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Religious Miscellany.

Under the Cross.

I cannot, cannot say—
Out of my bruised and breaking heart—
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
While blood-drops start
From every pore, as I drag on—
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought, but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will;
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever ill
My happy state should smite upon—
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart:
And pride alone in me was strong,
With cunning art
To cheat me in the golden-sun,
To say, "God's will be done!"

O shadow, drear and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride;
O flood, that through my bosom rolled
Its billowy tide—
I said, till ye your powers made known,
"God's will, not mine be done!"

Now, faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross, heavy and rude—
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed,
The holy words my pale lips shun,
"O God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God!
And touch my will with thy warm breath;
Put in my trembling hands thy rod,
That quickens death;
That my dead faith may feel the sun,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

—Poems of Sorrow and Comfort.

Paradise.

Yet once more let the words of our Lord be repeated, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." But where this Paradise; what this Paradise? We can say, in answer to these questions, that with this heavenly Paradise into which the redeemed at death do enter, the ancient, the earthly Paradise is not fit to be compared. In the one, the direct intercourse with God was but occasional; in the other it shall be constant. In the one, the Deity was known only as he revealed himself in the works of creation and in the ways of his providence; in the other, it will be as the God of redemption, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that he will be recognized, adored, obeyed—all the higher moral attributes of his nature shining forth in harmonious and illustrious display. Into the earthly Paradise the tempter entered; from the heavenly he will be shut out. From the earthly Paradise sad exiles once were driven; from the heavenly we shall go no more out forever. Still, however, after all such imperfect and unsatisfying comparisons, the questions return upon us. Where and what is this Paradise of the redeemed? Our simplest and our best answers to those questions perhaps are these—Where is Paradise? wherever Jesus is. What is Paradise? to be forever with, and to be fully like our Lord. We know—for God has told us so, of that Paradise of the redeemed—that it is a land of perfect light; the day has dawned there; the shadows have forever fled away. It is a land of perfect blessedness; no tears fall there; no sighs rise there; up to the measure of its capacity, each spirit is filled with a pure, never-ending joy. It is a land of perfect holiness; nothing that defileth shall enter there, neither whatsoever loveth or maketh a lie. But what gives to that land its light, its joy, its holiness in the sight of the redeemed? it is the presence of Jesus. "If there be no night there, it is because the Lamb is the light of that place; if there be no tears there, it is because from every eye his hand has wiped off every tear. The holiness that reigneth there is a holiness caught from seeing him as he is. And trace the tide of joy that circulates through the hosts of the blessed to its fountain-head, you will find it within that throne on which the Lamb that once was slain is sitting. To be with Jesus, to be like Jesus, to love and serve him purely, deeply, unfailingly, unfaltering—that is the Christian's heaven.

I love, says one, to think of heaven; and as I repeat the words, they will find an echo in each Christian heart:

"I love to think of heaven; the cloudless light,
Its tearless joys, its recognitions, and its fellowships
Of love and joy unending; but when my mind anticipates
The sight of God incarnate, wearing on his hands
And feet and sides marks of the wounds
Which he for me on Calvary endured,
All heaven beside is swallowed up in this;
And he who was my hope of heaven below
Becomes the glory of my heaven above."

Dr. Hanna.

Taking Religion Easy.

A pastor, being asked respecting one of his prominent and well-to-do people, remarked that he was a man who meant to get to heaven without working any too hard for it. It was not a singular instance.

It is generally taken for granted that a minister of the Gospel is devoted to his work by so solemn a consecration that he has no right to have any cares which will hinder him from doing his duties punctually. It is no excuse for him to say that he had something else to do. His duties as a servant of Christ are his first duties, and these must be done whatever becomes of other things. But it is assumed that Christians in general are under no corresponding obligation. If it is convenient for them to do their religious duties they will do them. They will go to church if it is not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dusty, or if they feel entirely comfortable, and apprehend no discomfort in going out. They seldom go to the prayer-meeting because they have so many engagements as to make it quite impossible. They take no part in Sabbath-school instruction because they are not qualified—which is very likely—and do not think fit to gain the requisite qualifications, which they might easily do by study and prayer. They do not observe [illegible] —hip because they have no time. It [illegible] to occur to them that they are obligation to find time, or that no ap- [illegible] of worldly good is worth naming [illegible] greatness of the spiritual interest which is so readily and unthinkingly cast away.

But we are instructed, on the highest authority, that both duty and interest are against such free and easy dealing "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," says our Saviour, "and all these things shall be added unto you." The kingdom of God and his righteousness first; before all other interests, pleasure or convenience. No time for this? What is time given for but for this? Too uncomfortable, just now? But what comfort can you hope to take without this? If thy right hand cause thee to offend, if ease or pleasure, if business and care make thee depart from that supreme and indispensable righteousness of God, it is profitable for thee to be maimed, sick, or bankrupt, rather than to gain all and enjoy all that it is possible to desire of this world, and at last to be cast away.

It is easy to profess that our supreme interest is in heaven. It will be felt to be a very desirable and joyful thing, when we come to die, if we can feel that we have a reasonable assurance of the fact. But to make it a fact now, and to make the fact manifest by actually subordinating all worldly demands to those of our duty as Christians, and all worldly solicitations to the enjoyments which the Spirit ministers to them that believe, is not so easy. But just this is necessary to full sincerity. He alone leads a truly Christian life who acts from Christian principle, and in a Christian spirit, in the several stages and parts of life. It is he who does his duty to Christ and his cause, in all weathers and in every mood of feeling, to the extent of his ability—who overcomes the world, not only when it appears as the open adversary of Christ, but when it comes proposing merely to borrow the half of the Lord's-day, or the hour of family or of social worship.—*Examiner.*

One Hundred Years To come.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood, with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands will till;
And others then our streets will fill;
And other birds will sing as gay;
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

Time is a stirring parenthesis in the flow of eternal being.

1. The past is not dead, and cannot die. Many signal events burn on the page of history. Many crowd the halls of memory. All are firmly stamped on the tablets of Deity. There is no Lethean pool. Immortality reigns here,

2. The present is the development of the past; the embryo of the future. Now is groaning beneath the crushing sin of Adam; now is exulting in the death of the eternal Lamb. Now is kindling the fire and forging the chains which shall bind and burn the victims of pain eternal. Now is preparing an eternal home; molding crowns of gold, planting shady groves of fadeless youth, attuning lyres of tireless love, striking the heart-chords of eternal life. Such is the awful, mysterious, precious, deathless present.

3. The future all must meet. In the last hundred years what mighty revolutions have been wrought! New principles of science have been evolved and brought into practical requisition. The fountain of human gore has been broken up from its most tender depths. The Church of God, amid the seething storms of earth and hell, has come off in colors of victory from many a hard-fought battle field. One hundred years from now will have experienced similar, or more stupendous revolutions. Before that day we will be done with earth. As scholars we will then be deductions of this brain-troubled world. If faithful, then "we shall know even also as we are known." As ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, then our earthly mission will have closed. Then we will not be troubled with a struggling, yet conquering Church. The wicked world, the penitential soul, the weeping pilgrim, will no longer press our throbbing hearts. We have sounded redemption through the Gospel trumpet for the last time. Now we stand in the Church triumphant. Many of our friends, eternally saved through our "labor of love" and "patience of hope," are here. The note of praise, sweet as the charms of heaven, rolls from multiplied millions. O let us, every one of us, so believe, love and obey that "when this cruel war is over," from the lofty battlements of our eternal home, which God has embroidered with shining worlds, we may look down in rapture on our good deeds; monuments of honor, glory, immortality, which shall remain untarnished, unsullied, pure, precious, imperishable *one hundred years from now!—Pittsburg Advocate.*

Religious Intelligence.

Dr. Guthrie on Presbyteyian Union.

IN THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY.

I have always had a warm side to the Seceders. It is a possible thing that love may blind my judgement; but I would rather any day be blinded by love than hatred. I am thankful for the disposition—if I posses it—to think too well of people, rather than too ill of them. But my regard for the seceders is not a causeless prejudice, but is founded upon a better knowledge of that body than many in this House have. One of my parents, sir, was a seceder, a holy and sainted mother; and how she would have rejoiced to see this day! My mother and other two members of my family felt themselves constrained, by the thrusting in of an unpopular minister into the collegiate charge of Brechin, to leave the parish church; and in consequence of the accommodation in the parish church being rather deficient, when we were young we were all seceders. We were sent to the secession church, and until the time when I came to belong to the Free Church, and was otherwise engaged, I generally worshiped on the Sabbath evenings in the Burgher church of Brechin. I do not think, sir, that I lost anything by that. With my mother's milk I drank in an abhorrence of patronage; and it was at the knees of that mother that I first learned to form a reverence for the Bible as the inspired Word of God, ere I was yet very old; that I learned to regard the sanctity of the Sabbath; that I learned the peculiarities of Scotch religion; and that I learned my regard for those principals of civil and religious liberty which have made me hate oppression, whether it appears in the shape of a Pope, or a prelate, or a patron, or an ecclesiastical demagogue. Sir, I have been behind the scenes of the secession body. I have seen them outside in and inside out. I know more of that body than a very large number of those here, and I say, sir; that the name of a Seceder is dear to me; it sounds in my ear like music, and has won my heart. While saying this, however, let me remark that I don't say they were perfect—I don't know anybody that is perfect but my friend there (Professor Gibson), who has nothing to confess at all. Let no man say he will not change. Burghers and anti-Burghers, Lifters and anti-Lifters, have changed immensely since the olden time, with their aversions in times past to paraphrases and hymns to gowns and bands, to a cross on the outside of the church or any ornament whatever in the inside, and there is no denying that our friends were a little narrow. There are more things however, in the world than narrowness. though we are told that the way of life is narrow. There are jots and tittles in the Word of God—there are pins as well as pillars in the tabernacle; and while I am not a man of points, but a man of principles, and points and principles are as far asunder as the two poles, nevertheless, I have lived long enough to see that broad things may be more dangerous than narrow, and that a broad Church may be more unsafe for a man to be in than a narrow one.

It is said that my friends the seceders were narrow and gnarled, but I say that if they were so, they were a gnarled oak, sound to the core, and firmly fixed to the ground, and they possessed the temper, above all others, out of which men like to build ships in which they are to fight battles or ride out the storm. I know the old seceders well. Perhaps we may find that there was not so much difference between the old seceders and us now as there used to be, and this may not be because the old seceders have come down to us, but because we have risen up to them. I do not think that they have any right to the exclusive honour of having their name made a reproach because of their piety, but I remember the day when it was so. I remember the time that when any man would not swear and would not drink, and who held family worship, and would talk to a man about his soul, and rebuke a man for his fault—I say, I remember the time when such a man was sneered at as a seceder. I don't believe the descendants of those seceders, so far as I know them, have forfeited their title to be considered worthy of their ancestry, nor have I any such fears. It is quite true that we had with them rather a keen controversy a good many years ago, and I took part in that controversy. They very gallantly attacked the Established Church, and I along with others did my best very gallantly to defend it. The war was very hot, and as shot and shell were going, some men were lost, and we had wounds, at least some of us had wounds to heal. In regard to myself, however, allow me to say, sir, that my wounds were healed long ago. We defended Establishments as long as we thought them worth defending; and in doing so we did what? We did our duty, sir. And we have cause to bless God with all our hearts for his kindness to us since that day. Well, I say that the whole question of Church endowment, so far it is a practical question, is dead and gone; and I say you must not get up that old ghost to frighten me with.

But supposing I had to face the question as to whether Government would wish us to go back and form the Established Church—I am prepared to give an answer to it in this way: "If the State offers us everything that we demanded in 1843—if she offers us spiritual independence, the abolition of patronage, protection from the Court of Sessions—if, in fact, she offers us everything we want, on the understanding that we take it and restore the union between the Church and State, and the question were then put to us, "Will you unite with the Seceders or with the State?" I would prefer the seceders. I would say I would not take it. And I will tell you the reason. I would not refuse to take it so much on account of any theoretical idea I may have—but I would not take it for this reason, that the States of this world are not in the condition to entertain that question—they are not in that position which would warrant the union of Church and State, but rather in the condition which makes Paul forbid the banns, and say, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

Moreover, I turn up the page of history, and I find that the State has never kept faith with the Church in any age. Age after age, and by act after act, and in spite of the most solemn obligations, they have tried to restrain the liberties of the Church of Christ. I can now walk on my own feet, and when the State comes and offers me a pair of crutches, I say to her, keep them to yourself. For the moment I take the crutches, become accustomed to them, and lose the power of my own limbs, she comes to me, knocks the crutches from beneath me, and I fall a slave at her feet. I therefore say I decline such a proposition.

An appeal has been made to the Sustentation Fund fears. I am sorry for that, and I will tell you how. There were appeals made to our ministers about their livings before the Disruption, and, to the honor of our ministers, they said, "*The livings! money is not the question here; it is the principle: it is a Divine principle: it is a matter of Christian duty.*" Now, that is the question here, and with one Confession, one Catechism, and one mode of worship, and one mode of discipline, and one form of government, and one attachment to the principles of the Disruption, and one opinion as to the spiritual independence of the Church and the liberties of Christ's people, I for myself—I give full credit to others—but I could not but support this union—with these views I could not oppose it, unless through pride, or passion, or prejudice. Now, I don't say I am above the influence of such feelings—we are all liable to err—and others may be under the influence of them also; but I just hope and trust that this House, by the decision to which it will come, will show that she can rise above fears connected with the Disruption. We did a magnanimous act that day; and I have no hesitation in saying, that if, in seeking to unite with another Church, we shall rise above passion, and prejudice, and pride, we shall again crown ourselves with as rich and noble honors as on the day when, rising above the fear of our families, parting with our livings, parting with our homes, parting with our cherished affections, we made all that sacrifice, not for the sake of unity, but for the sake of separation. That day saw faith and hope most illustriously exemplified by an act that brought to men's minds the olden times, when our forefathers went down the Bow, and sang their last Psalm in the Grass-market, and laid down their life for Christ's Crown and Covenant. And, Moderator, if, taking all precautions—if, doing the thing slowly, and well, and wisely—we shall come to unite with our friends of the United Presbyterian Church as one brotherhood, one Church, one in Christ, and one before the world, we shall illustrate a yet nobler grace than faith and hope—we shall illustrate the grace of love; and when met in this House, perhaps that united Assembly shall raise the Psalm with which we began to-day—

"Behold how good a thing it is
And how becoming well,
Together, such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell."

I can fancy Paul bending from his throne in heaven to listen to music like the music of the spheres, and recalling to his own recollection that blessed sentence, "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity."

An Impressive Scene.

We have read of the first prayer offered in the Continental Congress, and of the sublimity and impressiveness of the scene, as the assembled body knelt, while Jehovah was praised for the workings of his providence in ordaining freedom to America.

Independence square yesterday (July 7) saw a sight emulating it in solemn grandeur, and presenting a spectacle Philadelphia never before witnessed, never may again. The tidings of the progress of the Union arms brought it about. When first promulgated, a large number of the members of the Union League met coincidently at the League Rooms. The throng increased until the place was nearly filled. Every body had left their places of business, and the members instinctively sought the League-house for mutual congratulations.

It was proposed that something more than an informal recognition of so bountiful a blessing of victory should be made, and the gentlemen present took steps to make it. Birfeld's band of forty-six instruments was secured; and with this at its head, the Union League, headed by Rev. Dr. Kingston Goddard and Rev. Dr. Brainerd, moved down Chestnut street to Independence square, keeping step to the glad strains of national airs, that have been familiar since the dear days of youth's earliest dreams. As the end of the line reached the square, all uncovered. The concourse of people that now poured into the square were thousands in number. They spread over a surface beyond the earshot of the loudest enunciation.

The Rev. Dr. Brainerd now bared his head, and instinctively — we believe reverently, as by an intuitive impulse — every man present was uncovered. A hush fell upon the densely crowded assemblage, as the hand of the reverend doctor was raised, and an invitation given to the multitude to follow him, in rendering thanks to Heaven for its many mercies, and for crowning the arms of the country with victory.

Amid more profound silence, we verily believe, than an equal number of people ever kept before, Dr. Brainerd gave praise. He thanked the Almighty for the victories that were now crowning our arms, He had chastened us in his displeasure; and alike in that chastening, as now in the blessing upon our work, he recognized the hand of the Omnipotent. He implored the Divine blessing upon the country and its people; that religion, and truth and justice might take the place of pride, and arrogance, and vain glory, and that this people might recognize in every event of life, the ruling of Divine power. He prayed for the President and Cabinet, for the continued success of our arms, and for the restoration of our national unity. For liberty to the oppressed; for freedom to worship God everywhere, and for the coming of that day when his kingdom shall extend over the whole earth. When, at the close of his prayer, the Christian minister pronounced the word "Amen," the whole multitude took up the Greek disyllable and as with one mighty voice, re-echoed it reverently and solemnly, "Amen!"

While this prayer was being offered, the band silently disappeared. As the final word of the supplication was pronounced, a strain of sacred music burst from overhead. The band had ascended to the State House steeple, and there played, with an effect that no tongue can describe, the air of Old Hundred written by Martin Luther two centuries ago.

Spontaneously, a gentleman mounted a post, and started the melody to the words, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The multitude caught it up, and a doxology was sung with a majesty that Philadelphia never before heard. Every voice united. The monster oratories that we have heard, with a vocal chorus of three hundred singers, dwindled into insignificance in comparison to it. Rev. Dr. Goddard then pronounced the benediction and the vast audience again covered themselves and slowly dispersed. The whole scene was remarkable. It was a touching illustration of the fact that down deep in every man's heart, no matter what may be the utterance of his lips, or his daily walk and conversation, there is a recognition of the fact that the Lord reigneth.—*North American.*

INFLUENCE OF THE GOSPEL.—It was well said by Dr. Chalmers, in one of his sermons, the hospitals, the general social order, the subjection of Pagan isles and continents to the laws of regular life, all effected by the pupil in its comprehensive action;

"Many of the results of preaching, which the world affects to despise, would be received with universal admiration, and would render immortal the name of the man who should be fortunate enough to achieve them. Let some one, the fruit of a discovery in science, or an experiment in philosophy."

General Miscellany.

William Howett's Four Doctors.

I am temperate, because I have seen and felt the good policy of it. As a literary man, if I had fallen in with ordinary literary habits, I should not have been sitting here to write about the advantages of temperance. If I had lived as the majority of the literary men of this age, as "a man about town;" if I had lived in town, and kept the usual late hours, and passed evening after evening in hot, crowned rooms, breathing the deadly poison of physical effluvia, gas, and air deprived of its azone; if I had sat over the bottle at late suppers, foolishly called dinners; and, in short, had "jollified," as my literary companions call it, I should have been gone thirty years ago.

As it is, I have seen numbers of literary men, much younger than myself, dying off like rotten sheep—some of them in their very early youth, few of them becoming old. They have acquired great reputations; for if you take notice, they who collect about the press, and jollify with one another, and cry up one another as prodigies, are the men who become most popular; and "verily they have their reward."

They reap much money, and much temporary fame; but at what price do they purchase it? At the cost of bodily as well as mental comfort; at the cost of life itself. For my part, seeing the victims of "fast life" daily falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains; the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body; the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle of society.

I am now fast approaching my seventieth year. I cannot, indeed, say that I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the assistance of doctors. I have had the constant attendance of these four famous ones: Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours.

And now a word on work. Those who imagine that I only wag a goose-quill, mistake a little. In that department, indeed, I have perhaps done as much work as any man living. Often, in early years, I labored assiduously sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weather. I work hard in my garden, and could tire down a tolerable man at that sort of thing. During my two years' travel in Australia, when about sixty, I walked often, under a burning sun of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day, for days and weeks together; worked as digging gold, in great heat, and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor nature had made many bridges—and let my clothes dry upon my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread before I ate it; slept occasionally under the forest tree; and went through it all as hearty as a roach.

And how did I manage all this, not only with ease but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided spirituous liquors as I would the poison of an asp. The horrors which I saw there from the drinking of spirits were enough to make a man of the least sense sober. The extent to which spirit-drinking was carried may be judged of by the unexampled fact, that one year during my stay, nine hundred thousand pounds were paid for duty on spirits alone; and that for a population of only two hundred and fifty thousand souls! Well, then, I think I have a claim to recommend to my fellow-workmen abstinence from beer, spirits and tobacco. They are all poisoners of the blood; they are all burnt-offerings unto death; they are all destroyers of the bottom of our pockets; and what is worse, destroyers of the peace of families, the constitutions of men, the domestic comfort and virtue of women, the physical stamina and the very life of children. They slay the morals of society, the intellects and the souls of men. As I read daily the police reports, and the proceedings of our criminal courts, I trace the wide-spread pestilence of spirits, beer and tobacco in almost every outrage and misery. All these inflame the passions or becloud the intellect; they originate robbery of masters, and robbery of all kinds. They strip their practicers of health, clothes, morals, and sanity; they convert them into madmen and devils. They fire the brain with frenzy, and arm the hand with bludgeons and knives against their wives and children. The great bulk of the crimes and calamities of society flow from the tap and the spigot.

By this indulgence—surely the most marvelous of infatuations—and absurd appetite "set on fire of hell"—the people encourage the government to plunder them most cruelly, in the shape of excise duties. To furnish the government with this duty our working millions abandon every duty of their own. They set up over themselves a most terrible tyranny. They keep open gin-shops at every corner, even on Sunday evenings, when book-shops and simple refreshment rooms are not allowed to be open.

The N. Y. Tribune on Slavery.

There is no saying that we might not have transmogrified the world into one entire and perfect Democracy, with Presidents and Senates and Houses of Representatives from pole to pole, if three or four millions of designing blacks, dwelling within our borders, had not managed most culpably to get themselves enslaved, and to perpetuate their bondage by indulgence in reprehensible facial angles and other physical perversities from cranium to tibia. Not content with being themselves degraded, they have insisted upon pulling us down to their level. Free institutions for all of us or free institutions for none of us—that seems to be the net purport and upshot of our little experiment. We have hardly proved ourselves great chemists. We thought that we could mix the acid and the alkali without an effervescence—but we cannot do it, as, with foolish faces, the candid now admit. We talked of the blessings of Freedom—we dilated upon them in our primers and in our epic poems, in our sermons and in our newspapers. All Yankeedom bawled, with tragic stare and uplifted hand: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Having thus educated a thinking people into a perfect passion for Freedom, into a deep and bitter hostility to all remnants of feudal servitude, you wonder that a thinking people take you at your welcome word, "All men are born free and equal!"—there never was a sententious morsel so palatable to a nation as that has been to ours. We have roared it in chorus in public—we have whispered it to ourselves complacently in solitude—it has been the grand staple of our political thought and speculation. To make matters worse, we were just a little conscientious. We were not much to blame. We had so many ministers and churches and missionary societies, that in one way or another this confounded science got the better of us, in spite of our well-intentioned efforts to keep it tolerably under. The Slavery not only touched our hearts, but it hurt our pride. Foreign aristocrats flung the "nigger" at us with impertinent freedom. Cautious men said: "Keep quiet!"—conservative men screamed: "Mum's the word!"—Congressmen whined: "Just wait until we have carried through our little bill!"—and honest citizens still felt, despite discussion, that they must speak or die. They have spoken. Dumbness under such circumstances would not have been in the order of nature.

"Assisted by ——."

The London *Punch* thus satirises the custom which is becoming somewhat common, of having several clergymen to "assist" at marriage ceremonials; "Men and women now-a-days appear to entertain a great unwillingness to marry—at least, if one may judge so from the way in which the nuptial knot is generally tied. Happy couples now appear so loth to be united that officiating clergymen are forced to be 'assisted' when they perform the ceremony. Two parson power at least is needful for the purpose, and indeed an extra clergyman is frequently called in to help his reverend brethren in their laborious work.—From reading the advertisements, one might imagine that nine weddings out of ten were accomplished by force; and that, to prevent the bride and bridegroom from bolting from the altar, they had each a clergyman appointed to look after them. We can picture the poor bridegroom held fast by one assistant, while another standing opposite keeps firm hold of the bride, thus preventing all escape until the service has been read, which is done by a third parson, the clergyman, in-chief."

Ministerial.

Dr. Leifchild as a Preacher.

For single ness of aim, earnest zeal, and catholic love, the highest encomium that language can express is due to Dr. Leifchild. He was a pattern of manliness and heavenliness; a hater of pretence and sham; impatient of idle speculations; eminently practical, signally useful; in his great work, faithful "above many." Himself settled in the truth, and exulting in its sunlike evidence, he was the less tolerant of any doubts raised by the half-hearted. He knew whom he had believed; and his life was song, joy, activity. He was a respectable writer, and a better preacher. Herein he attained the object of his ambition. "From the first," he says, "I determined to be *a good preacher*; and I have never seriously aimed at anything else all my life. A good writer, or speechifier, or lecturer, I might occasionally have wished to be; but I never suffered attempts of this kind to interfere with my preaching." Of the excellence at which he aimed, he was willing to pay the price, being fully aware of the ample return. At the valedictory service held at Craven Chapel, May, 1854, he made the statement following:—"I have not served you, the people of my charge, as I wished to do; but I can honestly say I have done my best. I never once, through the whole of those three-and-twenty years, preached an unstudied sermon in that pulpit; though this has often cost me sleepless Saturday nights, and made me feel the ministry to be indeed the 'burden of the Lord.'" "If you can preach well, you may defy the deacons," he would exclaim to any brother who complained: "If you cannot preach well, the deacons can defy you. Your main power lies in holding the people; and you will never hold them long, unless by thoroughly good preaching. You may visit them and take tea with them every evening, if you like; that is pleasing in one way, but all in vain unless they feel you to be a man of power in the pulpit. The pulpit is the minister's throne—he is king there!"—*Meth. Magazine.*

The Minister's Health.

Some months since, a paragraph passed the rounds of newspapers, in regard to the remarkable health, &c., of Rev. James Hobart, residing in Berlin, Vt.: that, though over ninety years of age, he was able to preach three times on the Sabbath, besides walking several miles between service; that he had never encountered sickness, or been laid aside from the ministry on account of ill health. Upon reading this paragraph, the writer directed a letter to Rev. Mr. Hobart, inquiring *how, or by what means*, he had thus preserved his health, to which the following reply was made, dated

"BERLIN, Vt., Aug. 14th, 1860.

"I was ninety-four years of age the second day of this month. I was billious when young, and frequently had turns of sickness at the stomach with vomiting. After I was settled in the ministry, I had considerable trouble with my stomach and had to take physic. I tried different kinds of physic, but soon found my stomach disordered again. I used to be troubled with the jaundice, especially in the spring of the year, and affected with a dull headache and sense of weakness. Without consulting any physician I began to pay strict attention to my feelings, after the different things I ate. I then began to alter my diet, by leaving off those things, after eating which, I did not feel so well. In short, I left off all fat meats and all gravies, all sweetened bread, cakes and pies, all tea and coffee, all ardent spirits and cider. Since I thus reformed in my diet, I have no headache or foul stomach. A plain, simple diet and exercise in the open air, I find very necessary to my health which is far better than it was forty years ago. My change of diet, under a kind Providence, is the chief health of my continued health and advanced age. Good milk and milk-porridge agrees with me better than any other kinds of food. Good ripe fruit, particularly apples, I find very wholesome. Since I have been in the ministry, I could never go through the exercise easier than now.

Christian Experience.

Love made Perfect.

TESTIMONY OF THE LATE JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR.

I feel tired of living by halves. God says, "Son, give me thine heart." I respond, "O for an entire surrender!" Of late, my soul has panted more for complete deliverance from remaining corruption than ever before. O for perfect love! O for complete sanctification in soul, body, and, spirit! I do not live as though I had apprehended that for which I am apprehended of Christ. No; I feel a vacuity within, and nothing but love Divine can fill; and until it is filled, I shall not be happy. O for a breeze, a heavenly gale, to waft me to my Father, God;—for the filling of my soul with that perfect love that casts out all fear;—for my complete sanctification, so as to be wholy sunk into the will of God! I believe it is attainable, and my soul thirsts for it.

For some days I have been desirous to visit some friends who are distinguished for fervour of piety, and remarkable for the happiness which they enjoy in religion. It was my hope, that, by associating with them, and through the help of their prayers, I might find the Lord more graciously near to my soul. After my arrival, I took up a hymn-book, in which I found a hymn descriptive of my situation. The perusal of this increased my desire that the Lord would visit me, and baptize me with the Holy Ghost. My cry to Him was, "Seal my soul for ever thine." My earnest desire then was, as it had been ever since I professed religion, six years before, that all love of the world might be destroyed—all selfishness extirpated—pride banished—unbelief removed—all idols dethroned—everything opposed to the Divine will crucified—that holiness to the Lord might be engraven on my heart, and evermore characterize my conversation. It occurred to me, "I am to be, hereafter, a minister of the Gospel. But how shall I be able to preach in my present state of mind?" I felt that I needed that for which I had long been hungering and thirsting. I desired it, not for my benefit only, but for that of the church and the world. At this very juncture, I was most delightfully conscious of giving up all to God. I was enabled to say, "Here, Lord, take my soul, and seal me Thine—Thine now, and Thine for ever. 'If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.'"

There then ensued such emotions as I had never before experienced. All was calm, tranquil, solemn; and a heaven of love pervaded my whole soul. Shortly after, I was dissolved in tears of love and gratitude to our blessed Lord. The name of Jesus was precious to me; it was music in my ear. He came as a King, and took full possession of my heart; and I was enabled to say, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Let Him, as King of kings and Lords of lords, reign in me—reign without a rival, for ever.

Since that blessed season I have enjoyed times of refreshment, in which I have gained nearer access to God. I have enjoyed His presence from day to-day. I have exulted in the God of my salvation. But I ascribe all to His grace. The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad, and for which I would praise His holy name. Not unto me—not unto me: I am nothing—Jesus is all. To his name be the glory! He is the Author and Finisher of faith. I have a hope full of glorious immortality. The perfect love of God casteth out all fear of death, of the grave, of judgement of hell. Filial fear—fear of offending my heavenly Father and my brethern—possesses me. Surely I am a miracle of grace—a sinner saved by grace. I feel that I love the Lord, because He first loved me. And even now I am favoured with the gracious presence of Immanuel. How suitable and delightful is His name,—"*God with us!*"

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My soul has drunk from the very fulness of God. I have had a peace running through my soul, which has been a continual feast. The Lord has given me power over the adversary, so that, when he comes, he finds nothing in me. The world, with all its glittering show, has lost its bait. My body is kept under, so that my enemies do not triumph over me. I have enjoyed, and do still feel, a fulness which the Lord has bestowed upon me. Yes; perfect love appears to be the ruling principle in my soul, so that I enjoy a little heaven. My soul enjoys the blessing of full redemption. And Christ, the King, will perfect His strength in my weakness. My mind loves to dwell upon this delightful theme,—*holiness.* Ah! why did I not come to possess it before? Why? Because, like many other professors of religion, I looked for a death purgatory; not believing that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. This is sufficient now; and the Lord has proved to me a full, a complete Saviour.—But shall I stop here? By no means. There is no perfection, except the absolute perfection of God, which does not admit of increase. So, then, may I forget the things behind, and press forward! The Lord has greater blessings in store for me. Alas that so few justified souls are convinced of the necessity of a speedy work of sanctification of the heart!

I have found what I have been panting after for more than six years. I panted, though I panted rather ignorantly. But I was heard by the Spirit, and a deliverance came. Praise to the Lord! He is all—I am nothing. The glory of my salvation, from first to last, believe, and shall be ascribed, to the Triune of G-

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I am ready to testify to the world that the Lord has blessed my soul beyond my highest expectations. People may call this blessing by what name they please,—faith of assurance, holiness, perfect love, entire sanctification. It makes no difference with me whether they give it a name, or no name; it continues a blessed reality, and, thanks to my heavenly Father, it is my privilege to enjoy it. It is yours, also, and the privilege of all, to enjoy the same, and to go beyond anything that I have yet experienced.

REMARKS BY A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

From what I have learned of the dealings of God with my own soul, and the souls of others who enjoy the blessing of sanctification, and from what I have witnessed and read of the dying experience of Christians who have not known the blessedness of full redemption till near the close of life, I have become fully convinced that the following statements are strictly true:

1. Those who come fully to the enjoyment of sanctification pass through the same exercises of mind that other Christians do on their dying beds, who have never enjoyed the blessing of sanctification until that time.

2. The state of mind in which the sanctified Christian lives is the state of mind in which those die who depart in the transports of a triumphant faith.

3. Every soul that dies in peace comes fully into the enjoyment of this blessing of full sanctification before leaving the world.

4. Many dying Christians, and some living Christians, have enjoyed this state of mind for a time, without regarding it as a redemption from all iniquity; just as others have been brought to rejoice in Christ for a time, without thinking that they were truly converted.

5. That very state of peace and joy in God and holy triumphant exultation, and complete victory over death and every spiritual foe, which enables the Christian to leave the world in peace, shouting praise to God with dying breath, is the very state in which it is the Christian's privilege to live from day to day; and, moreover, this is the very state in which the Christian is bound to live, for the honour of his Saviour, and the good of his fellow-men.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1863.

The Conquest of Mexico.

The tidings of the capture of the oldest city in America by the French, though an event fraught with much importance, if not with omen touching the future of this Continent, has attracted but little notice; eclipsed probably by the absorbing intelligence which comes to us from the *wider* theatre of war.

To the lovers of the romantic in history, Mexico presents abounding interest. Tradition informs us that about the time when Mahomet was founding the Saracenic empire in the old continent, a martial well-informed nation descended from the north of our continent to the plains of Mexico, dispossessed the inhabitants, and became the masters of the country, which they ruled with wisdom and power for five hundred years. In the twelfth century a mighty people called the *Aztecs*, coming also from the north, drove out the invaders, and established their sway over the country. These new invaders are reported to have been highly civilized and learned in most of the mechanical arts, to which their *picture writing*, and curious architectural and monumental remains abundantly testify. It was the descendants of these people whom Cortez in 1519, with savage and relentless cruelty wholly exterminated. Adventurers from Spain flocked over in numbers, and a European colony soon superseded the empire of Montesuma.

The capital of Mexico was a city of splendour and beauty, when Cortes emerging from the mountain gorge, beheld a magnificent lake extending for miles, with islands seeming to float on the sparkling bosom of the water, from which rose temples, palaces, obelisks, mansions, and all the appertainings of a vast capital, while broad highways like Roman roads, connected this second Venice with the adjacent shore; and green islands, some like moving gardens, rich in all hues of flowers, or like nodding orchards with fruit of all colours and size, with huts and villages, parents and children, sailed slowly towards the great mart with fruits and flowers, fish, vegetables and game; but that city of temples and palaces and bewildering pageantry, was soon annihilated by the furious Spaniards. Of the ancient city hardly a vestige remains; while the magnificent scenery still survives, and beyond the walls lies the placid lake whose eternal stillness mocks the commotion and change within. Spreading beyond, cultivated fields and vineyards meet the eye at every turn; while the towering Cordilleras, crowned with eternal snow, and on their acclivities presenting every variety of color, and three volcanoes, like flaming watch-towers, rising at different points, complete a panorama that can hardly be surpassed in the world for beauty and magnificence.

Although the army of Napoleon has not fought its way to Mexico with an enthusiasm such as animated the soldiers of Cortez, the circumstances are not totally different. It is more than a surmise to assert that masked under the veil of generous pity for the political misery of the Mexicans, or the impelling mandate of the genius of civilization; *the eldest son of the Church* is striving to make some atonement for his European offences, and hopes to propitiate the favour of the Apostolical Vicar. Or in other words, he endeavours to counterbalance the national avarice which he manifests on the one continent by his ecclesiastical zeal on the other. In both invasions then, the religious element predominates over the civilizing. Witness the imposing ceremonies which mark the reception of General Forey. Besides the boisterous enthusiasm of the inhabitants, the lavish tribute of flowers, and other demonstrations of joy, we have the processions of cardinals and priests, and the jubilant echoes of lofty music in the crowded Cathedral.

Although the Emperor has promised the Mexicans such a constitution and form of government as they may choose, such promises are not worth a straw. Without pretending to the prophetic, we confidently look for the establishment of a monarchy under the *protection* of France. Some minion will be found to play the tool. But it is very problematical whether the change will in the least degree benefit progress and civilization in central America; whether the resuscitation and renewed vigour of a certain politico-ecclesiastical power will not bind more tightly upon the people the chains of ignorance, and shut out from them, the light of true knowledge, and healthy progress. Their condition as a republic has it is true been most deplorable; but the change which we have indicated will not confer a better. What they need, alas, is the moral elevation which pure christianity alone confers, and this boon seems farther from them now than before. We argue from the presumption that the continued opposition of Juares is hopeless. He has retired to San Luis Potori, which city he declares to be the capital of the republic; it is however, only the expiring struggle of political death. O, that the light of the gospel might be diffused over a country so magnificent in all the resources of natural wealth, a second India in variety and rarity of its productions, while lacking the deleterious climate of the East!

The Witness and Dalhousie College.

The *Presbyterian Witness* expresses something like surprise that the arrangements proposed for the surrender of Dalhousie College into Presbyterian hands should not be entirely satisfactory to other denominations. Our esteemed contemporary will pardon us for saying that his inquiries as to how Logic, Metaphysics, Class cs, Mathematics, and the Sciences can be Presbyterianised—as an argument in favor of the Dalhousie scheme—will not have much weight beyond the Presbyterian pale. The probability that the Baptists and the Wesleyans will ever consent to abandon their own cherished Institutions, and help to build up Dalhousie, is, *to us*, quite inconceivable; nor is it at all likely that these denominations will find it necessary to break up their Collegiate establishments in order to found Theological Seminaries equal to their wants.

We are not, in the least, disposed to cast blame upon the Presbyterians for availing themselves of proffered privileges: nor can we for a moment cherish a feeling of envy in regard to the boon now within their reach—for we have an idea that the good anticipated will not be found to be all that they could desiderate. The matter of complaint—and matter of grievance and dissatisfaction it will remain, unless some plan be devised to meet the difficulty—is the appropriation of a Provincial Institution for the advantage of one denomination. To say that the offer is open for acceptance by others does not justify such appropriation.

The *Witness* informs us that the Presbyterians sacrificed their Institution at Truro for the general good. We are not disposed to question the purity of the motives which prompted such sacrifice, nor can we doubt the earnest desire of the Presbyterian Synods to see the general interests of Education promoted, and yet our contemporary will not think strangely of us for believing that the controlling motive—a motive by no means to be condemned, though not purely disinterested—is the advancement of Presbyterian influence—the attainment of a position in regard to the Educational interests of Nova Scotia not otherwise to be secured—the giving up of a lesser good for the sake of a greater—the *sacrifice* of the Truro Institution for the possession of the emoluments and *status* of a Provincial College.

Letter from Rev. J. Allison, A. M.

No. 4.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, July 1st 1863.

DEAR BRO,—Leaving London, yesterday by the South Eastern Railway, and passing Sydenham, Tunbridge and Ashford, through a country which appeared like a continued garden, we came in ten hours to the white cliffs of Dover. You have heard of the chalk cliffs, but to pass through the long tunnels, and open suddenly upon the sea at Folkestone, and gaze upon these white cliffs brilliantly lighted up by the rays of a July sun, certainly defies description. Then was first, the open sea covered with sails, large and small; there the pure white chalk hills, throwing back the dazzling rays upon the sea. The effect upon the feelings of the American traveller, accustomed to the iron limestone, and the dullgrey granite, was truly electric. Stepping on board the Belgian steamer which conveys you to Ostend, you are forcibly struck with the contrast of manner in the German and English character. The German is all politeness and attention, not willing but anxious to give you all information in his power, courteously passing over your mistakes in pronunciation and construction of his language. On the contrary, the Englishman is inconsiderate, even rude in his manner; will give you no information, and while he feels that *he* knows more than anybody else, is vexed with you if you do not know as much. Arriving at Ostend, your luggage is subject to a very formal and polite investigation at the Custom House, to the great distress of the ladies, and some nervous gentlemen, who do not relish having their nicely placed traps in boxes and trunks, upset by excise officials. This process passed through, the traveller is put into a huge Omnibus, and drawn by an immense Flemish horse, at a solemn walk to the Station. The railroad officials walk around, and through the carriages with becoming dignity and amazing gravity, when after due inspection and countless little arrangements and precautions (this is the express train), the word of command is given, and off you go at the rate of sixty miles an hour, to Brussels.

During this ride of 180 miles, you pass through a country unbroken by a single elevation or wood only one contiouously dead level. The roads are always marked by a row of trees on either side, and the luxuriant crops with which the earth is loaded, are in little strips and patches like the varying squares of an old fashioned bedquilt. Windmills of a great height in every direction swing their long *arms*. The cattle and horses in Belgium are very fine, you see no grazing land; the cattle are tied in pairs, and are herded by boys and women, on the sides of ditches between the patches of grain and hay. The peasantry appear more comfortable in Belgium; than in either England or Ireland. They drink their beer, smoke their pipe, sing their simple songs, and appear perfectly happy. They are free from vice; punctual in the religious observances, and although they drink *Lager Bier* all day, we have not seen an intoxicated person since we left London. The railroads are managed by government officials, with remarkable exactness and wonderful solemnity. They are perfectly smooth, and generally direct in their course. Two old and interesting cities, Bruges and Ghent, are passed *en route* to Brussels, both interesting and rich in historical associations.

To the English traveller Brussels is interesting, especially on account of its proximity to Waterloo. In itself it is a beautiful city, presenting many objects of interest. The Kings Palace is a fine building. Hotel de Ville is splendid in design, and although 500 years in building is not yet completed. An arcade about one thousand feet in length lined with stores, presenting every variety of merchandize, when lighted in the evening is very beautiful. All these and many more objects are interesting; but Waterloo is the great attraction. This celebrated battle field is situated about twelve miles from Brussels; the road skirts the forest of Soigne about two-thirds of the way. On the right, cornfields highly cultivated, extend as far as the eye can reach. This road was travelled by Wellington and the chief officers of his staff the night preceding the battle. After passing through the village of Waterloo, you come to Mt. St. Jean, and are fairly on the battle ground. Almost every foot of which, over an area of more than ten miles, was enriched by human blood. You have no doubt heard much of relic venders, &c., but really there is no difficulty in procuring relics; the ground is rich in bullets, daggers, buttons *in passim*. It is *outright* affectation in travellers to decry Waterloo; the supposition is either that these opera glass kid glove tourists never went beyond Brussel, or that they halted at a Restaurant), (where no doubt they were imposed upon) and would fain make their friends believe they were at Waterloo. The key of this celebrated battle ground was the *Chateau of Hougoumont*. This was the point where Napoleon endeavoured to outflank the British, and had his cannon been a little farther to the right, a far different history of the last fifty years would probably have been written. It is said that Jerome Bonaparte mistook the thick brick wall of the garden for the red coats, and expended his strength upon it. The walls still retain the marks of the conflict; the Count of Belgium who owns the property, not permitting a single brick to be removed. At the time of battle it was owned by a simple farmer, and hence it has been truly and eloquently said that "the Belgian peasants garden-wall was the safeguard of Europe, whose destinies hung on the possession of this House." In a little chapel on the premises is shown a crucifix saved (as we are told) by miracle from the flames which stopped at the foot of the cross.

Not far from this spot an immense mound is raised, surmounted by a huge Lion; this is called the Belgic Lion—in commemoration of the slaughtered thousands of the Belgic Legion who fell on the spot. It is known to history and confirmed even by French officers, that the British soldiers did not during that bloody day yield one inch of ground. The idea prevalent in Germany is, that if Blucher (pronounced Blecker) had not come up, Wellington would have gained the day. Were I as fond of Mars as some of my brethren, I could easily occupy all your columns with sketches of Waterloo; they are engraven on my mind, they affect my heart. They make me proud of that genius which could conduct so great a game, and of the endurance of the men who could stand so firm against twelve hours of rain of iron and lead hot and cold, and then with broken bayonets and bleeding hands charge upon a desperate foe. The fields of Waterloo are without doubt enriched (as the waving grain testifies) with the blood of English and French soldiers; but richer by far is this spot in those memories which thrill the heart and rouse the courage of succeeding generations.

Yours, &c., J. ALLISON.

Letter from England.

We gave several weeks ago some extracts from letters to the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, from the pen of the Rev. G. Hughes, of the Methodist E. Church, now on a visit to England. We give now another communication from the same brother, exhibiting his deep interest in the success of British Methodism, and detailing some incidents in connection with the highly useful labours of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.

My last communication was written at Malvern, one of the most beautiful places in England. It is in Worcestershire, one of the midland counties, in what is considered the garden-spot of this famed Island. It is celebrated for its water-cure establishments, there being several of them located there. The air is clear and bracing, and the water very pure, so that invalids resort thither from every part of the country, and some have crossed the Atlantic to avail themselves of the medical aid resident in Malvern. Almost every house in the town is devoted to lodgers, many preferring to be in private lodgings, and yet enjoy the benefits of the water-cure. The buildings are of the most varied description, and surrounded with gardens tastefully arranged. The scenery from the hills is charming, and day after day I have sat and gazed at the gorgeous panorama presented, and exulted in the manifestations of divine wisdom, power and goodness. How significant, amid such contemplations, the language of the Psalmist: Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge!"

Two months' stay in Malvern gave me a full opportunity for initiation into all the mysteries of the water-cure. I became intimately acquainted with "packs," dripping-sheets, lamp-baths, flowing-sits, and all the routine of the water dispensation. Some of my experience was positively luxurious, and other parts of it *not* so luxurious. However, I trust it has not been altogether unprofitable. I am anticipating a speedy return to my Master's work with new vigor.

METHODISM IN MALVERN.

Methodism at present is small and feeble in Malvern. "The Church" has an overshadowing power, having two large edifices, and the vicar and his assistants sway a mighty influence. But that system which Chalmers styled "Christianity in earnest," is revealing its living presence on those beauteous hills. A little society has been formed. The appointment is connected with Ledbury Circuit, and is principally supplied by local preachers, the circuit ministers visiting them occasionally. Rev. Mr. Ridler, the superintendent, belongs to the true apostolic succession, and is labouring very earnestly to build up the Redeemer's kingdom. After next Conference a chapel is to be erected. A lot has been secured, through the influence of Mr. Lycett, of London, to whom I made reference in a former letter, and other friends. There is, therefore, promise for the future of Methodism in this locality. As there are so many thousands of people visiting the place each season, it is of the highest importance that we should be well represented. At North Malvern there is a neat Independent chapel, which was built by a Wesleyan; it occupies a commanding site, and seems to be filled with a congregation of devout worshipers. Its present pastor, Rev. D. K. Shoebothan, is a very excellent man. I was permitted to enjoy a pleasant acquaintance with him and his people. May they have great prosperity.

HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The operations of Methodism in Malvern afford a fair example of the missionary power of the system. That missionary power is unrivalled, as our history attests. Page after page teems with evidence of its gigantic moral energy, grappling with what might almost appear insuperable difficulties, and securing a firm foothold. Our enemies themselves being judges, Methodism has an inherent vitality which adapts it to missionary action, both at home and abroad. Our Wesleyan brethren have, wisely in my judgment, their Home Missionary Society separate from their General Missionary. To this point I believe our own Church must come before we put forth our destined missionary energy. Two organizations would bring to the missionary treasury an amount such as has never yet been raised. Every other branch of the Church has its Home Missionary Society. Why does not American Methodism profit by the example? With our membership swollen now to nearly a million, we should be raising a million dollars annually! The world calls us to action. The watering-places should have efficient aid from the Home Missionary Society. And there are multitudes of other fields white unto the harvest. Shall we put in the sickle?

REVIVAL SERVICES.

I now turn from this hasty glance at the natural beauties of Malvern to a survey of lovelier scenes. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion!" Having occasion to return to Manchester for a brief period, I had the privilege of enjoying some of the refreshing company of our dear American friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. Having been associated with them, in early days, in the Allen-street Church, New York, where we used to enjoy many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, I was glad to meet them on this side of the Atlantic, and to find them so actively and successfully engaged in building up the "City of God."

The meetings held in Manchester by Dr. and Mrs. P. were full of interest, and well calculated to profit all who are sincerely desirous of being profited. Hundreds of souls, in a few weeks, professed to find pardon, and many entered into the liberty of full salvation. I enjoyed the services so much, that learning that they were under engagement to go to Nottingham to labor there a few weeks, I determined to go, and catch some of the hallowed influence, and at the same time witness the work of God, as it might progress, through the labors of these chosen instruments. It was manifest at the commencement of the services that the Church had been praying earnestly for an out-pouring of the Spirit, and the brethern were harnessed for the battle. To open a Gospel commission under such circumstances is delightful work. The first service was on Sunday afternoon.

The chapel was filled. The doctor gave out that good old hymn, commencing,

Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given, etc.

The pastor offered a fervent prayer. Dr. P. read second chapter of Acts, interspersed with appropriate comments. Mrs. P. then addressed the congregation in a very impressive manner, exhibiting clearly the Christian privilege of "an inward baptism of pure fire," and relating interesting portions of her own experience. The people heard the truth attentively, and good impressions were certainly made. The closing exercises were marked by "an unction from the Holy One." It was a pentacostal season indeed, and many hearts realized the descent of the Holy Ghost, my own soul richly participating. Shouts of praise went up from every part of the house. The evening was conducted in a similar manner, the chapel being thronged. As the prayer-meeting commenced the battle was glorious, and victory already perched on Zion's banner. Quite a number presented themselves as seekers of pardon and purity. The altar was surrounded by a band of zealous laborers, and foremost among them was one who is said to have been a poacher, a vile character, but rescued from the depths of iniquity as by a miracle of grace. He is a man of powerful frame, and serves the Lord with all his might. When in prayer he catches the heavenly influence, he lifts up his voice like a trumpet, and generally finishes in a shout of triumph. Having full confidence in him, the people gave him full liberty to shout. The meetings from that time have been kept up day and night for three weeks with wonderful success. A noon-day meeting was held each week day. At these meetings individuals would rise and ask in behalf of their friends, or send in their requests in writing. And others would testify of the grace received, and invite the lovers of Jesus to unite with them in thanksgiving. These were precious means of grace. I was greatly interested in the department of a gentleman engaged in the manufacturing business, a Wesleyan. He rose one day and asked prayers in behalf of about forty of his work-people, whom he expected to bring to the chapel that evening. What a noble example! God honored the effort, for nearly all of them were converted that night. On each Saturday evening, what was denominated "A Praise Meeting" was held. And they were rightly named. Many present were filled with love and praise, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth was ready to speak. One of those occasions I shall never forget. More than two hours had been occupied in testifying. Some remarkable testimonies had been given, both in reference to justifying and sanctifying grace. I never heard more clear and satisfactory statements of an experimental acquaintance with the all-cleansing efficacy of the Redeemer's blood.

When Dr. Palmer rose to close the meeting many were anxious to speak. Just at that moment, without invitation, a brother came forward and threw himself down at the altar in an agony of spirit. In a few minutes the altar and surrounding space were filled with those who were deeply moved by the Holy Ghost. The individual who first came was groaning for full redemption and many others were similarly exercised. The result was, that in *about half an hour* more than fifty professed to know by happy experience that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," and several received the witness of pardon. It was a glorious hour. There was an "overcoming through the blood of the Lamb." We had a sublime example of the true attitude which the Church should assume. Indeed our whole history, as a people, is a comment upon the fact, that just in proportion as the children of God come up to this high standard, is the power of the cross manifested in bringing rebels to the feet of Jesus. It really seemed as though a convoy of witnessing angels hovering over the scene were mingling their sweet hallelujahs with the triumphal songs of those now in the first gush of this glorious Gospel experience. O this is the great need of the times! a holy ministry and a holy membership. With such a combination the world would soon yield to the sway of its rightful Sovereign. As a Church we are highly favored, in the present age, with material resources and educational advantages. If with these we maintain our ground doctrinally and experimentally, especially adhering to the central idea of the immortal founder of Methodism, that our mission is "to spread scriptural holiness," we shall be mighty in the work of evangelizing the world. But if we ignore these fundamental principles we shall be like Sampson shorn of his locks. To our rising ministry I would say, "Get knowledge," especially that which may be turned to practical account; but above all get inward power the power of a full salvation. Then will you hold up the bleeding Lamb, and great will be the company of he saved. One good brother at Nottingham, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," particularly attracted my attention. He is called by his friends in the Church "Happy William;" and really I thought he was well named. His face shone with unearthly lustre, both in public and private. He was "full of the Holy Ghost and power." His words fell like burning coals upon the hearts of those who heard, and his prayers took firm hold of the throne. All who see him must say, "Happy William" has truly been with Jesus. I witnessed one evening a very sweet conversion, in the case of a little boy. He was perhaps ten or twelve years of age, and was found near the door in the crowd, weeping as if his little heart would break. He was taken by a friend to the altar. Very soon he found Jesus, and was unspeakably happy. Before the meeting closed he rose before the whole congregation, and told in a very artless yet intelligent manner what the Lord had done for him. He had been led to the chapel strangely. A domestic in the house had been converted. He thought he would go and see what was going on. A voice said to him, "Don't go, Joe; don't go, Joe.' But he said, "I will." He told his mother to get him ready. He came, found Jesus, and went home to tell his mother the pleasing story. But I might fill many pages in relating delightful incidents. I was not able to remain until the close of the services, but have been informed that over six hundred professed to find pardon, and more than one hundred, entire sanctification in about three weeks. If asked to account for this wonderful divine manifestation—for wonderful it was, gainsayers to the contrary—I answer, 1. An extraordinary measure of divine unction attending the instruments; 2. The hearty co-operation of the Church. The two conjoined will ever produce like results. But I reserve other comments. Our friends Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are about sailing for America. God bless them, and spare them for more eminent labours and yet more glorious success.

Westgate Hill, Yorkshire, June 27, 1863.

The British Conference,—

Which would commence its session on Thursday last,—for the ninth time assembles in Sheffield. It is impossible, says the *Watchman*, not to be reminded, in this Jubilee year of the Methodist Missionary Society, that the man to whom, before the origin of the Society, Methodist Missions were most indebted—Dr. Thos. Coke—was President of the first Conference held in Sheffield. The following Ministers are mentioned as likely to be nominated for election to the Presidential chair this year:—The Rev's. W. L. Thornton, A.M., A. Lomas, G. Osborn, D.D., and W. Shaw.

On the Antiquity of Man.

NO. 4.

ON TRANSMUTATION AND PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT IN THE NATURAL WORLD.

In the fourth ch. of Genesis, we have the inspired account of the creation of our world, and of all the creatures and things, belonging to, and connected with it; and in such plain and definite terms, that no person, not blinded and perverted by pride and preconceived prejudices, and wilful impiety, can fail to be satisfied, as to its claims to implicit belief. *There* we are told, that the whole of that divine work of creation, was performed within six days; and that they were literally, *natural* days, having evenings and mornings, and not any other, or different periods of time, is distinctly and precisely declared, at the close of the creations of each and every day. In v. 12 of the chapter, are the statements, that by the Divine command, "The earth brought forth grass and herb,—yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind." These, as declared, were parts of the creative works of the third day. On the fourth day the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made, for the expressly declared purposes,—"to divide the day from the night," and "to give light upon the earth." On the fifth day, the various kinds of fish and fowl were created; and on the sixth day, first were given the Divine commands, for the earth to "bring forth the living creature, after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind, and it was so." Immediately after, and in very different terms, are the Divine announcements, and their fulfilment, in vs. 26 and 27,—"Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." So God created man, in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

We, thus, see, that all creatures and things were divinely called forth, and prepared in due order, for man's use and happiness, before he was formed and placed on the earth; and that all were subjected to his dominion. It is manifest also, that there were no vast intervals, or spaces of time, between the successive creations of plants, fishes, and animals, as set forth by certain sceptical writers, in their speculative schemes; but the whole of creation, as plainly seen by scriptural truth, was accomplished within *six days*; each of them described by a *morning* and *evening*. The Sabbath is mentioned, by the *similar* designation of "the *seventh* day." It will be readily observed, that there is a marked differencce in the language concerning the creation of beasts, and of man. *They* as we have seen, were called from the earth, by the divine word. But the words,—"Let us make man," seem plainly to imply *deliberation* in the Divine Being; and the expressions,—"our image," and,—"our likeness," evidently relate to the spiritual, immaterial nature, for "God is a spirit," having no bodily, or material image, or form. The Scriptures declare of all the inferior living creatures, that they die, and return to their dust, and that their spirits go "downward." But, of man, it is said, his "spirit goeth upward;" and to "give an account of himself to God for the deeds done in the body." Every thing in revelation, as well as in nature, reason, and experience, have ever shown him to be a being, of an order essentially and entirely different from all the rest of the earthly creatures. There is not a word in Scripture, nor a suggestion of sound reason, or from the light of experience, to give the slightest countenance to either of the absurd opinions advanced in the volume under notice, of a transmutation, or change, from any of the lower creatures, into man; or of any such change, by a progressive development, or by successive additions, through the exercise of creative power. All such opinions are nothing else than the imaginative fictions of presumptuous and disordered intellects. The inventors of these profane and absurd novelties, may continue to talk and write, about the comparative sizes of the craniums, of the bulk and weight of the brains, and of the forms of the *digits* of the ape, and of those of man; but will they or can they inform us of a solitary instance, in the history of the world, of any such transmutation, or progressive development, as they have so wildly imagined. Doubtless, there are some similarities between several of the organs and members of the bodies of many of the lower and irrational creatures, and of those of man; as also, there are partial likenesses, throughout the whole range of animate and inanimate beings and things, but these signify nothing, towards confounding or destroying the distinctions and differences in their various orders, and modes of existence, and their respective natural qualities. The eye of the horse, of the ox and the dog, and of many other animals, is similar in structure, appearance and use, to that of the man; as well as some others of the bodily members of the animals named, but will any person of sound understanding, say that because of such likenesses, any of those animals, will in some future period, be transmuted into the form of man; and become a rational human being. Some of the *Molluscas*, are in shape like the moon, and very transparent too, and give a light at night; but none but a thorough idiot could suppose, that they will ever become moons, or other lights in the heavens. Yet, any suppositions or conjectures, as to such transmutations or changes in horses, or oxen, dogs, or molluscas, are scarcely more absurdly foolish, than the supposition, that because some of the bones of the paw, (or *hand* if they please) of a gorilla, or other ape, are somewhat like those in the hand of a man; or the external appearance, or the weight of the brain; matter of that animal, are partially similar to those of a man, therefore man once belonged, in part, to a species of the apes; and by transmutation, or progressive development, became in course of ages, of the order, or the kind of being, he is at present. We know, that the horse, the ox, the dog and the ape, and all the other animals and creatures throughout the lower creation, as to their natural instincts, propensities, and various other qualities, have ever remained the same; incapable of being raised to any higher order or rank in the scale of being. The lemurs, chimpanzees, and all other apes, or monkeys, of the present day, are just the same as they ever have been, since they came into existence; neither more nor less cunning, provident, playful or mischievous. But every particular, or thing, relating to the human being, by the constitution of his nature, has ever been radically and entirely different. In his most uncivilized and uneducated condition, he has always,—according to the divine arrangement,—had the dominion over all the merely animal and irrational creatures, and at his will, brought them more or less under his power, and made them subservient to his purposes. In absolute dissimilitude to all other creatures on the earth, he has, in all parts of the world, in all ages, and in all conditions, been proved to be capable of the highest degrees of civilization and refinement, and of almost unlimited mental and moral attainments and improvement.

Independent of all other differences, when reference is made to moral faculties and accountability, the immeasurable or absolute distance between man, and all the earthly creatures below him, excludes every rational thought of likeness, or comparison between him and them, and of any such transmutation or progressive development, as those speculative literati have so absurdly imagined. Man, in every age and condition of his being, is possessed of moral powers, susceptibilities, and sympathies, and of consequent accountability both here and hereafter. On the contrary, all of the lower animate creation, are devoid of those faculties; and consequently, are not so accountable. This difference alone, renders all partial likenesses in bodily organizations, or structure, between him and them, in the way of comparison, or as to connection, or similarity of being, of no avail or account whatever.

A late eminent clerical dignitary of the English Church, in his work,—"The Records of Creation," has given the following just and appropriate sentiments on the subject:—"There are writers who have taken an extraordinary pleasure, in levelling the broad distinction which separates man from the brute creation. Misled to a false conclusion, by the infinite variety of productions in the natural world, they have described a chain of existence, connecting vegetables with animals; and the different orders of animals, one with another, so as to rise, by an almost imperceptible gradation, from the tribe of Simæ, to the lowest of the human race; and from these upwards to the most refined. * * * But in order to warrant the analogy they pretend, it ought to be also true, that the lowest savage, is no more capable of improvement than the chimpanzee or orang-outang. Animals, are born what they are intended to remain. On them is bestowed a certain rank; and the extent of their capacity, is limited by an impassable decree. Man, is empowered, and obliged, to become the artificer of his own rank in the scale of beings, by the peculiar gift of improvable reason."

Those speculative literati, according to their own theories and stories, seem to think, that they have ascertained in a satisfactory manner, the gradational and connecting links in the chain of the progressive development of vegetable and animal life, until they reached the highest species of apes. They acknowledge, they have *there* been obliged to pause, and have not yet been able, after all their painful researches, to discover what they call the *missing intermediate links* between the monkey tribes and man; and they admit the gap to be great. This part of their story is undoubtedly true. And further, if their lives were prolonged to the combined age of a thousand Methuselah's, and during the whole period they were to rack their brains in forming suppositions and theories; and weary their bodies in ransacking the caverns, and depths, and surface of the earth, they would never discover those missing links, for the one plain reason, that they never did or will exist.

If there were no other ground or proof, for contemptuously rejecting these fictitious and absurd theories of transmutation and progressive development, the following text in Gen. 2, would alone, in the judgment of every believer in Scripture truth, be quite sufficient to explode and utterly destroy them;—"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Here we see, from sacred and infallible authority, that the body of the first man was formed from *the dust of the ground*; and his soul by the *direct* action of his almighty and glorious Creator. Surely, these solemn truths must, with every scripturally enlightened and sober mind, exclude every thought of affording any credence whatever to those profane fictions. Can it be possible, that the author of the volume under notice, and others of his class, who hold those pernicious absurdities, have read that text, or know of its being a portion of Scripture? If, indeed, they possess such knowledge, they are justly chargeable with the guilt of denying and opposing sacred authority; and, therefore, have excluded themselves from all claim or right to be considered as believers in divine revelation, which in so many other places, both in the Old and the New Testament Scriptures, expressly declare the same truths, concerning the creation of man, as are contained in the cited text.

It would seem like offering a slight to those Scriptures, as well as offending against sound reason, to pursue any elaborate course of facts and arguments, in the way of disproof of those fictitious theories. In one of the pages of the volume here commented on, is mentioned the alarming and discreditable fact, that a Professor in one of the English Universities, not many years ago, plainly advanced that theory of progressive development, in a public discourse on the studies of that University. It is a further subject of regret, that the author of this volume concerning man, who, doubtless, is a person of intellectual capacity, and classical attainments, should have *misspent* so large a portion of his life, in roaming over so many countries, exploring so extensively, and examining such various objects; and lastly, in embodying the materials of his researches in a capacious work, not merely so destitute of value as to practically useful purposes, but of such an anti-scriptural, and therefore, really pernicious character.

JOHN G. MARSHALL.

The New Preacher Again.

BY J. L. CRANE.

Every travelling Methodist preacher has to stand two examinations yearly, provided he moves every year. One of these examinations is conducted by his brother preachers at conference, the other by the brethren and sisters, saints and sinners, and the balance of mankind on his new work. He receives but little "material aid" from the people he is beginning to serve, till they have tried him—till they know whether he will work and how, and forty other et esteras. Nearly every body must know all about the new preacher before they can part with any of their cherished and much loved cash for his support. They must know where he came from; what circuits or stations he has filled; and when he was at this or that place. If he has been in a *big* place, that settles the question with many, and they admit him as a *big* preacher, and entitled to a *big pile* of quarterage. Others must know whether he has had revivals heretofore. "How many has he taken into church?" "How many church buildings has he erected?" "Is he college learned?" "Does he preach off-hand or with notes?" ("Don't like them preachers what has to have the heads, tails and bones of their whole sermint writ down," suggests another.) "Is he good at a prayer-meeting?" "Does he pray right up into heaven, warm and earnest, or are his prayers like a look, dry, sleepy, and particular?" "How does he lead class?" "Humph!" says another, "better ask whether he leads class at all." "Does he always beg for money in every discourse?" "Is he always trying to coax a body, and their children to subscribe for the paper?" "Does he visit much?" "Or does he just visit the rich and let us poor folks take care of ourselves?" "Eh!" says another, "better let him do all that he can for the rich, for it is a great deal harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a gnat." "Is he friendly with the outsiders?" "Is he strong agin the Campbellites? good many of them in the neighborhood, and they have had right smart preachers among 'em sometimes, and I'd like to see 'em whipped." Another is ditto in reference to the Universalists in his neighborhood.

"Does he administer discipline? We have got forty Methodists on this circuit that ought to be *turned out*. They don't attend class; they go to preaching only about four or five times a year. Some drink whisky, a little, I think; at any rate they're seen about where whisky is plentifully drank, and seem to enjoy themselves there. Some cheat. Hope the new preacher will draw the slack reins of goverment, and turn 'em out."

The church needs purging. "Does he preach the terrors of the law?" "Is he a good exhorter?" "How is he in a protracted meeting?" Is he an old-fashioned Methodist? 'fraid he isn't, for his bosom's pleated, and his neck handkerchief is tied in a bow-not, and he's got whispers after the vain pomp and show of this world. Ah me! I'm afeard he'll not preach agin them new-fangled abominations of bonnets, which are no bigger than two bows of ribbon, with a twist of artifisial about them; and them great spreading hoops, which always puts me in mind of the monstreous philactaries of the Pharisees."

These are a few of the questions propounded and thoughts suggested in reference to the "new preacher." Some of them are answered and some unanswered. Some of the questions and suggestions are gratified and satisfied, and, of course, some are dissatisfied. The man who would be popular with A. would be unpopular with B. A rejoices, and rubs his hands with thankfulness, and blesses the Lord, and goes into a pious panegyric an the superior wisdom of the appointing power. B. sighs and looks solemn, shakes his head and ejaculates some very unflattering adjectives; but finally makes up his mind to be resigned for twelve months, hoping that he will have his "sort of preacher" next year. And not unfrequently, B becomes one of the preacher's warmest friends before three months.

The "new preacher" preaches, and the *church and the world criticiss. Here and there one may be found who prays for him. All watch, but few pray.*

Brother Amos thinks he makes too many gestures, and uses too many big words, which he, Amos, could not understand. And then he noticed that he did not sing; thinks a man can do "mighty little good if he ean't sing;" says, "there's just as much in singing as in preaching; and refers to some previous preacher who was a "malojus singer."

Brother Bangham is of an entirely different opinion from brother Amos. He thinks his gestures were exactly conformable to the most approved rules of taste. He says, "I don't like to see a man stand as stiff as a telegraph pole when he is talking to the people;" thinks brother Amos had better study the dictionary; believes that it is not the preacher's place to do the singing; that it is just as much the business of brother Amos to sing, as for the preacher.

"Neighbor Curtiss, a friendly sort of sinner, thinks he prays too long.

Brother Davis, whose religion is above suspicion, says that he would gladly listen to such praying for fifteen minutes at a time, therefore he declares the prayer was not too long.

Brother Easy has delicate nerves, and thinks the new preacher speaks too loud.

Brother Furnace thinks differently, says he likes to hear it rear as though there was some fire within.

Brother Groaner is decidedly of opinion that he did not speak strong enough against the degeneracy of the church, and the follies of the age.

Brother Happy rejoiced under the sermon, and says that it was one of the most delightful to which he ever listened.

Brother Ire thinks he ought to have given more of the terrors of the law, and the *thunders of Sinai*.

Brother Jeremiah says that it touched the fountains of his tears and moved his whole soul.

Brother Knowsome says he shaves the hair above his temples to give the appearance of a high forehead, He thinks that the new *preacher* is not sufficiently "up with the *progress of the* age and the new style of thought;" that his sermons are entirely too old fashioned; thinks they may do for this population in the back woods, but wouldn't begin to answer the purpose where he came from, down east.

Brother Loyal thinks that if a fourth part of the divinity preached in that sermon could, by miraculous power, be crowded into Solomon Knowsome's brain, it would be split wide open; and as the skull is exceedingly thick, the explosion would be frightful, and brother Easy had better be out of the way.

Brother Marvel would like to hear him preach on a few texts in Revelations, especially the "Beast with the seven heads and ten horns," the "Sea of glass," "Death on the pale horse;" thinks these mysterious and awful subjects are not sufficiently elucidated from the pulpit.

Sister Noodle would like to know how he suited sister General Grundy.

Sister Prim was elated with the discovery that the new preacher had order and system in his sermons, and that his manners accorded with the rules of pulpit decorum, and that the neatness of his dress and general bearing comported with the dignity of his position. She did not admire the elder, because his head bore striking resemblance to a brush-heap—thinks the new preacher might improve the appearance of his looks a little.

Sister Quiet has nothing to say. She is always satified with the preacher unless he produces too much noise and shouting.

Mr. Redeye was much offended with allusions in the discourse about temperance; is opposed to a preacher "meddling with politics;" contends that the temperance question is purely political, and decidedly foreign from the business of the pulpit. He loves to hear the gospel when the preacher attends to his legitimate business.

Young Mr. Snip is of the same opinion, and is still an intimate associate

ther is ditto his neighbor-

? We have it that ought d class; they five times a e, I think; at hisky is plen- mselves there. her will draw turn 'em out." Does he preach good exhor- ed meeting?" 'fraid he isn't, eek handker- got whispers s world. Ah in them new- which are no ith a twist of at spreading mind of the isees." propounded to the "new nswered and questions and fied, and, of he man who e unpopular hands with and goes into isdom of the ooks solemn, e very unflat- up his mind opping that he t year. And f the preach- onths. nd the church here one may till watch, but

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whether the residents thereon are fallen beings like ourselves?"

Brother Whine says that preaching is not what it was in days of old.

Brother Xerxes, Major-General, thinks the preacher ought to study elocution, and the rules of beauty in language and sublimity in speech; says he ought to read Milton, Byron, and Shakespeare, in order to make his sermons more captivating and attractive to the more elevated classes of society than the ordinary routine of pulpit effort.

Brother Cynic Garble Yelloweyes, Master of Arts, has grace and virtue, but they are strangely mixed with gall and vinegar. He thinks that the new preacher is exceedingly defective in grammer, logic and rhetoric, and that some of his figures and illustrations are utterly incompatible with the true rules of taste, as prescribed by the incomparable Mr. Yelloweyes, Master of Arts. He says that the young preacher quoted a Latin sentence incorrectly.

Brother Zero has no opinion of his own. The last opinion he has heard is his opinion. Zero is to the society what 0 is in 90; with the society he is of some importance—without it, he is nothing. He always treats the preacher very cleverly, because he lets him have his own way with the most humble acquiescence; and if he meets an obstinate opposer of the preacher he does precisely the same thing.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

The Rev. E. Botterell and family, and the Rev. E. Brettle and Mrs. Brettle came passengers by the steamer from Newfoundland.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—Wednesday's *Gazette* contains a long list of appointments, the most important of which are as follows:

To be a member of the Executive Council—The Hon. John Creighton.

To be the Chief Gold Commissioner for the Province—Peter S. Hamilton, in place of Samuel Creelman.

To be the Chairman of the Board of Works—Frederic Brown, in place of Hugh Munro.

To be the Immigrant Agent for the Province The Hon. Henry G. Pineo, in place of Thomas Morrison.

To be the Commander of the Government schooner "Daring"—Capt. James O'Brien.

To be Superintendent of Light Houses and other public property—Capt John H. Kendrick, in place of Matthew D. McKenna.

To be Clerk of the Executive Council, Deputy Provincial Secretary and Chief Clerk in the Secretary's office—James H. Thorne, in place of Wm. H. Keating.

In the County of Halifax: To be Register of Deeds—Wm. H. Keating, in place of George C. Whidden.

To be Gauger and Proof Officer for the Port of Halifax—Samuel Caldwell, in place of Wm. T. Townsend.

To be an Officer for the Protection of the Revenue—William Cragg, in place of James Kerr.

To be one of the Commissioners for the Poor Asylum—Geo. P. Mitchell, in place of John Eason, deceased.

In the County of Cumberland—To be Collector of Colonial Duties and Controller of Customs for Pugwash—James McNab (reinstated) in place of David Rogers, by whom Mr. McNab was superseded in 1860.

Th be Collector of Colonial Duties, Surveyor of Shipping and Controllor of Customs for the port of Amherst—James W. Delaney, in place Robert McCully.

At the Flower Show, last week, cards of merit were awarded as follows: Mr. J. Harris, for best Hydrangea, Coral Plant, Petunias, Herbaceous Plants, collection of Pansies, and Verbenas; Mr. W. Rhind, for his Brugmansia, Agapanthus, Table Bouquet, and Hand Bouquet; Miss Besanett—for handsome Floral device, Mr. A. Rickards—Best six Verbenas, Carnations, double Petunias, and 6 second best Roses; A. J. Ritchie—best collection of Roses, best six Roses, and best twelve Pansies; Mr. James Cochran—best Cherries, Dr. Cogswell—Second best.

New Brunswick papers informs us of loss of life in several in-tances, and in different parts of that Province, recently, by drowning and other casualties.

A man named Merrill, from Maine, was apprehended in St. John, N.B., a few days since, charged with enlisting for the Federal Army. He was required to give recognizances for his appearance at the Police Court—his own for $800, and two sureties $300 each. He paid to his sureties the $600, and skedaddled before the time of trial came.

The Imperial Government has ordered that the fortifications of St. John Harbour be proceeded with at once.

Another case in Court has gone against the Halifax City Council,—the bench of Judges having decided in favour of the right of the Telegraph Company to erect posts as claimed by them.

The Bazaar in behalf of the Richmond School House realized $400.

The C. B. *News* gives a complimentary address presented to the Rev. G. O. Huestis, on his leaving that town.

Two sermons preached in St. John, N. B., by Rev. I. E. Bill, and published, containing historical notices of the Baptist churches in N. B., have called forth considerable discussion in the *Colonial Presbyterian* and the *Church Witness*—the former in regard to a statement concerning connection of Rev. S. Robinson with the Presbyterian church—and the latter in relation to the bigotry and intolerance of Church of England men in days gone by, towards Ministers and members of, the so-called, dissenting churches. The Editor of the *Christian Visitor* ably vindicates his historical sketches as to the narration of facts in connection with the Baptist churches of New Brunswick. Thank God, the days of open intolerance in the British dominions have gone past, never to return. As regards Mr. Robinson, it would appear that, though he had not been licensed as a Presbyterian preacher,—he had been a *preaching Presbyterian.*

The C. B. *News* says, that the Mining and Agricultural affairs of that Island are in an encouraging state, and that the recent gold discoveries there afford the prospect of ample reward for labour. Extensive diggings will be opened during the summer.

FROM BERMUDA.—By late papers from Bermuda we learn that the Confederate steamer *Florida* had put in there for coals. She saluted the forts, which salute was returned. The *Florida*, since last accounts, has destroyed twelve more Federal vessels. A rather unpleasant *fracas* occurred in St. George's among the crews of some blockade runners, but which was promptly put down.

American States.

Federal operations for the capture of Charleston are being vigorously pushed, attended so far with considerable loss of life, chiefly on the side of the attacking party, but with much confidence of ultimate success. Should Fort Wagner on Morris Island fall into Federal hands, the possibility would be that Forts Sumpter and Moultrie—and then the city of Charleston, would be wrested from the Confederates. No efforts will be spared on the Federal side to achieve this result—as the fall of Charleston—the seat of the commencement of the war—would give great triumph to the Northern cause. On the other hand the resistance on the part of the Confederates will become desperate, as the loss of Charleston, in addition to other large losses recently, might prove a fearfully fatal blow to every Confederate hope. The Confederates will therefore make a most determined resistance. They profess to be sanguine still of succeeding in their purpose—even though Charleston should be lost. But late events must have very greatly damped their ardour. What further desperate measures they may resort to in order to recover the effects of recent disasters—remain to be developed. At Mobile fears are entertained of an early attack by Grant. [illegible] forces, and also by naval approaches. The [illegible] proceeding in various States of the Union very [illegible] in some others disturbances are feared. Large Military force is on hand in New York to prevent further riot when the draft is made. In several cities and States, plans are in motion to relieve conscripts—in Rochester and some other places by giving a bounty to those who may be drafted, or who may go in the place of drafted men—and in Philadelphia by providing for the families of those who may be drafted.

THE NEW YORK RIOTERS.—The New York Home Journal describes thus the class of persons who took part in the late riots. The tipsy women and boys (of whom the crowd was more than half composed) were rude and wholly regardless of the common wayfarer's rights, impudent if spoken to, and crowding or running against us unless we escaped them by very painstaking winding of our way. The whole air and behavior of this wicked and dirty plurality expressed an exulting lawlessness and defiance.

The high brick blocks and closely packed houses in this neighborhood seemed to be literally hives of sickness and vice. Curiosity to look on, at the fire raging so near them, brought every inhabitant to the porch or window, or assembled them in ragged and dirty groups on the sidewalk in front. Probably not a creature, who could move, was left in doors at that hour. And it is wonderful to see, and difficult to believe, that so much misery and disease and utter wretchedness can be huddled together and hidden by high walls, unvisited and unthought-of, so near our own abodes! The lewd but pale and sickly young women, scarce decent in their ragged attire, were impudent, and scattered everywhere in the crowd. But what numbers of these poorer classes are deformed, what numbers are made hideous by self-neglect and infirmity, and wha numbers are paralytics, drunkards, imbecile or idiotic, forlorn in their poverty-stricken abandonment for this world! Alas! human faces look so hideous, with hope and vanity all gone! And female forms and features are made so frightful by sin, squalor and debasement! To walk the streets as we walked them, for those hours of conflagration and riot, was like a fearful witnessing of the day of judgment, with every wicked thing revealed, every sin and sorrow blazingly glared upon, every hidden horror and abomination laid bare, before hell's expectant fire.

There were no decent Irish among them. Irish they were—every soul of them—but they were the dirty, half-drunken, brutal rowdies, who are the leprosy of that fair-skinned race. They were the filthy pustules of an eruption on the Irish skin, not to be accounted part of the natural complexion of the blood, but starved down and purged away like a diseased excess. In ordinary life, such fellows sneak about and hide from daylight, in places where they can drink and debaunch and contrive wickedness; but here—where this grand fire made them feel like masters and gave them impudence for the hour—they were the pictures of saucy beggars, half-drunken brutes and robbers, longing to put a clutch upon your throat and empty your pockets.

We took pains to traverse, in all directions, the crowd assembled under the balcony on Friday, to listen to Archbishop Hughes. It was "a sight to see," and *some* "respectable Irish" were there to see it—but not many. The brutal-faced drunkards and vagabonds far outnumbered the decent men. There was a leering shrug, or a coarse oath, at every complimentary allusion, by the Reverend Prelate, to the "friends" "saw before him;" and there was some irregular cheering at every one of the knowing tips of his mitred head to one side, with his peculiar wink, announcing to them that he had said a good thing; but there was but one very unanimous and unsubsidable "hurrah," and that was when he declared that "whatever else had been laid to the charge of the Irish, they *had never been called cowards.*" The Archbishop clenched his fist and shook his red sleeve and jammed his trembling jaws together, with strange fury and combativeness, when he said this—a demonstration both unclerical and unaccountable (it seemed to us.) when the avowed object of calling the crowd together was to pacify their excited passions! It was untimely *exhorting* to a "flock" who had been called from their fifth day of violence.

The N. Y. *Spectator* refers to the probable effect of the news in Europe of recent Federal successes, in the following terms:—It will appear when the history of these days is written, that the four weeks ending with the 20th of July were darker for the hopes of the friends of America and of Republican institutions than any that have preceded them, since this republican experiment saw the light. But by the 20th of this month, the "week or two" within which the Times was to "hear that President Davis was in Washington," had expired. The fast sailing steamer of the 15th had borne the tidings of the three days fighting at Gettysburg, by which Meade showed himself "a more able soldier" than Lee. The threatened capital was saved; no rebel cavalry were watered in the Susquehanna, and Jeff. Davis was seeking to make some one responsible for the advance. There went out also at the same time the news of the fall of Vicksburg. Grant had completed his "impossible task," and of course all the contingencies and speculations of the Times went for nought. This has been followed up by other news of equal importance. The battle of Helena, the fall of Port Hudson, the initiatory advance at Charleston, the bagging of Morgan's men, the retreat of Johnston, the capture of Jackson, the advance of Rosecrans—all of these have gone out to Europe with the incontestible proofs that this series of victories has reduced the rebel army in the field, to the extent of one-third of its entire number, and that the arms of the Union have separated whole states from the rebel cause.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writing rom Meade's army says:—

"There is nothing of stirring interest to send from the army. There has been no fighting since last advices and scarcely any skirmishing worth mentioning. Unless all indications fail we are to have a season of rest in this department, and the soldiers need it very much. The hospitals are full of broken-down officers and men, who were exhausted by the long and rapid marches from Virginia, to Maryland and Pennsylvania, and many of the men in camp are unfitted for duty by blistered feet and lameness. The horses and mules are also exhausted, and the recuperation which they are now receiving will greatly promote their usefulness in the event of an approaching campaign. The marches from Falmouth to Fairfax, of which so much was said, could not have been more severe than those from the latter point to Pennsylvania, but the fatal casualties were not so numerous from the fact that the weather was much cooler, and there was the best of water along the road.

"The army of Gen. Meade has not made much of an advance from the Virginia side of the Potomac, opposite Berlin, Md., where it crossed last week. It had been stated that the delay of Lee's army near Winchester is for the purpose of preparing for an attack, but the idea is treated with levity in the army. An exaggerated estimate of Lee's force would not be over 80,000 effective men, and it is idle to believe that he will bring it to bear upon the overpowering force of Gen. Meade. Both armies need recuperation and it is likely to be weeks, if not months, before there is a fight, and not then unless Gen. Meade assumes the offensive. Some of the symptoms strengthening this belief are the numerous furloughs now being granted, and the return of sutlers and newspaper venders within the lines."

Gen. Rosecrans has *not* marched upon Chattanooga in Tennessee and Rome in Georgia, as we had it reported. He is now at Nashville preparing for a forward movement from Tullahoma.

GEN. BANKS MOVING.—Gen. Banks is devoting his attention to Western Louisiana again. There can scarcely be a doubt of his success. He has a well appointed army, and fleet of gunboats which, threading the bayous of the state, will actively co-operate with him.

LEE'S ARMY.—The National Republican states that positive information has been receivedage that Lee has been delaying on the upper Potomac to enable him to get away safely with the plunder he had collected in Maryland and Pennsylvania; and because his forces have been gathering the new crop of grain in the Shenandoah valley.

He is now moving towards Richmond with immense trains of supplies, the necessity of procuring which was increased by the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and is now intensified by the cutting off the Tennessee and Virginia rail road which was a great medium for procuring supplies for Lee's army.

LEE TO MAKE ANOTHER INVASION.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* writes:—"Several weeks ago (you and your readers will recollect it) I was among the first to give timely warning of the intended rebel invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. What I now [illegible] was then [illegible] confirmed. [illegible] exceedingly anxious to return to their regiments, and share in the glorious conquest about to be achieved.

While in Matamoras Miss Rankin circulated many copies of the Scriptures, and since her arrival in New Orleans a supply has been sent to her.—*N. Y. Paper.*

THE LATEST.

The health of Grant's army at Vicksburg is said to be suffering greatly—owing to the humidity of the weather. Some Federal sutlers and their supplies have been captured by the Confederates in Virginia. Genl. Lee is believed to be concentrated near Culpepper. Genl. Meade is reported to be in preparation for an important movement. The attack on the forts of Charleston harbour has not made any further progress, beyond that of planting some heavy guns within a mile of Fort Sumpter. The bombardment of Fort Wagner is said to be abandoned. It is expected that the draft in New York will be commenced again on Monday next, when further trouble is apprehended.

European.

The R. M. S. *Arabia* arrived at this port on Monday afternoon, 9 days from Liverpool.

The chief topic of interest in the public mind in England is the struggle in Poland, and the attrocities perpetrated by Russia in the prosecution of the war. Lengthened and animated debate had taken place in the House of Lords on this subject.

In connection with the Russo-Polish question, straws show how the wind blows. A notice has been issued from the Foreign office to the effect, that British subjects will not be allowed to land at Odessa, or to enter the Russian dominions without a passport. The *Siecle* of last night declares that every Frenchman feels himself insulted by the Russian reply, and the Paris correspondent of the *Globe*—an acute observer—asserts that the Emperor Napoleon is attentively observing the ripening process which marks the maturity of the public mind for a bold and daring measure. A popular newspaper published at Berlin may probably assist the Emperor's cogitations, for it declares in an article on the Polish question, from a Prussian point of view, that if France is to move she should move *now*, and not wait for the coming spring.

It is now proclaimed officially from Vienna that Austria has completely severed herself from Russia, and will act in concert with the Western Powers. Count Rechberg, as the Emperor's mouthpiece, has published a note in the official *Gazette*, to the effect that the Government will negotiate separately with Russia, but will preserve the good understanding at present existing between England, France, and Austria. But the question recurs, "What will France do?" In some quarters the belief is that, assisted by Italy and Spain, she will attack the Russian eagle. Undoubtedly, if England would join her the liberation of Poland would be complete; but we will not draw the sword for the purpose, and it must be confessed that public opinion would not sustain any Minister in doing so. The Poles, therefore, must succomb for they cannot sustain the unequal struggle until the spring, and to prolong it would involve extermination. At present the Russians have an army of 265 000 men in different parts of Poland, and the work of butchery proceeds apace. There was a meeting in London on Wednesday, at St. James's Hall to support an armed intervention in favour of Poland; but it represented no recognised influence.

The Russians are said to have sustained further severe defeats in the Caucasus.

After a season of drought and heat in England, there succeeded in the middle of July severe frosts which had done considerable injury to vegetation.

There continues to be a steady improvement in the distressed districts in England in the number of persons receiving relief.

A demonstration in favor of Poland had been held in London.

In the House of Commons Lord Palmerston stated that Earl Russel had again remonstrated with the Federal government respecting the practice of Federal Counsels refusing clearances to British vessels without a bond that no part of their cargo was destined for the use of the Confederates, as being clearly contrary to international law.

Sir Charles Wood, as the representative of India in the House of Commons, had an agreeable task to perform on the evening of the 23rd. He laid the budget of our great Indian dependency before Parliament, and his facts and figures were deemed very satisfactory. The revenue for the current year was estimated at £45,306.000, and the expenditure at £44,490,000 leaving a surplus of 816,000; but the Indian Government thought it would be prudent to reduce taxation to the extent of £335,000, leaving an estimated surplus of £480,000. From the speech we gather that Bengal yields a surplus of nine millions, the Punjaub a million and a half, and Bombay something more than two millions after paying for civil expenditure. But there are other drawbacks to this otherwise pleasant picture, and amongst them may be noticed the fearful mortality in the army. "The army alone," says one of Sir Charles Wood's critics, "does not participate in that general well-being of which it is the cause and the guarantee. The rate of mortality, even when all the deductions are made which ingenuity can suggest, is painful and discouraging. All the good we are doing, all the splendid success we are achieving, can barely compensate us for the heavy price of human life by which this splendid Indian empire has been won and is maintained.

The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company have invited tenders for the laying of a cable between the coast of Ireland and Newfoundland, so that there is a good prospect of telegraphic communication being shortly established between Europe and North America.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Earl Granville, expressed regret that the Canadians had not yet made any provision for the defence of that colony, and stated in the event of war it would be impossible for England to help them unless they were willing to help themselves.

The Shipping Gazette says that the owners of the Alexandra have applied to the Board of Customs for the release of the vessel, and compensation for her detention; but it is stated that the application cannot be entertained until the bill of exceptions tendered to the ruling of the Lord Chief Baron has been disposed of at the Michaelmas Term.

GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR.—By the admission of all who have used it, is the most perfect remedy ever known for all cases of external Pain and Inflammation, and for restoring nerves and muscles to a healty tone and action. The unparalleled success of this medicine, and the innumer- testimonials of its efficacy which have been received, warrant the proprietor in recommending his Pain Eradicator as being superior to any other preparation known for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Abscess, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Asthma, Diptheria, Sore Throat, &c. Price—25 cents.—For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.—A bad Sewing Machine, as the purchaser will very soon discover, is worse than useless—it's in the way.

Every one who has Sewing Machines to sell, claims that his is the best. It is the business of the buyer to find out the best, and not to purchase on mere hearsay or laudation. It is the business of the buyer to see that the Machine about to be purchased will do all that is claimed for it—to see that it is easy to learn to use it—that it can be easily adjusted for all kinds of work—that it has durability, and that it can be used without liability to get out of order.

Singer & Co.'s "Letter A" Family Machine is ready for each and all of these tests.

HOARSENESS, AND SORE THROAT.—This unpleasant and painful result of "Catching Cold," or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, may at any time be removed by allowing one or two of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, to dissolve slowly in the mouth. Hence, Singers and Public Speakers will find them of peculiar advantage.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Sickness extinguishes the desire for enjoyment. But the means of recovery are within the reach of all. The sick avail themselves of Holloway's matchless remedies and shake off those maladies which break down their strength, spirits and constitution, and obtain a new lease of life and health.—Sold everywhere.

HOPES REALIZED,—Rev. E. Evans, Deihl, Ohio, writes, I have used Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsam. They have changed my hair to its natural color, and stopped its falling off." Could anyting more be said in favor of articles?

Great by Druggists everywhere. Depot, 198 Greenwich St., New-York.—AYRE, BROWN & [illegible]

Fredericton Church Trust.

[CIRCULAR.]

In connection with the Bazaar to be held on the 12th August next, it has been decided upon, to make an extra appeal to the friends of Methodism, for the further reduction of the debt still due on the Wesleyan Church, in this city by soliciting Cash DONATIONS. The Trustees are happy to state that they have not been without success in this effort already. One individual kindly offered to subscribe one hundred dollars, on condition that five others would give the like sum each. Four out of five have been found, and it is earnestly hoped that these liberal offers will not be lost, by being unable to secure a fifth. Reliable promises from numerous persons have likewise been obtained, for sums, varying from $5 to $50.

Mr. C. W. Wetmore has consented to act for the trustees in soliciting donations in Cash, and purposes being in attendance at the Refreshment tables on the day of the Bazaar to secure what may be contributed in this way. Persons at a distance who may feel disposed to give, will please do so through Mr. Wetmore by mail or otherwise. From some, unexpected donations have already been received, and should the weather prove favorable for the Bazaar, the Trustees are led to believe that by their continued efforts, the greater part of the debt will be removed.

Fredericton, N. B., July 25th 1863.

Financial District Meeting.

ST. JOHN DISTRICT.

The Ministers and Circuit Stewards of the St. John District are hereby notified that the Financial Meeting for the District will be held in the School Room of Germain St. Church in this city, commencing on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M.

MATTHEW RICHEY, D. D.,
Chairman.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 1, 1863.

Wesleyan Conference Office.

LETTERS AND MONIES RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

Rev. E. Brettle, (Child's paper, Ad., and Catm., $4.12½, P. W., David Rogers $2. J. Burrows $2), Rev. W. Tweedy, (P. W., D. Hynds $6, E. McLeod $2), Rev. Jas. Taylor, Mr. W. W. Stumbles, B. R. $4, Rev. S. W. Sprague (P. W., Stephen Black $2, G. Strang $2), Rev. A. M. DeBlois, (B. R. $2, P. W., 2 new subs., Rev. G. F. Miles $2), S. B. Fayles, Esq., (P. W., $1.)—Mr. J. N. B. Elderkin, (B. R. $12, —Books will be sent, P. W., self $2, A. Petsis $2.—$16.)—Rev Jos. Coffin, (P. W., T. Bentley $2, J. Morris $2, S. Muttart $2, Wm. Pickering $2, Jas. Parsons $2, J. Tuplin $2,—$12.)

Book Notices.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.—Farrar's Theological Dictionary, Farrar's Ecclesiastical Dictionary, and Farrar's Manual of Biblical Geography, are among the most valuable of books for Ministers, Divinity Students, Local Preachers and Sabbath School Teachers.

Libraries for Sabbath Schools at New York and Boston rates. Child's Cabinet Library, 50 small vols., $3; Child's Home Library, 50 small vols., $4. Meadow Side Stories, Books of Blessing, Willie Books, Cousin Anna's Library, Jessie Books, &c., put up in small boxes. Also, an assortment of large works suitable for young people.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD UPON THE EARTH, IN ITS HISTORICAL, AND CHRONOLOGICAL GEOGRAPHICAL RELATIONS. BY THE REV. SAMUEL J. ANDREWS.

The purpose of this book is to arrange the events of the Lord's life, as given us by the Evangelists, as far as possible, in a chronological order, and to state the grounds of this order; and to consider the difficulties as to matters of fact which the several narratives, when compared together, present; or are supposed by modern criticism to present.

Considerable prominence if given to the great division of our Lords work, first in Judea, and then in Galilee, and to the character of His last journey to Jerusalem; both as explaining some peculiarities in the synoptical Gospels, and as showing that His work was carried on under true historic conditions. There is no fact more important to be kept clearly in mind in these studies than this, that Jesus was very man no less than very God. While recognising the supernatural elements in the evangelic narrative wherever they exist, we are not so to introduce them as to make these narratives the records of a life neither human divine. The Lord, in all His words and works, in His conduct toward the Jews, and His repeated efforts to make them hear and receive Him, acted as man, under those laws which God at the beginning established to guide human action. His life on earth was in the highest sense a human one, and it is this fact that gives us the key to the Gospel as real historic records. "There is no life of Christ in the English Language, so well adapted, both for purposes of instruction and for private reading, as Mr. Andrews.'"—*The Princetown Review, for April, 1863.*

SERMONS BY JABEZ BUSTINS, D. D.—The second volume of the discourses of this eminent man, American edition, has recently been issued. The *Zion's Herald* says of these sermons, "They are most carefully prepared, faultless in style and doctrines, and abounding in the solid truth of Christianity. They deserve to be ranked among the classical pulpit literature of the English language.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Proves its superiority to all other remidies, in relieving the sufferer of pain, at once. A few minutes is sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its marvellous powers. So swift is its action in soothing the most violent pain, allaying irritation and inflammation, in transforming the rheumatic, the cridpled, and bed-ridden, to the enjoyment of ease and a comfort, in curing Dysentery, Diarrhœa and all internal pains, that patients ascribe its talismanic power to enchanement instead of the plain matter-of fact result from its skilfully combined properties. Whenever there is pain use it.

Marriages.

At the Wesleyan Church, Digby, by the Rev. Jas. Taylor, Mr. Henry Lettiney, to Sarah Emma, daughter of Mr. Wm. Warrington.

At De Sable, P. E. I., on the 14th July, by the Rev. S. W. Sprague, Mr. Nelson Wright, of Bedeque, to Eliza, daughter of Wm. Marshall, Esq., of the former place

At Portland, St. John, N. B., on the 22d ult., by the Rev. John Prince, Mr. John Meley, to Julia A., daughter of the late Joseph Lingley, all of Portland.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Thursday, July 16th, by Rev James Tweedy, J. Edwin Crane, of Baie de Verte, Westmorland, N. B., to Rosara, eldest daughter of Daniel Casey, of the same place.

By the Rev. J. L. Sponagle, June 10th, Mr. John Bugley, of Tignish, to Miss Rebecca Gilroy, of Salt Spring, Cumberland Co.

By the same, July 22d, Mr. George King, of River Philip, to Miss Isabella Mattinson, of Gray's Road.

Also, Mr. John Knight, of Gray's Road, to Miss Amelia Teed, Malagash, Cum. Co.

On the 29th ult., by Rev J. C. Cochran, Mr. Joseph B. Seriven, to Miss Eleanor Holloway, both of this city.

Deaths.

On Monday morning last, Allan Wilmot, infant son of the Rev. John Lathern, aged 15 months.

At St. John, N. B., on the 25th ult., Wm. Olive, Esq., in the 78th year of his age.

At Digby, on the 24th ult, Captain Haley Morrison, aged 46 years.

At Digby, on the 4th July, Mr. Dennis Turnbull, son of Mr. George Turnbull, aged 22 years.

On the 29th ult., Agnes Young, widow of the late John Young, Esq., aged 84 years.

At Kentville, on the 28th July, John Inglis, fourth son of the late Hon James D. Harris, aged 36 years.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED

WEDNESDAY, July 29.

Barque Noon, MAXWELL, Cardiff; brigt Devonshire, Masters, Bermuda; schrs Venus, New York; Deepaste, Boudrot, Arichat.

THURSDAY, July 30.

Brigt Village Bell, Reid, London.

SATURDAY, August 1.

Brigt Clio, Willett, Nassau.

MONDAY, August 3.

Steamer Merlin, Guilliford, St Johns, Nfld; brigts Kate, McDougall, New York; S G Troop, McLennan, Liverpool, G B; schrs Uncle Tom, Lassere, St Kitts; Valiant, Bonnell, Newfd; Oriental, Lockhart, New York.

July 31—Brigs Nameless, Ryan, Miramichi; Pleasides, Collins, New Bay; Magnet, Roche, West Indies; brigt Stanley, Dickson, do; schrs Mary Ann, Arichat; Emily, Gay, P E Island; Juliet, Simpson, St John, N B; Providence, Leitch, Montreal; Elizabeth, Evans, P E Island.

CLEARED.

July 27—Barque Malakoff, Loughlin, Richibucto; schrs Dashaway, Keiner, Jamaica; Jenny Lind, Kippen, Newfd; J C Archibald, Tutty, Sydney.

July 28—Schrs Susan, Munro, Port Medway; Sarah, Townsend, Louisburg; J B Huey, Huey, Cape Breton; Blanche, Lelap, LaHave; Lady Sale, DeCosta, Arichat.

July 29—Ship City of Boston, (Am) Baker, Boston; brig Kingston, Henderson, Liverpool, G B; schrs Youth, Doane, St John, N B; Orion, Hopkins, Newfd; Emma, Mugah, Sydney; Lady Smith, Fougere, Descouse; Jenny Lind, Lorman, Tangier; P Blake, Crane, Cape Breton; Candour, McDonald, Cow Bay.

MEMORANDA.

H M S Vesuvius, arrived from Labrador coast same day as Merlin left St Johns; reports salmon and codfish abundant at Labrador. 70 N. S. fishing vessels were seen in Bonne Esperance Harbour doing very well, fish having just struck in. At Chatian, Labrador, fishing good, particularly salmon, which have been very abundant.

Brigt Clio at this port on Saturday, left the schr Rapid, of Yarmouth, at Nassau.

NEW GOODS,
—AT THE—
Globe House,
OPENING THIS DAY.

LADIES Improved Straw and Crinoline Bonnets, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Hats, newest shapes and colors.

Dress Caps, Flowers, Feathers, Wreaths and and Head Dresses. Rich Dress and Mantle Trimmings, in new Brown, Humboldt, Blue and black Rouchings. A large assortment of Traced Work, Braids, etc.; Berlin Wools and Patterns, D Oyleys, Toilet's setts, Tea, Infusion, Slippers, Chairs, Screens, Brackets and Cushions.

Rosewood and Mahogany Footstools.

Brackets, Pincushions, Table and Hand Frames Ladies Work Boxes and writing Desks.

July 15 I. McMURRAY & CO.

British Shoe Store.

ARTHUR J. RICKARDS

HAS received per steamer *Canada* a large assortment of Ladies' Kid and Merino Elastic Side BOOTS—Military Spring Heel, Very thin Elastic Side and Side Lace Boots, Cheap Prunella Boots, foxed and winged in great variety, Children's Brown Button and Elastic Side Boots, Strap Shoes and Slippers.

Wholesale and Retail.

☞ One Door North of E. W. Chipman & Co. Granville street. July 1.

NOTICE.

THE Wesleyan Bazaar will be held at Wolfville on Thursday September 17th to commence at 10 o'clock A M.

The Trustees earnestly solicit the assistance of all the friends of the cause, as they have incurred a large *Debt*, and the payment of interest is a heavy responsibility.

N. B.—Should the 17th prove unfavorable, the Bazaar will be held the first fine day after.

Admittance 2½ cts.

Wolfville, July, 22 1863.

BAZAAR AT RAWDON.

The Ladies of the WESLEYAN CHURCH *at Lower Rawdon,*

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends that they intend holding a Bazaar early in October next, to assist in procuring funds for the erection of a Methodist Church in that locality;—and affectionately solicit their liberal patronage,—as the best evidence of their well wishes.

We sincerely hope that this our FIRST APPEAL may be heartily responded to by the generous public.

Mrs. H. Harvey, Lower Rawdon; Miss Hannah Mosher, and Mrs. Darius Mosher, Newport, Miss Annie G. Smith, Windsor, will thankfully receive any money or articles for the Bazaar.

July 23.

STEAMSHIP ASIA.
NEW GOODS.
Just received per steamship Asia.

8 Cases Summer Goods,

Comprising Mantles, Swiss, orange and Muslin Dresses.

Also—150 pieces superior Printed COTTONS.

July 16. S. STRONG & CO

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' ACADEMY

REV. JOHN ALLISON, A. M.—*Principal.*
MRS. M. LOUISA ALLISON, A. M.—*Preceptress.*

THE next Session of this Branch of the MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN ACADEMY will commence on Thursday, the 17th of Sept., 1863.

The SPRING TERM will commence November 5th, '63
THIRD " " " February 11th, '64

The Expenses for the First Session of Seven Weeks will be one half the usual charges for a whole Term.

CHARGES PER TERM OF 14 WEEKS.

Board & Instruction in Elementary Branches,	$26 75
Sciences and Languages extra (each)	1.00
Instrumental Music	10.00
Vocal "	2.00
Oil Painting	8.00
Water Colors and Crayon (each)	5.00
Pencil Drawing	4.00

Under the prospective arrangements for the ensuing year, the expense will be less than usual, and the period of the pupils' absence from home will be shorter. It is hoped that with increased efficiency and attention on the part of the Faculty of Instruction there will be ample opportunity for a successful year's work.

June 17. 3m. *J. ALLISON.*

STEAM SAW-MILL
For sale or to Let.

THE Subscriber is authorized to dispose of the *Victoria Steam Saw-Mill* and freehold property connected therewith, at Charlottetown, P. E. Island owned by Hon. Dr. Young.

Said Mill is well situated for business with plenty to do, and in good working order.

If SOLD, the payments may be made easy, viz.—to reach over ten years, or it can be leased for ten years with the Lessee having the privilege of purchasing. If the property be not disposed of entire—the machinery will be offered for sale apart from the building.

Full particulars can be had on application to Hon. Dr. Young, Charlottetown; Jas. Harris, Esq St John, or to the subscriber B. LINGLEY.

St John, N B, 13th July, 1863.

SUMMER GOODS.
AT REDUCED PRICES.
Commerce House,
No. 144 Granville Street.

A LARGE lot of Handsome Light Dress Materials in

Grenadines, Mohairs, Barages, Printed Muslins, &c.

Rich Light Printed Cambrics, in small, neat and and pretty patterns and fast colors

☞ All at Very Reduced Rates.

Elegant Light Barage and Lama SHAWLS, Plain Black do., Bonnets, Hats, Flowers, Ribbons Parasols, etc., at a great reduction in former prices. Some Great Bargains in

RICH BLACK GLACE SILK MANTLES, LIGHT SUMMER CLOTH DITTO,

Which will be sold AT COST.

July 8. R. McMURRAY & CO.

Windsor and Wilmot Packet

The new and fast sailing schr TRAFIC, Capt. J. N. Roach, will ply regularly between Windsor, Margaretville, and Wilmot, calling at Morden, Gaspereau Wharf, and Canada Creek, when freight offers, either way. For further particulars enquire of the Captain on board, or of the subscriber at Margaretville. JAMES ROY.

May 6. 3m.

The Leisure Hour,

THE Sunday at Home, and Family Friend for 1863. A further supply, received per steamer at the Wesleyan Book Room. March 12.

New Advertisements.

CLEARING OUT SALE
—OF—
SUMMER DRESS GOODS
At Cost!
SAMUEL STRONG & CO.

WILL SELL AT COST to Cash buyers until the 1st day of September next, their whole stock of Light Summer Goods, embracing SUMMER MANTLES in every style and Fabric SUMMER SHAWLS, in all the latest Fashions, Barege, Balzarine, Grenadine, Mohair, Muslin and other Fancy DRESSES. Fancy Dress Stuffs in all the light Fabrics of the season.

Real French Silk Repps, in newest shades.

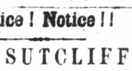
A large assortment

Fancy Silk Dresses, Bonnets, Hats, Parasols.

☞ Intending cash purchasers will bear in mind that these Goods, with innumerable other articles of a like description, are offered positively AT COST during the whole of the present month at

150 Granville Street.

August 5



INLAND ROUTE.
St. John, Portland, Boston, &c.

THE steamer EMPEROR

The Family.

The Social Circle.

[It is in the social circle at home that we hear kindly words and see smiling faces, which make us forget the toils of life. Let us strive by every means to make this a garden of the soul in which our spirits shall be softened, chastened, and ripened for the life to come.]

Though my way is dark and dreary,
And we toil from day to day,
While the heart is sad and weary,
At our home there shines a ray.
Kindly words and smiling faces,
Gentle voices as of yore,
Loving kisses and embraces
Ever wait us at the door.

Here we turn when all forsake us,
Here we never look in vain
For the soothing tones that wake us
Back to joy and peace again.
Oh, a sweet repose doth linger
In the sunshine of the place;
Time, with his remorseless finger,
Vainly striveth to erase!

Though we err, yet in our sadness
Here's a shelter from the storm,
Just as in our days of gladness
Here are hearts as true and warm.
Kindly words and smiling faces,
Gentle voices as of yore,
Loving kisses and embraces
Ever wait us at the door.

The Leek-Seed Chapel.

The following singular narrative is given by the *Methodist Recorder*, as copied from the *St. James' Magazine*:

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism in England it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. For a long time after its introduction, clergy and higher orders of the society in the west of England, manifested a degree of dislike to the new doctrines, which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail up the doors of a Methodist chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher, as a spree, by two young gentlemen, became the subject of judicial investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay very dearly for their practical joke.

Among the uninstructed local preachers was one known by the name of "The Old Gardener." This old man was no common character—indeed, he was quite an original, and by far the most popular, preacher among the lowest and least intelligent of the disciples of John Wesley. He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St A——, working hard at his occupation as a gardner by day, and praying and preaching to his fellow-sinners, as he termed them, in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner, giving away all the surplus of his earnings in charity, distributing Bibles, and promoting to the utmost of his ability the extension of Methodism. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark, iron-gray, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Although extremely ignorant, he possessed no small degree of cunning, and great personal courage. Of this the following incident affords ample evidence:

The "Old Gardener" was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived, with his wife, in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, not far from the high road. Three young "squires," who had just finished their studies at the University, and who all despised and hated Methodism, having heard that the old man had been recently making a collection to build a Methodist chapel, thought it would be a good frolic to rob him, temporarily, of the proceeds of his collection. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors:

"We set out," said he, "upon our expedition with blackened faces, on a dark night, a little before twelve o'clock. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage; yet, I confess, when it came to the point I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten the poor old man and his wife in the dead of the night.

"The clock struck twelve. 'Now comes the witching time of night,' exclaimed Tom.

"'Don't let us frighten the poor couple out of their wits,' said I.

"'No,' said Ryder; 'we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and little John.'

"I said that I would rather travel back than proceed. 'Recollect,' said I, 'the old fellow is an old soldier as well as a saint, and fears nothing human.'

"'Nonsense!' exclaimed Ryder, 'here goes.' He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open. We entered, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us hesitate.

"'Who is out there at this time of night?' exclaimed a hoarse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the 'Old Gardener.'

"'Give us your money, and no harm shall befall you,' said Tom; 'but we must have your money.'

"'The Lord will be my defence,' rejoined the 'Old Gardener,' 'You shall have no money from me; all in the house is the Lord's—take it if you dare!'

"'We must and will have it,' said we, as we entered the inner room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

"We soon wished we had suffered it to remain open, as you will see.

"Now consider us face to face with the 'Old Gardener;' and a pretty sight we presented. Three ruffians (ourselves) with white wagoners' frocks and blackened faces. Before us the 'Old Gardener;' sitting on the side of his bed. He then wore a red worsted nightcap, a checked shirt, and a flannel jacket; his iron-gray face, fringed with a grizzly beard, looking as cool and unconcerned as if he had been in the pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close by which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three completely paralyzed. The wild, iron-faced look of the 'Old Gardner,' the candle, the flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolutely froze our blood, and made 'cowards of us all.' The gardener saw the impression he had made.

"'What! do you want to rob and murder?' exclaimed he. 'You had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world!'

"Ryder first recovered his speech.

"'Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener. I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart, we will make reparation, and give you all the money in our pockets.'

"We laid our purses on the table before him.

"'The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all be soon in another world. Pray—Let us pray.' And down he fell on his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning, and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped, and eyed the purses; and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and I thought, gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought we should have leave to retire; but, to our dismay, the 'Old Gardener' said:

"'Now we will praise God by singing the Hundredth Psalm.'

"This was agony to us all. After the psalm the old man took up the second purse; and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered, softly—

"'I have unfastened the door; when you hear me move, make a rush.'

"The 'Old Gardener' then, pouring out the contents of the second purse, exclaimed,

"'Why there is almost enough to build our new house of God! Let me see what the third contains.'

"He took up the third purse.

"'Now!' whispered Ryder, 'make a rush.'

"We did so, and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away with his flint and steel. We expected to be instantly blown into fragments. The front door, however, flew open before us; the next step we found ourselves in the garden. The night was pitchy dark. We rushed blindly through the nursery-ground, scrambling through brambles and prickly shrubs, ran our heads against trees, then forced ourselves through a thick hedge. At last, with scratched faces, torn hands and tattered clothes, we tumbled over a bank into the high road. This was the work but of a few minutes. If our faces could have been seen, it would have been thought, from our horror-stricken countenances, that instead of having arisen from prayer, we had been pursued by Old Nick himself.

"Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged and dirty. We looked at each other, and, in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laughter.

"'We may laugh,' exclaimed Tom, 'but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us for the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it. We have lost our money; been obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a heap of gunpowder while that iron-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us all with an immediate passage into eternity! And our money forsooth, must go to build a Methodist meeting-house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country.'

"The affair was not yet ended. Reports were spread that three men, disguised as black demons, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the 'Old Gardener,' who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday the 'Old Gardener' intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting house, when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was complete, Tom whose hatred of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by the 'Old Gardener,' if we could contrive to be present without being suspected. Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation, and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of our adventure was related most minutely and cicumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely and humorous phraseology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exulting by humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. 'I never,' said he, 'saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however,' he silly observed, 'if their prayers were quite heaward. They sometimes turned their eyes toward the door, but a lifting of the flint and steel kept them quiet.'

"He then added, with a knowing shake of the head, and an exulting laugh, 'but they had not smelt powder like the old soldier whom they came to rob. No, no, it was a large heap—ay, large enough to frighten old General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself was not afraid. No, no, my dear friends,' shouted he; 'this large heap of apparent gunpowder was—it was my stock, my whole year's stock of leek seed!'

"The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; many clapped their hands. I was for a moment stupefied at the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

"We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the meeting we joined each other, but could not speak. We could barely chuckle, 'Leek-seed,' and then roared with laughter.

"It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

"The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house, named 'The Leek-seed Chapel.'"—*St. James' Magazine.*

Temperance.

"Give me that Glass, Wife."

It is hard to change habits rooted, but the result can be scomplished by a resolute will. And, as the habit of intemperance is rapidly gaining ground again in all our large cities, it is time that philanthropists and Christians were exerting themselves to reform the vicious. The following incident, told by Sydney Smith, is a fine illustration of the power of a firm resolve:

"I remember a man in Staffordshire who was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he earned went to the ale-house. One evening he staggered home, and found, at a late hour, his wife sitting alone, and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affections; he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the women, and, with some eagerness, asked her why she was crying.

"'I don't like to tell you, James,' she said; 'but if I must, I must. The truth is, my children have not tasted a morsel this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave you to guess how I fare with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on the bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all we should die, and to my soul I wish we were dead.'

"Dead, would James, staring up as the tear of lightning darted upon him; 'dead, Sally! You, and Mary, and the two little ones dead! Look ye, my lass you see what I am now—like a brute' I have wasted your substance, the curse of God is upon me. I am drawing near the pit of destruction; but there's an end, I feel there's an end. Give me that glass wife." She gave it him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy turvy, and striking the bottom with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn vow to God of repentance and sobriety. From that moment to the day of his death he drank no fermented liquors, but confined himself entirely to tea and water. I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage, neat, his children were clad, his wife was happy; and twenty times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes, have told me the story, and blessed the evening of the 14th of March, the day of James's restoration, and show me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety. It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit.

Teetotalers and Free Drinkers.

It is a common reproach against teetotalers that many of them look pale and spare, sickly and worn; while, on the contrary, free drinkers are florid and fresh looking. As far as the mere appearance goes, there may be among many teetotalers some ground for the remark; but we must look to the true facts of the case; we must go deeper than the mere surface; we must not judge by the appearance, but form a righteous—a right judgment. If, however, any given number of teetotalers were compared with the same number of moderate drinkers, they would not, I am sure, suffer by the comparison, even judging by no other criterion than the appearance. It is, therefore, by no means a rule that the former are paler and less robust looking than the latter; but even allowing, for the sake of argument, that they are, the question then occurs, is the appearance, the *look* of a man, a true index of the state of his health? By no means. Every medical man knows that persons may suffer from chronic disease in the vital organs, and yet retain the glow of apparent health to the last, and that they may even sink into the grave without loosing it. On the other hand, pale-looking men are often men of great endurance and of great muscular capability. They often enjoy a steady continuance of good health, while others, more florid, are attacked by epidemic and other diseases. This is also the case with children. A stout, florid, healthy-looking child is often carried off by a fatal attack of inflammation, or by some brain affection, the result, perhaps, of the teething process, while a more spare, more delicate-looking child endures an equal amount of disease and suffering, but passes through the ordeal safely.—*Dr. J. W. Beaumont, in the Alliance News.*

Agriculture.

Farm Music.

The devotee of farm life never tires in listening to the music of the farm. The living animals all posses the faculty of making music. Not that music, perhaps, that would charm our friend Moore, but that which deeply interests the farmer. The music they utter is of that character that reminds him of living facts—the real possession of bread and butter. It may not affect the imagination and awaken some of the finer feelings of the soul, but there is a meaning to it all, and he can appreciate it. He loves to hear the voice of his favorite horse, or ox, or cow. The pleasent call of the sheep for her little ones, greets his ear in spring time, and he never detects any discordant notes. The noisy hen in the barn tells of new laid eggs, that are always welcome morsels from the hand of the cook. Even the notes from the porkers, little and big, are suggestive, if nothing more, and foreshadow many a pot of pork and beans. He is met on every hand with nature's sweetest musical notes, all in harmony, and in perfect keeping with the laws of an All Wise Creator.

But aside from nature's music, he is interested in manufactured music—the music of machinery. He experiences a laborious life, and any and all things that tend to lighten his labors should be hailed with joy. It is now the season for the clearing of the sharp cutting scythe, as it is sped through the nodding grass, by the strong sinews of the mower. There is a charm about mowing that no other equally laborious farm labor produces. There is work in it also. Say what you will about mowing being a pleasant and an easy occupation, one would hardly propose to "follow it all summer," as did the city boy the business of making maple sugar. There are those who profess to be able and willing to swing the scythe in preference to any other part of the hay making. A very easy thing to say, but rather harder to perform we imagine. But however much the lover of the scythe may be attached to the music of his keen-cutting blade, there is a charm in the way the grass is laid low by the mower.

With a good mower, a span of good horses, a good driver, with a good level bottom and good grass, one can hardly help shouting at the scene. Away go the horses, the driver in his place with reins in one hand and lever in the other. Click, goes the lever—the cutters are in motion, and away they steal in the dark green grass, and it drops, as if by magic. Away goes the team, away clatters the machine, and shortly the sides shorten, the corners come rapidly together, and ere the dinner horn announces the hour of noon, six acres lie flat in the scorching sun. No one has been in a hurry—not one has been in a sweat; all has been done quietly and easily, and the horses are ready for their dinners, and to do the raking in the afternoon. The job is done without the wear and tear of human muscle. It is done, too, in its season, something desirable at all times.

With all our love for the good old scythe and for its whistle through the grass, give us a seat on a good machine, with a good span before it, then tempt us as you will, with the scythe we should far prefer the music of the mower, and at the same time challenge you for better work with the scythe. In this connection it may be well perhaps to announce that in two years' use of a mower we have been very much disappointed. Let every farmer make up his mind for that before he puts his scythe away. He will actually cut grass upon rougher ground than his most lively imagination ever conceived. He will pass around trees, over and around stones and stumps that at first seemed really impossible. The most ardent lover of the scythe will most assuredly be cured of his idolatry by the use of a mower one season. We make these announcements as a warning to all who may be thinking of getting one this season.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

THREE GOLDEN RULES FOR CULTIVATORS.—They are golden because they will bring the gold. Read them: 1st, *Make manure*; 2d, *Save manure*; 3d, *Use manure.* If the first two cannot be practised, which is hardly a supposable case, or if they do not give sufficient results, then follow the silver rule: "*Buy manure.*"

Nos. 4 & 5 Pentagon Building
Ordnance Square.
1863 Fresh! Good! True! 1863
SEEDS.
BROWN, BROTHERS & CO.

HAVE received from the usual sources their supply of Flower, Kitchen, Garden and Field Seeds, which are now ready for sale.

In the list of Vegetable Seeds, will be found a few new and superior sorts, among which are Dwarf, Mammoth Cauliflower, Carter's Earliest Peas, and the new Victoria Lettuce.

The Flower Seed Catalogue contains more choice varieties than were ever before imported by them, and they would call particular attention to the Ornamental Grasses, Everlasting Flowers, the collection of new Annuals, the beautiful little Annual called Nemesia Compacta, and the new Tom Thumb Nasturtiums.

Brown, Brothers & Co. offer three different qualities of the new Dianthus Heddewigii, and two qualities of the beautiful new Double Zinnia.

☞ Call and get a Catalogue.

Nova Scotia TIMOTHY and choice CLOVER SEED for sale at the lowest market prices.
April 8.

Sabbath School Depository.

The largest and best selected stock of Books for Sabbath School Libraries, in New England, may be found at

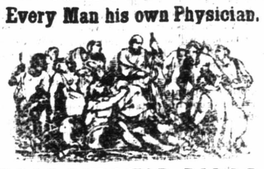
NO. 61, EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

New books are received every week from the various Sunday School Societies and Private Publishing Houses in the country, comprising those adapted to be capacity of children, as well as adult classes.—If a catalogue be forwarded of the books already in the library, the sending of duplicates will be avoided. Orders solicited.

H. PACKARD.

N. B.—Orders for books may be sent to me through N. Hardenbrook, Esq., Wolfville, who acts as my agent for Nova Scotia.
May 20 8m.

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 influences 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 bilious disorders, pains in the side, &c. The Bowels sympathise by Costiveness, Diarrhœa and Dysentery. The principal action of these Pills is on the stomach, and the liver, lungs, bowels and kidneys participate in their recuperative and regenerative operation.

Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

Are two of the most common and 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 remedy 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 fomentations 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,	Rheumatism,	Sore-throats,
Burns,	Ring Worm,	Sores of all kinds,
Chapped Hands,	Salt Rheum,	Sprains,
Chilblains,	Scalds,	Stiff Joints,
Fistulas,	Skin Diseases,	Ulcers,
Gout,	Swelled Glands,	Venereal Sores,
Lumbago,	Sore Legs,	Tetter,
Mercurial Eruptions,	Sore Breasts,	Wounds of all kinds.
Piles,	Sore-heads,	

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "Holloway, New York and London," are discernible 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 medicine, 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 civilized world, in boxes at about 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

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

☞ Dealers in my well known medicines can have Show Cards, Circulars, &c., free of expense by addressing Thomas Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y. June 23.

PORTRAITS
OF
Eminent Wesleyan Ministers.

RECEIVED per steamer, and for sale at the WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

Portraits of Seven Presidents of the British Conference, Engraved in first class style on one *steel plate*,—(size of plate 16in. by 12in.)—faithfully copied from the latest photographs. The arrangement of the portraits is exceedingly artistic, and the Picture most unique and pleasing. The Seven Presidents are the following:—Revs. Thos. Jackson, John Hannah, D.D, S D Waddy, D.D., F A West, W Stamp, John Rattenbury and Charles Prest—Price $1.

ALSO,—A New Photographic Group of *One Hundred Wesleyan Celebrities*, size 11in by 8½in. This group of portraits includes many of the eminent Ministers of the past and present generations,—surrounding the venerated Founder of Methodism himself. Besides the portraits of John and Chas. Wesley, we have in this picture John Fletcher, Dr. Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, Dr Bunting, Dr Newton, Rich'd Watson, Dr Beecham, Joseph Sutcliffe, Gideon Ousely, Dr Hannah, Thos Jackson Dr Dixon, Dr Lomas, Wm Arthur, M.A., Samuel Jackson, Chas Prest, Luke H Wiseman, John Farrar, Alfred Barratt, P McOwen, Dr Jobson, Gervase Smith, Theos Lessey, Dr Waddy, S Romilly Hall, E Grindrod, John Rattenbury, Geo Scott Saml Coley, Wm Morley Punshon, A M, with numerous other ministers of note. Price, with key $1.40. Nov 5.

New and Popular Works
JUST RECEIVED
At the Wesleyan Book Room.

Krummacher's Suffering Saviour,
Hanna's Last Day of the Passion,
Andrew's Life of our Lord,
Stories from the Lips of the Teacher,
A Present Heaven, by the athor of The Patience of Hope,
Quotations from the Poets,
The Christian Cabinet, &c. &c. &c.
ALSO—A choice assortment of [illegible] Books. April 8

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
ARE THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.

NO STRAINING.
NO GRIPING.
NO TENESMUS.
NO PILES.

NO FALSE CALLS TO THE WATER CLOSET.
BUT A BRISK AND THOROUGH EVACUATION FROM THE BOWELS IS ALWAYS SECURED.

Newly Discovered Principles in Purgatives.

Dr. Radway's Pills are the best Purgative Pills in the world, and the only Vegetable Substitute for Calomel or Mercury ever discovered. They are composed of

VEGETABLE EXTRACTS FROM ROOTS, HERBS, PLANTS, GUMS, SEEDS, FLOWERS, BARKS, FRUITS AND WEEDS, PREPARED IN VACUO.

One grain of the extract of the medicinal properties of Radway's Pills, possess a greater curative power over disease than a thousand of the crude and inert materials that enter into all other pills in use. These Pills are compounded of the active medicinal properties of the Roots, Herbs, Plants, Flowers, Gums, &c. of which they are composed. One dose will prove their superiority to all other pills. They

PURGE, CLEANSE, PURIFY, HEAL, SOOTHE, CALM, STRENGTHEN, INVIGORATE,

And REGULATE THE SYSTEM.

Their Great Combinations.

They are Aperient, Tonic, Laxative, Alterative, Stimulant, Counter Irritant, Sudorific.

AS EVACUANTS,

They are more certain and thorough than the Drastic Pills of Aloes, or Croton or Harlem Oil, or Elaterium; and more soothing and healing than Senna, or Rhubarb, or Tamarinds, or Castor Oil.

IN SUDDEN ATTACKS OF

Inflammation of the Bowels or Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Pancreas or Kidneys, Bilious Cholic or Bilious Fever, Erysipelas or Congestive Fever, Small Pox, Measles, or Scarlet Fever,

SIX TO EIGHT OF DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS WILL PURGE THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THESE FROM THE SYSTEM IN SIX HOURS.

One dose of Dr. Radway's Pills will cleanse the intestinal canal, and purge from the bowels all offending and retained humors, as thoroughly as lobelia or the best approved emetic will cleanse the stomach, without producing inflammation, irritation, weakness,

STRAINING,

or other unpleasant symptoms. There are no other purgative pills in the world that will secure this desideratum.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL
BETTER THAN CALOMEL OR BLUE PILL

AS ALTERATIVES,

They exercise a more powerful influence over the liver and its secretions than calomel, mercury, blue pill, hence their importance in cases of Liver Complaints and Spleen Difficulties, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Bilious attacks, Headache, &c. In the treatment of Fevers, either Bilious, Yellow, Typhoid, and other reducing Fevers, they are superior to quinine. Their influence extends over the entire system, controlling, strengthening, and bracing up the relaxed and wasting energies, and regulating all the secretions to the natural performance of their duties; cleansing and purifying the blood, and purging from the system all diseased deposits and impure humors.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS,
ONE TO SIX BOXES WILL CURE

Costiveness,	Jaundice,	Rush of Blood to the Head,
Constipation,	Congst've Fever,	Obstructions,
Congestion,	Sleeplessness,	Dropsy,
Heart Disease,	Gen'l Debility,	Acute Erysipelas,
Disease of Kidney & Bladder,	Dimness of S't	Headache,
Disease of Liver,	Fits,	Bad Breath,
Biliousness,	Lown's of Spirits,	Inflamation of the Intestines,
Typhus Fever,	Quinsey,	Apoplexy,
Ship Fever,	Dyspepsia,	Enlargement of the Spleen,
Malignant Fever,	Measles,	Scurvy,
Loss of Appetite,	Melancholy,	Whooping Cough,
Indigestion,	Hysterics,	Worms,
Inflammation,	Amenorrhœa,	Bad Dreams,
Palpitation,	Fainting,	Pleurisy.
Scarlet Fever,	Dizziness,	
Bilious Fever,	Retention of Urine,	

I AM CURED.

"I have taken six doses of Radway's Pills, of three pills each, in six days; they cured me of Constipation, Indigestion, and Dyspepsia. I have taken B——'s, A——'s, and many other pills for years, and could only obtain temporary relief. If I stopped the use of these pills for a week my old complaint would appear. Six doses of Radway's Pills cured me.

STEPHEN BENNETT, U. S. C. S."

"I have suffered with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for seven years—have used all sorts of pills—they would give me temporary comfort, but was compelled to take them all the time. I have used one box of Dr. Radway's Pills; I am cured. I have not taken a particle of medicine in six months.

C. M. CHILDS, Roxbury, Mass.

PILES, STRAINING AND TENESMUS,

PILES, STRAINING AND TENESMUS,

Are the results of inflammation or irritation of the mucous membrane of the bowels, induced by drastic pills—these imperfect pills, instead of being dissolved by the chile, are carried to the lower bowels, and induce a peristaltic movement or evacuation by their irritation—*hence the straining, cramps, wrenching pains, piles and tenesmus, and the frequent false calls to the water closet, that patients undergo who take these imperfect pills.*

If you would avoid these annoyances, whenever a purgative medicine is required, take a dose of

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

THEY WILL PURGE THOROUGHLY AND LEAVE THE BOWELS REGULAR.

Persons afflicted with PILES, may rely on a positive cure by their use.

COATED WITH GUM. COATED WITH GUM. COATED WITH GUM.

Dr. Radway's Pills are elegantly Coated with Gum, are free from taste or smell, can be taken at all times and on all occasions. No danger will result from colds, if exposed to wet or damp weather after taking these pills.

SIX OF RADWAY'S PILLS

Have secured a vigorous evacuation, in severe cases of Inflammation of the Bowels, Paralysis, &c., after Croton Oil, Harlem Oil, injections and other means completely failed. A dose of Radway's Pills will remove all obstructions, and secure a free passage. Directions for use are inside each box. Price per box, 25 cents. Sold by Druggists, Medicine Dealers, and store-keepers.

N. B.—Every Agent has been furnished with *fresh* and new made Pills. As each box is enclosed with a neat Engraved Label, take none others.

RADWAY & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

COLDS! COUGHS!!

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Cure Cough, Cheld, Hoarseness, Influenza, any irritation or Soreness of the Throat, relieves the Hacking Cough in consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrah, clear and give strength to the voice of

PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a most valuable article, especially so at this season of the year, when Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness and Sore Throat are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief.

A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c.

Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I have been much afflicted with BRONCHIAL AFFECTION, producing Hoarseness and Cough. The Troches are the only effectual remedy, giving power and clearness to the voice."

REV. GEO. SLACK,
Minister Church of England,
Milton Parsonage, Canada.

"Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the throat. But from a moderate use of the Troches I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience." REV. E. B. BUCKMAN, A. B.
Wesleyan Minister, Montreal.

Sold by all Druggists in the Provinces, at 25 cents per box.
August 6, 1862. (1 y)

A VALUABLE BIOGRAPHY.

Ninth Edition, 12mo., 480 pages, cloth, Portrait

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOSEPH ENTWISTLE.—"It is worthy of a place in every Methodist family." [illegible] April 8

A GREAT DISCOVERY!!
Whereby Butter can be made in 5 or 7 minutes.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has recently invented and patented a Machine, termed

THE NONPAREIL CHURN,

which must take the place of all other Machines in use for making buter. It occupies but little room, and is so simple in construction that a child of eight years can use it successfully—churning cream to produce butter in 5 or 7 minutes.

They are made of different sizes, and for sale by the manufacturer in Liverpool.

March 25 tf. JAMES VANHORN.

☞ Agent in this city, S. Tupper, Junr., 14 Sackville street, near Doran's Country Market.

COFFEE, COFFEE.

Those who are looking for really
GOOD AND CHEAP COFFEE,
Will find that which is Roasted and Ground
H WETHERBY & CO'S
NEW AND IMPROVED APPARTUS,
BY STEAM POWER,
Superior in quality to any in the Province.

BEST JAMAICA COFFEE, 1s 3d, recommended to every family

Strong useful Coffee, 1s

BEST OLD JAVA COFFEE, 1s 6d

Just received, a fresh supply of

SWEET ORANGES, APPLES, NUTS,

Lemons, Dates, Table Raisins,

BISCUITS, in great variety

TEAS, SPICES, SUGARS, MOLASSES,

PICKLES, JAMS AND SAUCES,

Hams, Bacon, Cheese, Lard,

FAMILY AND PASTRY FLOUR, MEAL,

Brooms, Buckets, Candles, Fluid, Soaps.

TEAS, TEAS.

Strong Congou, 2s - - Fine Congou, 2s 3d
VERY BEST 2s 6d TEA IN THE CITY

BUTTER, retail, 10d, 1s and 1s 1d
SUGARS, " 5d; best only 5½d

Call and look at the *quality* and *price* of

Family Groceries
—AT THE—
London Tea Warehouse
North End Barrington Street,
Near Northup's Market,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Jan. 22

Country Produce Depot.

S. J. COLAHAN,

WISHES to inform his Country Customer that in addition to his large stock of

DRY GOODS,
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Rubber Boots and Shoes Horse Clothing, &c., &c.

He has added a large stock of STAPLE

GROCERIES,

Selected especially for the Country Trade, and can now supply the best article of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Flour, Leather, Tobacco, Dry Fish and Herring, etc., at the lowest Cash prices, or in trade for Country Produce, on the same terms.

☞ Remember the One Price Stores, 197 and 203 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

☞ Near Cody's Country Market
March 18. 1m

China, Glass and Earthenware.

THE subscriber has received by Fall ships a complete assortment of

CHINA, GLASS AND Earthenware.

Embracing everything belonging to the Trade
Also—Tobacco Pipes, Liquer Jars Milk, Pans, Drain Pipe, Cream Crocks.

COAL OIL LAMPS,
in great variety

Kerosene and Paraffine Oils.

The public are invited to call and examine the stock, which will be sold *WHOLESALE and RETAIL* on the best possible terms for Cash.

☞ Balance of stock to arrive per ship *India.*

THOMAS P. WAY.
(Late of Firm of Cleverdon & Co)
Corner of Jacob and Water streets opposite Commercial wharf. Oct 22

GRAHAM'S
PAIN ERADICATOR,
And Magnetic Oil!!
General Agent for New Brunswick,
HENRY GRAHAM,
December 3. Union Street, St. John.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

BRITISH SHOE STORE.

ARTHUR J. RICKARDS has received per steamer *Africa*, a superior assortment of Gentlemens

Dress and Walking Boots and Shoes,

Gent's Fine Calf Balmoral Boots,
" " " " heavy soles,
" " Elastic Side Boots,
" " Enamel Elastic Side Boots,
" Heavy B lmoral Boots, clump sole,
" " Elastic side Calf Boots,
" Fine Calf Prince George Boots,
" Calf Congress Boots, from 9s 6d,
" Enamel and Patent Congress Boots,
" " Lace Shoes,
" Balmoral Boots, from 11s 3d,
" Leather and Chamois Slippers,
Boys' Strong Lace Boots,
Ladies' Prunella Congress Boots, with and without heels,
" Kid Spring side Boots, from 6s 3d,
" " Balmoral Boots, from 5s 3d,
ALSO—Ladies' White Jean Boots, with and without heels; Ladies' White Satin Slippers, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

A. J. RICKARDS,
One door north of E. W. Chipman & Co.
June 24.

Singer & Co.'s
LETTER A FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

WITH all the new improvements (Hemmer, Braider, Binder, Feller, Tucker, Corder, Gatherer, &c, &c.,) is the cheapest, and best, and most beautiful of all machines for Family sewing and light manufacturing purposes. It makes the interlocked stitch (which is alike on both sides,) and has great capacity for sewing *all kinds* of cloth, and with *all kinds* of thread. Even leather, as well as the finest muslin, may be sewn to perfection on this machine. It will use 200 spool cotton as well as No 30 linen thread. What it can do can only be known by seeing the machine tested. The Folding-top Case is among the most valuable of the new improvements. It may be opened out as a spacious and substantial table to sustain the work, and when the machine is not in use it may be *folded* into a box, which protects the working parts of the Machine. There is no other machine to equal the Letter A in simplicity, durability, rapidity and certainty of correct action at all rates of speed. The Family Sewing Machine is fast becoming as popular for family use as *Singer & Co's.* Manufacturing Machines are for manufacturing purposes.

The Branch Offices are well supplied with silk twist, thread, needles, oil, etc., of the very best quality.

Persons requiring a reliable instrument for family sewing, and for manufacturing purposes will do well to call on our agent, Mr. H A. TAYLOR, No. 26 Sackville street, Halifax, and obtain a descriptive pamphlet (gratis) and see for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

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March 25. No. 458 Broadway, N. Y.

E. W. SUTCLIFFE'S
COFFEE IS THE BEST.

THE truth of this remark which is very frequently heard in Halifax and throughout the Province, can be proved by a trial of his

Superior Jamaica COFFEE, only 1s 3d per lb.
Extra Jamaica and Java mixed, only 1s 6d "

Dispensing Chemist, of Bar