disorganized and diseased to a healthy condition there is always danger. It is so in commercial life. It is thus in the political world. Newspaper enterprizes are subject to the same law. A change in the management of the *Wesleyan* is just upon us. How are we to meet the exigency of the hour? Let us see next week.

D. D. C.

Liverpool.

A Grand Christian Exhibition.

The following is from correspondence of the New York *Observer*, dated Paris, Nov. 1, 1866:—

Not a moment should be lost in preparing for the coming EXPOSITION in this city. If Christians in America, especially the noble men who are at the head of our benevolent institutions, such as the Bible, Tract, Missionary and Sunday School, were able to see, as one here on the ground sees, what is done for the reception and exhibition of the fruits of *Christian* labour in the world, they would arise with American energy and honour God with the demonstration of what they are doing to promote His kingdom in the earth.

Who would have dreamed that France and the French emperor would set apart the choicest parts of the Great Exhibition Grounds for the display of Protestant Christian Benevolent Enterprise?

Would it have entered into the heart of man to conceive that, under the direction of a Roman Catholic commissioner, buildings are to be erected, and every possible facility afforded for the exposition of the results of modern missionary and charitable effort by Protestant Christians?

The way the work began is remarkable, and the present posture of the affair still more so. The Romish church authorities *first* proposed to make an exhibition of the results of their missions to Pagan nations, and their proposal was accepted. *Then* the Protestants were led to undertake the same thing. Permission was freely given them also. On this becoming known, the Roman Catholics retired from the work, declining to come into contrast with the Protestant world. We have nothing to do with the motives impelling them to retire. They have retired, and at present no ground is assigned to them.

But near the entrance of the grounds, and near the Emperor's own kiosk or pavilion, and by the side of the great Club House of the Exhibitors, and in the most commanding and beautiful location that could be selected, a plot of ground has been laid off and [illegible] "PROTESTANT MISSIONS." To this spot that I desire most earnestly and affectionately to call the attention of American Christians.

To-day I have been with a company of gentlemen from England, who have come over here on purpose, to the offices of the Great Exhibition in the "Palace of Industry," where the plans of the building and the park around it were shown to us, first entire and then in sections, so that the whole arrangement can be easily comprehended. Then one of the officers accompanied us to the new edifice itself, and pointed out on the spot the location of the several departments. It would require some columns to impart an adequate idea of the vast extent, the admirable design, the costly execution and the munificent liberality of this grand enterprise. The Government pays six millions of francs, the city six millions, and a private company eight millions, towards the expenses. The receipts will first reimburse the private company and the surplus will be divided *pro rata* between the contributors.

We went over the *holy* ground, and were filled with admiration and gratitude as we contemplated the fact that here in the midst of the most brilliant and comprehensive display of art and industry of all nations—for, not Europe only, but India, China, Egypt and the farthest and obscurest peoples of earth have compartments here—in the midst of this vast, almost boundless and countless display of man's work, Protestant Christians are called upon to answer by their works this question, "*What hath God wrought?*"

At one end of this consecrated spot, by special permission of the Emperor, a Protestant house of worship is to be immediately erected. A Committee of Evangelical ministers has been already raised in Paris, who are to make arrangements for daily service in this house, under the directions of the best preachers in all the various languages that will be represented here. By public and conspicuous signals it will be seen at what time the gospel is preached in the German, when in the French, when in the English, and when perhaps in other tongues, so that as in the day of Pentecost every one may hear the word in his own language. This chapel will cost about $10,000, and the money will be given mostly by British Christians, but as the Americans are as deeply concerned as they in the work and its results, it is very desirable that they should contribute to the object.

Then, on the same section, is to stand a building in which the greatness of Christian enterprise for the distribution of the Bible, and religious books, will be displayed by the exhibition of the works prepared by the Institutions of Protestant Christendom. Here the Missionary Societies of all Christian countries will set forth the evidences of their zeal and success, in giving the truth to the ignorant, and elevating the degraded to the enjoyment of civilization and Christianity. The products of those parts of the world which have been saved from barbarism by the Gospel, will attest its power. Idols cast away for the only Living and True God will speak with dumb yet eloquent lips, to thousands who never before heard of a mission to the heathen, and the printing press will every moment be throwing off portions of the gospel, and religious morsels, complete of the bread of life, which may be received by the admiring multitudes as they pass by, specimens of the art of printing and messages from heaven also.

We marked off a piece of this ground, on which one of the gentlemen will cause to be erected at his own expense a neat building for the gratuitous issue of religious tracts and books. He is enlisting the best minds in their preparation; he has them printed in the best style, illustrated, and in the several European languages, he will supply all them that pass by, with these words of salvation.

These good works are not devised without express permission being first secured. It is the wish of the Emperor, and the authorities carry out his desires, that the fullest liberty may be accorded to all people to exhibit their several ways and means of living and doing. It was to me a new idea, as a part of this Grand Exposition that it was to show the "life" of the world. If the Mahommedans wish to have a mosque, they may have it. If they desire a platform on which to spread their mats, and pray in public with their faces towards Mecca, no one will hinder them. The Chinese may worship in their own way. All this will be done decently and in order, and a vigilant police will take care that no one molests his neighbour; but the whole world, in all its manifestations of industry, art and science, commerce, religion (and I fear sin, also) will be visible on these grounds in the summer of 1867.

One of the officers, a French gentleman, having this work in charge, said to me on the ground:

"I understand you are familiar with the American meetings of prayer. You Americans ought to have a daily prayer meeting here on this ground, and let every one see how they are conducted."

I confess it did *not* strike me favorably—it was like praying to be seen of men. But it was an excellent suggestion, and will undoubtedly be carried out; not for the purpose of *showing* any superior wisdom or tact, but to give Christians who will be here in great numbers, a place of daily assembly, where they may find each other: a Christian exchange. We will have a daily prayer meeting in Paris, during the Exhibition!

One of the French officers said to me: "Write to America and tell your countrymen that they must show this people here what *Liberty* and *Christianity* can produce. If American art and industry are not fully represented, it will be a sad thing for republican institutions. Beg them to send here their greatest and best productions."

I have no doubt that our industry will appear in its strength and beauty. But I am afraid that our Missionary and Bible and Tract and Sunday School Institutions will not feel the value of this opportunity to glorify God in the sight of the nations.

It is the grandest opportunity the world ever had, and it will be an irreparable loss to Protestant Christianity, if it is not adequately improved.

American Liberality.

The *Examiner* has been enumerating several recent instances of liberality among Baptists in endowing literary institutions. The first named is that of Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, who has given nearly five hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a college for young ladies. Gardner Colby, of Boston, has given fifty thousand dollars to Waterville college, Maine, securing also other donations of equal amount. He also gave half that sum toward the erection of a noble building for the theological seminary at Newton, Mass. Brown University is receiving an endowment of two or three hundred thousand, largely from Baptists in Rhode Island and elsewhere. Messrs. Colgate & Trevor, of New York, have given seventy-five thousand to Madison University. A gift of twenty-five thousand dollars by Tracy H. Harris, of New York, has secured to Rochester University a subscription of a hundred thousand, to which John F. Rathbone has added twenty-five thousand for the library, and this has been followed up by a subscription of one hundred thousand to Rochester Theological Seminary. The brethren in Pennsylvania have just added one hundred thousand to the endowment of Lewisburg University. With a passing allusion to what has been done for the Douglas University at Chicago, and Shurtleff College at Alton, the *Examiner* adds:

"There are like good things in store. It is well understood that a much-needed building for a theological seminary is to issue from the liberality of a young New York merchant; and we could tell of departments in colleges, and general college endowments, destined to have similar origins, by the blessing of God, within brief periods. Nor let it surprise our churches, but only give new occasion for magnifying the grace of God, which puts such things into the hearts of his servants, if they see, at a central point where no such institution exists, a theological seminary arising, endowed with a degree of liberality corresponding in all respects to the wants of these times, and with no appeal whatever for aid in the accomplishment of that result—the whole the spontaneous offering of a family who desire to honour their Saviour and promote his cause, by this consecration of the wealth which has been placed in their hands."

We honor our Baptist brethren in all this.—Presbyterians and Congregationalists have not been much less favored.

Mr. George Peabody has given to Harvard College the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars "for the foundation and maintenance of a Museum and Professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology."

Yale has had her munificent gifts also—one of $150,000 from the same Mr. Peabody.—Michigan University has her annual income of more than $50,000.

Never had the world more striking examples of the right way to use wealth than now. Mr. Peabody, of whom we have already spoken, in 1852 gave $20,000 to his native town of South Danvers, in Massachusetts, to found a town library and institute, and afterwards increased this sum to $60 000, besides $10,000 for a branch library, in North Danvers. He contributed $10,000 toward the outfit of the first Grinnell Arctic expedition. In 1856 he gave $300,000 to the city of Baltimore, for the establishment of a scientific and literary institute, with a pledge to increase the sum to $500,000. This pledge was promptly fulfilled, and an official report of the trustees was published showing that the Peabody Institute possesses a handsome building and a library of fifteen thousand volumes, while the interest on the fund increased the total to $573 000. But Mr. Peabody's most munificent act was his gift of $2 250,000 to the poor of London, for which he received a letter of thanks from the Queen. His latest gift increases the aggregate of his public charities to nearly three million of dollars—$2,980,000. He has contributed for a Memorial Church, in Georgetown, for a library in Thetford, Vt., and for local institutions elsewhere.—*N. W. Christian Adv cate.*

Protestant Episcopal Convention.

A very interesting series of meetings was held in New York last week, in the celebration of the anniversaries of the societies organized and sustained by the Evangelical portion of the Episcopal Church. These anniversaries closed with a social reunion and breakfast at Delmonico's on Friday morning, and a public meeting of the Clerical Association of the P. E Church in the evening at the church of the Holy Trinity, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., rector. This meeting was one of great interest, being addressed by a number of distinguished clergymen in earnest and eloquent appeals, designed to arouse the church to the dangers threatened by the progress of an overstrained ritualism, and to the importance of counteracting this tendency by promoting the principles of the Gospel of Christ. An Episcopal clergyman, who has attended all the meetings of the week, remarked at their close that they formed an era in the history of the Episcopal Church and in the history of Evangelical religion in this country.

At the meeting on Friday evening, Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, said that if an ear of corn were examined, the calyx or husk would be discovered, the purpose of which was to save the grain. Suppose that, important as was the purpose of the calyx, we should find that the whole crop was nothing but chaff—husks without grain to protect. This was the condition brought about in the Church by ritualism, which had succeeded to an alarming extent in drawing the hearts of the people from Christ. The existence of this excessive ritualism in the Church was almost appalling, and the only means at present with us their reach to counteract the influences at work against spiritual truth, were the societies whose meetings had been held this week.

Bishop Johns, of Virginia, said: "The grand object of the doctrines of the Scriptures was to effect the reconciliation of man to his God,—to lead him to Jesus Christ, who was a sufficient Saviour. They did not rely upon pomp and show, but upon the simple truth and the power of the Holy Spirit. The more the truth was clothed with meretricious exhibition and attractions, the less was its power and its efficacy towards reconciliation and salvation. A place on the parish record was no guarantee of salvation or of righteousness in the sight of God, and the people must be taught to rely on no such empty basis. The life of the soul must be pleaded for before God by the individuals themselves, and there was but one blessed spot at which this application for reconciliation with God can be obtained or made: that is at the foot of the cross of Christ. There was peace, and there only was peace to the disturbed and troubled mind in quest of salvation from sin. genuflexions and peculiar attitudes and singular movements are needed to help any one to approach the throne of grace, he thanked God that he had found God gracious and merciful to him without their assistance.

After an address by Bishop Lee, of Delaware, Rev. John Cotlon Smith, D. D., said he looked upon the present as the brink of a crisis in the history of the Church. They had been approached by the seductive influences of the enemies to the city of our God who had taken possession of the strong places; they had occupied the leading positions, and threatened to hold them to the breaking down of the strongholds of truth. They, the Evangelical party, had been charged with being alarmists, but he took the ground that their apprehensions were *justified*. The presiding Bishop of the Church had published a book, in which he advocated the ritualism of the Jewish economy; and the rector of a church in this city had introduced

Brooklyn, and connected with the foregoing series of services, a resolution was adopted, introduced by the Rev. Mr. Gallagher, calling for a monthly meeting of Christians of all denominations, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That a Monthly Union Prayer meeting of Pastors and Lay Officers of the various denominations in Brooklyn be held, for the purpose of promoting a deeper spirit of piety among those holding the places of greatest responsibility among the followers of Christ, and whose influence for good depends upon their likeness to their Master and their possession of His spirit."

The object of this resolution is to bring together the officers of the church—pastors, elders, deacons, stewards, class-leaders, wardens and vestrymen, and, by joint conference and prayer, to arouse a more earnest Christianity, and a spirit of loveland sympathy among those engaged in leading the hosts of the Lord in the great work of extending His kingdom, and who may, by their action, become either stumbling-blocks or incentives to Christian activity.

It was a striking fact that the first and most interesting subject presented for consideration at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Episcopalians was that of the social prayer-meeting, a matter presented and pressed by the laity, and which resulted in a resolution commending the subject to the consideration of the people.

The prayers of all Christians are asked in behalf of the Evangelical cause in the Episcopal Church, contending, as it is, against the rushing tide of Ritualism, that, through the instrumentality of prayer, the Church may become, in the approaching struggle in the land between the Roman Church and its allies on the one hand, and the army of the Lord on the other, the Macedonian phalanx, which Albert Barnes has so eloquently said it is so admirably fitted to be.

Esau and Jacob are now struggling in the bosom of the Episcopal Zion, and we desire the prayers of our Christian brethren that we may speedily triumph over the foe in our own household, and share in the coming victory of our common Protestantism.—*Observer.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial

DR. CRAWLEY'S LECTURE.—Dr. Crawley of Acadia College delivered the first lecture of the Course before the Y. M. C. Association, on Tuesday evening, to an exceedingly large audience in Temperance Hall. His subject, *A high tone of Moral Principle*, was treated in a most practical and eloquent manner. The learned lecturer brought his subject home to the consciences and hearts of his audience, by introducing the transactions of every day-life. In enforcing the necessity of a higher tone of morals, he referred to prevalent commercial failures and the neglect and greed of gain which produce disasters and loss of property. He also referred to the American war, and most eloquently and argumentatively touched upon the desirability of separation between the North and South. We have not heard in Temperance Hall a lecture more worthy of publication, and hope to see it in print.—*Rec.*

CITY RAILROAD.—The rails for Spring Garden Branch Railway are now laid. It is expected that the Cars will commence running on that Branch about Christmas.

A Concert of Sacred and Home Music will be given in Temperance Hall on Thursday and Friday Evening of this week by Professor Linton's pupils.

A steel skirt factory has been established in Yarmouth. A paper collar factory is to be started in St. John, with a capital of $100,000.

Capt. Allen, formerly of Steamer *Emperor*, was killed at Gaw Bay last week, by falling between two vessels.

Three colored women of Preston have been committed to jail on a charge of infanticide.

Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION.—The second lecture for the season will be delivered on Tuesday evening next by the Rev. F. Almon. Subject—"Modern Development of Christian Philanthropy." Tickets to be had at the Rooms 183 Hollis street.

MURDOCH'S HISTORY.—The 21st No. of this work has been issued, coming down to 1822.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Accounts from Newfoundland report the Shore fisheries to the southward as improving.

CANADA—QUEBEC, Nov. 30.—A cable despatch authorizes the Mayor of this city to draw £1000 for relief of sufferers by late fire—subscriptions collected in Dublin.

MONTREAL, Nov. 30.—Special Telegrams to New York papers relative to annexation meetings here are quite devoid of foundation.

TORONTO, Nov. 30.—The total expenditure for Common School purposes by Upper Canada last year, was nearly 1,500,000 dollars—being not much short of a dollar for every individual of the whole population. The number of male Teachers employed is 2930; female Teachers 1791. No decision has yet been rendered in the matter of the appeal of Counsel for Fenian prisoners for new trial.

A Quebec correspondent says, fears are entertained of a raid from Vermont during the trials of the Fenians at Sweetsbrog. The object being to rescue the prisoners. It is reported that the Fenians are gathering at St. Alban's and other points on the frontier.—Gen. Michel is to be sworn in shortly and will act as Administrator of the Government during the absence of Lord Monck, who is going to England by the next Cunard steamer to assist in the confederation project.

THE FENIAN CONVICTS.—The New York *Herald*, notwithstanding the sailing of the Attorney Genl. West from that city, says that whilst there he stated "that the Canadian Government had determined not to hang any of the Fenian prisoners. Their sentences will not at present be commuted, but simply suspended—keeping them as hostages for the good behaviour of their friends." The *Albion* says "it has never been the intention of either the British or Canadian Government to execute a single Fenian."

DISCHARGE OF PRISONERS.—On Saturday night thirty-nine of the Fenian prisoners, confined in the old gaol, were released from custody, for want of sufficient evidence to convict them—the Grand Jury having returned "No Bill" against them. Their discharge was conducted with great secrecy, and it was only about an hour before they being sent away that the prisoners themselves were made aware of the joyous tidings. They were furnished with transportation by the Government to Suspension bridge, and in accordance with instructions a special train was provided by the Great Western Railway. This drew up in rear of the old goal about ten o'clock, and shortly afterwards the men were safely lodged on board, and in charge of a guard of twenty men, with a corporal and sergeant, under command of Lieutenant Harrison, 17th Regiment, took their departure for their destination. As the prisoners were marched out of the goal in pairs to the train alongside, the sight of the line of soldiers drawn up proved a source of uneasiness to some, at least, of the party, who did not appear to feel sure but that something different from a joyful release was intended. The uneasiness was soon dispelled, as the friendly disposition of all became apparent, and the prisoners took a hearty leave of the goal officials. On reaching the Falls, the Fenians bade good bye to their escort, by giving three hearty cheers for the Sheriff, the "Governor" of the gaol, and the gaol officials generally. They naturally felt delighted at their being once more across the frontier; but the feeling is reciprocated. The riddance is a good one for us, and we hope that they will hereafter not only keep a respectful distance themselves, but counsel their deluded fellow-Fenians in the States to do likewise.—*Toronto Globe.*

ANOTHER RAID.—The following is from the Boston *Post*:—"Gen. Grant had a protracted interview with the Attorney-General to-day in reference to the Fenian Brotherhood. The government authorities are in possession of advices showing that the Fenians are undoubtedly ready for and intending another invasion of the Canadian border. The information has led to Mr. Stanbberry's departure for New York this evening undoubtedly to confer with the Attorney-General of that State in reference to the matter."

CHANGES IMPENDING.—The year 1867 will probably be the most eventful year in the history of the British North American Provinces. There is every reason to believe that immediately after the assembling of the Imperial Parliament in London, on or about the 1st of February next, an Act will be passed giving effect to the Petitions of the Legislative bodies of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland, and uniting all the British North American Provinces under one Government and Legislature. On the passage of that Act, a Governor-General or Viceroy will be appointed by the Queen to preside over the United Provinces; and it will be the first duty of the Governor so appointed forthwith to summon to his Council leading public men from the several Provinces, to advise him in putting into operation the new constitution. On the advice of the Executive Council, the Governor will then proceed to issue writs for the election of representatives to the Federal Legislature, and to appoint Provisional Governors for the several Local Governments comprised in the Confederation. The Provincial Governors will in their turn summon leading public men to form their several Administrations, and under their advice issue writs for the election of representatives to the Local Legislatures.—*Toronto Globe.*

United States.

THE FENIANS.—The Chicago *Republican* remarks:—

"Rumors are again thickening in reference to another approaching Fenian invasion of Canada. Mysterious outgivings about purchases of arms and secret organizations of troops are becoming frequent, and appear to be quite as authentic as those which presaged the former rash and inconsiderate fiasco, which might have been expected to cost every man concerned in it his life. In view of these matters of public notoriety, and the fact that two separate invasions of a friendly territory have been planned and organized on our soil, it is the duty of President Johnson to take prompt and energetic action to prevent any repetition of those ill-judged and hopeless undertakings."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Highly important news was received to-night by the Government from Rio Grande to the effect that Gen. Sedgewick, commanding the United States forces, moved into Mexico, between Gaudaloupe and Matamoras, and took posession of the latter city, announcing that his intention was to protect American residents doing business there.

The occupation of Mexican territory, by the United States troops, caused great excitement on the Rio Grande, and is received here with intense surprise. It is not believed that this action has been contemplated by this Government, though it may be a part of the Sherman-Campbell programme. Gen Sheridan is on the Rio Grande, his course in the matter is awaited with interest.

A CORDIAL INVITATION.—The *Mobile Times*, in an article on emigration to the Southern States, says:—

"We ask Yankees, particularly, to come, and we repeat it, we want no better men, when once their interest shall become welded to us and our soil. We tell the hardy lumberman of Maine to quit his frozen region, and, with his muscles of steel, to come and till a grateful soil, which returns a thousand-fold the seed entrusted to it. Their prejudices will soon wear out, and so shall ours, by constant and daily friction."

PRODUCTIONS OF KANSAS.—A clerical correspondent of the *Toledo Blade* sums up some of the "institutions" of Kansas as follows:—

"But I must conclude by simply indicating a few topics on which I have much to say. The grapes of Kansas—the woods are full. This will be one of the finest wine states in the Union. The fish—the rivers abound in several choice kinds. One was caught a few days ago which weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, ten pounds heavier than the wife of the writer. The prairie fires—they are now raging in all directions, travelling at times faster than any race horse, leaping rivers, overtaking deer, wolves, turkeys and prairie chickens, and roasting them alive. The wolves—they came a few days ago within one hundred feet of our house and attempted to help herself to fresh beef. The prairie chickens—they are a nuisance.

YANKEES COLONIZING THE HOLY LAND.—The Atlantic cable last week brought the following among its news items:—

News has been received of the arrival of the bark *Nellie Chapin* at Jaffa, from Jonesport, Me., with 150 Americans to colonize in Palestine.

In anticipation of their coming, which had been announced by the papers in this country, Rev. H. H. Jessup, one of the Missionaries of the American Board, wrote as follows under date of Beirut, Sept. 3rd:—

"We are all distressed at the news of the coming of a colony of Americans from Maine to settle at Jaffa. The Consul at Jerusalem has written to Mr. Seward, to dissuade the deluded people from such an insane undertaking; but they will not be dissuaded. Nothing less than the 'sacred' soil will satisfy them. They will find the Turkish government suspicious, and opposed to them at every step. Once outside of Jaffa gardens the plain is frequented by the Bedouin, and they will find the Holy Land too hot for them in more senses than one. It seems sad that sober reason could not have reached them. I have noticed advertisements of the scheme in the papers from time to time, but regarded it as a hoax. We now hear that they are coming.—May the Lord have mercy on them."

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—Secretary Seward has received the following despatch:—

"I have arrested John H. Surratt, one of President Lincoln's assassins; no doubt about identity.

(Signed) HALE, U. S. Consul Gen.,
Gold 141. Alexandrie, Egypt."

European.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—The Fenian troubles in Ireland have assumed considerable importance, and there is no doubt that a serious outbreak has occurred. Two regiments of national troops were urgently ordered in Ireland yesterday afternoon, and transports were being prepared all last night at Portsmouth. A large detachment of marines was also sent over to Queenstown from the war steamer *Plymouth*. A gun boat at Chatham was ordered to sail for Queenstown immediately. Much alarm was felt at Cork and throughout Ireland generally. The London *Times* of this morning believes the Chief organiser Stephens will command at the rising if he has not already. The *Globe* editorially hints that more serious trouble with the United States is really at the bottom of the Fenian outbreak.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—A marked sensation is manifested here at the prospect of an immediate outbreak in Ireland. All the London papers, to-day, except the *Post*, simultaneously use strong and bitter language against the Fenians, and warn them that they will receive no mercy. The *Times* says the rebellion must be stamped out as we stamped out the cattle plague. The *News* says, "England must put down relentlessly the seditious movement which her misrule has stirred up." The *Telegraph* declares that measures must be taken which will render it certain that the very first symptoms of revolt shall be stamped out with an iron heel. Captured robbers should certainly be left to the just rigor of the law, and there should be no hope for them from the United States. The *Morning Herald*, in referring to the condemned Fenians in Canada, says there should be no loop hole of escape for future offenders.

Troops are being sent to Ireland, and gunboats are sailing for Irish ports.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—A gunboat left Sheerness yesterday, and another will leave to-day. Their destination is Ireland. They carry with them a large supply of arms and ammunition, to be used in the suppression of Fenian outbreaks. No more arrests have been made.

Thirty-five cases of yellow fever, fourteen of which were fatal, occurred on board the Atrolo, arrived at Southampton from the West Indies. She was put in quarantine.

The British Secretary of State has proposed to give a reward of £15,000 to Snider's family for his breech-loading invention.

The Swiss government has ordered 80,000 breech-loaders.

The cholera was diminishing in London.

The French Emperor had invited Prince Napoleon to take part in the labours of the Military Organization Committee.

The iron-clad squadron has been ordered to be ready for sailing on the 28th inst. It is stated that they are to bring back the French troops from Rome.

The Constitutionnel denies the statement that Mr. Russell had spoken of the withdrawal of the Pope from Rome and his authority from the British Government to offer its hospitality to his Holiness.

Intelligence receive at Florence from Rome states that it has been decided at a secret consistory that the Pope would be obliged to quit Rome. He will seek an asylum in Malta. The ecclesiastical authorities of Malta have received a semi-official notification of this decision.

The Czar has issued a decree remitting the exceptional imposts, taxes and monopolies in force in 400 towns in Russian Poland; 400,000 citizens and peasants will thus become proprietors of their estates in consideration of the payment of certain indemnities.

The King of Denmark opened the Rigsdaz in person. He said a bill for the dowry of Princess Dagmar would be introduced. He also said that by the treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia the latter has undertaken to restore North Schleswig in so far as the population by free voting shall pronounce themselves in favor of such a step. The King says:—"Our hopes have ever been directed to this object. The justice of these hopes has been recognized by Napoleon, who has testified to a warm interest in our country. Denmark sees in the proposed settlement of the question a proof of the friendship of Prussia."

LONDON, Dec. 1.—There is a vague rumor that the Chief Organiser, Stephens, lately arrived in Paris, and is secreted there.

It is reported, on good authority, that Mr. Bigelow, United States Minister at Paris, recently read to Napoleon in person a very grave and decided despatch from Secretary Seward. His despatch, so the report goes, explicitly required France to fulfill the engagements she entered into with regard to the Mexican question. The Emperor, however, made no reply.

Mrs. S. A Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Careful study and experience has made them what they are acknowledged in foreign countries as well as at home, the only valuable preparations for restoring, invigorating, beautifying and dressing the hair. Those who use them have no grey hairs or bald spots. Every Druggist sells them.

Hear's May Agree Though Heads Differ, Rev. Wm. Cutter, N. Y., after using Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, writes—"My hair is changed to its natural color, and growing on bald spot, &c. I should be glad to have you use my name when it can do you any good." Sold by all Druggists.—Depot, 196 Greenwich st., N. Y.

Letters and Monies

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

W. H. Dodge $5, Rev. G. O. Huestis (P.W., Thos. Thompson $4,) E. Forrest $1, Rev. A. B. Black (P.W., Wm. McCann $2, C. Moulton $2, James Milberry $2—three new subs—charged $6), Rev. L. Gaetz (P.W., Jas. Shaw $1, Mr. J E. Burchell, B.R., $10—sent last week), Rev Wm. Sargent (P.W., Mrs. Cooper $3, Wm. Trueman $3, Edwd. Smith, new sub., $2—$8), Rev. A. W. Nicolson (B.R., J. Harris $2.25, P.W., Thompson Trueman $1, J. Harris $2 75 $6—We leave it to your judgment to do the best you can for the interests of the office), Rev S. W. Sprague (E. Terry now credited, $3 in all and charged), Rev. G. O. Huestis (P.W., J. Taylor $4, John Rettallick, new sub., charged $2—Pictures not called for), Rev. E. B. Moore (will send), Rev. J. Taylor, Rev. T. H. Davies (B.R., $20), Rev. J. S. Phinney, Rev. W. E. Shenstone (B.R., $13, P.W., A. Bartlett $2, Mrs. N. Munden $2, W. Whelan $2, W. Green $2, Jas. Leamon $2, F. Skeans—$25), Rev. J. G. Bigney (Alm. $1, R. Bruce $1, E. W. Randall $1—$3), Rev. W. Alcorn, E. Taylor, Rev. S. F. Huestis (P.W., Wm. Payson $2, Joshua Stark, new sub, $2, charged $4), Rev. Wm. McCarty (Shall be happy to supply on liberal terms if you guarantee), Jno. C. Prince $1.50.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Is a soothing expectorant, prepared to meet the urgent need of a safe and reliable cure for diseases of the throat and lungs. A trial of many years has established the fact, that it is more efficacious in pulmonary affections, than any other remedy. Its efficacy has now become so generally known, that it is justly regarded in many countries as a medicine of indispensable necessity. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, where medical science has reached its highest perfection, it is prescribed in domestic practice, and constantly used in the armies, in hospitals and other public institutions, where it is regarded by the attending physicians as the most speedy and agreeable remedy that can be employed. Scarcely any neighborhood can be found where well known cases of diseased lungs, which had baffled the efforts of the most skillful and experienced doctors, have been permanently cured by it. These results are the most convincing proofs of the superior curative properties of this preparation; and to them the authors point with peculiar satisfaction. While it is most powerful against confirmed diseases, it is extremely gentle as a medicine in infancy and youth, being quite harmless to even the youngest, when administered judiciously.

This health-restorer accomplishes even more by prevention than cure. If taken in season, it heals all irritations of the throat and lungs, whether arising from Colds or Coughs, or from other causes, and thus prevent that long train of painful and incurable diseases, which would arise from the neglect of them. Hence no family should be without it. Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, Incipent Consumption, and other affections of the breathing organs, give way before this pre-eminent combination of medical virtues.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

nov 14—2mos

Cholera!

MR. PERRY DAVIS—SIR:—The benefits I have received from the use of your invaluable remedy, the Pain Killer, induces me to pen a word in its praise. Experience has convinced me that for Headache, Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, or any other part of the system, severe Chills, Wesriness, common Colds, Hoarseness, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Toothache, etc., *there is nothing better than the Pain Killer.* I have this hour recovered from a severe attack of the Sick Headache, by using two teaspoonfulls, taken at thirty minutes interval, in a wine glass full of hot water. I am confident that, thiough the blessing of God, it saved me from the cholera during the summer hf 1843. Travelling amid heat, dust, toil, change of climate, and constant exposure to an infected atmosphere, my system was daily predisposed to dysentery attacks, accompanied with pain, for which the Pain Killer was a sovereign remedy, one teaspoonful curing the worst case in an hour, or, at the most, half a day! I have heard of many cases of Dysentery being cured by its use. Put in the teeth it will stop the tooth ache. Gratitude, and a desire for its general use, has drawn from me this unsolicited testimonial in its favour.

Nov. 14. 1m. D. T. TAYLOR, Jr.,
Minister of the Gospel.

THE CANADIAN HARMONIST. We hope to see this very choice collection of Church Music extensively patrehized. It is quite a favorite wherever known, and among the numerous music books of the present day, we have no hesitation in recommending this one as worthy of being introduced in all our Churches. Order from the Wesleyan Book Room. A new supply just received.

Thirty years' experience of an Old Nurse—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success, by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, griping in the bowels, and colic. By giving health to the child, it rests the mother.

We never mean to lend an influence to make a reputation for a worthless patent medicine, but believe we are doing our readers and the public a favour by calling attention to Blood's Rheumatic Compound. It will relieve pain in any form.—*St. John Paper.*

Periodicals for 1867.

Orders for Periodicals for 1867 had better be sent in within the next fortnight, otherwise there will be delay in receiving the January numbers. Our terms for the *Canada S. School Advocate*, from Oct. 1, 1866, will be found in advertisement in another column.

New Subscribers for 1867.

All new subscribers for 1867, pre-paying for the full year, will receive the balance of the present volume *gratis*, from the time that we receive the order. We would suggest that this offer be presented to every congregation.

OUR NEW ARRANGEMENT.—We direct attention to the article on second page relative to the pre-payment system, and the absolute necessity of its adoption. We have received from different quarters encouragement to hope that it will work well, and we hope our Ministerial brethren and other active friends, are intent upon doing for us the *very best* they can. Send on brethren, your Lists of subscribers without delay.

BOOK COMMITTEE.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Book Committee will meet in the Conference Office, on Wednesday, 12th inst., at 3 p m.

MISSIONARY REPORTS.—We are requested to state that the Reports have been unavoidably delayed, but will be sent to all the Circuits forthwith.

NEW MUSIC.—From C. M. Tremaine, successor to H. Waters, New York:—"Tender Glance Schottische," by Mrs. Parkhurst; "Do not heed her Warning," a reply to "The Gipsy's Warning," by Henry Tucker; and by the same composer, "Waiting for the loved one." These pieces are really good, as is the case generally with the music from this establishment. Horace Waters continues his connection with the Instrumental Department, and is prepared for an extensive business. His instruments are famed for their sweetness of tone.

From O. Ditson, & Co., Boston:—"Adele Waltz," by Godfrey, "I'll meet thee in the lane," by J. S. Knight; "Why art thou not returning," words in English and Italian, adapted to the music of the Guard's Walz; "Where the sick flowers blow;" "The little drooping flower;" and "Angel Footsteps;" or "Only waiting till the shadows," &c. These all possess merit, and cannot fail to please. Can be had from Z. S. Hall, Hollis Street.

Mrs S A Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. They revive the perishing hair, darken, renew, gloss, preserve and multiply the fibres, and strengthen the scalp. Sold by all Druggists.

Marriages.

On the 23rd ult, by the Rev. Michael Pickles, assisted by Rev. George Butcher, James H. Morton, of Salisbury, Westmoland Co., to Martha Pennington, of Sussex, Kings Co.

At Avon Port, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. S W. Sprague, Mr. Lemuel Fuller, to Miss Eleanor Jordan.

At Dartmouth, on the 29th ult, by the Rev. Mr Fryer, Mr. James Suttie, to Maria fourth daughter of the late Mr. John Gaston.

On the Baie de Verte Circuit, by the Rev. W. Alcorn, on the 18th July, in the house of the bride's father, Mr. Strang Allen, to Miss Caroline Allen, both of Bayfield.

On the Bathurst Circuit, by the same, on the 30th of August, Mr. Henry Smith, to Mrs. Elizabeth Jamason, all of Tattagouche.

By the same, on the 18th of Oct., at Caragett, Mr. Philip Duval, of Jersey, to Miss Susan Carnice, of Caragett.

By the same, on the 7th ult., in the house of the bride's father, Mr Robert Branch, of Bathurst, to Miss Elizabeth Kent, of Tattagouche.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John McMurray, Mr. Edward Morash, to Miss Matilda Hiltz, both of Margaret's Bay.

Deaths.

On the 1st inst, Harry Castell, a native of Oxford, England.

At Cole Harbour, on the 30th ult., aged 26 years, Nathaniel, son of Jacob Conrod.

At Twillingate, Nfld., on the 22nd ult., James McNab Ross, eldest son of Alex. P. Ross, of Pictou, in the 31st year of his age.

At St. John, N. B., on the 29th ult, Emily Alice, third daughter of the late Archibald Scott, Esq., of this city.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

FRIDAY, Nov 30.

Brigts Gondola, Crane, Sydney; Miranda, Sydney; City Point, Portland.

SATURDAY, Dec 1

Steamer Merlin, Guilliford, St John's, Nfld; brigt Florence, Davidson, Demerara; schr Swan, Kelly, Trinidad.

SUNDAY, Dec 2

Steamer Ada, Walters, Shelburne.

MONDAY, Dec 3

Steamer Alhambra, Nickerson, Boston; brigt Chebucto, Kennedy, Sheet Harbour.

CLEARED.

Nov 30—Brig Magnet, Curtis, West Coast of Africa; brigts Hecla, List, London; Regatta, Stanley, Baltimore; schrs Mary, Boudrot, Arichat; Rosebud, Boudrot, do; Harriet, Boudrot, do; D Grant, McRachran, Antigonish; Sea Star, Dillon, White Head; Emblem, Green, Pictou; Active, Muggah, Sydney; Chester, Kennedy, Lingan; Genuine, Atwood, Barrington; Sea View, Meniac, Port Medway.

Dec 1—Brigts Victoria Uusula, Lenoir, Cow Bay; Baccalieu, Martell, Arichat; schrs Prince of Wales, McNab, Baltimore; A C Major, Perry, Boston; G T Winsor, Perry, Boston; Eliza Catherine, Martell, Mainadieu; Amateur, Steele, P E Island.

Ex "W G Putnam,"

Just arrived from London.

6 *Hhds. Pickles, Sauces, Jellies, &c.*

MIXED PICKLES, from E Lazenby & Son—pints, quarts and half gallon bottles.
Onions, pints; Chow-Chow, pints
Piccalilli, pints; Red Cabbage, pints
Walnuts, pints; Girkins, pints
Salad Oil, pints and half pints
Mushroom Catsup, do do
Lemon Jelly, pints and quarts
Orange do do do
Calsfoot do do do

SAUCES.

John Bull, Harvey, Worcester, Lazenby's New Sauces. Bottled Pie Fruits, assorted. Candied Lemon and Citron, Durham Mustard—18 lb. kegs, tins 1-2 lbs., bottles 1-2 lbs.
Curry Powder; Cayenne Pepper,
Bath Bricks; Blacking and Black Lead,
Furniture & Brass Polish; Plate Powder, &c.

The above Goods have just arrived from London in good order and the very best quality, and are now for sale, Wholesale and Retail, by

H. WETHERBY & CO
Opposite the Colonial Market

Nov 21.

Prince William Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

NEW FLANNELS,
(FOR GENTLEMAN'S WEAR.)
Jolly Dog Shirting,
ANTLER SHIRTINGS.

nov 14 *ENNIS & GARDNER*

THE ATTENTION OF FAMILIES, PROprietors of Hotels and Eating Houses, Stewards of Steam Packets, and Caterers generally for FIRST CLASS GROCERIES, is directed to GEO. S. BOLTON'S South End Tea, Grocery and Provision Store, corner of Barrington and Sackville Streets.

nov 7

NO EXCUSE FOR BAD BREAD OR Buckwheat Cakes—for the infallible YEAST POWDERS, BUCKWHEAT MEAL and FLOUR now received will ensure good Griddle Cakes of all kinds. Call at

GEO. S. BOLTON'S,
nov 7 South End Tea Store.

New Advertisements

Commerce House,
144 GRANVILLE STREET.

R. McMURRAY & CO., invite the attention of Purchasers to their large and choice Stock of

NEW GOODS.
For Autumn and Winter

which they are offering this Season much lower than the usual prices:
LADIES' DRESSES.
New Stripes Poplins, Silk and Wool Linseys,
Plain and striped Winseys, Cheap Dress Tweeds,
All wool Serges, French Merinoes, Delaines,
Reps, Camlets Pretty Plaids for children's wear and a large Lot of

Cheap Fancy Dresses.

Plain and Striped SHIRTINGS,
Heavy Tweed Shirts, full widths, 5s. to 7s 6d.
Silk Striped Balmoral Shirts, &c.

Ladies Mantles and Shawls.

Millinery Bonnets, Trimmed Velvet & Plush Hats,
FURS, MUFFS, BOAS and COLLARETS,
Mantle Cloths and New Fancy Cloakings,
Broad Cloths and Coatings for gentlemen's wear,
Tweeds, Doeskins, etc,
FLANNELS and BLANKETS.
Cotton Goods of all kinds.
White and Col'd Cotton Yarn.

READY MADE CLOTHING,

And a variety of other Goods.
Dec 5.

JUST OPENED.—Men's Lined Kid Mitts; Men's Lined Kid Gloves; Ladies' Lined Kid Mitts; Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves. Will be sold cheap.

ENNIS & GARDNER.

CHEAP SKELETON SKIRTS.—Women's Tape Skirts, from 30c. each. An elegant Skirt, newest style, with all improvements, reduced from $2, and will now be sold at $1 each.

ENNIS & GARDNER.

CHEAP SKIRTS.

WE have received a further supply of CHEAP SKIRTS. The best in the market for 45cts. The best in the market for $1.

Dec 5. ENNIS & GARDNER.

Decem'r.—1866.

INLAND ROUTE

St. John, Portland, Boston, &c.

Fares Reduced

THE Steamer Empress will leave Windsor for St John during the remainder of the season as follows:—

Wednesday, 5th,	7 00 a m
Saturday, 8,	12 00 noon
Wednesday, 12,	3 p m
Saturday, 15,	5 00 p m

And will continue to run until prevented by ice.

Connecting with Intercolonial Company's Steamers, which leave St. John for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every Monday and Thursday mornings at 8 o'clock.

—FARES—

Halifax to St John,	$4 00
" to Eastport	5 50
" to Portland	7 00
" to Boston	8 00

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

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

& H CREIGHTON,
oct 10. Agents.

Sabbath School Paper.

The best paper for Sabbath Schools is the Canadian

SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

Published in Toronto. There is no other paper published so suitable or so well adapted to our youth. The superiority of the paper on which the *Advocate* is printed, the beauty of the illustrations, and the admirable taste displayed in the writing and selections, renders this little semi-monthly almost a necessity in every family which it has previously visited. The terms of subscription are as follows:—

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For 1 copy and under 5, to 1 address,				40	c. p. vol.
5	"	10	"	38	"
10	"	20	"	35	"
20	"	30	"	33	"
30	"	40	"	30	"
40	"	50	"	28	"
50	"	75	"	27	"
75	"	100	"	26	"
100 and upwards,				25	"

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

☞ No Postage on this Paper.

Order from the Wesleyan Book Room.

Dec. 5.

Mrs. Winslow

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

SOOTHING SYRUP,
For Children Teething,

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

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

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

Relief and Health to your Infants.

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

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

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

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

Griping in the Bowels,

AND WIND COLIC,

and overcome convulsion, which, if not speedily remedied end in death. We believe it is the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others, stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be sure—yes, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine, if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists throughout the world.
Principal Office, No. 48 Dey Street N Y
sep 15 Price only 35 Cents per bottle.

NEW BOOK.

NOW published and on sale at the Methodist and Baptist Book Rooms, and other Book stores,

PERSONAL NARRATIVES, &c.

Contents—Introduction; Chapter 1. Perils and Preservations; 2. Providential Events, &c.; 3 Judicial Experience in Criminal Cases; 4. Temperance Experience in several countries, giving various incidents, &c.; 5. Religious Experience.

Author, J. G. Marshall,—185 pages—Price: 3s 1 1-2d and 2s 6d. Only a portion of copies contain the "Religious Experience."

The Provincial ALMANACK FOR 1867 IS NOW READY,

And for sale at all the Bookstores.
nov 28

1867 Belcher's Farmer's 1867 ALMANACK.

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1867.

Is now ready—and for sale everywhere! This is the cheapest work published in British America. No pains have been spared to make it even more complete than heretofore. The Astronomical calculations have been prepared with great care especially for this work. In the pages devoted to "Light Houses" much important information will be found by those engaged in Maratime affairs.

The Post Office matter contains information important to all classes. *The Farmer's Calendar* will be found to contain many useful hints; and the article on the *Magnitude, Motives, &c., of the Primary Planets* will, it is hoped, be found interesting—and in addition it will be found to contain a full and complete reference for the general public throughout the whole Province.

☞ Messrs. A. & W. MacKinlay will execute all orders for the above.

C. H. BELCHER,
nov 21—tey Propiretor and Published.

PER STEAMER "JAVA"

A. J. RICKARDS & CO.

Have received a further supply of

Boots & Shoes,

suitable for Fall and Winter, consisting of—

MEN'S Calf & Gr in W'tr'proof Bal'mra Boots
do do do Wellington do
do do do Half do do
do Elastic side clump sole Boots, plain and toe cap'd
do do do double do do
do do do do Imt. Bals. toe cap'd
do Enamel do Clump do
do Patent do Dress Boots
Ladies Kid Elastic Side M H Boots, tipped,
do do Balmoral Boots foxed
do Cloth Elastic side and Laced Boots, Flannel lined
do Felt Boots, Flannel lined, single and double sole, very warm
do Felt Slippers,
Men's Felt Slippers
Men's and Women's Felt and Rubber Over Boots
Boy's and Youths' Calf Balmoral and Elastic side Boots, thick soles,
Ladies White Kid and Elastic side Boots, M. H.
do do Jean do do
do do Kid Slippers,

—With a very extensive assortment of Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers, in Kid, Cloth and Felt, which we can confidently recommend as the largest and most complete assortment we have ever offered.

—On Hand a large supply of—

Men's Grain and Waxed Boots, Wood Sole Brogans, all of which are offered at lowest market rates, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

nov 21 145 GRANVILLE STREET.

Somerset House.

THE Subscriber has lately taken and refitted the old and well established Stand corner of Prince and Granville Streets, known as the Somerset House—and is now prepared to accommodate permanent and transient Boarders upon reasonable terms. *GEO McLELLAN.*

Nov 21 3ins

VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
—AT—
Public Auction.

TO be sold at Public Auction on the premises, on Monday the 26th of November, if not previously disposed of at private sale, the lot of land between the Wesleyan Church at Bartington Head, and Dr. I. K. Wilson's, measuring in front about 150 feet, and fronts on the main Post Road and extending about that width about 150 feet back of grave yard, thence one half the lot between lands owned by Mr Elisha Atwood and Dr. I. K. Wilson. Terms moderate. Made known at time of sale.

nov. 14 3w By order of Trustees

THE CONFERENCE
BOOK ROOM.

THE Conference of Eastern British America in sustaining in operation the Book Room, designs not merely to make it a paying concern, but also to render it an instrumentality for doing good as widely as possible, by diffusing throughout the Lower Provinces, and especially in Methodist circles *A PURE AND WHOLESOME LITERATURE*, and of this there is the greater necessity, because of the amount of noxious publications introduced everywhere in the Provinces.

The attention of the reading public is called to the large and

Well Assorted
STOCK,

replenished by recent importations, and offered at lowest cash rates.

Standard
THEOLOGICAL WORKS,

including
Wesley,
Fletcher,
Benson,
Clarke,
Watson,
Bunting,
Bengel,
Whedon,
Stevens,
Jackson,
Henry,
Scott,
Chalmers, &c., &c

DEVOTIONAL AND
BIOGRA

My Good for Nothing.

What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and few you are diving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell—
What you are good for, now ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet,
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

—Emily H. Miller.

The Saviour's Sympathy.

While the storm was fiercely blowing,
While the sea was wildly flowing,
Angry winds and angry billow
Only rocked the Saviour's pillow,
Jesus slept.

But when sudden grief was rending
Human hearts, in sorrow bending;
When he saw the sister's weeping
Where the brother's form was sleeping,
"Jesus wept."

Dudley Tenneford.

Dudley Tenneford was a quick, high-spirited, obliging boy; but he was not without some serious faults. Among other failings, he had the bad habit of making false excuses. Whenever reproved for a fault, he would seldom own to being in the wrong, but he was always ready to throw the blame on others. I do not mean to say that Dudley would actually tell a lie, but he was not straightforward and open.

Once his mamma sent him, in a great hurry, to purchase some writing materials. "You have been rather a long time, my dear," she said, when he returned quite out of breath.

"There were two customers in the shop, mamma," was his quick reply, "and I was obliged to wait."

So far this was true; but he had forgotten that he was detained quite five minutes talking to one of his school-fellows. Dudley gained nothing by his false excuses; his parents knew perfectly well he would always make the case out to his own advantage, and consequently he was often blamed for what he had not done.

When he was about ten years old he was invited to spend the day at his uncle's, who had a large house and grounds a few miles from London. There were many attractions at Haddon Hall, and Dudley had been looking forward for many days to this visit.

Little Arthur, who was an only child, had a pretty Shetland pony of his own, and he rode over on the day named to fetch his cousin. He was delighted to have him for a companion; he took him round the garden, showing him his pretty rabbits, promising to give him one to take home. They then agreed to a game at ball on the lawn.

When they had been playing some time, Dudley exclaimed, "Come, Arthur, I am tired of playing at ball; I have a mind to climb that tall tree in front of the green-house." So saying, he walked off, leaving Arthur to find the ball, which he had carelessly thrown among the laurels.

The little boy followed soon after, and passing the lawn he stopped to look at a highly prized tulip border of his father's; but what was his dismay when he saw no less than three of the beautiful flowers trodden down, and one broken entirely off the stem! He took the broken flower in his hand, and was walking towards the house, when he heard Dudley's merry voice calling him. He took no notice at first, but the call was repeated; so he turned back and went to his cousin, who was now half way up the tree.

"Hollos!" he cried, "what's the matter? can't you find the ball?" but seeing the poor little fellow looking perplexed, he quickly dismounted.

Arthur told him about the tulips, and how vexed his father would be. "I must go at once and tell him," he added.

"Nonsense!" said Dudley; "you don't want to go just now. I suppose Fido or the cat must have done it."

"What mischief now?" said old William, the gardener, who came up just in time to hear the last sentence.

"O William! three of papa's beautiful tulips are broken. Have you seen Fido about here lately, or the cat?"

The old man shook his head. "There's been no dog or cat about here this morning, as I know on. What does Master Dudley say about it?" he said, with a clever nod of the head.

"I," said Dudley, looking quite indignant, "I know nothing about it; in fact I did not know that uncle had a tulip border in his garden."

Just then Mr. Stanton came from the green-house. He looked very grave when he heard the story, and cast a searching glance at Dudley, who looked confused. "It's not the tulips that I care about, but I should like much to know who has done this mischief."

The boys both declared that they knew nothing about it, so Mr. Stanton passed it over for the present, intending to make further inquiries; but not having heard anything satisfactory, he sent for Dudley to come to his study before going home.

"I have sent for you, my boy," he began, "to speak to you once more about this morning's disaster. I am sorry to say I cannot rely much upon your word; painful though it may be, I must remind you that in two or three cases, I have known you to deviate from the truth. One can forgive a boy being careless, if he only comes openly forward and confesses his fault."

"Indeed, uncle, I know nothing about it," persisted Dudley, with tears. "I had not been in that part of the garden."

"I hope it may be as you say," replied his uncle; "but you cannot wonder at my not putting much faith in your word. I do not wish to be unjust to you, my boy, therefore I will let it rest at present; but I shall not feel satisfied till I have found out the truth."

Dudley went home with a heavy heart; every one believed him guilty of falsehood, and when his mother came to take his candle and bid him good-night, as was her custom, he threw his arms around her neck, exclaiming,

"O, mamma! I am so miserable; I shall never be happy again." And then told her all, adding, "No one will believe me, mamma, I cannot even expect that papa and you will think I am speaking the truth when I say I never saw the tulips. O, mamma? it is too much; I cannot bear it." And the poor boy buried his face in his hands, and gave way to violent grief.

"Calm yourself, my boy," said Mrs. Tenneford; "I believe you are speaking the truth; I have never known you to persist in falsehood, and I trust this will teach you that you cannot be too careful to speak the exact truth at all times."

"O, mamma!" he exclaimed, "God helping me, I will never again, as long as I live, say the least thing that is not true. I am justly punished, but, oh! it might have been worse. I am glad my own dear mother believes me, he said. "I will never again give occasion for any one to doubt my word."

"You must not rely too much on your own strength, my dear boy," said Mrs. Tenneford, kissing him fondly. "You will need much strength from above to help you to overcome your faults; you will need also to be watching lest you fall into temptation. Good night, and may God bless you."

A month passed away, and nothing had been heard of respecting the tulips, when one morning Arthur rode over on his pretty pony, inquiring for Dudley who had not yet returned from school. His uncle and aunt were both out, so he resolved to go and meet his cousin. He did not go far before he met him hurrying home. He would have passed in his hurry, had not Arthur called for him to stop.

Dudley looked up in surprise. "You here, Arthur!" he said.

"O, Dudley!" exclaimed the little fellow, I have come to bring you news about those unfortunate tulips. Papa is quite convinced now that you did not tell a falsehood, and he desires me to tell you he was very sorry that you were blamed unjustly. Joe, the gardener's boy, has been dangerously ill, and mamma has been continually to see him. The poor boy seemed very grateful for her kindness, and yesterday he confessed to her that he had broken the tulips. He said he should never be happy till he had told."

"Do you know, Arthur," said Dudley, "I felt sure it would be cleared, somehow. I have resolved, with God's help, to be frank and open for the future, that no one can ever suspect me again." And Dudley kept his word, and soon gained a character for truthfulness.

At the early age of fifteen he went to an office in London, where he soon became very valuable, or besides being quick and bright, every one put most implicit confidence in his word.—*The Quiver.*

Be sure your Sin will find you Out.

"Mother, mother," said Mary Jay, running into her mother's room, "I believe I've found out what makes Clinton sick every day. I saw him, just now, out in the garden, behind the lilac-bushes, with big Fred Saunders; and Fred was smoking a cigar."

"Did Clinton have a cigar?" asked her mother.

"No; I didn't see any. I just saw them a minute. I think they did not see me."

"I will go and see myself."

Saying this, Clinton's mother put on her bonnet, and walked out into the garden. There the children stood in a shady corner, each with a cigar in his mouth, and Clinton with a bundle of matches in his hand.

The two boys who were with him ran when they saw her; but his mother called Clinton in a loud voice to stop, so he stood still. He knew he had been doing wrong, and his first impulse was to get rid of the cigar.

What do you suppose he did with it?

It is very strange, but it is true, that people who are caught doing wrong never act as they thought they would if found out. It is true of grown-up people as of children. It is very easy for persons to make up their minds what they will do, if caught in a crime; but, strange to say, they seldom do the thing they planned, and most often do the very thing that proves them guilty.

Clinton might have thrown away his cigar, I suppose, before his mother reached him; but instead of that, he thrust it under his dress, and pushed it under his belt. He did not do this because he thought it the best plan, or because he thought at all; it was what is called an *impulse.*

"Clinny," said his mother, "have you a cigar?"

"No," said the little boy. One sin always leads to another.

"Clinton," said his mother, solemnly, "is this the truth?"

"No, mother, I have not got any," persisted he. "Fred and Benny had, though."

Just at that moment, a little blue smoke came curling from under Clinton's dress, just above his belt. He turned pale as he saw a hole burning in his pianofore; and there was the burnt end of a cigar under it!

Ah! Clinton, your sin found you out!

I will not tell you how Clinton was punished; only you may know he did not smoke any more cigars.

"I think he was a silly fellow to put a lighted cigar under his clothes," some child says. "I would have hid it better than that."

No, you wouldn't. You do not know what you would have done. Unless you have been a great while learning to deceive, and grown *cunning*, you would not have been any *wiser*.

When a child or man, who is generally honest, commits some sin, and wishes to hide it, the very thing he does to hide it quite becomes the means of his being discovered. It is very remarkable how often this is the case. It is one of God's ways of detecting crime. He has made the mind so, that when the conscience is guilty, it cannot act as when it is clear. It is never safe to say, "I shall not be found out." Yes, you will; and most likely you will tell of yourself, as Clinton did.

When you want to do wrong, remember that God can see you, for he is in every place; and you may be sure your sin will find you out.—*Well-spring.*

Temperance.

Drunken Children.

It is with melancholy feelings that we copy into our columns the following startling article from an English paper:—

"*Drunken Children.*—The reprehensible practice of supplying children with intoxicating drinks for their own consumption is still carried on by many publicans and beer-sellers all over the country, and we are glad to notice that in the metropolis an effort is about to be made to enforce a clause in the police act against supplying with drink children under sixteen years of age for their own consumption. A correspondent of the *Star* says the extent to which beer-shops, public houses, and gin palaces are frequented by mere children for the purpose of drinking is simply frightful. On a recent Monday morning the magistrates of Liverpool had before them twenty boys and girls under the age of seventeen, all of whom had been found beastly drunk in the public streets on Sunday, and incapable of taking care of themselves. On a given Sunday the publicans of Manchester had the pleasure of seeing twenty-two thousand children enter their premises. A clergyman entered a room in a Manchester beer-shop at about one o'clock in the morning, and found it full of boys and girls drinking. In Derby mere children have been found drunk in the tap-room of a low house. In Salisbury a gentleman saw a crowd of young people, some of them Sunday-school scholars, imbibing beer in the back premises of a beer-shop on Sunday morning during Church hours. So great is the evil of juvenile drinking in Middlesborough, that the chief constable has thought it his duty to issue a public notice in reference to it. Near Portsmouth is a sort of public house fair, and from it young people have been seen, rolling home drunk at seven o'clock in the morning, they having been drinking and dancing all night. In Scotland also this sad evil prevails."—*Liverpool Times.*

This is truly a revolting picture, from which if we could, we would turn away our eyes; but such are the facts which are vouched for by a respectable and leading journal. Instead of exaggerating the evil, it probably only uncovers a part of the hideous truth. Liverpool is the principal commercial port in England, and from the above statement, as well as from other sources of information, we are led to believe that what may be called the lower classes are to a fearful extent steeped in vice, involving not only adults, but mere children. But the evil is not confined to Liverpool. In all the large towns of Great Britain deplorable evidences of youthful depravity are obtrusive.

We dare not flatter ourselves that the case is a singular one, or that the demoralization is confined to foreign countries. In our own large cities similar exhibitions are made. The thousands of drinking-houses which are opened in all places and at all hours, receive all customers who can pay, without regard to age or sex; and we have reason to know that even small children become inebriated and slaves to artificial tastes, for the indulgence of which they become thieves. Our city police could tell many a sad tale in corroboration of this, and as they occasionally make raids on drinking and dancing saloons, mere boys and girls, as well as older sinners, are arrested, showing, in their bold and brazen frouts, the deprivity in which they have become proficient. They are not wholly from the poor and uneducated classes—not unfrequently they are connected with rich and respectable families.—They fall early, and die the victims of vice before they reach maturity, or live to become a curse to society. What hope is there of a remedy to the evil, while wicked and unprincipled men and women are licensed by municipal authority to tempt them to their ruin? We cannot walk a square or block without seeing the signals held out to lure unthinking youth into the paths which lead to hell. And yet those who should be the conservators of public morals are afraid, for political reasons, to stem the tide; although it must be manifest that until the axe is laid at the root of the evil, in suppressing drinking and gambling houses, the degeneration must become worse and worse.—*Presbyterian.*

The Rev. W. Arthur on the Licensing System.

At one of the recent sectional meetings of the Social Science Association at Manchester, a discussion took place on "drunkenness and the Licensing System." Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., presided, and several papers were read. In the course of the discussion which followed, the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., President of the Wesleyan Conference, and one of the vice-presidents of the United Kingdom Alliance, gave an address which is summarised in the *Alliance News* as follows:—

He said he had no expectation of being called upon, for he was more of a learner than a teacher. The most powerful, widely-extended, and prosperous of our institutions was the public-house. He believed it was the most celebrated institution in Europe. The rev. gentleman spoke strongly of the demoralising influence of the public-houses of England, not only upon the home population, but persons who visited our shores took back with them the evil influence of those places. He had travelled, and seen a good deal, but he had seen nothing so bad as the English public-house. The magistrates seemed to be, by what authority these licenses were granted? One party said by the magistrates, another by the ratepayers, and a third by human nature. He thought the last argument, if only by its frankness, would do some good. Any man who would take the results of the public-house system, as based upon human nature, would stand in the presence of an array of human nature that would appal himself. Drunkards migh have visions, and so had sober people who had suffered from their indulgence. The whole trade was an unexceptional one, and the effects of the drink physically and socially were exceptional. Lord Brougham had said that drunkenness aggravated an offence. He agreed with that opinion, and thought that (to adapt a term from theology) jurists might say that a man who made himself drunk came under the condemnation of "pervenient guilt." He was ready to co-operate with any party, moderate or extreme. He looked upon the condition of our country as so humiliating in this point of view, that anything which stirred the public mind, anything that brought out healthy feeling such as now manifested in relation to it, must ultimately be a great blessing. As to the matter of liberty, he felt that it required very delicate handling; but after all, if two-thirds of the parish thought they would be better without the public-houses, he did not think there was any very great violation of liberty in allowing them in such a situation to say to the other third, "If you will have the public-house, you must go out of the parish for it." (Applause).

Agriculture.

Unleached Ashes as a Manure.

Unleached ashes, in my humble opinion are of far more value than many people imagine. I have used ashes as a manure every year since I commenced farming, and so satisfied am I of their fertilizing value, that I would not sell a bushel for twice or thrice the price paid for them at the asheries. I will give a little of my experience in the use of them as a fertilizer, as the best I can say in their favor. The greatest increase caused by the use of them that I have known, by actual measure, was on potatoes, used as a top-dressing in the year 1846. After dressing my corn with ashes that year, I had one bushel left, which I put on eight rows of potatoes, which yielded, at digging time, one bushel more to the row than any other rows in the field. It was a sod land, turned over in the spring and planted without manure of any kind. I have no doubt that the one bushel of ashes increased my crop of potatoes eight bushels. The rows were about fourteen rods long. For corn, I think ashes and plaster, mixed at the rate of two parts of ashes and one of plaster, and a small handful of the mixture put into each hill, is the best way to use them. This mixture I prefer to either, alone or both, used as a top-dressing. I think it has made one-half difference in the value of a piece of corn, judging from one row left without the ashes and plaster, not from actual measurement. It was on ground without manure of any other kind. Ashes alone, as a top-dressing, are very beneficial to corn.—After it has come up, I find where I have used it so, the stalks are larger and taller, the ears longer and better filled out, and the corn soonder and some earlier. On grass, such as meadow, if it has run out, so that it yields but light crops, a dress of ashes, fifteen or twenty bushels to the acre, has increased the crop of hay two, three, or even four fold, and, for several years after, good crops of grass have been obtained. I have never used ashes on wet land, nor with any other manure except plaster.—*J. Randall, in Wisconsin Farmer.*

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