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ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Alone in the twilight, the shadows are creeping,
Wierd fingers are tracing strange shapes on
the wall,
The old cottage clock seems a drowsy watch
keeping,
Scarce breaking the silence nor brooding o'er
all.
Alone, but not lonely, for fancy has taken
Me back to the scenes of the dear long ago;
Again, as from dream-land, a child I awaken,
A child among children: O can it be so?
Even now hand in hand with a chosen I'm ranging,
And plucking the blossoms from woodland and
lea,
N'er heeding that spring-time to autumn is
changing,
Ah talk not of letters to spirits so free,
The form and the feature so gracefully mould-
ed,
I see once again, now our rambles are o'er,
In snowy ground lying, with lily hands folded;
My idol is broken, my playmate no more.
I weep, but another, with eye calm and truth-
ful,
Is smiling upon me in hours of repose,
Combining the wisdom of years with the youth-
ful:
Of boons heaven granted, the rarest are those,
She fits, she is gone, but a dwelling I enter,
Anon to the firs and the footstep I bend,
With brow mildly radiant I know in the centre,
The light of that circle, the face of my friend,
Tall brothers are mine, and the laughter is
ringing,
Again in the cottage so lonely and brown;
Full seven in glaze to the home-nest are cling-
ing,
A trio of sisters each claims for his own,
O hours all too golden, how soon are ye shad-
ed!
I look for the nine, but I walk among graves;
And lo! 'mid the perfume of flowers that are
faded,
A requiem floats—'tis the murmur of waves.
Is this around me, O may I not linger?
Is not the real? O why wanes it so soon?
All else becomes vague, and a beckoning finger
Lures back to the present; the vision is flow-
ing,
A yearning is deep and the embers are dying,
Without, seems the night wind, all mournfully
sighing,
Of hopes disappointed, joys withered and dead,
The burden is heavy, my feet have grown
weary,
I tire of the discord, the clamor, the strife,
Of still plodding on in a desert so dreary,
And warring a warfare to end but with life,
The future will bring but the same care and
toiling,
Tomorrow, repeat the routine of to-day;
Heart-tainting I cry to be free from the moil-
ing,
For fierce is the conflict, and dark is the way.
A voice from the gloom whispers 'Peace trouble-
d
spirit,
My grace is sufficient, my promises sure;
All who overcome shall my mansions inherit,
And dwell in a noon-tide as changeless as
pure.'
Light bursts and arises, the form of a mother,
With countenance placid, and silver hair,
A many-faceted band, and amid it another
Of summers soon told, a brow arless and fair.
I look on, and 'love them, the burthen is
lighter,
Still borne to my ears those cadences sweet;
The dove folds her wing as faith's vision grows
brighter,
"For these I would have thee work longer and
wait,
Clouds come not, without me, nor talketh a
sparrow,
Thy past then to memory legaced, be,
While patiently treading the path straight and
narrow;
Thy present to duty, thy future to Me."

Oh, Friend of all others! hushed be my re-
pinning,
Though only faith sees thee, I know thou art
near;
Even my doubting soul, on thy bosom reclin-
ing,
Can trust in 'love perfect,' that 'casteth out
fear.'
The morning has broken, but weary no longer,
Earth smiles, and my spirit looks cheerfully on,
In one hour for a life-work made stronger,
The hour that I missed in the twilight alone.
T.
Yarmouth, March 18th, 1872.

THE RESURRECTION.—No. 2.

He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of Death,
And triumph'd o'er the grave! Shout earth
and heaven.
This sum of good to man! whose nature then
took wing, and mounted with Him from the
tomb.
Man, all immortal, hail!
Hail Heaven! All lavish of strange gifts to
man!
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss!
The resurrection of Jesus Christ affords
a confirmation and illustration of His own
teachings respecting a future state, the resur-
rection of the dead, and a general judg-
ment. By His resurrection He conquered
death in death's own domain, and inscribed
in illuminated characters over the gateway
to the tomb, "I am the Resurrection and
the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he
were dead, yet shall he live." In the
Hebrew Scriptures glimpses were given of
the life of heaven, so that the saints of old
had some anticipation of the fulness of joy
in God's presence. Job was comforted in
his accumulated trials by the hope that in
the latter day he would see his living Redem-
pter. Isaiah gave an intimation of belief
in the resurrection of the body, when he
said, "Thy dead men shall live, together
with my dead body shall they arise. Awake
and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is
as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall
cast out the dead." But it was reserved
for the ministry of the great Prophet to

shed light on these topics, and to thrill the
heart of man by His sublime teaching of
relation to the future state; and then He
opened up and confirmed those doctrines,
and gave them living power before the
world by His own resurrection from the
dead, thereby counterworking death, and
bringing life and immortality to light.
When Jesus on one occasion announced the
everlasting life of those who believe in Him,
that the dead should hear the voice of the
Son of Man and live; he added, "Marvel
not at this; for the hour is coming, in the
which all that are in the graves shall hear
His voice, and shall come forth; they that
have done good, unto the resurrection of
life; and they that have done evil, unto the
resurrection of damnation." Thus we are
assured that there shall be a resurrection of
the dead, both of the just and of the unjust.
He shall come again to be our Judge, in
the glory of His Father with His holy
angels. Upon the fact of His resurrection,
and the awfully solemn expectation of His
second coming, is founded the call to repen-
tance and newness of life. "The times of
ignorance God winked at, but now com-
mandeth all men everywhere to repent, be-
cause He hath appointed a day in the which
He will judge the world in righteousness by
that man whom he hath ordained; whereof
He hath given assurance unto all men, in
that He hath raised Him from the dead."

The resurrection of Christ has an impor-
tant bearing upon the character and privi-
leges of the Lord's people, and is to them
all of constant and hope. The great
spiritual change characteristic of believers
in Christ, is a death unto sin and a new life
unto righteousness; dying with Christ in
His death, buried with Him in fulfillment of
our baptismal vows, and raised with Him
in His resurrection's power; planted in the
likeness of His death, and also in the like-
ness of His resurrection. Great is the privi-
lege of the Christian in dying unto sin, that
it shall have no more dominion over him,
being ably humbled, yet confidently to say,
"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless
I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;"
not greater than every true
Christian may enjoy. To this grace we are
called, to apprehend and exemplify in the
character of a living and powerful faith in
our crucified and risen Saviour, the privi-
lege to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto
sin, but alive unto God through Jesus
Christ our Lord. There is thus a principle
of conformity between the Saviour and His
saved people; and the relation of the re-
deemed to Christ shows the propriety of
such conformity. He is the vine, we are
the branches; He is the head, we are the
members; and it is His will we should be
conformed to His likeness here, that we may
be sharers of His glory on high. Again, as
our life is a matter of interest to Christ,
so is our death; it is sleeping in Jesus.
This idea was a favorite one with the
first Christians, and during the early
centuries, as is evident not only by the new
Testament references to this effect, but also
by the inscriptions in the catacombs. The
figure of sleep was chosen to represent the
state of the pious dead; not as indicating
spiritual unconsciousness; but because it
was expressive of the calmness with which
they could meet the last enemy even amid
the agonies of martyrdom, and because it
signified their cherished hope of a restora-
tion from the dust of death. The Lord
Jesus by His resurrection has become the
first fruits of them that sleep in Him. The
first fruits were presented by the Israelites
before the Lord, and then came the harvest;
so is Christ the first fruits of His people,
being the first raised from the dead to die
no more. The first fruits were a pledge of
the harvest that was to follow; so is Christ
to His people by His resurrection from the
dead, that His first fruits were a representa-
tion of the kind of harvest; so is Christ's
glorious body in heaven a representation of
the glory of the heavenly bodies of His
saints as they shall appear on the resurrec-
tion day.

The resurrection of the human body at
the last day, is not a question of doubt or
conjecture, but one that is established with
great certainty as the resurrection of
Christ Himself; and the teachings of the
New Testament as to the glorious resurrec-
tion of the Lord's people are of most
comforting assurance, filling their hearts
with joyous hope and confidence. That so
wonderful an event should be involved in
some degree of mystery, is not at all sur-
prising; including as it does a state of be-
ing widely different from the present mode
of existence. Yet we are not without in-
stances, constantly recurring before our
view, of great transformations in nature,
wrought by the same power that shall bring
forth the dead from their graves, and af-
fording illustrations of the doctrine of the
resurrection. In some familiar objects of
the lower forms of animated existence, we
mark surprising changes transpiring, in
some degree analogous to that which shall
take place in regard to the body by the
resurrection. From the chrysalis of a lowly
 grub comes forth a higher and more
beautiful form of insect life. But how
small is that transition as compared with
the transformation through which the Lord's
redeemed shall pass, when from the nature
they possessed on earth there shall arise
a glorious body, and when this mortal shall
put on immortality. We have periodically
in the trees of the forest, in the fruits of the
field and in the flowers of the garden, an-
other illustration of the doctrine of the
resurrection. We look around us during
the frosts of winter, and how dreary and
death-like is the picture which the vege-
table world presents; but in a few short
weeks, spring opens once more, and all na-
ture bursts forth in new life, robed in bloom
and beauty. Our blessed Lord employs
this figure of vegetable death and life, to
show that His own death was necessary to
bring forth much fruit in the salvation of
the millions of our race; and the Apostle
Paul uses the same illustration, to show that
in the decomposition of the body there
will come forth a glorious form of life, and
to every seed his own body. As organic
changes take place in the germination of
seed in the earth, by the decomposition of
the outer covering enclosing the germ of
life, so shall the corruption of the tomb
prepare our body for its future form of
beauty.

Yet the analogy is not a complete or per-
fect one. Our Lord and His Apostle em-
ployed the figure as an illustration merely,
and not as affording an entire resemblance.
In the changes going forward in vegeta-
tion, and in all the processes of vegeta-
tion, life is uninterrupted. It may be tor-
pid or latent, but it is there. The seed
must die in its external coating, but the
germ of life is preserved. The life in the
buttery did not pass through death. The
life in the waving harvest was transmitted
from the seed grain, by the process of re-
production. In all these processes life has
been continued; so that in these there is
really no resurrection. But in the case of
our bodies deposited in the earth there is
positive, absolute, total death; and there
can be no life again by any natural process.
It is true that the same power necessary to
effect the resurrection, is in operation in na-
ture; but in the one class of instances we
have omnipotence at work in connection
with established laws, whereas in the re-
surrection of the dead the divine working
will be manifest in opposition to nature's
laws. By grounding our hope of the resurrec-
tion on the great power of God,—the
mighty working whereby He is able to sub-
due all things unto Himself—we are just
ified in the inquiry, "Why should it be
thought a thing incredible that God should
raise the dead?"

The question naturally arises, In what
consists the identity of the human body?
A question more easily asked than answer-
ed; nor is there much additional light af-
forded by the reply. Human identity con-
sists in sameness of personality. Each one
knows himself to be the same person that
he was ten or twenty years ago. We know
our immaterial nature to be the same as in
other years, and that the union of the soul
and body is the same that it was in our
early existence. We know these things by
personal consciousness. In a certain sense
we may say also, we have the same body
that we ever had. Yet we know that this
body has undergone very great changes;
that it is constantly changing; that it is pos-
sible we do not see an object twice with the
same eyes, or speak two sentences with ab-
solutely the same lips and tongue; and that
we are totally changed from what we were
a few years ago. Portions of our body
may be removed by amputation, but our
identity remains unchanged, and we speak-
ively the same persons; and we speak
truly, when we say, these are the same
bodies. Our bodily identity then does not
consist in the idenic and numerical partic-
les composing our bodily structure at any
one period of our mortal life; and if not of
these in life, then certainly not of these in
death. In what it does consist, we know
not; it is enough that God knoweth; by
His power and wisdom, through all the
mutations of matter, that identity shall be
preserved, and He will raise it up at the
last day. This body shall rise again; these
eyes shall look upon our living Redeemer,
whom we shall see for ourselves and not
for another. In our view it is necessary that
the essential unity between the body and
the spirit which subsisted during this life,
should be resumed at the judgment, when
rewards and punishments shall be distrib-
uted, that every one may receive, in his
entire nature, his just retribution for the
things done in his body, according to that
he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

But what sort of body shall be the resurrec-
tion body of the saints? "It doth not
yet appear what we shall be; but we know
that when He shall appear, we shall be like
Him; for we shall see Him as He is."
Doubtless the heavenly body shall be wide-
ly different from our present corporeal or-
ganization. Perhaps our present form of
resemblance to our present form, or be suf-
ficiently similar to serve the purpose of re-
cognition; but O, how gloriously changed!
Incarnate, and without deformity, or
defect, or imperfection; no more a clog to
the spirit, or a subject of pain, weakness or
weariness; but in perfect strength and
youth, and beauty. The spirit speaks of
the body in the grave as the natural body,
but raised from the grave a spiritual body;
using the term spiritual in a comparative
and accommodated sense; for the essential
differences now existing between matter
and spirit shall, no doubt, continue. The
body raised will not be composed of the
gross materials of flesh and blood, but of
matter refined and glorified, warranting the
expression, a spiritual body.

Without any undue exercise of the imagi-
nation, the body that will be raised may be
regarded as differing in various important
particulars from our present corporeal na-
ture. In that world there shall be neither
male nor female; for there they neither
marry nor are given in marriage, but are
as the angels; and they shall be clothed
with the spirit we breathe; but there we may
dispose with the organs of respiration.
Here the wasting, changing body needs un-
dermined for its repair and support, hence
the organs of digestion and of circulation
are essential, the stomach, the liver, the
viscera, and that wonderful machinery of
the heart and blood vessels; but these
processes will not be required here. We
are pent up, and restricted in our move-
ments, by our limited capacity for locomo-
tion, and by the force of gravitation; but
there, without muscular energy, by the
mere exercise of the will, we may be able
to transport ourselves with the rapidity of
thought. This body of our humiliation
shall be changed, vastly changed, and fash-
ioned like unto the glorious body of Jesus
Christ.

"Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on;
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun."
The material glory with which the saints
shall be then invested, will, however, be
but as an outer type of inner glory; when,
with faculties enlarged and perfected, they
shall know as they are known, shall be fill-
ed with unutterable joy, and shall rise
higher and still higher elevations of holiness
and love. The rapture of the redeemed
shall rise to ecstasy, as they dwell upon the
meritorious cause of all their blessedness
and glory,—the matchless love and grace of
Jesus. This shall be a theme of wonder,
love and praise, through never-ending ages.
The glory of all they then shall be, and of
all they ever hope to become, shall be as-
cribed to Jesus! These prospects, how full
of comfort are they to the Lord's people
in this present world of shadows, of
temptations, of sorrow. Our hearts are
often here weighed down; our infirmities

abound; the tenderest earthly ties are sun-
dered, and we ourselves are hastening to
death. But the grave has been blessed to
the Christian believer, since the body of
Jesus has lain there; and through His re-
surrection power shall we be glorified with
Him.
"Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see."
M.

MISSIONARY SPEECH.

BY REV. CHARLES BRUCE FITZLAPO.
At Exmouth Street Wesleyan Church, St.
John, N. B.
My resolution recognizes the **PAST LIBERAL-
ITY** of the church towards the mission cause.
We like to think of the liberality of the
church to think of the £70 sterling raised by
the ministers of the Conference one hundred and
thirty years ago, and of the £6,000 raised prin-
cipally by the immortal Coke, fifty nine years
ago, and also of the nearly \$150,000 raised
during the past year. Thank God for past
liberality. Our society has had missionaries
in Africa for about twenty six years—in Asia
for about fifty eight years—in the great island
Continent of Australia for about fifty seven
years, and in other parts of the earth for over
half a century, and these missionaries have
been kept there by the past liberality of the
church. To-day we have about one thousand
missionaries, speaking in about forty dialects
who require to be supported by our present
and future liberality. We will do our duty.
So long as the heart of our church beats true
to herself, and true to her God, the missionary
cause will have her money, her sympathy, her
prayers.

We like not only to think of the liberality of
the Wesleyan church, but of the liberality of
ALL CHRISTIAN CHURCHES. Sydney Smith
did not see far when he sneered in the Edin-
burgh Review about the £15,266 with which he
said the "Consecrated sabbler" (Carey) was
going to convert the millions of Hindoos. He
was ignorant of the spirit of the missionary
liberality that was sleeping in the churches.
That spirit has been waking up ever since so
that now the eight or ten million societies that
are in operation to-day, raise about ten million
dollars. It is cheering to think that the mis-
sionaries who are supported by that money,
preaching Jesus in about fifteen thousand
places in heathendom. They are preaching
Jesus amid the uplands of Sierra Leone and
the jungles of Kaffra—within the wall of
China and beneath the Hoang-Ho—along the
shores of the Bengal Bay, and the strands of the
Indian Ocean—upon the slopes of the grand,
old Himalayas—upon the banks of the flow-
ing, winding Burramputer—amid the Cinnamon
groves of Ceylon and the myrtles of Fiji—
beside the boiling springs of Iceland and among
the forests of the west. They are preaching
Jesus at the feet of great idols, under the shad-
ow of gorgeous mosques, beneath the frown of
the trembling Vatican. They are preaching
Jesus the sacrifice for the world's sins—the
light for the world's darkness—the balm for
the world's sores—the gladness for the world's
sadness—the rock for the world's feet—the
crown for the world's brow, and the home for
the world's soul.

We like to think of the GREAT THINGS AC-
COMPLISHED, through past liberality. Great
things have been done since Paul, the mis-
sionary, carried the gospel to Italy and Greece
eight hundred years ago; since Augustine
carried the good news of salvation to Britain
seven hundred years ago; since Luther, the
sacred herald, carried the glad tidings of the
gospel to the hills of Germany, and since the
evangelist of the East, carried the glad news
of salvation by faith; and since Carey seventy-two
years ago, his first convert into the Ganges.
Great things, Britain has long ago exchanged
his wicker idol for a Father God, his Druid
temples for the temples of Emmanuel. Within
the memory of some here the Polynesian group
have come up from cannibalism to civilization
—from a channel house to a palace. The island
of Ceylon has come up from barbaric night
to stand in the sun. Madagascar, that resisted
the gospel for thirty years, has shaken off its
chains, and bared its head for a diadem from
Jesus the King. The isles of the sea are be-
ginning to lift their torches towards heaven
for the benediction of the Father. They are
knocking at the door of grace with their finger
upon the knocker. They are stretching up
their hands to pluck the grapes that hang over
the bastions of glory. They are carrying their
chalices to the springs of 'living water.' They
are down by the river listening for the music
of the harpers on the other shore. Their eyes
are turned 'to the morning star,' that ever gleams
through the cloud rifts, and shines above
the Jordan ferry boat that carries the pas-
sengers to heaven. The isles have not
stretched themselves towards God in vain.
The golden benediction has come. The
door has opened. The grapes have fallen.
The spring waters of the skies have flowed in
to the chalice. Music is ringing through the
Islander's being, more charming far, than all
the oratories that sunny ocean ever sung
around the coral strands. Light is stream-
ing through his soul, more radiant than ever
flashed among his groves, or glinted on his
brooklets. Greater things have been done,
than can ever be storied by man or angel.
An atlas and a missionary report can tell where
the missionaries have been, and are labouring.
Statistics can tell how many belong to the
church in this place and in that. They can
tell about the seven hundred thousand or more
in Africa—about the eight hundred thousand
or more in Asia, and about the multitudes else-
where, who profess to belong to the Redeemer.
But until we can scale the height and fathom
the depth of a soul can we tell the greatness
of what has been done. Now it is well to re-
member that what has been accomplished, has
greatly depended upon the liberality of the
church.

We like to think of the TEACHINGS OF THE
TRANSLATED WORD. In many lands that word
is now pointing out, with fingers of light,
"the narrow way" that leads the pilgrim up
to the temple home of God. In the Bible
of Dr. Morrison, the Chinese can see a path
to purity and perfection, such as he never

could behold in the writings of Confucius
in the Bible of Henry Martyn, the Persian
can see a pathway to manhood and the
skies, such as he never could see in his loved
and lovely Zend Avesta. In Carey's bible the
East Indian can find a way to nobleness, free-
dom and Paradise, such as he never could
be found by the Hindus in his Shaster, by the
Brahman in his Vedas, or by the Mahomedan in
his Koran. What stories that Bible which
has been translated into two hundred and
seventy four languages, is telling in the night
wrapped lands. What stories it is telling about
the *Three One God* who strag the stars, and
wove the upholstery of the skies—who uplited
the mountains, and spread, rich, green damask
cloths upon their table lands—who scooped out
the oceans and rimmed them round, here with
gold or silver sands, and there with rock of
granite or of coral, as it pleased Him and set
bouquets of islands among the waters, some to
bloom in ceaseless summer, and some to look
drear enough among the ice of an eternal win-
ter. What stories that Bible is telling about
men, who has broken his harp, flung away his
psalm, and lost his Eden, and whose story it is
also telling about Jesus who died on a tree in
Palestine, that he might string and tune the
broken harp again—that He might open a
gate of another Eden for the banished gar-
den—that He might offer a more dazzling
crown to the captive king. Its story is, Jesus
the *only way* to the Father. It says to the
followers of the false prophet—"No path
arise the Alisair to Paradise." It says to the
Ganges or Indus to purity; no way under
the wheels of Juggernaut to pardon and
blessedness." It says to all,—"No way
to heaven but Jesus." It points to Calvary
and cries, "that is the way ye go in."
Through the Bible Jesus himself cries to the
dwellers in the night—"I am the way, the truth
and the life, no man cometh unto the Father
but by me." He who will thank God and rejoice
that the Bible has been translated into so many
languages we should not forget, that this work
could not have been achieved without the past
liberality of the Church.

We like to think of the POWER OF THE SPOKEN
WORD. How earnest speech often thrills
and convinces man. What wondrous stories
have come down to us about the great Ath-
enian orator hurling his words, like barbed
thunderbolts, against the Macedonian king, un-
til Philip, cried, "I have no enemy but De-
mosthenes." What stories we have read about
Cicero flashing his eloquence against Cataline
the great orator warrior. What stories fill
the world about the golden words of Chryso-
stom of Syria—about the words of "living thun-
der" uttered by Edward Irving, before the elite
and literati of London—about the words of
magic and converting might, that enabled George
Whitefield to shake two continents. God
has always had his men of mighty word power.
He has them still. They are not confined
to Christendom. Among the four thousand mis-
sionaries in heathendom, there is doubtless
many a consecrated Cicero and inspired White-
field. In Burma about eighteen years ago,
Quala, a converted Karen began to preach.
Within the first year he added eight hun-
dred to the Church of Christ. Within three
years he formed thirty churches, comprising
nearly three thousand members. Victory!
Few of our great revivalists have done
that. Many others have done, and are doing
greater things among the heathen by a spoken
gospel. Now, while we thank God and rejoice,
because of the conquest that has been in the
spoken word, among the people of the Chris-
tian lands, we should not forget how much it
has done for our Christian liberality.

We like to think of the UNWIELDY INFLU-
ENCE OF THE MISSIONARY'S LIFE. We can
tell of the influence of Judson in Burma, of
 Moffat in Africa, of Lee in New Zealand,
of Lawrence in the Friendly Isles, of Ellis in Mad-
agascar, of the thousands of godly men who
have been and are scattered throughout heath-
endom. These men have not lived in vain.
Their influence must be felt. Material influ-
ence even, however insignificant, are never un-
felt or vain. The weakest and weariest
flower that ever bloomed on the skirts of the
Caucasian mountain snows did not live in
vain. The tiniest rill that ever trickled from
the spring of some lone oasis in Sabara,
did not flow in vain. Every star that ever
shimmered down the night must make
itself felt through space. Every wood-bird's
song that ever joined the chorus of the forest
lyons, must sing on forever. God lets no mat-
terial or moral force ever be lost. The toils of
the tears, the blood, the prayers, the life-force
of the missionary can never be lost. Never! These
men have sown their life-gems; these gems
must yet yield a harvest. They have dropped
their pebbles into the sea; the rings of these
pebbles must ripple on, and on and wash some
precious things upon the shore. The lives of
the missionaries have spoken: the voice of these
lives must echo down the years. Now, while
we thank God and rejoice that these men have
lived among painted, tattooed savages, or among
Christless sages, we should not forget how
great their being there has depended upon the
liberality of the Church.

MY RESOLUTION CALLS FOR INCREASING
LIBERALITY. *More money wanted!* Money
wanted to send more missionaries to preach to
the waiting millions. They are waiting all
the way from the Esquimaux countries that lie
along the coasts of Baffin's Bay, on, on, to the
westward. They are waiting for the gospel
all the way from the Sunda Sea, on to the sea
of Kara, waiting all the way from Liberia, on
to the Persian gulf; waiting all along the island
groups of sunny Oceania. Waiting! waiting!
There are about eight hundred millions scatter-
ed over Asia, Africa and their islands, waiting
to hear about the Saviour. But there are few,
few to tell the story. Even in India, that
land of missionaries, while there are three gods
to every person, there is only one missionary
to every million, and there are lands where not
even one missionary is found. No Jesus
preached in Tibet, a large province north-
west of India, governed by the Grand Lama
who is worshipped by the people as an in-
carnate god. No Jesus preached in Corea a
peninsula between China and Japan. No Jesus
in Cochinchina a large state in farther India,
belonging to the empire of Annam. No Jesus

preached in Arabia, in Central Asia, in Central
Africa. Why? One of the principal reasons is,
the lack of money. True enough, it might be
death to the missionaries to go these lands.
They might be killed by the people. What of that!
There are consecrated men ready to go. What of that!
The societies were ready to send them. A little
over one hundred years ago, when Ledyard the
traveller was asked when he would be ready to
start for interior Africa, replied, "To-morrow
morning." "To-morrow morning" has been
the answer of different men since then. "To-
morrow morning" would be the answer of
some consecrated Christians now. When the
plague raged at Marseilles, Dr. Guyon was so
devoted to science and philosophy, that when
the physicians were consulting what could be
done, said,—"To-morrow morning, I will per-
form a dissection." He did his work and died.
Hercules! Your men of blood and powder are
heroes compared with him. And to the hon-
our of Christianity be it spoken, there are men
so devoted to Jesus and to souls, that they
would go to preach and die in any kingdom,
on any peninsula, on any island, and on any
continent. If the Missionary Committee had
the money, they could get the men. More
money wanted! "How much woe that thou
Lord, for this palace home in which he has
placed thee? Its huge rocky pedestals were
sculptured by His chisel. Its walls are hung
with pictures painted by his pencil. He treas-
ures its ceiling with cloud, and aurora and
star. His looms weave its carpet of white and
green, and vermilion, and purple and gold.
He pours aroma upon its rich banquet, and
supplies its larder of field and air and sea. He
tunes its cascade-organs, and strairs its forest
lyres. He wakes odes in its orchards, and
epics on its sea, and ballads in its brooklets,
and choirs in its summer meadows. What a
home for a person with an eye, an ear, an imagi-
nation, a heart in which to dwell. How
much for it?

"How much woe that thou, for the Bible?"
It alone can tell you of your origin—your slav-
ery,—your emancipation—your eternity. It
alone tells you of a palace home, where the
freescenes never fade, and the love-scenes never
cease; where there is aroma, and pictures and
music for the soul. It alone warns you of a
dungeon down in hell, where day-light never
dawns; where there are no beauty-scenes, and
where joy-scenes are never sung. What a
book! Who would quarrel with the historian
for recording its history to outline that of
Herodotus, or Xenophon, or Gibbon? Who
would quarrel with the philosopher for pro-
claiming its philosophy to be superior to that
of Plato, or Descartes, or Bacon? Who would
quarrel with the poet for singing of its poetry
as grander than that of Homer or Milton? We
ought to be proud to be the Biographer were he to
tell of its biographies better than anything else
interesting than those of Plutarch and Boswell.
We could say amen, to the orator were he to
speak of its orations as more weird and stir-
ring than those of Demosthenes, or Cataline, or
Vergnaud or Burke. As Christians we know
and declare its words to be full of wounding and
healing; its manna to be satisfying, and its
springs to be exhaustless; its Jesus to be our
friend, and its heaven to be our home—our
home of rest beyond the journey—of peace be-
yond the battle—of calm beyond the storm.
How much for the Bible and its prospects?

THE CALL IS ALSO FOR MORE FERVENT PRAYER.
FOR WANT OF FERVENT PRAYER our prayers have
been worthless. The prayer mills of the Mo-
guls, or the speaking machine of the great
English exhibition, might say prayers as ac-
ceptable as many of ours have been. Few of
us know how to pray. Our arms are short.
Our wings are weak. May the Lord enable us
to try the mightiness of fervent prayer.
We will pray more earnestly for the
missionary enterprise, when we remember it
ought to be an *SOUL CONVERSION*. Soul makes
man what he is, the most precious thing on
earth. It is soul that makes the Nonagenarian
more precious than his hundred and thirty
years, his marble quarries, and the magnets
found in his iron mines. It is soul that makes
the Siberian more precious, than the black fox-
es and ermines that haunt his wilds. It is
soul that makes the Arab more precious, than
the balm of Gilead and the spikenard of his
cultivated lands, and the zebra he lassoes in
his wide, wild desert. It is soul that makes
the new Guinea Islander more precious than
the birds of Paradise that make his frond-
ed bread fruit groves all a-flush and gorgeous.
It is soul that makes the Hindoo more precious
than all the diamonds ever brought from Rao-
candoo, the famous mine in the kingdom of Gol-
conda. It is soul that makes the Persian pearl
fisher more precious than all the pearls ever
fished from gulf or sea. Yes, it is soul that
makes man precious. Now, the grand object
of the missionary work is soul conversion.
What are all other objects and achievements
compared with this? What were the victories
of Zingis Khan, and Tamerlane and Charle-
magne compared with the triumphs of the gos-
pel in Polynesia, and the great island home
of the Madagascar Queen. It was easy enough
to build the pyramids, or to muzzle the thun-
derbolts, or to weave the sunset splendors into
the fibres of the canvases, or to chisel the snowy
marble into grand architectural forms, com-
pared with the converting of a wandering Tar-
tar's soul. Man can chisel and paint and build
and crush and kill: God can alone convert.
But the Church upon her knees, with her hands
of faith and prayer stretched through the skies,
can bring down the converting power. Church
of God, down upon your knees. *Prayer has
omnipotence in it.* Archimedes said, it he had
a fulcrum for his lever he could move the world.
He never got such a fulcrum. The Church of
God has got both fulcrum and lever. Prayer is
the lever: the promises of the Eternal
the fulcrum. A praying Church must move
the world. "Whatever ye shall ask in
my name that will I do;" put your lever
upon that fulcrum and move Christendom.
"Ask of me, and I will give thee the
heaven for thine inheritance;" put your lever
upon that fulcrum, and move heathendom.
Oh! that the Church would learn how to use
this lever and fulcrum. She will yet know how
to go upon her knees, and putting her lever
under the islands of the seas lift them God-
ward. She will know how to put her lever

under Africa, and move it upwards towards the
Jesus of the cross, and the crown. She will
yet know how to put her lever under Asia and
lift it up towards Paradise and the Father.
Church of God! dare the improbable, the im-
practicable, the impossible. True prayer is
daring. In Elijah it brushed the rain clouds
from the sky, and at the end of three years
brought them back again. In Knox it cried,
"Give me Scotland or die." He got Scot-
land. In John Hunt it knelt on the shore of
the Pacific lake and cried,—"Lord save Fiji."
The Lord did save Fiji. Oh! for more daring
enthusiastic stretcherers. The praying Church
has career and victory in it. Make way there,
all ye who stand in its way. Worldism, In-
fidelity, Superstition, Fetichism stand aside, for
the Church of Jesus must march on. Budd-
hism, Confucianism, Mahomedanism, Grand
Lamaism, stand aside, for the church of Jesus
must march on. Must march on until Sattan-
dom is overthrown, and emancipated nations
make every continent and archipelago quake
with bosonams. That day is coming when
"a nation shall be born at once." It is com-
ing skipping on the mountains, singing on the
valleys. Its tread is heard in falling pagodas
and crumbling mosques. Its voice is heard
ringing in the songs of ransomed thunders. Its
banners are seen floating over the bulwarks of
pagandom, and above the ramparts of the
Mecca imposture. Well did Gerald Massey
sing:—
"Tis coming up the steps of time,
And our old world is growing brighter.
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But fond hopes make us heart throbb lighter.
We may be resting 'neath the ground,
When it wakes the world to wonder.
But we have faith in gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming, 'tis coming."

CHRISTIAN LABORERS.

BY REV. NATHAN A. SOULES.
Rise and labor for the Master;
Work while it is called to-day;
For our time is passing fast-
Every year that rolls away,
Be not idle, nor half hearted;
Up and do with all your might;
Grace and strength will be imparted.
Making all thy burdens light.
Cease, ye, then, such vain excuses;
There's no time now to place for these;
They are only self abuses,
View them in what light you please.
Thousands thus for Jesus labor;
You can do as well as they;
Every one can help his neighbor
In the strait and narrow way.
Rouse ye, then, the world is calling;
Sleep no longer by the way;
Thousands into line are falling;
Join the host while now you may.

METHODIST WORK IN THE NAPLES CIRCUIT.

At Pozzuoli, a town of fifteen thousand in-
habitants, eight miles from Naples, a room
has been taken in connection with the Wesleyan
mission in the latter city, this being the
first evangelical work [attempted in that city,
which is celebrated as the place where St. Paul
landed, and sojourned seven days on his jour-
ney toward Rome. Two meetings have been
peaceably held, a congregation of about one
hundred attending the latter to hear the

Valdeman to propose from other... The accounts of the past year will at once be laid before... The Provincial Secretary submitted the following supplementary estimates...

Mr. Thomas Curran of St. Nicholas River... PORT OF HALIFAX... NEW BRUNSWICK COTTON MILLS... RECEIPTS FOR PROVINCIAL WEBS... RECEIPTS FOR PROVINCIAL WEBS...

R. T. Muir & Co. Wholesale and Retail Stationers, Booksellers and Blank Book Manufacturers. Room Paper, Window Shades, The Emerson Method...

7 30 GOLD LOAN. Northern Pacific Railroad. Rapid Progress of the Work! The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad...

Arrival of Stock. SPRING NOVELTIES. S. HOWARD & SON, HOLLIS STREET. THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCK. LONDON AND PARIS GOODS. S. Howard & Son, 1871-FALL-1871. HOWARD, WHITEHEAD & CRICHTON, TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, AND OUTFITTERS. GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONABLE GOODS. MONDAY, 15th APRIL. CLEARANCE SALE. Boots & Shoes! J. RICKARDS & Co. Colonial Store, 186 ARGYLE STREET, 186 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. JORDAN McINNES & Co. DRESS GOODS. Ladies' Jackets. House Furnishing Goods. GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONABLE GOODS. Ready-made Clothing. Dr. Woodin & Tenaman.

The Family.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.) A SHORT SERMON FOR CHILDREN IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

My son give me thine heart. Prov. 23 26. The great God who made you, he who died to save you, he who lives with you, asks for your heart. He will not take it, if you do not give it. If he would why does he ask for it? If you will, you may keep your heart, and God will not make it new, but let you take care of it as he does your own. And do you think you are fit to guide your heart through the snares and ills of life on earth? The good book says He that trusts in His own heart is a fool. Our Lord says out of the heart comes forth all kinds of sin. Will you then try to do that which no man in the world has done in the past time? You will keep your heart, and keep it right. You know your own heart, and know how to keep it. Then give it to one to Him who has the best right to it. He can strip of its sin, can cleanse and keep it clean, guide it at all times, and fit it to do good on earth and dwell with him in that bright world. Where all is calm and joy and peace.

You may think that as you are young there is no fear that life will end till you have sought and found the Lord. If you are still in your sins, for you know you have often done wrong, you may die in your sins, death may come, and you may die in the days of youth, and there is no hope in the next world for those who die in their sins, that is, out of Christ. Does not the word say, to young and old, who are yet on the broad road to hell, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." The good man, who wrote so much of the Son of God who came to this world to save our race, says, "Seek the Lord while he may be found." Once more the Book says, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? God means just what he says in those words. You ought then to turn now, to seek the heart now. Next week, next year, may be too late. Will you give it? Will you do it to-day? Not yet! I hear you say in your soul, "I will do it, but not now." O, just think of what you have said to your God. "Go thy way for this time." "I will send for thee when I want thee! Hark! I hear the great God of God and man, with a kind of joy say, "that's right brave youth. Put it off till youth gives place to age; that's the time to care for the soul." That foe has told lies from the first, he makes and tells them to lead the sons of men down to his pit of woe. To live in sin makes the heart grow hard. I once read of an old man, when a child said to him? Why do you not love God? he said, with tears in his eyes, "When I was young my heart was soft, and God said to me, "Give me thine heart," but I put it off from time to time, and now my heart is hard, I do not feel as I did then, I fear it is too late."

Do you ask, how shall I know when God has my heart? He will tell you of it as soon as you give it to him. He will shed love, peace and joy there, where guilt, fear and sin made you feel so sad. Are you not sure of this that you love the world more than the things of God? You love some books more than you love God's Book, you love some friends more than you love him who bled and died on the cross to save you. Is not this the case? Then you know that God has not your heart. His calls have been in vain. Your case is like that of the Jews, of whom Christ said, "And ye will not come to me that ye might have life." Once more I urge you give God your heart, it is not his will that you should live in sin. None need be lost since Christ has died. O, seek your God in the days of youth. And walk through life in the paths of truth. G. O. H.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

G. O. H.'s catechetical instruction for children of tender years, has certainly the merit of simplicity. But accuracy is necessary, even in a teacher of babes; and if the little ones catch their words before preceptor napping, they are not very likely to regard him with much veneration. Some of our Sabbath school scholars may inquire, How does Rom. xvi, 3, prove that Priscilla and Aquila were women who helped Paul? Perhaps a different conclusion may be reached by consulting Acts xviii, 2. "Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat."

SWEET RE-UNIONS.

Oh! for the songs of gladness, Sweet-sounding through the air; Oh! for the no more sadness Of all the ransomed there. Oh! for the long, long meeting Of Jesus with his own; Oh! for the loved, loved greeting, Of pilgrims in their home. Oh! for the "sweet re-union" Of friends restored to friend— That loved and long communion, Which never more shall end. Oh! for the life immortal, For bodies like his own; Oh! for within that portal Which leads me to his throne. Oh! for the no more dying— The no more old distress— The sweetness there of lying For ever on his breast. Oh! for the joy of being "Forever with the Lord;" The long, sweet joy of seeing How perfect was his word. —The Christian.

UP THERE.

Jane was going to bed. A dear little sister used to sleep on the snow-white pillow beside her. "Where was she now?" "Mamma," asked Jane, "who do you think Fanny sleeps with now in heaven?" "There is no night there," answered her mother. "Mamma," asked the little girl, "does a soul have eyes to see with? Will Fanny know us when we come?" "The Bible tells us that we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known," replied her mother. "We shall see then," said the little girl; "but our eyes will not be crying eyes, will they, mamma?" "No, my child. God will wipe away all tears," said her mother. As she spoke a small tear stood in her own eye, but it quickly went away. "Little Jane saw it, and it quickly went away," God wipes away mamma's tears now. "There will be nothing to hurt in heaven,

and no dark; will there be?" asked the little one. "No, my child, for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." "And what does shall we wear?" "Jesus has a dress for all his little ones," said mamma; "the beautiful garments of righteousness. They are white and shining." "And I must keep it so nice, mamma." "Yes, my child; an unkind word will spot it; a sinful thought will stain it; but there is no sin in heaven; and it is the beauty of heaven that we shall not want to do or to think a wrong thing."

"And we shall not keep wanting things," said little Jane, thinking, perhaps, of the rocking-horse and the candy, and the big doll of Emma's which she could not have. "No, my darling," said her mother, taking her little girl in her arms; "for we shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness." "Then, mamma," said little Jane, "we must not want Fanny back, but think most of going to her."

O yes it will be so precious to meet our darling ones in heaven! —Heavenly Tidings.

THE TEACHER'S STUDY.

It is not always an elegant room with ample library and comfortable appointments. It is rarely this. And how fortunate it is that those who are to teach the plain, poor, practical people of this world, are themselves familiar with the inconveniences and restraints of poverty. People in "high life" rarely really understand the feelings and needs of the poor. The teacher's "study" may be but a little corner in a noisy room, a desk in a store, a trunk and pine table in a plain boarding house; but wherever it is that he bends over his lesson with pure motive, that he may see and handle and feel God's own truth for the profit of his pupils, that spot becomes sacred, and in God's sight is as attractive as though the walls hung with costly tapestry, or ranged in showy lines the most elegantly bound volumes known to typographic art. Give us heart and motive, and we care little for the place of the teacher's weekly preparation. —S. S. Journal.

EARLY CONVERSION.

The present generation has taken a position far in advance of that occupied by the past, in respect to faith in, and efforts for the conversion of little children, but there is still much infidelity and sinful remissness on this subject. I believe that children may be converted at a very tender age, and I have as much confidence in the piety of a child as of an adult person. A child can love Jesus with its whole heart; it has not become hardened and selfish by contracting vicious habits of thought and action; the chambers of its imagination have not been polluted by wicked books and words and scenes; its faith is pure and simple and unwavering, and it has a whole life to devote to the service of the Master, and may thus do far more good, and hope to attain far more symmetry and beauty in the development of its Christian character. Indeed, Christ himself teaches us this lesson, when he tells us that except we be converted and become as little children, we cannot see the kingdom of God. Every adult who becomes a Christian, must be like a little child; the child, therefore, occupies a vantage ground from which to enter on the Christian race. Not only Scripture, but facts prove this position to be correct. A large number of the purest and best Christians have learned to love Jesus at a very early age. Jonathan Edwards, who was certainly no fanatic or enthusiast, gives a detailed account of the conversion of Phoebe Bartlett at four years of age, and it is on record that this child became an eminently godly woman, living to the age of sixty-four, and always maintaining, that as a Christian at all, she became one at that tender age. —Bapt. Teacher.

HASTE AND HEALTH.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile in a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things ostensibly slowly, deliberately, are the men who most often succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Foot races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercise; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs or to catch up with a vehicle or ferry-boat, are extremely injurious to every age and sex and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run twenty yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every day acts of life with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk, the world over. —Dr. Hall.

OBSERVE! OBSERVE!

It is related of an English farmer that he condensed his practical experience into this rule: "Feed your land before it is hungry, rest it before it is weary; and weed it before it is old." Those words should be written in the heart of every man who desired to farm, and may go far to answer, in his mind, the question so frequently and so anxiously asked, does farming pay? The rule demands the exercise of the qualities needful for success in every occupation—unflinching watchfulness and prudent care, knowledge, forethought, energy, and economy, regularity, attention to little things, personal supervision, and observation—this latter a power of requiring education and constant exercise. It may not be altogether amiss to say that this power of observation, although named last, is perhaps the most important to a farmer. In this wonderful world, this panorama, as it has been called, of thought and action, of forces, currents, growth, decay, special beauties are presented to the agriculturist, but, alas! while many see, few observe. Millions see only and never acquire the habit of detecting good in what they see, so as to use it, or of evil, so as to shun it. It is this power of observation, trained, exercised, which in agriculture has done so much; it has reclaimed exhausted lands, fertilized barren soil, improved tools and machinery, and raised the value of stock. To this may be traced the development of agricultural chemistry. The phenomena of vegetation and the chemical constitution of substances had previously been observed. To young men about to enter on the noble profession of agriculture, the foregoing is of value. Too many enter on its pursuit with the

idea that it is easily attained, that success is an affair very much of chance, of weather, of cheap or dear land, or of market values for products. While, doubtless, there is an element of truth in such thoughts, it ought to be ever borne in mind that no occupation requires more constant exercise of mind and body; that the better educated the farmer is, the more he maintains and increases his knowledge, the more he becomes acquainted with natural and physical science, the more his reasoning faculties will be aroused, and his ability to observe increase. His observations should be recorded and studied. There is great practical utility in the well known saying of Captain Cuttle, "when found, make a note of."

With this enhanced power to observe, and to reason on the matters observed, farmers will be in a better position not only to follow the simple rule already given, but by taking availing of the adventitious circumstances named, he will elevate his noble profession and himself.—Scottish Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS.

Sound agricultural progress is intimately connected with the science of feeding farm stock, and the plants on which they subsist. Can there be a reasonable doubt that it always takes something to make something? Who best adapts his means to the ends which he labors to attain—he who follows the traditions and practices of bygone generations, as having reached perfection in rural arts, or who carefully studies the laws of nature as they affect all farming operations, and gives to all new facts and discoveries their proper weight and influence? Why do the millions engaged in the important facts ever commended to mankind progress in an essential element in human nature and society. It is a pity that our legible history does not extend back to the time when our fathers lived in hollow trees, and contended with the "tucky boys" for the treatment of unloved acorns; then few would question the principle of agricultural progress.

PUMPKIN PIE.

My English friend, for a wonder thinks they are good, and has asked me to tell her how I make them. I cut the pumpkin into thin slices, and boil it very tender in as little water as possible. When nearly done, be careful it does not burn, as it is apt to do so. When done, drain off the water, and let the pumpkin steam or dry on the back of the stove for ten or fifteen minutes. Now wash and rub through a sieve. The more milk you put to it the more eggs you will require, and the less milk the less number of eggs. A quart of rich milk to a quart of pumpkin, and three or four eggs is a good rule. Ginger and nutmeg are my favorite spices, though many like cinnamon and cloves. Sugar or molasses may be used for sweetening. I use sugar in proportion of two heaping tablespoonsfuls to a pie. You must have a very hot oven for these pies, as it is difficult to brown them without. It is a good plan to heat the butter scalding hot before putting it in the pie. —American Agriculturist.

HEADACHE.—Nervous or sick headache, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette can generally be cured if taken in time by the use of bromide of potash. When the attack is felt to be coming on, take 30 grains of the bromide dissolved in water; go to bed and sleep two or three hours and you are cured. Sometimes it may be necessary to repeat the dose, which may be done in two or three hours. The bromide is perfectly harmless unless taken in very large doses.

Obituary.

Charles McAlpine died in St. John, N. B., March 8th, in the 42nd year of his age, after many years of suffering with the bronchitis, which eventually ended in consumption. He was a good and dutiful son to his parents while they lived, and beloved as a brother by those he has left behind; he never openly professed Christianity, but was consistent in all his transactions and honorable in his dealings even to his own loss which gave him the name of being too honest, or honest Charley. At the revival in Halifax under the preaching of Rev. Mr. Milligan, and through the earnest endeavours of Rev. John A. Clarke for his spiritual welfare he was deeply impressed about his soul, but like doubting Thomas he could not feel that he had received forgiveness, from that time he seemed to take a greater interest in preparing to meet his God, and as he was gradually sinking by disease he was ripening for eternity, for some time before his death his sister was his constant companion, and she feels satisfied that the many prayers of his sainted mother, as well as his own was heard by the good shepherd who is always watching the feeble and doubting lamb of his flock. To the great grief of his sister and friends, he died very suddenly without any one being at his bed side to bid him adieu to our earth, his only leaving him for a few minutes through his own advice, not knowing that his end was so near, but no doubt he had angels to welcome him to his new home in the skies where he will meet those sainted ones who have gone on before. D. McC.

DEATH OF THE ANDOVER MISSION.—Of late we have been forcibly reminded of the words of the prophet, "We all do fade as a leaf." In the short space of a few days we have stood at the grave side of six of our fellow mortals. Three of these, Maggie Brown, Annie Manzer and Miss Campbell ranged from a few months under to a few months over seventeen years. The others were a Mrs. Graves of middle age, and two children. But a few weeks before this we were called upon to perform the rites of burial over the remains of Robert Scott, whose sun set ere it was noon. Surely our young people are receiving many calls to prepare to meet God.

NELSON'S RISING SUN LINIMENT

Will cure pain wherever it may exist. To be taken internally and externally. Manufactured by W. J. NELSON & CO., Bridgewater, N. S.

NELSON'S CELEBRATED CHEROKEE VERMIFUGE FOR WORMS.



Pleasant to take. Whenever a child is noticed to be growing habitually pale, complaining of violent pains in the stomach and abdomen, has variable appetite and a dry cough, and is frequently led, by irritation, to carry the hands to the nose, then try Nelson's Cherokee Vermifuge. It is a certain that the child has WORMS. Nelson's Cherokee Vermifuge will certainly effect a cure, whether the worms be infant or adult, as is proved by its successful success; which has been such as to warrant the offer to Return the Money in any case in which it should fail to prove effectual, when the symptoms have justified the administering of the Vermifuge. It is hereby certified that this preparation contains no mercury, and is an innocent medicine, incapable of doing the least injury, even to the most tender infant, given strictly according to the directions enclosed with each bottle. PREPARED BY W. J. NELSON & CO., BRIDGEWATER, N.S. Sold by all Druggists and respectable Dealers in the Dominion.

Advertisement for Collins' Chestnut Balm, featuring illustrations of a chestnut and text describing its uses for various ailments like rheumatism, neuralgia, and toothache.

Obituary.

Charles McAlpine died in St. John, N. B., March 8th, in the 42nd year of his age, after many years of suffering with the bronchitis, which eventually ended in consumption. He was a good and dutiful son to his parents while they lived, and beloved as a brother by those he has left behind; he never openly professed Christianity, but was consistent in all his transactions and honorable in his dealings even to his own loss which gave him the name of being too honest, or honest Charley. At the revival in Halifax under the preaching of Rev. Mr. Milligan, and through the earnest endeavours of Rev. John A. Clarke for his spiritual welfare he was deeply impressed about his soul, but like doubting Thomas he could not feel that he had received forgiveness, from that time he seemed to take a greater interest in preparing to meet his God, and as he was gradually sinking by disease he was ripening for eternity, for some time before his death his sister was his constant companion, and she feels satisfied that the many prayers of his sainted mother, as well as his own was heard by the good shepherd who is always watching the feeble and doubting lamb of his flock. To the great grief of his sister and friends, he died very suddenly without any one being at his bed side to bid him adieu to our earth, his only leaving him for a few minutes through his own advice, not knowing that his end was so near, but no doubt he had angels to welcome him to his new home in the skies where he will meet those sainted ones who have gone on before. D. McC.

DEATH OF THE ANDOVER MISSION.—Of late we have been forcibly reminded of the words of the prophet, "We all do fade as a leaf." In the short space of a few days we have stood at the grave side of six of our fellow mortals. Three of these, Maggie Brown, Annie Manzer and Miss Campbell ranged from a few months under to a few months over seventeen years. The others were a Mrs. Graves of middle age, and two children. But a few weeks before this we were called upon to perform the rites of burial over the remains of Robert Scott, whose sun set ere it was noon. Surely our young people are receiving many calls to prepare to meet God.

NELSON'S RISING SUN LINIMENT

Will cure pain wherever it may exist. To be taken internally and externally. Manufactured by W. J. NELSON & CO., Bridgewater, N. S.

FALL, 1871. E. W. CHIPMAN & CO. DRY GOODS.

Begin to call the attention of customers and the public generally, to their large and varied stock of Dress Goods, of the latest styles and very cheap. Shawls and Woolen Goods in great variety. TWEEDS, DOESKINS, SATINETS, CASIMERES, BROADCLOTHS, PILOTS, &c. &c. &c. FLANNELS, all colors, qualities, and prices. Clothing in great variety. PRINTS, Furniture do, Grey and White SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS. DAMASKS, MOREANS, Green, Buff and White HOLLANDS for Blinds. White Linen Damasks, Table Cloths, Napkins Toilet Covers, &c. Carpets, Rugs, Colored Mats and Matting, Oil Cloths, (Table and Floor). White and Colored BED-QUILTS, Cotton Sheets, &c. Flowers, Hats, Feathers, etc. In great variety. A large stock of White and Colored WARP constantly in stock. Haberdashery and Small Wares, And sundry other articles usually found in a large warehouse.

Advertisement for Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine, featuring a logo and text about capital and interest.

Advertisement for Thomas Temple, St. John, Halifax Branch Office, featuring a logo and text about a surplus of \$1,000,000.

Advertisement for British Shoe Store, 138 Granville Street, featuring a logo and text about shoe quality.

Advertisement for Condurango, The Great Cancer, Scrofula, and Consumption Cure, featuring a logo and text about its medicinal properties.

Advertisement for Sewing Machines, featuring a logo and text about the quality and variety of machines available.

Advertisement for Nelson's Rising Sun Liniment, featuring a logo and text about its effectiveness for various pains.

British American Book and Tract Depository, Halifax.

66 GRANVILLE STREET. The following are a few of the Magazines and Papers for sale at the Depository, with the price per annum, and postage when mailed for the country. MAGAZINES. Sunday Magazine, \$1 75; Leisure Hour, One day at Home Family Treasury, Good Words, 50 cents per annum; 25 cents additional when mailed for the country. PAPERS. Christian at Work, 50c; British Messenger, British Workman and Workwoman, Cottage Artisan, Child's Companion, Children's Friend, Children's Paper, 25c each; postage 5c per annum; Gospel Trumpet, Child's Paper, Children's Paper, S. Messenger, etc., 12c each; postage 15c additional per annum. Single Papers, 10c additional. Please send for circular with list and prices in full. (1871) A. McBEAN, Secy.

Advertisement for Prince Albert Moulding Factory, featuring a logo and text about door and window mouldings.

Advertisement for a Nervous Invalid, featuring a logo and text about medical treatment for nervous conditions.

Advertisement for Great Chance for Agents, featuring a logo and text about business opportunities.

Advertisement for Provincial Wesleyan Almanac, featuring a logo and text about the almanac's content.

Advertisement for Wells' Illustrated National Hand Book, featuring a logo and text about its utility for travelers.

Advertisement for a Musical Treat, featuring a logo and text about a new musical instrument.