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## A Prayer for us All.

God of the mountain, God of the storm,
God of the flowers, God of the worm!
Hear us and bless us,
Forgive us, redress us!
Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing—
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing—
Teach us to love thee,
To love one another, brother his brother
And make us all free—
Free from the shackels of ancient tradition,
Free from the censure of man for his neighbour;
Help us each one to fulfil his true mission,
And show us 'tis manly, 'tis God-like to labour!

God of the darkness, God of the sun,
God of the beautiful, God of each one!
Clothe us and feed us,
Illumine and lead us!
Show us that avarice holds us in thrall—
That the land is all thine, and thou givest to all.
Scatter our blindness;
Help us to do right, all the day and the night,
To love mercy and kindness;
Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past;
Show us our future to cheer us and arm us,
The upper, the better, the mansions thou hast.
And God of the grave, that the grave cannot harm us.

## Love of the Word.

"How readest thou?"

The Bible is the book which all true servants of God have always *lived on* and *loved*.

Every living thing which God creates requires food. The life that God imparts needs sustaining and nourishing. It is so with animal and vegetable life—with birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, insects, and plants. It is equally so with spiritual life. When the Holy Ghost raises a man from the death of sin, and makes him a new creature in Christ Jesus, the new principle in that man's heart requires food, and the only food which sustains it is the word of God.

There never was a man or woman converted, from one end of the world to the other, who did not love the revealed will of God. Just as a child born into the world desires naturally the milk provided for its nourishment, so does a soul born again desire the sincere milk of the word. This is a common mark of all the children of God: they "delight in the law of the Lord."

Show me a person who despises Bible-reading, or thinks little of Bible-preaching, and I hold it to be a certain fact that he is not yet born again. He may be zealous about forms and ceremonies; he may be diligent in attending sagraments and daily services. But if these things are more precious to him than the Bible, I cannot think he is a converted man. Tell me what the Bible is to a man, and I will generally tell you what he is. This is the pulse to try; this is the barometer to look at, if we would know the state of the heart. I have no motion of the Spirit dwelling in a man, and not giving clear evidence of his presence. And I believe it to be a signal evidence of the Spirit's presence when the word is really precious to a man's soul.

Love to the word is one of the characteristics we see in Job. Little as we know of this patriarch and his age, this at least stands out clearly. He says, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than necessary food." Job xxiii, 12.

Love to the word is a shining feature in the character of DAVID. Mark how it appears all through that wonderful part of Scripture, the 119th Psalm. He might well say, "O how I love thy law!"

Love to the word is a striking point in the character of ST. PAUL. What were he and his companions but men mighty in the Scriptures? What were his sermons but expositions and applications of the word?

Love to the word appears pre-eminently in our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. He read it publicly. He quoted it continually. He expounded it frequently. He advised the Jews to search it. He used it as his weapon to resist the devil. He said repeatedly, "The Scriptures must be fulfilled." Almost the last thing he did was to "open the understanding of his diciples, that they might understand the Spriptures." Ah! readers, that man can be no true servant of Christ who has not something of his Master's mind and feeling toward the Bible.

Love to the word has been a prominent feature in the history of *all the saints*, of whom we know anything, since the days of the apostles. This is the lamp which Athanasius and Chrysostom, and Augustine followed. This is the compass which kept the Waldenses and Albigenses from making ship wreck of the faith. This is the well which was reopened by Wiclif and Luther, after it had been long stopped up. This is the sword with which Latimer, and Jewell, and Knox won their victories. This is the manna which fed Baxter, and Owen, and the noble hosts of the Puritans, and made them strong to battle. This is the armory from which Whitefield and Wesley drew their powerful weapons. This is the mane from which Bickersteth and M'Cheyne brought forth rich gold. Differing as these holy men did in some matters, on one point they all agreed—they all delighted in the word.

Love to the word is one of the first things that appears in the *converted heathen*, at the various missionary stations throughout the world. In hot climates and in cold, among savage people and among civilized, in New Zealand, in the South Sea Islands, in Africa, in Hindostan, it is always the same. They enjoy hearing it read. They long to be able to read it themselves. They wonder why Christians did not send it to them before.—How striking is the picture which Moffat draws of the Africaner, the fierce South African chieftain, when first brought under the power of the gospel! "Often have I seen him," he says, "under the shadow of a great rock nearly the livelong day, eagerly pursuing the pages of the Bible." How touching is the expression of a poor converted negro, speaking of the Bible! He says, "It is never old, and never cold." How affecting was the language of another old negro, when some would have dissuaded him from learning to read, because of his great age!—"No!" he said, "I will never give it up till I die. It is worth all the labour to be able to read that one verse, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish but have eternal life.'"

Love to the Bible is one of the grand points of agreement among all *concerted men and women in our land*. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Independents, Methodists,—all unite in honouring the Bible as soon as they are real Christians. This is the manna which all the tribes of Israel feed upon, and find satisfying food. This is the fountain round which all the various portions of Christ's flock meet together, and from which no sheep goes thirsty away. O that believers in this country would learn to cleave more closely to the written word! O that they would see that the more the Bibles and the Bible only, is the substance of mens', religion, the more they agree! It is probable that there never was an uninspired book more universally admired than Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. It is a book which all denominations of Christians delight to honor. It has won a praise from all parties. Now, what a striking fact it is, that the author was pre-eminently a man of one book! He had read hardly anything but the Bible.

Away with the foolish idea, that making the Bible alone the rule of faith, hinders unity, and that those who profess to glory in the Bible, and nothing but the Bible, are hopelessly divided! It is a weak invention of the enemy. It is a base calumny. No doubt there is much dissention and party spirit among mere outward professors; but among the great bulk of believing Protestants there is a wonderful amount of unity—real, thorough, and deep—far deeper than the boasted unity of Rome. Their differences are merely about the outward trappings of Christianity. About the body of the faith they all agreed. Their differences are studiously exaggerated by the enemies of the true religion. Their points of argument, such as the "Harmony of Protestant Confessions" exhibits, are studiously kept out of sight. Their differences are differences which, in time of common danger, are soon forgotten. Their unity is a unity which, in front of sin, heathenism, and persecution, stands boldly out. Ridley and Hooper forgot their old disagreements when they found themselves in Queen Mary's prisons.—Churchmen and Nonconformists laid aside their quarrels when James II. tried to bring back popery to England. Protestant missionaries of different denominations find that they can pray together, when they are in the midst of idolaters. Protestant believers in London have proved to the world that they can agree to labour together for the conversion of souls, by maintaining that glorious institution, the London City Mission. And what is the secret of all this deep-seated unity? It comes from this—that all believers on earth are not only born of one Spirit, but also read one holy book, and feed on the bread of one Bible.

Ah! reader, it is a blessed thought that there will be "much people" in heaven at last. Few as the Lord's people undoubtedly are at any one given time or place, yet, all gathered together at last, they will be "a multitude that no man can number." They will be of one heart and mind. They will have passed through like experience. They will have repented, lived, lived holy, prayerful, and humble. They will have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. But one thing besides all this they will have in common. They will all love the texts and doctrines of the Bible. The Bible will have been their food and delight in the days of their pilgrimage on earth. And the Bible will be a common subject of joyful meditation and retrospect, when they are gathered together in heaven.

Reader, this book, which all true Christians live upon and love, is the subject about which I am addressing you this day. Surely, it is no light matter what you are doing with the Bible. Surely, it is a matter for serious inquiry, whether you know anything of this love to the word, and have this mark of "walking in the footsteps of his flock." I charge you, I entreat you, to give an honest answer to my question. What art thou doing with the Bible? Dost thou read it? HOW READEST THOU?—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

## Pulpit Eloquence.

A writer in the N. O. Christian Advocate in sketching some of the early Mississippi Methodists, gives the following interesting account of remarkable effects of pulpit eloquence.—In the life of John Flavel, a renowned dissenting preacher of England, it is said "one of those omens, which are supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nest close to the window of the chamber of his mother, and, with their delicious notes, sang the birth of him whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which gave songs in the night." I cannot assert that the oratorical distinction of John C. Burruss was preceded by any such incident, but it has seldom been my fortune to hear a more mellifluous and seductive speaker. In very early life, a student of Washington City, I heard the famous Summerfield, a young Methodist itinerant. His face and form were of womanly, almost of angelic beauty. A divine lustre beamed in his eyes. His clear, full, sonorous voice—*vox canora*—fell like the tones of a mountain bell one moment, and anon came crashing, thundering down, with terrible effect, on the startled masses, forcing them to cry aloud and crowd together, with uplifted arms, as though for shelter, from an impending avalanche. His eloquence shook sin from its citadels and dragged vice and fashion from their "pride of place." The sensation he produced was tremendous. Multitudes followed his footsteps. As a field preacher he towered along-side of Whitfield; but soon went down to the grave, consumed by his own fire, and called to a higher sphere for some inscrutable purpose.

It is related of Bossuet that, when he pronounced the funeral sermon of the Princess Henrietta and described her dying agonies, the whole audience arose from their seats, with terror in every countenance.

When Massillon ascended the pulpit, on the death of Louis XIV, he contemplated, for a moment the impressive spectacle—the chapel draped in black—the magnificent mausoleum raised over the bier—the dim but vast apartment filled with trophies of the glory of the monarch, and with the most illustrious persons in the kingdom.—He looked down on the gorgeous scene beneath, then raised his arms to Heaven and said in a solemn, subdued tone, "*Mes freres, Dieu seul est grand!*" "God only is great." With one impulse, all the audience rose, turned to the altar, and reverently bowed.

When Dr. Hussey preached at Waterford, on the small number of the elect, he asked "whether, if the arch of Heaven were to open, and the Son of Man should appear to judge his hearers, it were quite certain that three—that two—nay, trembling for myself as well as for you, is it certain that even one of us," he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "would be saved?" During the whole of this apostrophe, the audience was agonized. At the ultimate interrogation, there was a general shriek, and some fell to the ground.

M. Bridain, a French missionary, and the peer of the most renowned orators of that eloquent nation, preached a sermon at, Bagnole. At the end of it, he lifted up his arms and therice cried in a loud voice, O ETERNITY! At the third repetition of this awful cry, the whole audience fell upon their knees. During three days consternation pervaded the town. In the public places, young and old were heard crying aloud, "Mercy! O Lord, Mercy!

Cardinal Maury, in the *Essai sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire*, relates many such instances and the history of the Methodists, particularly, abounds with them. You furnish more orators than all the other denominations combined—orators that alarm the soul—that speak to the heart—that shake the whole man as with the tramp of an earthquake.

The gifted Summerfield was one of this order of men. When he first appeared in the national metropolis, preceded by his fame, the Methodist Church, and every avenue to it, was so thronged that it was proposed to proceed to the hall of the House of Representatives. When he arrived there, he could not reach the speaker's chair and he was conducted to the east portico, where the Presidents are inaugurated and the multitude filled the square. His first words were—"*My friends, Death is here!*" These terrible words, slowly pronounced, fell, like the last sentence, on almost every ear. The movement was every where perceptible, and in half an hour many were shrieking, swooning and crying aloud for mercy. Mr. Clay stood near the speaker, and pronounced him the greatest orator of the age.

It was at one of the early conferences in Mississippi that I first saw John C. Burruss. He is a native of Caroline county, Va., but then resided in Alabama. He was in the prime of life, with a physiognomy decidedly classical—an eagle eye, a bold high forehead, a nose prominent and aquiline, the mouth wide, lips thin, delicately chisseled, and firmly compressed, throwing over the countenance a blended expression of benevolence and firmness. His hair was fair, and worn long, and his costume strictly clerical and scrupulously neat. Some eminent preacher had just concluded an impressive discourse, and a very solemn feeling—deep and intense—prevailed. Mr. Burruss, a stranger to the whole congregation, commenced singing a revival hymn, and the feeling grew deeper and deeper. He read from the epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, Ch. x. and took his text from verse 25 to 39, inclusive. Read the chapter, and you will find how appropriate it is for such an occasion and such a discourse as he delivered. He began in a low tone—so low that it required the closest attention to hear him—and this is what he was aiming at—to concentrate the attention of the large and agitated congregation. His manner was extremely solemn, and at the same time, so insinuating that each hearer, seemed to feel that he himself was the object of special interest with the preacher. Gradually he pitched his voice to a higher key—not loud—but *vox argentea*, the silvery voice which Cicero praises so much. His manner grew animated, his gesticulation expressive, with such a flow of harmonious cadences, of beautiful words, of poetical imagery and persuasive appeal, the whole congregation was enraptured—captives to the fascinations of elocution. Having made this favorable impression, he addressed himself to the feelings of his hearers, and painted their errors, their sins, their ingratitude and their crimes with colors so vivid that many hung down their heads in shame, and felt that they were the basest of criminals. Groans began to be heard; and when he described the perils of their position, vengeance about to fall upon them, groans were followed by shrieks, and many, involuntary and terror-stricken, moved towards the altar, as though for protection. Observing this the skilful orator made a rapid transition, and, with inimitable pathos, dwelt on the sacrifice of our Saviour and the efficacy of his blood. His own eyes filled with tears; his voice trembled. Unable to proceed, he descended from the pulpit, and the whole congregation wept with him. Sobs and cries were heard in every quarter. The revival had commenced, and it went on from day to day; the ministers caught the holy fire, and throughout the bounds of Conference its influence was felt.

## The Best Church—The Best Preacher.

It is an instructive fact, that when Christ was crucified, there was a thief upon his right hand, and another upon his left, as if to lead the sinner's eye to look neither to the right nor left, but to rivet it upon the Lamb that hung between. It is possible for us now, when we profess to draw near to Christ, to draw near the sacrament, yet not to him the substance; to draw near to the Church, and rest on it, and find it as a tomb, instead of drawing near to Christ, and resting on him, and feeling in him a Saviour And whatever in the ministers, or in the rites and ceremonies of the Church, so rivets you that it keeps you there, and prevents you rising higher, is the very essence of all anti-Christian superstition. If, for instance, the architecture of the church should fascinate you and keep you from thinking of Him who fills the church with his glory, it may be beautiful architecture, but it is bad divinity. Or if the splendour of the language of the minister's sermon should so captivate you; or if his doctrine, or his illustrations, or his metaphors should so dazzle you, that you lose the great, penetrating, riveting thoughts they were designed to convey, it may be an eloquent address, but it is a very worthless sermon. Whatever, in short, keeps you from the great end and aim of all ministry—the Lord Jesus Christ—ought not to be there. It is the beauty of a proposition in Euclid that every step helps you to the conclusion; and it is the highest evidence of all true architecture, all poetry, and all painting, that everything in it and about it, has a tendency to contribute to one great point for which the painting of the building was desighed. So in all Church ceremonies and services, in all preaching, in all reading, in all prayer, in all praise, we ought to be carried directly, and without obstruction, to him who is, and ought to be, the Alpha and Omega of all. Hence it is the best creed which proclaims Christ most clearly; he is the best preacher who points you to the Lamb of God most distinctly; and that is the best and most apostolic Church, in which you can learn to know and love your Saviour most simply and directly.—*Dr. Cummings.*

## The War.

There is, perhaps, scarcely an inhabitant of this land who does not, in some degree, share the common feeling of interest which animates England, as she gazes in the direction of those regions where our armies are at present engaged in mortal strife. How much is at stake that involves the interests and security of Europe! How much, too, especially affecting the spiritual prosperity and happiness of men! Touched by the scenes enacting around him, the heart of the Christian is pained with deepest anguish by considerations that more paticularly affect those who desire the establishment of the kingdom of peace and righteousness on the earth. Such minds are averse to *all* war; and with troubled thoughts they kneel to pray, perplexed how to give utterance to the emotions which oppress them; and in what way to express the longings which cannot find ready utterance, because connected with subjects so incongruous with those which usually occupy them, when approaching the throne of their Father in heaven. They hope, and may even cherish the belief, that Christ's kingdom will be advanced by the results of this contest; but their part is rather that of "watchers," who "keep silence," and observe what transpires around them. Their position seems indicated in the 46th Psalm, verses 8, 9, 10, 11. When they behold the "desolations which are made in the earth," they are "still," because they know that God is the ruler of the nations, and that it is in his hand to give the award, and to determine the destiny of the people upon the face of the whole earth.

There are, however, some gleams of light, some indications of a hopeful character, which may encourage these servants of the Prince of Peace. Small things indicate the movement of the tides, great changes begin with gentle under-currents, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible in the beginning; and it requires careful observation and attentive consideration to weigh the probable operation, and anticipate the coming results of such influences. There is one remark made by good and observant minds at the present time. It is the manifest reluctance, the earnest disinclination of men to engage in strife and warfare. So strong, indeed, was this feeling, and so protracted were the negotiations entered into for the purpose of averting if possible, the present contest, that many of the more impatient thought the thing was carried too far, and even to the verge of impropriety, so as even to risk unduly the honour of this nation. Is there not in this fact a pleasing and encouraging promise of good? May not the Christian mention it before God as a plea in favour of his beloved country at this juncture of her affairs?

We were struck and interested, the other day, while reading the life of the venerable Mr. Jay, to find him giving this testimony to the improvement and progression of things during his lifetime: "I have," he says, "a better opinion of mankind than I had, when I began my public life. I cannot, therefore, ask, 'What is the cause why the former days were better than these?' I do not believe in the fact itself. God has not been throwing away duration upon the human race. The state of the world *has* been improved, and is improving. What noble efforts are made, in this day, to break every joke, and let the oppressed go free! How is the tendency to war on every slight pretext, giving away to reference and negotiation! I cannot look at these various progressions without exclaiming, 'What hath God wrought!'" Our venerable friend proceeds to say that, when he first went to London, there were no missionary societies, but those of the Moravian and Wesleyan brethren; "nor had we then that noblest of all institutions since the apostolic era, the Bible Society, nor the Tract Society, nor the Anti-Slavery Society or Peace Societies, nor the many other kindred institutions which are, at present, all sending forth the truth as it is in Jesus—all carrying on their operations with prayer, and all crowned with encouragement and success, proportioned to their means and endeavours."

In harmony with these hopeful opinions, are many things which a good man may hail as the legitimate result of such labours. There are not wanting these indications even in the current worldly literature of the day; a different and more modified tone is now adopted. Courtesy and mutual forbearance among those who meet each other on the field of contest are recommended and praised, and the appeal is made no longer to brute force, but to higher and better influences. Pleasing too, and cheering beyond all that we have yet mentioned, are the evidences that among men of war there is a better spirit than there was of yore. Many, very many, among our officers and commanders are men who fear God, who sincerely deplore the evils of that profession which they follow, and whose faithful endeavour it is to mitigate to the utmost of their power the horrors of war. Is it a small thing to know that Christian officers in the Madras Presidency can now assure us, that there is not one of their regiments in which there is not at least one decided Christian officer, and that there are many which have several? Can we forget, too, the striking intelligence connected with the last campaign of the Punjaub, that there were held in the camp large prayer-meetings of united bodies of pious officers and men, and that in her majesty's twenty-fourth regiment, which suffered so severely at Chillianwallah, a large number of men, amounting to upwards of two hundred were communicants, and many of them devout believers?

Already there have been presented some encouraging prospects of usefulness through the medium of the Bible and Sailors' Societies, and the Tract Society, in connection with the operations of our countrymen in the present war. An interesting letter from Captain H. C. Otter, H. M. S. Alban was published in the Monthly Extracts of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on July the 31st of last year. After stating that the grant of Bibles made by the Society has been very useful, especially those in the Swedish language, which is spoken in the greater part of the Baltic, the captain says: "As every man and child I have met, can read the tracts and Bibles which have been dispensed, I trust that there are good hopes of much benefit being derived from them." In Turkey, also, kindred movements have taken place.

Among those, too, who are opposed to our arms, we have occasion thankfully to acknowledge instances of kindly feeling, and some even of true devout goodness. Such cases are not unfrequent, blessed be God! and they are sometimes unexpectedly brought to notice. Perhaps our readers will find pleasure in reading the following cheering instances of the blessed influences of piety and goodwill between men unhappily engaged in strife and blood-shedding.

Few events have excited more interest in the course of the present war than the wreck and capture of H. M. S. Tiger, near Odessa, A narration of this disastrous affair has been recently given by the first lieutenant Alfred Royer, who was himself an actor in it, and who went as prisoner of war to St. Petersburgh, where he saw the grand duke Constantine as well as the Emperor, from whom he received his liberty, and permission to return to England. After the capture of the ship, and the night after the crew of the Tiger had been landed at Odessa, the lieutenant says: "It may afford some consolation to our friends at home to know, that in the confusion of disembarking there were many who brought away with them their prayer-books and Bibles, in preference to other property which remained on board." Aye, truly, it may and does afford consolation to the Christian's heart to learn that these poor captives, amid the haste and terror of those scenes, forgot not the treasure of the heavenly word—nay, even preferred it before the goods of earth!

The Russian general Osten Sacken, showed great kindness to the unfortunate prisoners during their detention at Odessa. He paid daily visits to the captain and officers, and also to the hospital, and seemed much gratified when he saw William Tanner, (one of the men who had been wounded, but who recovered,) engaged in frequently reading his Bible. The general was evidently a man of kindly nature and of religious feelings. "He never visited the establishment" (the lieutenant says,) "without going to the graves of his enemies, and there he might often be seen, absorbed in meditation, offering up supplication to the Lord of Hosts." The amiable lady of this kind general also manifested no less kindness and considerate attention towards the prisoners and the wounded. She supplied them from her own house with various delicacies and necessaries, and when the poor boy, Thomas Hood died, she caused an iron railing to be placed around his grave, and planted trees to overshadow it. She had, not long before lost a son about the age of this lad, and appeared deeply interested for the parents of the deceased, and also for those of the young midshipman, who also died; and to the mother of the latter, she sent a gold locket containing some of his hair.

Our limits do not permit us to add any further details from this very interesting narrative. The compassionate benevolence evinced by these kind individuals towards our countrymen, whom the "chances of war" consigned to their tender mercies, naturally lead us to ask how have their countrymen, who have been taken prisoners by our arms, been cared for? And it is some consolation to know that a favourble answer may be given to this inqniry. The Russian prisoners, while at Sheerness, were visited by Mr. Hahn, the excellent agent of the British and Foreign Sailors Society, and supplied with copies of the Scriptures, which were received with alacrity. Divine service, too, was performed on board one of the vessels, at which the men readily attended.

Surely every friend of humanity must applaud the attempts of the learned and excellent Grotius to blend maxims of humanity with military operations, and thus mitigate the woes of the most awful scourge that Providence employs for the chastisement of man! "Instead of showing our love to our country by engaging eagerly in the strife of parties, let us choose to signalize it rather by beneficence, by piety, by an exemplary discharge of the duties of private life, under a persuasion that *that* man, in the final issue of things, would seem to have been the best patriot, who is the best Christian." These are the words of that eloquent preacher, Robert Hall, in his sermon entitled, "Reflections on War," from which wise, beautiful, and pathetic addrsss, we will give one more short passage as a conclusion to this paper.

"To acknowledge the hand of God is a duty, indeed, at all times; but there are seasons when it is made so bare, that it is next to impossible, and, therefore, signally criminal, to overlook it. It is almost unnecessary to add that the present is one of those seasons. If ever we are expected to 'be still, and know that he is God,' it is on such an occasion as this, when we so evidently behold 'the works of the Lord, and the desolations which he maketh in the earth.' It is surely of the utmost consequence to see to it, that our humiliations are deep, our repentance sincere, and the disposition we cherish, as well as the resolutions we form, suitable to the nature of the crisis, and the solemnity of the occasion; such, in a word, as Omniscience will approve."—*Cottager's Friend.*

GOD OF MY MOTHER.—Rev. Charles Morgan, of East Troy, Wisconsin, in giving an accout of a religious revival in that place, says:

"An infidel of talent and respectability under the power of the truth, bowed upon his knees, and cried in agony:

"God of my mother have mercy on me!"

"His mother is a devoted Christian in the Sate of New York.

'God of my mother! How much is revealed in that single exclamation; how conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impress on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time and sin; and how eloquently it pleads with other christian mothers to be diligent in inculcating the religion of Jesus, and encourages them to expect the quickening of the seed which they sow, though it be buried long.

## The Bible and the Slave Woman.

A lady, who was acting as a colporteur, relates the following story. In passing along one of the streets of Louisville, she saw a slave woman at a well, getting some water. She approached her, and asked her if she could read. She replied, "Why do you ask me that question?" The lady said, "I have some good books to sell." The slave said, "What kind of books are they?" The lady replied "Bibles." "O, yes, the Bible is a good book indeed! it is the book of books," replied the slave; when the lady said, "Have you a Bible?" She replied, "I have not; but I can read the Bible, and I do read in the Bible belonging to my mistress. Do you read the Bible?" "O, yes," the lady said, when the slave said to the lady, "Do you enjoy religion?" The lady said, "I do. Do you?" "Yes, indeed, I do; and I have the heavenly fire burning in my soul every day. This is our privilege; and I enjoy the privilege of preaching Jesus Christ here at this pump every day." The lady asked her if she would buy a Bible. She replied, "I would be glad to buy one, but I have no money at this time;" when the lady said, "I will trust you for one." The slave said, "Well, then, I will take one, [the price was but thirty cents.] I live in that large brick house yonder, and if you call next Friday you will be sure of your pay; or, if you please to call to-morrow, you can have it." So she took her Bible under her arm, and started for home, singing,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

The lady called at the house, where she said she lived, on the next Friday. I forgot to say, that after she started for home with her Bible, the lady saw another slave woman standing near, and inquired of her if she knew the woman that bought the Bible. "O, yes," she said, "I know her well: she will pay you; you need not fear about that." "I did not ask you on that account, but wish to know her name;" when the slave woman said, "I am not a Christian; but she preaches to me every day. She is a very good woman—better than one-half of the preachers." Well, the lady did not see the slave when she called at her home, but saw the daughter of her mistress, and asked for her mother. She soon came, and on seeing the Bibles, said, "I suppose you are the lady who sold the Bible to my servant the other day on credit?" when she replied, "I did." "Well, I am very glad you did; for she is a very faithful servant, and a very pious Christian—much more so than myself, although I belong to the Church, and profess religion too; I wish I possessed such piety as my servant does; she rises in the morning at 3 o'clock, and sings and prays till 5, when she comes down stairs singing and praising God, and commences her labours with great pleasure to herself, and profit to me." The slave said to the lady, "I would like to have one of your gilt edge Bibles soon, when I get the money to pay for it;" when her mistress said, "What would you do with it, since you have one?" "O, I wish to send it to my brother in Lexington." The servant having gone out, the lady bought two nice gilt edge ones, and told the lady not to tell the servant that she had purchased any Bibles, no doubt to surprise her by giving one to send to her dear brother in Lexington.

## "Builded Together."

I have been struck with this expression, occurring as it does in an inspired description of a church; (Eph. ii, 22;) and regard it as setting forth very beautifully the idea of a united individual. "Builded together."—There is as much difference, in point of utility and beauty, between a number of believers planning and working each one in his own way, and every one independent of his brethren, as there is between a huge heap of Kentish rag-stone and an elaborate piece of masonry; yet in the massive wall every stone preserves its identity; there is communion without coalescence. We are "builded together;" not choosing our own place or work: but the great Master-builder appoints each one his position. We cannot all be corner-stones or top-stones,—that where a strange building which had naught but these: some must lie hid beneath the surface as foundation-stones, some must connect corner with corner, and others again, must lie buried in the wall, but each is useful in its own place; and that will be a happy and useful church whose members are "builded together,"—where each has a place, and keeps it,—where each has a work, and does it. To the working out of this compound principle, we look for the world-wide diffusion of the blessing of the gospel of peace. The thing so much wanted is united yet individual effort; the unity of units, and the unitedness of unity; a blending of strength, yet a personality of action; a oneness of spirit, yet a separateness of endeavour; a unity of aim and motive, yet a unitedness of cherished responsibility and patient labour. No one can do much, but every one can do something; and the great work of evangelizing this land, and through it all lands, can be accomplished instrumentally by the united efforts of individuals. It is the duty, and it ought to be the joy, of every believer to do something every day to hasten the consummation of his Saviour's purpose of unmingled mercy.

LET ME PRAY FIRST.—A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town, a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves in a very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing the boys, one of them, by accident, threw a stone toward her and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony.—The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready?

"No father; not yet," she replied.

"What do you wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with a patience worthy of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears, under these trying circumstances; Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and he will love every child that calls upon his name. Let every boy and girl learn to pray; and let idle boys be careful how they throw stones.

## Trust in God.

"In quietness and confidence shall be my strength—Isa. xxx, 15

It is observable that both Christ and his apostles are most strenuous in warning their disciples against carefulness. There is no commandment in the keeping of which there is a more immediate reward than that by which we are charged against indulging oppressive or disquieting thoughts about the things of a present evil world. Our Saviour, indeed, gives us no warrant of extending our anxieties on this point beyond the present day; he counts these anxieties to be enough for us: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." When to-morrow comes, it will bring its cares and its necessities along with it. And what a mighty relief would it yield to one's spirit, could we cast all our care about futurity on Him who careth for us—could we "be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, make our requests known unto God," and thus be enabled to give our entire mind to the one thing needful, an undistracted strength to the seeking of the kingdom of God and its righteousness! But, though every day brings its cares, and we are called upon not to care for to-morrow, yet every day brings also its duties; and there can be no doubt that what the hand findeth then to do, we should do with all our might; and, indeed, it is by the strenuous performance of this day's duties that futurity often is provided for."—*Chalmers' Letters.*

"Awake, our souls; away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

"True: 'tis a straight and thorny road
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of all his saints."

Give me, I beseech thee, O Lord, the spirit of steadfast faith in thy care over me, and a cheerful contented resignation to thy better will in all things. In quietness and confidence in thy love, through Christ Jesus, let me seek the strength that I need in all those vexing anxieties and troubles, unto which my sinful flesh is heir; and endue me, Lord, with a quiet mind and peaceful conscience, that, in single-hearted dependence upon thee, I may neither disquiet myself by over-carefulness, nor dishonour thee by want of trust in thy good and gracious providence; and this I ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

TRUE GROUND OF CHRISTIAN COMFORT.—I have for thirty-five years been in search of Christian comfort, but have never found it but in one frame of mind—self-renunciation: i. e. when the mind is brought to discard all idea of ability or merit of its own, and relies wholly for its justification, sanctification and redemption on the merits of Christ. Its faith, its repentance, its prayers, its performances of ever description, must find their acceptance always through the righteousness of Christ. The purest thoughts the most devout exercises, must be washed in the blood of Christ, or they never find their way to God, and this must be constantly believed, or there will be no genuine peace. All that peace which is derived from thinking of of our own works or frames, is false or transitory. It is false, because it is built on self-righteousness; it is transitory, because it has no foundation in truth. A great deal of the early experience of Christians is of this sort. But as they make more progress in the divine life, they come more and more upon the work of Christ for everything.—This is being built up in the most holy faith; this is becoming grown in Christ Jesus; this is the full corn in the ear, and the mustard seed that I have learned these many years. That Christ is to be all in our joy, all in our hope, all in our duties, all of everything and in all of everything in religion; we must have no thoughts or exercises, but Christ must be the leading idea. His merits must never be forgotton, never be the least slighted, if we would preserve our comfort—and why so? Because there is nothing else but this can stand before God, and between this and the holy law. There is no peace for the truly enlightened conscience when it is not sprinkled with blood. He that expects to preserve his hopes or his joys by depending on his outward or inward works, has learned nothing as yet. Believing we rejoice.—Then let us expect nothing but through Christ, hear nothing but through Christ. Let him be the Alpha and Omega in all our religious experiences, and we shall be comforted believers. And particularly let us keep in mind that all our imperfect services must be accepted only through the perfected righteousness of Jesus.—*Watchman & Obs.*

JESTS UPON SCRIPTURE.—It is very common with some persons, says the *Christian Messenger*, to raise a laugh by means of some ludicrous story connected with a text of Scripture. Sometimes it is a play on the words, a pun; at other times a blunder; and not seldom a downright impiety. Whatever be its form, even when lightest, it is no venial offence, leading as it does to profane contempt of God's word. Those who practise this have never been celebrated for genuine wit. The laughter which they call forth is provoked solely by the unexpected contrast between the solemn words of Scripture and some dull idea. There is no real wit in the case; and the dullest persons in society are most remarkable for these attempts.

The evils arising from this practice are greater than appear at first. It leads, in general, to irreverence for Scripture. No man would jest with the dying words of his father or his mother; yet the words of God are quite as solemn. When we have heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with a text of Scripture, such is the power of association, that we never hear the text afterwards without thinking of the jest. The effect of this is obvious. He who was much engaged in this kind of false wit will come at length to have a large portion of Holy Scripture spotted over by his unclean fancy.

HAPPY, thrice happy, the families in whose narrow circle no heart can grieve or rejoice alone—where friends can say to each other daily, with actions rather than words, "Thy joys, thy happinesses are mine, too." Beautiful is the peaceful, the quiet home, which protectingly encloses the weary pilgrim of earth, which collects around its friendly-blazing hearth, the old man leaning on the staff, the strong, middle-aged man, the loving wife and happy children, who dance and sport around in their blessed earthly heaven, and who finish a day passed in innocence with grateful prayers upon their smiling lips.

The Provincial Wesleyan.

## Correspondence.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

### "The Modern Crusade."

SIR,—A pamphlet has just fallen into my hands entitled "The Last Confederacy of Gentiles against Israel, by the Rev. E. Lillingstone, B. A.; with a Preface EXPOSING THE ERRORS OF THE MODERN CRUSADE."

Who the Rev. E. Lillingstone is, I know not; nor shall I at present trouble myself with his composition; but a few strictures upon "The Preface" may be allowed to me on the ground of self-defence.

Your readers must know that this "Preface" is an anonymous production, and has no printer's name; for which reasons it should have been passed in silence by me, but for its somewhat imposing title: "A Tract for the Times, No. 3."

This anonymous author is evidently a Millenarian, and it would seem that he has attacked "The Modern Crusade" only because in some particulars it comes in collision with the unexplained and unexplainable theory of Millenarianism; the advocates of which system frequently claim the sole right of explaining the Prophecies, and of denouncing, *ex cathedra*, every exposition thereof, that does not fully accord with their incomprehensible hypothesis.

This Tractarian commences his attack thus—p. 4.

"The readers of 'The Last Confederacy of Gentiles against Israel,' can form some idea of the false and absurd interpretations contained in 'The Crusade,' when he hears some of the conclusions at which the author arrives—conclusions so directly opposed to the spirit and letter of Ezekiel's and every other prophecy."

It will probably strike the readers of the *Provincial Wesleyan* as not a very correct or honourable way for a literary opponent to deny a conclusion without replying to the argument. This method, however, our unknown critic has adopted; for without a single word about the argument, he endeavours to hold up to ridicule the conclusion as found p. 37. He says:

"The peoples upon whom Gog purposes to vent his wrath, are, says the author of the Crusade, 'Persia, Ethiopia, and Libya, Gomer and Togarmah!' Whereas, from the prophecy it is manifest that those nations are to be *confederates* of Gog. See Ezekiel xxxviii, 1—7, 9, 15."

"*Non constat*," say the lawyers; or in plain English, it is not "*manifest*," that these nations are "*confederates* of Gog," and the texts referred to will not prove it.

Like many others, our critic here evidently blunders at the word "Gog" in the third verse, and seems to consider it as a *nominative case*; whereas in the sentence, verse 3: "Behold I *am* against thee, O Gog"—the noun Gog is in the *objective* case, and is governed by the proposition *against*.

Verse 5 begins a new sentence, where by no rule of syntax can it be made to appear that the nouns "Persia, Ethiopia, and Libya," are connected with "Gog" at all; but with each other.

The text reads: "Persia, Ethiopia, and Libya, with them."

Now, "Persia," and "Ethiopia," are not in the objective case, but are *nominatives* to a verb of union implied—in which union "Libya" is also connected; "*them*" is in the objective, and is governed by the proposition "with:" the sentence "Persia, Ethiopia, and Libya with them," is therefore complete—having its nominatives, its objective, and its verb of *union* implied.

Verse 6—"Gomer and all his bands" is also a distinct sentence. "Gomer" is a *generic* term, and includes several nations. See this proved in "The Crusade," p. 85, 86. "Gomer" is a nominative to a verb of *union implied*, the same as above; "bands" is in the objective, and governed by the proposition "*of*" understood. Here the *confederation* is not with "Gog," but with ALL THE BANDS OF GOMER;" that is, with *all* the nations of Western Europe.

"Togarmah of the north quarters and all his bands," is a sentence precisely similar with those above.

Togarmah is proved in "The Crusade," p. 87, to be the father of the "TURKOMANS," from whence came the Turks of Europe, or as the Prophet expresses it, "*Togarmah of the north quarters*."

It is difficult to understand how our learned *invisible* would venture to make the bold assertion: "It is manifest that those nations ('Persia, Ethiopia, Libya, Gomer, and Togarmah,') are to be *confederates* of Gog," when none of those nouns are connected with the noun "Gog" in the third verse, by any rule of Grammar, or by any word or particle whatever:—there is a *confederation* intimated by the Prophet most certainly,—not of those nations *with Gog*; but with each other, and for a purpose afterwards named.

If the reader will now please to look for the "*antecedent*" to the pronoun "*thou*," in verse 8 and in the sentence "Thou shalt be visited," he will find it to be "Togarmah" in verse 6.

In the original there is a remarkable change in the gender of the pronouns which determine the sense. In Hebrew, verse 6 reads: "Gomer and all *Agapheha—her bands*:" the house of Togarmah of the north quarters, and all "*Agaphayiv*"—*his* bands: *and* many people with "*Ethtak*"—*thee*: in the feminine gender.

It has been said above, that "Gomer" is a "*generic* term," and it is therefore with remarkable accuracy put in the *feminine* gender by the inspired Prophet, because it includes several nations. "Thee" is also in the feminine, and refers to "Gomer."—Thus "Gomer," or the nations of Western Europe, are to be "*confederate*," "*and many people with them*."

Again, "Togarmah" is a noun masculine, and has a masculine pronoun—"*his* bands:" In verse 8, "*Tippakaid*," "thou shalt be visited," is a verb in the conjugation of "*Niphal*," which is *passive*—second person, singular, future, and in the *masculine gender*, and agrees in *number* and *gender* with its antecedent "Togarmah."

If the question is asked, "who shall be visited?" the Prophet replies, "Togarmah of the north quarters," which is *Turkey in Europe!* And if it is asked, who are to be "*confederated?*" the answer is, "Persia, Ethiopia, Libya, Gomer, and Togarmah of the north quarters;" to these nations according to Rule 21st, Hebrew Syntax, (See Parkhurst) it is said *distributively*: "Be thou prepared, and prepare for thyself."

I had written thus far, when the *Presbyterian Witness*, of March 31st, fell under my notice, in which a writer signed D. B. Blair has an article on the "Modern Crusade." Mr. Blair asks: "By what revelation does the author come to know that the 5th, 6th, 7th, and part of the 8th verses of the 38th chapter are to be included in a parenthesis, and that this parenthesis is to be understood of the powers who are to oppose Gog and his northern army?"

I reply, I make no pretension to "*revelation*"; and in the present case, pretend to be guided by the plain words of the Bible, and common sense alone: and if Mr. Blair will try to parse the above verses, he will also "come to know" that they must be read parenthetically in order to make sense;—for read them without a parenthesis, and it will be impossible to show any connection between the 7th and 8th verses and those that precede, and the whole of this most astonishing prophecy will be a perfect rhapsody. Not observing this parenthesis has led commentators into a maze, and caused them to give expositions of this portion of holy writ, quite as incoherent and far-fetched as that given by the gentleman in the *Presbyterian Witness*.

Let the reader take his Bible and consider verses 5, 6, 7, and also verse 8th, as far as "*thou shalt be visited*," in brackets; and he will understand the passage by the ordinary rules of grammar, thus: verse 3, "Behold, I *am* against thee, O Gog,"—verse 4, "I will turn thee back"—and I will bring thee forth, and all thine army,—verse 8th, "in the latter years thou shalt come into the land that is brought back from the sword," &c.

Here all is plain, a regular construction is preserved throughout; "Gog" and his army *alone* are the invaders; the country that *he* will invade is named, and immediately described; while verses 5, 6, 7, and part of verse 8th, is left entirely dis-connected; having *different* verbs, pronouns, and antecedents—and hence a parenthesis of these verses becomes inevitable. On the other hand, let an attempt be made to parse the sentence in verse 8th, "*in the latter years thou shalt come*," without the parenthesis, and it will be a failure, because the pronoun "*thou*" will have no antecedent. If it be asked, Cannot this pronoun have the same antecedent as the same word in the previous sentence? I reply, No; because one has a verb *passive*, and the other a verb *active*.—"Thou shalt be visited," is passive; "thou shalt come," is active; they, therefore, have different antecedents, and refer to different persons.

If the passage be read as recommended, it will at once be seen that "Gog" is the invader; that "Persia, Ethiopia, Lybia, Gomer, and Togarmah," are to *confederate*: for it is said to these nations (according to the idiom of the Hebrew language,) "*distributively*": "Be thou prepared, and prepare for thyself, thou and all thy company that are assembled unto thee;" (verse 7,) i. e., let each and all these nations be prepared for the invasion of "Gog." "Togarmah" is particularly named; and of this country it is expressly said—"Thou shalt be visited."

The question now resolves itself into a small compass, for "Gog" is almost universally admitted to be Russia, and the prophet says to "Torgarmah of the north quarters: Thou shalt be visited." Who is "Togarmah of the north quarters"? I think neither Mr. Blair of the *Presbyterian Witness*, or our critic of anonymous notoriety, will contend that Judea is intended by this expression. I have shown in "The Crusade," p. 88–90, that "the house of Togarmah of the north quarters," is *Turkey in Europe*; and as no reply has been made to the argument, I assume the position as admitted—and repeat, that "Gog," or Russia, is the invader, and that "Togarmah of north quarters," or Turkey, is the country he should invade; and that the "characteristics" of the invaded country, as given by the prophet, chapter xxxviii. 8–13, are applicable to no other country upon earth, except to Turkey in Europe. (See Modern Crusade, p. 35–50.) Let the history of the Turks, the geographical and political character of Turkey in Europe, and the invasion of that country by Russia, be compared with the words of the inspired prophet, and the propriety of applying the prophecy found in Ezekiel, chap. xxxviii. and xxxix., will become irresistible.

I may here call attention to the remarkable expression, verse 7: "And be thou a guard unto them." This is not in the imperative in the original, but in the indicative: "*We—hayitha lahem lemishmar*," is literally, "and thou shalt be to them a guard."—"*Mishmer*" means a *watch*, or *fortress*, to prevent surprise or sudden invasion; and "Togarmah of the north quarters" is to be that "guard," or "fortress," "to *them*;" which may be referred either to the nations just before mentioned, or to "Gog" and his "army"; in either or in both cases Togarmah is to be "a guard," so that neither surprise or encroach upon the other. It is truly remarkable to astonishment, that this dreadful war now waging has for its professed object the establishment of "*Guard*," or "*Watch*," called in modern phraseology, the "*balance of power*," against the ambition of nations, and that this "guard," or "balance of power," shall be in TURKEY! the very same country that Ezekiel calls "Togarmah of the north quarters."

[To be Continued.]

## Letter from Rev. R. Knight.

SIR,—In my last I gave you an account of the interesting Anniversary Meetings of the Branch Missionary Societies held in the St. John South, West, and North Circuits, of the New Brunswick Circuit.

Gratifying as it ever must be to the advocates and friends of Christian Missions, when there is manifested a spirit of liberality for the stability and extension of these God-honoring institutions, *still*, there is more direct and special cause for gratitude and encouragement when their great design is accomplished, in the spiritual instruction and salvation of immortal souls. *This "consummation, so devoutly to be wished," has not been looked for in vain.*

In connection with our Annual Meetings for this purpose, there is manifestly more of all that is in accordance with both their importance and design, as years roll round and pass away. There is much less of apparent desire to please the assembly, merely—to amuse the mind by a repetition of anecdotal relation—or to indulge in sallies of wit—and much more of the simple statement of facts, laying the foundation of premises, which force themselves on the assent of the understanding, and prepare the mind for the reception of conclusions, which carry with them indisputable evidence as to the claims of the heathen world upon the commiseration and effort of the Christian Church. Nor are there wanting appeals both direct, and forcible, to the assemblies present on such occasions; clearly proving that so closely allied are *duty, privilege*, and *reward*, that he who showeth his desire to instruct and save the poor, perishing, pagan population of our world, exhibits an act of mercy, having the "quality which is not strained, but like unto the gentle dew which droppeth from heaven upon the place beneath, is twice blessed—blessed in him that gives, and him that takes." These characteristics were more than usually manifest at the late Anniversary Meetings held in the city and vicinity of St. John. While all the speeches were in earnest,—some of them were eloquent—and the very large congregations were deeply solemn, and universally attentive.

Consequent on the conclusion of our Missionary Meetings, and in accordance with our preconcerted intentions, we commenced a simultaneous series of special services in our three Circuits, which have been continued up to the present time. The Meetings have been numerously attended, and the result has been that some one hundred and twenty souls have professed to become the subjects of converting grace—nearly an equal number in each Circuit. The Societies have been greatly blessed. In my own Circuit the Society is truly alive to God; and by the cement of Christian love, is sweetly and harmoniously blended together. And I have reason to believe, that thus it is with the Societies of the other stations.

The labors of my Colleague have been largely blessed in the upper part of this Circuit. In two places on that portion of our field of labour, namely, *Petersville* and *New Jerusalem*, the Lord has poured out his spirit—with regard to the latter place, I learn by letter received from Mr. Currie yesterday, that he has just concluded a series of meetings there. I give you an extract, which is truly encouraging:—

"I have been holding a series of meetings here for nearly three weeks past. The Lord has graciously poured out His spirit upon us. Sixteen persons were admitted last night to the Church. There are others to be admitted who were not present on that occasion. When I came to this Circuit last summer, I found only two who could assist at the prayer meetings—I have now fourteen. Truly we are laid under renewed obligations to God for what He hath done for us. While the Lord is granting a time of refreshing unto others, my own soul is also watered with the influences from on high."

From various sections of the District, reach the ear and gladden the heart, reports of the prosperity of the cause of Christ. May the Lord more especially still send down his blessing—that teeming showers of heavenly grace may refresh and fertilize the whole land.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Yours in Christ,
R. KNIGHT.


# Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1855.

This Paper is filed, and may be seen free of charge at HOLLOWAY'S PILL AND OINTMENT ESTABLISHMENT, 244, Strand, London, where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

No communication will be inserted without the writer furnish us with his name *in confidence*

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions or statements of correspondents unless editorially endorsed.

Correspondents are respectfully requested to condense their communications—and write the names of *persons* and *places* very legibly.

The *Provincial Wesleyan* is the largest, and, for its size, the cheapest of the Religious papers of the Lower Provinces, Subscribers will confer a favour by recommending it to their neighbours.


## District Notices.

*The Wesleyan Ministers of the* NEW BRUNSWICK DISTRICT *are hereby informed that the Annual Meeting will commence its sittings at Sackville, on Thursday, the 31st day of May, instead of on the 7th of June, as before notified.*

*R. KNIGHT.*

NOVA-SCOTIA EAST, AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DISTRICT.

*The Wesleyan Ministers of the N. S. East and P. E. I. District, are hereby notified that the Annual District Meeting for that District, will be held at Amherst, N. S., commencing on Thursday, May 24th, at nine o'clock, A. M.*

*JOHN McMURRAY,*
*Charlottetown, P.E.I., 23rd April, 1855.* } *Chairman.*

METHODISM was baptized at its birth with the spirit of scriptural *catholicism* and of evangelic *propagandism*: and the union of these kindred qualities continues to the present hour to constitute its most prominent distinction, and the surest presage of its sublime destiny. Its rules—its doctrinal sentiments—its plans of operation, and principles of communion, are too broad to be sustained by a sectarian basis. Sympathizing with the grand designs of the kingdom of Christ, its aspiration and aim is, not denominational pre-eminence, but the universal spread of *the common salvation*. Rejecting extreme views in respect alike to the various forms of church polity, and the terms of Christian fellowship, it is perfectly *unique* in its structure, and presents an aspect of distinguished liberality.

"One circumstance more," observes Mr. Wesley, in a tract written in 1788,—"One circumstance more is quite peculiar to the people called Methodists; that is, the terms upon which any person may be admitted into their society. They do not impose, in order to their admission, any opinions whatever. Let them hold particular or general redemption, absolute or conditional decrees; let them be churchmen or dissenters, presbyterians or independents, it is no obstacle. Let them choose one mode of baptism or another, it is no bar to their admission. The presbyterian may be a presbyterian still; the independent or anabaptist use his own mode of worship. So may the quaker; and none will contend with him about it. They think, and let think. One condition, and one only, is required—a real desire to save their soul. Where this is, it is enough: They desire no more: They lay stress upon nothing else: They ask only—'Is thy heart herein as my heart? If it be, give me thy hand.'"

To this day, the British Conference echoes the same sentiments, declaring that Methodism does *not exist for sectarian purposes*. Accordingly, whilst she clings tenaciously to the truths and principles of the New Testament, she has left herself at liberty in carrying them out, to respond to the calls of God, when clearly indicated by his providence, by adopting such modes of operation as promise to be most effective in subserving the great objects of the gospel.

The case of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, when that country became politically independent, affords an apposite illustration of our meaning.—The introduction of the Episcopal instead of the Presbyterial form of Church government there, has not in the slightest degree interfered with the fraternal unity of the Methodism of that and of the parent country.

*France* and *Australia* furnish recent instances of the power of the Wesleyan body, to adjust its measures and movements to great exigencies of the cause of God, from whatever circumstances they may arise. In the former of those countries, a religious denomination so distinguished by its zeal as the Wesleyan, and becoming so important in numbers and influence as to attract the attention of the Government, would naturally be the object of political jealousies, however unmerited, while it continued to sustain an intimate and dependent relation to a foreign church.—Hence the eminent propriety of severing that bond of union which connected French with English Methodism, in as far as the ecclesiastical control of the latter over the former was concerned; thus leaving the Wesleyanism of France unfettered from abroad, and unsuspected at home, to prosecute its benevolent enterprises, as an independent section of the Church of Christ.

Reasons of a different nature, but equally imperative, rendered highly expedient the introduction of a similar change in the position of our Societies in Australia. Its remoteness from England—the vast extent of its territory—its gold fields and agricultural resources—its rapidly increasing population and magnificent prospects,—and its proximity to some of the most interesting insular scenes of Wesleyan Missions, in the southern world, made it extremely desirable that the advantages of a distinct Methodistic organization should be conferred upon it as soon as it became susceptible of them. That change has now come; and it requires no extraordinary powers of vaticination to predict, that it will, with the Divine blessing, issue in spiritual developments in that land of gold, and the regions beyond, much more rapid and extensive than could have been at all looked for under the previous administration.

The incorporation of the Societies in Eastern and Western *Canada*, hitherto belonging to the British Conference, with the Wesleyan Church of that Province, is another step in the same direction, and one auspicious of the happiest results. The numerical strength of that body, and its domestic missions, both among the Indian tribes and immigrants in destitute settlements, as well as the missions in the Hudson's Bay territory, lately transferred to its charge by the British Conference, give it already a distinguished rank among the churches of the age. Wide and ever-expanding are the fields that invite its moral culture; and truly noble is the responsive spirit of liberality and zeal with which it is devoting itself to meet their wants, cheered with prospects of signal success.

The important events at which we have glanced, are naturally associated in our minds with the announced intentions in respect to our Societies in this, and the neighbouring Provinces. We are among the oldest missions under the care of our Missionary Society; and certainly ought in justice to be self-supporting. We have, moreover, attained a position in which—while rejoicing, as we ever shall rejoice, to maintain an affiliated relation, and cultivate the sincerest veneration and affection, towards the Parent Body, by whom we have so long been cherished,—we ought to be capable of managing our own affairs. And although we cannot boast either the genial climate of France, or the resources of Australia or of Canada, we have, nevertheless, a sphere of evangelical labour of great interest and wide extent—a sphere, to which, we conceive, many important advantages, both spiritual and financial, would, under judicious administration, accrue, from concentrating the influence and action of our now separate and isolated Districts, by their formation into a Conference.

If the appropriate time for the application of this principle to Methodism in these Provinces, has fully come—and we venture to express our individual opinion that it has—then we trust and pray that those servants of God, on whom will devolve the responsible duty, a few weeks hence, of maturing a plan for the introduction of a change so important, to be submitted to the British Conference, at its approaching session, for its sanction, may be guided by the counsel of Him whose they are and whom they serve.

## Canada.

The April number of the English *Wesleyan Notices* thus draws attention to the commencement of a kindred publication in connexion with the Canada Conference.

It is with gratitude to Almighty God, whose grace extends the work of Missions, that we hail the appearance, in Canada, of a periodical bearing our own name, "WESLEYAN MISSIONARY NOTICES, CANADA CONFERENCE," of which the first two Numbers have reached us Now that the whole Methodist body in Canada, both West and East, is united under the direction of their own Conference, their Mission efforts are taking a considerable extension, and the liberality of their people promises rapidly to augment the means at their disposal, already very creditable. From the new publication, which is beautifully printed, and in size and appearance bears a strong family likeness to our own, we select a few extracts, having reference, to the Missions in the Hudson's-Bay Territory, and among the Canadian Indians; both of which are transferred from the management of this Society to that of the Canada Conference.

PERIL OF THE REV. JOHN RYERSON, ON HIS VOYAGE TO HUDSON'S-BAY, FROM ICE.

SABBATH, September 1st.—Last night at twelve o'clock, we came within a hair-breadth of being destroyed by coming in contact with an ice-berg. There was a thick white fog on the water at the time, and the first the watch saw of the ice-berg was the dashing of the waves against its side. We were then within a few rods of it, and going at the rate of between six and seven knots an hour. The watch sprang from the bow on the deck, and at the top of his voice cried, "Breakers ahead—down with the helm—hard up" The ship instantly obeyed the helm, and this saved us: had we been one rod nearer to the ice-berg, when it was discovered, or had there been one half-minute's more delay in giving the command, or the ship had been one atom more tardy in obeying the helm, we should have gone with our bow directly against the ice-berg; in which case all agree that nothing could have hindered the instant destruction of the vessel, and, as the Captain afterwards said, in five minutes not one would have been left to tell the tale of the sad disaster. As it was, when the ship came in contact with the ice-berg, she was turned perhaps one quarter round, and therefore struck with the *cheek* of her bow, and kneeling over a little, raked along the side of it, the ice-berg breaking to atoms and carrying away the cat-head, the spritsail-yard, the bumkin, the Captain's boat called the gig, the bulwarks or the frame or cap of them—a piece of timber or strong oak, between eight and nine inches square. The cat-head is a piece of timber of strong oak, twelve or fourteen inches squre, projecting two-and-a-half or three feet out of the quarter-bow; this was broken off as smooth as though it had been sawed off. Indeed it made clean work of it, not leaving a thing from stem to stern, projecting beyond the hull of the vessel. Pieces of ice broken from the ice-berg, fell on the deck of the ship. I felt anxious to preserve some of them; but this I had no means of doing. The ice-berg was as high as the masts of the vessel, and supposed to be near two acres in surface.—The side the vessel struck was smooth or even, or comparatively so: this was most fortunate; for had it been otherwise, we should still have been broken to pieces. The crash, as it was, was tremendous. When the bulwarks gave way, the sound was as though the ship was breaking in two; and then the noises, terror, and excitement, attendant on the occurrence of those fearful fifteen minutes, I will not attempt to describe. All the days of my life will I render praise and thanks to the Supreme Being, for the peace and composedness of mind He gave me during the trying crisis. All this day the Captain and all hands have been hard at work, endeavouring in some degree to repair the injury sustained by the ship, by the sad occurrences of last night.—The Captain supposes the amount of damage to be more than £60. He seems a good deal despondent, and says that no such dreadful accident had ever before befallen a vessel on which he sailed. The wind is high, and directly against us. We are making, perhaps, no progress; but are beating about to avoid the ice-bergs by which we are surrounded; for two or three hours we have been near the monster ice-berg we struck last night: it almost makes one's blood freeze in the veins to look at its bold front of breast-work, seventy-five or a hundred feet above the water: it appears to be nearly four-square. There are now in sight thirteen ice-bergs; they surround us on every side, like Herculean beasts of prey, waiting to swallow us up. I forgot to say in the proper place, that we struck the ice-berg in lat. 62° 32, and long. 71° west.

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE REV. WILLIAM CASE, ALNWICK.

Garden River will exercise an influence for good or evil, on several surrounding bands of Indians, both in Canada, Hudson's-Bay, and Michigan. Garden River is directly on the *highway* for communication with Owen Sound, Manatoulin, the various trading posts on the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, and the South shore of Superior, including Nah-we-jah-me-kory Wash-key-Bay, (Rev. Mr. Shaw's charge,) Keway-we-nong, and numerous tribes west and south. In the conversion and salvation of the Indian tribes, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Wesleyan-Methodist Church knew no political boundaries, each assisting other with men and means. The former commenced, and for many years supported, our Canada Missions, and we in return commenced their Missions in Michigan, and still afford them Indian labourers in the work.

A large portion of the Indians at Garden River not only received the Gospel readily, but from a degraded, indolent, drunken, pagan tribe, became a *sober, praying and industrious* people, showing an example in these virtues of the Gospel, worthy of all commendation. In many other places we are shamed by their filth and indolence. At Garden River, there is no wandering for the chase, their children are at school, and their families are comfortable through the whole year. They must, of course, become intelligent and useful, exhibiting the design of the Gospel for "the life which now is, as well as that which is to come."

The work of grace is progressing most favourably; of the fifty-seven families, about twenty are Methodists; about twenty are Catholics; about fourteen are Pagan; and a few have attached themselves to the Church. The first are a sober, pious, and industrious people, and these virtues are advancing on each of the other bodies, through the faithful labours of our Missionary, and his faithful assistant.

In closing these remarks, I most earnestly recommend that pecuniary assistance be afforded to put the Mission beyond embarrassment, under which it is now labouring, for want of means to liquidate the debts necessarily incurred in the buildings for worship, the Missionary's family, and family of the Teacher.

My next will show the influence this Mission is exercising in that country, and the opinion entertained by intelligent and respectable persons, both travellers and residents.

## Christian Missions in Turkey.

The following extract from a communication to the Editors of *Evangelical Christendom* will command the interest of our readers:—

It is very evident to me that the Turkish Government is not yet prepared to proclaim toleration to Christian Missionaries labouring for the conversion of its Mahommedan subjects. The odious law of death to the "apostate" must stand in the way of this, so long as it lasts We hope, however, that England will not finish her work in Turkey until this law is abolished, and then I anticipate that a glorious field will be opened among this class of people.

In answer to your particular questions, I would say that none of our Missionaries have *made it an object* to labour for the conversion of the Turks. We have been, from the first, devoted to the Christian races of Turkey and to the Jews, and it has been our firm persuasion, from the beginning, that these native Christian races, enlightened and reformed by the Gospel, and renewed and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, are to be the chief instruments in bringing over the Turks to Christianity. And already do we see the influence of these newly-organized Christian churches spreading itself over the Turkish mind.

We have not, in the whole country, a single instance of a public preaching service appointed expressly for the Turks, but, in many places, where the Gospel is preached to the Christian races, individuals from among the Mahommedans come in to hear. Thus we have on every Sabbath morning public preaching in the Turkish language, at which are usually present some sixty or eighty Armenians and Greeks, who understand and speak this language. Among this congregation are occasionally found also a few Turks. In this same way, in other parts of the empire, the Gospel is publicly preached to the Turks, and no complaint has ever been made against it by the authorities, except in one single instance, probably for the simple reason that their attention has never been called to what appears to be so insignificant a thing. The exception I refer to was in ———, where we have three Missionaries, one of whom is both a minister and a physician. He has a dispensary, where, on certain specified days, every week, he prescribes for the poor and administers medicines. He makes it a rule, however, that he shall first read from the Scriptures and preach to them, and then attend to their bodily ailments. A large proportion of Mohammedans are often found present, and to them the Gospel is preached as publicly and plainly as the rest.

More than a year ago the kadi of the town sent for our missionary physician, and complained that he was trying to convert the Mohammedans to Christianity. The doctor replied, that he had never invited any Mohammedan to come to his house, that they came for medicine, and as he was a minister of the Gospel, as well as a physician, he felt it to be his duty to preach the Gospel to all who came to him for bodily healing. "And now," said the Doctor, "if you do not wish your Mohammedans to hear me preach, all you have to do is to issue your order that they do not come to my house for medicine." The kadi was afraid to do this, and so the preaching to the Mohammedans is continued to this day.

In private conversation we, and especially our native brethren, have frequent opportunities of commending the Gospel of Christ to Mohammedans. It is only within a comparatively short space of time, however, that this liberty has been allowed. That is, I mean to say such were the feelings of the Turks themselves, that they would not, until lately, condescend to discuss religious questions with the Christians; and I am persuaded that if, twenty years ago, any Christian subject of Turkey had ventured to speak to a Turk as our native brethren now preach to them, he would have lost his head.

As to the results, thus far, of these beginnings of Christian labour among the Turks, I am not able to say much that is encouraging. You are aware, I presume, of the fact that a Turk and his family went to Malta some time since, in order to receive Christian baptism. He still resides there, and with his wife and wife's sister, and two or three sons, appears to be truly converted. I am not able to point to another case where such decisive marks of a change have appeared, though there are individuals among this class, in different parts of the empire, who are more or less interested in the truth, and some who are asking to be baptized. There is evidently an *impression made* on many Mohammedan minds, in various and distant places, for which we bless God and take courage.

The New Testament, in Turkish, is now beginning to be sought for.

In short, dear Sir, we see enough among the Turks to encourage our hopes and stimulate our efforts, though I do not consider the time as yet quite come for establishing a mission expressly for them. That time is doubtless near; but Christian prudence seems to me to dictate that we should still wait and watch the movements of Providence, doing, at the same time, all that we can with our present organization, and encouraging, as we do, our native brethren to preach Christ to Turks and to all men, as God gives them opportunity.

## Earthquake at Constantinople.

Yesterday the 28th February, Constantinople was shaken by an earthquake which, had it lasted long, might have been reckoned among the calamities of the human race. At five minutes past three in the afternoon the shock was felt, and it lasted, as nearly as can be computed, about half a minute.—The motion was not the slow wavelike movement which marks the earthquakes that extend over whole continents, but a sharp, rapid trembling, which caused every pane of glass and every tile on the housetop to rattle; it is possible therefore that the disturbance may have been merely local.—But the violence of the movement was far beyond that which is generally felt in the earthquakes of the Ionian Islands and the coast of Asia Minor, and the chief fear that it inspired was that it might only be the prelude to a more severe visitation. Happily although it was succeeded by a number of other shocks, each of the following movements diminished in violence, and the only harm done was caused by the first. Many persons were only aware of a single disturbance, but between three and five o'clock no less than six shocks were counted; two took place between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and the last that I felt was at a few minutes before midnight. With the exception of the shock at ten minutes past seven o'clock, all these were slight, and might not have been remarked, but for the apprehensions that had been roused by the occurrence in the afternoon. The consternation caused by the great shock was extreme. The lower animals seem to have had some feeling of what was about to happen for several seconds before it was felt by human beings. Whether the vibration made itself known to them before it was perceived by man, or whether what is called instinct gave them a peculiar warning, it is certain that horses, both in the streets and stables, stood still and trembling for some time before the shock was felt; for some minutes after they were in great terror, and in certain cases they were also aware of the minor shocks which escaped the notice of human creatures. The motion was chiefly felt in the upper rooms of houses. Pera is situated on a hill, and the higher stories of some of its lofty buildings are at no small elevation above the level of the sea. In these rooms glasses were thrown off the tables, and persons who were standing were obliged to sit down or to cling for support to some fixed object.—The motion is described by one who happened to have mounted to the top of Galata Tower as that of a ship in a gale. No report has reached me of any serious destruction of property or loss of life, but the buildings which have been injured are not a few. The British Embassy is one of the most solid edifices in the country; but, being constructed at the summit of the Pera-hill, it was exposed to the full violence of the shock. A stack of its massive chimneys was thrown down, and the large square stones of which the walls are constructed are said to have been displaced in certain parts. Every bell in the palace rang violently, and even in one or two churches the still larger masses of metal sounded dismally. A number of minarets in Stamboul and Pera have been thrown down—whether with any loss of life I have not learnt. The large iron chimney of the building where the French bread is baked was broken short off by the shock. The bazaars are said to be cracked in several places. If this be correct it will convey to all who have visited them an idea of the violence of the motion. The long low-arched passages, constructed of heavy stones, and even in the height of summer, shutting out the heat and glare, and forming cool, shady tunnels, which invite the weary passer by to enter, would seem to be the last kind of construction liable to be shaken by subterranean violence. Yet these are declared to be split in many parts and to require repair. Some of the large stone houses in Pera are also injured. One is in a dangerous state, another has a crack from top to bottom, and yesterday attracted a crowd of gazers. Of the smaller houses one or two are in a very unsafe state. The wooden edifices have recived no injury.

The motion increased in intensity during several seconds, and for a moment before its cessation it certainly seemed as if the house was coming down. The building seemed to be struck from without, and the feeling was as when two vessels cmoe into collision. The motion than ceased abruptly.

After the shock was over there was much commotion in the place. Business was to a great degree suspended, and husbands and brothers hastened home to see if the female part of their families had received any injury from the convulsion or the terror it caused. The lower classes of the city were much frightened, and had recourse to prayers and supplications. The Turks in the neighbourhood of Galata Serai rushed out of their homes and crouched down in their attitude of adoration, while the Christians showed their terror by crossings and ejaculations after their various rituals. Many persons in the course of the day became anxious to retire to their wooden country houses, through an apprehension that a more severe shock would be felt in the course of a few hours; but to-day the alarm has subsided.—*Corr. London Times.*

## The British Army before Sebastopol.

The London Morning Post, publishes a tabular statement of the actual strength of the troops under Lord Raglan on the 7th, 23rd, and 27 of Feb. On the respective days the number of sound men—serjeants, drummers, rank and file—was 25,668, 26,193, and 27,067. The increase in force, therefore, in these three weeks, is within one man of 1,400. It is satisfactory to learn that this increase is not owing merely to reinforcements. The number of sick on the 7th of Feb. was 18,243; and on the 23rd, it was 18,185; and on the 27th, it was 17,623—being a difference in the three weeks of 980 to the advantage of the sound men of the army. The proportion of sick is undoubtedly still great, but it is satisfactory to find them progressingly strengthing the army by convalescents; and a force of 27,000 sound British soldiers is no small amount to have survived a Winter campaign in the Crimea—the horrors of which were, without doubt, increased by the want of preparation and by mismanagement.

The *London Globe* of March 23d, says: We have always felt with returning Spring the British army, which was to disappear by the Ides of March, would be found strong in numbers, sound in condition, and confident in spirits. Young troops who go through a Winter campaign, especially at the onset of a war, which breaks a peace of forty years, are sure to suffer. No precautions, to amount of supplies, no amount of shelter, would have prevented sickness and death to a heart-rending extent. It is a law of nature that weakness and youth will not stand constant exposure and great fatigue with impunity and in estimating the losses of the British army, which may be set down to defective establishments, slavish adherents to routine, conflicting authorities, want of experience, evils we shall never deny, we must make allowance for the other causes of disease inevitable in the case of a young army.

The Ides of March have come and gone; and in the place of Lord Raglan and his staff, hutted in solitary grandeur upon the heights of Sebastopol, surrounded and defended by myriads of Frenchmen, there stands on these heights and at Balaklava a splendid army of 27,000, strong in body, gay in spirits, ready to volunteer into the breach, to defend their position, or to take the field; ready to renew the triumphs of Alma, or sustain the high glories of Inkerman. These statements are not made without book; and they are the more satisfactory as they are partly derived from a hostile quarter, and substantiated by more direct intelligence.

Whatever, therefore, may be the designs of the Russians—and we purposely abstain from speculating on the plans of the Allies—the latter is equally prepared to repel or to deal blows as may seem most fitting. On our side, the siege works are steadily advancing, and the arrangements for the next step have been carried forward with solidity and skill. But it is obvious that the Russians do not intend to remain idle; and it may be that they are contemplating a renewal of their Inkerman experiences, perhaps on a larger scale. It is remarked that the enemy has entrenched his position on the right of the Tchernaya; but his strength before Balaklava does not appear to have been ascertained. Roughly sketched, the Russian position would seem to have its left at Tchergoum, and its right supported by the entrenched works North of Sebastopol; while every road leading over the Tchernaya has been defended by breastworks and in some cases armed with guns. These preparations would seem to indicate that the Russians expected an offensive movement, and were preparing for that contingency; but they may be intended to cover a retreat, in case of an adverse assault upon any point of the rear or flanks of the Allies.

The defences of Sebastopol are now enormous; and the fact that the advanced work near the tower of Malakoff, which, at the date of Lord Raglan's last despatch was about to be armed, and the other fact he mentions, that fresh ships have been sunk, are signs of a vigourous and desperate defence. As some set-off to the new works at Malakoff, we have the fact that two steamers, anchored at the head of the great harbour, have been dislodged by the fire of a British battery.

## Roman Catholic Churches in Paris.

The official journal of the Government has recently published a document, curious enough, on the *Roman Catholic Churches in Paris*. This capital, with a population of 1,100,000 individuals, numbers forty-six churches, which gives one church to every 23,913 inhabitants. These religious edifices are very unequally distributed among the twelve quarters or districts of Paris. The tenth district contains eight churches for 114,000 inhabitants, that is, one church, in round numbers, for every 14,250 souls. The fourth district has only one church for every 45,900.

These statistical details may give rise to several remarks. Is the proportion of one single church, for 23,913 individuals, sufficient? Assuredly not: for if every church can only hold two or three thousand, it is clear that the place is materially deficient for the great majority of the population. The Archbishop of Paris and his clergy, who spend so much money on the decoration of the sacred edifices, in relics, processions, pictures, and statues,—would they not do better to devote these sums to the erection of new temples, which would enable thousands of persons to frequent Divine service? But Rome always sacrifices the useful to the splendid, and prefers to exhibit its gorgeous habiliments, rather than humbly to supply the spiritual wants of the flock.

Finally, if we compare the number of churches with that of theatres, &c., we shall find that there are in Paris twenty-one theatres, properly so called, sixteen other places for spectacles and different amusements, eighteen saloons for public balls, fourteen concert rooms, fourteen public gardens with weekly balls, &c., without reckoning the cafes, cabarets, public-houses, wine and gin shops, and so on. The provision made for worldly pleasures is, then, incomparably superior to that for spiritual things. This comparison does no honour to the influence of Romanism.

## General Intelligence.

A NOBLE DEED.—During the night of Nov. 26th last, in a thick snow storm, the wind blowing a heavy gale down the lake, the water chilled and making ice fast, the Canadian schooner Conductor, Captain Hacket, struck on the bar outside of Long Point Cut, on the Island side, beat over and filled with water immediately, some distance from the shore, the sea making a complete breach over her, driving the crew to the rigging for their lives. In the morning

# The Provincial Wesleyan.


OPENING OF THE TRADE WITH JAPAN.—An enterprising firm of this city have put up the brig Samuel Churchman, with dispatch for Japan. According to the treaty negotiated with that country by Commodore Perry, the ports of Samoda and Hakodadi were to be opened to American commerce at the expiration of one year from the date of the treaty, which would fix the time about the end of this month. These ports will, therefore, be freely opened to the Samuel Churchman by the time she can reach the islands, and we doubt not a highly profitable commerce may at once be established with the millions of inhabitants who compose the Japanese nation. They are represented to be a refined people—far in advance of the Chinese in civilization—luxurious in their tastes and mode of life, courteous in their manners, and of an intelligent and inquiring disposition. There are many of our products and inventions which would find a very ready sale among them, and we doubt not the enterprise of Messrs. Green, Heath & Allen will be richly repaid by this, the pioneer adventure to the Islands.—*San Francisco Herald, March 5.*

DISTRESSING SCENE IN CHURCH.—There was quite a distressing scene in the Methodist Protestant church, corner of Lombard and Green streets, on Sunday morning. The Rev. Luther J. Cox, was about to close the services, and whilst reading the hymn, suddenly reeled and fell to the arms of his son and other ministers. Unable to stand or speak, he was placed in a chair; and so soon as a carriage could be obtained, was taken home and placed in bed, when he was attended to by Drs. Dulin, Keener and others. We learn that Mr. Cox has been entirely restored to consciousness and speech, but is still very much prostrated by the violence of the attack, though no serious result is anticipated.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

THE GREAT MORMON TEMPLE which the Mormons are building at the city of Salt Lake is described as promising to be a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,850 square feet. The block on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains ten acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surmounted by an iron railing manufactured by the Mormons themselves at their iron works in Iron county, Utah territory. The Temple building will have a length of 197½ feet east and west, including towers, of which there are three at the east and three at the west, and the width will be ninety-nine feet. The northern and southern walls are eight feet thick. The towers spoken of above are cylindrical, surmounted by octagon turrets and pinacles, and having inside spiral stairways leading to the battlements. Besides these, there are four other towers on the four principal corners of the building, square in form, and terminating in spires. On the western end will be placed in alto relievo the great Dipper or Ursa Major. As regards the interior arrangements, there will be a baptismal font 57 feet long by 25 feet wide, and on the first floor, a large hall, 120 feet long by eighty feet wide, while on the third floor there will be another of the same size, besides numerous other rooms for various purposes. Around the outside of the building will be a promenade from 11 to 22 feet wide.

A GIANTESS.—The Portland Argus gives the following account of a giantess named Silva Harday: She is a native of Wilton, Maine—is seven feet six inches in height—is rather lean than fleshy, yet weighs threee hundred and thirty pounds is nearly thirty years of age, and is still growing. She has heretofore maintained herself chiefly by service in the capacity of a nurse, having the reputation of being a most excellent one. Her complexion is fair, her eyes blue, and the very modest expression of her countenance is said to be a true index to her character. She never, as nurse, takes an infant in her arms, but always holds it in her *hand.* Placing the head upon the end of her fingers, its feet extend toward the wrist, and with the thumb and little finger elevated, she forms an ample and admirable cradle—the length of her hand being quite equal to the whole length of an infant. She is unable to pass ordinary doors without stooping a good deal, and it is said that for convenience she usually puts her thimble and other little articles upon the casing over the door, instead of upon any lower object, as a table or desk. An amusing incident is told of her, which runs in this wise, and which is said to be strictly true. While she was passing through the kitchen of a farmhouse one day with a large pan of milk in each hand, her hair caught upon a book which projected two or three inches from the ceiling, and held her fast. She could neither stoop to set the pans down nor raise her hands to disengage her hair, and was compelled thus to remain until her cries brought others to her assistance.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Governor has been promoted to the situation of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands, in the West Indies which appointment stands next in rotation, we believe, to that of this Colony. The salary is the same as here £3000, but the patronage is far more extensive. The seat of government is Antigua, the Legislature of which is composed of a Governor, a Legislative Council of Ten Members and a house of Assembly of Twenty-seven members.

Our present Governor is to be succeeded by Mr. Darling, son, we believe, of Col. Darling, of the Royal Artillery, who was formerly stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. It is not likely, however, that Mr. Hamilton will resign the Government here, until the improved form of Constitution be introduced, as the whole state of our affairs would be quite new to his successor, and might occasion much difficulty, which would be thus avoided.

Our new Governor, we believe, is, morally, mentally, and PHYSICALLY, a splendid man.—*Post.*

NEW SILVER MINES IN MEXICO.—A new silver mine has been discovered in Catorce, near San Suis Potosi, and is said to be of extraordinary richness. In the midst of eight yards of good and abundant quicksilver, which the principal lobe comprises, is a vein half a yard wide, of metal of superior purity. From this same vein twelve pounds of rock was taken, which produced ten marks, of silver; and from another lot of ten pounds, eight merks were extracted. A bullion dealer of Cedral offered $950 for a load of this ore, but his proposition was declined, as it was believed to be worth $1,000, and perhaps something over that sum.

ESPICOPAL CHURCH IN CANADA.—An address has been voted by the Canadian Parliament to the Imperial Government, requesting the latter to repeal all laws which restrain the Episcopal Church in Canada from independent self-government, and the election of its own bishops. This address is so eminently just and resonable, that we cannot see on what ground any one could oppose it, unless, indeed, which would be very odjectionable, some powers are to be conferred by imperial legislation on the Episcopal Church in Canada. In connection with this movement, we ask our readers to note the very rapid progress Canada is making towards independance. With its own commercial system, its own postal system, its own military system, and its own ecclesiastical systems all independent of the Imperial government, it may well be asked what connection remains, unless it be that of appointing a Governor for us with feelings and habits dissimilar to those of colonists, and repuiring us to pay him a salary three or four four times as high as the dignity of the duties of the station require.—*Montreal Witness.*

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT question is again, in consequence of the vote continuing the present absurd and wasteful perambulatory system, agitating the public mind. On this subject there is, of course a great variety of opinions, and amongst them it may not be amiss to give ours. The seat of government for the United Provinces should, in our view, be fixed in a healthy locality near the junction of Lower and Upper Canada, and remote from the frontier of the United States, but easily accessible to travellers. The only two places of any note that combine these advantages are Montreal and Bytown, and of these two, we think Bytown, all things considered, the most eligible. We however rejoice that government is going to Toronto rather than remaining at Quebec, where the influence of the Church of Rome overrides every other.—*Ib.*

FIRE.—Between one and two o'clock yesterday, a fire broke out in the store occupied by John Kinnear, Esq., in Prince William st., which at first threatened to be of a serious nature, but the different fire companies were early on the ground, and worked with their usual energy. Through their exertions the flames were subdued without serious loss and with little or no damage to the building.—*NBkr.*

PATRIOTIC FUND.—The subscriptions to this Fund now amount to £3,312 12s. 9d. During the week ending April 11th, the County of Westmorland sent in the handsome sum of £365.—*Ib.*

CHRISTIANS WITHOUT RELIGIOUS PAPERS.—The world is divided into two kingdoms—God has a little kingdom here on earth; the Devil has a greater kingdom. A Christian loves God. The evidence that a Christian has that he loves God is his attachment to God's kingdom, or to the cause of God here on earth. He is glad to see men observe the Sabbath, and attend on the means of grace. He is pleased to see men have a regard for serious subjects. He rejoices when he learns that the cause of temperance and freedom are making advancement in the world.

His heart is in the cause of missions, in all of its ramifications, the preaching of the Gospel, the formation of churches, the distribution of the Bible and religious books, and its schools. But above all is the Christian glad and thankful, when he hears that God is pouring out his Holy Spirit in different parts of the world. Now how can a Christian know *much* about the prosperity of God's kingdom unless he leads a religious newspaper. Reader, do you think that you are a Christian? But do you get along without a religious newspaper having ability to take one? Will you tell me through the [Wesleyan] *how* you do it.—*Con. Journal.*


### Testimony of a Physician.

Extract of a letter dated Pittsburgh, Jan 12th, 1852: "I will say that your Mustang Liniment is about the best Liniment I ever used. I have used it in my own case, along the lower part of the spine, for spinal irritation, with complete relief. I used it a very few nights ago, when I was perfectly crooked, and my back in complete torture, from what the book would call Opisthotonic condition of the muscles, which you know is about as bad as "lock-jaw." It gave immediate relief, and in the morning I could bend like a gutta percha man, and with as little pain. The medical profession, you know, have a great avertion to these kinds of remedies, but from a knowledge of the ingredients of the Mustang Liniment, I would have no hesitation in recommending it, wherever a remedy to relieve pain is indicated. I have recommended it to a number of cases in my own practice, and as far as I can learn it has acted with equal celerity and certainty as in my own case. Hoping that it may be useful for and DRIVE AWAY pain, wherever it exists, and that it may remunerate you well for your exertions for bringing so valuable a remedy before the public, I ascribe myself. Truly yours,

GEO. H. KEYSER, M. D.

### Dr. McLane's Worm Specific.

☞ The following, from a customer, shows the demand which this great mediciene has created wherever it has been introduced:

BLOSSBURG, Tioga Co. Pa. March 30, 1850.

*Gentlemen*—In consequence of *the great consumption* of your "Worm Specific" in this place and vicinity, we have entirely exhausted our stock. We should feel obliged by your forwarding, via Corning, N. Y. 20 dozen, with your bill, on the reception of which we will remit you the money.

From the wonderful effect of said "Specific" in this neighbourhood, there would be sold annually a large quantity, if to be had, (wholesale and retail) from some local agent. If you would compensate a person for trouble and expense of vending, I thing I can make it to your advantage to do so. Yours, respectfully,

WM. M. MALLORY,

Messrs. J. KIDD & Co. Per W. E. PORTER.

☞ Purchasers will please be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, and take none else. All other Vermifuges, in comparison are worthless. Dr. M'Lane's genuine Vermifuge, also his Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

Agents in Halifax, WM. LANGLEY, and JOHN NAYLOR,

### Marvellous Cures

We have always been slow to believe the wonderful cures which one medicine after another pretends to have made,—but slow as we are we will own up, when we are fairly convinced. Those of our readers who are acquainted with the cases of Mrs Beach and Mr. Farwell, will not think us lightly turned, when we confess our belief that Ayer's Cathartic Pills have virtues for purifying the blood which excel anything within the range of our acquaintance hitherto. For those who are not cognizant of the facts, we will say: *she* had been afflicted for over eight years with scrofula which only grew worse, in spite of all the remedies she could employ, untill she took *Ayer's Pills.*—Under their influence one after another of her sores have healed, untill she is apparently as free from the complaint as ourselves. *He* has had liver complaint with pain in his side that disabled him from work for a long time; all other medicines had failed to afford him any permanent relief, but a few doses of *Ayer's Pills* cured him and he is now steadily at his old post of conducter on the cars.—*Middletown Daily Courier.*

### A Card.

Since the proprietor's recent Laboratory enlargements, he is able to fill his numerous orders for LYON'S KATHAIRON, without delay. This peerless and immensely popular article for invigorating and beautifying the hair, is sold by every druggist throughout North and South America, Europe and the islands of the ocean. No article of any kind ever obtained so extensive a sale in all parts of the world.

Let those now use
Who never used before;
And those who always used
Now use the more.

The price is still 25 cents, in large bottles.

D. S. BARNES, Proprietor,
161 Broadway, N. Y.


## Latest European Intelligence.

The R. M. S. *Africa* reached this port on Tuesday evening about 8 p. m. From the *European Times*, of the 14th inst, we make some extracts:—

Respecting the Vienna Conference all is uncertainty. The ninth Conference met on Easter Monday, and we are told that it was short and unsatisfactory. The shortness of the sitting is no proof that the result was unsatisfactory, for we are told in the same breath that the final instructions of Prince Gortschokoff had not reached Vienna from St. Petersburg, which would account for an early breaking up of the meeting of the diplomatists. If we might hazard a conjecture, we might say that all parties were awaiting the arrival of decisive news from Sebastopol, and that the Russian Court had instructed its representatives at Vienna to pursue a foreshadowed policy contingent upon the character of that news.

The accounts which come to hand from the Crimea are so tantalising and so illusory that all speculation is useless. We learn that the troops are in excellent health, that the weather is extremely fine, that the Railway from Balaklava to the camp is on the point of completion, and that something decisive may be shortly expected—the old story; but respecting this "something" which is to happen we are left in the dark. The telegraphic advices are to the 5th, and, if we are to judge by the opinions which prévail at home, the siege is more likely to be raised than to be persevered with—a lamentable commentary on the stretagic skill of the commanders 10,000 Egyptian troops had been sent to Eupatoria, and Omar Pacha, we learn, occupies two villages about half-a-league from that place. A truce of three hours had been given to permit the belligerents to bury their dead, when it was found that the French and the Russians had suffered severely in the night attack. The Russians are now declared to have had at least 2000 men put *hors de combat* by that affray. Lord Raglan's despatches, which were so highly praised at the opening of the autumn campaign, have now sunk to the merest commonplace, and had it not been for the ample communications of the special correspondents of the daily press, and from the interesting sketches in the private letters, our information from the seat of war would have been too scanty to warrant criticism. If the days of great statesmen are passed, as some assure us, those of great soldiers have evidently passed away also.—The Russians deny that Prince Menscikoff is dead; but they admit that he is seriously ill. Retributive justice has overtaken the primary cause of this war—the Emperor Nicholas, and his tool, this arrogant Prince Mentschikoff, is evidently bending his steps towards the tomb.—Indeed, if the Tartar accounts are to be credited, he has already reached it. But the war does not disappear like the instruments which provoked it. In the course of another week we may be enabled to guage its probable duration.

THE CRIMEA.—VIENNA, Thursday, April 12.—According to a telegraphic despatch from the Crimea, dated April 1, the allied armies were quite ready to open the fire on Sebastopol. The Generals probably only awaited the arrival of despatches from home before beginning the bombardment, which might be expected to take place during the ensuing week. The Generals wished to spare the town and public buildings.

The Russians still shelled the allied camp and batteries, but the guns of the allies were nearly silent.

The fire of musketry on both sides was active every night.

The weather was fine and dry.

Two fires had occurred at Balaklava, a circumstance which excited suspicions of treachery. The Russians were concentrating themselves towards Baidar.

The garrison of Sebastopol was on short rations, as the authorities preferred storing up their supplies in magazines to issuing full rations.

Advices from Balaklava and Kamiesch of the 6th, *via* Bucharest, state that nothing important had taken place before Sebastopol to that date. Alerts and skirmishes were frequent. Both sides were pushing on their works with great vigour. The general fire had not commenced.

MARSEILLES, April 12.—The Hydaspes, which left Constantinople on the 2nd of April, has arrived. 8000 Egyptians left Constantinople on the 2nd for Eupatoria.

BALAKLAVA, March 31.—The Russians have constructed two new batteries, and have converted the ambuscades into an advanced parallel. The allies have also constructed two new batteries. The firing has been slack. It was said positively that the bombardment would commence on the 3rd of April. The weather was not so fine; it was very cold. Of seven Russian admirals at Sebastopol at the commencement of the siege two only now remain.

According to another despatch from Marseilles, a third stockade had been formed in the harbour of Sebastopol, by sinking vessels in front of the careenage.

VIENNA, Friday Morning, April 13.—Nothing new has taken place at Sebastopol up to the 4th inst., inclusive.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—DEAL, Friday Morning.—Her Majesty's steamer Driver, with the Pelter and Ruby gun-boats in tow, has sailed for the Baltic.

LEVY OF 100,000 MEN IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* (Second Edition) says:—"It is rumoured that we are to have another levy of 100,000 men in France, and that from 60,000 to 80,000 troops will be placed at the disposal of Austria, should war be the issue of the Conferences of Vienna."

RUSSIAN POWER IN THE BLACK SEA.—Letters from St. Petersburg, received in Paris, speak in very positive terms of the determination of the Emperor of Russia to consent to no limitation of his force in the Black Sea, on the ground that the allies have gained no advantages which would justify them in making any such demand.

DENMARK.—COPENHAGEN, Thursday, April 12.—The trial of the ex-Ministers before the Supreme Court is postponed to the 4th of June. The Prussian frigate Thetis has arrived. Elsinore, the Sound, and Drogden, are free from ice.

WALLACHIA.—Letters from Bucharest of the 14th of March speak of serious disturbances at Krajova. Blood has been shed. Arrests were made at Bucharest. These disturbances were occasioned, it is said, because several persons illuminated their houses when the news reached Wallachia of the death of the Emperor Nicholas.

THE CZAR'S DEATH.—The *Frankfort Post Ampt Gazette* states that the death of the Emperor Nicholas was notified to the Courts of France and England by the King of the Belgians, at the request of the Russian Ambassador at Brussels, and through the same medium these Courts expressed their condolence to the Court at St. Petersburg.

RUSSIA.—Private letters from St. Petersburg received by important mercantile houses state confidently that the fanatical war party has completely got the upper hand, and that Alexander II.'s throne wonld not be worth a weeks purchase if he were to attempt to thwart the current of national feeling. The rich nob es, who in their hearts long for peace, and will be the greatest sufferers by the war, are compelled to swell the popular cry. They offer large contributions in the hope of averting a sweeping *ad valorem* property tax amounting to confiscation.

PIEDMONT.—The committee of the Piedmontese Senate on the Convent Bill has appointed M. Colla to draw up the report. He acknowledges the right of the state to suppress them, but thinks the measure inexpedient except in a financial point of view. The other members of the committee are far from being unanimous on the subject. The committee intend to propose an amendment, that the convents be allowed to remain until the last inmate has died off. As an amendment to that effect has been rejected by the Chamber of Deputies, the re-production of it in the Senate may lead to serious complications

Advocate-General Persoglia, of Turin, the same who some years ago prosecuted the refractory Archbishop of Turin, Franzoni, has been appointed Senator of Piedmont.

PARIS, April 11.—The *Moniteur* contains an article in which the military conduct of the Allied Government, since the expedition to the Crimea, is explained. It is promised, also, that the various phrases, motives, and objects of the negociations shall be made known The session of the *Corps Legislatif* is prolonged to the 14th. The budget was discussed to day.

A certain number of Russian prisoners, taken at Bomersund, are to be removed from the Ile d'Aix for Corsica, where they have obtained permission to work in clearing the land.

The visit of the French Emperor and Empress is now settled, and the programme has been published, and all the items in the round of royal festivies are patent to the world.

### The District Meetings.

The various announcements in our paper of this and the previous week, convey the intelligence that the several Districts are to meet, this spring, as follows:—The Nova Scotia West District, at Halifax, on Thursday the 17th instant; the Nova Scotia East and Prince Edward's Island District, at Amherst, on Thursday, the 24th instant; and the New Brunswick District, at Sackville, on Thursday the 31st instant.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT WINDSOR.—A Telegraphic despatch was received by James King, Esq., Western Coach Proprietor, stating that a fire broke out at half-past nine on Sunday evening in Jordan's barn, which with Haley's store, Jordan's house and store, Goudge's house and store, were all burned to ashes. Goudge's upper store was saved.—*Chron. of Tuesday.*

☞ Newport is the scene of a gracious revival of religion.

## Letters & Monies Received.

(See that your remittances are duly acknowledged.)

Rev. W. Wilson (40s.), Rev. Geo. O. Huestis (20s.—new sub.), Rev. C. Churchill, Rev. T. H. Davies (new sub.), Rev. W. McCarty, Rev. R. Weddall, Rev. A. Black, Rev. E. Breitle (2 new subs.—Your remittance was acknowledged in the paper of Jan. 11th), Rev. C. Lockhart (5s.—new sub.), Rev. G. M. Barratt (100s.), Rev. W. Temple (20s.), Mr. John Urquhart (5s.—new sub.)

*Errata.* Last week Rev. T. B. Smith should have been credited with a new subscriber; and the (40s.—new sub.) placed opposite Rev. A. DesBrisay's name should have been credited to Rev. T. Harris.


*Holloway's Pills*, a certain Remedy for Dropsy.—Charles Hutchinson, of Quebec, was for fifteen months a sad victim to this complaint, so bad was he one part of the time, that the water actually oozed through the pores of the skin, and thrice per day change of apparel became necessary. Every time his doctor called he expected to find him dead, and in fact gave his friends no hopes of his recovery; his sister who had derived great benefit by the use of Holloway's Pills, begged him, as a favour to her, to try them: fortunately for him he did not refuse, and they soon produced a change for the better, in four weeks he was again attending to business having thoroughly got rid of the disorder, and in the most excellent health and spirits. These Pills work wonders in liver and billious complaints.


## Commercial.

### Halifax Markets.

*Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, April 25th.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Bread, Navy, per cwt. | 38s. 9d. |
| " Pilot, per bbl. | 35s. |
| Beef, Prime, Ca. | 52s. 6d. |
| " " N. S. | 45s. a 47s. 6d. |
| Butter, Canada, | none |
| " N. S. per lb. | 1s. 1d. |
| Coffee, Laguyara, " | 8d. a 8½d. |
| " Jamaica, " | 8½d. |
| Flour, Am. spfi. per bbl. | 70s. |
| " Canada sfi. " | 70s. |
| " Rye, | 37s. 6d. |
| Cornmeal, | 30s. |
| Indian Corn, | none |
| Molasses, Mus. per gal. | 1s. 5½ a 1s. 6d. |
| " Clayed, " | 1s. 4d. a 1s. 4½d. |
| Pork, Prime, per bbl. | 75s. |
| " Mess, " | 85s. |
| Sugar, Bright P. R., | 35s a 36s. 3d. |
| Bar Iron, com. per cwt, | 18s. |
| Hoop " " | 25s. |
| Sheet " " | 30 . |
| Codfish, large | 18s. 6d. |
| " small | 16s. a 17s. |
| Salmon, No. 1, | 100s. a 102s. 6d. |
| " " 2, | 90s. a 95s. |
| " " 3, | 75s. a 80s. |
| Mackerel, No. 1, | 80s. |
| " " 2, | 70s. |
| " " 3, | 38s. a 9d. |
| Herrings, " 1, | 13s. 9d. a 14s. 6d. |
| Alewives, | 14s. |
| Haddock, | 12s. 6d. |
| Coal, Sydney, per chal. | 37s. 6d. |
| Fire Wood, per cord, | 25s a 26s. |

*Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, April 25th.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Oatmeal, per cwt. | 25s. |
| Fresh Beef, per cwt. | 40s. a 50s. |
| Veal, per lb. | 4d. a 5d. |
| Lamb, " | 6d. |
| Bacon, " | 7½d. a 8d. |
| Pork, Fresh, " | 5½d. |
| Butter, " | 1s. 3d. |
| Cheese, " | 7½d. a 9d. |
| Poultry—Chickens, | 3s. a 3s. 6d. |
| Turkeys, per lb. | 9d. |
| Calf-skins, per lb. | 7½d. |
| Yarn, " | 2s. 6d. |
| Potatoes, per bushel, | 4s. 6d. a 5s. |
| Eggs, per dozen, | 1s. |
| Homespun Cloth, (wool,) | per yard, 2s. 6d. |
| Do. (cotton and wool,) | per yard, 1s 7d. a 1s. 9d. |

WILLIAM NEWCOMB,
*Clerk of Market.*

## Marriages.

At Maander, Newport, on the 11th of April, by the Rev. Thomas H. Davis, Mr. David H. Dickie, of Cornwallis, to Miss Emma Smith, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Arnold Smith, of Newport.

At Wallace, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. W. McCarty, Mr. John Leppin, to Miss Sarah Ann Stevens.

At the same place, by the same, on the 11th inst. Mr. Alexander B. Perkins, to Miss Susannah Fisher.

On Monday, 16th inst., by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Thorn Cottage, Capt. Thomas Crouchier, to Matilda Harrison, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Harrison, of Lunenburg.

On the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Wm Smith, Mr. Thomas E. Flood, Bay Verte, to Miss Turner, daughter of Mr. Barker Turner, of the same place.

## Deaths.

On Thursday, 19th inst., Miss Johanna McLean, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Charles McLean, formerly of Shelburne.

At Point de Bute, Westmoreland, on the 13th inst., Margaret Elizabeth, only daughter of the Revd. Albert DesBrisay Wesleyan Minister, aged 19 years.

In Yorkville, on the 23rd ult., of Consumption, Caroline Matilda Wood, third daughter of the Rev. Enoch Wood, President of the Wesleyan Conference, aged 21 years. Her health began to decline upwards of a year ago under the influence of that wasting disease, and for several months her friends have entertained no hopes of her recovery. Through the instrumentality of the religious instruction and pious examples with which she had been favoured under paternal care, she was led early to seek the personal enjoyment of that religion which she saw exemplified in the life of her parents; and for several years Caroline has been a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. During her long illness she experienced largely the consolations of divine grace, and the sufficiency of its support amidst the blighting prospects of an early decline and death. With the strongest attachments to life that could be cherished by the happiest and most endeared family associations and friendships, and the opening prospects which youth affords, yet she was enabled with calmness and resignation to look forward to her early removal from earth; and by her patient suffering and peaceful and happy death, to exhibit the triumphs which the Gospel achieves for the believer. The last few hours of her life were especially marked by the most significant expressions of the happy state of her mind. With the greatest composure, and with a manifestation of the most delightful anticipation she said, "Dear Father, we shall meet in heaven!" after the lapse of a few seconds, she uttered the sublime language of the Psalmist, "The Lord is the strength of my heart," and being unable to finish the sentence her father said, "and your portion forever," to which her bright expressive eye, and slight movement of the head gave earnest assent. As her breathing became shorter, looking at her sorrowing family, she exclaimed, "I shall soon be there," and then clasping her hand upon the pillow, and placing her hands under her cheek, bright with heaven's radiance, in the calmest and sweetest manner said,—"Glory be to God," falling asleep in Jesus,—to be for ever with the Lord. Thus, while her parents, and large family circle and numerous friends are called to mourn the early death of one most beloved and highly esteemed, yet as her mental and moral training had qualified her for usefulness in whatever sphere of life she might have been called to move, her sorrowing friends feel that severity of the bereavement is softened by the full triumph of the departed, and the church and the world are furnished with another example of the blessed results of parental example and youthful piety.—*Toronto Christian Guardian.*

## Shipping News.

### PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, April 18.

Pckt brig America, O'Brien, Boston.
Brig Dumbarton, of Windsor, Currie, Kingston, Ja, bound to London—crew sick.
Schr Nautilus, Nwfld.

THURSDAY, April 19

Brigt Liberal, Bisset, Cienfuegos.
Schrs Nautilus, Heaney, Burin.
Buskar? Pye, Newfoundland.

FRIDAY, April 20.

Brigt Mary Ann, Balcom, Beaver Harbour.
Government schr Daring, Day, Sable Island
Schrs Mayflower, Purdy, Burin.
Mary, Meagher, Fortune Bay.

SATURDAY, April 21.

R M steamship Osprey, Corbin, St Johns, N F
Brigt Tigress, Fortune Bay.
Schrs Dart, Fenton, Porto Rico.
Mary, Reid, Placentia Bay.
Exile, King, Fortune Bay.
Mary, and Rachel, Sydney.

SUNDAY, April 22.

Ship Mic Mac, Auld, Glasgow, 26 days.
Brig Magnet, Hammond, Boston.
Brigt Onward, Banks, Cienfuegos.
Schr California, Byrnes, Boston.

MONDAY, April 23.

H M steamer Argus, Purvis, Bermuda—bound to the coast of Newfoundland.
Brigts Neptune, Clements, Baltimore.
Gen Washington, Day, Portland
Schrs Enterprise, Hawkes, Porto Rico.
John Benson, Smith, Baltimore.
Ellen, Vigus, Burin.
True Blue, Benout, Oderin.

CLEARED.

April 18.—Brigt Charles, Margeson, St John, N B, schrs LeMarchant, Baltimore; Kate Ellen, Ellis, New York.

April 19.—Barque Halifax, Layboid, Boston; schrs Stewart Campbell, Tobin, Baltimore; Gold Finder, Herman, Baltimore; Buskar, Pye, Richmond; W. A. Henry, Poole, Port aux Basque; Dancing Feather, P. E. Island.

April 20.—Brigts Halifax, Purdy, Mayaguez; Golden Rule, Edwards, Mayaguez; Colonist, Darkee, Boston; schrs Active, Boston; Agnes Ross, Murphy, Boston; Palestine, McConnell, Labrador.

April 21.—Brig Victoria, Morgan, F W Indies; brigt Empire, Crowell, Philadelphia; schrs Galaxy, Cunningham, New York, Aurora, Crowell, Baltimore; Paragon, Parker, Gloucester; Compass, Kennedy, Labrador; W H Stewart, LaPoile.

MEMORANDA.

Kingston, Jam, March 30—arrd brigt Kabadah, Halifax; sailed schr Citron; April 3rd—arrd brig Velocity, do; 4th—schr Bulow, do; 5—brigt Plato, do; 6th—brigt Belle, do; sailed schr Wave, Wilmington.

Boston, April 12—arrd Br brigt St Croix, Croft, Havana; schrs Metoc, Stanwood, Yarmouth; Margaret Alice, Simmons, Cornwallis; Acadia, Gates, Aylesford. 13th—brig Francis Dane, St Kitts; Chesapeake, Davidson, Windsor; schrs Lynfeed, Ryder, Clements; Mary, Nickerson; Flying Arrow, Digby; Sophia, Pidton; Cuming, Cornwallis; Thrasher, Foley, Windsor; Wave, Scott, Yarmouth; Morris, Maitland.

Schr Mary, Jones, of Gloucester, was capsized in a squall near Green Island, while in stays, crew saved.

Br brig Wasp, from Nassau, N P, for New York, put into Charleston, 7th inst. in distress, having on the 1st inst. experienced a heavy gale from E S E, which lasted 38 hours, during which lost maintop-mast, main yard galley, boat, stove bulwarks, rail, and sustained other damage.

Capt of schr Daring reports—At 2 a. m., 18th inst., schrs Albatross, of Kingston, Jam, Capt Oswell, from New York, for St Johns, N F, wrecked on the N. W. Bar of Sable Island.

Philadelphia, April 15—arrd schrs Gold Hunter, Henry, and Emily Farwell, Halifax.

Brigt Onward left at Cienfuegos, brigts Harrrie Ann, Ranger, and Albion, loading; schr Napier loading for New York.

New York, April 15—arrd brig Reindeer, Cienfuegos.


## SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

*Received per Steamer.*

THE Subscriber has received from England his usual assortment of Garden and Flower SEEDS, which can be confidently recommended.

WM. LANGLEY,
Hollis Street.

March 29. 2m. 298

## Cargo per Brigt. "Conquest,"
## FROM CIENFUEGOS,

—CONSISTING OF—

210 Puncheons, 13 Tierces, 13 Bibls } Prime Muscovado MOLASSES.

Now landing and for sale by

March 22. 2w. GEO. H. STARR.

## NOTICE.
## TO CONTRACTORS.

TENDERS will be received by the Subscribers, until the Seventeenth day of March, for the erection and completion of a Methodist Chapel, at Canning, Cornwallis according to plan and specification to be seen at the office of C. C. Hamilton, Canard. Tenders to include all the materials, (except timber for the frame.)

The building is to be 60 by 40 feet on the ground, 18 feet Posts, with a Tower and steeple 87 feet from the foundation, and an end gallery—and to be completed on the 31st day of December, 1855. Payments will be made as follows—viz. £150, the 5th May, when the frame shall be raised,—£150 on the 1st Sept, and the remainder on the 31st December, or when the whole contract is completed.

The Contractors will be required to give satisfactory Bonds for the faithful performance of the contract.

C. C. HAMILTON.
WM. BORDEN.
JAMES TUPPER.

Cornwallis, 5th February, 1855. gr. 294

## Valuable Real Estate
## FOR SALE!

THE LOT OF GROUND near the Dockyard adjoining the property occupied by Mr. William Donovan, measuring on Water Street 41 feet, and extending West 61 feet

ALSO—The HOUSE and LOT OF GROUND with extensive Garden adjoining to the South the property of Nepean Clarke, Esq., measuring on Water Street 77 feet 9 inches, and extending West 163 feet. The above properties are offered for Sale, and if not previously disposed of, will be offered at Public Auction on or about the First of May, of which due notice will be given.

DENSIAH MARSHALL, Executrix
C. H. BELCHER, } Executors.
GEO. H. STARR, }
Of the Estate of the late Capt. Henry R. Marshall.

March 22 3w.

## SMITHS'
## Nova Scotia Daguerrian Gallery

*NO. 11 GRANVILLE STREET.*

THE improved Vignette Daguerreotype, a most beautiful style of Picture taken at this Gallery, and all other kind of Work done in the above line in the highest perfection of the art and at reasonable prices.

Please call and examine Specimens before sitting elsewhere.

Dr J. SMITH.

March 23. 1y.

## Illustrated London News.

THE News of the World, the Ladies' Newspaper, London Punch and Diogenes, may be obtained immediately after the arrival of every Cunard Steamer from England, at MORTON'S MEDICAL WAREHOUSE, Granville Street. Single number of the Illustrated London News supplied at 6d Ster. per copy, or Subscribers' names received for quarterly or annual Subscriptions at the London price.

☞ A remittance of £1 Cy will secure 52 numbers of the paper

G. E. MORTON & CO.

December 14 283.

## S. L. CRANE, M. D.,
## PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Successor to his late Brother-in-Law, Dr. Sawers and late of Her Majesty's Hospital Ship Tenedos, Bermuda

60 Hollis Street.

☞ REFERENCE—DR. JAS. F. AVERY Feby. 9

## LUBIN'S PERFUMES,

WARRANTED genuine, viz: Violet, Magnelia, Mousseline, Patchouly, Jockey Club, Musk, Eglantine Jenny Lind, Geranium and Rose, Bouquet de Caroline Sweet Pea. For sale low at 139 Granville Street.

February 13 ROBERT G FRASER

## MATTHEW H. RICHEY,
Barrister and Attorney at Law
OFFICE—24, HOLLIS STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.

## New Advertisements.

☞ *Advertisements intended for this Paper should be sent in by 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, to be inserted.*

## "STAR"
## LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
CHIEF OFFICE
43, Moorgate Street, London.

THE Society is chiefly, but not exclusively devoted to the Assurance of the lives of members of the Wesleyan Methodist societies and of the hearers and friends of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, Amongst whom it has already effected such a favourable work.

The Directors have much pleasure in stating that the credited Members of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion in the various districts in Association include a very ten efficacious which can have been developed in regard to principle and the system of Life Assurance, but the following facts merit special notice.

None tenths or ninety per cent of the Profits accruing at each five years, divided among Policy-holders, are paid Three Annual Premiums.

Credit may be given for one half the Premiums, upon whole Life Policies for Five Years.

Policies which shall have lapsed for Non-payment of Premium, may be renewed at any period not exceeding Six Months, upon satisfactory proof being given that the assured is in good health and on the payment of a small Fine.

Assured Persons intending sojourning in foreign parts will be allowed to proceed to Europe, or to navigate vessels, from port to port in Europe, and return, without extra charge or previous communication to Directors.

No claim disputed, except in case of payable fraud, or unintentional error, until after three Years of Policy.

All claims paid within Fifty days of their being passed by the Board.

No single entrance money, or fees of any kind, to any charge made for Policies.

Fifty days are allowed for the payment of the Premium, from the date of its becoming due.

*The following Tables give the Scale of Bonus allocated to the Holders of Policies of Five Years' duration.*

| Age at Entry | Sum Assured | Amt paid to Office | Bonuses added to the sum assured | Total sum assured at the death in ten years of the Assurance |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30 | £1,000 | £84 15 0 | £147 10 0 | £1,147 10 0 |
| 35 | 1,000 | 27 11 8 | 126 3 4 | 1,126 3 4 |
| 40 | 1,000 | 324 11 8 | 185 10 0 | 1,185 10 0 |
| 45 | 1,000 | 377 1 8 | 177 10 0 | 1,177 10 0 |

The "STAR" Office insures at as low a rate as any of the Life Offices, and Wesleyan Ministers have the advantage of a Discount from the annual premium of five per cent.—Further information may be obtained at the office of the Agent, 31 Water Street, or from the Medical Referees, Granville Street.

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Medical Referee. Agent.

April 25. y 292.

## HERRING, SALMON,
## &c. &c.

250 BBLS No. 1 Shore Herrings, Halifax Inspection
2 do No 2 } SALMON, Ditto
2 do No 3 }
7 do Round do
60 Qrs Labrador Cod Fish
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April 5. 3w.

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April 5. 4w

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The Provincial Wesleyan.

## Literature.

### Genius and Self Culture in the Cottages.

*A Lecture delivered before the Halifax Mechanics' Institute,*

BY W. A. JOHNSTON, ESQ.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

Genius hath no nobility. No garter king at arms traceth its descent through a long line of illustrious ancestors in one favoured family; nor does it ever owe *its* exis ence to the suddenly discovered crest of some fortunate cotton-spinner to a well-filled purse and the ingenuity of the "Herald Office." Nor is it born in the Library of the learned. "Alma Mater" is not *its* parent, the Savants of the Earth cannot call it their own; and though, like the Aloe it may bloom once in a century, unlike it leaves no seed behind to reproduce itself. A spark from the Throne of Divinity, it falls on no peculiar class, and on no favoured spot,—riches cannot buy it, nor power command it—but to the poor man it may be given, may fill with celestial fire the soul of the peasant and illumine the plough boy's path to immortality;—it spurns the social castes and distinctions of scholastic pride, lives in its own world, wings its way through its own Heaven, indulges in its own dreams; a bright winged bird with the bay leaf in its mouth, it may perchance find rest for the sole of its feet on the window-sill of some lowly cottage. The greatest of all poets, himself the incarnate spirit of poesy, before whom all nations have bowed, and at whose shrine devoted homage will be paid while English Literature endures—"the richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child," "and was wont to prepare his bags of wool for market, and cheapen them in the streets of Stratford upon Avon."

To genius well may be applied the words of the poet:—

> But oh! a few there be, whom griefs devour,
> And weeping woe, and disappointment keen,
> Replunge inury, and sorrow sour,
> And self consuming spleen—
> And these are genius' favourites.

The merest smattering in the World's History will convince, that there are no barriers fencing in one section of humanity from perceptions and spiritual enjoyments peculiar to any other section. They who have explored the rich and inexhaustible mines of ancient lore, the lovers of Homer and Horace and Virgil, may find that in the bosoms of those to whom hath been denied even to look down the shafts of those mines, and to whom these books, have been sealed, there yet glow the love of *spiritual* life, and the keen zest for intellectual enjoyment. Yes, the wealthy the profound and highly polished scholar may learn that his poor brother, though no rent rolls, no title deeds are his, yet possesses that which affords far more enjoyment, and satisfaction than that which all *his* riches and *his* learning can bestow; and in the words of a popular writer,—"is the owner and Lord warden of many a castle in the air, and possessor of many a glorious field in the realms of fairy-land and imagination, whither he can at all times wander, and for the tenantry of which he pays no income tax, territories of which he cannot be deprived, where in thought he meets and holds communion with the best and bravest of earth's departed spirits, where he freshens his own mind with the gales, the waters and the dews of immortality, and returning thence, pours the richness and the majesty of his musings over his brethren, till they follow him through his inheritance and pathway of light." So Burns at his plough, and Bloomfield at his stall, may well be objects of envy to the richest, the proudest, and the most erudite. Yet it is difficult for "Pride to put his ear to the ground and listen to the teachings of humble humanity." "The spring of nobility who by virtue of his yellow talismanic tassel has driven lightly with his four in hand through the college curriculum, and has come out a graduated dunce, nor yet the slip shod lounger in literature who possesses the "open sesame" by which science unlocks her casket, and the arts their beauties, who has found the road to learning smoothed somewhat by a golden roller, little ken and little heed the gigantic *mental* attainments of the children of toil, the prodigious and noble labour of those who have been forced to depend *alone* on their own efforts,—who without straw have made bricks,—who unassisted, nay in addition to their daily manual labour for bread and for life, have removed the mountains in their path to mental achievement. We read of Crabbe, and Burns, and Bloomfield, and Chatterton, and Nicholl, and Bethune, and Clair, and Cooper, and others children of toil whose only heritage was poverty, against which a painful and daily warfare was waged,—of some of these learning their alphabet at the end of their toilsome day stretched upon the hard floor by the fires hurtful blaze,—of the insatiable gnawings of the deathless spirit which burned within them, and their fearful and daily contest for bread, of their final death struggle, of the last throes and pangs of their undying spirits, by whose intense burnings they were consumed. We read, yet we scarcely believe, and do not appreciate. Yet can the *world* present a sublimer spectacle than this,—a poor man struggling at once for imperishable food to feed his deathless spirit,—and perishable bread to sustain his mortal body, contending at the same time for life and for immortality, and such spectacles do they present whose histories we are about to record. Before descending to more recent periods, let us linger for a moment in the ages of the past—look far down through the vista of time, ere daylight had dawned, and long before the present world of literature and science, and art and poetry was. While yet darkness was upon the face of the intellectual deep; when nobles and barons could not write their own names, and the serfs and vassals were esteemed little above the clods they turned, and in intelligence little excelled the herds they tended. Whence that single ray which gleams upon the night making darkness visible?—whence those sweet sounds which fill the air, follow—this is no "Ignus Fatuus"—grouping and in darkness we pursue till we stop at a mud-built stall where the oxen rest, and there reclining upon straw with the cattle, we behold Cedmon the vassal, the herdsman, and "*the father of English song*"—touched by a spark from Heaven that soul hath been illuminated, that clod vivified, the bright-winged bird flying in at the door with the cattle hath nestled in his bosom and pours forth her sweetest, holiest strains in immortal song. His history is short, listen to it as given in the taste of the age.

Cædmon was a herdsman who had never read a single song, he could not even sing a song—sitting in his beership wherever the circling Harp, that "wood of joy," as the Saxon gleeman have called it, was offered to his hand, all unskilled, the peasant stung with shame, would hurry homeward: Already far past the middle of life never had the peasant dreamed that he was a sublime poet, or at least a poet composing on sublime themes, incapable as he was of even reading his own Saxon. One evening when he had left an entertainment and retired to the stalls—for on that night he had to take care of the oxen—he laid himself down to rest, and fell asleep, and a figure appeared to him and said—"Cedmon, sing some song to me." The cowherd modestly answered—"I cannot sing, and I have come hither from the Feast BECAUSE I cannot sing." "Nevertheless thou shalt sing," retorted the benignant apparition. "What shall I sing," rejoined the minstrel who had never sung before. "Sing the beginning of the creatures." The peasant amazed found his tongue loosened, and listened to his own voice—a voice which was to reach to posterity. When he awoke the inspiration did not desert him, he remembered all he had sung in his dream, and was able to compose several others on the same subject. When in the morning he came into the presence of his master, who was the most considerable person in the village, he repeated these verses to him, he was then introduced to the Abbess of the monastery of Streoneshall near Witby,—the Lady Hilda renowned in poetry, history and romance, to her he repeated his dream, and recited his verses; but the poet could not read, and the monks therefore read to him a portion of sacred history, desiring him to turn it into verse; he went to his own home, and in the morning returned with an excellent poem on the subject, prescribed;—the Abbess admiring and wondering at the gift of God manifested in him, desired him to lay aside his herdsman frock, relinquish the oxen, and enter the monastery as a brother. Here he was taught among the brethren, and frequently became a teacher; for he translated a great portion of the Scriptures into Saxon verse. And thus had this cowherd the honor of being one of the first to translate into vernacular tongue the words of holy writ. The good man listened, as says the venerable Bede, like a clean animal ruminating, and his song and his verse were so winsome to hear that his teachers wrote them down and learned from his mouth.

In reading Cedmon, says Sharon Turner—we are reminded of Milton, of Paradise Lost, in rude miniature. The pride, rebellion and punishment of Satan and his princes, have a resemblance to Milton so remarkable that much of this portion might be almost literally translated by a canto of lines from the great poet. And another critic in noticing the creation of Cedmon as beautiful, adds,—it is still more interesting from its singular correspondence, even in expression with Paradise Lost.—Time will not permit, nor is it exactly in the scope of this Essay, critically to examine the works of the authors treated of, but to the curious in Literature we can safely promise a rich reward for their devotion of a short time to the singular resemblance of this ignorant poet herdsman, to the immortal Milton the scholar as well as poet. Nor will Milton's reputation for originality we believe, in the slightest degree suffer; for it is more than probable that Milton never saw the Cedmonian poem. In his time but one copy was in existence.

Before leaving this interesting relic of a dark time, we feel assured we shall not trespass upon your patience by giving a quotation or two from this voice which spake a thousand years since. The following are the verses sung in the Dream:—

> Now we must praise
> The heavenly Kingdom's Guardian;
> The Creator's might,
> And the thoughts of his mind;
> Glorious Father of Works.
> How he of every glory,
> Eternal Lord,
> Established the beginning.
> He first framed
> For the children of earth
> The heaven for a roof;
> Holy Maker:
> The midme region
> Mank nd's guardian.
> The Lord Eternal
> Afterwards made
> A dwelling formed;
> Almighty ruler."

The following verses are a kind of paraphrase of the first verses of the Book of Genesis:

> "There was not then yet,
> Except surrounding darkness,
> Anything made:
> But the wide ground
> Sihood, deep and dim,
> A stranger to the Lord;
> Void and unprofitable;
> On this his eyes he gninced,
> The powerful King of Peace,
> And beheld the place
> Destitute of joy.
> He saw the dark clouds
> Perpetually press
> Black under the sky,
> Desert and waste,
> Until this World's creation
> Thro' the Word was done
> Of the King of Glory.
> Here first made
> The Eternal Lord,
> Protector of all things,
> Heaven and Earth
> The sky he reared;
> And this spacious land
> He established
> With strong power:
> Almighty Ruler
> The earth was as yet
> With grass not green;
> With the ocean covered
> Perpetually black;
> Far and wide
> Desert ways."

We must now bid adieu to Cedmon, and yet we would love to linger on this interesting theme; and can ought be more seducing, than forgetting all else, to wander back to those dark, dark ages, and standing in the mud-built castle manger, to listen to that old herdsman pouring forth in sublime, we had almost said inspired, song, the praises of his Maker. The shepherd David, ere yet he was king, tending his flocks on the plains of Bethlehem, and touching his harp in the loftiest poetry, singing: "The heavens declare thy glory, the firmament sheweth thy handy work," is a picture only more interesting because David's song will be sung, not by posterity only, but through all Eternity,—his harp whose divine strings were first strung and touched when the morning stars sang together for joy, will vibrate through all space forever and forever.

To the curious in Literature, Taylor, the Water-Poet, is the next poet in the humble walks, a notice of whose life may afford some pleasure. A complete copy of his works is difficult to be had. Southey has in some degree made us familiar with his writings: in editing the poems of John Jones—an old servant—he prefaced them with an account of Taylor, amongst other self-educated poets, which is one portion of the volume. John Taylor was born in Glostershire, and at an early age, and by his own choice apprenticed to a waterman, a business which was at that period well suited to his bold and rollicking disposition. At that time—1600—a waterman was a very different character to one of the present age; coaches, though known, were but seldom used; though towards the close of his life they became common enough, and loud and deep were the maledictions poured down upon them and their uses by the watermen, whose vested rights were thus jeopardized. Forty thousand men were estimated by Taylor to live by the oar between Windsor and Gravesend; and amongst these Taylor appears to have been conspicuous. He was well known to royalty and to the celebrities of the day. Boatmen were then expected to talk and amuse their patrons, and in the art of happy loquacity our friend appears to have excelled. Though his life and disposition were much opposed to hard study, yet from the number of books which he enumerates in verse as having read, the names of many which are unknown to most of the present day, he must have been a very diligent reader. His life was full of adventures, and his books recite them, and are instructive in reference to the social usages and observances of the times. Thus one of his adventures for a wager, was to travel on foot from London to Edinburgh, not carrying any money to and fro, neither begging nor borrowing, nor asking for meat, drink or lodging. Of this he published an account in verse and prose, entitled, "The Penniless Pilgrimage, or the moneyless preambulations of John Taylor, alias the King's Majesty's Water Poet. I made my legs my oars, and rowed by land." Thus says the rhymer; though the invaluable secret by which journeyings might be so accomplished is, most unfortunately, like the staining of glass and embalming, with many arts of the ancients, lost to posterity; yet the hero's humorous accounts of this adventure will be read with interest and pleasure. We regret that we have not been able to procure any of Taylor's works, or yet a history of his life. We must therefore content ourselves with one of two rather meagre selections. In the journey just alluded to, he and his squire having reached Coventry on a wet windy day, they met with such entertainment from the hostess of the "Horseshoe," of that town, who had a great wart rampant on her nose, that they were obliged to leave her, "to hobble seven miles more the way to Dunchurch, foul with dirt and mire." The Penniless Pilgrimage is full of adventures like this, and narrated in this order.

Another strange journey was "a very merry Ferry Voyage from London to York." Being compelled to land at Cromer, the whole town became alarmed; he and his were taken for pirates, put into custody, and guards set upon their wherry. He says: "They did examine me. I answered them, I was John Taylor, and a waterman, and that my honest fellow Job and I were servants to King James' Majesty,—

> "How we to York upon a mast were bound,
> And that we landed fearing to be drowned—
> When all this would not satisfy the crew,
> I freely op'd my trunk and bade them view.—
> I showed them books of Chronicles and Kings,
> Some prose, some verse, some idle sonnettings;
> I showed them all my letters to the full—
> Some to York's archbishop, and some to Hull."

The worthies of the town having at length discovered the identity of their prisoner, whose fame had reached them, he suddenly became a welcome guest, and was now treated with as much kindness as previous incivility; indeed he afterwards, while on this journey, became the guest of the Archbishop of York. His most celebrated adventure, which he has also recorded in verse, in going from London to Queensboro' in a paper boat, with two stock fish tied to two canes for oars, is, we dare say, familiar to most of our hearers; and we will now leave our water poet and his companions in this somewhat perilous and exciting state which he thus relates:

> "Thousand of people all the shores did hide,
> And thousands more did meet me on the tide,
> With scullers, oars, with ships' boats and with barges,
> To gaze on us they put themselves to charges.
> Thus did we drive and drive the time away,
> Till pitchy night had driven away the day:
> The Sun unto the under world was fled;
> The Moon was forbidden to be, and kept her bed;
> The stars did twinkle, but the ebon clouds
> Their light our sight obscured and overshrouds.
> The tossing billows make our boat to caper—
> Our paper form cance being form of paper.
> The waters four miles broad, no oars to row,
> Night dark—and where we were we did know.
> And thus, 'twixt doubt and fear, hope and despair,
> I fell to work, and Rodger Bird to prayer,
> And as the surges up and down did heave us,
> He cried more fervently, "Good Lord, receive us!"

Leaving now the rich and Classic shores of the Cam and the Thames, let us wander awhile amid the Hills and heather of

> "Scotia, stern and wild,
> "Meet nurse for a Poetic child."

and at the foot of those Grampian Hills which have witnessed many a deed of heroism and valor, we behold the Cot where was born Scotland's second Burns, Robt. Nicholl—and proudly may *he* exclaim, in whose veins run Scotish blood,—when standing on those Hills which own no beauty, save the wildness and grandeur of nature, but whose Peasantry have given birth to a Burns and a Nicholl.

> "This is my own,—my native land!"

—and not in the richest Garden, of other lands, have bloomed Flowerets of more sweetness than these, which blossomed amid the wild uncultivated heather of Scotland; blossoms whose undying fragrance, has been wafted over all lands.

Of Burns—whose History is Scotland's—whose fame is everywhere,—and whose Genius demand an Essay, and an *Essayist* of far greater pretensions and talent than the present, we shall say but little.

In *New* as in Old Scotland, Burns surely now requires, no Historian.

The son of a poor Ayrshire farmer, with but very little education, he was suddenly admitted as a Peer to the companionship of all those illustrious names, whose genius has shed light over the world of Poetry and Literature,—was hailed as a brother and styled "the Shakespere of Scotland"—Seldom have the Immortal Bays, descended upon the head of one more worthy of them than this Ploughboy. "It is impossible," —says one of his countrymen—"to contemplate the Life of Burns at this time—(his youth) without a strong feeling of affectionate admiration and respect;—His manly integrity of character, which as a Peasant, he guarded with jealous dignity, and his warm and true heart,—elevate him in our conceptions—almost as much as the native force and beauty of his Poetry."

We see him in the veriest shades of obscurity, toiling when a mere youth, like a Gally Slave, to support his virtuous Parents, and their household,—yet grasping at every opportunity of acquiring knowledge from men and books. Familiar with the History of his Country—loving its very soil—worshipping the memory of Scotland, ancient Patriots and defenders,—exploring every scene and memorial of departed greatness, loving also the simple Peasantry around him, the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers, burning with a desire to do something for Old Scotland's sake—with a heart beating with warm—with generous emotions—a strong and clear understanding—and spirit abhoring all meanness, insincerity and oppression. Burns, in his early days, might have furnished the subject for a great instructive, moral Poem.

Oh! that in our native land, some second Burns might arise, who also would burn with a desire to do something for New Scotland's sake, whose Genius, energy indomitable will, and contempt of all obstacles would rouse his countrymen from their lethargy—shame them into action—and make *this* Land—whose clime is not more ungenial or soil unkind—worthy the parent whose name she bears—that illustrious country whose peasants are the noble ones of the earth—and who, at one moment, can fire a nation into maddening enthusiasm with—

> "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots wham Bruce has often led,
> Welcome to your gory bed—
> On to glorious victorie!"

The next, melt them into tenderness and pity by—

> "Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
> That loves to greet the early morn,
> Again thou usherest in the day—
> My Mary from my soul was torn.
> Oh, Mary! dear departed shade,
> Where is thy place of bliss ful rest?
> Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
> Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

But we have delayed too long from Robert Nicholl,—the kine tender—Burns' brother in poetry and poverty,—but not in fame,—for Nicholls' name has not yet met the honor it deserves. Elliott has styled him Scotland's second Burns—and has added to this—that Burns at his age had done nothing like him, well would it be, if his life and his poems could be found, not in the Libraries of the rich and the curious alone, but in the bookshelves of every laboring man—for from his life as well as from his words, there goes forth a healthy influence, on every mind especially of his own order, teaching the salutary lessons of self-reliance and self-denial—the love of learning—of truth—of nature—of man. His early years were steeped in poverty—his father having been involved in utter ruin by the failure of a relative, was obliged to give up his farm, and become a day labourer in those very fields he had himself rented. But poor and humble as was his early home, it was the home of love and happiness, and all the domestic virtues—a home which gave birth to all those holy and lofty aspirations and sentiments which breath through the whole of Nicholl's life and Poetry—such a home as Burns has pictured for immortality in his "Cottars Saturday night." And a noble woman was Nicholls' mother—the son worthy of the mother—the mother worthy of the son—and oh! who can tell how much the life and character of the man is, moulded by the mother, 'tis *her* tender hand which first raises the scales from the wondering eyes of enquiring infancy, and pours into his panting soul the first drop from the exhaustless ocean of knowledge—which soul may be in after years—its appetite whetted by this first draught—and seeking at the Pierian Fount to quench its insatiable thirst in potations long and deep may become a Newton. *She* it is who first points his admiring gaze to those brilliant orbs whose rays lighten up her infants cot, and telling him of the worlds upon worlds beyond—fills his soul with awe and admiration; so that he lives to wander amongst the spheres as a Herschel, or sing their beauties as an Addison—and hers it is whose voice first telling of superstition and oppressions, may kindle into fire the soul of a Wickliff or a Hampden.

As finely illustrative of her character, we cannot refrain from giving one short anecdote of Nicholls' mother. When the intelligence first reached her that her son was at Leed, ill, dying, and languishing to see her, she had no means of paying the expenses of the long and weary way, nothing daunted with an unselfishness and heroism which only a mother knows, she undertook the journey and reached Leeds; and when a friend afterwards enquired by what means she had been enabled to meet the expences of the way—she nobly replied—"Indeed sir I shore for the sillar"—her wages as a reaper were the only means by which she could honestly reach her son. Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz to support her mother-in-law, is, a noble and beautiful instance of filial piety. Not less noble or beautiful as a picture of a mother's self-sacrificing love, is this poor unknown woman, reaping on his toilsome way, for means to carry her to her dying son. It may well be conceived what a holy and powerful influence a mother like this would exercise over a sensitive and affectionate mind and heart. It was chiefly through his mother that Nicholl received the first elements of Education; her praiseworthy object appears to have been, so to rear her children as to fit then for that station from which they had been driven by misfortune: and so well did she accomplish this, that one at least of her sons was fitted—and fitted to adorn any sphere, however high.

Breathing pure and lofty thoughts are these lines:

> "I ask not his lineage,
> I ask not his name,
> If manliness be in his heart
> He noble blood may claim.
> The palace or the hovel,
> Where first his life began,
> I seek not of—but answer this:
> "Is he an honest man?"
>
> Nay, blush not now what matters it
> Where first he drew his breath;
> A mangee was the cradle bed
> Of him of Nazareth
> Be nought! be any, every thing;
> I care not what you be;
> If "yes," you answer, when I ask,
> "Art thou pure, true, and free?"

But not alone in strains such as these, teaching man the true nobility, did Nicholl pour forth his soul. Thoughts of Heaven inspired him, and his lyre struck celestial strains like these:

> "High thoughts
> They come and go
> Like the soft breathing of a listening maiden;
> While round me flow
> The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
> When the corn's rustle on the earth doth come;
> When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum;
> When the dew drops of the mute vegetable Manna,
> Watch over all with soft and loving eye,
> While the leaves quiver
> By the lone river,
> And the quiet heart
> From depths doth call,
> And gathers all.
> Earth grows a shadow, forgotten whole;
> And Heaven lives in the blessed soul!
> High thoughts:—they are my own
> When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
> And see below me strown
> The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom."

Oh! that each one in communing with himself would exclaim with Nicholl:

> "Arouse thee, soul:
> God made thee not to sleep
> Thy hour of earth, in doing naught away,
> He gave thee power to keep;
> Arouse thee soul!"

Like the dying swan, Nicholl's last notes were among his sweetest. In his poem on Death—his last—he warbles forth:

> "Are there not aspirations in each heart
> After a better, brighter world than this?
> Longings for beings nobler in each part,
> Things more exalted, steeped in deeper bliss;—
> Who gave us these?—what are they soul in thee?—
> *The bud is budding now* for immortality.
> Dear homes to me,
> One sang, and bright blooms the immortal flower,
> Death comes to lead me from mortality
> To lands which know not one unhappy hour.
> I have a hope—a faith—from sorrow here—
> I am led by death away—why should I start and fear?"

These were his last strains,—at the age of twenty-three, this poet—this high-souled, pure-minded, kind herder, and boy in nought but years, was a spirit in that "land which knows not one unhappy hour," striking the golden strings of a celestial harp to the glory of Him, to whose praises his mortal lyre had oft been strung. Truthfulness and a brotherhood of feeling are two of the grand characteristics of Nicholl's writings. Like the setting sun, which gilds every object, these feelings pervade all his verses—light up every expression, and give force and beauty to every idea. Like all true poets, Nicholl speaks to the heart—he wrote what he felt, and felt what he wrote,—hence the fidelity of his sketches may be recognised by all, high-born or low-born. Can a Scotch peasant *alone* alone perceive the beauty of this simple picture.

> "Oh there is a gladsome happiness, while round the fire are set,
> The youngsters when shint the backs a happy pair are met,
> Wha, wi' a silent kiss o' love, their blessed paction seal,
> While sittin' in their truth beside auld Scotland's spinnin' wheel."

To those who love home, a happy quiet, domestic home, we would commend Nicholls' pictures, these are to be found enshrined for the most part in the verses called "Our Auld Hearthstone." Nicholls' life was a continual pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and had his life been spared longer for the battle, still higher would have been his prize. Books in his day, and in that secluded part of Scotland, were rarely to be met with, but his mother, before the family misfortune, had been a great reader. When she became poor, her time was too valuable to spent in reading but Robert would read aloud,—while she was working—from the few books, which survived the domestic wreck, and she would relate the histories and thoughts with which her mind had been stored. Happy the mother prepared for such an emergency, happy the son eager to draw knowledge from such a source. From his early years Robert was a voracious reader; he says himself, "before I was six years old I read every book that came in my way, and had read twice through my grandfather's small collection; when I had attained my 6th year I was sent to the school which was three miles distant, and I generally read going and returning. To this day I can walk as quickly as my neighbours, and read at the same time with the greatest ease."

At the age of seven his life of labour began; he was sent into the field, there to herd the cattle or the kye—all that he knew at this period he owed to his mother and his own eager desire for knowledge, he had never been at school. Here amid the wild heather—on the mountain side, and by the foaming torrent, the musings of fancy first visited him,—he tells us:

> "Oh! weel I mind how I would muse,
> And think had I the power,
> How happy, happy I would make
> I k heart the world over:
> Yet scrutinly the thoughtless fool
> Would pass the biddie by—
> But oh! I bless the happy time
> When I was herding kye."

He was never without his book under his plaidie, which gave him the name of the Minister. With the fees he obtained for herding during the summer, he was enabled to attend school during the winter. On reaching his twelfth year he was taken from herding, and sent to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor. Though his opportunities for reading were much lessened by this change, his eager thirst for knowledge remained unabated, stimulated perhaps as it became more difficult to be satisfied. As soon as he could hoard together sufficient money, he became subscriber to a Book Club, formed in an adjacent village. He says: "I had previously devoured all the books in the parish, for love; and I soon devoured all in the library, for money. He began the Latin Rudiments, and obtained some slight acquaintance with Geometry. Some of the Waverly novels fell into his way. "I can yet look with no common pleasure," said he, "on the wood in which (whilst herding) I read 'Kenilworth.'" And none in splendid palaces whose eyes have lingered over the pages of this noble drama, have drawn more copious—more exquisite drafts of intellectual pleasure from this rich well, than did this poor herdsboy in the wild woods.

The period of most importance in Nicholl's reading life was that in which he resided in Perth. There he remained for some years leading a noble life—noble because ever mindful of his arduous duties—it was one continual struggle for self-improvement against self-indulgence; and in what nobler contest can man be engaged than such—and though all unknown or despised by the world, wha consert awards richer prizes,—a self-approving conscience and heaven-born desires gratified.

Such are a few of the incidents in the life of Robt. Nicholl, a life which the scholar, the rich and the titled may pass by unnoticed or scorned, but which as a record of noble moral heroism better deserves a bright page in history, than many a blood stained warrior, whose name is inscribed on the blazing scroll of fame. At the early age of 23 died this noble, pure, and true-hearted boy—but boy only in years—a man in all that constitutes and ennobles manhood, leaving behind him a name forever redolent with truth, virtue, and moral self-sacrificing heroism.

(To be continued.)


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DU BARRY'S delicious REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD is the natural remedy which has obtained 50,000 testimonials of cures from the Right Hon the Lord Stuart de Decies, Archdeacon Stuart of Ross, and other parties, of indigestion (dyspepsia,) constipation, and diarrhœa, nervousness, biliousness, liver complaint, flatulency, distention, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, deafness, noises in the head and ears, excruciating pains in almost every part of the body, chronic inflammation and ulceration of the stomach, irritation of the kindneys and bladder, gravel, stone, strictures, erysipelas, eruptions of the skin, impurities and poverty of the blood, scrofula, incipient consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, heartburn, nausea, and sickness during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spasms, cramps, epileptic fits, spleen, general debility, asthma, coughs, inquietude, sleeplessness, involuntary blushing, paralysis, tremors dislike to society, dullness for study, loss of memory, delusions, vertigo, blood to the head, exhaustion, melancholy, groundless fear, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts on self-destruction, and many other complaints. It is, moreover the best food for infants and invalids generally as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the functions of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

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A FEW OUT OF 50,000 TESTIMONIALS OF CURES ARE GIVEN BELOW.

*Analysis by the Celebrated Professor of Chemistry and Analytical Chemist, Andrew Ure, M. D., F. R. S., &c., &c. London, 24, Bloomsbury Square, June 8, 1849.*—I hereby certify, that having examined DUBARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA, I find it the pure vegetable farina, perfectly wholesome, easily digestible, likely to promote a healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby to counteract dyspepsia, constipation and their nervous consequences.

ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S. &c., Analytical Chemist

Dr. Harvey presents his compliments to Messrs. BARRY, DUBARRY & Co., and has pleasure in recommending their "Revalenta Arabica Food;" it has been singularly useful in many obstinate cases of diarrhœa, as also at the opposite condition of the bowels and their nervous consequences. London, Aug. 1st, 1849.

2, Sidney Terrace, Reading, Berks, Dec. 3, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—I am happy to inform you, that the person for whom the former quantity was procured, has derived very great benefit from its use. Its distressing symptoms of dropsy of long standing having been removed, and a feeling of restored health induced. Having witnessed the beneficial effects in the above mentioned case, I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in so doing whenever an opportunity offers, &c. &c. I am, gentlemen, very truly yours,

JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon 96th Regt.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. GATTIKER.

Zurich, 3 Sept 1846.—I have tried DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica for a complaint which had hitherto resisted all other remedies—viz.: CANCER OF THE STOMACH; and I am happy to say, with the most successful result. This soothing remedy has the effect not only of arresting the vomiting, which is so fearfully distressing in Cancer of the Stomach, but also of restoring perfect digestion and assimilation. The same satisfactory influence of this excellent remedy I have found in all complaints of the digestive organs, it has also proved effectual in a most obstinate case of habitual costiveness and colic of many years standing. I look upon this delicious Food as the most excellent restorative gift of nature.

DR. GRATTIKER.

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE OF DR. GEIER IN CONSUMPTION

Magdeburg, 16th Sept, 1853.—My wife, having suffered for years from a pulmonary complaint, became so seriously ill at the beginning of this year, that I looked daily for her dissolution. The remedies which hitherto had relieved her remained now without effect, and the ulcerations of the lungs and night sweats debilitated her fearfully. It was in this evidently the last and hopeless stage of pulmonary consumption, when every medicine remained powerless even affording temporary relief—and I was induced by a medical brother from Hanover, who makes pulmonary consumption his special study and treats it with DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica, to try this strengthening and restorative food, and I am happy to be able to express my astonishment at its effects. My poor wife is now in as perfect state of health as ever she was, attending to her household affairs and quite happy. I'm with pleasure and the most sincere gratitude to God for the restoration of my wife, that I fulfil my duty of making the extraordinary efficacy of DuBarry's Revalenta, in so fearful a complaint, known; and to recommend it to all other sufferers. GEIER, M. D.

Cure No 71, of dyspepsia from the Right Hon the Lord Stuart de Decies: "I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.—Stuart de Decies.

Cure, No. 49,832—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent food." Maria Jolly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk.

Cure, No. 47,121.—"Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Village, Waltham-cross, Herts: a cure of extreme nervousness indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies."

Cure No 48,314.—"Miss Elizabeth Yeoman Gateacre, near Liverpool: a cure of ten years' dyspepsia and all the horrors of nervous irritability."

Plymouth, May 9th 1851.—For the last ten years I have been suffering from dyspepsia, headaches, nervousness, low spirits, sleeplessness, and delusions, and swallowed an incredible amount of medicine without relief. I am now enjoying better health than I have had for many years past. You are quite at liberty to make my testimonial public. J. S. NEWTON.

Devon Cottage, Bromley, Middlesex, March 31, 1849

GENTLEMEN,—The lady for whom I ordered your food is six months advanced in pregnancy, and was suffering severely from indigestion, constipation, throwing up her meals shortly after eating them, having a great deal of heartburn, and being constantly obliged to physic or the enema, and sometimes to both. I am happy to inform you that your food produced immediate relief. She has never been sick since, had little heartburn, and the functions are more regular, &c.

You are liberty to publish this letter if you think it will tend to the benefit of other sufferers. I remain, gentlemen, yours sincerely THOMAS WOODCOCK.

Bonn, 19th July, 1853.—This light and pleasant Farina is one of the most excellent, nourishing, and restorative remedies, and supersedes in many cases, all kinds of medicines. It is particularly useful in confined habit of body, as also in diarrhœa, bowel complaints, affections of the kidneys and bladder, such as stone or gravel; inflammatory irritation and cramp of the urethra, cramp of the kidney and bladder strictures, and hæmorrhoids. This really invaluable remedy is employed with the most satisfactory result, not only in bronchial and pulmonary and bronchial consumption, in which it counteracts effectually the troublesome cough, and I am enabled with perfect truth to express the conviction that DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica is adapted to the cure of incipient hectic complaints and consumption. DR. RUD. WERZER.

Counsel of Medicine and practical M. D. in Bonn.

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## THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY!

## HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

ERYSIPELAS OF EIGHT YEARS DURATION CURED:

*Copy of a Letter from Geo. Sinclair, Esq., of Paris, Canada, dated the 18th July, 1854.*

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—I feel a pleasure and a pride in bearing witness to the wonderful benefit I have derived by the use of your inestimable Ointment and Pills. For eight years I have suffered unceasingly from attacks of erysipelas, large purple blotches came all over my body, in addition to the unpleasant feeling of itching and burning, which effected me both night and day, rendering life a misery to me, as well as to all around,—so severe was the attack. I used several reputed remedies without deriving the least cessation to my misery. At last, I determined to try your Ointment and Pills; after taking them for a few weeks, a visible improvement took place, and I feel considerably better;—in three months, by continuing your medicines, I was completely cured, and now enjoy the best of health. The truth of this statement is well known here, hence there is no necessity for me to request secrecy

I am, Sir, yours respectfully
(Signed) GEO. SINCLAIR.

ULCERS IN THE LEG,—REMARKAALE CURE.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. Edward Tomkinson of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, dated the 4th May, 1854.*

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—My sister, Miss Jane Tomkinson, suffered for a great number of years from a bad leg; in which there were several deeply seated and old wounds, defying the skill of some of the most eminent of the medical faculty; a variety of remedies were also used unsuccessfully; and it seemed to me that there was not anything capable of mitigating the agonies she endured. At length she had recourse to your Ointment and Pills, and after using them for about five weeks, she was completely cured, after all other means had failed to afford her the slightest relief. I have no objection to these facts being published, if you feel disposed to make them known.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant.
(Signed) EWD. TOMKINSON.

A BAD BREAST CURED WHEN AT DEATH'S DOOR!!

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. Henry Malden, of Three Rivers, Canada West, dated July 4th, 1854.*

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—My wife suffered most severely after the birth of our last child with a bad breast. There were several holes in it, one as large as a hand; all the devices and stratagems, I tried would not heal them, but assumed an aspect more frightful than before, and horrible to behold. As a last resource I tried your Ointment and Pills which she persevered with for seven weeks, at the expiration of that time her breast was almost well; by continuing with your remedies for two more weeks she was entirely cured, and we offer you our united thanks for the cure effected. I am, Sir, yours truly

(Signed) HENRY MALDEN.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bad Legs, | Cancers, | Scalds, |
| Bad Breasts, | Contracted and | Sore Nipples, |
| Burns, | Stiff joints, | Sore throats, |
| Bunions, | Elephantiasis, | Skin Diseases, |
| Bite of Moschetoes | Fistulas, | Scurvy, |
| and Sandflies, | Gout, | Sore Heads, |
| Coco Bay, | Glandular swellings, | Tumours, |
| Chiego-foot, | Lumbago, | Ulcers, |
| Chilblains, | Piles, | Wounds, |
| Chapped-hands, | Rheumatism, | Yaws. |
| Corns (Soft) | | |

☞ N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every disorder are affixed to each Pot and Box.

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