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[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.]

ADDRESSED TO MISS H. ON HER

COMING OF AGE.

FORGIVE, dear lady, that my lyre

So long hath silent lain;

And that thy smile wake up its fire,

And tune its chords again.

To thee I consecrate the lay

Affection fondly sings,

And wreaths around thy natal day

The garland friendship brings.

What shall I crave to be thy dower?

For what distinctions plead?

Where, in this glad auspicious hour

Shall grateful fancy lead?

The joys of earth, so free and fair,

Are beauties brief as gay,

Like gorgeous castles in the air

Whose glories glide away.

The bloom of health upon thy cheek,

The brightness on thy brow;

The countless charms that youth bestows

—All these I bid thee leave;

The voice that soothes thy daily task

With music's softest lay—

These, these are gifts I fain would ask,

But these do all fit away.

Wealth's flowing fountains—envied prize—

A fount of pleasure seen—

Carrara marble, Tyrian dyes,

Broad lands and chrysolite streams;

But wealth with all its costly things

Its treasures can array,

By moth, or rust, or furtive wings,

All fade or flee away.

The robe of honour, rank, or fame—

Ambition's proudest goal—

Is yet to shadowy claim

The homage of the soul.

The Prophet—do they ever live?

Our Father—where are they?

Forgotten hosts this lesson give,

—Earth's fashions pass away.

The winning word, the genial glow,

Of friendship's gentle power,

That speaks another's weakness

And speaks a brother near—

The love that mingles heart with heart,

That cheers life's rugged way,

Even these shall fall as friends depart

And time's fond links decay.

Of these I wish such measured store

As should contentment yield;

Enough—let those who sigh for more

Mark hills of the field.

For these are all deceitful wiles,

But pleasures of a day—

That come like summer's sunny smiles

And sooner wane away.

Then whence the blessings that I sing;

The gifts so rich and rare,

That sorrow's sigh can never wring

Nor crumbling death impair?

Bring wisdom's goodly vestment forth

Her treasure vast and sure!

Be these thy dower of peerless worth

Thy portion choice as pure.

An humble heart, a cheerful mind,

A sweet submissive will,

That cheered years shall ever find

Unchanged in good or ill;

A placid brow, a steadfast faith,

A living hope within

To hallow life, to vanquish death

—And bliss immortal yield.

Such gifts for thee, fair maid, I crave—

For these I humbly pray;

For such alone survive the grave

—And never fade away.

Then wish those glories that decline

From thee that seek are given,

Let wisdom's ways on earth be thine;

Be thine her crown in heaven.

WILLIAM STEWART,  
Glasgow, Scotland, 27th May, 1853.

**A Dream of the Universe.**

I had been reading some account of those

old and common errors, that were entertain-

ed by persons who regarded the whole inter-

vening space from one world and its sun to

another, and also the immense distance that

is between one solar system and the milky

way and the next succeeding ones as merely

an empty void.

The sun, with its revolving planets, fills

up but one 3,419,460,000,000th part of the

long road that connects us with the

nearest twinkling star. Hence, if you

could see the sun and planets, and the

stars that surround them, they would

appear as a few specks of light, and the

space between them as a vast, empty

void.

Empty the ocean, if you please, of its

waters, and let the bottom of the deep

be dried up, and you cannot er much

less in magnitude than is that which would

blot out all the wheeling orbs of space;

and the dwellers in the sea would mistake

less, should they say that light and ful-

lour were found only within its waters, and

that the vast expanse of blue, ethereal air,

that floats above its surging waves, whose

limits no ken has ever yet spanned, a vacuum—

empty and devoid of all living things.

If, as Herschel says, those remote galax-

ies have their places assigned so far in the

distance from us, that the light proceeding

from them, to-day enters upon its way—a

time so long that, during its completion,

the whole heavenly scroll, bedusted with

glittering points, that are still seen shining

in the azure depths of the upper vault,

might have been rolled up and laid aside,

when that breadth, and depth, and height

there is in the universe, in comparison with

the universe itself is a nonentity, if it

is surpassed and finally surrounded by an

organ of vacuity so boundless and wide!

But cannot we, in a moment, forget how

mighty that influence must be which is con-

tinually transmitted to and fro through im-

mensurable worlds, inhabited by living souls,

as well as in this luminous vast, as well as

thy spirit can dwell in a drop of the ethereal

fluid in thy brain?

It was after those such like misty musings that I had the dream. The body of clay, so it seemed in my dream, sank heavily down, and the incarnated spirit rose up with airy lightness; and by its side stood another spirit, similar in its nature, but whose glorious form, instead of dimly shining, shone forth with lightning splendor. "I thought," said the stranger spirit, "as my wings; one thought here, and one thought there—and I am there—Think, and come fly with me; for I would point out to thee the universe, and partly unveil its mysteries."

And I flew with him. Soon the terrestrial globe, fast receding, our rapid wings, was but dimly discovered in the distant background; then a few constellations in the Southern American sky burned around us; and at last only the glorious sun in earth's firmament remained, as a shining tiny star, with the luminous nebula of the far-famed comet near it. We passed with a shivering fear that other comet, that once appeared on the sun in our skies, and then flew off to Sirius. On, on, through the depths of space, with the luminous shining suns, we so quickly soared that their beaming light could scarcely be despatched, on lightning wings, to the spheres and spheres about them, ere they went out in the gloom behind us, and their circling worlds, so swiftly did our visions waft us on through the volatile fluid of this upper deep, were undiscerned by our eyes.

At last, earth's sun and Sirius, the constellations, and the milky way of our blue sky, all stood beneath our feet, and seemed as bright nebulous points, enveloped as with a mantle, by small grey clouds. So we flew on through the starry hosts—some heaven above another expanding itself before us, and then dwindling away far away in our rear; and galaxies stood there, arched one above another in the many vaults, as if built by spirit's skill.

Sometimes my shining companion would soar above my weary thought, and glitter like a star beam over me; I thought once again, and I was by his side. But, as one starry background after another faded from our sight, and still the heavens above us seemed so fuller—as the eternal sun in the everlasting ocean of suns sunk down like the water of storm clouds into the sea, my swelling human heart was full, and bursting the narrow cell of its devotion, it rose within the splendour of this temple of suns in fervent raptures; and I said to my shining guide, "O spirit! has the universe then no end?" And he answered, "It has no beginning."

But see! on a sudden the heavens appear to close. The shining form of my spirit guide flew forward into this empty space; all the starry heavens lay behind us, enshrouded in a thin mist, and soon were entirely hid from view. "Now," thought I, "the universe has found its limit;" and I was afraid before the boundless dark prison of creation, that here opened its gloomy doors, in whose bottomless obscurity the diamond of universal light sunk down for ever. Yet I still could see the shining spirit—but not myself, for darkness had shrouded me. "This to my mortal troubled look, he answered, 'O thou of little faith! look up—primal light breaks in.'"

I looked up, and quickly a faint twilight came—quickly the full glorious vault of stars; each swelling thought was too big for a moment's gaze. Since the dawn of the world, the last century's birth, those sparkling star-beams have been speeding their way to us, and now at last, from the immeasurable height they shone down unimpeded.

But, as in our onward flight night alternated with bright heavens, and the dark realms ever increased in breadth, before the stars shone out, and the ether became like a tickling taper, and finally vanished,—as we once suddenly emerged out of the gloom into an aurora of suns, flaming together around many worlds, and judgement days burned around us on all the earths,—as we flew through realms of forming worlds, whose elements formed over us, and world-long lightning flashes shot, winding through broad seas of material vapours, where more gloomy, more boundless, more leaden bodies floated, their opaque shapes swallowing up suns with their light, and growing no more luminous,—as I saw for the first time the mountain chain, covered with sparkling mantles of snow, that were formed of thick, clustering suns, and over it I still saw galaxies, like thin crescents hanging there,—then my soul rose in raptures, and sunk down again into the ponderous weight of the universe, and I was in the arms of the spirit. "Oh, stop, lead me no further. I am too lonely in these opening deserts. The full world is wide, but space is yet still wider, and barren waste increases with the widening universe."

with a glorious halo if they wandered from these into the sea of light; and the dusky, wandering stars, that the spirit of light, which child-spirits of this burnished universe were rocked, through the wide space sparkled and murmured, and floated, and breathed only life; and there was only life in the free domains of creation. Suns were only revolving spinning-wheels, and earth's globe, that never ending, the web of Isis' unseamed mantle, that hung over all, and elongated itself if raised by impulse. "There before the living host the soul could feel no more pain, but raptures and joy without measure."

But the shining spirit faded away under the glory of the universe, or was wafted to its home by some invisible spirit, and was left alone in the wide vastness, longing for life. Then a dusky world sailed out of the deep, and crowded through all the stars, mounting up the ocean of light; and upon it, as a child, stood a human form, that was not transcended or increased in size as it drew nearer.

At last our earth stood before me, and upon it the child Jesus; and the child gazed on me with a look so mild and serene, and so full of love, that love and joy awoke me. But after awakening, I still felt the bliss, and I exclaimed, "O! how beautiful is Death; and life in the full glorious presence!" I thanked the Creator for life upon the earth, and for an unending future beside.—Translated from the German of Jean Paul.

**A Lion Converted to a Lamb.**  
The lion and the lamb occupy the extreme of ferocity and gentleness in the animal kingdom; the former is classed among the most ferocious, the latter among the most gentle of the animal kind. These names, however, are not limited in their application to the inferior animals; they also, in view of the opposite qualities of vice and virtue, apply to the human species. The wolf and the lamb, the lion, the calf and the falling shall dwell together. This is figurative language, designed to represent the mighty change that was to take place in the moral and spiritual world, from sin to righteousness, from the power and dominion of the devil, who is represented as a roaring lion, to that of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is represented as a lamb, by the glorious gospel. And, though this prediction is generally employed in reference to that period when gentleness and truth shall be universally acknowledged, and the power of Satan shall be no more, it may appropriately be used to represent the change that occurs in the earthly sinner as he becomes remarkable for wickedness.

We are acquainted with a man who was much addicted to dissipation and crime, and who, sometimes returning home under the influence of a bad party, would quarrel with his wife and children, and even turned them out of the house. A good sister of the neighbourhood remarked, that she heard more than once in the dead of night the cry of murder. Once he met an acquaintance at a tavern, whom he asked to accompany him to the theatre, and he said, "I will shut you up," and actually shot the hall into a post, behind which his acquaintance had fled for protection. One day, when his heart-broken companion had prepared a fine dinner for his guests, he had a fit of intoxication and madness, seized it by the neck, and threw it into the street, pulling the turkey, goose, and all upon the carpet. He was an object of dread on the part of his neighbours as well as his family; one of them remarked that he was afraid to thwart him in his course.

But now, a most remarkable change for the better had taken place. The Holy Spirit arrested him in his sinful and mad career, and led him to the foot of the cross, where he obtained pardon and deliverance from all his guilt. Immediately after his conversion, seeing his whiskey-jug on the shelf, he took it down and broke it into many pieces. His subsequent conduct was equally remarkable. He had broken the jug, and unless my former associates shall do better, will I dissolve my connection with them. "Some two weeks after, we had the pleasure of receiving him into the Church on trial." The day following we called to see him, and after asking questions as to his religious state, he informed us that he had broken the jug, and unless my former associates shall do better, will I dissolve my connection with them. "Some two weeks after, we had the pleasure of receiving him into the Church on trial." The day following we called to see him, and after asking questions as to his religious state, he informed us that he had broken the jug, and unless my former associates shall do better, will I dissolve my connection with them.

ministers and members, they should be visited at their homes, in the streets, the lanes and alleys; and thus, by the means of grace, be brought to the great subject of their salvation.—The policy of the true Church of Jesus Christ is aggressive.

**The Young Infidel.**  
In his address in the English Congregational Union, setting forth the necessity of personal efforts to confute infidelity, Dr. Raffles related an item of his own experience. He said: "I quite agree with my friend, Dr. Massie, as to the desirableness of entering the field of controversy with this class of persons. But unless a man has some special skill, and ready wit—unless he can give a Roland, for an Oliver, he had better let it alone. Some years ago, while a Unitarian, I was giving a course of lectures in Liverpool, he—the lecturer—tried to prove that there was no devil, no Trinity, no deity, no heaven, and that the Bible was not, nothing that the Bible says can give a Roland, for an Oliver, he had better let it alone. 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'known and read of all? O for one hour with an old minister?'

Still, however, the gentle wife did not venture to expose to Kilmuir, choosing rather to endure the painful conflict in silence than to risk the infliction of pain upon her husband's mind.

Early on one Sabbath morning Mr. M'Phail was awakened and attracted by the evident mental uneasiness of his wife.

He affectionately inquired the reason of her distress. Thinking this a favourable opportunity for explaining the cause of her unhappiness, she hinted, as delicately as possible, at the furnished condition of her soul, and requested permission for that day to cross the Frith of Cromarty, and hear Mr. Porteus at Kilmuir.

Tremblingly she awaited his reply. To her great surprise, not only did Mr. M'Phail give his permission, but added that he would accompany her to the ferry, and see her safely across.

In those days, when not more than two or three evangelical ministers were to be found in the whole county of Ross, it was no uncommon thing for a really religious part of the people to journey distances of fifteen or twenty miles in order to hear the Gospel.

There was literally "a famine of the word of the Lord" and men "wandered from sea to sea, and ran to and fro," to seek the bread of life. It would, therefore, excite no surprise to see a person of Mrs. M'Phail's station crossing the Frith, or plodding patiently on the highway, so early on the morning of the Lord's day.

She reached the manse of Kilmuir, and found Mr. Porteus sitting at breakfast, and having to pass the window of the dining-room, was observed by her old pastor.

Attracted by this unexpected visitor, he instantly rose from table, and reached the door before her.

continue in deep waters, labouring under a weight of constant guilt; and it was during this time that he formed that remarkable vow, which resulted in the conversion of so many souls, that if the Lord should give him peace of conscience and the assurance of salvation, he would never neglect an opportunity of saving a soul for Christ to a fellow-sinner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1853.

Novo Scotia Western District Meeting.

As previously intimated, the Wesleyan Ministers composing the Novo Scotia Western District, commenced their Annual Session at Liverpool on Thursday morning, the 2nd inst.

The Rev. Dr. RICHESY as Chairman and General Superintendent, presided over the varied business claiming the attention of the brethren.

The Rev. THOMAS H. DAVIES was elected Secretary of the District for the current year; Bro. Mc-Murray, Journal Secretary; brethren Jost, and H. Pope, Junr., Sub Secretaries; and Bro. McCot, Financial Secretary.

The usual questions were proposed, considered, and answered. We have not the documents at hand this week necessary to give a correct statistical account of the state of the District, religiously and financially.

The public religious services of the Session were of a solemn and highly interesting character. Those of the Sabbath were conducted by the Rev. Dr. RICHESY, who preached at 11 A.M.; by the Rev. Wm. BENNETT, who officiated at 3 P.M.; and by the Rev. F. SMALLWOOD, who occupied the pulpit in the evening.

One interesting feature in the business of the Meeting was the examination of three young men, brethren Stewart, McKee, and Hart, as candidates for our Ministry. They passed creditably and successfully through their examination, and will occupy Circuits, and our hope is, that the British Conference will add their names officially to our number.

The Auxiliary Missionary Meeting was held on Tuesday evening, the Rev. Dr. RICHESY in the Chair. The Resolutions offered for the acceptance of the Meeting were ably moved and seconded by the Brethren who had been nominated to that duty.

by the Holy Spirit, and the beneficial results thereof to be seen in future years.

The brethren cordially approve of the re-appointment of the present staff of officers, and have the fullest confidence in the competency, and integrity of the Executive Committee; particularly do they rejoice to know that the Rev. THOMAS H. DAVIES, the able and energetic Secretary of the Institution, C. F. ALLISON, Esq., will continue his valuable services as Treasurer; and that the Rev. HUMPHRY PICKARD, A. M., by whose indefatigable labours, and literary talents, it has attained its present eminence, continues his office as Principal; and the brethren again declare it to be their firm conviction, that the Institution of Sackville is inferior to none in British America, for its correct moral training, and for the facilities it affords for a thorough Educational course.

Novo Scotia East and Prince Edward Island District.

In the absence of a more detailed account, we give insertion to the following particulars respecting the Novo Scotia East and Prince Edward Island District, kindly furnished by an esteemed friend.

This District commenced its session at Charlottetown, on the morning of the last Thursday in May.

The public religious services of the Session were of a solemn and highly interesting character. Those of the Sabbath were conducted by the Rev. Dr. RICHESY, who preached at 11 A.M.; by the Rev. Wm. BENNETT, who officiated at 3 P.M.; and by the Rev. F. SMALLWOOD, who occupied the pulpit in the evening.

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that period, great changes have taken place in this particular, as well as the one aforementioned.

At present our Banking capital is over \$8,000,000. We also have twelve incorporated Banks, besides two or three private establishments, and four Saving Bank Institutions, which care for the poor, by receiving their surplus funds in such amounts as they may find it convenient to deposit weekly.

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taken, from deep water, and planted; (as it is called), that is, laid out in accessible and suitable coves. If undisturbed for eighteen months or two years they grow to a very large size, and afford the most nutritious and palatable food, to most persons.

The only labour required in this business is to gather them up for transportation to market, which can be done in a few hours after they are gathered. Thus in a comparatively speaking a very short time, after their repose is disturbed by their waxy cover, they unexpectedly, at least to themselves, find their next location in the stomach of some western epicure, undergoing a process, rather less agreeable to them, than the one they were engaged in performing upon the objects of their voracious appetites, a few hours previously.

Dear, Dear, what a digestion I have been guilty of, and what an infliction I have visited upon your readers. I started with an intention, of giving you something touching our Public buildings, including Churches, and behold, I have more than filled my sheet, without even an allusion to them, and find myself at the stopping point engaged upon the digestion of an Oyster, preparatory to its playing a most important part in forming the chyme, and the chyle, the balium of the blood, of some western stump Orator, who needs it, not only to enable him to prove to the populace, that his property is most certainly ultimately acquired, with the consent of God, and of a sound mind; so that whilst your citations of scripture, of history, and of argument, were peculiarly calculated to convince the followers of a corrupted Christianity of the numerous and fatal errors of their system, you were also enabled to speak the truth in love, and, in the spirit of meekness, to uphold the faith once delivered to the Saints.

It must have been truly gratifying to all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, to see from evening to evening of the Holy Sabbath the thousands that were longed for, to listen to these lectures, the profound attention with which they were received, and the impressions which were so favorably and generally made on the successive audiences.

We, therefore, beg leave to solicit your acceptance of the accompanying purse and its contents, with a service of plate, as a sincere though inadequate testimonial of our sense of obligation to you, for your able advocacy of truths so vital and momentous, and our earnest prayers to Almighty God that you may long be spared to the Church, for the defence and extension of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At this Address Mr. Jenkins gave the following: REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON. We left our dear reader, at the tomb of Washington—the shrine towards which all lovers of freedom turn as the Mecca of their pilgrimages, and would now lead you from that sacred spot on the pathway which winds along the sloping bank towards the old homestead.

There was the arched chair in the hall with the writing desk attached, covered with ink-marks made by his pen. There was the telescope over the door as he had hung it when, perchance for the last time, his eye swept the horizon, and enjoyed the quiet beauty of that river-scene. The time in which he breathed his last seemed so painfully sacred, that we almost felt, as if we were bent following him to the grave. The dwelling in itself is plain, but the comfort and convenience of all its arrangements and the exquisite cultivation of the grounds, show to have been on a scale of magnificence for its time.

The climate of Maryland is very mild. In winter the cold is very rarely excessive,—now seldom the heat upon the ground, and very rarely in such quantities as to afford good sleeping; not often for more than one or two days during the season, and sometimes not at all. The heat of our summer, also, is quite endurable, with the exception of a few days in July or August. With reference to the cost of living in Baltimore, it may be truly said, that a moderate income families may obtain better food at all seasons of the year, and in much greater variety, than in almost any city of the world.

The Rev. JOHN JENKINS, Minister of St. James's Wesleyan Church in this city, having lately delivered a course of lectures, explanatory of the leading principles of Protestantism, a few of the members of that Church judged it to be a suitable occasion for carrying out a purpose which they have

often contemplated, that of presenting their Minister with some practical testimony of affection and esteem. A small committee, having carried out the necessary arrangements, the subscribers met on Monday last, May 30, in the vestry of the Church, and presented the reverend gentleman with a purse of 1,000 dollars, together with a service of plate. The occasion was one of interest to all parties concerned.

The Hon. Mr. Ferris having been called to the chair, read the following ADDRESS: TO THE REV. JOHN JENKINS. REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Having attended with great delight and edification, the course of lectures which you delivered during the past winter, on the points of distinction between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, in St. James's Church of this city, (to the congregation in which for nearly six years you have ministered with so much acceptance), we, a few of its members, desire to express to you the high sense we entertain of the great service thus conferred on the cause of Evangelical Protestantism, and to recognize the guiding Providence of God in leading you to select such a theme for discussion, at this crisis in the religious history of Canada and the World; nor can we fail to avow our convictions that in the manner in which you were drawn to treat this important subject, you were eminently influenced by the spirit of wisdom and of power, and of a sound mind; so that whilst your citations of scripture, of history, and of argument, were peculiarly calculated to convince the followers of a corrupted Christianity of the numerous and fatal errors of their system, you were also enabled to speak the truth in love, and, in the spirit of meekness, to uphold the faith once delivered to the Saints.

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At this Address Mr. Jenkins gave the following: REPLY. MY DEAR FRIENDS,—If I say that I am grateful to you for the kindness and consideration which you now manifest towards me, I but inadequately express the sentiments and feelings of my heart. The testimonial which you have done me the honor to present, manifest as it is, is of far less price than the kindness which suggested it, and the spirit in which it is now tendered. Believe me, I set a higher value on the esteem and friendship of the members of my flock, than on any other worldly approval or commendation to our temporal comfort, or, after all, unenduring and corruptible. As to the occasion which has immediately called forth your generosity, I am gratified that it is so entirely unconnected, and that you have seen cause thus to express your approval of him who has been called to minister the word of life, not because he has defended any merely denominational principle or practice, but because he has stood forth in defence of the glorious system of Protestant Truth, which I take leave to say, is as warmly cherished by yourselves as by any other section of the great Protestant Church. When Wesleyan Methodist ceased to be protestant, when it abandoned the Bible and the great doctrine of salvation by grace through faith, without works, (which God grant never may) it will cease to be the Methodism of our fathers; it will cease to be that Methodism which the head of the Church has employed as the great pioneer of the Gospel on this continent, and in other countries.

I am thankful to observe that there has commenced a new era in the history of Moral Protestantism; and permit me to say that all which you and your Protestant brethren generally have now to do, is to follow in the same spirit of kindness, the attempt which has been made expound to our Roman Catholic brethren the principles of Bible truth which actuate and guide their Protestant neighbours.

I again thank you for your kindness. This handsome testimonial will make me long remember you, and the service of plate which you have been pleased to add to it, I hold in great regard as a mark of your interest and regard, and their most generous efforts to support and extend it, as long as the world lasts. That, at least, is my opinion, my sincere belief. Will the meeting indulge me if I say a few words respecting Methodism? (Yes, Yes, Yes.) A party that is always on the look out for something which to accuse me has said, that a number of Methodists can never meet together but they must laud Methodism. Now, I do not care at all for that sneer. When we laud Methodism, I think we have something to laud; when we are thankful for Methodism, I offer to God our unfeigned thanks, and we are Wesleyan Methodists, rather than members of some other religious community? In making out the claims of Methodism to our preference and high regard, we are wont to refer to its system of pure, enlightening, soul-converting sanctifying, preserving, truth; and I think we cannot too often refer to that claim, or to put it to death. Every sort of foe lately has tried to kick at Methodism; but it will never die; violence: "the gates of hell will never prevail," by any power or strategy, against this system, created by Christ, and fostered by him, and by the energy of his faithful people. If Methodism ever expire, it will be through the lukewarmness of its friends. If it ever go out, and is exhibited as a dead defunct thing, it will be because its friends have proved lukewarm, and failed adequately to support it. But might it die? (No.) Can the world and the church yet do

the class-room, and in the school-room, to high and low, rich, and poor, to children and adults, render all families with the truth, so that all with it. And it is another distinction, that in Methodism,—speaking generally again,—nothing but the truth is taught or held. You have not a Minister in one pulpit preaching down what he is trying to preach up; you have not one Class Leader in one Class-room forming his Class to views of religion very dissimilar to those which another Class Leader in another room is imparting to another Class. That blessed God who gave the revelation of his truth to mankind has conferred on the Wesleyan Body this great blessing, that, as it respects all essential divine truth, we are of one judgment and of one mind. I do not know of another that can be said of any other Christian community; I am inclined to think it cannot. If ever there was a dispensation of divine truth, it was given to the Wesleyan Body, and by him to his people to be testified by them uncorrupted, and to be by them testified to all the world, and I thank God that, in this matter, the Wesleyan Body, since John Wesley went to heaven, has been on the whole faithful. We have held in the past, we have testified to the truth, we have proclaimed it at home and abroad, and God has set his seal upon it, and shown that it was his truth, by the blessing which he has made it to the world.

I like to belong to a Christian people so soundly orthodox, and so soundly evangelical; I like to belong to a people who hold views of the truth, and put them forth, which are not likely to give offence to any human mind; who are a human creature to ever seeking the way of holiness. I like our truth, and I like the body that holds it. As I believe that truth be proclaimed with the energy and Christian wisdom which have hitherto marked its proclamation, it will still be found, from generation to generation, "the power of God unto salvation." Another distinguished feature for which we value Methodism is, that however numerous its people, and however widely scattered abroad, they form one fellowship. There have been long periods when the unity of the church in our community have been as decided and as manifest as the oneness of our faith. We felt ourselves as sinners implicated in a common condemnation; "the truth as it is in Jesus" was made known to us, we received it, and it made us free; and around the cross was formed one Christian brotherhood, united in Jesus Christ; like the members of the body compacted together; we felt our union, and we were happy in that union. There have been seasons, and long seasons,—I think so, or I have read the history of Methodism incorrectly, and made erroneous deductions,—when the Methodists—a very large body of Christians have, to a great extent, exhibited beautiful illustrations of our Saviour's prayer answered, "That they may be all one," and the new commandment fulfilled, "that ye love one another." Then another thing for which we value Methodism is that it brings into action, and engages in important and useful action, all persons, whatever talents and capabilities they may have of rendering service to the cause of Christ. And while it calls forth all these agencies, and creates and assigns to them objects of Christian action, it also systematizes the plan of action, that each may be as zealous as he likes, without thwarting, or in any way interfering with, the operations of others. While God has given us one heart, he can give us one way; we can act in perfect uniformity and concert. Thus connected by a common faith, joined in one fellowship, united in one heart, when the ten thousand agencies of Methodism have been set on act on Connexional plans, they have acted together with an energy which has been highly beneficial to other Christian Churches; and they also acted on the world itself with an energy which the world has felt greatly to its advantage. Look, my Christian brethren, at what God has accomplished by Methodism. What multitudes of souls have been gathered out of the world, brought to himself, and conducted to heaven! There they are, in the better country; they enjoy God's presence for ever—many of them before we were born—some of them were our parents,—fathers, or mothers, or brothers or sisters,—relatives, and dear friends of ours.—Then the number now listening to the truth, Sabbath after Sabbath, in our congregations, is large—the number of Christian people in our Society, at home and abroad, is not small—the number receiving instruction by Methodist teaching, in various ways, it would not be so to count. I am quite aware,—it is a notorious fact,—that Methodism does not retain all that it gathers into its fold; and this, by some friends of Methodism, seems to be regarded as an unmixed and deplored as a very great calamity. I cannot look at it in quite so serious a light. I do not think I cannot understand how persons can, from purely Christian motives, leave Wesleyan Methodism. I do not understand it,—it is a mystery to me. There may be such a thing;—I will not take upon me to deny it;—but I do not understand how it is, that, with purely Christian intentions, they should leave a people among whom they were brought to Christ and to salvation, a church where they have ample and well-adopted means of Christian education, and where they may work in the service of His cause to their heart's content, if they are but zealous and zealous servants. What better system they can adopt, for their own improvement and salvation,—what better system they can set themselves to, for the benefit and salvation of the world,—I really do not understand. I am inclined to believe, however, that God has overruled the departure from among us of numbers of individuals, for the benefit of religion in the world. Go into other Christian communities, talk extensively with the more serious people of those communities, and you will be very much surprised to find what a number of them have been connected, one way or another, in former life, with Wesleyan people. We have received very few comparatively from other communities, but we have given, from year to year, very large numbers to them. I believe that these, so given, have been the salt of those communities, and add to that salt they possess, in a high degree, whatever wisdom and ability you find in the Church of England, and out of it, whose father was a Methodist, or his mother, or his grand-mother,—who is of Methodist extraction. And you will find that many Christian people among these various bodies of Christians, received their first light and religious impressions from Methodist instruction.

My Christian brethren, I do not speak of these things, this morning, for your information,—you know them quite as well as I do,—but I speak of you, and bring them before you in this way,—very freely and imperfectly, I am aware,—for this purpose, that I may distinctly ask you this question—Ought Methodism to be let die? (No, No.) Should we allow it to expire? (No.) Its enemies of every description, have tried to put it to death. Every sort of foe lately has tried to kick at Methodism; but it will never die; violence: "the gates of hell will never prevail," by any power or strategy, against this system, created by Christ, and fostered by him, and by the energy of his faithful people. If Methodism ever expire, it will be through the lukewarmness of its friends. If it ever go out, and is exhibited as a dead defunct thing, it will be because its friends have proved lukewarm, and failed adequately to support it. But might it die? (No.) Can the world and the church yet do

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the class-room, and in the school-room, to high and low, rich, and poor, to children and adults, render all families with the truth, so that all with it. And it is another distinction, that in Methodism,—speaking generally again,—nothing but the truth is taught or held. You have not a Minister in one pulpit preaching down what he is trying to preach up; you have not one Class Leader in one Class-room forming his Class to views of religion very dissimilar to those which another Class Leader in another room is imparting to another Class. That blessed God who gave the revelation of his truth to mankind has conferred on the Wesleyan Body this great blessing, that, as it respects all essential divine truth, we are of one judgment and of one mind. I do not know of another that can be said of any other Christian community; I am inclined to think it cannot. If ever there was a dispensation of divine truth, it was given to the Wesleyan Body, and by him to his people to be testified by them uncorrupted, and to be by them testified to all the world, and I thank God that, in this matter, the Wesleyan Body, since John Wesley went to heaven, has been on the whole faithful. We have held in the past, we have testified to the truth, we have proclaimed it at home and abroad, and God has set his seal upon it, and shown that it was his truth, by the blessing which he has made it to the world.

I like to belong to a Christian people so soundly orthodox, and so soundly evangelical; I like to belong to a people who hold views of the truth, and put them forth, which are not likely to give offence to any human mind; who are a human creature to ever seeking the way of holiness. I like our truth, and I like the body that holds it. As I believe that truth be proclaimed with the energy and Christian wisdom which have hitherto marked its proclamation, it will still be found, from generation to generation, "the power of God unto salvation." Another distinguished feature for which we value Methodism is, that however numerous its people, and however widely scattered abroad, they form one fellowship. There have been long periods when the unity of the church in our community have been as decided and as manifest as the oneness of our faith. We felt ourselves as sinners implicated in a common condemnation; "the truth as it is in Jesus" was made known to us, we received it, and it made us free; and around the cross was formed one Christian brotherhood, united in Jesus Christ; like the members of the body compacted together; we felt our union, and we were happy in that union. There have been seasons, and long seasons,—I think so, or I have read the history of Methodism incorrectly, and made erroneous deductions,—when the Methodists—a very large body of Christians have, to a great extent, exhibited beautiful illustrations of our Saviour's prayer answered, "That they may be all one," and the new commandment fulfilled, "that ye love one another." Then another thing for which we value Methodism is that it brings into action, and engages in important and useful action, all persons, whatever talents and capabilities they may have of rendering service to the cause of Christ. And while it calls forth all these agencies, and creates and assigns to them objects of Christian action, it also systematizes the plan of action, that each may be as zealous as he likes, without thwarting, or in any way interfering with, the operations of others. While God has given us one heart, he can give us one way; we can act in perfect uniformity and concert. Thus connected by a common faith, joined in one fellowship, united in one heart, when the ten thousand agencies of Methodism have been set on act on Connexional plans, they have acted together with an energy which has been highly beneficial to other Christian Churches; and they also acted on the world itself with an energy which the world has felt greatly to its advantage. Look, my Christian brethren, at what God has accomplished by Methodism. What multitudes of souls have been gathered out of the world, brought to himself, and conducted to heaven! There they are, in the better country; they enjoy God's presence for ever—many of them before we were born—some of them were our parents,—fathers, or mothers, or brothers or sisters,—relatives, and dear friends of ours.—Then the number now listening to the truth, Sabbath after Sabbath, in our congregations, is large—the number of Christian people in our Society, at home and abroad, is not small—the number receiving instruction by Methodist teaching, in various ways, it would not be so to count. I am quite aware,—it is a notorious fact,—that Methodism does not retain all that it gathers into its fold; and this, by some friends of Methodism, seems to be regarded as an unmixed and deplored as a very great calamity. I cannot look at it in quite so serious a light. I do not think I cannot understand how persons can, from purely Christian motives, leave Wesleyan Methodism. I do not understand it,—it is a mystery to me. There may be such a thing;—I will not take upon me to deny it;—but I do not understand how it is, that, with purely Christian intentions, they should leave a people among whom they were brought to Christ and to salvation, a church where they have ample and well-adopted means of Christian education, and where they may work in the service of His cause to their heart's content, if they are but zealous and zealous servants. What better system they can adopt, for their own improvement and salvation,—what better system they can set themselves to, for the benefit and salvation of the world,—I really do not understand. I am inclined to believe, however, that God has overruled the departure from among us of numbers of individuals, for the benefit of religion in the world. Go into other Christian communities, talk extensively with the more serious people of those communities, and you will be very much surprised to find what a number of them have been connected, one way or another, in former life, with Wesleyan people. We have received very few comparatively from other communities, but we have given, from year to year, very large numbers to them. I believe that these, so given, have been the salt of those communities, and add to that salt they possess, in a high degree, whatever wisdom and ability you find in the Church of England, and out of it, whose father was a Methodist, or his mother, or his grand-mother,—who is of Methodist extraction. And you will find that many Christian people among these various bodies of Christians, received their first light and religious impressions from Methodist instruction.

My Christian brethren, I do not speak of these things, this morning, for your information,—you know them quite as well as I do,—but I speak of you, and bring them before you in this way,—very freely and imperfectly, I am aware,—for this purpose, that I may distinctly ask you this question—Ought Methodism to be let die? (No, No.) Should we allow it to expire? (No.) Its enemies of every description, have tried to put it to death. Every sort of foe lately has tried to kick at Methodism; but it will never die; violence: "the gates of hell will never prevail," by any power or strategy, against this system, created by Christ, and fostered by him, and by the energy of his faithful people. If Methodism ever expire, it will be through the lukewarmness of its friends. If it ever go out, and is exhibited as a dead defunct thing, it will be because its friends have proved lukewarm, and failed adequately to support it. But might it die? (No.) Can the world and the church yet do



# The Provincial Wesleyan.

## To a beloved Brother and Sister.

### Lines on Parting.

The Spring sun shines in your blue sky,  
And lights the world below,  
With the same sweet beam that used to gild  
The dreamy long ago:  
When the wild rose and the summer birds  
And the brooks that rippled free,  
All bore a music of their own,  
To the soul of infancy.

Al! youth is gone—with all its dreams—  
And we are called to part—  
But time shall never sever light  
Our summer of the heart—  
Our years to come with all their cares  
Shall bind its innocent core,  
As fresh with heaven's eternal love,  
As in the days of yore.

And we shall never faint beneath  
The weary strife of men,  
For the soul of childhood's purity  
In dreams shall come again,  
And when the storm is widest round  
New stars are in the sky,  
O, then upon our Father God,  
In Jesus' name we'll cry.

Until the clouds shall roll away,  
And through the opening gloom we see  
Our Father's House in glory,  
No tears, no sin, no partings there,  
But sunshine, flowers, and song,  
And crowns of Gold and Eden palms  
For all the blood-washed throng.

I go for that Redeemer's sake  
The souls of men to win,  
To show them Christ, the living way,  
Where they may enter in,  
I give myself up to His work,  
Devotedly and free,  
Because my great Redeemer God,  
Once gave himself for me.

I cast the bread upon the wave—  
The seed upon the ground,  
The loaf to the mourning grave—  
The loaf—and shall be found—  
The seed shall live in mighty trees—  
The body rise again,  
And in the resurrection's day,  
With Christ, its life, shall reign.

O! seed, the germ of forest trees,  
Upon the chance winds cast,  
Thou wait but little at the first,  
But mightily at the last—  
O! fish, the germ of ocean life,  
I catch thee when the sun,  
Which shall be brighter than the sun,  
Shall shine upon the Judgment Day.

W. McK.

## Temperance.

### Thoughts of a Rum.

The traffic in rum is either right, or it is wrong.  
There can be no medium; half-right, half-wrong.  
If it is right, it should be as free to man, as any other business.  
If it is wrong, it is wrong to it should be prohibited.

That it is not profitable, except to those who produce or traffic in it, all admit. That it is most injurious to many who use it, none will deny. They who traffic, and those who use it moderately, claim "It is not the use, but rather the abuse which makes it obnoxious;" it follows as the sequence, that if there was no use, there could be no abuse.

They do not deny that if the sale and manufacture were prohibited by the strong arm of the law, mankind would be gainers thereby. No, it is pure patriotism, the love of liberty, that induces abolitionists to such laws. What, say they, in this land of liberty, in this model republic, are laws that will deprive a man of his natural rights; the liberty to do as he pleases, to get drunk; most horrid, it would be worse than despotism!

Let us see what Washington said upon the subject of rights. In his letter to the President of Congress on submitting to that body the Constitution of the United States for their approval, he says:

"Individuals entering into society, must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest. The magnitude of the sacrifice must depend as well on situation and circumstances, as on the objects to be obtained."

Oh! that every one who desires liberty—true republicanism, liberty, which secures the greatest good to the largest number, which protects the innocent and the helpless from the acts of the wrong doer—had engraved on his mind, these sayings of Washington.

Man in natural rights, possesses the unbridled liberty of his tongue; yet on "entering into society" he surrenders his licentious use for the security of his fellow-citizens.

The Constitution of the State of New York, Art. 1, Sec. 10, says:—"Nor shall any letter hereafter be authorized, or sale of lottery tickets allowed within this State." Under the provisions of this section, lotteries have ceased to exist. It was for the public good. Were lotteries more pernicious in their effects than the traffic in Rum? The occasional ticket was not productive of serious evil. When the addiction of lotteries was first agitated, dealers proclaimed it an outrage upon their invested rights. Who at this day would ask for their restoration?

Again, Sec. 14 of same Article in the Constitution, says:—"No lease or grant of agricultural lands for a longer period than twenty years, hereafter made, in which shall be reserved any benefit of service of any kind, shall be valid." Farmers, who you were required to "give up" the liberty of leasing farms or garden-plots for twenty-one years, a privilege so long enjoyed, to be restricted to twelve. It has been done. We hear no complaints from you, of being required to surrender a share of your liberty. The farmers have ever been foremost to "give up a share to secure" that liberty which will best promote public happiness and domestic comforts.

## Agriculture.

### Farm Work for June.

Planting being over, there will be a little rest, but the best breeding place to look into all the affairs of the farm more leisurely, and attend to the smaller, but not minor, matters which the haste to get in the seeds has prevented. And first, let him who has had the forecast to plant a tree either this season or before, extend his care to it and extricate it from its confinement.

The Barren.—They will make sad havoc with your fair orchard unless your own eye, and knife, and wire, and hand are active. Now is the time to dislodge them, by scraping the earth carefully away from the base of the tree and closely examining it, the spoiler may be discovered either by his hole, his castings, which resemble saw dust, or by some peculiar appearance of the tree. By inserting a small wire with the smallest possible hook upon its end, they may generally be drawn out; but if not brought to light the wire will kill them.

Thistles, nettles, dock-roots, burdock, and all such weeds, will constantly spread upon your swards as they are cut, therefore, the first rank, as it were, among weeds; and as a long time is required for their decomposition, their action may often last for seven or eight years. They yield excellent roots, especially when made into a compost for potatoes, turnips, hops, hay, and all such crops, and are also good for spreading upon swards as they are cut to augment the crop threefold; and the Chinese, we are told, are so well aware of the very great value of that manure, that they carefully collect the hair every time they have their heads shaved—and the operation is performed every fortnight—and sell it to their farmers. Now, the crop of hair which every individual leaves at the hair-cutting yearly, amounts to about half a pound; reckoning, therefore, at thirteen million, the number of individuals who are in Great Britain and Ireland, are undergoing the process of shaving and hair-cutting, we have a quantity of hair worth three hundred thousand tons of manure, and of a most valuable kind—since it represents, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand tons of ordinary farm-yard manure—which might be collected almost without trouble, but which, on the contrary, such our carelessness or indolence in those matters, is, I believe, invariably swept away in our streets or sewers, and utterly wasted.

Hoing.—No implement on the farm is in more demand than the hoe in the month of June. Get a good one and keep it smooth and bright. Let it be of the right weight remembering that he who makes with a common hoe, two thousand strokes an hour, should not wield a needless ounce. If any part is heavier than necessary, even to the amount of half an ounce only, he must repeatedly and continually lift the half ounce, so that the whole strength thus spent would be equal, in a day, to twelve hundred and fifty pounds, which ought to be exerted in stirring the soil and destroying the weeds. It is important, also, to see that the hoe stands just right, neither too nor too much, but in that position which will enable the person to stand in an easy attitude while using it. Hoing is of the utmost importance in farm husbandry. It keeps the ground in fine tilth, which is its proper condition to receive light and heat, and the important atmospheric influences.

Weeds.—These are merely grasses and other plants that grow up from the soil, and perhaps creep from the indolent and thoughtless, but they are really "beggars in disguise." How many fields and gardens would feel the plough and hoe, if no weeds appeared? and would in the evening, impetuous crust, resisting all efforts, and the general sun or cooling dew to enter and feed the starting roots. But the weeds spring up as faithful monitors to prompt us to duty! calling us from field to garden, as each demands attention. Look no longer, then, upon the weeds as pests and plagues, but by careful industry exclude them from your crops which you prefer to them.

Watering.—Water copiously and rarely; a constant drizzling cakes the ground, and is of little service to the roots.

The Garden.—Pass through the garden once a day at least; give it an hour in the morning, and another in the evening, if possible; no part of the farm will pay you better than the garden crops. Copee some of the hens near and allow the chickens to go at will over the garden; and they will be able to obtain what meat they require with their vegetable diet.

Some motions and cucumbers towards the last of the month for pickling.

Grass.—In rich, moist spots, grass will grow rank, and sometimes lodge before the end of June. This should be cut early, and another crop may be taken from the same ground.

Cattle.—The stock still needs the master's eye. A little extra attention keeps the animals healthy and thrifty, and that is the only possible condition in which a profit can be derived from them.

Many Things.—The merchant watches the daily fluctuation of prices in his business, and calculates the loss and gain on them, and he looks at the eye. So must the farmer watch every minute innovation, whether by insect or weed, upon his crops, and carefully attend to each at the particular season when they demand it. Promptness, as well as neatness and order, should prevail in every department of the farm.—New England Farmer.

## The Garden.

The older we grow, the fonder we become of our garden. The time was "in our boyhood," when George IV. was king, that we wanted the aprons, and we were to drop the love, softly as a thistle down, the dimpled pool. But the love of the "gentle craft" subsided somewhat with the advance of years, and seems disposed to pass away unperceptibly into a pleasure of the imagination. With the return of the sweet verdure, the pious passion, indeed, only revived, we betake ourselves to study to repair our tackle, and to study "Stoddard." But were it not that tiny, too, Pascoe junior returns home from college, and excites the weaker flame in the paternal bosom by the ardour of his angling enthusiasm, and succeeds in luring us away to Lehigh, or some cherished upland stream, we doubt exceedingly if whether the most inviting, and streams of the most perfect that, and reports the most propitious regarding the inclinations of the young man, would withdraw us from our trout-poll, and bright-eyed auriculars. We feel indeed, that our affections are gradually concentrating themselves on the high grounds of philosophy, that it is wise that they should do so.

Cicero gives it as his opinion, that the superintendance of a garden is an employment appropriate to mature years; and although the sensual gaze left his abeyance, it is not difficult to see how the pursuits and pleasure of horticulture should be in unison with a disciplined understanding and a calm breast. Perfect wisdom pleading the perfect man in a garden, to do and keep it. The place and the duty must have been divinely congenial with the exercises of an undegraded heart. The love of the primeval calling seems to have descended in the bosom of the exiled race; the fresh flowers from the daisied mead, or play their little hands in the allotted patch of garden-ground. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"—some faint visionary gleam from Eden seems yet to rest on the infant soul, and with the dawn of reason, the first voice of childhood seems to say that Paradise should have been his home, and horticulture its proper vocation. It is, sadly

## Thoughts.

### Hints as to Manures.

Hoofs, hairs, feathers, skins, wool, contain more than fifty per cent. of carbon, and from thirteen to eighteen per cent. of nitrogen, besides sulphur, silica and lime of soda and magnesia. These substances hold, therefore, the first rank, as it were, among manures; and as a long time is required for their decomposition, their action may often last for seven or eight years. They yield excellent roots, especially when made into a compost for potatoes, turnips, hops, hay, and all such crops, and are also good for spreading upon swards as they are cut to augment the crop threefold; and the Chinese, we are told, are so well aware of the very great value of that manure, that they carefully collect the hair every time they have their heads shaved—and the operation is performed every fortnight—and sell it to their farmers. Now, the crop of hair which every individual leaves at the hair-cutting yearly, amounts to about half a pound; reckoning, therefore, at thirteen million, the number of individuals who are in Great Britain and Ireland, are undergoing the process of shaving and hair-cutting, we have a quantity of hair worth three hundred thousand tons of manure, and of a most valuable kind—since it represents, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand tons of ordinary farm-yard manure—which might be collected almost without trouble, but which, on the contrary, such our carelessness or indolence in those matters, is, I believe, invariably swept away in our streets or sewers, and utterly wasted.

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## Miscellaneous.

### Singular Race of Human Beings.

There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to the civilized world, and which is called Earthmen. They are totally distinct from our known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet. They are diminutive in size—mere pigmies—and unacquainted even with the art of building huts. They shelter themselves in caves and under the eaves of houses; when these are wanting they make artificial scoopings on the surface, which they line with leaves and cover with branches. The Hottentots and Bushmen are the wretched creatures of the Earthmen, and when they meet them they shoot them down like insects. The poor little defenceless Earthmen are familiar with the process of the conversation of iron into steel, and exhibit, in this respect, the grand error, in the above-mentioned subject, consists in our not duly understanding the nature of the change which carbon undergoes, in its combination with iron in the formation of steel. Those who are familiar with the process of the conversation of iron into steel, must have observed a remarkable change in the outward aspect of the bars of iron, after their conversion, viz: that they are covered with blisters. These blisters indicate the evolution of a very elastic gas, which is set free from the carbon on the set of its combination with the iron, and the nature of this gas is exhibited, in that the blisters are the result of the decomposition of carbon, whose metallic base enters into union with the iron, and forms with it an alloy, while the other component element of the carbon is given forth, and so produces, in its escape, the blisters in question. It is a very interesting question, in a very interesting question: What is the nature of this gas? In order to examine this, all that is necessary is to fill a wrought iron retort with a mixture of pure carbon and iron filings, subject to a long continued heat, and receive the evolved heat over mercury. Having obtained the gas in question, to this metal to be examined, a piece of polished steel to come in contact with this gas, and, in all probability, we shall then have reproduced, on the surface of the steel, the cost of carbon, resulting from the reunion of its two elements, viz: that of the metallic base of the carbon then existing in the steel, and the hydrogen gas which, chemically, as well as the alloyic process, eliminating the true nature of steel, and that of the elements or components of carbon.

Interesting Paragraphs.

The Fox.—The late Benjamin C. Yancy, Esq., an eminent lawyer, relates the following: A fox had been pursued, near his residence in England, several times; but the hounds always lost the track at a place where there was a foot-path leading down a steep hill. He, therefore, determined to conceal himself near this declivity the next time the Fox was started in order to catch him as he crossed the hill at this place. The animal was accordingly put up and chased, and first led the hounds through many bays and ponds in the woods, but at length came running over the brow of the hill along the path, stopped suddenly and spread himself out flat and motionless on the ground; the hounds came down the hill in pursuit at a distance, and the whole pack passed and did not stop until they were at the bottom of the hill. As soon as the immediate danger was over, the Fox, casting a furtive glance around him, started up, and ran off at his greatest speed on his "back track."—Audubon's Quadrupeds of America.

Large Trees.—There are now standing on the premises of John and Mahon Carter, in Byberry township, Pennsylvania, an Elm tree that measures 25 feet in circumference one foot from the ground, and the trunk retains its size with little diminution for over 300 years, where the limbs branch out. A curious incident is connected with the history of this tree, in the fact that the farm on which it stands, was taken by patent from William Penn, by John Carter, who came over from England, and that the premises have regularly descended from father to son by will, and always to "John Carter," of which the seventh of the name is residing thereon at the present time. It is very doubtful whether there is any other property in the country, which has never been sold. There are also growing on the premises two pear trees which came from England, with the original John Carter, one of which has a plentiful crop of pears at the present time.

There is also standing on the premises of Alfred Worthington, in the same township, a chestnut tree, that measures, one foot from the ground, 25 feet in circumference, and six feet from the ground 35 feet

## Health for a Shilling.

### HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF LOSS OF HEALTH, DISORDERED STOMACH, INDIGESTION AND DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, BY THE USE OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Copy of a Letter from Mr. John Lloyd, of Worcester, near Harlech, Merionethshire.

To Professor Holloway,  
I have the great opportunity of informing you, that for a very long period I was afflicted with a dangerous and frequent vomiting of the bowels, attended by loss of appetite, disordered stomach, and general prostration of health. Every means had failed to give me any permanent relief, and I was at length induced to try your Holloway's Pills, which I purchased on a recommendation of your Pills, which I had never before used. I was induced to try them, as I had heard that they were a very good medicine, and I was induced to try them, as I had heard that they were a very good medicine, and I was induced to try them, as I had heard that they were a very good medicine.

AN OLD SAYING AMENDED.—"You are rather late this morning, William," said good Mr. Rsewithhusen to a lagged apprentice who came at a late hour. "Yes, sir, but 'better late than ever,'" is an old saying," replied William. "A better late more worth, though it may not be so old."

THINGS TO BE FOUND OUT.—Nature is not exhausted. Within her fertile bosom there may be thousands of substances yet unknown, as precious as the only recently found guano perch. To doubt this, would be to repudiate the most logical inference of the history of the earth. Corn and the grape excepted, nearly all our staples in vegetable food are of comparatively modern discovery. Society had a long existence without tea, coffee, cotton, sugar, and potatoes. Who shall say that a more nutritious plant than the sugar cane, a finer root than the potato, a more useful tree than the cotton, a better fruit than the apple, exists in the bowels of the earth, which needs but the true diving rod of organized action for its discovery.—Athens.

COOL.—As a Southerner was walking the streets of New York the other night, he was accosted by three ruffians who pretended to be drunk, and asked him the time of night. "I will tell you," said he, in the blandest terms. Placing his hand in one of his pockets as if to draw out his time piece, and drawing out a watch instead, "it is just going to strike three." The ruffians vanished.

SAFETY FROM FROSTENED HORSES.—An invention has been made in the United States, which promises to be of great advantage to drivers in case of the sudden frost and running away of horses. It is a "safety swivel," an ingenious though simple contrivance, by which in the moment of danger, by the drawing of a strap in front of the carriage, the horse or horses, with the whole harness, may be liberated from the thrills, and the carriage and its occupants are left in safety.

A HINT TO OTHER EATERS.—When too many oysters have been incautiously eaten, and are left lying cold and heavy on the stomach, we have an infallible remedy in hot milk, of which half a pint may be drank, and it will quickly dissolve the oysters into a bland cream jelly. Weak and consumptive persons should always take this after their meals of oysters.

ELEPHANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The recent exploring tour of Dr. Livingston and Mr. Oswestry into the interior of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope, resulted in important discoveries, both in geography and natural history. They state that on the east coast of Africa the elephants are so numerous that, on the river Zongas, which falls into the Indian Ocean a few hundred miles north of the Cape of Good Hope, the bones of some hundred elephants have been killed in three years. Before the English traders made their way three years ago, the elephants' tusks were left to rot, and may still be seen, spoiled by sun and rain; but now more than 20,000 worth of ivory has come from that river since that time. The whole of that part of Africa is supposed to be very densely populated. The payment for goods in ivory, instead of money, is in a fair way to destroy the horrid traffic of the native chiefs selling their own countrymen.

ORIGIN OF THE POTATO.—So far as is known, the root is indigenous to this country, whence it was carried to England, in 1666, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and planted in his garden. Not being sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the plant, he was near consigning it to destruction in consequence of finding the apple, or fruit of the plant, bitter and unpalatable, and it was in digging them up that the edible potato was discovered. The plant thrives rapidly in the British Isles, but especially in Ireland. The potato alluded to in Shakespeare, as being common in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the convolvulus batata, of which Burnett says: "Not only were its tender roots, and young leaves and shoots, eaten as pot herbs, but they were candied, and made into various sweetmeats."

ORIGIN OF WHEAT.—A most curious and able dissertation upon the origin of wheat completely justifies the views we have held; for, although it does not show that oats change into rye, or any many believe, and offers support to some other speculations of the kind, nevertheless it demonstrates beyond all further question, that wheat is itself a transmutation of a kind of wild grass. M. Esprit Fabre, of Arge, well known to botanists as an acute observer and patient experimentalist, has made the discovery which has been introduced to public notice by professor Dana, of Montpellier.—Gardener's (Eng.) Chronicle.

"S T A R"  
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