The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XVIII. No. 41 — HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1866. — Whole No 890

Religious Miscellany.

The Harvest Call.

Abide not in the Realm of Dreams,
O man, however fair it seems,
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress
In languor of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty Past,
Entranced in visions vague and vast;
But with clear eye the Present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

The call, though many voiced, is one
With mighty meaning in each tone;
Through sob and laughter, shriek and prayer,
Its summons meets thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From Duty's claim no life is free—
Behold, *To-day* hath need of thee!

Look up!—The wide extended plain
Is blown by with its ripened grain,
And on the Summer-wind are rolled
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Trust in thy sickle! nor delay
The works that call for thee To-day:
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task!
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust His love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields with harvests white
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite;
And he who labors and believes
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up, for the time is short!—and soon
The morning sun will climb to noon;
Up! ere the herds, with tramping feet,
Outrunning thine, will spoil the wheat.

While the day lingers do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

Sterling Integrity.

I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am; witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed; whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you.—1 Sam. xii. 2, 3.

Such was Samuel's address on the heights of Gilgal, where he had assembled the tribes for Saul's public inauguration as king. It was a glorious testimony to the justice of this appeal, when the shout of an assembled nation echoed back, "Thou hast not defrauded us, or oppressed us!".

Can we, each of us, say the same? Can we stand up before high heaven, whatever our situation, or circumstances, or profession, and say with an honest heart, "These hands are clean! I have never defrauded my neighbor or wounded his character, or sought to exalt my own on the ruins or at the expense of his! I have never stooped to do an underhand deed, or be party to a clandestine transaction that cannot stand the light of day! I may be in humble circumstances; wealth, or position, or influence I may have none. I may be poor, the victim of designing men; but, thank God! I have 'a good conscience.' This volume of my inner life corresponds with the outer. Every leaf may be read; find the blot if you can."

There are volumes in this world's strange library which have their splendid exteriors—a binding gilted and embossed; but on opening them, they are tattered and worm-eaten; they cannot bear inspection; they are to be looked at, not examined. When opened they fall to pieces, like the dust in the mummy-case! O, rather have the outside cover poor—the binding tattered—than the leaves soiled with mercantile depravity and villain fraud; rather the scanty meal and the frugal dwelling than the banquet with its every piece of plate showing the reflected face of a hungry creditor, and the music jarred with the whimpering cry of the defrauded orphan!

If there be a character which we would, more than another—like the enchantress at the cave of Endor—conjure up from the invisible world, as a grand pattern for the times, it is this great Aristides of the Hebrew Commonwealth—this venerable impersonation of old-world honor and integrity. Would none cower in guilty shame at his appariton? Would no knees tremble if the shade appeared in the shop, the warehouse, the market-place, the exchange? We have plenty of Sauls now-a-days—men of brave heart and fiery impulse and warrior spirit, all ready with the greaves of brass and spear of iron. We need more of the Samuels; who, with the moral army of probity and honor, will save their country from a sadder invasion than that of sword and bayonet, and from a more humiliating and debasing ruin.

Avoid—and young men especially—avoid all base, servile, underhand, sneaking ways. Part with anything sooner than your integrity and conscious rectitude; flee from injustice as you would from a viper's fangs; avoid a lie as you would the gates of hell. Some there are who are callous as to this. Some there are who, in stooping to mercantile dishonor and baseness—in driving the immortal bargain—think they have done a clever action. Things are often called by their wrong names: duplicity is called shrewdness, and wrong-heartedness is called long-headedness; evil is called good, and good evil, and darkness is put for light, and light for darkness.

There is nothing more sad than to be carried like a vessel away from the straight course of principle; to be left a stranded outcast thing on the sands of dishonor; a man bolstering himself up in a position he is not entitled to. "That is a man of capital," say the world, pointing to an unscrupulous and successful swindler. Capital! What is capital? Is it what a man has? Is it counted by dollars and cents, stocks and shares, by houses and lands? No! capital is not what a man has, but what a man is. Character is capital; honor is capital. That is the most fearful of ruin when character is gone, when integrity is sold, whe honor is bartered for a miserable mess of earthly pottage. God save us from ruin like this! Perish what may—perish gold, silver, houses, lands—let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on a sunken rock, but let integrity be like the valued keepsake the sailor-boy lashed with the rope round his body, the only thing we care to save. Let me die; but let angels read, if friends cannot afford to erect the gravestone, "*Here lies an honest man!*"

Let Samuel's manly piety be ours. The happy cultivation and combination of the active and passive virtues, the blending of the inner with the outer life; not a negative saintship, like that of the men of Meroz, (Judges v. 23), but the harmonious intermingling of diligence in business with fervor in spirit, "serving the Lord;" kind in heart, strong in faith, and pure in spirit; but all crowned and beautified by giving glory to God.—*Rev J. R. Macduff.*

The Family Altar.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

There is something in the atmosphere of a prayer-consecrated household, incapable of analysis or definition, but as clearly applicable as a change of temperature. We have been in homes where incense of that morning sacrifice seemed to diffuse itself through the entire day, and where the odor of countless offerings appeared to linger in every chamber, and to have been breathed into every department of household duty. We have knelt at family altars where it seemed as if God had come down to witness the setting up of the stone in the night's resting place, whhre he so filled the place with his presence that every heart realized it to be the house of God and the gate of heaven.

Tell me not that such impressions begun in those days when the heart like a delicate instrument responds to the slightest touch, and continued through years of childhood and youth, will lose their power at the first plunge into business and pleasure. The emotions stirred by the old tunes that rise each day from the fireside the manifest inspiration resting upon the family priest, the daily inculcated reverence for the word of God, the interest inspired by its narratives, the sense of reality attached to communion with the Unseen, the sense of *real presence* invoked daily as the protector and guide of the household—these will survive all the vagaries of skepticism, and the fitful fever of dissipation Worship blends so beautifully with the tender relationships of the family, that the two sentiments of devotion and domestic affection mutually assist each other; and the deep emotion with which the mind in after years will recur to the family group and call up the dead faces and the now silent voices that were wont to join in psalm or prayer or evangel, will invest one phase of religion at least with a sanctity from which evil will recoil, and which will often move the most world-worn heart to yearnings for God.

If the family consists of little children only, it would be well to conduct the devotions chiefly with a reference to them. Instead of reading a chapter simply because it is in course, select for the little ones the more picteresque portions of the Scriptures. Tell them some Bible story. Have some picture at hand to illustrate it. Always try to draw some simple moral lesson from the story, respecting those great elementary truths which even very young children can understand: the greatness of God, how he sees and knows all things, how he loves us, and loves little children, is pleased when we do right, and displeased when we sin; the wickedness of disobedience and falsehood and the like. It will be well to require the children to give each morning some account of the previous lesson. Sometimes the Scripture lesson may be applied to some fault recently committed by the child. God's displeasure at a falsehood may be illustrated by the story of Ananias; the terrible consequences of anger, by the story of Cain and Abel. These things seem familiar, almost peurile; and yet they may be used with wonderful effect. We have been in families where the little child of four years would come bringing the Bible in its arms, and begging to hear something from it, and when it was one of the greatest of the day's disappointments to be refused. And the story of the morning has lodged in the little heart, and been carried into its play, and made the subject of its talk, showing that the blessed seed of the Word was resting in the tender furrows, giving hope of a precious harvest in the future.—*Rev. M. R. Vincent.*

"Tell Them my Soul is in Hell!"

A merchant once went to the Eastham camp-meeting with his pious wife, who was very anxious for his conversion. The spirit of the meeting troubled him, and, after one day, he resolved to leave his wife on the ground, and return home.

"Do stay, my dear husband," entreated his wife; "you will be better pleased to-day, maybe, than you were yesterday."

"No, my partner may need me in his business. I shall go," he replied.

But you made arrangements to be away a week; do stay, husband, and may be you will find salvation," rejoined his wife.

"No, I must go. I *will* go. Indeed I hate the place so much that if I knew my soul would be eternally dammed for going home I wouldn't stay here," was his awful answer.

His horror-struck wife stood silent.—Then turning on his heel, he hurried to the shore and sailed away from the camp-ground.

On his arrival home he entered his store tired and hungry. Seeing a piece of bread and butter on the counter, he ate it.—Fifteen minutes later his partner came in, and, after the usual salutation, looked round, and with a perturbed manner asked:

"What has become of the piece of bread and butter I left here?"

"I ate it," replied the merchant.

"Ate it! Dear me! It was poisoned for the rats. You are a dead man!—Hurry home in yonder hack while I go for the doctor."

The alarmed merchant was borne to his home, The doctor was soon with him.—Antidotes were administered but they were powerless to save. The poison was fiercely assailing the seat of life. The pains of death got hold upon him.—He was in agony of mind and body.

"Have you any message for your wife?" inquired his distressed partner.

This question recalled the camp-ground and the awful words he had spoken when leaving his wife. Gathering his remaining strength as for a last effort, he fixed his glaring eyes upon his friend and said in piercing tones:

"Carry my dead body to the camp-ground and tell them my soul is in hell!"

He sunk back exhausted. The struggle was over. His life in the body had ended. His life in hell had begun!

Reader, are you in the habit of trifling with eternal things? If so, let the horrible end of this merchant teach you that it is a "*fearful thing to fall into hands of the living God.*" Remember, "God is a consuming fire." It is not safe to mock at him or at his truth.—Beware!—*Good News.*

The Sin of Illiberality.

The sin of illiberality to the cause of Christ is the great sin of the Church in the present day. Professing Christians do not give to this greatest, noblest of all causes the amount claimed for it by the Master. The fact is, that there is scarcely an interest, domestic, social or national, to which the individual church member gives as little. With a large number of our people, the cause of the Redeemer is the least cause and the last cause. How few there are who take as much thought for the interests of Christ as they do in respect to what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, or wherewithal shall they be clothed! These merely incidental considerations, which should receive attention only as subordinate interests, are elevated into the place which the affairs of the Redeemer's kingdom should hold in the hearts and thoughts of Christ's people: To this there are many honorable exceptions; but the Church as a whole, is very far from grasping the great idea of giving to the cause of the Saviour. She does not give as much as she ought to give. She does not give in proportion as God has prospered her members. Of this sin the Church has to repent, or God will chasten her. The Church that stands in view of the harvest field in these last days, and makes God's judgments for past unfaithfulness an excuse for further sin, is incurring great guilt, and will be made to feel the Divine displeasure. For past delinquences we cannot atone, but we may repent and seek forgiveness, and resolving upon increased efforts and renewed sacrifices, enter upon the new year.—*Pres. Record.*

Preaching and Praying.

"Where do you attend Church, Mr. Gage?" I asked of a friend, not of my own denomination, who had recently removed to the city.

"Not where you expected, I'll venture to say," was the reply."

"Ah! how is that?"

"I'll tell you. You have so often spoken of the Rev. Mr. Smith as the ablest man in the Orthodox line here, that I am sure you counted me as a hearer at Bateman street; and so I fully intended to be."

"And are you not?"

"No; I go to Hews Chapel; Mr. Brown is my minister."

"Does James Brown suit you better than Mr. Smith? Why, he can't hold a candle to him in preaching!"

"He has not Mr. Smith's fine classical education, I know; he is inferior to him in oratory; he lacks the finished grace of manner which distinguishes your favorite; but he preaches the Gospel as clearly and forcibly; and then I can pray with him so much better than the other."

"What do you mean by your last remark?"

"Just this, my friend: Mr. Smith's prayers are too eloquent, and I may add, too elegant for me. His thoughts are so sublime, his arrangement of them so artistic, and his periods so beautifully rounded, that he attracts my attention to himself, instead of bearing my desires to heaven. Mr. Brown is the reverse of all this. In language as plain and unstudied as a child's, he lays bare the heart of a guilty, helpless, needy sinner before the pitying eyes of a compassionate Father and loving Saviour."

"I feel the condition which he expresses so simply; I see the listening ear and the beckoning hand of mercy; and my desires spring up to the Almighty Helper so warmly and so earnestly, that I can scarcely realize that another's words have borne my petition for me. It is a great thing to me to have my heart go up in the prayers of the sanctuary, as well as in those of the closet."

"You are right, friend Gage, though I never thought of it before."—*Vermont Chron.*

"Who Mind Earthly Things."

Let us consider that the time will arrive when this world will be thought of as nothing but as it has furnished a stage for the manifestation of the Son of God; when his birth, his death, his resurrection from the dead, his ascension to glory, and his second appearance, events inseparably connected, will concentrate within themselves all the interest of history; when war and peace, and pestilence and famine, and plenty and want, and life and death, will have spent their force, and leave nothing but the result, the permanent, eternal result of Christ's manifestations upon earth; when every other distinction which has marked the individuals or generations of our race shall be swept away, and all shall be alike distinguished in the annals of the universe by the new and awful character of being associated in the same nature with the Son of God.

In the effects of this gracious interposition you are interested; of its fruits you are invited to partake. You may now reject the offer, you may now refuse the great salvation, but the period of neglect will soon be over. You may think lightly of the Saviour, but these thoughts will soon be ended. The moment you enter eternity you will see things as they are: the greatness of Christ will present itself to your eye, the vastness of his redemption, the importance of the mediatorial work; the infinite felicity of being saved, and the unspeakable misery of being lost: the thoughts of these will dwell with you forever. Those who now neglect the Gospel will never cease to curse the infatuation of putting away from them the proffered mercy, and judging themselves unworthy of everlasting life.

What think you of Christ? The time is coming when you must think very seriously of him. Will you not now embrace his terms, which alone can give you peace and joy? Then, when eternity is disclosed to your view, you will realize and rejoice in that grace of God which has made you wise unto salvation.—*Robert Hall.*

The Family Bible.

Within the last few weeks I carried to my home one of the richest trophies. It was the family Bible that my father and mother used to read. Dear old book! I feel like kissing it every time I look upon it. It is very old—no gilt edges or ridged cover. It is worn and faded, but it is one of the handsomest books I ever owned. Just after the marriage hour that book was laid on the stand, and they consecrated their alliance by a chapter from its pages. That book they read, and studied, and caressed. I see it now lying on mother's lap as she leaned over in her old age and studied the promises. Every morning of every day the sunlight gilded that page as father opened it. They read it when the children died, and there a tear fell at the story of the resurrection. That favorite Psalm is worn by oft perusal, and this verse which says, "Cast thy barden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." Ah! this was the staff they leaned on for more than threescore years. This was the tree that oozed a balm for all their heartaches. This was the light that shone when the world grew dark. Handle it gently, for every page of that book has a tender history. I will yet wrap it up in purple and damask. In my dying hour I want it close by where I can see it. I will charge my children to let everything else go rather than that Bible. Dear old book! I loved you when on my mother's knee I looked at the pictures, while she looked into the mysteries of salvation! May all joy fly my heart, and my sight go out into darkness, and my every cup of gladness turn into wormwood and gall, and to me life become a plague, and all sweet sounds jar into discord, and my head be pillowless, and my name accursed, if ever I forget to honor, venerate, and love my *mother's Bible!*—*Rev. T. D. W. Talmadge.*

Religious Intelligence.

Islands Waiting for the Gospel.

The Boston *Traveller* says: "Recent letters from the South Pacific Islands state that, some six years since, a native convert, a deacon in the native Church at the Samoa Island, was driven out to sea in a gale of wind, and after much suffering, was cast, with his companions, upon the island of Nuku'elae, about 600 miles north-west of Samoa. From the kind natives of the island they learned that, by the advice of a sea captain, the natives had burned their idol and its sacred house, and were waiting for some one to teach them about the true God. The ship-wrecked Samoan deacon opened public worship, and started a school, the language somewhat resembling his native tongue, and met with good success. After his return to Samoa, a missionary was sent to visit the island above named, and others of the group. He learnt that just before he arrived, a Peruvian ship had carried off two-thirds of the people for slaves, they having been lured on board the ship by the promise of teaching them to read, the infamous slavers taking advantage of the desire of the natives for instruction. A teacher was left here and another island visited, the first words of whose chief were, "We are all in darkness, and are just waiting for some one to teach us." They had just destroyed their idols, and were ready for instruction. In two weeks thirty were able to read a little. Another island was then visited, and the eyes of the son of the chief sparkled for joy when he learned there were teachers on board, for he was about going himself to the Fejee Islands to obtain teachers, his people having heard what had been doing at the two islands named above, and had destroyed their idols, and had observed the Sabbath, and kept up a kind of worship on that day. A teacher was left them. Another island still further on was next visited. The first word uttered by a native, as he leaped upon the deck was, "Is this the ship with the missionary?" Five years before they had burnt their gods and had been waiting for instruction concerning the true God. The missionary explorers were informed that three other islands in the vicinity had also renounced heathenism, and were waiting anxiously for Christian teachers."

Jewish Negroes.

The Rev. Dr. Phillip, missionary in the north of Africa, gives the following details concerning that country:

A Russian Jew, resident at Meadah, gave him information concerning a great number of Israelites inhabiting the oases of Sahara, and dwelling also at Bather, Bis Wrabi, Taggert, Bousra, Uzab, Loquaz, etc. There are, in each of these places, as many as a hundred Jewish families, and in some of them even more. In one place he found six hundred families, with numerous synagogues, and about a hundred copies of the law written on parchment, some of which were more ancient than any he had ever before seen But this is not all. Other curious details reached Dr. Philip from another source. A Jew who had accompanied a German traveller as far as Timbucioo, found, near the boundary of Barbary, a large number of Jewish Negroes. Nearly every family among them possesses the law of Moses written upon parchment. Although they speak of the prophets, they have not their writings. Their prayers differ from those of other Jews, and are committed to little leaves of parchment, stitched together, and containing numerous passages derived from the Psalms. The Jews have mingled some of the superstitions of "*oral law*" (which they have not committed to writing,) with some of their neighbors the Mahommedan and the Heathen. They enjoy equal liberty with other subjects of the African chiefs, and have their synagogues and their rabbis. The explanation which they gave of themselves in connection with their black skin is this: That after the destruction of Jerusalem, at the time of the first captivity, some of their ancestors, having neither goods nor land, fled to the desert. The fatigue which they endured was so great, that nearly all the females died by the way. The children of Ham received them with kindness, and by intermarriage with their daughters, who were black, they communicated their color to their children. These children became, generation by generation of a deeper hue, until no distinction of color now disinguished the children of Shem from Ham. The form of their features, however, are quite different from that of the Negroes around them. These are highly interesting facts, and create a strong desire that these unexplored regions may be speedily opened to intercourse with the civilized world. Access to those ancient manuscripts, which are probably older than any other now extant, would perhaps be of great value in correcting the received Hebrew text, or in throwing light upon doubtful passages.

The "Settled Pastorate" in New England.

The Rev. Dr. Vaughan has given the English public a deeply interesting account of his recent visit to the United States, and more particularly of his visit to the Congregational Churches of the States. He introduces a variety of topics, among which we were struck with what he says of "*Short Pastorates*" in the Congregational Churches of the States of New England. He says that the connection between pastor and congregation in New England "has come to be of very short duration;" "a large number of churches seem to have learnt that it is *best to avoid electing a pastor at all*, preferring to engage ministers for a longer or shorter time, *simply as preachers.*" He quotes a correspondent of the Boston *Recorder* as stating that in 1863 there were reported, in the New England States, 1,424 Congregational churches; and of these only 730—about one half—were supplied with pastors, 469 churches having only those employed "for a longer or shorter time simply as preachers," and 225 churches as having neither pastor nor preacher. The case with the *ministers* was even worse than with the *churches.* There were 1,580 minister, of whom only 738 were pastors, 429 having only temporary engagements "simply as pastors," and 413 ministers unemployed either as pastors or preachers. In the State of Maine the case is worse, for there he found only 71 churches supplied with pastors to 121 having temporary "supplies." This state of things, Dr. Vaughan thinks, "implies a sad spiritual declension, and must lead from bad to worse." He says, "There is danger of our boasting of our Congregationalism much beyond warrant. It may be, that it is not always desirable that a pastorate should be life-long; one change, and perhaps a second, in a fairly protracted life, may be expedient both for minister and people."

It is not only expedient to have a change, or a plurality of pastors, but it is also more scriptural, than confining a congregation to one pastor during "a fairly protracted life." Neither the Old Testament nor the New prescribe the settled pastorate of one minister for life over the same congregation. It is not conducive to the good of the church, nor to the salvation of the unconverted, who unhappily still compose so large a part of the people of all christian countries. We often hear our brethren of other churches objecting to the Methodist plan of a regular and periodical change of ministers. But Methodism provides work for all its ministers, and it provides pastors and preachers for all its churches, which cannot be said of any other system. The Methodist plan has other good effects, more important than even these.—*Christian Guardian.*

General Miscellany.

Bunyan's Style.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle he rudest peasant. We have observed several pages that do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. Cowper said that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose Lord Roscommon's "Essay on Translated Verse," and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's "Essay on Poetry," appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say, that though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the "Paradise Lost," the other the "Pilgrim's Progress."—*Macaulay.*

Singular Promptness.

A boy borrowed a tool from a neighbor's, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. After he had returned and gone to bed he inquired and found the tool was not returned. He was much distressed to think his promise was not fulfilled, and was finally persuaded to go to sleep and rise early and carry it home. By daylight he was up and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off for his neighbor's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbor's door. And it appeared from the prints of little bare feet on the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and went to bed again and knew it not. Of course, a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbor's and was placed in many offices of trust. If you form a careless habit in such matters, you will carry it into religion. It will be in the concerns of the soul, 'by-and-by, to-morrow, in a short time,' &c.; and if you do not get rid of it soon, it will rob you of your character, of your soul—of heaven. To-day—now. Let this be your motto. Be prompt for time and for eternity.—*Bible Class Magazine.*

The Human Heart.

BY DAVID BATES.

There is a harp in each human breast,
The strings of which are never at rest;
Where music forever breathes and lingers
Awakened by thousands of viewless fingers,
That plays like the hum of fairy wings,
Their notes on its thousand quivering strings.

This heaven-born harp is a priceless boon,
In its mortal frame, with its strings in tune;
But, whether tones of this living harp
Are gentle and tender, flat or sharp,
When louder rung, depends always
On the ear that hears and the hand that plays.

How touchingly tender is its moan,
As it gives to sorrow its monotone!
When touched by the palsied hand of fear,
It vibrates quick on the startled ear;
And its strong wrought frame in frenzy leaps,
While passion its dispason sweeps.

But happier spirits are hovering near,
And the music they play we love to hear;
They throng each heart with the grave and gay,
And many a note I've heard them play—
So often, too, are they playing the same
That we know their touch and call them by name.

There is Love, who comes on his fluttering wings—
And how it thrills when he touches the strings!
Fear thinks he is heard all over the land,
As he strikes the chords with a master hand;
But to Faith and Hope is the mission given,
To touch the notes that are heard in Heaven.

They linger still when the rest are gone,
And left the frail harp broken and lone;
And when death plays the last sad strain,
Breaking the cords he shall ne'er touch again,
They bear it away, with joyous wing,
And string it anew where the angels sing.

Wonders of the Atmosphere.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward heaven, of which it is the most perfect synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto a crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it.

And yet it is so mobile that we have lived for years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all our senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle to our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the morning, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphant arch," and the winds would not send the fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens; the cold either would not send snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail-storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky; our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth into darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a shield of her rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of the night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for its coming, and sends first but one little ray to announce his approach; and then another, and then a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, and like man she goes forth again to labor until evening.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Cannon Ball in the Hat.

An anonymous writer, generally supposed to be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a cannon ball from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., and with much trepidation and more headache, carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up with the following reflections—reflections which, though philosophically trite, are in this manner conveyed with much force and freshness:—

"When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after one or two solitary rolls, I gave it away on the same day to a Prince Streeter.

But after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last thing that I ever stole, (excepting a little matter of heart, now and then,) and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catechising, but ethics rubbed in with a six-pound shot are better than none at all.

But I see men doing the same thing—going into underground and dirty vaults, and gathering up wealth, which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball, and be not a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall Street who will believe that.

I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who has been born above him, and when he got her he walked all the rest of his life with a cannon ball in his hat.

I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, and scrupling at no sacrifice of principle, for the sake at last of carrying a burden which no man can bear.

All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and bring much care; and I am accustomed, in all my walks among men, noticing their ways and their folly, to think there is a man stealing a cannon; or there's a man with a ball on his head, I know it by the way he walks. The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket, at last gets into his hat like a cannon ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, evil passions, will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

Works of Romance.

The affections of man, by nature, engage themselves with unsatisfying objects. The understanding naturally contemplates the subjects which pass before it under false lights, and so is duped. The imagination soars not by nature among the sublimities of a higher sphere of existence (which is its legitimate province, when rightly directed), but amid unrealities derived by abstraction from the experience of every-day life.

The favorite food of the imagination is a work of romance. I say of romance rather than of poetry, becuase romance is of the essence of poetry, metre and rhyme being only its accidental ornaments. Now what is a work of romance? It is a fictitious narrative, composed by abstraction (a process of the author's mind) from what really occurs. Human Life, if it be considered in its ordinary course, is a dull and plodding routine of occupations and amusements, whose uniformity is the rule, while the passages of interest constitute the exception. But, insipid as life is to one who comes close up to it, and meddles with its trivial passages, there is in all, even in its humblest forms, an undersong of poetry, which makes itself heard to those who listen for it, as it were from a distance, just as the sound of chiming bells, which the ear detects as untrue when close beneath the bell turret, is mellowed into harmony, if it come to us across wooded copse, and sheets of water, and green pasture land. Now the province of romance is to abstract from human life this its poetical element, to seize its salient points of character and incident, to omit and abridge all the mechanical and routine passages intervening between the salient points, and to weave these points into an artificial plot. The result is a representation of life, which, if not untrue in the sense of unnatural, is at least such as never was, and never will be, realized. And accordingly, our feeling in turning again to our daily pursuits, after the perusal of such works, is one of disappointment. It is as if we woke from a beautiful and pleasant dream, to grapple once more with the mechanical routine of our ordinary occupations.—*Goulburn's Introduction.*

The Restless Sea.

The sea is not only the emblem of change; it is itself the cause, directly or indirectly, of nearly all the physical changes that take place in the world. Ascend the mountain summit, and there, amid the crags where the eagle builds her eyrie, and the heather grows in the blue, immeasurable silence of heaven, you tread the shores of a former sea, whose shells and corals embedded in the rocks are still as perfect and beautiful as when the last retiring wave rippled over them.

Descend into the stony chambers of the earth, and there in the darkness of the quarry you will see the petrified skeletons of fish that once swam in the waters, and the sands that formed the shores of unknown seas, and the undulating ripple marks left behind by the ebb and flow of long forgotten tides. We cannot name a single spot where the sea has not some time or other been.

Every rock that now constitutes the firm foundation of the earth was once dissolved in its waters, lay as mud at its bottom, or as sand and gravel along its shore. The materials of our houses were once deposited in its depths, and are built on the floor of an ancient ocean. What are now dry continents were once ocean beds; and what are now sea beds will be future continents.

Everywhere the sea is still at work—encroaching upon the shore—undermining the boldest cliffs on the coast by its own direct agency And where it cannot reach itself, it sends its emissaries to the very heart of deserts, and the very summits of mountain ranges, and the very innermost recesses of continents—there to produce constant dilapidation and change. Its own waters are confined by the shore line; but no voice has ever said to its fleet-footed winds and its viewless vapors, "Hitherto shall ye come, and no furthur." They rise from their ocean bed, these messengers of the sea, and pursue their flight along the sky until some lofty peak far in the interior arrests them; and they discharge their watery burden into its bosom, forming the sources of streams, and rivers, and glaciers, that carry on the work of change where the roar of the sea itself is never heard.—*McMillian in Family Treasury.*

Proportions of the Human Form.

The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point in the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height, from the feet to the top of the head, is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

162

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, OCT'R 10, 1866.

Seasonable Hints to Young Preachers.

A correspondent who takes a laudable interest in the usefulness of Christian Ministers, and who is especially concerned that our younger brethren may be as successful in winning souls to Christ as were their fathers in the Gospel, is desirous of seeing in the *Provincial Wesleyan* an article which appeared in a late number of the *Presbyterian Witness*, and which, in the form of irony, gives some wholesome advice to young preachers. In complying with this request, which comes from a brother worthy of esteem, and to whose opinion deference should be paid, we nevertheless are unwilling to believe that the ministry of the Church of God, in a general sense, is in danger of the evils which in this article are exposed; much less have we any fears that such counsels are necessary for any considerable number of Methodist Ministers. We are accustomed to regard our ministerial brethren as truly christian men, divinely called to the sacred office, conscientiously labouring, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, for the welfare of souls, the edification of the body of Christ, and the glory of their Master and Lord. May we not then reasonably conclude that the influence of such high considerations will effectually preserve them from the foibles into which some others have fallen? May it not be assumed that Ministers who have themselves been truly converted from sin to holiness, who have been instructed to attach a deep importance to being moved by the Holy Ghost to enter upon the grave responsibility of "watching for souls as those that must give account," and who have passed through suitable preparation for their important vocation, cannot so far forget themselves as to trifle with their office, or descend from the position of moral sublimity which those entrusted with "the ministry of reconciliation" should occupy, as to become mere caterers for worldly applause? We are persuaded better things of them.

At the same time we readily admit that the best of ministers are but men, encompassed with infirmity, having need of great watchfulness, of much prayer, and of entire consecration to their great work, in order to their approving themselves in all things as the Ministers of Christ. But those who are truly men of God will receive with christian meekness any hints that may tend to promote their success in preaching the Gospel, or that may guard them against any occasion of reproach.

We should be exceedingly sorry to suppose that the animadversions made upon the habit of giving from the pulpit that which has been borrowed from others can be applicable to any wide extent. Were such practice a frequent or general one, we should certainly conclude that the presence and blessing of the Most High would be withdrawn from the Church, and that nothing less than spiritual dearth could be expected. Every man called to the duty and privilege of preaching the Gospel, will have both a head and a heart to make him a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, without his having recourse to a proceeding of such questionable morality. If a preacher has not mental ability to prepare a creditable sermon from his own resources, he is not in his right place. If he possesses the ability, but lacks the necessary industry and application, he has not the right spirit of a gospel messenger. If from a desire for applause he wishes to rise above his level, and to shine in borrowed plumes, then his ambition is unholy. In any one of these cases, or from whatever cause arises a course of action so unworthy a professed servant of Christ, no blessing can attend his ministrations at the altar; but on the contrary, a blight must in consequence rest upon the Church. If our voice could reach such an one, we would say to him, It were better that his lips were sealed henceforth, than that he should continue thus to offend. We would commend to the serious consideration of all who may be in danger of such a snare of the devil, to whatever church they may belong, the words of St. Paul, in 2 Cor. iv., 2: "But have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." O, that ministers of the gospel everywhere, might be fashioned after the apostolic model. We append the article from the *Witness*:—

TO REV. O. F. DRYMAN.

I hope you'll excuse a few hints I am about to give you on the best style of preaching in these modern days,—days which have the honor of being adorned by so many shining lights. You are not a bad preacher as it is, but you are decidedly behind the age. Please take my advice and you'll soon make up lee way.

1. Make your sermons short, spicy and lively.—Say odd things that nobody expects. Stand things on end. Pitch into Commentaries while you are quoting from them. We'll forgive almost anything except length, plainness and common sense. We have so much common sense ourselves that we don't want it on Sabbath in the pulpit. Read the Westminster Review, Ecce Homo, and Colenso's Prefaces, and deal them out in delicate doses.

2. Say pretty things. Bring gurgling fountains, rippling rills, throbbing stars, silvery tides, crashing waterfalls, hectic flush, soft blush,—bring these and a thousand such things into your sermon, and they will help you greatly. I heard three sermons last summer from three different men, but all of the same "School." The first brought into his sermon three times a great rock in the desert—not exactly the Biblical rock, but one somewhat like it; the next brought up the same Rock four times, and the third five times. Well, the rock was hard and felt none the worse for being thus pressed into service, and I am sure they pictured it out very prettily. I read the same thing in a sermon a little while before, and I liked it very well.—Be sure to bring in about the Gardon of Eden, the murder of Abel, the Flood, Sodom and Gomorrah and the destruction of Jerusalem. These will do in almost every sermon. Or if you would like a change you can trot out one first to-day and give the precedence to another to-morrow. Describe the Queen of Sheba, the Cedar of Lebanon, the flooding of the Nile, and such like; and from these come to our electric Telegraphs, Railways and Steamers.

3. Be sure to use long words. Instead of saying young woman, say "Beauteous damsel," or "angelic being in a fragile tabernacle of clay." Instead of the vulgar monosyllable *man*, let us have "reasoning, responsible, immortal individual." The more you flounder in the incomprehensible and the unmeaning, the better, so long as you keep up a fluent string of words. The great thing is to charm the ear and the eye. I heard a man once preach about the "wings of Isaiah," and he improved on the matter next time by praying for the "plumage of Isaiah." Such things take well. Speak often of yourself and your mental struggles and achievements.—Paul said, "We preach not ourselves."—That might do for Paul, but you know, we live in the year 1866.

4. You must remember that the great end of preaching is to please people and draw a crowd. If you are not popular you are nothing. You stick to the old doctrines like an old-fashioned Puritan as you are. These were well enough for our fathers and grandfathers who had souls to save, but they won't do nowadays. To be popular you must prate about *law* (in its philosophical sense,) about right, and especially about *work*. It is fudge, you know, this cant about "work, honest work, earnest work," but it is so fresh and nice that I should like to hear you say it, and some people will think you mighty original.

5. Tread as closely as you can on the verge of heresy. Speak slightingly of churches, clergy, creeds and forms, of prayers and outward things in general. Refer with half-concealed contempt to past generations and old beliefs, and be very charitable in your utterances concerning all except orthodox bigots. Don't hint at all, (or do it as rarely as possible) of that place where the Bible says the wicked will go. You know, fashionable people do not like to hear of that place. (Perhaps they have a sly suspicion that they'll know enough of it by and by.) Conversion, regeneration, the work of the Holy Spirit, the cross of the Redeemer,—these things are to be referred to as seldom as possible; and when you can't decently avoid them, bury them up in long words and soft phrases.

6. If you haven't time to get up a sermon yourself, why, take one of James Hamilton's, or of William Arnot's, or of Norman McLeod's or of Macduff's, or of Henry Melvill's. I heard a sermon of William Arnot's in Prince Edward Island not ten years ago and it sounded just as if it had been framed on the spot. Nobody knew but the preacher and myself that Arnot had anything to do with it, and the preacher thought I did not know! A poor little friend of mine draws severely on Dr. Hamilton, but nobody is the worse and many much the better for that. Another goes back to the Erskines, but he had better come down to some of our moderns. Another draws on Dr. Bonar, late of Kelso. Pity, too, for Bonar is too much read to be cabbaged. When *you* steal go to some out of the way book. I know a man that made a flashy reputation out of *Stier*; and Henry Melvill is an unfailing resource. There is the *Homilist* too—a trashy bombastic thing, but very taking if you deliver it forcibly.

7. Remember this: manner is more than matter in these enlightened days. If you make pretty faces and striking gestures, and if you modulate you voice nicely, sometimes roaring gently, and sometimes whining lugubriously, and sometimes tearing a passion to tatters, you will make a most pleasing and delightful preacher. Quote poetry of the spasmodic class; and once in a while quote Tennyson, if you have him at hand. Treat the folk to pulpit pungencies that they can remember and talk about. Read Henry Ward Beecher. On the whole, be a Humbug and you'll succeed.

But I must not give you too much good advice at one sitting. Study well what I have said, and if you do not come up abreast of the preachers for the age my name is not

BROWN JONES.

Liverpool Centenary Church.

The new Methodist Church in this town was opened on Sunday, Sept. 2nd. Sermons were preached on the occasion by Rev. Messrs. Henligar, of Yarmouth, in the morning; Pickles, of Mill Village, in the afternoon; and Currie, of this place, in the evening. The pews were sold on the following day; the proceeds amounting to about six thousand five hundred dollars, and ranging in price from fifty to two hundred and seven dollars each.

The Church was dedicated Sunday morning, Sept. 9th, by Rev. Mr. Currie. Sermons were preached in the afternoon and evening, by Rev. Messrs. Wasson and Lockhart.

The Church, including the tower, is one hundred and eleven feet long. The posts are thirty-three feet high. The spire is one hundred and thirty-five feet high. The style of the building is the unornamented Gothic, and its proportions are very neat and tasteful.

The main audience-room is, including the choir, which is behind the pulpit, one hundred and six feet long. It is finished with a pointed ceiling, thirty-five feet high, and showing the principal rafters and collar-beams, the spaces between being filled with tracery work, and the whole being grained chestnut.

The pews and gallery are circular, and made of black walnut and chestnut. The putpit and doors are made of the same material. The room is said to be admirably adapted to speaking.

In the basement there is a Sunday-school room, light and airy, and about sixty feet long, and forty-five feet wide. There are three class-rooms, about eighteen feet square each.

An organ has been purchased from George Stevens & Co., of East Cambridge, Mass., at a cost of $1100; and is expected to arrive this week. The ladies of the congregation have secured the organ, and have found a valuable friend in the person of *Samuel J. W. Barry*, Esq., of New York, and formerly of this town, who, besides contributing generously towards the erection of the church, gave about half the amount needed to obtain the organ. It will be enclosed in a black walnut and chesnut case, eighteen feet high and ten feet wide, and in the Gothic style of architecture.

The building is an ornament to the town, and worthy of the religious denomination that has erected it, and highly creditable to the *architect*, Rev. Geo. Butcher, who furnished the designs.

The builder, *Mr. James Vanhorn*, and his master-workman, *Mr. John McDowell*, deserve great credit for having so energetically pushed the building on towards its completion, and having had it ready for occupancy within a year from the date of the fire by which the former church was destroyed.

The building occupies the space on which the former Church and Mission House stood, and presents a commanding view from different parts of the surrounding country. The Mission House has been erected on the rear end of the land owned by this denomination, and fronting on Church street. It is a fine large two-story edifice, with an ell 40 feet long. It is to the credit of the Wesleyan Society that this building was also completed, and the resident minister, Rev. D. D. Currie, was able to take possession of it just one year from the time of the fire.—*Transcript.*

Reception of the Irish Centenary Delegation.

We take the following from the *N. Y. Advocate* of 27th ult.:

On Friday evening last a public meeting was held in the chapel of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in order to welcome Rev. Dr. Scott and William M'Arthur, Esq., of the Irish Conference Centenary delegation. Rev. Dr. Holdich was called to the chair, and after stating in a few words the purpose of the meeting, called on Rev. C. D. Foss, pastor of the Church, to lead in prayer. The address of welcome was delivered by Rev. Dr. M'Clintock. Our space permits us to give only a brief outline of his remarks, or of those of the subsequent speakers.

Dr. M'Clintock said he felt honoured in being the mouth-piece of those present, and of the whole Methodist Episcopal Church, in welcoming our Irish brethren. To them, rather than to the audience, he should direct his address. (Dr. Scott and Mr. M'Arthur rose.) He thought the Centenary of American Methodism would have been partial, one-sided, and incomplete without a deputation from Ireland. His first word to the honoured brethren must be one of sympathy. Their beloved colleague, the Rev. Robert Wallace, gentle yet powerful, retiring yet influential, just as he was entering on the work for which he was so admirably qualified, had been called by his great Master to enter into rest, and had left his companion behind. Would God, that Robert Wallace now stood by your side! but if not personally present, he was no doubt present in spirit, and we had the Spirit of his Lord, and were thankful for the evidence we had that he departed in peace. We thank you for coming among us, and now that you are here, we intend to do with you as we do with all Irishmen, use them to good account. He referred to the indebtedness of American to Irish Methodism. You send us many truly good men; could not say that all who come over in the steamers were desirable, (laughter,) but what we wish is that you make the Irishmen better before they come. He never knew an Irish Wesleyan to figure in the police court. (Dr. Scott. Nor have I in Ireland.) Then make and send us Irish Wesleyans. The immigration of the past has been wonderful, in some cases nearly emptying whole counties, yet nothing as compared to what we expect in the future. You send us a good part of the Wesleyans you make, and there is not one of our churches in this city in which we have not Irish men and Irish women, nor a Conference in our States in which we have not Irish preachers; in fact we have more Irish Wesleyans in America than are left in Ireland. He then referred to his frequent crossing the British channel, from Paris, during the late war, and said that in those dark days there was no class of men who sympathized with him as these two dear brethren. Sometimes when getting *hot*, as he was very apt to do when he had to defend the Northern States, Dr. Scott, by his great calmness and wisdom, would keep him right; and sympathy was never wanting from another friend known to most of you, William Arthur. He remembered that when passing down one of the streets in London, in great haste to the railway station, he met Mr. M'Arthur whose benignant eye and kind words greatly encouraged him, strengthening and cheering him throughout his journey. "We welcome you not only because your sentiments were loyal, but because nine tenths of those you represent were with us in the struggle." He assured them that a cordial, hearty, practical welcome awaited them—that every Irishman and the son of every Irishman will greet them. If you meet with one who did not, let me know his name, and I shall not hesitate to call him "mean;" and many others will welcome you with hearts not warmer than Irish, but who will give substantial proofs of the interest they take in your cause.

Dr. Scott said it would be difficult for him to find words to express the feelings of his heart. He had so many proofs, on his former visit, of American hospitality that the present hearty reception did not take him by surprise. As a delegate from the Irish Conference, he had presented his credentials to the bishops, and had met with a cordial welcome. He said: We are so much like you in our views and feelings, that all good Irish who come over will be Americans He referred to the purpose of his coming, and presented the earnest greetings of his conference. With deep sensation he spoke of the death of Mr. Wallace, and said they had that day decided that his remains should rest where he finished his course, at Cincinnati, until the dead should hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth from the grave. The widow had just shown him a bouquet, taken from the grave, which she was about to take with her to Ireland. May Jehovah be the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless. He then spoke of the gratification which the arrival of Mr. M'Arthur had afforded him in the midst of his trouble, and of whose sympathy and confidence he had had many proofs. On one occasion he and his brother and his father-in-law had given a thousand pounds each. We come to ask American Methodists to review their history, to look at the stream of pious, useful members that for the past century has been flowing from our Church into yours; and to ask you for help to widen the stream. We can do it if you will assist us with the $100,000 which we are hoping to receive. Since I was among you a few years ago we have established in Ireland fifty schools, under pious teachers, who are chiefly local preachers, on which we have expended about $30,000, and in the last three years have raised $80,000 for a literary institution.

Mr. M'Arthur, who is somewhat portly in person, and of good address, said he was Irish by birth, though now resident in London; that he was quite unprepared for such a cordial reception; but he had long found that the family feeling was particularly strong among the Wesleyans; that he had looked forward with pleasure to his meeting in America the amiable, intelligent, pious, and devoted Robert Wallace. How mysterious the providence, that one whose judgment was so matured, and who in every way was fitted for extensive usefulness, should be so suddenly removed. But as Dr. Coke's removal on his voyage to India was overruled for the good of the mission, so he trusted the death of Robert Wallace would be rendered a blessing to his brethren, and to the good cause that he had so deeply at heart. Mr. M'Arthur said he had been just thinking of the touching lines:

> One family we dwell in him
> One Church, above, beneath;
> Though now divided by the stream,
> The narrow stream of death.

And especially of the words:

> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now;

for on the very Sabbath morning that he was leaving the shores of Ireland to cross the ocean, the spirit of Robert Wallace was entering into the joy of his Lord. He then stated that what he had seen of this country since his arrival, and heard of its resources, filled him with astonishment; that he always felt during the war that our cause was truth and righteousness, and would prevail; that though some sympathised with the South, that the middle classes in England were our friends, striking proofs of which were given in Liverpool and Manchester. He was the son of an Irish Methodist preacher, who for between thirty and forty years bore the burden and heat of the day; such were the benefits he had derived from the instruction, example, and prayers of his parents, that with delight he repeated the lines of Cowper:

> My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
> The son of parents passed into the skies.

He said no branch of the Church, under unprecedented difficulties, had stood so nobly as the Irish preachers, but they had been toiling for other lands; yet the time would come when they would receive their reward. Irishmen were scattered everywhere, and he believed God would make them a blessing; that for want of a suitable institution for the instruction of our young men, they had gone to Trinity College and been absorbed from Methodism. They had ascertained that there had been no less than 500 ministers in the Established Church who had been formerly connected with the Wesleyans. Still we have hopes for Ireland; our prospects are brightening; and deep is our obligation to you Americans for the noble help you are sending.

The chairman now called on Dr. Sewall, of Brooklyn, who said: "Professor, now Dr. Holdich, thirty years ago, your voice was potential, and I now yield once more to your call." He referred to an element in the Irish that had not been named: the earnest manner in which they did their work; they were not *manuscript*, but *preaching* men; they did not brandish their weapons at a distance, but came to close quarters, and pierced their swords into the joints of the harness. He gave a glowing description of many of the Irish preachers with whom he had been acquainted, concluding with, May we all have an Irish heart, and be able, as preachers, to make earnest home thrusts.

Practical Christianity, or the Importance of Doing.

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.

If a man love me, he will keep my words.

He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—*Jesus Christ.*

"He that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected. He that doeth righteousness is righteous.

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."—*John.*

But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead."—*James.*

"Those things which ye have both learned and received and heard and seen in me do.

For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which are God's. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection. Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men."—*Paul.*

"Wherefore the rather brethren give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things ye shall never fall. What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness? For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."—*Peter.*

"Keep yourselves in the love of God."—*Jude.*

The above quotations from the Sacred Scriptures exhibit most clearly the practical nature of religion. And where is our christianity, if the duties herein enjoined, are absent from our lives? It is useless and deceptive to talk of faith and love, while our conduct is at variance with Gospel requirements. Alas! that so many in our day, say and do not as they say, but quite the opposite! Nor is it less cause of wonder and sorrow that such a course of life, finds apologists among professed Christian Teachers!

One of the most dangerous theological errors of modern times is the doctrine, that Jesus Christ cannot save "his people from their sins." That we must sin in "thought, word, and deed," as long as we live. That sin cannot in this life, be "buried," even by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but only in our graves. It is a startling statement, but who is prepared to deny its truthfulness, that three-fourths of the members of Christian churches on earth, do not believe that they may,—or expect that they shall be cleansed from all unrighteousness until a little before they die. Surely we may as well doubt the Divinity of Christ, as to doubt the efficacy of his atoning blood! There are others who admit that the doctrine of present holiness, or salvation from all sin, is taught in the word of God, and yet to them it is a dead letter; they seek it not, enjoy it not, consequently do not practically manifest it. It should not be forgotten that the practical piety inculcated, in the above quoted Scriptures, cannot be exhibited in daily life, without the "renewal of the Holy Ghost." The various Churches are not in their membership generally giving to the world a correct portraiture of christianity. There is an evident lack of power over sin—a painful weakness in resisting evil, and in attempt to do good. And as the error settles down into the mind, that we must sin as long as we live, there is on every hand a sinful compliance with the "enemies of the cross of Christ."

It is difficult now, even to trace with distinctness the divinely established line of demarcation between the church and the world. Is the world coming up to the Gospel standard? Or is the Church sliding gradually down to the level of the world?

The answer is painfully apparent. God only knows whither our churches are drifting. And blessed be his name, he knows the remedy for those evils, and has informed us concerning them. "Repent and do the first works." What! are we to commence working in order that we regain our first love? So says the Divine Master. But would not faith sooner bring the blessing? The faith that works by love? True, but how are we to obtain it? Charles Wesley's theology was correct when he wrote, "The gift of faith is all Divine," &c. And why is it not bestowed upon us? Is God unwilling to impart? Certainly not. What then hinders? The cause is evident, we are not willing to have it on his own terms. It is impossible for either a penitent sinner, or a penitent believer to obtain the pardon, or holiness he seeks until sin is deliberately renounced, "How can ye believe that receive honor one from another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only!"

The "perfect and acceptable will of God, is known only by those who are "not conformed to this world."

Those whom God receives and acknowledges as his children, are those who come out from among the ungodly. We do not intimate, that man by nature, would ever yield to God's requirements, but we boldly affirm that under the influence of assisting (not compelling) grace every man may renounce sin and turn to God. And on the use of this gracious ability, human salvation is suspended. Whosoever will deny this, must also deny that solemn declaration of the Son of God, our Saviour, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every men, according as his work shall be."

G. O. H.

Three Cents a Sermon.

Some one curious in those matters has made a calculation in regard to the salaries paid to ministers in this country, and the number of sermons preached, that the average price paid for a sermon, take the land through, is *only three cents.* Doubtless some sermons are worth just that, and others just three cents less, but, considering how large are some of the salaries paid in our cities (not too large, but large in proportion,) we see how poorly paid must be the mass of our preachers. The standard is too low, always was, and it has not risen at all in proportion to the increase of the cost of living. Granted that some sermons are poor, is it not, in part, because the preachers are so poorly paid? You cannot expect first-rate work for half wages. We do not mean by this that the work is done merely for the pay, but a man must live, and how can he work with any freedom or effectiveness with such a burden on his heart? How can he preach all the Gospel? How take the text, "Owe no man anything but to love one another," when his grocer sits just before him, to whom he owes money for the necessaries of life? We say necessaries, for many do not go beyond them; nay, many are poorly fed, denying themselves in quantity and quality. "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen."

And then the people complain that the preacher is tame, that he lacks vigor and animation. So does any man or animal who is under-fed. You can tame a lion by starving him. You will not expect a horse to do hard work upon a short allowance of oats. Many a man writes and preaches poorly simply because he is in debt, and is not fed so as to sustain his strength. If you say you know cases to the contrary, why, then, of course, we do not mean them.

"Three cents a sermon." There was a little sketch writtten some years ago, "Which is the better man?" Two men parted as they left college; one become a successful lawyer—"the squire" grew rich, reigned supreme in the town where he lived, and gave away money freely and liberally out of his abundance. The other became a minister, a home missionary, and gave himself to the service of Christ and the world, and pursued his work, amid toil and hardship, doing and suffering, as many a man does, with a bare living. The question was, "Which was the liberal man?" Who has really given most?

Did the reader of this ever look at a sermon and think, aside from the brain work required, how much labour it required merely to write the words, how many hours must be spent in the strictly mechanical work? Why, copyists are paid so much a page for mere copying, at a higher rate than many preachers for both the writing and preaching. And for those who do not write, how much does it cost to elaborate a sermon in the mind? Do we remember what we owe these men? How they do our work, and plant churches and schools, acting as pioneers in civilization, as well as christianity? We cannot go ourselves, and so we send them; they are our messengers, doing that which we cannot do, and these are paid "three cents a sermon." On the mere score of the benefit to the country, or their mere moral influence, we owe them more. What country would be worth living in with no churches and no ministers?

Educated mind, in connection with the most important interests of life, is but miserably sustained, and most miserably of all in connection with the highest interests, those which take hold on eternal life. Officers in banks and railroad companies, and other monied corporations, men who have only to decide and act in regard to dollars and cents, receive salaries varying from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars, and such salaries are given on the principle that the services rendered are worth the pay. Lawyers, who assist in preserving or recovering property, receive for a single fee sometimes a thousand, sometimes ten thousand, sometimes fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, while those who have devoted all their early years in study in preparation for the ministry, and who spend their lives in unfolding to their people the true riches of God's kingdom, are suffered almost literally to starve in the midst of plenty.

The Rev. Dr. Boardman, in an address before the Old School Presbyterian Assembly, recently said: "The statistics would probably show that in other countries Christian ministers live longer than men of any other liberal profession; but in this country the average duration of life in the ministry is less than that of any other learned profession, and it is because the ministry here are hard-working men. There is no end to the diversity of the claims and demands which are made upon them, and the urgency with which these demands are pressed." We apprehend that more lives are cut short by the straightened circumstances in which many ministers, with families, are compelled to live, and by the carking cares which weigh upon them, than by hard labor. If they were suitably provided for in temporal things, a new energy would be imparted to them, and years would be added to their usefulness. The wise man has written, by divine inspiration, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

We are well aware that much has been written upon this subject, so much that many have become weary of reading about it, but the conscience of the Church needs to be more thoroughly aroused. There is a lack of Christian honesty in many congregations which is deserving of the severest rebuke, and the obligation to sustain the Gospel ministry, by sustaining well those who preach the Gospel, needs to be enforced more and more. Let those congregations which have been keeping their ministers on starvation salaries make a change and give liberally of their temporal things to those who minister to them in spiritual things, and they will be repaid at once in the satisfaction of doing a good and righteous deed; and repaid many times in the increased vitality which it will impart to their toil-worn pastors, and repaid a thousand times in the blessings which will fall upon themselves directly from heaven.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Religious Snails.

The religious snail is not a scarce animal. It is to be found wherever men get up a profession of religion. The religious snail's shell is its creed or system of opinions and beliefs.

Man is, by his nature and the circumstances under which he is placed, in some manner compelled to give his adherence to some system of opinions or creed. One's principles may be peculiar to him alone, the result of his own inquiries and thoughts, or they may be such as are adopted by the ecclesiastical body with which he is in connexion. In either case, it seems necessary that there be some form of expression to our principles, wherein may be set forth in formulas our belief concerning God, Christ, Creation, the Fall, Redemption, Faith, and many subjects of religious thoughts and controversy. And this is rendered necessary by the multiplicity of ecclesiastical organizations, and the many different views of religion held by them. Were there but one organization, and the Church a visible unity grounding its faith on the Bible, received and accepted the same by all, there would not be this necessity of distinguishing marks. But while separate organizations exist, while different views are taken of truth, there must be distinctive forms of expression.

But from this state of truth arises abuse.—Many are content with merely subscribing to some set of opinions as may appear the most reasonable to their minds, and connecting themselves with some body of Christians as may be, most agreeable or convenient. They may have been truly converted and fully received into the communion of believers, and yet relapse into dull and indolent ease and self-contentment.—Such is their nature. They are religious snails. Their creed is their shell. In this shell of cold formalism they are shut up from the universe of God. They look not from the wall that surrounds them, thinking that their narrow tenement is perhaps the extent of His creation.—Here, content with once having given assent to some set of doctrines, they relapse into a sort of spiritual lethargy, and are known as Christians only by their connexions or professed creed. There is in them no life, no energy; no high aspirations after Christian growth; no pressing forward to greater and higher attainments in religious experience; no yearning of the heart for more enlarged spiritual life—for closer communion with God—for acquaintance with the Father and Author of our being; no intense desire for more intimate knowledge of Christ, nor effort to imitate His character and holy life; no striving to realize our high privilege of being children of God and co-heirs with Christ. None of these deep and moving affections and desires are cultivated, but, content with being in nominal connexion with God and His people, they sink into the dull-dead sloth and repose of *religious snaildom.*

The religious snail rejoices in quiet mediocrity. There is nothing particularly remarkable about him. He occupies his regular seat in church at the stated services, and is considered a sort of a pillar of the spiritual edifice. He is always counted in among the first when an enumeration is called for. His opinion is sought before others are consulted, and often his expressed desire or opposition is sufficient to outweigh those of nine active members. In a word, he is a fixed element in the Christian body. He is never over-zealous in anything, and lets things take their course floating down the tide without a wave or ripple. Although he has a regular seat at church, he is never seen at the prayer-meeting, and never encourages the extraordinary means of grace established for the strengthening of believers or conversion of sinners. He is perfectly satisfied with being convinced that his opinions are right, and with having once adopted a creed and built up a spiritual shell. Ever afterwards he is a sluggard in the vineyard—a drone in the hive—a mere nonentity in the Church.

The religious snail hears declared from the pulpit: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, and with all thy might," and says with self-satisfaction, "Yes, I have said I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth." When the preacher talks of the love of Christ constraining us, he says: "I believe also in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord." When he is told of the influence of the Holy Spirit, he says: "Yes, I believe in the Holy Ghost." To all exhortations and teachings he answers: "Well and good, they do not reach me. I believe in the creed of the Church.—What more is needed?"

"What more is needed?" Much more is needed. Growth is the condition of all life.—As I sit by the window and look over the hills and valleys at the luxuriant vegetable growth, and grand old woods and forests of God's earth, I see growth and increase in everything. The vine on the arbor before me seems never to tire climbing, and much more should we continually urge our way upward, if we are branches in the true vine. Growth is necessary to spiritual life. There is no limit to the possible attainments of the soul. The intellect will never grasp the outer boundaries of its sphere, nor can our affections ever be filled and satiated. Their capacity is unlimited, their object the infinite.—We can never sufficiently love Him, never reach the highest point of our Christian experience. There is no stopping—all halting in Christian life is retreating. Our progress must be continually upward and onward. We can never rest content at any period of our experience. There can be no such thing as sanctification, in the sense of perfection, in spiritual life. No. Each step leads to one higher—each view of the heavenly world shows the way to a brighter—each strain of heavenly music preludes a sweeter. Our immortality is never ended or finished up. Then let us press on to the mark of the prize of our high calling. Let us realize our highest existence. Let our song be,

> "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
> And press with vigor on!
> A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
> And an immortal crown!"

—*Meth. Protestant.*

The Present Canadian Crisis.

It may be proper to remark, in passing, that our brethren in the United States excuse their strange hostility to our people upon the pretence that Canada was unfriendly to the North during the late civil war. We do not stop to argue the point as to whether the premises, if admitted, would justify the conclusion, but we flatly deny the truth of the premises, and call upon our irrate neighbours to point out a single act of the Canadian Government or people which implied unfriendliness during the whole war. Was the invasion of their soil openly agitated in public meetings of our citizens? Were these meetings attended and addressed in virulent language by high public functionaries of Canada? Were preparations openly made for such invasion, by enlisting and drilling men, collecting military stores, arms, &c.? Or was the attempt ever made to relax our neutrality laws by Legislative action, so as to give Government encouragement to numerous raids? If our friends can show that any of these unfriendly manifestations were made towards them by any class of the Canadian community, they will establish their point. But if, *as is the truth*, no unfriendly act was ever done, or unfriendly word officially spoken, by any of our authorities,—if no public meeting of Canadians was able to pass a single unfriendly resolution,—if their own rebellious citizens who had taken refuge among us were obliged to conduct their plottings with the utmost secresy, to evade the constant watchfulness of our police,—if, when they succeeded, in one instance, in accomplishing a raid into American territory, and perpetrated robbery and murder there, our authorities, unprompted, instantly hunted them down, arrested all that could be found, stripped them of their plunder and handed it over to the plundered parties, and delivered the raiders into the hands of the law,—if we then, at our own expense guarded the frontier so as to make another similar raid impossible; and above all, if the state of public feeling in Canada was such as to induce 30,000 of our young men to offer their lives to the cause of the North, emulating, and almost exceeding, the enthusiasm of the Americans themselves, then the charge of unfriendliness is groundless, and their hatred, is gratuitous, unprovoked, and—ungrateful. But we let this pass. It is sufficient to know that a powerful organization exists amongst American citizens, according to their own accounts, numbering 100,000 fighting men, organized and drilled, and fully provided with all the munitions of war, whose openly professed intention is to ravage our country, subvert our government, and overthrow our state; and that the state of public opinion, is not such as to afford the hope that any restraining influence will thereby be exerted upon their movements.

Now, this being so, the question returns: What is the duty—not of the Government, Provincial or Imperial, for this, it is not our province to discuss,—but of the Christian people of Canada? Some reader will reply: To offer unceasing prayer to Almighty God for his merciful interposition in our behalf; and in this, we so far, most heartily concur.—Nothing can be good or strong without His blessing. We should pray—

1st. That God will mercifully open the eyes of that portion of the American people who are under this strange infatuation, and bring them to entertain towards their unoffending neighbors the sentiments of justice and truth, if not of generosity and brotherly concord, and effectually deliver them from the influence of those wicked and designing men who are leading them to their own ruin, and to the possible infliction of great suffering and mischief upon others. 2nd. That he will gird our rulers and governors with wisdom, courage, and fortitude fitting the emergency of the time; and, 3rd. That He will inform the entire Canadian people with an earnest Christian patriotism, a true national—may we not, therly—unity, which shall prepare them to stand together, if need be, in the breach of death, for the defence of country and home, and those loved objects who make home precious to fathers and husbands and brothers.

But prayer—the prayer of faith—supposes action: and no duty, except under very exceptional circumstances, ends with prayer. Indeed, it is possible that in a time of imminent danger a man may spend too much time in prayer per se. At least one eminent leader seems to have been rebuked for praying too long. 'Wherefore cryest thou unto me? Speak to the people that they go forward.' Such was the answer of the Almighty himself to one who prayed to be delivered from danger by the Divine interposition alone.—God will help us if we ask Him, but we must, at the same time, ourselves be moving as he guides. Pray, then, devoutly, but at the same time be prepared for energetic action. 1st. Let every Canadian man and woman labor to promote the growth of the public sentiment of patriotism before alluded to. Frown upon the Canadian who speaks disparagingly of our country. Refuse to listen to the poltroon who tells you that Canada cannot be defended. The truth is, that no country with 3,000,000 patriotic inhabitants, united and determined, can ever be conquered by a foreign foe. Ask Scotland and Switzerland how they, with their scanty population and limited resources, preserved their necks from the yoke of thraldom through ages of war and aggression! Or if you point to the mountain fortresses of those countries for a reply, then ask Holland, a country more exposed and less defensible than Canada itself. Think well, and speak well of your country. Teach all under your influence to do the same. Parents, teachers, professors and Christian ministers are 'specially charged with this duty.' Sink, for the time, every party name and question that shall in the least interfere with this sentiment. Let us forget that we are English, Scotch, or Irish, or Tory or Radical, Protestant or Catholic, and claim only that we are Canadian, prepared side by side, to stand or fall with our country. 2nd. The Government will undoubtedly supply suitable arms for the militia of all classes, as they shall be required. But there is a very large class of men, or rather several classes, may we not say, of excellent, noble men, who are not liable to serve in the militia. Some by reason of their position, official or professional, and others by reason of their age or otherwise, are exempt. Now we hold that it is the duty of such, if they can afford it, to arm themselves. Let every clergyman and minister of religion, every professor and teacher, and office-holder and aged man whose physical constitution is not quite broken down, immediately supply himself with the best breech-loader that can be procured, and at once accustom himself to its use. He may never require to use it in more serious work,—God grant that he may not—but even in that case the expense will not be in vain. His own sense of manhood and self-respect will have been elevated, and he will transmit the arm to his sons as a memorial of patriotism in a trying crisis.

We are aware that among the classes last addressed, especially the clergy, there are many estimable men who have conscientious scruples about the lawfulness of war in any case, and we sincerely respect these scruples. But we beg once more to remind them that it is not against which we are called upon to prepare, but an irruption of freebooters and robbers, whose origin and objects are not national but personal; who will wage war against your property and your families for the gratification of their lusts and passions. The question is, how should you receive them? Dare you, as Christian fathers, husbands and brothers, abandon to the wicked grasp of the spoiler the precious objects of your charge, without a death-struggle in their defence? We trust not? We venture to hope that those classes, who, from their number and position and their superior culture will be able to render eminent service in a time of need, will be found shoulder to shoulder with their fellow-countrymen whenever the time of large trial arrives.—*Baptist Freeman.*

Mr. McGee's Speech at London, C. W.

The *Evangelical Witness* says:—In a lecture delivered by the Hon. T. D. *McGee*, at London, last week, he makes the following observations: and truer words were never spoken. No thoughtful Englishman in Canada who loves his country can regard with any other feeling than those of alarm, the teachings and efforts of that party in England to whom Mr. McGee refers. The United States and other countries are treated with more complimentary notices by the *Times* and other journals of the same way of thinking than are the people of Canada. But let Canada go and England will be the first to feel the result of the loss. Let the sentiments of this party prevail and the result would be that Canada would be broken off from England under circumstances which would alienate the people from England; and this whole continent of America would become either hostile to England, or, as far as Canada is concerned, indifferent, in any future struggle with the States. Does England imagine that she can contend with such a power when Canada is lost? If she does she is mistaken. We maintain that instead of being a source of weakness to England in any struggle with the States, Canada is her strength, because possessed of Canada, and her people loyal to England, she could fight the States on two sides. An army could be raised in Canada of 200,000 men, all accustomed to the country—hardy, stalwart men, and it would take a little strength in the States to take care of these. But if Canada were alienated, the whole strength of the States would be brought against England, and it would cost England more in one year to resist this power, than it will cost her in the next century to maintain her colony on this side the Atlantic. Mr. McGee says—

"But I must be permitted to say that I do not see the grounds for going into ecstacies in England over the action of the American Government. (Cheers.) It will be remembered that the affair at Lime Ridge (to call it a battle is absurd) took place on the 2nd of June and that President John

desirous, I repeat, to make every due acknowledgment to the American authorities—I am desirous to promote the most friendly relations of every description with the United States—but my voice shall never be given to re-echo the humiliating, gratuitous untruth, that the people of this country owe their protection from invasion "mainly" to any other cause or causes than their own union and determination, and the military apprehension inspired by the arms and resources of the Empire.

"Now I know well there is an active propagandist school growing up in England, who teach the paradox, that by diminishing the area of English responsibility, they can increase the volume of English power; that the true way to make their country greater, is to make her less; that to increase her perpendicular she must diminish her base. I will only answer to that style of argument, by pointing to the state of facts as they exist in North America. A great power, a first-class power, has grown into being on this continent within the century; that great pacific power has become a first-class military power within the present decade, and when, I ask the anti-Colonial *doctrinaires*, did ever a new nation inherit the tempting estate of power without using and enjoying it? Commercially, England and America are destined to be rivals, not allies—rivals on land, rivals on sea—if a commercial policy be the be-all and end-all of British statesmanship, how will they hold their own on the Atlantic or the Pacific, without a post or fort on either ocean which they can call their own? If I were an Englishman, I would resent, as the worst species of incivism, such arrangements as those of the anti-Colonist faction; being a Canadian representative, I content myself with saying that I firmly believe no other influence would have such a tendency—did it rise to Imperial proportions—to estrange these Provinces altogether from the mother country, as the evil influence of this new-light political philosophy."

General Intelligence.

Colonial

A large bear, weighing probably 600 lbs., was shot on Sunday last near the North West Arm, within the city limits, being to the captor, by the sale of the grease and meat, and by the proceeds of exhibition, a good prize.

A child was burnt to death on Saturday evening in the north suburbs, having been with other children locked up in a house by the mother. Four others would have perished had not a person who saw the flames forced his way into the dwelling.

The City Railway Co. have applied for permission to extend their operations to other portions of the city, and if leave is granted will run a single track from Granville St. through George St., Barrington St., and Spring Garden Road; and another track through St. Paul St., Argyle, Jacob, Brunswick, Cogswell and Gottingen streets.

ACCIDENTS AT WAVERLY.—A rake factory was destroyed by fire last week, and a man killed by the falling of a building.

On board the bark *Rambler* from Pictou, bound to St. John, the mate and two of the hands fell from the top gallant mast and were seriously injured.

A young man at Islesville foolishly threw some powder in the fire, and received such injury in his eyes that he will not be likely to recover his sight.

The French war steamer at Sydney reports the loss of a transport and 15 merchant vessels at St. Pierre, by which 73 persons perished.

CATTLE POISONED.—Twenty head of cattle have recently been poisoned at New Annan, Colchester Co., by eating toad stools.

ST. JOHN MARKET.—We had a crowded market last Saturday. Potatoes in abundance sold from 55 to 65 cents per bushel. Lamb, price 5 to 7 cts; butter, from 21 to 24 cents; common cooking apples, from $2 to $2 50 per barrel; cranberries, 5 cts a quart.—*Visitor.*

NEWFOUNDLAND.—A destructive hurricane took place in N. F. on 22ad ult., which occasioned much damage to shipping and other property. At Bishop's Cove three persons were drowned by the upsetting of a boat. Four men were lost at Torbay. The revenue cruiser *Caroline*, was lost, all hands saved except the Captain. It is supposed that much damage and loss of life occurred by the hurricane among the fishing vessels on the banks. The potatoe disease has been widely prevalent throughout the Island, and this, with the almost entire failure of the fisheries, is certain to occasion very general destitution and suffering.

CANADIAN.—OTTAWA, C. W., Oct. 5.—It is reported on good authority that the Canadian delegation to England on Confederation, will consist of Hon. Messrs. Cartier and Langevin, of Lower Canada, and McDonald and McDougall of Upper Canada.

Three colonels of Engineers have arrived here, it is supposed with a view of fortifying the city.

MONTREAL, Oct. 5.—The war ship *Niger* has arrived here.—Weather clear and cold, with sharp frost last night.

TORONTO, Oct. 5.—Preparations are actively progressing for the trial of the Fenians, captured last June, at the approaching Assizes. The best legal talent of the city is engaged on both sides. The Upper Canada Provincial Exhibition appears to have been remarkably successful. The number of tickets sold was about forty thousand, notwithstanding the exceedingly unfavourable weather. The papers tells us that, "The show of stock was better than ever before. Horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, were all in advance of former years. Almost without exception the animals were excellent. The show of roots and vegetables was even better than on any previous occasion. In grain, our farmers have so long excelled that they could hardly improve much upon the high reputation which Upper Canada wheat and barley already held. The excellence of the show of fruit and grapes was especially gratifying. One gentleman exhibited no less than thirty-eight varieties of out-door grapes grown by him. Not only was the show of bees, bee-hives and honey better, but the interest excited by the bee-exhibitors was one of the features of the Exhibition."—*Telegraph.*

TORONTO, C. W., Oct. 8.—The revenue of the Province for September was 1,170,000 dollars, and the expenditure, 716,000 dollars. The Government is negotiating with the home authorities for the establishment of an armory in Canada. A notice from the English Admiralty Office is published, warning navigators against anchoring near the Cable.

BARLEY AND FLOUR FOR NOVA SCOTIA.—The Toronto *Leader* of Sept. 29, has the following commercial paragraph:

A cargo of barley will leave this port to-morrow for Montreal, by one of E. Chaffey and Co's barges. At Mobtreal it will be transhipped to the steamer *Merrill*, for Halifax. The through rate will be in the neighbourhood of 12½c. per 48 lbs. to Nova Scotia. This is the first shipment in that direction this season, and demonstrates that we have other markets for our barley besides the United States. In 1864 a lot of two went to the same market, but none in 1865, the demand from the States being so urgent, and the prices offered being so high. There is a large demand for flour from Halifax at high rates, and this, we believe, accounts in part for the present high prices and scarcity of flour. The bad weather has tended to reduce supplies, and this helps to put prices up. No. 1 superfine sold in this market to-day at $7.30—the highest figure paid for this grade of flour for many years.

Rev. A. Webster, Boston, Mass., writes—"I have used, through the advice of personal friends, Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, for several months past, with great effect and entire satisfaction. *I am now bald not gray*; my hair was dry and brittle, but has regained the softness of its early hue, and has not been so for many years." Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 193 Greenwich St., N. Y.

United States.

The Soldiers and Sailors Convention at Pittsburg on the 25th ult., notwithstanding the fulminations of President Johnson against it, passed off successfully. The Convention was opened with religious exercises, a hymn of praise was sung to the tune of Old Hundred, and prayer was offered by Gen. Moody. The question of negro suffrage was not formally introduced, as it was feared it might occasion confusion and strife. But the spirit of the resolutions introduced and adopted must include the suffrage question.—Thousands attended the Convention, and the citizens of Pittsburg received them in the most hospitable manner. The immense torch-light procession, the brilliant illuminations, were some of the indications of the interest felt by the people. On the 27th, after the Convention adjourned, a procession was formed which was an hour and a half in passing a given point.

It is believed that the trial of Jefferson Davis will take place next month.

An immense iron ferry-boat has been launched at Detroit, Michigan, to ply at the railroad crossing. She is a vessel of eighteen hundred tons, and is the largest now on the lakes or rivers of the Northwest. Upon the two tracks, running the length of the steamer, fourteen cars can be placed.

It is stated that not more than six or eight of the Southern Representatives to Congress can take the test oath, and yet the President says, that the South "having abolished slavery, having repudiated their debt, and sent *loyal* representatives, everything has been done excepting the admission of representatives"

A correspondent of the Selma (Ala.) *Messenger* describes the Ice Mountain, eighteen miles from Romney, West Virginia, as a hill some three hundred feet high, at the foot of which issues a stream of ice-cold water, while on the side, by turning up the loose rocks, ice may be found in the middle of summer.

The result of the late experiments at Fortress Monroe are stated as follows:—Eight feet thick of stone wall, iron-clad with four inches of rolled iron, situated at a distance of 350 yards, offered scarcely any resistance to shots fired by 15-inch smooth bore and 12-inch Rodman guns. The 12-inch Dyer projectile, weighing 620 pounds, possessed greater power upon the plates than the 15-inch spherical shot weighing 420 pounds; but the destructive qualities of the latter upon heavy masonry far exceeded the calculation of the officers present. A stronger target and additional thickness of iron plating will be required before any definite result can be arrived at respecting the manner of building fortifications with the greatest powers of resistance against the improved artillery of the age.

There are indications that healthy views as to social and business necessities are struggling in the Southern mind. The Richmond *Enquirer* points out the necessity of having convenient kitchens, dairy-yards, etc., of having a pump at the door, a cooking-stove instead of a great fire place, etc. It says: "Yankee notions must become the order of the day throughout the South if the South would become speedily prosperous, rich and powerful. Yankee industry and energy, ingenuity, perseverance and 'goaheadativeness,' Yankee machinery and Yankee companies, capital and labor and brains, contrivances and acuteness are indispensable desiderata to make the waste places of the South beautiful, and to convert her vast solitudes, her mountains and valleys and plains and swamps, old fields and forests, and her prodigious varied natural advantages into the full blessings which the God who made them designed them to be a teeming, happy and refined population. The editor of the Mobile *Register* is spending some time in the North, and has been struck with the amount of labor performed with an apparent scarcity of help. He says: "The wealth of this country cannot be justly measured by its population. The improvements in machinery, especially as applied to agriculture, almost dispense with human hands and the sweat of the brow. They plow, sow and reap with machines, and man's only occupation is to superintend them. Hence you ride over a country dotted with farms in a high state of culture and groaning under crops, and are surprised at the lack of laborers, and wonder who does all this work? Capital and science have supplied the places of our large gangs of negroes, and the work goes on as if by magic. Thus Pennsylvania, with her three millions of population, enjoys productions equal to the labor of six millions.

NEW FENIAN MOVEMENT.—A telegraph despatch to a Boston paper says that the anticipated renewal of the Fenian war movement has taken definite shape among the councils of politicians within the last few days. To-day several gentlemen prominently connected with the politics of New York, called upon the President, and in a protracted interview endeavored to secure for the proposed raid a tacit acquiescence upon the part of the Government. It was urged that the United States has been gratuitously severe in the previous enforcement of her neutrality, and that by winking at the forthcoming operations of the Fenians upon the Canadian border, there would thus be insured the support to the Administration of a political element which it could ill afford to allow to be doubtful.

Gold 149.

European.

The result of the British harvest was expected to be less discouraging than had been supposed.

The weekly returns of the Banks of France show a decrease of 5,900,000 francs.

The payment of the interest on Mexican rentes has been deferred in consequence of the want of funds.

The French Consulates in Peru, Chili and Morocco are to be raised to the rank of Legations.

The bullion in the bank of England has increased 258,739 pounds.

The Paris money market was easy, but there was a general want of speculative confidence.

Shipments of bacon from Liverpool to New York continued.

LONDON, Oct. 5.—FLORENCE, Oct. 4.—The Treaty of peace between Austria and Italy has been finally signed.

LONDON, Oct 6.—By the Treaty between Italy and Austria, the former acquires the Territory of Venetia as it existed while under the dominion of Austria, and the debt of Venetia, amounting to 35 million of Florins, is assumed by the Italian Government.

A complete amnesty has been accorded by Italy to political prisoners.

TROUBLE WITH TURKEY.—A serious embroglio in our relations with the Divan has arisen, as follows: Sarkis Minasian, who has for many years acted as the resident agent in Turkey for the sale of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s medicines, driven by the increase of his business to a necessity for more room, built his warehouse in Constantinople several stories higher, after having obtained the necessary permit from the authorities. The Imans of a neighboring mosque, which overlooked the premises, demanded a large present in money, which was refused. They then applied to the Grand Vizier, for the enforcement of an obsolete law, which had been disregarded two hundred years, requiring him to take down the building to eighteen feet, which was granted, and they commenced the work of demolition. Minasian then applied to the American Minister, who notified the Sublime Porte that American property could not be thus trifled with, and that the demolition must cease. Then commenced the usual course of Mussulman prevarication and promises, but no real redress. Finally Minister Morris informed them that if their depredations continued, he should order the U. S. ships of war to enter the Bosphorus, and Messrs. Ayers' medical warehouse would not be alone roofless. A stroke of his pen could have laid the whole city under the sweep of American cannon, backed by men who are not schooled in the lessons of fear. This brought them to their senses and speedy redress. Minasian has now arrived in this country, to present the case to our State Department for indemnity. At length it is something to say among the peoples of the earth—"I am an American citizen!"—*Columbia Republican.* oct 10—4w.

BROWN'S "VERMIFUGE COMFITS."—This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children. Be sure to obtain the *Vermifuge Comfit*, which has been used with good success. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines at 25 cts. a box.

Mount Allison Educational Institution.

We wish to direct special attention to the advertisement in our paper this week respecting the Mount Allison Educational Institution. We are glad to learn from our Brother, the Principal, that the attendance during the Term which is soon to close, has been considerably larger, in both branches of the Academy, than it was the corresponding Term of the previous year. This is encouraging,—but as we understand comfortable provision can be made for many more than a re yet in attendance, and as we know there must be youth on our different circuits far more than enough to crowd the Institution to its utmost capacity in all its departments,—and youth too, to whom the educational training which the Mount Allison Institution is better prepared to give than any other Institution in these Colonies, would be of incalculable value, we do hope to hear that our Institution is full to overflowing. Will our brethren, the ministers, permit us to suggest the propriety of their severally looking through the families on their circuits to discover, if possible, youth who may, by a little personal effort, be induced to attend the Academy this winter. We are very confident that a very moderate, simultaneous effort on their part would ensure full halls at Sackville next Term; and we are equally confident that such an effort would be a very proper one, and a very good thing for all concerned. We assume, in view of the resolution, highly commendatory of the Institutions, passed with such cordial unanimity by the last Conference, that the brethren can all act in good faith in seeking to promote the interests of the Institution—and especially in recommending it as worthy of the increasing patronage of our people. It will be noticed from the advertisement that the ensuing Term is to begin on Thursday the 8th of November.

Letters and Monies.

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

Rev. W. McCarty (one new sub), George W. Smith $1, Rev. G. B. Payson (P W, Saml McCully $2, P. Avery $2, B. Harrison $2—$6, Rev. A. S. DesBrisay (B R, S. Osborne $4 37½, P W, Miss Seon $2.87½—$7.25), Mr. A. W. Doane (parcel ready, will send by first opportunity), Rev. C. Lockhart (P W, M. Sperry $4), H. Blois $2.

Rev. G. M. Barratt, (B.R., $2.50, P.W., Ward Neely $2, Jno. Ward $3, Wm. Holland $2 J. Batten $2.50.—$12.) F. McMahan $2. Rev. Jos. Sutcliffe, (am't duly credited and figures changed.) N. Clough, Esq., ($4. book sent) Thos. Morris $2, Miss McGowan $2. Rev. John Prince, (Mr. Rogers am't duly credited and fig. changed.) Rev. Thos. Fox, (am't credited June 16.)

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. We know they will restore gray hair to its youthful color, producing the same vitality and luxurious quantity as in youth. You can procure them at any Druggist's.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER,

after a thorough trial, by innumerable living witnesses, has proved itself *the Medicine of the Age.* Although there have been many medicinal preparations brought before the public since the first introduction of Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, and large amounts expended in their introduction, the Pain Killer has continued to steadily advance in the estimation of the world as the best Family Medicine ever introduced. It is an internal and external remedy. One positive proof of its efficacy is, that the sales have constantly increased, and wholly upon its own merits. The effect of the Pain Killer upon the patient, when taken internally in cases of Cold, Cough, Bowel Complaints, Cholera, Dysentery, and other affections of the system, has been truly wonderful, and has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain, as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores, Sprains, Cuts, Sting of insects, and other causes of suffering, has secured for it such a host of testimony, as an almost infallible remedy, that it will be handed down to posterity as one of the greatest medical discoveries of the nineteenth century. oct 10—1m.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Any lady can rejoice in a glorious head of hair—Nature's own diadem and title to dignity—by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Sold by all Druggists.

If your horse has had a hard drive, stood in a cold wind, drank too much cold water, or been out in a cold rain-storm, the immediate use of the Cavalry Condition Powders will restore him to condition.

IF YOU HAVE A SUFFERING CHILD, do not let your prejudices, or the prejudices of others, stand between it and the relief that will be absolutely sure to follow the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Millions of mothers can testify that it is a perfectly safe and reliable remedy. It relieves the child from pain, and cures dysentery and diarrhœa. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, and carries the infant safely through the teething period.

PUTRED SORE THROAT.—The best remedy that has ever been discovered for this dreadful disease, is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. We do but simple justice to the medicine as well as to the public, when we recommend the same for general use.—[Halifax N. S. Daily.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for Pulmonary and Asthmatic Disorders, have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try "*The Troches,*" a simple remedy which is in almost every case effectual.

FOR UPWARDS OF THIRTY YEARS MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never-failing safety and success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Perfectly safe in all cases.

Thirty-five cents a bottle.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. J. L. Sponagle, Mr. Wm. Bennett, of Cambridgeport, U. S., to Louisa, second daughter of John Mitchell, Esq., of St. John

At the Centenary, Church, Liverpool, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. D. D. Currie, Mr. Samuel V. Lawlor, of Cornwallis, Kings Co., to Miss Mary Jane Hawksworth, of Mahone Bay, Lunenburg.

At the Methodist Parsonage, Liverpool, on the 3rd inst., by the same, Mr. Robert McLellan, of St. John, N. B., to Miss Margaret McGrigor, of Petite Riviere, N. S.

On the 26th ult., at the Wesleyan Parsonage, St John, N. B., by the Rev. John S. Addy, Mr. Henry Edgett, to Miss Emma Larkin both of that city.

On the 21st ult., at the residence of Amos A. Bliss, Esq., Hillsborough, N. B., by Rev. Isaac N. Parker, Mr. Lewis Milburn, of Hopewell, to Miss Armana Pearson, of Harvey.

At Dartmouth, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. F. Pryor, Mr. John J, Orman, to Miss Martha B., daughter of the late Segt. George Gray, 93rd Highlanders, both of this city.

At Salem Church, on the 2nd inst., by the Rev Canon Cochran, Mr. Wm. Bainbridge, to Sarah B Hamilton, both of Halifax.

Deaths.

At Canning, Cornwallis, on the 23rd of July, at the advanced age of 81 years, Mr. Nathan Woodworth. When over 60 years of age he was plucked as a 'brand from the fire,' joined the Methodist Church in a glorious revival of religion, and remained a consistent member of the same to the close of life.

At Canning, on the 30th of August, in the 62d year of her age, Maria, beloved wife of Robert Rutlidge. Was born at Belfast, Ireland—had been a subject of the saving grace of God 50 years, and a member of the Methodist Church over 30 years. Her end was peace.

At Canning, in the 14th year of her age, Lora, daughter of Thomas and Mary Graham.

At the Eastern Passage, on the 2nd inst., Agnes Jane, daughter of Joseph and Rachel Nangle aged 14 years and 5 months.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

THURSDAY, Oct 4

Steamers Alhombra, Nickerson, Boston; Emperor, Pheasant, Liverpool; schrs Truro, McDonald, Bay St George; Spray, Glace Bay; Lone Star, Sydney.

FRIDAY, Oct 5

Schrs Village Belle, Young, Newfld; Emma, Balcam, Sheet Harbour; Alice, Frankfort; Lark, Mills, Gaspe.

SATURDAY, Oct 6

Schrs Blanche, O'Brien, Portland; Mary E Jones, Perry, Gowrie Mines; T Bagley, Porter, Yarmouth; Harmony, Rudderham, Sydney; Eliza, Joyce, do; Lady Dundas, do; Mary E Banks, McKinnon, Yarmouth; Little Hugh, Pushee, Antigonish; Alma, McLaughlin, Clementsport.

SUNDAY, Oct 7

Steamer Delta, Guilliford, St John's, Nfld; barque Rambler, McKenzie, Pictou; brigts Caroline, Busby, Boston; Matilda B, Lorway, do; Arned, Grimes, Sydney; Joe Grant, McGinnis, do; schrs William Mason, Boston; Balloon, Frankfort; Wave, Evans, Sydney; Evergreen, Pictou.

MONDAY, Oct 8

Steam Transport Tamar, Quebec; brigt Mary Olivia, Corbett, New York; schrs Agility, Pye, Labrador; Comet, Lang, Sydney.

CLEARED.

Oct 5—Ship Roseneath, Auld, Montreal; schrs Kossuth, Messervey, Bay St George; Henrietta, Messervey, do; Lady Speedwell, Speedwell, P E Island; Maria, Rood, do.

Oct 6—Barque Winburn, Scott, Miramichi; brigt Arthur, Nickerson, Kingston, Ja; schrs Excelsior, Hall, St Pierre; British Eagle, Sheridan, P E Island; Evangeline, Forward, do.

New Advertisements.

THE MOUNT ALLISON

Educational Institutions.

Sackville, N B.

Principal—The Rev. H. Pickard, D D.
Vice Principal of the Ladies Branch—J R Inch, Esq, A. B.

THIS Institution, having in its different departments no less than fourteen properly qualified instructors, offers to students advantages superior, it is believed, to those which can be secured elsewhere in these Provinces.

All the *extraordinary* arrangements, rendered necessary by the calamitous fire of the 16th of Jan. last, have been made to ensure the domestic comfort of the students this year.

☞ The Second Term of the current Academic year is to begin, Thursday, Nov 8.

As many new classes in various branches of study will be formed, this will be a favorable time for new students to enter. Those who intend to do so should give immediate notice of their intention to the Principal, in order that due preparation may be made for their accommodation.

The charges for Board, Washing, Fuel, Lights, &c, and Tuition in the Primary Department, amount to $120 per Academic year. The additional Fees for instruction in the Intermediate Collegiate, Musical, and Fine Arts Department are very moderate.

For further information apply to either the Principal or Vice Principal

Sackville, N B, Oct 5, 1866. Chron & Col 4w.

Ayer's Cherry Pectorel

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF,

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease,

℞ So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are its cures, that in almost every section of country are persons publicly known, who have been restored by it from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs. When once tried, its superiority over every other expectorant is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and discarded this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

We can assure the public, that its quality, is carefully kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that it has ever done.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and other eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of our remedies, but space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the complaints our remedies cure.

Those who require an *alterative medicine* to purify the blood will find AYER'S COMP. EXT. SARSPARILLA the one to use. Try it once, and you will concede its value.

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

AVERY BROWN & Co., General Agents for Nova Scotia. 2 ms. Oct 10.

BELL & ANDERSON.

HAVE received by recent arrivals from Great Britain their stock of

FALL GOODS

including in addition to all the staple articles, a great variety of Dress Materials Wool Hoods, Scarfs, Nubias, Ready Made Clothing, Pilot Cloths and Whitneys, Elysian and Astraen Cloths, Tweeds, Doeskins, &c., which they offer at low prices, and invite the inspection of wholesale buyers. 4w oct 10

Fall Importations

COMPLETED.

R. N. Beckwith & Co.,

89 *Granville Street,*

Have about completed their importations of

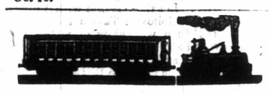
DRY GOODS

FOR THE

FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

They are now prepared to receive their customers and Buyers generally.

They have several special lots much under value. Oct 10.



NOVA SCOTIA RAILWAY.

CONNECTING WITH THE

First Class new Steamer "Empress," at Windsor, N S.,

—BETWEEN—

St John N B, Canada and United States.

Bay of Fundy, International Steamship Route.

DURING the month of OCT., 1866, Regular and Express Trains leave Halifax as follows:

Tuesday, 2d October	4 15 p m
Friday, 5th,	3 45 p m
Wednesday, 10th,	8 00 a m
Saturday, 13th,	8 00 a m
†Wednesday, 17th,	*11 45 a m
Friday, 19th,	3 45 p m
Tuesday, 23d,	3 45 p m
Saturday, 27th,	8 00 a m
†Wednesday, 31st,	*11 45 a m
Leave Windsor as follows:	
Wednesday, 3rd Oct.	6 45 a m
‡Saturday, 6th	*11 30 a m
‡Wednesday, 10th	*2 00 p m
Saturday, 13th	4 20 p m
Wednesday, 17th	4 20 p m
‡Saturday, 20th	8 10 a m
‡Wednesday, 24th	*11 30 a m
‡Saturday, 27th	2 00 p m
Wednesday, 5th	4 20 p m

Trains marked * are Express Trains, and will stop at Bedford, Windsor Junction, Mount Uniacke, and Newport, to land and receive passengers.—Regular trains will stop as per time table.—Should the steamer not arrive at Windsor, (from any unforseen cause) as advertised, Express Trains will not run.

† Connect with down trains from east at Windsor Junction.

‡ Connect with up trains going east at Windsor Junction.

AVARD LONGLEY,
Chief Commissioner.

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"

2 ins

NEW GOODS.

Commerce House,

144 GRANVILLE STREET.

Per steamers Nerva and St Lawrence.

NEW SILKS,

Black Gros Grain, Black Drab De Lyons, Black Glacé in all widths. A large assortment of

New Plain & Fancy Dress Silks.

3-4, 7-8 and 4 4 Mantle Velvets and Velveteens. New SHAWLS and MANTLES, Ladies black Velvet Jackets, New Dress and Mantle Trimmings, in Gimps, Braids, Buttons, &c. New Bonnet Ribbons, New HATS and BONNETS for Autumn, in the latest and most fashionable shapes.

New French Merinoes and DeLaines, and a variety of

FANCY GOODS, &c.

A very large stock stock of

Autumn & Winter Dress Goods

And a full assortment of STAPLES per steamer Cuba, to be opened in a few days.

oct 3. R. McMURRAY & CO.

FALL STOCK.

99 GRANVILLE STREET.

Ex steamships Asia, China, Narva, Cuba, and ship Roseneath.

WE have received per above steamers the principal part of our

Fall Stock of Dry Goods.

And now invite the inspection of the public

DRESS DEPARTMEENT.

Fancy Dress Goods, Coburgs, Winceys, Parametta, French Merinoes and DeLaines, Victoria Cords, &c. Black Silks, Mantle Velvet Plain and Fancy Silks, Cottons and Woollens of all descriptions, READY MADE CLOTHING. Shawls, Mantles and Millinery, Hosiery, Kid Gloves, Trimmings, Linens, Sheetings, Towellings, Cotton Warp, &c. Horrocks's White Cottons.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The above Goods have been personally selected by one of the firm in the English markets, and are well worthy the attention of purchasers.

oct 3. SMITH BROS.

FALL STOCK.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

EDWARD SMITH,

Has received per steamers Asia and China, and ship Roseneath,

219 CASES

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

HATS, CAPS AND FURS.

Of all kinds, suitable for the season.

The stock of Rubber Boots, and Felt OverBoots is the largest ever imported by him, to which he would particularly invite the attention of wholesale Buyers. Hat, Cap and Fur Warehouse,

oct 3 1m No 3 Granville Street.

Cooking Stoves & Parlor Grates.

New Importations just received at

CHAMBERLAIN'S

Stove and Grate Warehouse, No. 114 Hollis St., opposite the International and Halifax Hotels.

AN assortment of *superior* flat top Cooking Stoves, now open for sale and *Inspection!* Before you purchase the inferior, these are the cheapest because the BEST.

Also—The "Niagara" and "Waterloo" and other patterns in Elevated Ovens. Union "California" Cook. Vessels railed Caboose Cookers

PARLOR GOTHIC GRATES

of the square and circular frames, the large medium and smallest sizes.

oct 3. City Stove Store.

Uncle John's Vegetable

PILLS.

INDIGESTION, COTIVENESS, Billiousnes, Dimness of Sight, Jaundice, Flatulency.

THESE Pills are purely a vegetable compound carefully selected by medical skill and experience. Although mild in their operation, yet they will be found to be a most efficacious remedy for Indigestion, whether arising from idiocracy, sedentary occupation, or long continued residence in a confined or unwholesome atmosphere. Also for those innumerable diseases consequent on repeated indulgence in voluptuous living, excessive use of malt and spirituous liquors, likewise inattention and total neglect of an occasional required dose of medicine; to persons afflicted from any of these causes, the Pills are a speedy and certain cure. The action of these Pills will also not only mitigate, but completely correct, that unpleasant and feverish taste of the stomach, producing frequent eructations of sour, nauseating air, spasms, heartburn, &c.—subduing inflammation, correcting the morbid secretion of a too active or torpid state of the liver,—they remove every unhealthy accumulation till the blood is purified, the whole system renovated, and all the functions act according to nature.

Prepared only by

J. H. WOOLRICH,
At the English Pharmacy.
Halifax, N S.

Sold in boxes at 25 cents. A large discount to Wholesale buyers. sep. 8

BAZAAR!

THE Ladies of the Wesleyan congregation in Moncton, N. B., purpose holding a Bazaar on Tuesday, 16th October, to assist in liquidating debt on their church.

Doors open at 10 o'clock, a. m.—Dinner and Tea will be provided, also a good Refreshment Table.

N.B.—Should day prove unfavourable will be held first fine day ensuing.

sep 19

WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

The Subscribers offer for sale

127 HHDS 6 tierces 129 bbls } Strictly Prime Barbadoes SUGAR.
300 puns 33 tierces 20 bbls } Bright Cienfuegos Molasses.
60 puns choice Barbadoes Molasses.

Also—35 bbls Canada Pot Barley, superior.

sep 19 3w GEO H STARR & CO.

DENTIST.

J. R. CHAMBERLAIN,

Surgeon Dentist,

No. 198 Argyle Street, near Temperance Hall

HALIFAX, N. S,

Brown's Vermifuge Comfits

OR

WORM LOZENGES.

BRICK, BRICK.

The subscriber has on hand

150,000

BEST quality stock Brick, which he offers for sale at the lowest market rate, and having good facilities for the manufacture of the article is prepared to supply any quantity in the shortest possible time.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Builder, Leinster Street,
aug 1. St. John, N. B.

Sabbath-school Books

AND

INTERESTING WORKS FOR YOUNG PERSONS,

In great variety, and AT VERY LOW RATES, *a large assortment,* just received at the Wesleyan Book Room.

PERRY DAVIS'

Vegetable Pain Killer,

The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

TAKEN INTERNALLY, CURE

Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c, Weak Stomach, General Debility, Nursing Sore Mouth, Canker, Liver-Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Cramp or Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painters Colic, Asiatic Cholera, Diarrhœa and Dysentery.

TAKEN EXTERNALLY, CURES,

Felons, Boils, and Old Sores, Severe Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Swelling of the Joints, Ringworm and Tetter, Broken Breasts, Frosted Feet and Chilblains, Tootache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

The PAIN KILLER is by universal consent allowed to have won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medicinal preparations. Its instantaneous effect in the entire eradication and extinction of PAIN in all its various forms incidental to the human family, and the unsolicited written and verbal testimony of the masses in its favour, are its own best advertisements.

The ingredients which enter into the Pain Killer, being purely vegetable render it a perfectly safe and efficacious remedy taken internally, as well as for external application, when used according to directions. The slight stain upon linen from its use in external applications, is readily removed by washing in a little alcohol.

This medicine, justly celebrated for the cure of so many of the afflictions incident to the human family, has now been before the public over twenty years, and has found its way into almost every corner of the world; and wherever it is used, the same opinion is expressed of its real medical properties.

In any attack where prompt action upon the system is required, the Pain Killer is invaluable. Its almost instantaneous effect in Relieving Pain is truly wonderful; and when used according to directions, is true to its name.

A PAIN KILLER

it is, in truth, a Family Medicine, and should be kept in every family for immediate use. Persons travelling should always have a bottle of this remedy with them. It is not unfrequently the case that persons are attacked with disease, and before medical aid can be procured, the patient is beyond the hope of recovery. Captains of vessels should always supply themselves with a few bottles of this remedy, before leaving port, as by doing so they will be in possession of an invaluable remedy to resort to in case of accident or sudden attacks of sickness. It has been used in

Severe Cases of the Cholera,

and never has failed in a single case, where it was thoroughly applied on the first appearance of the symptoms.

To those who have so long used and proved the merits of our article, we would say that we shall continue to prepare our Pain Killer of the best and purest materials, and that it shall be every way worthy of their approbation as a family medicine

☞ Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1 00.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,

Manufacturers and proprietors, Providence, R I

*** Sold in Halifax by Avery Brown, & Co. Brown, Bros & Co, Cogswell & Forsyth. Also, by all the principal Druggists, apothecaries & Grocers. Sept 12.

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.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

A COUGH, COLD, or Sore Throat.

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

The Family.

Something Left Undone

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits—

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear;
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to-day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Theft for Life.

[From Hours at Home.]

Reader, have you ever noticed the savage expression of the figure 7; how cold and cruel it is, without one softening line?

Our earth has not journeyed around the sun many times since there came a year of dearth and sorrow indicated by the cruel 7. It was a year in which rich men grew pale with looking at the future, and they whose toil was bread went about the streets, written all over with want. Want of work, want of comfort, want of home, and a few—thank we God, not they all—bore the wants of little children with them.

I saw hungry, ravenous little eyes, looking out from the depth of strong men's gaze, as I went past them on the thoroughfares. I heard the plaint cry of small voices running fiercely through the manly words, 'Can I get any work here?' It was a cold morning in autumn that I heard this question.

'No,' was the answer. I saw it strike home, stronger than iron, louder than thunder to the man, and he turned away.

I followed him. Only a step from the door out of which he had come, there fell from that man's eyes a tear. It lay on the dark paving stone, and he—late the owner of it—went on.

Impelled—why, I knew not—I bent to look nearer. There were rays going out from it, little tears cast out from its fall, and I knew them every one. They came from little children at home.

O God! had you no angel leaning over the battlements of heaven; did no eyes look out of pearly gates, set ajar by Divine command, to watch that poor man's tear? I would have watched it with my mortal eyes go back to the air, but the many were pressing around me, and I must needs go on, as the strong man had done.

There is a famous market in the city that wears the crown of numbers, westward from the Atlantic. The same October day that witnessed the falling tear, there were pounds on pounds of flesh for sale within that market, for sale for gold.—Want, and hunger, and love went in; and to every one came the answer, 'God alone can buy this.'

One more ravenous than they all—for want has feet were in, want had uncovered his head—looked in. It was he who had let fall the tear. The man had a forceful power about him that made me tremble, and I watched him closely. From under his heavily-browed eyes, the man of flesh noted his brother go up and down, looking longingly at this, turning away with fierceness from that, until his watch was interrupted. Men came with gold to buy, and the man who brought only want, and hunger, and love, was forgotten.

'I cannot, cannot let them die.'

Who heard these words? Not you; not I; not the buyers for gold; but unto him who saith, 'The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine,' they went up.

A hand that had never stolen before, a hand quivering and pale, went forth. Out from the many pieces the hand took one. It was but one; it could never be missed.

Closely to a fast-beating heart the fragment of beef was pressed. The coat, woven over want, closed it in, and the thief went forth.

A great, deep sigh he shook out of his heart; and clasping the precious morsel tighter and tighter yet, he went, going toward the north, turning westward, taking the south on his way till he at length found the place he sought. He thought to lead his pursuers astray, if by chance had been seen by men.

There is a voice in that upper room as the thief draws near.

'Papa's coming home; there! don't you see him, Jenny?'

'He's walking fast, so fast, mamma,' said the little boy. 'I guess he's got work this time, and is hurrying home to tell us. Isn't it good of him?'

A wan, sweet face lifted itself into view a moment, then was pillowed again; and the same ear that listened to the husband and father's 'I cannot, let them die,' listened to the wife's unlipped thankfulness.

Up the stairs came the willing feet, that in that cruel year had so often gone up despondingly.

An instant more, and the door opened, and into the presence of wife and children the man went—guilty of theft.

'Children, I have food for you,' the father said, and he laid down the instrument of life.

'Little, eager, aching eyes devoured the food with sight, before the time.'

The wife looked up.

'Come here,' she said, and the man drew near and bent low, to hear what she might say.

He alone heard the words, but his answer was, 'Let not my wife condemn me.'

'How shall we cook it?' asked Jenny.

'I don't care, if its only done right quick,' said the boy; 'I am starving!'

'Yes, that is it—*starving*—boy,' said the father, catching the word and echoing it, for argument, at the wan, sweet face before him; and he went about to find the bits of kindling-wood that were left, for cold winter was yet spared them. The eking was not yet enough—Jenny's feet went to and fro in vain.

At last she said, peeping into an unfilled place, 'We've never any flour now; why keep the empty barrel here?'

'Why mamma?' echoed Fred.

The flourless barrel was devoted to the flames, and its consuming sent forth savory odors from the beef to the famishing.

The boy looked devouringly at the roasting meat, the little girl went to and fro bringing out the long unfilled plates, and the man, husband, father and thief stood watching every oozing life-drop that the fire drew forth with a hungerous look that seemed to say, 'Stay! you are all of life that we have.' It was ready to be eaten at last.

Again the husband bent over his wife.

'Drink, wife,' he said, and he held the broth that had been made. Her lips closed firmly.

'Think of the price,' she murmured. 'I cannot, cannot pay it.'

'Life or death,' answered the husband, 'choose, and oh, think of me.'

And love, the all hallowed, looked forth at her, and looking won, for her lips parted and drank in the life.

'Come, eat, papa, or you will not be able to work, and buy us more food,' urged Fred.

The father drew near where, without ceremony, hungry Fred and Jenny were eating the precious morsels. He took up a fragment. It was so long since he had tasted food. He raised his hand to his mouth.

'See, papa, there is blood upon you,' cried Jenny. 'How came it there?'

Yes, there where held the stolen fragment close to his heart, were the crimson stains.

The father dropped his hand. The morsel fell back untasted, for the door opened, and a city officer came in.

With him stood the man of flesh. 'We are right—here is our man,' he said, and the officer drew nearer.

'I am going with you, but not one word here,' said the quivering thief. 'Wait one instant.'

He bent for the third time over the wan, sweet, pillowed face, that the officer and man of flesh could not see. He whispered 'Tell *them* not—God will keep you till I come again;' and famished with hunger, and hunger for life, the thief went forth.

October's gold bunished the sky, October's gayest hues lay on the hills, October's blues blue brightened sound and river, when through the streets went the thief of meat the husband and the father.

The door of his prison, strong and cold, shut him in. . . . .

'Isn't it nice, oh! *so* nice, having enough for once?' said Jenny, when they were gone. 'I think that man is going to give father plenty of work, but I do wish he had let him wait to get some breakfast. He comes from the market, mamma; I used to go with Andrew to buy meat of him, but he did'nt know me up here.—It's *very* naughty for you to cry, is'nt it, mamma?' she asked, when she found tears dropping from eyes. 'Naughty to cry when God has given us food, you know.' And the tears of wife and mother were stayed.

The day waned and the night came on. The flour-barrel was giving out its last fire and warmth, when a soft knock came on the door.

Fred opened it. A young girl came in; she put down a basket, somewhat heavy for so slight a carrier. She looked a moment troubled—in doubt. A ruddy leap of flame showed up the room. She seemed content.

'Aren't you, Jenny?' she asked of the little girl; 'and you Fred?' of the boy.

The answers quite reassured the carrier of the basket, who sat in the chair Jenny proffered.

'Your father sent you the food,' she said, '*he* could not come, and I brought it to you. I will bring to you every day until he comes again; my name is Grace.'

And Grace outspread her humble fare, glancing the while at the corner cot.

The mother had fallen asleep; the savory broth was working well for life; the knock nor yet the voices aroused her, she slept on until the stars were out, and Grace was gone. Fred went down the stairs to hold her hand, lest she, unused to the way, might fall.

'Are you here uncle?' asked Grace, as they reached the street door.

'Waiting. Grace, give me the basket,' Fred heard her uncle say, and then he groped up again.

Jenny was on the floor, close to the waning light of the fire, peeping into the treasure-parcels, when Fred returned, and her mother awoke.

'O mamma,' she cried, 'here is some tea.—The sweetest little fairy that ever danced brought it, and she said her name was Grace. I wonder she did not awaken you.

Jenny caught up every fragment of the now thrice precious bits of barrel, and placed to do duty.

'What a darling cup of tea! how bright it makes your eyes, mamma!' said Jenny in the fullness of her joy.

In this October twilight, in his prison cell, the thief became an artist. How soft and beautiful were the pictures that he painted! and he wrought them so swiftly and well that, suddenly looking up, he saw them every one, brightly illuminated in his darkening cell. There, just over the barred window, hung a tiny portrait. That must have the light, for it is his mother; his mother, who only staid with him just long enough to paint the outline of herself on his boy heart, and now, on this night of all others, her son remembered her wonderfully well. She seemed to stand beside him and let fall the fingers of her hand, softly winding about them the curls of his head; and with a sudden recollection, the thief put up his hand to feel the short, stiff hair that had forgotten childhood and curls, and with a groan he murmured, 'Mother, mother!' and bitterly he shook off the years that lay between, and went weeping back to the threshold of life.

The next picture! How his tears had brightened it when he looked up! A wide-spreading river-meadow lay in all its summer sheen of glory. Bound in green of grass, edged with gold of lilies, ran the river past the meadow. A group of fishermen rested on the river bank. A tiny boat had just come to shore, and its fair rowers had left it to gather flowers from the field. One bent to treasure a group of summer violets. Her hand seemed staid, by what? Look closer; do you see a serpent coiled, with horrid head, to strike the fair hand? Who is it that strikes the serpent? You will need to look very closely to recognize the thief in his cell. And the young, sweet, grateful face that keeps no treasure back at this instant, giving out such a flood of health and beauty, that you feel as if you could look forever. A wan, sweet face, over which Jenny stoops, holding the precious cup of tea, is like it, only a thousand fold more beautiful to the prisoner.

He turns away almost gladly from the meadow picture, and looks upon that large one. A pretty village church with a throng of villagers going in, and, standing just here at the central door, we look in, up the long aisle, and see two figures kneeling to receive the pastoral benediction. With a sudden start the thief rose up and paced his cell, walking fiercely and fast, until a thronging seemed to come upon his heart, and with hands pressed upon it, he stood still and looked at yet another picture. The church again; not the same, but yet a church, with a baptismal font, and holy drops of water gleaming on two infants' heads, who looked wonderingly up to know what these things could mean.

'O God! I gave them to thee, then and there, and thou wilt keep thine own,' murmured the man, and he caught by the window bars, and lifted himself up to see how God's heaven might look on this night. The stars were there, so calm and cold. 'But, they are not calm and cold, they all beat and throb, as if striving to tell us some new hymn of joy,' he said, 'Oh! why can I not hear it?' and he dropped back again to his own thoughts and the darkness. Rough outlines of the past grew in his mind. Death, loss, treachery, fire, and at the last, cruel, absolute want came upon him, and is it a wonder that on this night, prisoned for theft, the thief stood up suddenly before the mountain of his wrongs, and cried out, 'O God! where art thou?'

For answer, came the jailer, who started a little at the excited manner of his prisoner.

'Here is something for you to eat,' said the jailer, and he deposited the prison fare before the prisoner and went his way.

It was evening again, and again came the soft knock at the door, and the young girl and the basket.

A fire burned brightly now, for Fred had been out and in with bits of fuel, gathered from many places.

'Where is my father?' Fred asked; 'why does he not come? Tell him we have had food enough to-day, and we would rather see him.'

Grace looked pained. The mother helped her.

'Your father cannot come,' she said; 'he can only send us something to eat now. You must be patient, and ask no questions.'

'I am sure he will come back soon,' said Grace, by way of comfort, and stole up to say low a few words, not meant for Jenny and Fred, nor yet for you and me—a few words from the prisoned thief to his wife.

The days wore on. October's glory laid itself down before the throne of snow.

The prisoner was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The judge knew not of the wan sweet face, and the hungry little ones that tempted beyond manhood's power to resist. The prisoner had no one to plead for him, and so the majesty of the law was vindicated, and the thief went to work out his term.

Grace came on the evening of the day to tell her story. A something in her face made the children watch and listen that night, and Fred caught a few words, just enough to let into his mind the consciousness that his father was in prison. He followed Grace down stairs. He would not let her go to her uncle, waiting outside, until he had told her how much he knew; until he had won from her that his father was in prison for stealing the piece of meat that kept them from starving.

Fred went to his bed that night with the sense of a great wrong tearing at his heart; but he kept his secret manfully from Jenny and from his mother, and between his heart and his tears, he resolved to free his true father from so wretched a place.

The mother heard Fred lisp, a long time after he had been asleep, 'Grace will tell me where to find him.' She waited and listened, but Fred told no more, and the mother went back to her work that she must finish ere she slept, or the two rooms would no longer give them the name of home, and who would help the wife and children of a man prisoned for theft? And working the while, she also dreamed of a prison house, distant a little way; dreamed of one, a martyr there—he who laid down his manhood, his right to stand erect before his fellow-men, laid them down at the feet of wife and children; and (only in her dream, you know) she built a little throne, and crowned the martyr there; then bowing down before it she worshipped not the throne, nor its heart crowned king, but the King of kings, and she offered him the incense of gratitude—yes, gratitude for the poor prisoner, waiting the time of his release—throned within a cell.

(*Conclusion next week.*)

Temperance.

Drinking Toasts.

A German nobleman once paid a visit to Great Britain, when the practice of toasting and drinking healths was at its height. Wherever he went, during a six months' tour, he found himself obliged to drink, though never so loath. He must pledge his host and his hostess. He must drink with every one who would be civil to him, and with every one, too, who wished a convenient pretext for taking another glass. He must drink a bumper in honor of the King and Queen—in honor of Church and State, in honor of the army and navy. How often did he find himself retiring, with throbbing temples and burning cheek, from these scenes of intrusive hospitality! At length his visit drew to a close, and to require, in some measure, the attentions which had been lavished upon him, he made a grand entertainment. Assembling those who had done him honor, he gathered them around a most sumptuous banquet, and feasted them to their utmost content. The tables were then cleared. Servants entered with two enormous hams; one was placed at each end; slices were cut and passed round to each guest—when the host rose, and with all gravity said, "Gentlemen, I give you the King; please eat to his honor." His guests protested. They had dined; they were Jews; they were already surcharged through his too generous cheer. But he was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he, "for six months you have compelled me to drink at your bidding. Is it too much that you should now eat at mine? I have been submissive, why should you not follow my example? You will please do honor to your King! You shall then be served with another slice in honor of the Queen—another to the prosperity of the royal family, and so on to the end of the chapter!"

"We shall Eat the Fruit"

A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was at one time fond of the social glass, but was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after he observed his wife one morning busily employed planting rose bushes and fruit trees. "Mary," said he, "I have owned this cot for five years, and yet I have never known you before care to improve and ornament it in this manner." "Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you gave up the drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that, should I do it, some *strangers* would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. *We* shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

Drink and Commerce.

Five years ago a large number of persons who were earning considerable wages at the Nottingham Potteries signed the pledge, and the residents in the neighbourhood discovered to their astonishment that their business had increased in a remarkable manner, and the solution was found in the fact, that about £10,000 had been in a short space of time taken out of the public house, and about £20,000 had been put into the pockets of other tradesmen. In the time of Father Matthew, a number of miners who used to spend at a shop connected with the Knockmahon mine about £400 every month, were found to earn twice as much wages, and they were enabled to spend £800 per month in the shop, because they abandoned intoxicating drinks.

WOODILL'S
WORM LOZENGES.
ARE THE ONLY
CERTAIN, SAFE and EFFECTUAL
Remedy for Worms

THEY never fail to act when properly used and are CERTAIN to exterminate any of the different species of Worms which inhabit the different parts of the intestinal canal,

They do not contain Calomel.

or any other mineral substance, but are purely VEGETABLE and therefore SAFE. They act on the WORMS only, producing no other constitutional effect than that which would follow a dose of SENNA, CASTOR OIL or SALTS.

In the treatment of WORMS the principal indication is the EXPULSION of the Worms from the Bowels. This may be fulfilled in some instances by active Purgatives, which expel by increasing the peristaltic action of the bowels, or by Anthelmintics, which favor their expulsion through the ordinary contraction of the bowels by destroying them, or rendering them less able or less disposed to resist this contraction. Other preparations in use possess the latter property only, and to a feeble extent, for to produce it, it is necessary to give large and nauseous doses, and on the following day some purgative to carry off the effects of the previous day's medicine.

The combination of these two modes constitutes

Woodill's Worm Lozenges

thus not only destroying by their anthelmintic, but removing immediately by their purgative properties. It is upon this union that we claim the

SUPERIORITY AND ORIGINALITY OF

Woodill's Worm Lozenges,

as they are the only preparations combining these essential qualities. The ingredients both ANTHELMINTIC and PURGATIVE, composing them are eminently calculated to produce the best results, in accordance with the object of their combination, while they are both pleasant and agreeable to the taste.

Be particular to ask for WOODILL'S. They are the only kind free from danger, and there are none more efficacious. They can be had of all Druggists and Medicine Dealers throughout the Provinces. The price is only 25 cents per box.

☞ Be careful to take notice that WOODILL'S are of a pink color.

Prepared only by
WOODILL BROTHERS,
City Drug Store,
Aug. 9 131 Hollis St., Halifax

Miscellaneous Works

FOR General Reading—new opening, at the Wesleyan Book Room.

Prepare for the Worst by getting
A BOTTLE OF LANGLEY'
Cordial Rhubarb,
OR
Anti-Cholera Compound.

IN the present age of humbug it it hard for a genuine preparation, however good it may be, to escape the open or the covert sneer and the muttered condemnatory word

"QUACK."

that many preparations thoroughly deserve on account of their utter worthlessness.

Langley's Cordial Rhubarb

has however managed not only to escape censure but also to obtain high praise. This it has done simply by being what it purports to be

A Reliable Medicine

or a specified complaint. It does not propose to cure a dozen different diseases of most opposite natures, but confines itself with great modesty to one particular class of diseases, viz: those arising from a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels. This Cordial is therefore good for

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY & CHOLERA.

It has been used with great success in the EAST INDIES, and having been introduced there by officers at one time stationed in this garrison Lately it has found its way to the COAST OF AFRICA, and is there fast becoming esteemed for its curative powers as a specific for Asiatic Cholera. Each bottle has around it a copy of the "Recommendations of the Royal College of Physicians on the subject of Cholera"—of itself worth the price of the bottle. Price 50 cts per bottle. A liberal discount to dealers. Prepared by

GEO. JOHNSON,
148 Hollis treet, Halifax, N. S.
And sold by all Druggists. may 9

LANGLEY'S PILLS.

ARE a purely Vegetable preparation, and may be taken at any time by either sex without fear or danger, as they are free from all deleterious compounds of *mercury* and Drastic Purgatives. Their action is gentle, without causing the least uneasiness, yet effectual in removing all impure and acrimonious accumulations from the blood and system, gradually compelling the various functions of the body to act in a regular and spontaneous manner. Unlike many remedies, they do not induce liability to take cold nor establish a necessity for the habitual use of purgatives. They thus strongly recommend themselves as a first class FAMILY MEDICINE.

Sold by GEO. JOHNSTON, London Drug Store, 148 Hollis street. March 16.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
Price Twenty-Five Cents per Bottle.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PERSONS in Canada and the British Provinces are respectfully notified that RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is only 25 Cents per bottle in specie. In the United States, in consequence of the great advance of materials, and the high premium in gold, the retail price is 50 Cents per bottle; but in the Canadas and British Provinces of North America, where specie is the currency used in exchange for goods, the sum of Twenty-Five Cents only is charged. Dealers and Druggists are supplied at prices to enable them to sell at this price.

DR. RADWAY & Co., of New York, respectfully notify their Agents and Dealers, that they have established a branch laboratory and warehouse, for the manufacture and sale of their remedies in the City of Montreal, C.E.

Address, DR. JOHN RADWAY.
220 St. Paul Street Montreal.

WONDERFUL CURES ARE DAILY EFFECTED.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

ITS THREE METHODS OF APPLICATION.

Either of which for the ailments and diseases prescribed, will afford immediate relief, and consequent cure.

RUBBING THE SPINE.

This method of application should be resorted to in all cases of SPINAL AFFECTIONS, OR WEAKNESS, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUSNESS, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SPASMS, SCIATICA, GOUT, Paralysis, Numbness, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Uretha, Difficulty of Passing Water, Pain in the Small of the Back, Cramps and Spasms, PAIN in the Hips, Back and Thighs, Weakness and Lameness in the Back or Legs.

And in all Female Complaints, such as Leucorrhœa, Weakening Discharges, Obstructions, Retention, Weakness, Prolapsis Uteri, Hysterics, Headache, &c., &c.

In these cases, the entire length of the Spine should be rubbed for 10 or 20 minutes, three times per day. In many instances the most severe and agonizing pains will cease during the process of the FIRST RUBBING. Its continued use a few times will cure the patient of the most aggravating and long standing diseases.

Persons suffering from either of the above named complaints, should not hesitate a moment to apply the Ready Relief, as directed. *It will surely cure.*

The Rubbing should be continued until a sense of heat and irritation or burning is experienced. If you succeed in securing this action on the skin and back, you may feel perfectly satisfied of a cure—it is a sure sign.

SECOND METHOD OF APPLICATION.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY.

By Rubbing the part or parts of the body where the disease or pain is seated, with the Ready Relief.

In ninety-five cases out of one hundred, the most severe pains will cease by one Rubbing with the Relief.

IN ATTACKS OF SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, INFLUENZA, THE RELIEF SHOULD BE APPLIED TO THE THROAT AND CHEST. IN A FEW MOMENTS THE SORENESS, IRRITATION AND INFLAMMATION WILL CEASE.

Let the Ready Relief be applied in this manner for the following complaints:

RHEUMATISM, TIC DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, EARACHE, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS or KIDNEYS, SPRAINS, STRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES, WOUNDS, CRAMPS, BURNS, SCALDS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, MOSQUITO BITES, STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS, CHILBLAINS, DEAFNESS, SUN STROKE, APOPLEXY, EPILEPTIC FITS, ASTHMA, BALDNESS, SORENESS and PAINS IN THE LEGS, FEET, JOINTS, &c., LAMENESS, SWELLINGS of the KNEES, FEET, LEGS, &c., SORE EYES, and in all cases where there is pain or distress, the READY RELIEF, if applied over the part or parts, will afford immediate ease.

There is no other remedy, Liniment, or Pain-Killer in the world that will stop pain so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THIRD METHOD OF CURE.

TAKEN INTERNALLY.—One teaspoonful or more, if necessary, to a wineglass of water every hour until relief is afforded. One dose in most cases will prove sufficient.

DIARRHŒA, BILIOUS CHOLIC, LOOSENESS OF THE BOWELS, SICK or NERVOUS HEADACHE, FOUL BREATH, HYSTERICS, WORMS, CHOLERA MORBUS, WIND CHOLIC, SPASMS, PURGING, HEARTBURN, FITS, SEA SICKNESS, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS, VOMITING, SOUR STOMACH, HYSTERIA, CONVULSIONS, BAD DREAMS.

CANADA CHOLERA.

An immediate cure of this complaint is secured by the use of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Let those seized with it give it a trial. Use it as follows: Take a teaspoonful of RELIEF in a wine-glass of water, as a drink, every half hour. Two or three doses are generally sufficient. Also bathe the stomach and bowels with the RELIEF, and lay a piece of flannel soaked in RELIEF across the bowels. This will be found an effectual and speedy cure. In 1849 and '54, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF cured the worst cases of Asiatic Cholera after all other remedial agents failed. It has cured thousands of Diarrhœa, Painful Discharges from the Bowels, Cholic, Cramps and Spasms by ONE dose.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF AS A LINIMENT.

For all the purposes of a Liniment or Opodildoc, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, diluted with proof spirits, will make the best Liniment in the world. One pint of proof spirits, mixed with one bottle of Ready Relief, will give a superior liniment to any in use. This mixture is used by the most celebrated sporting gentlemen in Europe and America, in the treatment of Swellings, Galls, Sprains, Strains, Spavins, &c., on horses. Persons desirous of a good liniment, try it.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is sold by Druggists and Medicine venders everywhere. Price 25 Cents per bottle. In all cases, see that the fac simile signature of RADWAY & Co. is on the front and back of each label, and the letters R. R. R., RADWAY & Co., blown in the glass.

DR. JOHN RADWAY & CO.,
220 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

THE KING'S EVIL.

THE GREAT SORE MEDICINE.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.

THIS MEDICINE is for the radical cure of all kinds of Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Ulcers, Tumors, Swellings of the Glands, Tubercles in the Lungs, Ulcers in the Womb, Sores in the head, in the Nose and Mouth, Sore Eyes, Sore Legs, Pimples, Blotches, and, in fact, all kinds of Eruptive, Syphilic and Chronic Diseases, Bronchitis, Hacking Dry Coughs, &c.

Dose of this Remedy: two teaspoonful three times per day for an adult.

One bottle of RADWAY'S RESOLVENT possesses more of the active cure of disease than six bottles of the best approved Sarsaparillas in use.

There is no person, however, severely afflicted with Sores, or Eruptive Diseases, but will experience a great improvement in health by the use of this Remedy for six days. One bottle has cured many hopeless cases. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price One Dollar.

DR. J. RADWAY & CO.,
220 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

TASTELESS PILLS.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT
To the Medical Profession!

J. H. WOOLRICH recommends with confidence the following Pills, which are covered with a non-metallic film, rendering each Pill perfectly tasteless. The Pills present an elegant pearl-like appearance, and may be kept in the mouth several minutes without taste, although readily dissolving, even in coldwater, in a short time.

ASSORTED STOCK ON HAND:

Pilulæ Aperiens	Pilu'æ Rhei Co.
" Ferri Co	" Rhei Co c Hyar.
" Aloes e Myrrh "	" Quinæ et Ferri Carb
Ext Gent.	Ext. Gent.
" Opii	" Rhei Co c Capsici.

Every Pill is warranted of an uniform strength, and manufactured with pure English Drugs. Prices made known on application. Any formula dispensed and corked at a small charge extra.

Put up in gross boxes.

N. B. Doctors and Druggists in the country will do well to forward their orders as early as possible, as time is required to dry and prepare the Pills

A remittance of $4 will ensure *liberal* and *prompt attention.*

Always on hand, a well selected stock of Pure English DRUGS and CHEMICALS, maeutical Preparations, &c. Address—

J. H. WOOLRICH,
ap 18 English Pharmacy Halifax N

O, sing unto the Lord a new song;
Sing unto the Lord all the earth.

FOR FAMILIES,
The Prayer Meeting.
AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Where all should unite together, young and old in singing psalms and hymns and spiritual sonld; the new HYMN and TUNE BOOK,

HAPPY VOICES,

is precisely what is wanted, and is just the book that thousands have been so long and anxiously desiring might be published. The hymns and Tunes are such as all in the Home Circle and Sabbath School will love to sing. More than half of them have the charm of novelty and freshness; and the others are old and endeared favorites, selected from the multitude already in use, as of sterling value and worthy of perpetuation, and adapted to all occasions, and are of unusual variety and excellence. The aim has been, not only to delight the young, but to do them good—win and guide them to their best Friend, cheer them in His service, and draw out warm hearts and happy voices in his worship. The volume contains

244 *Hymns*, 84 *of which are ORIGINAL*, 176 *Tunes*, 95 *of which are ORIGINAL*;

176 pages, square 16m

Please compare the size of page, clearness of type, and strength of binding with any other book of this class, and you will be convinced that for SIZE and PRICE it is the

BEST AND CHEAPEST MUSIC BOOK

that has ever been published.

—PRICES—

In stiff paper covers, with cloth backs, $30 per 100
$35 per 100
In Boards,

Do not purchase any other book for your Sabbath School until you have carefully examined

HAPPY VOICES.

Where Churches and Sabbath School desire only one book both for their Social Religious Meetings and Sabbath school, Happy Voices will meet their wants better than any one book that is published. Such endeared hymns as those commencing—

"Praise to God, the great Creator,"
"Just as I am—without one plea,"
"Am I a Soldier of the Cross."
"My Faith looks up to Thee."
"Jesus, Lover of my Soul."
"Hark, the herald angels sing."
"Come thou fount of every blessing."
"To-day the Saviour calls."
"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone."
"Come hither, all ye weary souls."
"When marshalled on the mighty plain."
"When I survey the wondrous Cross"
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."
"There is a fountain filled with blood."
"Not all the blood of beasts."
"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing"
"From Greenland's icy mountains."
"The morning light is breaking."
"When I can read my title clear"
"Rock of Ages cleft for me"
"My Country 'tis of thee."
"Nearer my God to Thee."

and numerous others, dear to every christian hear, with such Tunes as Antioch, Belief, Dennis, Duke Street, Fount, Harwell, Lebanon, Maitland, Mozart, Oxford, Pasture, Refuge, Shining Shore, Ware, and others well known in our devotional meetings, as well as in the Home Circle, gives assurance that all that can be expected of, and in, Our Book, cheap in price, and convenient in size, will be found in

HAPPY VOICES,

3 m. N. P. KEMP,
40 Cornhill, Boston.

E. REMINGTON & SONS.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Revolvers, Rifles,
Muskets and Carbines,
For the United States Service. Also,
Pocket and Belt Revolvers,
REPEATING PISTOLS,
RIFLE CANES REVOLVING RIFLES,
Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, and Gun Materials sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

In these days of Housebreaking and Robbery, every House, Store, Bank, and Office, should have one of

REMINGTONS' REVOLVERS.

Parties desiring to avail themselves of the late improvements in Pistols, and superior workmanship and form, will find all combined in the New

Remington Revolvers.

Circulars containing cuts and description of our Arms will be furnished upon application.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion., N. Y.
MOORE & NICHOLS Agents,
ju 6 No. 40 Courtland St New York.

NEW CHURCH MUSIC.
THE OFFERING.

A COLLECTION of New Church Music consisting of Metrical Tunes, Chants, Sentences, Quartets, Motets and Anthems, designed for the use of Congregations, Choirs, Advanced Singing Schools, and Musical Societies,

By L. H. Southard.

This is a collection of New Music and not merely a new Collection of old Music. The pieces it contains are as various in character as the occasions they are designed to supply, and will be found to possess unusual excellence. The established reputation of Mr. Southard will attract to this new volume the special attention of those with whom really good music is a desirable acquisition.

Copies will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price,

Price $1.50 a copy, $13.50 per doz.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
july 18 277 Washington street, Boston.

THE
SINGER
FAMILY MACHINE

OUR Letter A. Family Sewing Machine, with all the new improvements, is THE BEST and CHEAPEST, (working capacity considered) and most beautiful Sewing Machine in the world.

No other Sewing Machine has so much capacity or a great range of work, including the delicate and ingenious process of Hemming, Braiding, Binding Embroidering, Felling, Tucking, Cording, Gathering, &c.

The Branch offices are well supplied with Silk Twist, Thread, Needles, Oil, &c., of the best quality. Machines for Leather and Cloth work always on hand.

The Singer Manufacturing Company,
No. 458 Broadway, New York,
Oct 25 H. A. TAYLOR, Agen, Halifax.

Hams, Maple Sugar,
CONFECTIONARY, Nuts, Figs,
Raisins, Apples.

All fresh and in prime order, at
H. WETHERBY & CO'S.
may 9. NEW GROCERY STORE,
Opposite the Colonial Market

THE STANDARD
Life Assurance Company,
Established 1825
With which is now united the
Colonial Life Assurance Comp'y

Colonial and Foreign Assurances

AN amalgamation having been formed between the Standard Life Assurance Company and the Colonial Life Assurance Company, the business of the United Companies will henceforth be conducted under the title of the

STANDARD LIFE ESSURANCE COMP'Y.

The Annual Revenue of the Standard Company is now upwards of £650,000, and the Accumulated Funds amount to upwards of £[illegible]. The New Business transacted during the past year amounted to the large sum of £1,[illegible] with corresponding Premiums amounting to £[illegible] per annum.

Moderate Rates charged for residents in the Colonies, India and other places abroad.

Local Boards and Agencies in all the Principal Colonies, where every facility will be afforded for the transaction of business, and where Policies may be received and Claims paid.

PROFITS divided every five years.

The New Colonial and Foreign Prospectuses may be had on application at the Chief Office of the Company, or to the Agents at home and abroad.

WM. THOS. THOMSON,
Manager and Actuary.
D. CLUNIE GREGOR,
Colonial and Foreign Secretary.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.
Office....227, Hollis Street.

Board of Management:
The Hon M B Almon, Banker.
Charles Twining, Esq., Barrister.
The Hon Alex. Keith, Merchant.
J. J. Sawyer, Esq., High Sheriff, Halifax.
Secretary and General Agent for Nova Scotia and P. E. Island—MATTHEW H. RICHEY.
Medical Adviser—D. McNeil Parker, M. D.
june 6 6 m.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!
Let the Afflicted read,
—AND—
Know of the Astounding Efficacy
OF THE
Great Humor Remedy

HOWARD'S VEGETABLE
CANCER & CANKER SYRUP.

Surpasses in efficacy, and is destined to Supersede all other known remedies in the treatment of those Diseases for which it is recommended.

It has cured Cancers after the patients have been given up as incurable by many physicians

It has cured Canker in its worst forms, in hundreds of cases.

It has always cured Salt Rheum when a trial has been given it, a disease that every one knows is exceedingly troublesome and difficult to cure

Erysipelas always yields to its power, as many who have experienced its benefits do testify.

It has cured *Scrofula* in hundreds of cases, many of them of the most aggravated character.

It cures King's Evil.

It has cured many cases of Scald Head.

Tumors have been removed by it in repeated instances in which their removal has been pronounced impossible except by a surgical operation.

Ulcers of the most malignant type have been healed by its use.

It has cured many cases of Nursing Sore Mouth when all other remedies have failed to benefit.

Fever Sores of the worst kind have been cured by it.

Scurvy has been cured by it in every case in which it has been used, and they are many.

It removes White Swellings with a certainty no other medicine has.

It speedily removes from the skin all Blotches, Pimples, &c., which though not very painful, perhaps, are extremely unpleasant to have.

It has been used in every kind of humor, and never fails to benefit the patient.

Neuralgia, in its most distressing forms, has been cured by it when no other remedy could be found to meet the case.

It has cured Jaundice in many severe cases.

It has proved very efficacious in the worst Piles, an extremely painful disease.

Dyspepsia, which is often caused by humor, has been cured by it in numerous instances.

In Female Weaknesses, Irregularities and diseases peculiar to that sex, has been found a most potent remedy.

In cases of General Debility, from whatever cause, the Syrup can be relied on as a most efficient tonic.

It is a most certain cure for Rickets, a disease common to children

Its efficacy in all diseases originating in a depraved state of the Blood or other fluids of the body, is unsurpassed. Its effects upon the system are so astonishing and almost beyond belief to one who has not witnessed them.

This Syrup will as certainly cure the disease for which it is recommended as a trial is given it and the cure will be permanent, as it, by its wonderful searching power, entirely eradicates the disease from the system. The afflicted have only to try it to become convinced of what we say in regard to it, and to find relief from their sufferings.

Price, $1 per Bottle—or $6 for 6 bottles.

Prepared by D. Howard, Randolph, Mass.

James O. Boyle & Co. (Successors to Redding & Co.) 8 State street, Boston. Proprietors, to whom all orders should be addressed—and by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

☞ Cogswell & Forsyth and Thomas Dorney agents in Halifax. Aug 29 1y

PER "MOZART."

JUST landing per the above ship,

5 Casks English Drugs & Chemicals.

ENGLISH PATENT MEDICINES.

With an assortment of articles usually found in a Drug Store.

Particular attention is called to the following:

Bentley's Toilet Vinegar (superior.)	Epp's Homœopathic Cocoa
Rimmel's do	Hoppocod's Cream
Keating's Insecticide	Gum's Camelean
Eff Cit. Iron & Quinine	Hindu Hair Dye
Do do & Bismuth	Robinson's Corn Solvent
Do Carb. of Iron	Marking Ink
Do Magnesia	Bridenbach's Wood Violet
Cheltenham Salts	Asst'd Perfumes (choice)
English Raspberry Vinegar	Do Combs & Brushes
Ess. Mustard	Foulk's Toilette Powder
Judson's Dyes	Do Cement
Shellac	Jewsbury & Brown's Tooth Paste
Chamois Leathers	U. S. Soap.

J. H. WOOLRICH,
SOLE AG