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Religious Miscellany.

The Years! the Fleeting Years!

BY B. C. LEECH.

The old year has just gone to its silent grave,
Its cycle is filled at last;
Time hath borne it along on its onward wave,
And numbered it with the past;
Nor did it come and go for naught,
With many a blessing it hath been fraught
And many the lesson which it hath taught.

But a greeting we bring to the new born year:
To the bright new year, all hail!
May it bring to us health and wealth, good cheer,
And may peace o'er the earth prevail.
Gild us, O time! with a genial ray,
May the new year bring us a brighter day,
For still richer blessings we humbly pray.

The years, the years! O the fleeting years!
O how quickly they roll away;
How short, how brief doth each one appear,
When replete, they but seem a day.
Improve the moments as on they roll,
E'en this new year may be thy goal,
And unto thy Maker return thy soul.

"Touch us gently, Time!" as adown we glide
On thy ever rolling, onward tide,
And bear each frail bark o'er thy current wide,
And a harbor safe at last provide
In that beautiful land beyond the sky,
A rest in yon brighter world on high,
Where our harps with the ransomed ones shall vie.

Kind Father! whatever may be thy will,
Be thou our trust, our strength, and stay,
As through the past, so be to us still
A light to cheer us on our way.
Be with us, Lord, till our work is done,
And when at last our sands have run,
May we of Christ's be counted one.

Christianity and Infidelity.

BY J. FONTAINE.

The reader of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will, perhaps, remember a conversation between St. Clair and Uncle Tom, a short time after the death of little Eva, in which St. Clair tells him he shall soon be free, and adds, "You will leave me then, Tom." "No, Massa, I will never leave you as long as you are in trouble." "As long as I am in trouble!" said St. Clair, looking sadly out of the window, "and when will my trouble be over?" "When Massa shall become a Christian," said Tom. Poor, black slave, the immediate oracle of the Eternal God, the tongues of prophets and apostles could have told no more. For these six little words are the six stages to perfection, containing within themselves the sublimest maxims of every master, the purest morals of every civilization, and the philosophy of every age. Yes, indeed, it surpasses philosophy. For, after all, what is there in philosophy when compared with the heaven taught science of the gospel? The one confines man exclusively to the globe on which he lives, a mere atom thrown upon the limitless ocean of immensity; and in the eyes of superior beings, as it paces along the highway of its orbit, moving with a certain regularity of motion, and continually changing its position in relation to the glittering glories that surround it, appears of as little significance as a floating speck of perishable dust within the star-spangled concave of creation; and on this little stage its grandest operations are performed, and all the proudest exhibitions of its glory are displayed. And with what results? Can all the combinations of its greatest triumphs elevate the mind of man above the earth that feeds him, or the creatures that minister to his pleasures or his wants? Can they add the slightest amendment to the simplest law of nature, or affect the existing condition of things a steeple's height beyond the earth?

And this orb, the constant scene of perpetual change and periodical decay, is the birthplace of science, the home of philosophy, the deity of Rousseau, and the Paradise of Voltaire.

O Voltaire, thou brilliant but misguided child of genius! thou dark-winged angel of infidelity; is this the entire of the inheritance which you have left us?

O tell me, Christian soul, when you are lying weak and helpless on the bed of death, when your eyes are about to close forever on the contemplation of all sublunary things, when your whole frame is painfully agitated, and the stately temple of your body is falling into ruins, when the heart can no longer respond to the call of happiness, and the soul, like a wreck among the billows, is struggling in the last agonies of dissolution. O tell me, of what avail shall this inheritance be to you then?

None! none! none! Of no avail.

Well, we have examined Voltaire's philosophy, and we find that it leads to nothing. What a picture for the contemplation of the children of misfortune, penury and want; for the weary, toiling wretch, upon whose honest, swarthy brow the sweat of labor never dries between the cradle and the grave—does he, after all his trouble, receive nothing for his reward? This kind of an end of all, might do for the rich man of fine purple and of sumptuous feasts, but poor homeless, friendless, virtuous, life-long suffering Lazarus—is he, too, to have nothing? O shame on your injustice, Voltaire! Your faith was never intended for the poor. It is only fitted for tyrants, and made for the houses of kings. Woe be to your poor disciple. But let us leave this cold and naked moor of infidelity, and see if we cannot find some kind and loving teacher of the poor. Let us enter this cabin. On that low and ricketty stool is sitting Uncle Tom, with an open book lying on his knees, and he is there reading what he calls the poor man's philosophy—Word after word, as far and as fast as the "unlettered muse" can perform the task, he traces out the lines of living light upon the sacred page. "Come to me all ye that are weary and heavy laden; and I will give you rest;" and as the poor fellow reads he rejoices and is glad, because he knows that the day of his redemption is at hand; that soon he will be safe within his Father's "many mansions," where whips and chains, and Legree never more shall reach him. How wise that book makes him, too. It teaches him that his Father is in heaven; it declares to him His power. He learns from it that the earth is but a grain in the balance of His glory, that the lights of the firmament were of his kindling, and the unchangeable blue of the heavens was tinged by his hands. By the power of omnipotent faith it raises him above the earth that would chain him to misery and slavery, and brings him into the immediate presence of God who made him. It purifies his heart; it elevates his mind; it warms his breast with a more than earthly love, and fills his soul with gratitude and joy. It teaches him that the beginning of death is not the end of life, and the slumber of the grave is not eternal; and it explains to him, in terms of sublime simplicity, the august problem of immortality. Yes, indeed, it is the poor man's philosophy; for it cheers him with the prospect of a morning flushed with everlasting light, to succeed the cloudy evening that closes around the short and painful journey of human life, where the jaded soul at last shall find repose, in those quiet fields of Eden, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

What mortal sage or teacher of mankind could infuse into the chamber of the tomb the bright glory of eternal life, and console the heart-broken mourner in language like this: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live?" and what philosopher could ever write the sermon on the mount? What eloquent and patriotic Cicero could express his love of country in language like this: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?"

What philosopher ever before published to the world, under the simple image of a well of living water, the purity, holiness and sublimity of his doctrine in language like this: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life?" Not one.

In vain did the lofty soul of Socrates, with the unassisted powers of human genius, try to check the luxurious vices and licentious habits of his country; in vain did the chaste and elevated mind of Plato design new codes of moral government for the instruction of mankind.—Their power was scarcely felt beyond the gardens of the academy, and their influence expired with the genius which created it.

Not so with the divine spirit of Christianity, for when these illustrious stars of Greece have forever sunk in the oblivious west, when their very names are forgotten, and there is not a line of theirs remaining to tell the world that such miracles of genius lived, still shall be felt and heard to the remotest corner of the earth the power and voice of the Son of Mary and the fishermen of Galilee; still shall the Church of Christ, inspired by the Holy Ghost and guided by the finger of the Eternal God be seen advancing with the step of immortality and the blush of perpetual youth through the distance of ages, leaving the centuries behind her, growing more glorious by the extension of time, and increasing in strength as she advances in age. Still, at the door of the temple, shall the prayer of the publican be heard; still shall be witnessed some Baptist in the wilderness, calling a sinful people to repentance; still shall be found some weary, wretched and despairing St. Clair asking when will my trouble be over; and still shall be found, standing by his side, some despised and lowly but faithful Uncle Tom to answer, "when Massa shall become a Christian." Yes, noble, generous, kind, intellectual and sensitive St. Clair, your trouble would have been over had Massa but become a Christian.

Have I no Father.

I was once in an awful storm at sea; we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks; the steam engine would work no longer: the wind raged violently, and around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance, it was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on, and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bending her eyes anxiously to the door as if anxious for her father's reappearance. He came at last. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; and immense coat, great sea boots; an oil-skin cap with flaps hanging down his neck were streaming with the water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low birth of his child, and stretched his arms over her, but did not speak.

After a little while, he asked if she were alarmed. 'Father,' the child answered, 'let me be with you, I shall not be afraid.'

'With me!' he cried; 'you could not stand it for an instant.

'Father, let me be with you,' she repeated.

'My child, you would be more frightened then,' he kissed her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

'No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O! father let me be with you!' and she threw her arms round his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain that were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus in the presence of that child I had comforted myself, and when she went, I felt abandoned, and for the first time fearful, I rose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight! shuddering, I shrank back and threw myself again on my couch. Then came the thought: the child is content, she is with her father; 'and have I no father?' O God! I thank thee! in that moment I could answer, 'Yes.' An unseen father, it is true: and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father; a Father whose love surpasseth knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

Oh! cries the trembling soul, the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness and have no light. 'Be still, and know that I am God,' saith the Lord; be happy, and know that God is thy Father.

'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things shall work together for good to them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul; as the child clung to her father's bosom, so thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity he will appear to be with thee, or take thee to be with him.

How the Soul finds Christ.

BY GEO. B. CHEEVER.

There is no prayer that, as a bridge, reaches Christ as across a gulf, so that you can go over on the prayer, or swing yourself over as in a basket. Prayer is not a suspension bridge across the Niagara; over you work your way step by step, to the other side, as well without faith as with it. The bridge itself does not cross the torrent, nor you on it; but stops short, however far it may seem to carry you, and leaves you shut up to the necessity of stepping off by faith into the arms of an unseen Saviour. Now the thing is how to take hold of Christ; and it can be done only by faith in prayer. We do not mean faith in the efficacy of prayer, but faith exercised in the act of prayer, faith working by prayer, and so finding and laying hold upon Christ. And, therefore, the image or illustration from the rope-ladder may be taken from the bottom of the prison, and not from the top of the wall. Here you are, imprisoned in a dungeon, with walls reaching to the battlements, which you cannot scale, but if you can throw a rope to the top of the wall and make it catch with a knot upon a spike there, you may draw yourself up and get your liberty. Now, if that were sure and you could try the experiment, you would be at it until you succeeded. You would renew the attempt to make it catch, morning, noon, and night; and the moment it catches you conquer, and up you rise to liberty and light. This is an image of faith, yearning, struggling, darting the desires of the awakened soul after Christ. It will not give up the effort, though in ten thousand trials it seems unsuccessful, and the prayer, instead of catching and holding, seems to fall back into the soul's dungeon. At length it holds, and you know it, and Christ draws you up. But here again—in order to get clear away from this prison, in order to get quite out of the seventh into the eighth chapter of divine experience, where you can know and say, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath set me free from the law of sin and death"—you have got to throw yourself on Christ alone; for no ladder is long enough to carry you down or up, but will only serve as a thing to let go and drop from. And then and thus Christ does all, and saves you; and you find yourself incomprehensibly saved in him, without anything on your part but just letting yourself fall into his arms, when there was nothing else under heaven that you could do but just let go in reliance on him. Even as the prisoner, in the case before supposed, finds himself dangling at the end of his rope, all his strength gone, and yet in the dark, he cannot tell how far from the ground, but nevertheless is forced to let go. There is no faith there, but a frightful hazard and uncertainty. And yet such is the discipline by which God may bring the soul to the exercise of faith, may shut it up in faith, causing it to discover that, after all, faith is the only certainty. In such a case—crying out "Lord, save me! I perish!"—you encounter not a dreadful hazard, nor any dark, unfathomed, palpable abyss, but a blissful experience and assurance of salvation. Perhaps you were not brought to it till you got to end of your own means; and there is no merit in that—no merit in spending all that you have, and then discovering that it is all gone, and that only Christ can save you or you are lost.—*Independent.*

None other Name.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

I know of a case of a merchant in London, who was deeply impressed with his sinfulness, and his need of salvation; and he was laboring earnestly to be saved. He altered his outward conduct; he began to read religious service, and regularly went to his church; but he could not find peace. He tried to put himself through certain mental and spiritual exercises; still it was all in vain. The burden on his conscience seemed to become heavier, his sorrow and grief deeper and yet more deep. While he was in this state of distress, he was walking one day along one of the thoroughfares of the city of London, which I know very well across a bridge over a canal, at the end of which, in a spot where traffic could not be interrupted, a blind man was accustomed to sit and read from a raised Bible—that wonderful invention by which the blind can read. He was sitting there reading out loud, receiving pence from the passengers who chose "to help a poor blind man." As this gentleman passed, he saw a crowd; he went up to the edge of the crowd to see what was going on, and as he stood upon that spot, the blind man was reading this verse: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for their is none other name." He came to the bottom of the page, and, as he was turning over, he repeated it (as one does when he cannot find the place): "None other name—none other name!" This gentleman walked on about his business, but he could not forget the words that he heard "None other name—none other name!" On he went, and still the words were sounding in his mind: "None other name—none other name!" Through the bustle of the day, the still small voice kept repeating: "None other name—none other name!" He went to his home at night, and, as he went, the words were still in his mind: "None other name." He reached his home, and still the words were ringing, now like evening chimes with plaintive voice, "None other name! none other name!" none other name!" and now like matin-bells rejoicing from some village-spire: "None other name—none other name!" "Oh!" thought he, "I have found it. I have been making a mistake. I have been thinking I should be saved and find comfort and peace by prayer and strivings and efforts, but it is only Jesus who can save. I must cast myself upon him." So, with the simplicity of faith, as a little child he sought Jesus and cast himself on him alone, and then rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. —*Methodist.*

The Death of Children.

"Another year has closed. We stand in the harvest field gathering the grain, the four months of sunshine bound up in sheaves! But as you come again rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you, why that undertone of sadness in the harvest hymn? Ah! it is because there has been another reaper in your field, the reaper whose name is Death, who has not only mowed down the bearded grain, but "the flowers that grew between." Your children have been taken. But weep not. I always thank God when, descending with them to the brink of Jordan, little hands press mine, and it is the loving spirit of a confiding child I there behold. For verily to the eye of faith there is nothing fairer than the death of your children. Sight and sense indeed recoil from it. The flower that like a breathing rose filled the heart and home with fragrance—alas! we are stricken with sore anguish to see the stem broken, and the blossom gone. But to faith, eagle-eyed beyond human vision, and winged to mount over the fading rainbow into the blue heavens beyond—the death of a child is touchingly lovely. The rose does its work as grandly in blooming as the vine with its fruit. And helping to lift heavenward the hearts that broke at its farewell, it has gone ere the winds chilled or the rains stained it, leaving the place where it dwelt and the skies through which it passed still sweet with the lingering fragrance to the glory of an ever unfolding flower in the garden of God. And surely earth has no bloom like this. For such mortal loveliness to put on immortality—to rise from earth with so little memory of it that a mother's cradle seems to have been rocked in the house of the many mansions—to grow up from a child's joyous heart into the power of an arch-angelic intellect—to be raptured a sweet babe through the gates of Paradise. But tears will fall—mingling with the sunlight—yet together they form the covenent bow that spans the harvest-field to-day, promising the coming of a sorrowless time when into our immortal lives no rain shall fall, suggesting the harvest home of heaven! There is to be the fulfilment of it! He that goeth forth weeping shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. There is to be rest, reward! No more toil, nor tears, no harp wailing the sorrows of a bleeding, or a broken heart; but where the song, sinless, sorrowless, shall go up from the harvest-field of glory, on, onward still, to the ear and heart of the Eternal Father—the song like the sound of many waters, the song of the redeemed reapers over garnered immortality! God grant we may kindle in the raptures of that song! We ask no heaven besides."—*Dr. Carrol.*

Lord Napier of Magdala on Prayer

On Thursday at a meeting of the Evangelical Union, held at Exeter-hall, General Burrows related the following anecdote of Lord Napier, which had come under his notice: "Years ago," said Lord Napier, "in Edinburgh, I happened to read one of your delightful authors—a writer who, I believe, is very popular among you—I speak of Hugh Miller. I well remember a description there given of a scene which happened one stormy night. The mother of Hugh Miller was sitting in the house of a minister, and being terrified by one of the fiercest gusts of the storm, she ran to the minister's door and knocking at it said, "Come and let us pray for those that are at sea," and they knelt down and prayed. Her husband, who commanded a small coasting vessel, was out at sea that night, and during a tremendous gust of the storm, a mighty wave submerged the barque, which struggled as though she would never rise again, but at length she with difficulty emerged to the surface, and the father of Hugh Miller, who was at the wheel with the mate, said, as soon as he could recover his breath, 'There must have been a gude soul praying for us this night.' I felt," said Lord Napier, "that poor Abyssinian captives, as they breathed the open air after passing the gates of Magdala, might have said: 'There are many good souls praying for us this day.'"

Only the Devil.

In his History of Rationalism is Europe, Lecky tells us that Martin Luther had become so familiar with the persuasion of the continual presence and agency of the Adversary, that, whenever he heard any sound during the night in the Castle of Wittenburg, he dropped asleep quietly as soon as he had satisfied his himself that it was "only the Devil." What would have been to most persons a huge persuasive to activity was to him a reason for quietness. He must have been of the opinion of the good man who said to his frightened children: "My sons, you will never see anything worse than yourselves." Only keep out human burglars, and we need not fear any spectral mischief-makers. Luther was altogether right. It is natural, embodied evil, the tempters in flesh and blood, the fine gentlemen perhaps—which is the modern translation of the words "disguised as an angel of light"—that we should dread. So long as it is "only the Devil" we can set about our business, whether it be sleeping or working without fear.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Incarnation.

Humanity was never so honored as when Christ all d his divinity to it, when the divine "word became flesh and dwelt among us." Think of a human form on earth, filled with all the splendor of the Shechinah, a tabernacle of clay, with all the fullness of the Godhead! It is strange when dust has been thus honored by being knit to divinity, that it shall be honored again, that as our Lord's earthly body was like man's present body, man's resurrection body, shall be "fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body," be as immortal, as incorruptible, as glorious! Every feature beauty, every motion grace, every thought praise, and every movement ecstacy!

Religious Intelligence.

Wickedness in New York.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a discourse recently, spoke with great plainness of the wickedness of New York as seen in the corruption of her judges and magistrates, and in the toleration and prevalence of gambling, fraud, lewdness, etc. The city, he said, had nearly as many churches as dens of infamy; yet the pulpits of that city allowed all kinds of corruption to grow within its borders, until it is second only to Sodom and Gomorrah. Business men, who stand high in the church, set examples before their clerks that ought to make every honest man abhor them from the bottom of his heart. Ministers are supposed to be the mouthpieces of God; yet they grow fat in the service of the devil by keeping silent when they should lift up their voices and expose the wickedness of corrupt men in high places. Justice is bought and sold, or knocked down to the highest bidder. The very word 'judge' stinks; and could some of these ministers of so-called justice be placed under parental rule once more, so have the scenes of their childhood renewed, it would be a blessing to them and to their country. Were all the villainies of men in high places brought to light, they would include all the crimes known to Sing-Sing and Auburn. The people must rise up and show their abhorrence of these wicked men. Until the Church and its members do this we are at the mercy of swindlers and thieves.

Spain.

The following appears in the "Wesleyan Missionary Notices" for the month of December: The sudden and surprising political changes which have recently transpired in Spain have awakened a deep and earnest interest in that distracted and impoverished peninsula. It is impossible for Wesleyan Methodist to regard those changes with indifference. Years ago we endeavoured to give the Spaniards an open Bible and a pure Christianity; but the stringent measures of an intolerant Government compelled us to suspend our operations and to withdraw our missionary. A sweeping revolution has driven Isabella II. from the throne, and placed the reins of power in the hands of men of pronounced sentiments on the side of civil and religious liberty. Under these circumstances, the committee have anxiously considered the claims of Spain, and at their last meeting the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"1. That this committee views with the deepest interest the extraordinary events which have just occurred in Spain; the fall of a power which has always resisted the introduction of the Bible and of Protestant missions, the expulsion of the Jesuits, the suppression of the monasteries, and the proclamation of religious liberty; and it regards these results, notwithstanding any uncertainty which may yet hang over the future, as indicating, with a clearness which cannot be mistaken, the duty of Protestant Churches of this country to supply to the people of Spain the light of evangelical truth.

"2 The committee has already sanctioned the employment, at a limited expense, of a Spanish teacher, who has been directed to visit different parts of Spain, and to report the result of his observations; and it will continue carefully to watch the progress of events, especially with regard to the openings for mission work which may appear most eligible.

"3. The committee, however, find it absolutely impossible, in the present state of the society's funds, to undertake financial responsibilities, however urgent and promising the openings may appear; and they are of opinion that if a mission to Spain is to be commenced, it can only be by such an augmentation of the regular income as will be adequate to the required expenditure."

Wesleyan Missionary Society.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1868.

The Rev Samuel Romilly Hall, President of the Conference, in the Chair.

ROTUMAH.—The cordial thanks of the Committee to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society for consenting to bear the expense of an edition of the Testament in the language of the remote Polynesian island of Rotumah, translated by the Rev. W. Fletcher, B. A., were moved, and seconded, and adopted.

FIJI.—It was reported that a Life of Satataki Seileki, the native Fijian Minister, who was murdered with the Rev. Thomas Baker, in Fiji, on the 18th July, 1867, is prepared in the Fiji language, and is to be accompanied by the portrait which appeared in the "Wesleyan Juvenile Offering," in February, 1868.

TONGA.—It was also reported that King George of Tonga has held a Parliament, and that he has renounced his right to any sovereignty in the Fiji Islands, where there were many of his subjects residing for the purpose of trade and commerce.

CHINA.—The melancholy intelligence of the death of the Rev. James Caldwell, in China, by drowning, on the 5th of September, 1868, was announced.

FINGO SETTLEMENT.—The Rev. W. B. Boyce reported the interview with His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, at the Colonial Office, on the state of some of the settlements.

WESTERN AFRICA.—It was reported that two vacancies on the Gold Coast require immediate supply; but that no candidates have offered themselves. The Rev. W. West is about to return to that District, and hopes there will be no diminution in the number of the labourers in that important field. In the list of the accepted candidates for the Home Circuits, not required for immediate service, it is hoped there may be some who will willingly offer themselves for immediate employment abroad.

The Chinese residents of Portland, Oregon, have erected an Idol Temple.

General Miscellany.

The Golden Year.

Well, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote;
It was last summer on a tour in Wales.
Old James was with me: we that day had been
Up Snowdon; and I wished for Leonard there,
And found him in Llanberis; then we crost
Between the lakes, and clambered half way up
The counter side; and that same song of his
He told me; for I bantered him, and swore
They said he lived shut up within himself
A tongue tied Poet in the feverous days,
Thaat setting the *how much* before the *how*
Cry, like the daughters of the horse-leech "give,
Cram us with all," but count not me the herd!
To which, "They call me what they will," he said:
"But I was born too late: the fair new forms,
That float about the threshold of an age,
Like truths of science waiting to be caught—
Catch me who can and make the catcher crown
Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.
But if you care indeed to listen,
Hear these measured words, my work of yesterday morn.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
The dark Earth follows wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

"Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

"When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Through all the season of the golden year.

"Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy day
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

"Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the press;
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward,
With silks and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

"But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?"

Thus far he flowed and ended; whereupon
"Ah, folly!" in mimic cadence answered James,
"Ah, folly!" for it lies so far away.
Not in our time, nor in our children's time,
'Tis like the second world to us that live,
'Twere all as one to fix our hope on heaven
As on this vision of the golden year."

With that he struck his staff against the rocks
And broke it,—James,—you know him,—old but full
Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet,
And like an oaken stock in winter woods,
O'erflourished with the hoary clematis:
Then added, all in heat:
"What stuff is this?
Old writers pushed the happy season back—
The more fools they; we forward: dreamers both;
You most, that in an age, when every hour
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
Live on, God loves us, as if the seedsman, rapt
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip
His hand into the bag: but well I know
That upon him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

He spoke; and high above, I heard them blast
The steep slate quarry, and the great echo flap
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Yankee Girls.

The paleness in the American girls, though often beautiful, is too universal; an eye from the old country begins to long for a rosy cheek. Lowell said that color was a thing of climate, and that I should find plenty of rosy cheeks among the mountains of Maine, where there is more moisture in the air. It may be so; I never got to the Maine mountains to see. But as far as my observation went, I never saw any, either on mountain or valley, in any part of New England. My private impression is, making all allowance for the influence of dry air, that the peculiar paleness of the New England girls connects itself with too much metaphysics and pie.

I have strong convictions on the subject of pie. Not to speak of mere paleness, I don't see how the Americans can reconcile it with their notions of what is due to the laws of nature to live to the age they do, considering the amount of pie they eat, and the rapidity with which they eat it. I don't remember that I ever sat down to a dinner in America, even in a poor man's house, without finding pie of some kind, often of several kinds, on the table, and without finding that everybody partook of it, down to the microscopic lady or gentleman whom we should call the baby. Pie is indispensable. Take anything away, but leave the pie. Americans can stand the prohibition of all intoxicating drinks but attempt to prohibit pie, and you would plunge America into revolution in a day.

Then metaphysics. In one family which I visited, in the Connecticut Valley, two of the girls were deep in the study of algebra and metaphysics, as a voluntary exercise, and shut themselves up for three hours a day, with Colenso and Sir William Hamilton, and Kant. This was perhaps exceptional; but the American brain is very busy. It develops very soon and very fast, and begins at an exceedingly early age to exercise itself with the abtruser studies. Parents and teachers often told me that their difficulty, with the girls especially, was, not to get them urged on, but to get them held back. In one young ladies' seminary which I visited, they were held back with the following light studies in addition to all the ordinary branches: Virgil and Horace, Latin prose composition, anatomy, and higiene, moral philosphy, mental philosophy, and quadratic equations. To this add pie and hot bread, and what could you expect but paleness, even among the mountains of Maine?

Paleness and pie notwithstanding, the American girls are very delightful; and, in one point they fairly surpass the majority of English girls—they are educated and well informed. . . . Some girls are fascinating, whether they are educated or not; but to be left alone, as one sometimes is, with a girl who knows nothing, in a room, with no piano, is exceedingly embarrassing—after the weather has been exhausted. There is never the same difficulty with American girls. The admirable educational system of New England, covering the whole area of society, has given them education, whether they be poor or rich; has furnished them with a great deal of useful information, and has quickened their desire for more.

American girls will talk with you about anything, and feel (or, what has the same effect, seem to feel) interested in it. Their tendency is, perhaps is to talk too much, and talk beyond their knowledge. With the cleverer (or, as they would say themselves, the smarter,) of them, it seemed to me sometimes to make no perceptible difference whether they knew anything of the subject they talked about or not. Mentioning this feature of American character to a Boston gentleman, he said: "It is true—I was struck in England with the silence of the people when they had nothing to say. One time, travelling in the carriage with a nobleman, I asked him his opinion of the ballot. He replied: "I have not considered the matter yet." You might travel all over America, said my friend, 'and never hear a man say that.' But the American girls know a little of everything, and their general intelligence and vivacity make them delightful companions.

I had an idea, before going over, that the New England ladies spent their time over intellectual pursuits, to the neglect of household duties. I did not find it so. Comparing class with class, they are quite as good housekeepers as I have seen anywhere. They had need be, for service at present is in a very wretched condition in America; so much so, that middle-class families in the country often dispense with servants altogether. The young ladies can make beds, as well as demonstrate propositions, and their mental philosophy, whatever it amounts to, never interferes with the perfection of the pies."

—*A Scottish Traveller.*

Bed Rooms.

As one-third of our entire existence is spent in our chambers, in the unconscious happiness of sleep, and as good health is impossible without the habitual breathing of a healthy atmosphere, the importance of inhaling a pure air during sleep is self-evident. No sleep can be sound and healthful unless the person is comfortably warm; and many a man who has gone to bed in health has awakened with a mortal malady, or one involving long-life suffering, by having been exposed to a draft of air upon some part of the body while asleep, either from an open door, an open window, a broken pane or an unstopped crevice.

Three things, then, are indispensable to the healthfulness of a bed-chamber, we must be comfortably warm, must not be exposed to drafts of air, and must be supplied with pure air, not very cold. A great deal has been written about sleeping with windows sky-high, so as to let in all out of doors; none but monomaniacs or born fools write thus; we know that many persons have met their deaths by having been exposed by means of an open window to a sudden change in the weather during the night; and certainly the safe side is the best.

In cold weather there should be fire in an open fireplace all night, and air enough will get in at the crevices of the doors and windows to create a current, driving the bad air up the chimney. In summer a lamp or a candle may be burned standing in the fire-place, unless the door of the hall is left open; but as mot persons, at least in cities, do not feel safe to sleep with an open door, the lamp is a good substitute. A window may be hoisted, but there are comparatively so few nights during the year to make it safe to do so, that the fire or open door is preferable. There is no advantage of going to bed or undressing in a cold room; all invalids and sedentary persons should undress, sleep and arise, in a room not lower than fifty degrees; and if it was seventy, while rising, so much the better. The old, the sedentary, and the sickly, should sleep on feather beds in cold weather; if they sleep on mattrasses, it often requires so much bed-clothing to keep them comfortably warm, that it oppresses the breathing, and so confines the foul air above the bed, as to make them restless. In a close room the first out breathing contaminates the whole volume of air in the apartment; and this will go on until at last there is not enough pure air to sustain life, and the man dies; but when the hot air comes in at the ceiling, it forces the bad air to the floor, so that if holes are open in the floor, or around the base-board, and the floor is furred, the bad air escapes in that direction, heating the floor in its passage outwards, thus effectually preventing cold floors, which cause cold feet, making our wives and daughters cross, and enriching the doctor and apothecary.—*Hall.*

The Curse of the Hour.

There is too much lying. On every hand we meet with exaggeration, equivocation and deception. We call it all lying, and every man or woman who varies one iota from the strictest fact and truth is indeed a liar.

The expressman agrees most solemnly to deliver a trunk for you at a certain place and hour. He delivers it the day after the time promised, and thus lies. The grocer promises to send you the best tea in the market. He takes the first his hand falls upon, without any regard to the quality, and despatches it to you without a twinge. He is a liar. The printer promises to do your work cheaper than it can be done elsewhere in town. He forgets his promise—charges you what he pleases—and lies. The tailor agrees to deliver a suit of clothes without fail by six in the evening. You get them in the morning, and the tailor is a liar. The dentist pledges

his word that your teeth as filled by him will b" all right, for a dozen years. The fillings come out in six months, and the dentist lies. A man over the way needs a temporary loan. You lend him a small sum which he promises by every thing to return at a given time. He keeps it a month over the time and is a liar. An auctioneer tells you that a certain picture is by a master artist, when he knows it was painted by a fourth-rate painter. He lies, and is not worthy of trust A salesman lies about his goods. A bootmaker lies about your boots. The jeweller lies about your watch. The gossipper at the dinner table tells exaggerated stories to astonish the ladies—and is nothing less than a liar. The florist assures you that his flowers were picked in the morning, when they are nearly two days old. He lies, and will lie about anything. The book publisher advertises that his book is selling by the tens of thousands, when he has not sold a thousand. He is a liar, and one door off from the murderer.

Everywhere—everywhere we hear lying, lying, lying. Men and women who would knock you down if you called them liars, lie every hour.—Deception is the rule rather than the exception. Canvassers lie about insurance companies.—Brokers lie about stocks. Editors lie about politics. Exaggeration and misrepresentation rule the hour, and are its curse.

Gentlemen—ladies—why cannot the truth be told always and ever? Why all this deception and lying? Why so much falsifying and cheating? In the name of all that is true and good—we beg of you to

Do as you agree!
Do as you agree!
Do as you agree!

Obituary.

SUSAN MITCHELL, OF JEDDORE.

At Upper Jeddore West, on Nov. 24, Susan Mitchell, in the thirtieth year of her age,—departed this life in hope of a resurrection unto life eternal. She was the beloved wife of Wm Mitchell, whom she left with three small children, and a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn their irreparable loss. The deceased was convinced of sin and sought pardon through the blood of Jesus Christ in a series of religious services at Kent's Island in 1859. But as she was living at a considerable distance from the means of grace, her love grew cold and she followed the Saviour "afar off." At the commencement of her illness, however, which was very brief—scarcely a fortnight—she began earnestly to seek and gave indubitable evidence that she found restoring grace. As she remained at her father's house, William Mayer's, which is always open to the ministers,—Susan would serve with "careful Martha's hands and loving Mary's heart." Her peaceable and affectionate disposition endeared her to family and all who made her acquaintance. But now she has gone to her reward. Our loss is her gain.

A. E. LePAGE.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, DEC'R 30, 1868.

The Old Year and the New.

We bid farewell to the year 1868 with somewhat similar feelings to those we cherish when separating from a friend who has accompanied us during the varying vicissitudes of a portion of our existence. When the conviction is forced upon the heart that we must relinquish, at once and forever, the companionship of *one* who has been to us a faithful monitor, a wise Counsellor, an unfailing friend, t'were surely less than human to regard the change without deeply stirred emotions. If in contemplating such an occurrence there shou'd arise the remembrance of heedless, perhaps wayward, inattentions to his counsels, we are ready to form the vain wish that the past could be recalled. Not content with unavailing regrets, we readily resolve that should such a Heaven-sent boon again be granted, albeit with an humbling remembrance of our past failure, we will listen with earnest attention to his teachings.

Such are some of the reflections and purposes cherished, as we look after the fast receding form of the year of our Lord 1868 knowing that his departure is final, and that it is vain for us to cry, "Turn backward in thy flight, O Time!" The recollection of past heedlessness and folly is self-abasing; yet we cherish a grateful remembrance of some of the uncounted blessings which the year brought to our lot, and are thus led hopefully to extend the hand of greeting to his younger kinsman, expecting that He too will come to us laden with tokens of "good will" from our Father in Heaven.

The past year has been to our country generally, and to us, and our readers individually, one of blessing; so that in the retrospect we gratefully acknowledge His Hand who crowned the year with His goodness. But to many, very many, it has been a year of sadness and disappointment; or perhaps of deep adversity and trial. Into how many homes has the Spoiler entered! How many hearts have been rendered desolate! How many, from one cause or another—by divine permission if not Providential arrangement—have received wounds the effects of which will be life-long! What bitterness to such is brought up by the backward glance! Yet we do not forget there is a Healer at hand: One who is mighty to save, One who is full of tenderness toward the suffering children of men. In how many ways does our Lord and Redeemer seek to benefit us, and by wise and loving chastisement to restore us from our wanderings: and to direct our hearts away from their earthly tendencies to secure their better portion in a brighter and a purer world.

It will be well if we have so learned wisdom by experience, as that we can enter upon another year better qualified for the duties we owe to ourselves, to the world and to the Church of God. It is well if we have been brought to set a priceless value upon Time, and are thereby likely to employ to the very best advantage the remaining portion of our earthly existence. To that guidance which would have led us safely we have often been disinclined to listen; so that we have now the greater reason for offering the inspired petition, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The Week of Prayer.

JANUARY 3—10, 1869.

We hail the return of the annual season of united prayer, and have pleasure in giving publicity to the Circular on the subject, put forth by the representatives of the British and Foreign Branches of the Evangelical Alliance:—

Beloved Brethren in Christ of every Land.—In prospect of the coming New Year, and mindful of the great blessings graciously vouchsafed by God in answer to the united supplications of His people, the Evangelical Alliance cordially renew their invitation to Christians throughout the world to observe a week of Prayer in January next.

Very gratifying reports have been received of the observance of this Annual Week of Prayer in different distant countries; still, there is reason to know that in many Towns and Cities of our own and Foreign Lands, Christians have not in this way been brought into sympathy with the Universal Church of Christ. The Evangelical Alliance therefore, desirous of manifesting the union of all true Christians, and of extending the benefits which in various ways have attended these Annual assemblies for United Prayer, affectionately call upon the children of God everywhere to take counsel and to make arrangements for observing it in their respective localites. The alliance feel assured that thereby the hearts of Christians will be refreshed, and the hands of those Brethren strengthened, who in other places at home and abroad, plead before God for the gifts of His grace and the outstretching of His arm to bless His Church and convert a perishing world.

Fellow Christians! Let us with one accord, if spared to see the commencement of the New Year, encircle the world with our faithful, fervent and united prayers. Let us then gather round the throne of our Heavenly Father forgetful of our differences of language, nation and ecclesiastical system. Let us plead in the name of our One Lord, Redeemer and Intercessor for blessings which the circumstances of our times show to be most needful, urgent and important.

"If two of you agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

The following topics amongst others are suggested as suitable for exhortation and intercession of the successive days of meeting:

Sunday, January 3.—Sermons. Subject: The intercession of the "High Priest over the House of God" the motive and model of united prayer. Heb. x. 19 22.

Monday, January 4.—Confession of sin, and Thanksgiving for special and general mercies during the past year, to Nations, Churches and Families.

Tuesday, January 5.—Nations: for their temporal and spiritual prosperity; edifying intercourse and the maintenance of Peace; for increased openings for the Gospel; for the removal of social evils; for the better observance of the Lord's day; and for kings and all in authority.

Wednesday, January 6.—Families: for Children of Christian parents; for a blessing on home influence; for all Seminaries of Christian learning;—Universities, Colleges and schools; for Sunday Schools, and private instruction; for our Youth abroad! and for a blessing on Christian literature.

Thursday January 7.—The church for more knowledge of God's and increase of spiritual life; for sound and faithful preaching adapted to rich and poor; growing love to Christ; a more earnest love to Christians of varied name and of all Nations; and for the sending forth of more Laborers into the Harvest.

Friday, January 8.—Missions: for the conversion of the heathen and Mohammedans; for the growth of missionary zeal; for the removal of hindrances to preaching the Gospel among all Nations; for recent converts; and for all who are suffering persecution for the truth.

Saturday, January 9.—General: for the conversion of Israel; for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures; for Christian and Philanthropic Societies; and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Christians and Christian Churches throughout the world.

Sunday January 10.—Sermons: Subject: the duty of the Christian Church in relation to the Religious Wants of the World.

The following is the arrangement for next week's services in this city:—

Sabbath, Jan. 3 d, Y. M. C. Association Room, Hollis St., at 4 ½ p.m.
Monday, 4th, Salem Church, at 9 1-2 a.m., and 7 1-2 p.m.
Tuesday, 5th, Granville St. Church, 9 1-2 a.m., and 7 1-2 p.m.
Wednesday 6, St. John Church, half-past 9, a.m., half-past 7 p.m.
Thursday 7, Brunswick St. Church, half-past 9, a.m., half-past 7, p.m.
Friday, 8th, Poplar Grove Church, half-past 9, a.m., half-past 7, p.m.
Saturday 9, St. Matthew's Church, half-past 9, a.m., 3 p.m.
Sabbath 10, Y. M. C. Association, half-past 4. p.m.

rom our English Correspondent.

The General Election—Cases of Individual Defeat and Success—Liberal Majority—Resistance to Public-house Influence—New Archbishop of Canterbury—Disappointment of the Ritualists, Romish Tactics—Reduction of Chapel Debts—Spanish Affairs—The Papal Finances—Refusal of the Greek Church to Sanction the Pope's General Council—Terrible Colliery Explosion—Resignation of Her Majesty's Ministers.

The last month has been a time of great political excitement. The two great parties in the State laid all their energies under contribution for the great trial of strength in the hot contest of the general election; and a very hot contest it was. Both sides recognized distinctly that the issue of the struggle was in the main important with reference to deciding as to whether Disraeli or Gladstone should be the future premier. The name of the latter was chiefly before the public in connexion with the question of the Irish Church. The Conservatives enlisted on their side the influence of the greater part of the clergy of the English Church in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, simply in the ecclesiastical aspect of affairs; they represented him as the most dangerous foe of the "Church," and boded all sorts of evils should he become the head of Her Majesty's government. Day after day the intelligence from the hustings and the polling booths was awaited with the utmost eagerness all over the country. Additional interest was felt in consequence of the great extension of the franchise under the new Reform Act, there being in some of the constituencies, a considerable degree of uncertainty as to whether the Conservatives or the Liberals would be benefitted by the exercise of the newly-acquired electoral privileges.

In some instances the results of a particular election took most people greatly by surprise. This was especially the case when it was announced that Mr. Mill, the member for Westminster, had been defeated. No doubt the ex-member can be well spared; for his philosophic scepticism, and the fact of his having sent £10 to assist in defraying the expenses of Bradlaugh the notorious infidel candidate for Northampton too plainly show where he would be found in any legislation affecting the religious interest of the country. I am glad to tell you that Bradlaugh, one of the boldest blasphemers of the day, was left far in the rear at Northampton, so that the representation of infidelity in the new House of Commons will be far less notable than some of its partizans hoped. Our zealous M.P. Mr. Isaac Holden has been defeated in the contest for the Eastern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. In his address at the close of the poll, Mr. Holden attributed his defeat to the great power of the landed proprietors in connexion with the keen opposition of the clergy of the Church of England. While we lose Mr. Holden we have to congratulate ourselves on the success of our able, generous and warm-hearted friend Mr. McArthur for Lambeth, who was returned by a very large majority, and has for his colleague in the representation of Lambeth, the newly elected Lord Mayor of London.

The contest in that division of the county of Lancashire for which Mr. Gladstone was a candidate, and for which he was returned in the last Parliament was uncommonly severe. The result was that the renowned Liberal leader, notwithstanding the prestige of his great name and influential position, was defeated. It was known that the opposition he would have to encounter would be very determined, and to avoid the discomfiture and loss which would occur to the Liberals if Mr. Gladstone should not be in his place at the opening of Parliament, the electors of Greenwich secured him one of the seats for their Borough, which he has accepted.

The elections with two or three exceptions, are now over, and the total returns give the Liberals a majority of from 107 to 110 members. With such an opposition it is hardly likely that the present Government, even with Mr. Disraeli's singular tenacity of office, will remain long in power.

In some places there have been as usual some fierce outbreaks of excited passions in connexion with electioneering movements. In a great number of instances these have been aggravated, often indeed occasioned, by intoxicating drinks. The drunkenness which prevails during our Parliamentary elections is a sore disgrace to us, and a terrible evil. The Committees meet at public-houses, and drink is freely indulged in. A very gratifying exception to this baneful custom occurred, however, in the newly-created metropolitan borough of Hackney, a thickly populated suburb of London. One of the candidates was Mr. Charles Reed, a man of real ability, of great personal worth, and esteemed for his labours in the cause of philanthropy and education—in a word a man altogether of the highest character. His friends determined that no public-house should be used in prosecuting the business of his election, and that no means should be resorted to contrary to the most straightforward dealing. Many would have thought that to resist public-house influence would be sure to entail defeat; but at the close of the poll it was found that Mr. Reed had gained 14,785 votes, and was returned by an immense majority.

The moral influence of this protest against drinking was most beneficial.

Much to the chagrin of the Ritualists, the Bishop of London has been appointed to the Primacy. This selection is perhaps the best that could have been made. Dr. Tait is certainly neither a Ritualist nor a Rationalist. It has sometimes seemed, in his administration of the diocese of London, as if a little more firmness in dealing with individual Romanizing clergymen would have been advantageous; but he occupied a very difficult position, and it was plain that his sympathies were all thoroughly *Protestant*. He plainly declared that his heart was more with Evangelical Nonconformists than with Ritualistic Episcopalians. Speaking of his elevation to the See of Canterbury, the *Times* remarks:—Perhaps the present most decided prostration of the hopes of the Ritualists (who would have liked to see the Bishop of Oxford translated to Canterbury) may help, with other events, to bring about a crisis in their movements, and send them to their natural place of action and refuge—the Church of Rome. Such a consummation is doubtless much to be desired; but after all they seem to be in no haste to leave the Church of England. Why should they? They can be almost as Romish as if they were in communion with Rome, and they are most effectually doing Rome's work. A short time ago a young gentleman in Hampshire, who had been in the habit of attending a Ritualistic church, went to a priest of the Romish church for the purpose of uniting himself with that church. He said that he was a student of the University of Oxford, and that it had been his intention to enter the ministry of the Church of England. Upon getting this information, the wily priest's reply to him was, "Don't join us yet, you will do us more benefit if you wait till you are ordained.

The good work of reducing chapel debts, and thereby liberating sums of money now expended in payment of annual interest, for the purpose of extending the cause of God, continues to engage attention amongst us. Two or three weeks ago an important meeting was held in the town of Bedford with reference to this object. Our Wesleyan friends there have been long held in esteem both for their local and connexional zeal and large heartedness, and during the last ten years they have raised about £10,000 for building chapels in the Bedford Circuit. The entire chapel property of the Circuit is valued at £20,000, with a total debt of only about £4,000. At the meeting above referred to it was resolved to take steps to remove the whole of this liability, and thus free the entire Circuit from all chapel debts.

Much interest continues in this country about affairs in Spain. What form the Government there will assume remains still a matter of uncertainty. Until very recently it seemed probable that the nation would, by a considerable majority, express itself in favor of a Constitutional Monarchy; but within the last week, the Republican Party appears to be gaining large accessions of strength. They have held large demonstrations at Madrid, and without being positively violent, they have given unmistakeable marks of determination. According to the latest advices the Republican movement has so far gained ground, that a Madrid newspaper actually publishes a list of the probable members of the government, in the event of a Republic being formed. The name of Espartero stands at the head as President.

The hope to which the ecclesiastics appear to cling is that the revolutionists may yet quarrel and that amidst the anarchy that will then result the "Church" may regain her lost position and power.

The finances of the Papal States are in a very embarrassed condition, presenting a serious excess of expenditure over income. The cardinals have been laying their heads together to see how the alarming deficiency can be met, and it is said that they have recommended a large reduction of the Papal army, it is supposed that the Ex-Queen of Spain was in the habit of sendiag large sums of money to Rome, and that the loss of this source of revenue is the cause of the financial pressure on the Rome government.

Another source of disgust and disappointment to the Pope is the indignant refusal of the Eastern Church to accept the invitation to the General Council, which his Holiness forwarded by his Legate to the Patriarch of Constantinople. The Patriarch told the Legate, that the Greek Church, as it never has admitted, so it never will admit that there is any one Bishop supreme ruler and head over all the rest. Among other unpalatable utterances of the Patriarch to the Pope's messenger, was the declaration that Rome appeared to find pleasure in wandering farther and farther from the path of primitive orthodoxy, and promulgating "an ever varying series of new dogmas and enactments abhorrent to divine tradition." The Legate was equally outspoken, and said that in no manner of way did Rome propose to depart from her professed principles." The interview closed by the Patriarch requesting the Legate to carry back to Rome the invitation of the Pontiff.

Last week a terrible explosion took place near Wigan in Lancashire. 220 men were at work on the pit at the time of the disaster, and of these, sixty-one perished.

It is the old sad sad tale of the escape and the igniting of pent-up gases. Whether the calamity might have been prevented, or whether it was due to causes beyond the control of existing skill and prudence, has not yet been ascertained.

Since I commenced my letter, intelligence has arrived of the resignation of Her Majesty's Minister.

No one expected this step would be taken before the assembling of Parliament. In his explanatory letter, Mr. Disraeli states that Ministers decline to wait for the "assembling of Parliament in which they are sensible they must be in a minority." He at the same time, declares that the Conservative party will strenously oppose Mr. Gladstone's policy.

Dec. 4th 1868.

Dr. Guthrie on the Watch Night.

From a recent work by Dr. Guthrie, "Out of Harness," we copy a sketch given by him of a Methodist Watch Night service:—

Half-past twelve, a.m., 1st Jan., 1866.

I have just returned from holding "Watch night" with a congregation of Wesleyan Methodists. Never having witnessed its services, perhaps ignorant of the existence of such a custom, many of my readers may be ready to ask, "Watch-night, what is it?" If churches knew each other better, it might promote their mutual improvement, and also the interest of brotherly kindness and Christian charity. With this view I shall tell my readers something of the very impressive and solemn service, called watch-night, with which, standing on the line which parts them, the Wesleyans takes farewell of the old year and hail the advent of the new. It is a fact, thought by many sound Protestants and Christians who observe them never so much as supposed, that some of our customs had their origin in Popish, others in olden and Pagan times.

How long, like the Hittites, Perizzites, and Canaanites in the land of Israel, heathen customs will survive in a christian country, has no more remarkable illustration than those supply which, in strong contrast to the Methodist "watch-night" usher in the year. On the last night of the year the ancient Druids went forth in solemn procession; the high priest at their head carrying a golden bill-hook or sickle. Reverently approaching the sacred oak, he cut the mistletoe from its gnarled boughs; and this being brought into the towns and carried to the houses of their chiefs, was distributed among the people. Cut down on the proper night with golden instrument and with priestly hands, this curious parasite became sacred to their god, and acquired the virtues of a potent charm. As such it was hung up in their rafters to preserve their houses from evil, and worn also as an amulet to protect their persons when on the field of battle. And now, in the nineteenth century, a thousand years and more after heathenism had disappeared, in a country of Bibles, churches, schools, and Sabbaths, here we are in the use of the mistletoe that at Christmas and New Year's time garnishes our houses and looks down on happy meetings of gathered families and loving friends, observing an old pagan rite. The term "Yule" and the cry "Hogmanay" with which our boyhood was familiar at New Year's time, and which is of universal usage at least in Scotland, are both relics of heathenism—it being by this cry that the people were summoned to the sacrifices of their god, and to his festival, which they celebrated with revels and universal conviviality. We might wonder why a period of the year specially calculated to excite solemn and serious thoughts, should ever have been set apart for entertainments calculated rather to dissipate than excite such thoughts, and for convivial indulgences which often equalled, perhaps excelled, in their drunken excesses those of heathenism.

It was not long ere the church found out her mistake, in acting on expediency rather than on principle. The feasting and merriment which, for the purpose of reconciling them to Christianity, she allowed her converts to continue indulging in at New Year's time, reached a vast height in France. To such an extent was their bacchanalianism carried, that the French government had to step forward and repress it by the strong arm of the law.

This history teaches us, as do many things else, that there is no reformation so good in its ultimate results as what our fathers called a "root and branch" one. Compromises in worldly affairs which involve no question of truth and principle, cannot be too much commended. In moral and religious matters they cannot be too strongly condemned. Let the Churches beware of establishing any such truce between truth and falsehood. Many of these may be separated on what might be called points rather than principles; on matters of remote and doubtful inference rather than of plain and direct revelation. But though I therefore think that union among Protestant denominations is not only exceedingly desirable, but much more attainable than many suppose, yet no scheme toward it, toward the conversion of the heathen, or toward reconciling worldly men to religion, to Christ and his cross, should be entertained that involves the smallest compromise either of the doctrines or the morals of our holy faith. This were to sew a piece of new cloth into an old garment, to pour new wine into old bottles.

Though I have traced the peculiar and convivial customs of the new year to paganism, I should be sorry that any one supposed that I regard otherwise than with favour the kindly greetings and gifts, the family gatherings and innocent convivialities, which make the shortest among the happiest days of the year. Happy the homes where songs as well as psalms drown the roaring of the storm, and affection and mirth diffuse such light and warmth within the house as to make us forget the biting cold and darkness without. In foretelling the return of God's banished people, Jeremiah says that "in all their dwellings shall be heard the voice of thanksgiving and the voice of them that make merry," and so should our homes be, when saying with the poet,—

"I saw the skirts of the departing year,"

we hail the advent of its successor. But it is sad to take farewell of the old year without any grateful remembrance of its mercies, and sorrowful thought of its sins; to have the mirth without the thanksgiving; and reckless of the temptations, and trials, and sorrows, and difficulties and deaths the new year may bring, to allow that to run into excess and our conviviality into debauchery. The time is one for enjoyment, but not certainly more for enjoyment than for suitable reflections on the past, and good resolutions for the future. And it is shocking to see these drowned in the drinking bowl—the voice of conscience lost in riot and uproar!

But without anxious and even prayerful care, the customs of the season were very apt to lead to excess. For instance, in the old time in England, the head of the house assembled his family around a bowl of spiced ale, and drinking their healths, handed it round to the others, every one as he lifted the bowl saying in good old Saxon, "Waes hael," or "To your health," an expression in which we find the origin of the word *wassail*,—the wassail bowl. A similar custom prevailed, and to some extent still prevails, in Scotland. When the clock struck twelve the members of the family drank to each other's health in the *hot pint*, as it was called; following this up with dances and mirth and merry-making. Nor was this all; it was succeeded by what proved a much greater temptation to sobriety and virtue. Carrying this bowl replenished with ale and spices, they sallied forth to visit their neighbours, entering each house with uproarious cheers, and exchanging friendly greetings in drinks given and received. A very common result of this *first footing*, as it was called, and of the drink beside friendly greetings which they exchanged with all they encountered on the road, was that ere the new year had well begun, conviviality had run into riot, and brutal drunkenness lay in the gutters or went staggering along the streets. And though the habits of this age are a great improvement on former times—not indeed because the whiskey-bottle has been substituted for the *hot pint*—our towns still present many disgraceful spectacles at New Year's time In walking the streets of Edinburgh how have I been filled with disgust and sorrow!—thankful, however, that it was not the season when foreigners visited the city, else we must have blushed for our country and its religion as we looked them in the face.

Edinburgh, more perhaps than any other place, used to celebrate the new year with Saturnalian rites. The principal streets were more thronged between twelve and one o'clock on New Year's day morning than at mid day in the full tide of business; and as if to make up for their usually strict and grave, if not stern, demeanour, the people like a bow too strongly bent, and suddenly unbent, sprang into the opposite extreme. Even women relaxed not a little of their usual modesty; and grave citizens became bacchanalians. So soon as the Tron church steeple rang out the midnight hour, a tremendous shout rose and rent the air. At that signal the crowd rushed into the wildest excesses and orgies were begun, with little distinction of sex, age, or rank, that, traceable to the days of paganism, were a disgrace to Christianity.

Whether it was for the purpose of checking the excesses of this season by a better and more Christian way, that John Wesley established a "watch night at New Year's times, I know not. Probably it was. Says Mr. Wesley in his Journal:—"If I can probably conjecture that, either by the novelty of this ancient custom, or by any other indifferent circumstances, it is in my power to 'save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins,' am I clear before God if I do it not?—if I do not snatch that brand out of the burning?"

"Sir," says Wesley elsewhere, in repelling the attacks of a Rev. Wm. Bailey, of Cork, "You charge me with holding 'midnight assemblies.' Sir, did you never see the word 'Vigil' in your Common Prayer Book? Do you know what it means? If not, permit me to tell you, that it was customary with the ancient Christians to spend whole nights in prayer; and that these nights were termed *Vigilæ* or Vigils. Therefore, for spending a part of some nights in this manner, in public and solemn prayer, we have not only the authority of our national Church, but of the universal Church in the earliest ages."

So wrote John Wesley. To those who blamed him for setting his hymns to tunes that though of good merit, were in many cases associated with profane songs, he had replied, "I see no reason why the devil should have all the good music." No wonder that this same man, like soldiers who dash boldly on a park of artillery to seize it and turn on the enemy their own guns, should conceive and carry out the idea of turning a night of debauchery into one of devotion—at least of such services as would by God's blessing, guard people from excess, and teach them to join trembling with their mirth. Wise in his generation as the children of this world in theirs, Wesley did not think it enough simply to denounce the drinking and debauchery of the times. He knew human nature better. He was not ignorant of the principle which Dr. Chalmers illustrates in one of his noblest sermons, this, namely, "the expulsive power of a new affection." So, without attempting to altogether abolish an old custom, he said, "By all means celebrate the advent of the New Year, not, however with the dissipation of pagans, but the devotion of Christians." And in this exercise we resolved to take part, with a congregation of his followers on the last night of 1865. We repaired to their chapel a little after ten o'clock. The riot of the streets had already begun, and it was a great relief to escape from them, and find ourselves quietly seated amidst a congregation whose countenances, as became their situation, bore a mingled expression of happiness and solemnity. It was pleasant to see so large an assembly on such a night, and at such an hour; and to recognize members who though, like ourselves, belonging to another than the Wesleyan communion, had gone to unite with their brethren of that church in the solemn, striking service which I proceed to describe.

The minister appeared in the pulpit punctually at half past ten, robed in gown and bands—a costume, by the way not used by the Methodists in England, though their Conference has to much good sense to quarrel with its use in Scotland, or to insist in such minor matters on a regid and unnatural uniformity. He began the services by reading out a hymn, which the people sang with Methodist spirit to the music of an organ. The full burst of their earnest and ring-voices all but drowned the sound of its pipes, and demons rated that an organ, whatever objections people may have to instrumental music as an aid to psalm singing, does not always, and need never, supersede or interfere with local praise—the song of grateful hearts rising from hallowed lips. They sang the hymn commencing

"Jesus the Conqueror reigns."

After this, the minister offered up a very impressive prayer, acknowledging the mercies and also the sins of the past year—seeking grateful hearts and pardon through the blood of Christ—in view of the year about to enter, renewing vows and dedications to God, with earnest prayer for grace to do its duties, to meet its trials, to resist its temptations, to bear its burdens, and to be ready for the deaths it might bring. Another hymn was then sung, and the 90th Psalm, beginning with these words:—"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," read,—and read impressively.—After the congregation had again sung, the minister choosing for his subject these words of 1 Samuel 7, 12, "Samuel took a stone, and set it between Migpah and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," delivered an appropriate address.—At its close the congregation sang:—

"We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn virgil keep;
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God?
"We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to Thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy."

The minister now descended, and resigned the pulpit for half an hour to a local preacher; and I may remark by the way that his address, directed chiefly in warning words to young men and women, proved that, though a liberal education is of great value to ministers, he may be an effective speaker who has never been at college. A few minutes before twelve this worthy man brought his remarks to a close. The minister returned to the pulpit; and having addressed the congregation in a few solemn and weighty words, he said that there were now only some two or three minutes of the old year to run, and these he would recommend them to pass in secret communion with God. Then the whole congregation, following his example, bowed the head, and fell on their knees in silent prayer. During these few minutes an awful solemnity filled the house,—a stillness on which the hour, as it struck one beat on the clock, announcing that one year was gone and another begun, broke with startling effect. At Manchester, where I first witnessed this most impressive service, the effect was still greater. There, the clock rang out its full twelve beats; and as they slowly and solemnly succeeded each other, they sounded like the last dying throbs of the expiring year. So soon as the ringing out the old and ringing in the new year had brought us to the end of one and the beginning of another stage in life's journey, the whole congregation rose to their feet; and like men who spring forward anew on a heavenward race, for a heavenly crown, they burst out into this song:—

"Come let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear."

Ere the echoes of the hymn had died away, the minister rose to pronounce the blessing; and the service closed. We went out into the starry night to hear the sound of revelry and riot, but to see nothing incongruous with our devotions in many of the congregation tarrying at the door to salute their acquaintances with a "Happy New Year" and much hearty shaking of hands.

The most remarkable and impressive feature of this service was perhaps the depth an solemnity of the silence that filled the house, while the congregation engaged in secret prayer during the last moments of the old dying year. At the solemn midnight hour, and the eve of an another year, the voice of man is stilled; and, amid the deepest silence, the whole living assembly, each as if he were alone, engages in inward prayer. The time, the place, the awful stillness, the vast multitude around, each holding secret communion with God, presents a scene that might sober a bachanalian, and move the most indifferent to prayer. And now may I not ask, why should not all other Churches, in the Methodists' new-year,s night service, take a leaf out of their book, whenever circumstances render it both practicable and convenient? The bigotry of Papists is not worse than, or indeed so inexcusable as that which maintains we have nothing to learn from others in the ordinances of God's house and worship. It were ludicrious if it were not sad, to find good Protestants who deny infallibility to the Pope, and yet, resisting all change, seem to regard their fathers or themselves as infalible, and their own old system as so perfect that it is incapable of improvement What else is that than to say. "The temples of the Lord, the temples of the Lord are we."

Very seldom have I worshipped with Christians of other denominations, either at home or abroad, with my countrymen or with Foreigners.—French, Swiss, German or Italians,—without seeing something in their churches, which I would have, been happy to engraft on our own. And this is a feeling, I venture to say, common to all who while enjoying the privilege of worshipping with other denominations, have sought to see in their services not what they might condemn, but might admire and imitate. It is good to be conservatives, but not of defects. In these days of bold attacks, from unexpected quarters, on our most sacred and cherished beliefs, let all on the watch towers of Zion sound forth," Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But though it is our duty to keep by the *old roads*, it may not be our duty to keep by the *old ruts*. Between old roads and old ruts, there is a great and too much forgotten distinction. What is commendable in Churches other than our own, why should we be such bigots as not to copy. Who can afford to dispense with what other good, intelligent, and pious Christians have found to be aids to devotion. The tide runs strong the other way; and we need to crowd all sail on the mast to advance in grace, and at length arrive in heaven.

To the lateness of these Watch-night Services no one can justly object. They occur but once a year; and hours as late are not held a valid objection to balls, to theatres, or even to the occasionally protracted social meetings of such as would frequent neither the one nor the other. Where can we so well take leave of the old year with all its sins to answer for, or enter on the new with all its trials to encounter, as in the House of God? The solemnities of the services are eminently calculated to restrain the excesses of the season. They teach us, what we are prone to forget, amid its festivities to rejoice with trembling. Nor can I doubt were all our congregations, where convenient, to meet after the fashion of the Methodists, as is done in some Episcopalian Churches in London—many of our people would bless God and say with Wesley, *"Exceeding great are the blessings we have found therein; it has generally been an extremely solemn season where the word of God sank deep into the heart."*

Carbonear and Harbor Grace Missionary Meetings.

MR. EDITOR,—According to direction we send you a report of the anniversary missionary meetings held in connection with this and the neighboring Circuit. By the arrangement of the Financial District meeting the sermons at Carbonear were to be preached in the morning by the Rev. A. Ross, of the Free Church, Harbor Grace, and, in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Waterhouse, of Brigus. The Sabbath selected proved stormy. A high wind prevailed from the eastward, with snow, which prevented the arrival of Mr. Ross, and which had the effect of making those present at our morning service "like angels visits, few and far between." The writer, under the circumstances, occupied the pulpit in the morning, supported in a measure by the feeble hope that Bro. Waterhouse would make good his journey from Harbor Grace for the afternoon service. Considerable unbelief was entertained as to the appearance of the appointed preacher. The idea was that the storm-king was too violent, and that he would not succeed in forcing his advance. However, after having again gone to the front; having sung the introductory hymn, and offered the opening prayer, our estimable Bro. made his appearance. We immediately gave place, and, having ascended the pulpit, Bro. W. gave us an admirable discourse from Numbers xxxiii. 19. The text and the method of treatment were well calculated to strengthen the faith of Christians in the success of Missions, and the ultimate triumph of Christianity.

FRESHWATER.

The first meeting of the series was held at Freshwater, forming part of the Carbonear circuit. Our chapel here was well filled. The audience manifested an intelligent interest in the proceedings of the evening; and paid marked attention to the several addresses of the deputation When leaving this meeting it was felt that the "key note" had been struck, and good hope was entertained that the subsequent music would fall gratefully upon the ear.

CARBONEAR

It may be well to note here that our church in Carbonear appeared in a new dress. By the assistance of carpenters, plasterers and painters, the old, time-honored sanctuary presents a comparatively youthful aspect, and seems to indicate its ability yet to perform years of valuable service. On November 25th, it was well lighted and well-filled with the bone and muscle, the intelligence and beauty of Carbonear Methodism. The chair was taken by the town magistrate, I. L. M'Neil, Esq., who opened the proceedings with a neat speech. The report being read by the superintendent, Bro. Comben, eloquently directed attention to the monuments of fame reared by missionaries in the mission field. Bro. Waterhouse was in perfect sympathy with the remarks of Bro. Comben. Bro. Pike alluded to the fact that a note of retrenchment had been sounded, and, while noticing different scenes of missionary operations, asked where retrenchment could take place with credit to Methodism as a Church? Bro. Phinney hoped the meeting would result in spiritual good, and urged the congregation to increased exertion in the cause of God. The collection being taken up, this truly profitable meeting was brought to a close. All were pleased with the good order observed during the evening. The different speakers carefully abstained from any remark calculated to produce excitement. The day for pointless anecdote has passed away. The musical performance contributed in a great degree to the success of the anniversary. The choir gathered in good strength, and made the old sanctuary ring with "sweet music." We wish the Carbonear Methodists many "happy returns" of such missionary anniversaries,

HARBOR GRACE.

The evening following, found the deputation on a missionary platform in Harbor Grace Church. Missionary sermons had been preached here the previous Sabbath by Messrs Waterhouse and Cranford. The report having been read, Rev. A Ross, moved its adoption. The Rev. gentleman was followed by Mr. Rutherford and Joseph Peters, Esq. The next to claim the interest of the meeting were Bro Waterhouse, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Sheriff Fraser, all of whom delivered acceptable addresses. Bro. Phinney tendered his acknowledgments to those who had in times past so kindly contributed to the funds of the Society: and was followed by Bro. Pike and Mr. Jillard who spoke feelingly of the influence and efforts of the ladies in the advancement of the good cause.

We have now, Mr. Editor, finished our report; and we pray that the churches of Methodism may long be blessed with the ability to throw into the treasury of the Lord. A writer on missions says, "We are not to deal out our gifts as if we were bestowing an alms, or perform ina distasteful duty or service. It was not thus that the Saviour acted toward us. The manifestations of his pity were not forced from him as wine from the grapes, but flowed forth spontaneously, as water from the gushing fountain." If Methodists will let their gifts "flow forth," means will not be wanting to send out the messengers of salvation; and the great Methodist Church will not be backward in helping on the fulfilment of that word, which predicts the overthrow of all error, and the universal extension of the kingdom of our Lord.

G. FORSEY.

Carbonear, Dec. 3, 1868.

For the Provincial *Wesleyan*.

Bigotry and Intolerance.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been thinking lately that a short account of the teachings and doings of a certain apostle of Bishop ——, on this shore, might be interesting to the readers of the "Provincial Wesleyan."

In the immediate vicinity of Cape Ray, does a son of the Church of England exercise his ministry,—and because of his direct succession from the apostles, and of the authority thereby vested in him, he thunders forth his anathemas,

"As if he sat
On all twelve thrones uppiled,
Arranging Israel."

Against Wesleyans in particular his judgments are fiercely denounced; for while he asserts himself to be a true minister of "the most scriptural church in the world" and assures the faithful, of the infallible certainty of their eternal salvation, seeing their names have been written in the book of life, that is, the "Church Register," and that they have been confirmed in the faith, by a bishop of the "succession," he declares the certain, and awful, destruction of "the Wesleyans."

Lest any of his flock should by any means be contaminated, they are all strictly forbidden to eat with, or even speak to a Wesleyan; and so careful is he to prevent any of his sheep from straying into danger, that he opens the doors of the church twice a week, when there is service in the Wesleyan Church. And in addition to this check, he is preparing another, by the formation of a Temperance Club, whose members may take a little wine when they are so minded. This is in opposition to the Sons of Temperance, and a supplementary means of keeping the church in its own house; as one of the club rules is "Every member of this club shall go to church twice every Sunday, and on Holydays as often as possible."

But still, for all this, there is a deep well of charity in his apostolical heart; for he earnestly endeavours to lead the lost sheep back to the only fold; and even the little lambs he would gladly rescue from destruction. In proof of his good will, he consecrated, a few weeks ago, a new house, which *a ci-devant* churchman was building. He offers to marry over again, in a proper manner, any, or all, whom "these Wesleyans" have joined together. He is willing also to *baptize* such infants as have been sprinkled by "unauthorized persons."

I daresay not every knows that no one, but an episcopally ordained minister, can lawfully read the whole of the Church of England burial service. However such is the judgment of the Church's representative here. So if one of his flock should happen to die during his absence from the place, the body must remain unburied until his return. Not very

service, was strikingly manifested last May; when the body of an old woman, which had been improperly interred by a layman, was taken out of the grave, where it had lain about a month, carried to the above-mentioned school-house, and, after he had read the full service over it, carried back again to the grave, and by him properly and solemnly "committed to the ground, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life"

Such is an imperfect sketch of the teachings and doings of his remarkable man, whose profound knowledge of Scripture and of the usages of the Church, is by them so unmistakably evidenced. And really one cannot but wonder like the rustics of the schoolmaster of the "Deserted Village." "That one small head should carry all *he* knows"

I remain Sir.

A PROTESTANT.

Western Shore, N. F. Dec. 9. 1868.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

A Levee will be held at Government House on New Year's Day at one o'clock. If any of the Ministers of churches unhonoured by the odious Precedence Order are not in attendance, His Excellency will not interpret this as being either a personal slight, or a sign of disrespect to our Sovereign's Representative; but as a protest against an official recognition of diocesan Episcopacy, in preference to other forms of Church government, not to be tolerated in the Dominion. It is said that His Lordship (?) the Bishop of Fredericton, does not favour prayer being offered for the Methodist Governor of New Brunswick. Of course Bishop Medley will not accept the distinction available on State occasions.

MR. CARMICHAEL ON SEPARATE SCHOOLS.—The *Witness*, in remarks on a communication from the Dominion M.P. for Pictou, gives the following:—

"Mr. Carmichael tells us that the Confederation Act makes the enactment of a Separate School law *possible*. We freely admit that we would regard such a school law as an outrage on conscience. To tax our property for the support of a school for the teaching of what we believe to be religious error, is a grievous wrong. We admit, too, that under the Dominion this is *possible*; but it is *impossible* unless our own Legislature first enacts the obnoxious law. It was possible in Nova Scotia, before Confederation; it is possible in Prince Edward Island; it is possible here; but the existence of the Dominion does not render it more practicable. "Once done it cannot be undone;" and this is the reason why we so earnestly oppose the granting of Separate Schools. This is a matter at present wholly in the power of our local Legislature, and if it ever gets beyond our control the fault will be our own."

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—The Y. M. C. Association gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following books, presented to their Library during the present month: Mr. Edward Jost, "The history of Methodism," in 3 vols. Joseph Mitchell; "Muston on the Perpetuation of Christian Friendship," and "The Life of Wesleys," T. Clarke: "Harmer on Scripture," in 4 vols.; and "Fragments of History."

The old Baptist Church in Cornwallis Street has been converted into a Hall for instruction and amusement in connection with the Roman Catholic Church.

The body of a man from Chezzicook, who has been missing nearly two months, was found on Friday in the dock at Hamilton's wharf. It was very much decomposed, and could only be recognized by the clothes. Some $30 in money was found in his pockets.

There is a prospect of a survey of a proposed Railway line from Annapo is to Yarmouth.

The St. John, N B. *Telegraph* understands that the leading merchants of that city, but especially those interested in the trade with the Bay of Fundy district of Nova Scotia, have memorialized the Dominion Government in favour of subsidizing a steamer to carry the mails across the Bay during the winter months.

Mr. Rufus Chandler, of Richibucto, N. B., lost his horse in the ice, on the 19th inst., and narrowly escaped being drowned himself.

Three cheese factories in Sussex valley turned out fifty tons of cheese last summer, which they have sold at rumunerating prices. The farmers also are satisfied with the price for which they have sold their milk. The St. John papers think there is room for several more factories in the country before the home demand for cheese will be fully supplied.

United States.

The *New York Observer* describing the present state of the Union, and the hopes entertained respecting the newly-elected President says: He finds inevitable alterations and distractions, which tend to mar the harmony of the Union. Three of the States have not yet been brought back to the fold so as to vote for or against him at the recent election. These evils far less indeed than we might expect at the close of such a war as ours, are to be cured; and we trust in God that Gen. Grant will carry on in his policy the motto he himself proposes as the watchword of the late campaign, "Let us have Peace."

Again our financial affairs are in a more precarious state than it is wise to say. There is demanded the keenest sagacity, the loftiest patriotism and most unbending firmness, to carry through a financial system that shall reduce the national debt, restore specie payments, and preserve the prosperity of the country during the convulsions attending the change. Gen. Grant will have a mighty work on his hands, but the most that he himself can do is to summon the right men to his aid, and sustain them in the battle before them.

His chance of opportunity is this; that he comes to the chair of State when the agitated country needs peace, the financial affairs of the country are in peril and need extrication, and he is the man who commands such general confidence that he can work out these grand results, and we fervently trust he will. Unless he is thwarted by politicians, selfish and scheming, he will succeed. He is upheld by the best wishes and prayers of millions.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The feature of Wall street to-day was the great stringency in money, which is almost equal to anything ever known. The minimum rate on call is 7 per cent. in gold. This stringency had marked effect on values, and stocks generally show a decline.

The failure of a dry goods house for over one million is reported. Gold closed at 135 1 8.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—John McDonald his wife and two daughters were suffocated to death in Philadelphia yesterday by coal gas filling the room in which they slept.

President Johnson has to-day issued a proclamation extending a free pardon to all the leaders engaged in the late rebellion.

European.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—The following despatch, dated Constantinopio, embraces the latest news from that quarter: The Sultan extended to three weeks the time for the departure of the Greeks from Constantinople. The Emperor of Russia has authorized Greek vessels, probably those carrying away the refugees, to use the Russian flag. Hobart Pasha, Turkish Admiral, with seven men-of-war, is blockading Syria, where the Greek steamer *Eroais* took refuge. The Turkish Minister at Athens has returned to Constantinople. The Grecian Government is making rapid preparations for war.

All the members of Parliament, appointed to positions in the Government, have been re-elected except Mr. Cardwell, whose election will take place to-morrow. None of the elections were contested.

PARIS, Dec. 22.—It is reported that Prince Metternich has received instructions from Vienna to act in concert with France, on the Eastern difficulty. The *Presse* represents that the war excitement is intense in Constantinople.

TURKEY AND GREECE.—Sublime Porte has extended the time for departure of the Greeks from the Turkish Dominion five weeks. The committee of action at Athens have addressed a petition to the Greek government praying for peace. They urge the government to support the popular feeling of the country which is clearly for peace, and to avoid a war with Turkey. Russia has asked of Turkey and Greece a suspension of hostilities until the end of the conference of the Great Powers, which will assemble some time in January.

The following from Constantinople, dated the 23rd is received: The Grecian Minister has formally retired from his post and returned to Athens. Edward Joy Morris, American Minister, has consented to extend the protection of his legation to Greek subjects in Constantinople. The Sublime Porte declines to recognize the proposed Conference of the Great Powers.

SPAIN.—Senor Olosaga was on Wednesday officially received by the Emperor Napoleon as Ambassador from Spain. Carlist disturbances have occurred in Navarro, and fourteen persons have been arrested for participating in them. The country is entirely tranquil. The Government proposes to make material changes in the Colonial Magistracy.

DREADFUL COLLISION AT SEA.—MARSEILLES, December 24.—Despatches have been received here giving the particulars of the dreadful accident wich occurred recently near Smyrne, in Asia Minor. Two Egyptian mail steamers came in collision in the Gulf of Smyana. It is said over two hundred passengers were killed by the shock.

MANCHESTER COTTON MILLS.—The cotton mills of Manchester are to be run only three days in the week for the present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"December" is unavoidably crowded out, and will next week be rather out of date.

"A Reader" at Canso betrays both spleen and ignorance. We have never seen the monthly to which he refers.

NEW MUSIC.—"You have stolen my heart," "Think of me," "Minuet de Mozart," "Barber Blene Polka," "Maggie when the sun goes down," "Where the Roses never withers"—These pieces of music are published C. M. Tremaine, New York.

Peters' "Musical Review" and "Glee Hive" maintain their interest. We would call special attention to these publications, as they give from month to month a choice collection of pieces, at the reasonable sum of $3 00 per annum each.

Letters and Monies

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

Jno Wallace $2, Robt. Allison $2 Geo. Forrest $1 H Forrest $1, J. Simpson $2 Wm Magee $1, Wm D Brundage $2, I G Caulfield $1, Mrs. Crane $2, Wm. Avard $2 J. B Marvin, new sub., $2 Rev. R Smith (P.W., Ephraim Kinsman $2 Jno. M. Kinsman $2, Thos. Nichols $1, Thos Rutledge $2 Ephm. Kinsman (?) $1—$8), Rev. G W. Tuttle (P.W., G Johnson $2 Mrs McIntosh $2, E McLeod $2, M. Barns $2—$8), Rev. I. E. Thurlow 30 cts., magazines sent), Rev. G. O. Huestis (P.W., Jacob Gaetz $2, Jos. Herman $2 L Herman $2, G Seaboyer $2—$8), Wm. Cameron $2 Rev G. Goodrich (B.R., per G S Milligan $5), Rev D D. Currie (P.W., Wm Dayton $1, George Ballantyne $1, Mrs. G. Coulthard $2, G Thompson $2, C A. Sampson, new sub. $2—$8), Rev. F. W. Harrison (P.W., A. Marshall $2, D. Millner $2—$4—persons mentioned by you are in arrears) G. Ingraham $2. Rev. E Mills (P.W., R S Bowser $2, Murdoch Matheson, new sub $2—$4), Rev Jas R Hart (P.W., J Jewitt $2 G F Squires $1 Eben Smith $2 A Taylor $2 S Taylor $2 A. Vandine $2—$11) Rev G Harrison (P.W. D Smith $2, J W Fowler $2 B. H. and B W. with postage $3 18, B R $2 cts.—$8), Rev H M Keown, W. J Deblois (sen'). Jas Smith $2.

MR JAMES I. FELLOWS, St. John, N. B.

Sir,—Having, while at your Establishment, carefully examined your prescription, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrup, I felt anxious to give it a fair trial in my practice. For the last twelve months I have done so, and I find that in Incipient Consumption, and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, it has done wonders. In restoring persons suffering from the effects of Diptheria, and the cough following Typhoid Fever prevalent in this region, it is the best remedial agent I have ever used. But for persons suffering from exhaustion of the brain and nervous system, from long continued study or teaching, or in those cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine for restoration to health than your Compound Syrup.

If you think this letter of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you see fit.

I remain, yours, &c.,

EDWIN CLAY, M.D.

Pugwash, N. S., Jan. 13th, 1868.

Sold by Apothecaries. Price $1 50 per bottle, or 6 for $7 50. On the receipt of $7.50 the proprietor will forward 5 to any part of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, Free.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist,

St. John, N. B.

Dec30 2w.

Persons who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking into the stomach a teaspoonful of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" mixed in a little cold water, well sweetened.

Every farmer who owns a good stock of Horses Cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders." One dollar's worth will save at least a half a ton of hay.

Marriages.

On Thursday evening, 24th inst., by the Rev Geo. S Milligan, A. M., Mr Francis Kennedy, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth O'Neil.

At the Wesleyan Church, South Boston, on the 24th Sept., by the Rev. Mr. Hemford, Mr. Angus Fraser, of Pictou, N. S., to Annie E., daughter of Mr. James Seamen, of Sea Side, Pugwash, N. S

At Pugwash, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. J. J. Colter, Mr. Philip Jones, to Amelia, daughter of Mr. B Peers, all of Pugwash, N. S.

At Boston, Mass., Dec 8th, by Rev. Samuel F. Upham, Mr John A. Harrington, of New York city, to Miss Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of H. H. Trueman, Esq., of St. John, N. B.

On the 29th inst., by the Rev John McMurray, Mr. Wm. Pentz, of Windsor, to Miss Annie Davies, of Halifax.

On the 17th inst., by the Rev. I. E. Thurlow, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. James E. Ferguson, to Miss Grace Jane Reay, both of [illegible]boro' Intervale.

By the Rev. G. W. Tuttle, at the house of the bride's father, Oct 8th, Mr Jasper Mersher, of Karitown, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Mr Robert Aikenhead, of Tatmagouche Mountain.

At the Wesleyan Parsonage, River John, by the same, on the 16th Dec., Mr Simon Giddis, of North River, to Miss Jane, daughter of Mr Christopher Longill, of New Annan.

At Truro, on the 8th inst., at the residence of J. B. Calkin, Esq., by the Rev. Mr. Somerville, of Somerset, Cornwallis, George H Smith, of Truro, to Maggie Mary, third daughter of the officiating clergyman

Deaths.

In good peace, on the 21st December, Mrs Jane Cox, the beloved wife of Mr John Cox, of Tatamagouche Mountain, and daughter of Mr Wilson, of New Annan.

On the 25th inst., John C. Leishman, aged 60 years.

On the 24th inst., Catherine, wife of Eli Rodgers, aged 24 years.

At Chester, on the 20th inst, George Duncan, aged 80 years.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

THURSDAY, Dec 24

Brigt Samuel Lindsay, Wilson, Liverpool—bound to Philadelphia; schrs W H Dowe, Dowe, Shelburne; Grand Master, Seaboyer, Boston; Candor, LeBlanc, Cape Breton; Tropic Bird, Hah, P E I; M E Fenery, do; Templar, Cobb, do; Medway Belle, McPhee, do; Sentinel, Ross, Inagua; Addie, Osborn, Newfd; Amon, Monroe, do; M McLean, Crowell, do; brigt Halifax, Jamaica. Capt. Rourke died on the passage.

FRIDAY, Dec 25.

Brigts Ida, LeBlanc, Cape Breton; Princess Beatrice, Ryan, do; schrs Adonis, Wilkie, Boston; Annie M Carey, Hayti; C W Lyle, Smeltzer, P E I; Ada, Foley, do; Abeona, Forest, Little Glace Bay; brigt Falcon, Ingham, Inagua.

New Advertisements.

THE GREAT

Musical Establishment.

481 Broadway, New York.

Charles M. Tremaine, (Successor to Horace Waters) to the Music Department.
Publisher and Dealer in
SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKKS.

One of the largest stocks of Music Merchandise in the United States; the best Italian and German Strings, Musical Instruments &c., wholesale and retail. New Music issued daily. Teachers, Seminaries, Schools, and the Trade liberally dealt with, all orders promptly attended to.

The following are some of the latest issues.

VOCAL.

Oh! Maggie when the sun goes down, a beautiful Song, by W R Johnston.	35 cts.
The face that ever wears a smile, ballad, by H P Danks	30 cts
You have stolen my heart, ballad, by C F Shattuck	30 cts
My own Eileen Bawn, a very pretty Irish ballad, by W Waimene,	35 cts
The Belle of 14th Street, Comic Song, by J B Murphy.	35 cts
That Lovely Grecian Bend, comic by H Tucker	35 cts

INSTRUMENTAL.

Minuet de Mozart by J. N. Patterson	50cts
Grecian Bend, Muzarka by J M Brown	40cts
Captain Jinks Quadrille by Austin Call	40cts
Reign of Roses Polka by Edward Hoffm a	75cts

Also—Gems from Offenbache Comic Operas viz Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein. La Belle Helene Barbe Blene, Generiere de Brabant, &c.

C. M TREMAINE,
Music Publisher.
481 Broadway N. Y.

Dec 30 1868 3 months

FLOUR & OATMEAL!

CHOICE BRANDS.

Landing ex "Dunlap," "Chase," "Tea Rose," "Tavistock" "Tontine" "Lark."

100 Bbls Oatmeal, Ontario.

—ALSO—

No. 2 FLOUR, SPICES, MATCHES,
For sale by
R. C. HAMILTON & CO.,
Dec 30 119 Lower Water street.

RING'S

VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-Headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

☞ Sold at Whole sale by Cogswell & Forsyth Avery, Brown & Co., and Thos Durney, Halifax, L. J. Cogswell, Kentville, T. B. Baker & Sons St. John, and at retail by all Druggists.

sep 2. 1y.

New Dress Goods!

COMMERCE HOUSE,
144 GRANVILLE STREET.

New, Plain and Fancy Dress Materials

FOR AUTUMN.

Repps, Poplinetts, Mohair & Alpacca Lusters, Winceys, &c.

—ALSO—

Black Baratheas, Coburgs, Lustres & French Merinoes,

oct. 22 R. McMURRAY & CO.

British and American Book and Tract Society.

21 George Street, Halifax.

Keep constantly on hand a good supply of

STANDARD RELIGIOUS, THEOLOGICAL, AND SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

Including those of the LONDON, AMERICAN, STIRLING and DUBLIN TRACT SOCIETIES, with elections from those of leading Publishers in Great Britain and the United States.

COMMENTARIES by Lange, Jacobus, Barnes, Plumer (on the Psalms) Ripley, Hodge, Alexander, Scott and Henry; Valuable Helps for S.S. Teachers, such as Pardee's S. S. Index, House's S. S. Hand Book, Todd's S. S. Teacher, S. S. Times (an excellent weekly Paper $1.35 a year,) &c. A liberal discount to Clergymen and S. Schools.

N. B.—The Society have recently purchased the Stock and effects of the Religious Book and Tract Depository on Barrington St. Both Depositories, (now united) will be removed early in January to

66 GRANVILLE STREET.

Opposite the Province Building.

S. School Papers, Religious Magazines, &c. furnished by the Society as formerly by the Depository on Barring on Street.

Orders addressed to REV. A. McBEAN, Secretary of the Society Halifax will be promptly attended to. Dec 16.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Assestts $20,000,000.

Number of Policies issued 56,000.

B. PLUMMER & SONS,

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

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

OLIVER S. BEALE,
Local Agent and Solicitor for Halifax.
Aug 5. Rooms at International Hotel.

Richardson's New Method for THE PIANOFORTE

UNEXCELLED, UNEQUALLED

And the Standard Book of Instruction

Employed by the best Teachers,
The Best Schools,
The Best Conservatories,
And all individuals who desire to obtain a Thorough and Practical Knowledge of Piano Playing.

Thirty Thousand Copies are sold Yearly.

and it is no exaggeration to say that a Quarter of a Million Scholars have become accomplished Pianists by using this Book. It is adapted alike to the youngest and the oldest; to the beginner of first lessons and to the amateur for general practice.

Price $3.75. Sent post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., New York.
dec 2.

Prospectus for 1869

OF THE

Publications of John Dougall & Son, MONTREAL.

THE phrase "GET THE BEST" has passed into a proverb, and all will agree that the best Family Paper is one that has something interesting and profitable for every member of the family, not excluding the children, and which includes within its scope all the best interests of humanity, temporal and eternal. Such a paper the MONTREAL WITNESS has aimed to be from its commencement, 23 years ago; and that the country was prepared for such an enterprise is shown by its success. The WITNESS in its three editions—"Daily," "Semi-Weekly," and "Weekly"—issues about 16 000 copies; and, consequently, reaches probably Eighty Thousand readers; but what are they out of a population of four millions, all of whom we desire to reach?

Our publications are as follows, and we respectfully call attention to their cheapness as well as quality, and ask all the friends of interesting and wholesome literature everywhere to aid us in extending their circulation. Nor will their circulation interfere with that of local papers, which are a necessity in their respective localities, and which are generally speaking, very meritorous:—

1.—The DAILY WITNESS contains as much reading matter as the ordinary Dailies, and of a choice quality, at about half the price, viz, $3 per annum. Besides being a first-class Family Paper, it is especially valuable to business men on account of its abundant commercial intelligence, prices current, &c.

2.—The MONTREAL WITNESS, Eight Pages, Semi-Weekly, $2 per annum, contains all that appears in the Daily, except part of the purely city matter and advertisements.

3.—The WEEKLY WITNESS, Eight Pages, $1 per annum, contains the greater part of the News, Contemporary Press, and Editorials of the SEMI-WEEKLY, with a portion of the Family-Reading and Prices Current.

4.—The CANADIAN MESSENGER, containing Eight Pages, is published twice a month, at the very low price of 37½c. per annum Postage paid; or Seven Copies for $2 to one address. It contains Religious, Temperance, Agricultural, Scientific, Educational matter, Stories for Children, &c., &c. This paper is recommended to the public generally, and it is hoped that its adaptation for circulation through Schools will greatly extend its usefulness. It has at present upwards of 20 000 subscribers, representing, probably, 100,000 readers, but at the very low price (namely, 25 cents per annum, Post-paid, if 100 copies are sent to one address), it is hoped that its circulation will greatly increase.

5.—The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is a handsome Monthly Magazine, containing a rich selection of original and copied articles every month, together with one or more choice pieces of music, and pictorial illustrations. Price $1 per annum, Post-paid. This Magazine has been favorably noticed by nearly the entire Press of the Dominion.

The terms of all these publications are necessarily CASH IN ADVANCE, and *the periodicals are invariably discontinued when the subscription expires.*

Any one who will kindly make up a club for the above publications to the value of $8, and remit the same Post-paid, in Bankable funds, will receive, if asked for at the time, the WEEKLY WITNESS or the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY gratis, and One Dollar's worth of our Publications for every additio a Eight Dollars remitted for them in P. O. Money Order or Canadian Bills.

N B.—Postmasters are authorized and requested to receive individual subscriptions in Silver (but not Cub-Subscriptions), and convert the same into Bank-ble funds at our expense.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
Montreal, Nov., 1868.
Dec'r 23

RAYMOND'S IMPROVED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

Price of Machine, with one set of needles, assorted sizes, clamp to bind on machine into table, hammer and screw driver, tucking guage, and full printed directions, by which any one can learn to use the machine without verbal instructions in one hour

$15.

Six years ago, Mr. Raymond, employed about seven or eight men in a small shop, and the average number of Machines made was about five or six per dieum. He now has two large manufactories, employs about sixty hands and turns out over forty machines daily, or more than twelve thousand per year.

They use only one reel, making the elastic chain stitch, which is considered by those who have used them to be the best for family use. This machine is equally adapted to all kinds of family sewing, fine or coarse; they will sew from one thickness of cambric, to four of heavy pilot cloth or overcoasting; they use all kinds of thread, cotion, or silk, equally well, and for fine stitching they cannot be excelled. They can be attached to any table, and removed at pleasure.

Every Machine has the name—*Chas. Raymond, Patented, July 30, 1861*—stamped on the steel plate through which the needle works; and is warranted to give satisfaction; all machines kept in running order for one year free of cost, at the agency, by the undersigned, who has been employed in their manufacture nearly six years, thereby avoiding the expense of sending to the manufactory and back.

Duplicates prices of all parts of the machine kept on hand.

Beautiful iron stands or tables, to turn by foot, with varnished walnut top, and with fly wheel treadle, belt, and drawer, can be had either with or without the machine—Price $7 00.

Needles constantly on hand at six cents each.

Mailed to any address on receipt of postage stamps.

Agents wanted, local and travelling, terms made known on application.

Any person having one of these Machines, broken, injured, or not giving satisfaction, purchased from any previous agent, can have it repaired, and put in good working order, by sending it to the office.

Call and satisfy yourself, or address

WILLIAM CROWE,
Wholesale Agent, R. S. M.,
151 Barrington St, Halifax.

N. B—The Office is under the Mansion House, immediately below the Grand Parade.

September 1866.

"We, the undersigned, hereby testify that we, or our families, are using Raymond's Family Sewing Machine; that we find it well adapted to all kinds of Family Sewing, easy to manage, the work durable, and in every respect well worthy of the high recommendation it has received elsewhere.

Mrs. W F Harrison, Sewell St John, N B.
Addie C Miles, Maugerville, N. B.
M Brannan, Dressmaker, do; A C Plummer, do.
Mrs. Dr Gilchrist, Sheffield, N B; Joseph Barker, do; Archibald Barker, do; C J Burpee, do.
Mrs Amanda Barr, Keswick Ridge, N B.
Dec 23.

CARD.

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

Drs. MULLOWNEY & HALEY

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

an 22—1y

Lumber, Shingles, &c.

THE Subscribers have on sale—a large and well assorted Stock of dry seasoned and other Wood Material, comprising—

PINE, ¾, 1, 1¼, 2, 2½, 3, 4 and 5 inch.
SPRUCE, 1, 1 1-4, 1 1-2, 2, 3, 4 and 5 inch.
SPRUCE SCANTLING, assorted sizes, some long lengths.
SPRUCE 1 1-2 inch flooring, plained & matched.
SPRUCE 1 inch flooring, plained.
New Brunswick PINE CLAPBOARDS, Nos 1 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 feet.
Pitch Pine, White Oak, Birch.
Pine Scantling, Sawed Laths.
Cedar and Pine Split SHINGLES.
ALSO—LIGNUMVITÆ.

Which they offer for cash or approved credit.
Apply to Mr. SMITH, or
GEO. H. STARR & CO.
aug 19 3m.

FORBES' PATENT ACME

SKATES.

The only reliable and really self-fastening SKATE ever invented.

No cold Fingers, lost time, or cramped and lamed feet, but perfect comfort and unmitigated enjoyment of that delightful Winter Sport.

The Starr Manufacturing Company

have much pleasure in notifying the Skaters of N. Scotia and the Dominion generally, that having during the year entered upon the manufacture on a large scale, of the above already widely celebrated and increasingly popular SKATES, they are prepared to supply them in any quantity.

It is needless to say anything in recommendation of this exceedingly excellent and ingenious invention. All who have used them are unanimous in their approval of them as an absolutely perfect article, leaving positively nothing to desire. Manufactured under the immediate supervision and management of the inventor, every skate is subjected to very severe tests and the public may rest satisfied that the quality and temper is in every case superior.

On account of the extensive facilities and efficiency of the machinery employed in their manufacture, the Company are enabled to place them on retail at the very low price of

$4.00 Per Pair,

from which a liberal and handsome discount will be made to dealers and in proportion to the extent of order

As large shipments are being constantly made to Europe and other parts, early orders are solicited, which will receive prompt attention

STARR MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
nov 18 HALIFAX, N. S.

CHOICE

CANADA FLOURS.

Extra Pastry, Fancy Extra, Baker's Superfine and No. 2 Canada Flours

Ex Chase and Carlotta.

Export, Domedale, Banner, Russel, Fouldon, Moronton, Savigny, Gore.

—ALSO IN STORE—

Wheeler's Best Pastry, York Hill, (fancy) White Rose, (extra) Rouge, choice No. 1, Greenholm, No 2, Clarendon, No. 2. Cornmeal, Hops, Spices in tins. The above are offered at lowest market prices

R. C. HAMILTON & CO.
Nov 18 119 Lower Water Street.

Fall Tweeds!

The Subscriber has received by late arrivals:

250 PIECES Heavy Canadian TWEEDS, suitable for Fall and Winter wear.

—ALSO—

Cases Under-shirts and Drawers in white, Shetland, Brown and Scarlet.
English Black and Colored Doeskins,
Machine Sewing Silks
Tailor's Trimmings
Grey and White Shirtings
Flannels and other Staple Goods All of which are offered at lowest market prices

JOSEPH BELL,
Depot for Canadian Tweeds,
sept 28 4w

WHOLESALE,

ANDERSON, BILLING & CO.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,

95 & 97 Granville Street, Halifax.

BEG to intimate that by recent arrivals they have completed their IMPORTATIONS for the FALL TRADE.

The new Stock will be found more than usually extensive and varied, especially in the rooms devoted to Dress Goods, Millinery, and Fancy Dry Goods.

The Domestic Room contains several lots of UNUSUALLY CHEAP COTTONS, PRINTS, etc, etc.

American and English Warp—1200 bundles.
English and Canadian Woollens—large stock.
Ready made Clothing, Shirts, etc, etc, etc.

☞ All of which they are prepared to offer to Wholesale Buyers on the most favorable terms.

ANDERSON, BILLING & CO.
sep 30

British Shoe Store.

A Large and Splendid Variety OF American Boots!

JUST RECEIVED:

1000 pairs Children's copper toed Boots
Fancy and Goat Lace Boots; Misses Skating Boots
Boy's and Youths' Boots; Grain Napoleon do.
Calf Wellington Boots; Women's Skating do
Women's Fine Kid Slippers, beeled
Do Prunella Elastic Front Shoes
Men's Congress Boots, Stout; do Calf, do do
do Fancy Patent Slippers
Superior Rubber Shoes

A. J RICKARDS & CO.,
145 Granville street,
oct15

LATHS & JOISTING.

NOW landing ex Emma Lillian from Sheet Harbor

100 M SAWED LATHS,
15 M feet Spruce Joisting,
viz 3 x 6 to 3 x 12,
For sale by
GEO. H. STARR & CO.
sep 16. Chron, Rep and Exp in

5 & 6 SOUTH WHARF,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Flour, Flour, Flour.

Now Landing and to arrive.

TWO THOUSAND Barrels of the following Brands—Tea, Rose, Howlands' Choice Extra, Speedvale, Holmedale, Thorold, Ontario, Saint Mary's, Ailsa Craig, Dundas, Stratford, Wellington, and XXX Pastry.

The above Flour has been purchased in the cheapest markets, and will be sold at lowest market rates by

G. BENT.
Oct 28.

MOOSEWOOD BITTERS.

99 GRANVILLE STREET, 99

Wholesale and Retail!

BLANKETS,
GLOVES,
FLANNELS,
HOSIERY,
SHEETINGS,
SCOTCH YARNS,

All at lowest market prices.

N B—Our Mantle Department is thoroughly stocked, and all orders will be well and promptly executed.

nov 11 SMITH BROS.

Carpets, Carpets.

New Tapestry Carpets.

All Wool, Scotch, and 3-ply Carpets, Union and Hemp Carpets,

At No. 144 GRANVILLE STREET.

COMMERCE HOUSE.

oct 21. R. McMURRAY & CO.

CARD!

D. H. MORTON, M.D,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR,

(Curry's Corner, Windsor).

For the present, messages may be left at the Store of M. G. ALLISON, Esq.,
Curry's Corner, Windsor.
Sept. 9, 1868. Pres. Wit. Windsor Mail.

Gough's Orations!

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

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,

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

THE ÆTNA

Life Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

PROMPT RELIABLE

Assets,	$[illegible]
Surplus,	[illegible]
Policies Issued in 186[illegible]	[illegible]
Insuring over	[illegible]
Income,	[illegible]
Deposited at Ottawa,	[illegible]

REFERENCES

Hon. S Tilley, C. B. Minister of Customs, Ottawa; C. N. Skinner, Esq., Collector of Customs, St John, N. B.; Joseph Bell, Esq. Merchant Halifax; Enoch Bigelow, Merchant, Halifax; [illegible] Esq., Merchant, Digby.

☞ The ÆTNA offers superior advantages to all who desire to be insured.

NEW CASH RATES with annual Dividends upon the contribution plan.

NEW TERM RATES, (Copyrighted) with privilege of Renewal for Life.

☞ Rates as favorable, Dividends as large, and Policies become self-sustaining as soon as in any other Company.

Head Offices at Halifax, N. S. and St. John, N. B., where every information may be obtained.

HUTCHINGS BROTHERS.

General Agents for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

N B.—Active Agents Wanted in all the larger towns. To good canvassers special advantages will be given. Apply as above. dec 9

132, BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL, 134

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

KNOX & JORDAN

Would beg to announce that they are now receiving their FALL AND WINTER STOCK which will be found large and well assorted. And at such low prices as will astonish purchasers

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, in Great Variety,

In Reps, Camlets, Brochers, Fancy do., Railway Cords, Fancy Circassians, French Merinoes, Plain and Colored Coburgs, &c. A large lot of Silk Velvets and Velveteens

40 Pieces Choice Waterproof Cloaking,

Velveteen and Cloth Jackets, also Waterproof Mantles,

80 doz. Wool Clouds, Newest Designs.

White and Colored FLANNELS, Wove do., in newest styles, Blankets, Horse Rugs, Railway do., Green Quilts, &c. at our usual low prices. And keeping the largest Stock of

Ready Made Clothing

In the City, we are enabled to offer great inducements to buyers in price, quality, style and finish. We also make up to order.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

A large Stock kept constantly on hand. Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Scotch and West of England Tweeds, and 8 cases Dominion Tweeds, best goods in the market. Price and quality must give satisfaction. An immense stock of Gentlemen's Underclothing, in Drawers, Shirts, Fancy Flannel do. Also Hats, Caps, Braces, Gloves, Ties, and no end of small wares.

3 CASES FURS, CHEAP, CHEAP.

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AGENTS.

Amherst—Charles Townshend; Annapolis, James Gray; Bridgetown, Wm. Shipley; Charlottet

The Family.

The Old Year's Gifts.

What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Many a hope, and many a fear,
Many a joy, and many a pain,
Pleasures I ne'er shall know again,
For the world grows sad as we grow older,
But smiles no less on each beholder.

What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Love so sweet, and its burning tear,
Longings that mocked me, hopes that died,
Infinite wants unsatisfied
And instead of thanks would not scorn be fitter
For gifts like these, unsought and bitter?

What have you brought to me, Old Year?
Doubt and darkness, not yet made clear,
Little of knowledge, but more of strife,
Days and nights with weariness rife;
While the earth's wild moan of discordant sorrow
Forever ascends from morrow to morrow.

What have you brought to me Old Year?
Life the shorter, and death more near;
Dreamings ended, and hearts grown cold—
Slumbering 'neath the damp earth-mold.
I thank you, Old Year, for this you have taught,
To hope for little and fear for naught.

Forgive, forgive, O sad Old Year!
My tears are dropping upon your bier.
Solemnly tolls the midnight bell—
For all, Old Year, I loved you well.
One sweet hope broods like peace o'er my heart.
And not with the year will it thence depart.

The Boy who don't Care.

"James, my son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten, when you ought to be studying your lesson. You will get a bad mark if you don't study," said Mrs. Mason to her son.

"I don't care," replied the boy, as he continued to amuse himself with the gambols of Spot, his pretty little kitten.

"But you ought to care, my dear," rejoined the lady with a sigh. "You will grow up an ignorant, good-for-nothing man if you don't make a good use of your opportunities."

"I don't care," said James, as he raced into the yard after his amusing playmate.

"Don't care will be the ruin of that child," said Mrs. Mason to herself. "I must teach him a lesson that he will not easily forget."

Guided by this purpose, the lady made no provisions for dinner. When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the house, as usual, shouting,—

"Mother, I want my dinner!"

"I don't care," replied Mrs. Mason very calmly, working on with her needle without looking up.

"I'm very hungry, mother," rejoined the boy.

"I don't care," repeated Mrs. Mason.

James was puzzled. His mother had never so treated him before. Her words were strange words for her to use, and her manner was so cold that he could not understand what it all meant. He was silent awhile, then he spoke again,

"Mother, I want something to eat."

"I don't care," was the cool reply.

"But recess will soon be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get some dinner" urged James.

"I don't care."

This was too much for the boy to endure. He burst into tears. His mother seeing him fairly subdued, laid down her work, and calling him to her side, stroked his hair very gently, and said:

"My son, I want to make you feel the folly and sin of the habit you have of saying 'I don't care.' Suppose I did not really care for you, what would you do for dinner, for clothing, for a nice home, for education? You now see that I must either care for you, or you must suffer very seriously. And if you must suffer through my lack of care for you, don't you think you will also suffer if you don't care for yourself? And don't you see that I must suffer too, if you don't care for my wishes? I hope, therefore, you will cease saying 'I don't care, and learn to be a thoughtful boy, caring for my wishes, and your own duties."

James had never looked on his evil habit in this light before. He promised to do better; and, after receiving a piece of pie, went off to school a wiser if not a better boy.—*S. S. Advocate.*

The Church Mouse.

The old church tower was the most delightful residence Dame Mouse could have chosen for herself and family.

There they could sit and watch the rushing throng on the pavements below without fear of molestation.

The young mice themselves were never allowed to leave the tower, but they had inquiring minds, and asked many questions about the objects which they saw.

"What are those creatures down there that keep continually moving to and fro?"

"They are men my child."

"And of what use are they in the world?"

"O, of great use. They build towers for us to live in, they make granaries, and store away corn for us to eat, and manufacture all our bread and cheese. So you see that even man was not created for nothing. I suppose no creature was except the cat."

Dame Mouse was quite noted for her wisdom and discretion. If she had a fault it was being too fond of visiting her neighbors and running about to see what she could see. Sometimes her six sons and six daughters took advantage of her absence to go abroad themselves.

They had never been farther than the top of the first flight of stairs, however, till one day the eldest, a hare-brained fellow, took it into his head to go just to the front of the stairs. Then he ran on a little farther, and a little farther, till he found himself in the street.

When either mice or children begin to go wrong, they are apt to go both farther and faster than they intended.

A butcher's cart had stopped in front of the church, its wheels having become entanged with that of an omnibus. While the drivers were scolding and abusing each other, mouse jumped into the cart unperceived. Then he in his turn became so engrossed with his dinner that he did not perceive that the cart had started till he was a long, long way from home. He was terribly frightened, and resolved to leave the cart and hasten home the first opportunity; but no opportunity offered the whole day long, for whenever the butcher stopped and sprang out, he said "Wolf, Wolf," and the great dog which had been trotting under the cart, then took possession of the driver's seat. He thought when night came he would at last be left alone, but although the cart was wheeled into a stable, Wolf was shut up three too, and howled and barked all night at the moon, which shone through a window, but at sunrise he fell asleep.

The mouse crept slowly out of the stable, and climbed into the first vehicle he saw, which proved to be a milkman's wagon. He rode about till the man had been his rounds, and was considering what he should do next, when a little girl came alon gerying, "Straw-ber-ress! strawber-rees!"

She stopped to bargain across the area railing with a round-faced Irish girl, and in order to make the change set down her baskets.

Mouse crept into one of them unobserved, and hid himself under the fresh green leaves. Then the little girl went on crying as before, "Straw-ber-rees!" She sold a great many baskets, and at last she came to the one which contained the mouse.

"These are the finest," said Bridget taking the basket from the girl, and, raising the leaves, out sprang the mouse.

"Och, you little villain!" exclaimed Bridget, and dropped basket and all.

Mouse hid under the front steps till they had done looking for him, and then peeping out, he saw a carriage standing at the house opposite. He darted from his hiding place, and scrambled up among the draperies of the coach.

Presently the white-gloved coachman let down the steps, and several persons got in; and among them a pretty pink and white creature, wraped in clouds of illusion lace. The orange flowers which she wore filled the carriage with their fragrance. It was in fact a bridal party, and the pink and white young creature was going to be married.

They drove a long distance, and drew up at last in front of a church. What was mouse's joy to see his own familiar tower, and his mother, and brothers and sisters all looking over the railing.

None of the wedding party observed that a little mouse followed them into the church, nor did he, in his turn, pause to witness the marriage ceremony, but hastened up stairs as fast as he could run.

MORAL

Ye parents who have children dear.
And ye who ehe have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

A Domestic Sketch.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding and helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer!

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I will sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm cheered him, and nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left the stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpet and furniture were sold, and she who had been mistress of the mansion shed no tears. "Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us; we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured, as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be dispensed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which was readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables—they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes, replied the father, "and you make such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessarily purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructres to a family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and the flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no, was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father" said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not a going to be rich again—for then we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us so happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please don't be a rich man any more."

Up.

The oak-tree's boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.

Temperance

Teetotalism and the Grace of God

In the little town of A—— there resided, in the year 1862, a worthy tradesman named Lewis who was an active Class-Leader of the Wesleyan church, and a zealous Teetotaler. The office of this good man was one day entered by a person well known to him, whose name was Powell; whereupon the following conversation ensued:—

Powell. I am come to take the Teetotal pledge, Mr. Lewis.

Lewis. I am afraid to take down your name, Powell; for I do not want my book filled with signatures of those who may break their vows.

Powell. It is come to this, sir: I must either renounce drink, or cut my throat.

Lewis. Well, if you have really made up your mind, let me have your name; but you must observe that Teetotalism will not do everything for you. You also need the grace of God; and you should pray to Him to enable you to keep your pledge."

To this Powell made no reply; but Mr. Lewis observed a curl of the lip, significant of the scepticism of the man. The signature, however, was taken, and they parted. After the lapse of a few weeks, Mr. Lewis met Powell in the street, and accosted him thus:—"Well, Powell, have you kept your pledge?"

Powell. Yes, sir.

Lewis. Are you not now a happier man?

Powell. No, sir: I am miserable.

Lewis. How do you account for that?

Powell. I cannot tell; and I am so weak that I cannot work, I cannot eat, I can do nothing.

Lewis. This is but the reaction after your former drinking habits. Cheer up: this will subside, and you will be a stronger and better man than ever you were.

Powell. Sir, if I drop down dead on the road, I won't break my pledge.

Lewis. Have you followed my advice? Have you prayed to God?

Powell. No, sir. To be honest with you, I don't believe in prayer.

Lewis. Can it be, then, that I am looking into the face of an infidel?

Powell. I don't know what you mean by the term 'infidel;' but I don't believe in prayer.

Lewis. Do you believe in the existence of God?

Powell. I do, sir; and for good reason. Some time since I was on the Brecon racecourse, playing a thimble-rig with one of my "pals," who had stolen a sovereign from a gentleman. He was charged with the theft, and denied it with an oath, saying that he hoped God would strike him dead that moment if he had taken it. He dropped down dead instantly; and it was then found that he had concealed the sovereign in his mouth.

Lewis. But if you believe in God, and that He punishes sin, why do you not also believe in the efficacy of prayer?

Powell. I cannot believe that He would listen to such insignificant beings as we are.

Lewis. Do you not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments?

Powell. No, sir.

Lewis. Then I suppose your notion is, that when you die, you simply expire as a dog?

Powell. Precisely. When I die, I expect there will be an end of me.

Lewis. We differ materially in our views. I believe in a future state, in which the man who has lived religiously here will be happy for ever, and the man who has persisted in rebellion against God will be everlastingly punished for his sin. Now, suppose you should be right and I wrong; shall I fare worse than you?

Powell. Certainly not. There can be no difference in things reduced to nothing.

Lewis. Then reverse it. Suppose I should prove right; what then?

Powell. The difference would be great then, sir.

Lewis. Now, Powell, depend upon it I am right; and you had better see to it, and pray about it.

Having said this, Mr. Lewis invited his friend into his office, and continued:—"Now I want you to do me a favour. I want you to kneel by my side, and let me pray with you."

Powell. O dear, no. I could not think of praying to God, since I do not believe that He will hear me.

Lewis. It can do you no harm; and I think out of respect to me you might do this.

He yielded. They knelt together. Mr. Lewis laid his case before the Lord, and implored mercy for him. After prayer, Powell, now evidently moved, bade Mr. Lewis good night, and retired. Several days elapsed, when Powell came again to the shop of his friend, and the following conversation ensued:—

Lewis. Well, Powell, how is it with you now?

Powell. Thank God, sir, I am better.

Mr. Lewis was pleased to hear these accents, but thought he referred to benefits he had derived from his new habits of temperance.

Lewis. Then you do not feel the cravings for drink as strongly as you did?

Powell. I have kept the pledge, sir; but, better than that, I have been to the blood of Christ.

As he said this, the tears came coursing down his face, which at the same time was lighted with an unwonted joy.

Lewis. Bless God for that! Now, Powell, you must unite yourself to the church of Christ.

Powell. O no, sir; I cannot do that. I dare not do it. You don't know what a sinner I have been. I should only bring disgrace upon the church.

Lewis. It is no matter what sort of character you have been: if the Lord Jesus Christ can receive you we can receive you too. Tell me now, more particularly how you came by this change of feeling.

Powell. You remember that night when you prayed with me in your office. As I arose from my knees and left your house, I felt like a man turned inside out—all my sinfulness seemed exposed to view: in my distress I prayed to God for Christ's sake to have mercy on me. I felt that He really did hear me, and was encouraged to continue to pray and trust in His mercy; and now I feel He has forgiven all my sins.

Reader! Have you passed through any such experience as this? Have you "felt like a man turned inside out," and been distressed on account of your sinfulness? Have you trusted with a broken and contrite heart upon the merits of Christ for mercy, and realised "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins?" Then unite yourself to the people of God, and prove your gratitude to your Saviour by consistency of your life.—Powell entered into the class of his friend Lewis, and remains a steady witness of the reality of spiritual religion, and of the power of the Gospel to regenerate he heart J. A. M.

TRUE WORDS.—No mind so bright but drink will befool it; no fortune so ample but brandy will beggar it; the happiest it will fill with misery; the firmest health dissipation will shatter; no business so thriving that whisky cannot spoil.

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THEY are perfectly safe. They act immediately without physic. They are palatable, and are eagerly taken by children, thereby possessing every advantage over the vermifuges now in use, which are so nauseous and troublesome to administer to children. They are warranted to contain nothing that would injure in the slightest degree the youngest or most delicate infant; so *simple is their composition*, that they can be used as a simple *purgative*, instead of *Castor Oil or Powders*, &c.

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WORMS IN CHILDREN

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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:

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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.

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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 teaspoonfuls 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.

LIFE IN A PILL BOX

Extraordinary Effects

——FROM——

Maggiel's Antibilious Pills!

One Pill in a Dose.

ONE PILL IN A DOSE!
ONE PILL IN A DOSE!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your pills are marvellous.

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

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

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

My nausea of a morning is now cured

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

Send me two boxes; I want one for poor family

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

Send me five boxes of your pills

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

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

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

FOR FEMALE DISEASES,

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

Maggiel's Pills will be found an effectual Remedy

MAGGIEL'S PILLS & SALVE

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

EACH BOX CONTAINS TWELVE PILLS ONE PILL IN A DOSE.

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

Sold by all respectable dealers in medicine throughout the United States and Canadas at 25 Cents a Box or Pot.

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

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

Dec 1 6m

Mrs. Winslow

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

SOOTHING SYRUP,

For Children Teething,

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

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

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

Relief and Health to your Infant s.

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 SKILLFUL NURSE 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 25 Cents per bottle,

Prang's American Chromos

Are pronounced by distinguished Painters, Poets, and Critics the best that are now made. We challenge the most critical examination of our Chromos in oil—such as Tait's Groups, Britcher's Landscapes, Lemmen's Poultry Pictures, Correggio's Magdalena, The Flower Boquet, or the Kid's Play Ground

Our Chromos, after Water Colors, are equally artistic. They are—

Wood Mosses & Ferns, by Ellen Robbins,	$1.50
Bird's Nest and Linchens, " "	1.50
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Of the last pictures, George L. Brown, the celebrated American Artist,—unrivalled as a colorist and painter of atmospheric effect, says—

"I admire them much. I saw some splendid specimens in Europe, which were wonderful; but never supposed that even finer ones were executed in Boston. What particularly excites my admiration, is the tender and delicate half-tints, the high finish, and the *finesse* and richness of tone I think they must do much to educate the public in the way of color. How far superior to the hideous color lithographs we have been so shocked in seeing so long a time! I congratulate you on your success. GEORGE L. BROWN."

Ask for them at the Art Stores and Book Stores.

Our Chromos are sent free, to any address, within the United States, east of the Mississippi, on receipt of price.

Prang's "Chromo Journal," issued quarterly, contains a complete descriptive catalogue of our Chromos, with special information about the art. Specimen copies of the Journal sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

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Ayer's Ague Cure.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

Every Man his own Physician

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS,
And Holloway's Ointment!

Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum

Are two of the most common virulent disorders prevalent on this continent To these the Ointment is especially antagonistic, its' *modus operandi*' is first to eradicate the venom and then complete the cure.

Bad Legs, Old Sores and Ulcers

Cases of many years standing, that have pertinaciously refused to yield to any other methody or treatment, have invariably succumbed to a few applications of this powerful unguent.

Eruptions on the Skin,

Arising from a bad state of the blood or chronic diseases, are eradicated, and a clear and transparent surface regained by the restorative action of this Ointment. It surpasses many of the cosmetics and other toilet appliances in its power to dispel rashes and other disfigurements of the face.

Female Complaints.

Whether in the young or old, married or single at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these tonic medicines display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible in the health of the patient being a purely vegetable preparation, they are a safe and reliable remedy for all classes of Females in every condition of health and station of life.

Piles and Fistula.

Every form and feature of these prevalent and stubborn disorders is eradicated locally and entirely by the use of this emolient; warm fomentation should precede its application. Its healing qualities will be found to be thorough and invariable.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:

Bunions	Skin Diseases,
Burns,	Swelled Glands,
Chapped Hands,	Sore Legs,
Chilblains,	Sore Breasts,
Fistula,	Sore Heads,
Gout,	Sore Throats.
Lumbago,	Sores of all kinds,
Mercurial Eruptions,	Sprains,
Piles,	Stiff Joints,
Rheumatism,	Tetter,
Ringworm,	Ulcers,
Salt Rheum,	Venereal Sores,
Scalds,	Wounds of all kinds.

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

Sold at the, manufactory of Professor Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilised world.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorde are affixed to each pot and box.

Dealer in my well-known medicines can have Show-Cards, Circulars, &c, sent FREE OF EXPENSE, by addressing Thos. Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y

nov 6

MOOSEWOOD BITTERS!

PERRY DAVIS' Vegetable Pain Killer,

The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

TAKEN INTERNALLY, CURES

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, Toothache, 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