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The Provincial Wesleyan.

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Volume XX. No. 51. HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1868. Whole No 1011

Religious Miscellany.

Christmas.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

O Time by holy prophets long foretold,
Time waited for by saints in days of old,
O sweet, auspicious morn
When Christ, the Lord was born!

Again the fixed changes of the year
Have brought that season to the world most dear,
When angels, all aflame,
Bringing good tidings came.

Again we think of her, the meek, the mild,
The dove-eyed mother of the holy child,
The chosen, and the best,
Among all women blest.—

We think about the shepherds, who dismayed,
Fell on their faces, trembling and afraid,
Until they heard the cry,
Glory to God on high.

And we remember those who from afar
Followed the changing glory of the star
To where its light was shed
Upon the sacred head;

And how each trembling, awe-struck worshipper
Brought gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,
And spread them on the ground
In reverence profound.

We think what joy it would have been to share
In their high privilege who came to bear
Sweet spice and costly gem
To Christ, in Bethlehem.

And in that thought we half forget that He
Is wheresoe'er we seek him earnestly;
Still filling every place
With sweet abounding grace.

And though in garments of the flesh, as then
No more he walks this sinful earth with men,
The poor, to him most dear,
Are always with us here.

And He saith, Inasmuch as ye shall take
Good to these little ones for my dear sake,
In that same measure ye
Have brought it unto me.

Therefore, O men in prosperous homes who live
Having all blessings earthly wealth can give
Remember their sad doom
For whom there is no room—

No room in any home, in any bed,
No soft white pillow waiting for the head,
And spare from treasures great
To help their low estate.

Mothers, whose sons fill all your homes with light,
Think of the sons that once made homes as bright,
Now laid in sleep profound
On some sad battle-ground!

And into darkened dwellings come with cheer,
With pitying hand to wipe the falling tear,
Comfort for Christ's dear sake
To childless mothers take!

Children whose lives are blest with love untold,
Whose gifts are greater than your arms can hold,
Think of the child who stands
To-day with empty hands!

Go fill them up; and you will also fill
Their empty hearts, that be so cold and still,
And brighten longing eyes
With grateful, glad surprise.

May all who have, at this blest season seek
The precious little ones, the poor and weak,
In joyful, sweet accord,
Thus lending to the Lord.

Yes, Crucified Redeemer, who didst give
Thy toil, thy tears, thy life, that we might live,
Thy spirit grant that we
May live one day for Thee!

For the Provincial W

Satisfied; A Sabbath Afternoon's Meditation.

BY MARY E. HERBERT.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness" Psalm xvii. 15.

Satisfied; word soft, sweet, fraught with meaning, how came it in the vocabulary of earth? Who among the sons of men could adopt it as expressive of their own experience? Breathed forth amid the fair bowers of Eden, where man, the image of his God, was indeed the noblest work of his Creator; there, where happiness, not as a transient guest, but as a dear, familiar friend took up her abode, most welcome; most beloved,—where each longing aspiration of the soul was fully met,—every song of praise wafted to heaven from those scenes of innocence and peace, must have been the spontaneous outpouring of hearts tuneful with thanksgiving, and fragrant with ineffable satisfaction.

Satisfied; has the word ever been uttered, I wonder, as the expression of true and abiding feeling, since the decree of banishment went forth, and the gates of Paradise shut out its unhappy exiles, while they bade a past adieu to their exquisite but short-lived joy. No, it surely tarried behind, or spread its wings for its native sphere, for from then, till now, it has been sought, yet sought in vain, a teasing vision of beauty that eludes the grasp,—wooed, entreated, it seems to mock the cry of its most ardent worshippers,—and, like the mirage in the desert, beckons the weary pilgrim on, until disappointed, he sink exhausted in the pursuit.

"I shall be satisfied," said the sweet singer of Israel, and many lips have echoed his words—

"I shall be satisfied," exclaims the statesman,
"Immersed in office and its constant cares."

When I shall have attained to that place of eminence for which I have labored long, and a grateful country unite to do me honor; "I shall be satisfied" cries the man of commerce, "when the adventure on which I have embarked, shall return successful, and swell my already laden coffers;" "I shall be satisfied," murmurs the pale student, as he trims afresh his midnight lamp," when the pages on which I have lavished such intense thought, shall be scattered broadcast over the land,—and my name become a household word;" "I shall be satisfied," ejaculates the orator, when the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," awaken a response in men's souls,—and they who throng to listen shall acknowledge the matchless might of human eloquence; "I shall be satisfied," dreams the loving, lonely heart, athirst for social joys, "when the centre of a happy home, I shall prove by experience

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and beam brighter when we come."

then, indeed, I shall be satisfied!"

But will it be so, or shall the future stamp as baseless and unreal, those ardent expectations of unalloyed bliss? Alas, as one desire after another is gratified, will not the soul eagerly ask for more; will there not remain some want not yet supplied? and though the purest earthly good be realized, as affection entwines itself more closely around the object of its regard, must we not shudder when the pale form of death whispers of separation; and threatens to

"Bequeath the breast an everlasting blank"

David had learned a wiser lesson. Much of earthly good had been his lot,—but checkered by much of earthly ill. Rich and pleasant to his taste had been many a cup of life,—but many a bitter potion he had been compelled to quaff.

And now, from broken cisterns, he turns to the fountain of living waters, and slakes the thirst of his deep and ardent soul in those life-giving streams which flow

"Hard by the City of our God."

But he looked forward still. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness"

And so have felt the saints in all ages. Job cried, "I loathe it, I would not live always." Elijah prayed, "Let me die, for I am no better than my fathers." Abraham looked to "a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Nor were the New Testament worthies, amid the clearer light of Gospel dispensation, without those longings for a more perfect state. Paul declares "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better." Peter consoles the tried and sorrowing church by pointing them to the "glory that shall yet be revealed." James exhorts to patience, "for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh,"—and John triumphantly anticipates the period when, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

These all, and countless others, have passed away from earth,—and now, enjoying the fruition of faith,—*are satisfied!*

And we, too, as exiles from our Father's house, do we not sometimes pine and yearn for its unutterable felicities?

Here, our very "mirth is born of melancholy"—sadness mingles with earth's most joyous notes,—but *there*, sorrow and sighing are done away. *Here*, multitudes of our fellow-creatures languish and die for lack of "the bread that perisheth," *there*, "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." *Here*, wan disease makes "countless numbers mourn,—*there* the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

Bowed beneath the yoke of oppression, how many drag out a miserable existence on earth; in that happier clime "The prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of oppressor, and the servant is free from his master."—There, too, kindred spirit shall hail kindred spirit; friend shall embrace friend; the loved, the long-parted, shall rejoice together,—and sweeter than the sweetest music shall come the assurance, "They shall go no more out for ever."

Shall the pen pause here? Does Inspiration go no further? Ah, yes, it reveals to us one vision far exceeding all the glories we have attempted feebly to describe, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."

See Him, not at a distance, we shall be permitted to draw near his throne, to mark

"The dear tokens of his passion,
Which his dazzling body bears"

And hear from his own gracious lips the words of welcome and approval.

Let us then, while still tarrying below,

"Reach forward to that glory,
Press onward to that light.—
And strive by faith to grasp it,
Till faith is lost in sight.

For soon

"The morning shall awaken,
The shadows pass away;
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day."

Dartmouth, Dec. 13, '68.

The Prince of Peace.

Not more softly do the snowflakes fall upon the ground, nor does the gentle rain distil upon the mown grass, nor do the night dews creep into the fleece of the sheep, than the Divine Saviour enters the world. The heavenly hosts were instant witnesses of the occurrence, and they announced it with a joyous song to the humble shepherds, the burden of which was "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." Fit it was that He who had been denominated the Prince of Peace should have been born into the world in such quiet and plainness, and should have for his heralds only the holy and happy messengers of the skies.

What a study is the character and life of Christ in this single aspect of peacefulness! Of his childhood and youth we know but little, because but little was required to be known; enough, however, is revealed to assure us that his earlier years were passed in the unexcited routine of ordinary domestic Jewish life—in habits of subordination to parental rule, and in diligent attention to his allotted secular employments. We cannot think of these years as full of strife and turmoil, as cramped and fretted by vexatious and angry family disputes, but as nurtured by the presentation of domestic harmony, which his dawning wisdom and goodness all the more inspired his parents to be studious to maintain. A divine calm habitually settled upon the holy family.

At his baptism, when set apart for his kingly, prophetic, and high priestly office, the witness of the Baptist is, Behold the *Lamb* of God!—while the attestation of the Holy Ghost is in bodily shape like a dove descending upon him. In the Temptation, with no desire or effort to attract attention to the fierceness of the encounter and the greatness of his victory, alone he meets and conquers the devil. Amid the peaceful scenes of the lake shore, amid the quiet solitude of the mountains and the wilderness, in comparative silence he plants that kingdom in the hearts of a few obscure disciples, which was destined to spread as the leaven in the meal, noiselessly and surely, until it fills the whole world. He employs no pomp of power, no flourishing of trumpets and banners, evokes no turbulent crowd, or sword of authority—only to the higher nature of man, reason and conscience does he make his appeals. In this method how does his career contrast with the great and mighty of the earth—gentle, unostentatious, unobtrusive, while theirs is full of arrogance, oppression, tumult, and war! They secure obedience by overawing the fears, maintain by might what they cannot by right. Their thrones are baptized by the tears of widowhood and orphanage in the very infancy of their existence, and too often sustained ever afterwards with the revenues of injustice. What parade marks every movement of regal authority! Too much is it so with the world at large; it can do nothing without "pomp and circumstance," and what it does, is not unfrequently the louder the emptier it is.

My kingdom, said Jesus, is not of this world—in origin, nature, resources, subjects, it is not of the world, not carnal, but spiritual; coming from God who is a spirit, it has its resources in Him, and claims for its dominion the sphere of the pure spirit in man. It rests its support upon the intelligent convictions, the warm and generous sympathies of its subjects—obtained not by compulsion either of material force or irresistible good, but inspired by motives and influences addressed to the reason and conscience of the individual. By the diffusion of heavenly truth, the establishment of sound principles, the creation of pure affections, the incitement of noble and benevolent exertions, the bestowal of sweet and holy joys, it seeks to gain adherents, and not by sword, or fire or threats. "You know not what manner of spirit ye are oft" was the prompt reproof to the over-zealous disciples who would have called down fire from heaven upon his opposers.

Nor can we think that resort to violence to propagate the religion of Jesus is ever justifiable by the spirit of the Master. That the progress of his kingdom will arouse the animosities of the world, is natural and unavoidable: hence his declaration that he came not to bring peace, but a sword. But it must ever be clear on which side lies the cause of strife and war, and that it does not attach to the side of Christianity. The angry passions excited in the attempt to force purely Christian measures, must engender a needless and a formidable barrier to their ultimate and permanent attainment. The hate among heathen nations, occasioned by the oppressive wars and policies of Christian nations,—though Christianity cannot be held strictly responsible for them—constitutes the chief obstacle to her progress. On the contrary, how the progress of the gospel will be facilitated when, through the means of commercial intercourse and friendly treaties between all nations, universal respect and confidence shall exist!

Turning our thoughts at this season to the advent of Him who is the Prince of Peace, reviewing his life of holy work and suffering, and seeing there ever shining in placid beauty the love and gentleness of a holy, sweet, divine spirit, may we not hope and pray that He shall become our Prince, breathe upon us, and soon upon our unhappy world everywhere, good will?—*Methodist.*

How to pray well.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an eye that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

To pray well in secret, we must pray in public, in the prayer-meeting, the social circle, around the family altar. To pray well in public, we must pray in secret, open the closet often, enter in, shut the door, pour out the soul, hold sweet and intimate communion with the Father of spirits, beseech God earnestly on the bended knee. Who ever performed the solemn duty of public prayer and praise successfully, satisfactorily, and edifyingly, without much earnest, *persevering* intercession in the closet? Mark the man, around the family altar, in the prayer meeting, the social circle, in the great congregation. Is his soul alive—on fire? Does he yearn over dying men? Does he grasp Heaven *unflinchingly*, saying, 'I will not let thee go till thou bless me?" Rest assured that man is a elost man, a man who draws his resources from the *Eternal*, when no eye beholds save God's.

That eye is fixed on seraph sons;
That ear is filled with angels' songs.
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is throned beyond the sky.

Such a man is a host, will chase a thousand, put ten thousand to flight. Show us the man who denies audible prayer, and we will show you a man who, if he prays at all, prays very little.

There is a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.
That power is prayer that soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky!

Forgive and be Forgiven.

Quarrels will arise between the dearest friends, and in the bosom of the most affectionate families. Would that the sun never went down on our wrath! and instead of being allowed to form deep, running sores, that discharge offensive humors, and, even when closed, leave ugly scars behind, would that all such wounds were healed by what surgeons call the "first intention!" But if this has not been done, let us beware of cherishing an unforgiving spirit. Of all states of mind, an implacable temper least becomes those who cannot themselves be saved but by a large measure of forgiveness, and is most unlike, and indeed plainly opposed to, the mind that is in Jesus Christ. It is sad, and much worse than merely sad, to see love turned into hatred, or warm affection to cold indifference.—Nursing an unforgiving temper, making no honest and anxious attempt at reconciliation, repelling perhaps the efforts mutual friends make to heal the breach, every time in church or elsewhere, we repeat the words "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," we are mocking God; and pronouncing on ourselves the horrible imprecations, familiar to profane and brutal lips, with which we shall not shock our readers nor pollute these pages. Thankless as their office often proves, blessed are the peacemakers! But of all peacemakers those are most blessed who humble the pride of their own hearts in the dust, and though injured, stoop as Jesus stooped, to make the first overtures of reconciliation. Our Lord places such an effort at the head of all Christian duties. He gives it honorable precedence over prayers, and preaching, and sacraments, and the highest religious services. It is one a man should leave his pew in the church, should rise from the sacred table of communion, should get carried from his dying bed, to accomplish. "If," says our Lord, "thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison: Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Unforgiving, is to be Unforgiven.—*Sunday Magazine.*

Religious Intelligence.

Church Extension.

The Church Extension Society of the M. E Church, held its Anniversary in Philadelphia a few days since. Several addresses of great power were delivered: The closing address we give entire, as reported in the *Home Journal.*

ADDRESS OF BISHOP KINGSLEY.

I do not know, but perhaps enough has been said in relation to the South. Your minds and sympathies have been so drawn in that direction, and properly, that it seems like something else, I suppose to introduce anything but this theme here now; and yet there are other reasons than those for supporting the Church Extension Society. In my mind there are great, grave, and important reasons. And when Dr. Newman said that our foreign missionary operations might be considered as defensive, it occurred to me that our operations right here, at home may be considered as defensive. It seems to me, as I look around me, that the remaining portion of the nineteenth century, just one generation, is fraught with responsibilites to the American people, such as earth has never seen. To no notion, since time began, have the eyes of all nations turned as they now turn to this. In no nation in the world's history have the hopes of the rest of mankind centered politically as in this nation. To no nation upon the face of the earth are all nations coming as to this nation. They are coming, coming, coming, like doves to their windows. Ireland is coming; Germany is coming; Scandinavia is coming. And the coming is not confined to the East. China is pouring its hordes upon our shores; and Japan will soon follow China. Upon our South side, not to not speak now of the colored population, Cuba is coming, and Mexico is coming, right or wrong. I am not speaking of the desirableness of the thing, but of the fact of the thing—they are coming, and will soon be a part and parcel of the United States.

Now look at the strain that will be upon this country then. We have passed through one great, gigantic struggle. That struggle was like the rocking of a mighty earthquake. God be praised that we have passed it. The next will not be like the rocking of an earthquake, but like the encroachments of the sea coming in, rolling in upon us, and washing out the deep foundations. That will be the character of the next struggle. From the East, people are coming at war with the holy Sabbath and determined to destroy it. On the Southern border, these nations that I have named as coming, have been degraded by ages of ignorance, and vice and crime. On the West, hordes of pagan idolaters are coming, having established already in the United States their temples of idolatrous worship, and having the means at their command of hording in such multitudes as will truly overwhelm that Pacific coast, if God in his providence permit, and God in his mercy do not help to leaven that vast mass of humanity.

Now what is to be done in these circumstances? If there ever was a time when every man, woman and child, that has a heart to feel for his country—the goodliest that the sun ever shone upon, the land whose very name causes the eye to grow brighter, and the hopes to rise higher, and the thoughts to grow larger, than the mention of any other land in the world—I say, if anything should rouse the attention, should wake up every Christian to every kind of activity, the circumstances that surround us now should wake us up to that activity. The hope of the world very largely depends upon the success of this great—problem as we used to call it; we have about stopped calling it a problem; I rather think that the solution has been accomplished. I rather think the Q. E. D. we had put on a problem when we thought we had solved it, we may put on this problem if we do our duty now, just at this juncture, and are wise enough to understand what Providence would have us to do, and will do it, trusting in Providence to leaven the great mass. These people must be met upon our shores with open Bibles and warm hearts; with mighty faith in the love of God, the finger upon the promise which says: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." This is the way they must be met.

If a man talks to me about his country, I want to know if he loves it well enough to be good for it; well enough to promote virtue for it; well enough to work in the Sabbath school; well enough to get out into the street and proclaim salvation; to talk with the most degraded children out of hell, and say, "Here we want to introduce you to the King of kings and Lord of lords. True, you are not in a very fitting dress now, but he can fit you; he can put a dress upon you, and put a crown upon you." This is the way, it seems to me, we must feel if we would perpetuate the glorious heritage God has given us. Oh, how it becomes an army thus surrounded and pressed on all sides, to strengthen the center, to make steadfast and sure its conquests already gained, in order that it may not only hold its own, but may advance upon the enemy's works!

Now this Church Extension Society proposes just that thing. It proposes to plant churches, and to establish ourselves; to anchor these great principles; to furnish religious houses, so as to be able to draw the attention of parents to these houses of God.

There is something wonderfully educating in the very nature of a church reared to the service of Almighty God, in which the pure worship of God is celebrated, and faithfully performed. There is something in the very thing that has a happy influence upon society, and that speaks of stability. I saw, a little more than a year ago, O how many precious little boys? My heart ached, and tears gushed to my eyes oftentimes, as I asked them, "Do you want to go to America?" If they could answer me, they said "Yes, if we could get money enough." Why here we gather the poor little boy into the Sunday school and acquaint him with Jesus Christ, and under such influences in twenty-five years he becomes a solid man. I say knowing what I say, that it is not true of any single nation of Europe that there is any hope at all for the poor; and they are coming here. And oh, how important as they come, to have these churches open, these Christian hearts open to them, that they may receive Christianity as they come, and become valuable acquisitions to the real stability of the country. For every soul gathered to Christ is a soul enlisted under the Great Captain of our salvation. And we only need faith and works enough to go together. It wont do to think of this coming to pass by sitting down and theorizing. When I see a man with a commentary under his arm, that he has written himself, talking about the millenium and explaining Daniel by the Prophecies, and Napoleon by Daniel. I think of the lunatic asylum; but when I see a man leading a poor sinner to Jesus, I think he understands the millenium. It is to come by great faith; by one after another becoming converted; by coming into contact with the powers of darkness and charging them until their ranks break. Why, I thought when I saw the reports of the increase in our church this year that it must have kept heaven in considerable uproar with tidings, tidings, tidings, from this branch and other branches of the church. O, then, we want the news to go that these comers are converted as they come.

Shall Rome Educate our Daughters?

The Christian at Work answers this question with an earnestness with which those most familiar with Romish methods can best sympathise:

If you wish your daughter to acquire a finished education and refined manners, send her by all means to the Convent of the 'Sacred——'—they do not interfere with religious preferences." So say thousands of Protestant mothers all over the land. Yes, that is what the Sisters say, sure enough: but their words are as winning as the famous parlor song of the spider to the fly, and their acts as cruel. Those convents are established for no other reason than to spread their faith among the higher classes, where otherwise they could not come. *What cares Rome for the education of woman in Portugal or Spain?*

Quite recently, a young Protestant lady, who is an inmate of one of those convents, told us that in three months nearly a score of Protestant young ladies had renounced their faith and been baptized into the Romish Church, in the institution of which she was a inmate, and that the tide set constantly in that direction. Their policy is not to coerce—they are too wily for that. Already, for the most part, our children are surrounded with Romish servants and nurses; who shall estimate the result when they have Romish mothers? Tell me of the mothers and I will tell you of the nation.

Baptism of a Japanese Convert and Student.

The New Brunswick (N. J.) *Fredonian* of the 23d inst., has the following interesting account:

The service in St. James M. E Church on Sunday was of especial interest. After the usual introductory exercises, a young Japanese, a student in Rutgar's College, presented himself for the Sacrament of baptism, Answering audibly and satisfactorily the questions as to his Christian belief and experience, he was baptized, receiving, by his own choice, the name of John Wesley, in addition, to his Japanese name of Iwoski Nagai.

After the ceremony of baptism, Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D., the pastor, briefly narrated some points in the history of the young man, who left Japan some three years ago to obtain an English education—went to England where he remained two years, and then came to this country, arriving at New Brunswick last spring. In visiting the different churches in this city, he came in turn unsolicited to St. James, being pleased with the church and understanding better the preaching of Dr. Tiffany than any other of our ministers, he continued to attend service there—united with the Sabbath School, and was a constant worshipper. On the first Sunday in October he gave evidence of a Christian experience, and after several interviews with the Doctor, proposed to be baptized. The Doctor advised him to do so, and to leave to future study and to Providence the question of particular church membership. Nagai's friends objected to this course, and he greatly desiring to honor Christ, began the investigation of Church organizations; and becoming satisfied that the doctrines of Methodism fairly represented the teachings of Scripture, and that the usages of Methodism were well calculated to assist in the development of Christian character, he decided to join that Church, and made his election emphatic by taking the name (of his own motion (of the great reformer whose labors resulted in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The service was very impressive, and after the baptism and the reception of Nagai and four others, the Doctor spoke briefly of the influence which the service might have on the future of the Church and the evangelizing of Japan, taking as his text Zech. iv, 10: "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

Special interest attaches to this case, from the fact that though there is a Protestant Christian Mission in Japan, there have been no open professions among the natives, and we believe that John Wesley Iwoski Nagai is, with one single exception, the only baptized native of Japan. At a time when the changes of nations are so startling and rapid, the hope may well be indulged that by the time he is ready to return to his home the laws of that Empire may not only protect him in the enjoyment of his new faith, but the people may welcome him as the bearer of glad tidings from a far country.

General Miscellany.

The Christmas Stockings.

There they are in the corner,
Hanging up side by side
Four dainty little stockings,
Chubby and short and wide,
One for Etta and Charlie,
And one for the little Nell,
And the wee little sock of crimson
Belongs to the baby, Bell.

Bell, to whose infant beauty
Every new day adds charms,
Taking no thought of the morrow,
Sleeps in her mother's arms,
But up in their own little chamber,
Bright eager eyes, I know,
Watch for the sledge by reindeers drawn
Over the crispy snow.

Sweet, simple faith of childhood!
Why should I break the spell?
Why should I tell them that only a myth
Is the 'saint' they love so well?
Let them cherish a little longer
Their simple nursery lore;
There is time to learn worldly wisdom
In the future that lies before.

But what shall I put in the stockings?
For with morning's earliest light
I shall hear on the stairs the patter
Of tiny feet, bare and white,
And happy and childish voices
Ringing childlike and clear,
Will chirrup a 'merry Christmas'
In my half awakened ear.

Here are books for the thoughtful Etta,
And pictures for sunny-haired Nell,
And Skates and mittens for Charlie,
And toys for the Baby, Bell.
As I drop them into the stockings
My heart goes up with a prayer
That the loving and tender Saviour
May make our darlings his care.

"Keep them, I pray thee, ever
Safe in the narrow way,
Never in paths forbidden
Suffer their feet to stray.
Guard them and guide them, Jesus,
And if the world grows cold,
Gather them faithful Shepherd,
Into thy blessed fold."

German Home Life.

Rev. Dr. Stevens gives in the *Methodist* this glimpse of a charming feature of German life which Americans may well study:

A good German home is the best in the world. I say this peremptorily. German mothers are thoroughly maternal and extremely affectionate; German fathers are generally forbearing and moderate, and singularly inclined to 'domestication;' German children generally grow up as by instinct, with an admirable mixture of filial reverence and affection. The Germans love large families; the more children, the better, according to their philosophy of life; and they generally have abundance of them. They despise the French and American misanthropy in this respect, and justly point to it as a proof of demoralization, unknown in their own better land. In their home life they seem continually but unconsciously to be contriving agreeable surprises for each other, and this good feeling overflows the boundaries of home and reaches all the intimacies of their lives—their kindred. Their neighbors their pastors and their schoolmasters. No people make more pleasure out of *fete* days, birthdays, wedding anniversaries, etc. For a German not to know the birthdays and wedding anniversaries of all his intimate friends and not to commemorate them by some token of affection, however, slight (for the value is nothing compared with the sentiment), is a barbarism, a sacrilege. In large families these commemorations, reaching from grandparent to the yearling baby, and extending out to all dear friends, keep up, of course, an almost continued exercise of kindly attentions and forethought; and the German have quite universally a peculiar tact of closing these beautiful little things with dramatic surprises, so as to render the 'manner' infinitely more precious than the 'matter.' The lowliest village schoolmaster's birthday is known to all his rustic flock, and his cottage on that day is a shrine of pilgrimage to all the little feet of the hamlet; flowers, books, cheeses, loaves of bread, embroidered slippers, chickens, geese, even young pigs are showered upon him He is decked with bouquets, and his humble home garlanded within and without; he is addressed in original doggerel, and serenaded with music and dancing. And thus, also, fare the village pastors; and all these things are done so heartily, so joyously, as to be evidently spontaneous, never ceremonious, as much a joy to donors as to the recipients. Add to these domestic occasions the public festive days of the church and the state, and you can imagine that German life has holidays enough. Christmas, and similar days, are occasions of incredible festivities throughout Germany. Santa Claus has no better donations.

Bookless Houses.

We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner perhaps never thinks. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets, and very plain furniture, in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved sideboard.

Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can; but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor that in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen—and, indeed, among all that are struggling in the race of life—is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history.

It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life.—[*Episcopalian.*

Odd-Land.

There is a genuine wit in the following description of Holland taken from "Hans Brinker; or the silver skates." It is a little piece of characterization worthy of Irving, or any of our other best writers:

Holland is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land or contrary-land, for in nearly every thing it is different from other parts of the world.

In the first place a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dykes, or bulwarks, have been erected at a heavy cost of money and labour to keep the ocean where it belongs. On certain parts of the coast it sometimes leans with all its weight against the land, and it is as much as the poor country can do to stand the pressure. Sometimes the dykes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results ensue. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages. Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings. The stork, clattering to her young on the housepeak, may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in neighbouring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she. Water-bugs dart backward and forward over the herds of the chimney swallows; and willow trees seem drooping with shame because they cannot reach as high as the reeds near by. Ditch es canals, ponds, rivers and lakes are every where to be seen. High, but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields stretching, damp, beside them. One is tempted to ask, 'Which is Holland—the shores or the water?' The very verdure that should be confined to the land has made a mistake and settled upon the fish ponds. In fact, the entire country is a kind of saturated sponge, or, as the poet (Butler) called it:

"A land that rides at anchor and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Persons are born, live and die, and even have, their gardens on canal boats. Farm-houses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs with a tucked-up sort of air, as if to say, "We intend to keep dry if we can." Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire. In short, the landscape every where suggests a paradise for ducks. It is a glorious country in summer for bare-footed girls and boys. Such waddings! Such mimic ship sailing! Such rowing, fishing and swimming! Only think of a chain of puddles where one can launch boats all day long, and never make a return trip! But enough. A full recital would set all Young America rushing in a body toward the Zuyder Zee.

The Ocean Bottom.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep water of the ocean. He gave some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti; The banks of coral on which my divings were made are about forty miles in length. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, but little obstruction to the sight. The bottom of the ocean in many places is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myraid of pyramidical pendants, each forming a myriad more giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water-nymphs. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through the deep, winding avenues he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to that surface of the water as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins. There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals, where all are of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate on dry land. One in particular attracted my attention: it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit this "Silver Bank" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors, and sizes—from the insignificant goby to the globe-like sunfish; from the dullest

hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, some of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, starfish, white shark, and blue or shovel nose shark were often seen. There were also fish that resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possess was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon-fish, from four to five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protruded like those of a frog. Another fish is spotted like a leopard, and from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.—*Panama Star and Herald.*

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, DEC'R 23, 1868.

The "Messenger."

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Messenger*, in last week's issue, notices our remarks of three weeks ago in reply to his statement on close communion. He would rather we would allow all that he is pleased to put forth on this question to pass in silence; and is not gratified that we devoted a column for his benefit. He does not apprehend that a full discussion of this subject is desirable at present. We are not at all sanguine that he is yet ready for a renunciation of his cherished idol, though satisfied that the way is being prepared for this, and that it requires but time, or a slight change of circumstances to bring it about. When our contemporary is inclined to take up this question, we shall not fail to do our duty, as we have "abundant material" for this purpose. Controversy is by no means an agreeable element to us. We never wish to have to do with it, except as the defence of the truth demands such service at our hands. But when necessary, we shall be found at our post. We may just remind our brother that in all he utters in support of his position, he comes in contact with all churches of the Baptist faith and order who practise open communion; and further, that in his repeated assertions as to the close communionism of Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists, he is widely, very widely astray. We strongly re affirm that these several churches welcome to the Lord's table true christians of every name. We have not the slightest desire to place our Baptist brethren in an unfavourable light before our readers. We esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake. Were we over-sensitive in regard to their dogmatism on the water question, we see enough from week to week to excite our irritibility. But we exercise Christian forbearance, and earnestly pray that they, and we, and all churches in the true faith of Jesus, may imbibe more and more of the spirit of the divine Master, and be more abundantly honoured in the work of the world's evangelization.

"ERROR CORRECTED."

The *Messenger*, in making correction of an error committed by him a fortnight since in relation to the finances of Methodism, deals with the matter rather *ingeniously*, though certainly not as *ingenuously* as we had hoped. It would surely have been the more excellent way frankly to confess his error, instead of saying "If it be an error." He was in his former article addressing Nova Scotia Baptists, and certainly his remarks were intended to leave the impression that the Methodists of the Province received aid from the Home Connexion annually to the extent of $20,000. We showed that Nova Scotia did not receive one fourth of that amount. He replies that probably the other Provinces included in the Conference received the rest of the sum named, and adds in italics, "*Were we then in error? We think not.*" Whether this is the frankness and christian candour we had reason to hope for from the *Messenger* we leave our readers to judge.

We do not wish to cherish the thought that our contemporary has committed an intentional misrepresentation. Yet we cannot account for his blundering; for with the Minutes of Conference before him he could see at a glance that the grant from the Parent Connexion for our whole work in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Labrador and the Bermudas, is not $20,000 as he stated, but simply $13,315.62; while the Methodists of these Provinces, in addition to the support given for their Ministry, and their contributions to other funds, raised for the General Missionary Society last year the sum of $11,323.35.

The application intended by the closing sentence of our contemporary's remarks, we do not clearly apprehend. He says, "We shall be glad of any further correction from our brother who is so much interested in open communion matters." What our difference on "open communion" has to do with a truthful representation of the finances of Methodism, we cannot see; unless he means to admit that if we had allowed his statements on open communion to pass unchallenged, he would not on the question of finance, have sought to place our denomination "in an unfavorable light before his readers." We shall be happy to give our brother all information as to our operations. Everything in connection with our body will bear the fullest investigation, whether it be doctrinal sentiments, ecclesiastical economy, or financial operations. All we desire for ourselves, and all we wish for other churches, is an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This will make all right.

The Infant Redeemer.

As a Christmas Meditation we cannot present anything more suitable, or more gratifying to our readers, than the following choice selections from the writings of an eminent Scottish divine;

When Mary was at first informed that Joseph and she must go to Bethlehem, perhaps she shrank from so long a journey, lingered to the last ere she entered on it, and took it slowly. She was late at least on her arrival at the village. The inn, we may well suppose, the single one that so small a place afforded for the entertainment of strangers, was crowded. She had to take the only accommodation that the place afforded. There where the camels and the asses had their stalls; there, far away from home and friends, among strangers all too busy to care for her; amid all the rude exposures and confusion of the place, Mary brought forth her first born son, and having swathed him with her own weak hands, laid him in a manger.

A very lowly mode of entering upon human life; nothing whatever to dignify, everything to degrade. Yet the night of that wonderful birth was not to pass by without bearing upon its bosom a bright and signal witness of the greatness of the event. Sloping down from the rocky ridge on which Bethlehem stood, there lay some grassy fields, where all that night long some shepherds watched their flocks; humble, faithful, industrious men; men too, of whom we are persuaded that Simeon-like, they were waiting for the consolation of Israel; who had simple and more spiritual notions of their Messiah than most of the well taught scribes of the metropolis. They would not have understood the angel's message so well; they would not have believed it so readily; they would not have hastened so quickly to Bethlehem; would not have bent with such veneration over so humble a cradle; they would not have made it known abroad what had been told them concerning this child,—made it known as a thing in which they themselves most heartily believed,—had they not been devout, believing men. Under the starry heavens, along the lonely hill sides, these shepherds are keeping their watch, thinking perhaps of the time when these very sheepwalks were trodden by the son of Jesse, or remembering some ancient prophecy that told of the coming of one who was to be David's son and David's Lord.

Suddenly the angel of the Lord comes upon them, the glory of the Lord encompasses them with a girdle of light brighter than the midday sun could have thrown around them. They fear as they see that form, and as they are encircled by that glory, but their alarm is instantly dispelled. "Fear not," says the angel, "for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Mary had been told that her child was to be called Jesus, that he was to be great, to be the son of the Highest, the heir to his father David's throne, the head of an everlasting monarchy. Joseph had been told that he was to call the child born of Mary, Jesus, for he was to save his people from their sins, a simpler and less Jewish description of his office. The angel speaks of him to these shepherds in still broader and sublimer strains. Unto them and unto all people this child was to be born, and unto them and unto all he was to be a Saviour, Christ the Lord, the only instance in which the double epithet,—Christ the Lord, is given in this form to him. A universal, a divine Messiahship was to be his.

The shepherds ask no sign as Zacharias and Mary had done; yet they got one: "And this," said the angel, "shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." But one such child, born that night, wrapped up in such a way, lying in such a place, could so small a village as Bethlehem supply. That village lay but a mile or so from the spot they stood on; the sign could speedily be verified. But they have something more to see and hear ere their visit to the village is paid. The voice of that single angel had scarcely died away in the silence of the night—lost in wonder they are still gazing on his radiant form—when suddenly a whole multitude of the heavenly host bursts upon their astonished vision, lining the illuminated heavens Human eyes never saw before or since, so large a company of the celestial inhabitants hovering in our earthly skies; and human ears never heard before or since such a glorious burst of heavenly praise as those angels then poured forth,—couching it in Hebrew speech, their native tongue for the times foregone, that these listening shepherds may catch up at once the cradle hymn that heaven now chants over the new born Saviour; that these shepherds may repeat it to the men of their own generation; that from age to age it may be handed down, and age after age may take it up as supplying the fittest terms in which to celebarte the Redeemer's birth,—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards man."

At the moment when these words first saluted human ears, what a contrast did they open up between earth and heaven! As that babe was born in Bethlehem, this world lay around him in silence, in darkness, in ignorant unconcern. But all heaven is moved; for, large as that company of angels was which the shepherds saw, what were they to the thousands that encircle the throne of the Eternal! And the song of praise the shepherds heard, what was it to the voice, as of many waters, which rose triumphant around that throne! That little dropping of its praises committed for human use to human keeping, Heaven hastily veiled itself again from man's vision. The whole angelic manifestation passed rapidly away. The shepherds are startled in their midnight rounds; a flood of glory pours upon them; their eyes are dazzled with those forms of light; their ears are full of that thrilling song of praise; suddenly the glory is gone; the shining forms have vanished; the stars look down as before through the darkness; they are left in silent unspeakable wonder and awe. They soon, however, collect their thoughts, and promptly resolve to go at once into the village. They go in haste; the sign is verified; they find Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. They justify their intrusion by telling all they had just seen and heard: and amid the sorrows and humiliations of that night, how cheering to Mary the strange tidings that they bring! Having told these, they bend with rude yet holy reverence over the place where the infant Saviour lies, and go their way to finish their night-watch among the hills, and then for all their life long afterwards to repeat to wondering listeners the story of that birth. With those shepherds let us bend for a moment or two over the place where the infant Redeemer lay, to meditate on one or two of the lessons which it is fitted to suggest.

By the manner of his entrance into this world, Christ hath dignified the estate of infancy, has hallowed the bond which binds the mother to her new-born child. He, the great Son of God, stooped to assume our humanity. He might have done so at once; taken it on him in its manhood form. The second Adam might have stood forth like the first, no childhood passed through. Why did he become an infant before he was a man? Was it not, among other reasons which may suggest themselves, that he might consecrate that first of human ties, that earliest estate of human life? The grave, we say, has been hallowed,—has not the cradle also,—by Christ's having lain in it?

By the humiliation of his birth, he stripped the estate of poverty of all reproach. Of all who have ever been born into this world he was the only one with whom it was a matter of choice in what condition he should appear. The difference, indeed, between our highest and our lowest,—between a chamber in a palace, and a manger in a stable,—could have been but slight to him; yet he chose to be born in the stable, and to be laid in the manger. And that first stage of his earthly life was in keeping with all that followed. For thirty years he depended on his own or other's labour for his daily bread; for three years more, he was a houseless, homeless man, with no provision but that which the generosity of others supplied: "The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests; but he had not where to lay his head." And has not that life of his redeemed poverty from all disgrace; has it not lifted it to honour?

As we bend in wonder over the infant Saviour, we learn the difference between the inferior and higher forms of an earthly greatness. On that night when Christ was born, what a difference was there in all outward marks of distinction, between that child of the Hebrew mother as he lay in his lowly cradle, and the Augustus Cæsar whose edict brought Mary to Bethlehem, as he reposed in his imperial palace! And throughout the lifetimes of the two there was but little to lessen that distinction. The name of the one was known and honored over the whole civilized globe: the name of the other scarce heard of beyond the narrow bounds of Judea. And when repeated there, it was too often as a byword and a reproach. How stands it now? The throne of the Cæsars, the throne of mere human authority and power, has perished. That name, at which nations trembled, carries no power over the spirits of men. But the empire of Jesus, the empire of pure, undying, self-sacrificing love, will never perish; its sway over the conscience and hearts of men, as the world grows older becomes ever wider and stronger. His name shall be honored while the sun and moon endure; men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed. This world owes an infinite debt to Him, were it for nothing else than this, that he has so exalted the spiritual above the material; the empire of love above the empire of power.

Again we bend over this infant as he lies in that manger at Bethlehem, and as we do so, strange scenes in his after life rise upon our memory. Those little tender feet, unable to sustain the infant frame, are yet to tread upon the roughened waters of a stormy lake, as men tread the solid earth! At the touch of that little, feeble hand, the blind eye is to be open, and the tied tongue to be unloosed, and diseases of all kinds are to take wings and flee away! That soft, weak voice, whose gentle breathings in his infant slumbers can scarce be heard, is to speak to the winds and waves, and they shall obey it; is to summon the dead from the sepulchre, and they shall come forth! Who then, and what was he, whose birth the angels celebrated in such high strains? None other than he of whom Isaiah, anticipating the angels, had declared: Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." It was He, the Word, who was from the beginning with God, and who was God; who was thus made flesh, and came to dwell among us. This is, in truth, the central fact or doctrine of our religion; the mystery of mysteries; the one great miracle of divine, everlasting love. Admit it, and all the other wonders of the Saviour's life become not only easy of belief,—they appear but the natural and suitable incidents of such a history as his. Deny it, and the whole gospel narrative becomes an inexplicable enigma. The very heart of its meaning taken out of it, you may try to turn it into a myth or fable if you please; but a credible story it no longer is. No; not credible even in that part of it into which nothing of the supernatural enters. Christ was either what he claimed to be, and what all those miraculous attestations conspire to establish that he was; he was either one with the Father, knowing the Father as the Father knew him, doing whatever the Father did,—so direct and full a revelation of the Father that it could be truly said that he who had seen him had seen the Father likewise,—or his character for simplicity and honesty and truthfulness stands impeached, and the whole fabric of Christianity is overturned.

Let those angels teach us in what light we should regard the birth of Christ, the advent of the Redeemer. They counted it as glad tidings of great joy that they give forth when they announced that birth; they broke forth together in exulting praises over it, as glorifying to God in the highest, as proclaiming peace on earth, as indicating good-will towards men. In that good will of God to us in Christ let us heartily believe; into that peace with God secured to us in Christ let us humbly yet gratefully enter. Those glad tidings of great joy, let us so receive as that they shall make us joyful, that so Christ may be glorified in us on earth, and we be glorified with him throughout eternity!

The English Elections.

A most interesting letter on this subject is found in the New York *Tribune*. From it we extract the following:—

The kingdom is divided for election purposes into counties and boroughs, and the larger counties are again subdivided into districts. The distribution of constituencies never has been made on a numerical basis, and the number of members which a town or county returns was never fixed in exact ratio to population. The anomalies and inequalities of the system are gross, and have been but little remedied by the last reform bill. Precedents, and historical claims, and the vast power of land, has a great deal to do with the arrangement of the constituencies. Popular rights exist mainly in theory. No county returns more than three members, most of them two, the smaller one. A borough is within a town or aggregation of towns, or a city, or, as in London, some convenient portion of a city. The small boroughs return one member, many have two; some of the great towns, like Birmingham, Leeds and Glasgow, three, and city of London alone four. But what the world calls London includes also the boroughs of Finsbury, Westminster, Tower Hamlets, Hackney, Marylebone, Lambeth, Southwark and Chelsea, and, perhaps, Greenwich should be named—twenty-two members in all. One may be added for the University of London, which is a constituency by itself, as are Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Universities, with two members each. Edinburgh and St. Andrews have one member between them, so have Glasgow and Aberdeen. In the counties there are two classes of franchises, property and occupation. A man votes if he owns an estate of £5 a year, or is tenant of an estate rated at £12 a year, and has paid his poor rates.

There are two franchises also in boroughs—household and lodger. A man votes if he has occupied any dwelling-house whatever in the borough, as owner or tenant, for twelve months; and paid his poor rates; or who has occupied for twelve months as lodger any part of a dwelling-house, the lodgings being worth $20 a year. There are all sorts of qualifications to these franchises; this is meant, of course, for a general statement, and is accurate enough as such. Under the old Reform act the county franchise was limited to tenants at £50 a year, the borough franchise to £10 householders—thence familiarly called Ten-pounders, and long known by that name as the depositaries of political power. There is no vote by ballot; every man's name is on a register, and he votes on his name, *viva voce*.

Once nominated, the candidate issues his address, pays for it as an advertisement as he ought to, and employs agents, committee, etc., etc., as he may think will further his election. He solicits votes as a favor, and they are conferred as a favor. Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright are honorable exceptions to this.

I confess I cannot understand how a man can bring himself to do this sort of work, but it is done in every borough in the kingdom. In the larger, it must be done to a great extent by committees of canvassers. No one man could visit personally thirty or forty thousand electors. In the small constituencies he cannot escape it—I suppose could not be elected if he refused to do it, and I don't know that an Englishman feels it in any way degrading. Custom is all-powerful. Pending an election the strongest social barriers are broken down; it seems as if classes changed places. No matter what his rank or wealth, if he is a Duke's son, and heir to three counties, a candidate must go personally into the humblest cottage, if its occupant happens to be a voter, and he solicits from the elector in person the actual pledge of his vote. He has probably been crammed by his agent before he goes, knows something of the elector's history, his troubles, the state of his crops, the health of his wife and children. He puts questions on these domestic matters which consummate gravity, and as much appearance of real interest as he can feign. Everybody remembers the scene in Pickwick, the twenty washed men for Mr. Slumkey to shake hands with, and the six children in arms to be patted on the head, when the honorable Mr. Slumkey came out. When he did come—Mr. Dickens shall tell the story:

"He has shaken hands with the men," cried the little agent.

Another cheer far more vehement.

"He has patted the babies on the head," said Mr. Perker, trembling with anxiety,

A roar of applause rent the air.

"He has kissed one of 'em," exclaimed the delighted little man.

A second roar.

"He has kissed another, gasped the excited manager.

"A third roar.

"He's kissing 'em all," screamed the enthusiastic little gentleman. And, hailed by the defening shouts of the multitude, the procession moved on."

It is supremely ridiculous, but it can scarcely be called caricature. There is a well-known story of a candidate who on his first visit to an elector's house wrote down in his note book, "Tommy has the measles." Two years after came another election; visiting the same house he refers to his note book and enchants the affectionate mother by demanding to know whether Tommy got well over his measles, and has no bad symptoms since. If you judge of the intelligence of an English elector by the average American, you may say that he is not deceived by all this fooling. Often he is not; but he enjoys the satisfaction of witnessing, once in two or three years, the humiliation of a man who on every other occasion treats him as an inferior being.

The Secret of Successful Ministry.

The following article will be regarded as seasonable, in view of the approaching week of united and special prayer:

Presently, the Gospel harvest will be ended. The last sheaf will be gathered in. The song of the harvest-home will be raised. The house will be full. The table will be furnished with guests. Heaven will ring with the anthems of the redeemed and completed family. God will be perfectly glorified. Christ will be fully satisfied.

Presently, the Gospel harvest will be ended The *tares* will be bundled for burning. The enemy of souls will have his slaves. The fool shall have reaped his folly, the unbeliever his doom; and then shall the word be fulfilled, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. xx. 15. "This is the second death." Heaven will eternally rejoice. Hell will eternally mourn. The saved shall enter into the consummation of happiness. The lost will be buried in endless misery and woe. The blessed shall dwell in light inaccessible. The cursed will exist in outer and thick darkness. The redeemed shall be sealed as the servants of Christ. The condemned will be sealed in eternal remorse.

In the *meanwhile* God sends forth his ambassadors, with the message of peace through the crucified and risen Jesus; but they are as sheep in the midst of wolves. The few against the many; the small against the great; the weak against the mighty. But wherein shall they succeed? Whereby shall they overcome? From whence shall be their victory? Brother labourers! these questions are vastly important. Let us ponder them well. Everything depends upon our right understanding of the answer. Let us hear "an Elder," whose words are weighty, and whose counsel is wise.

The following "LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER ON CLOSET PRAYER," is an extract worthy of much solemn and prayerful thought. Seldom in the Laodicean days, when the sheep are scattered and the shepherds sleep, are we so faithfully addressed. Let us sit together at the feet of Jesus, and hear His servant. May God, even our Father, by the Holy Ghost, bless the reading of these pages to our souls.

Your affectionate yoke-fellow, C. R. H.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—In the self-denying' flesh-mortifying, cross-taking-up Gospel of the world's Redeemer,—may every blood-bought privilege of Jesus Christ be yours in time and eternity.

"In your last epistle, you express a strong desire that I would give you my opinion respecting your duty in the closet. You ask—'If I pray for sinners, HUMBLY, CONSTANTLY, and FAITHFULLY before God, in my closet, and confess and mourn over the sinfulness of my people before God, will a greater power and unction attend my ministry? And will souls be converted in proportion as I thus act, providing I do it in strong faith?' Do, my brother, speak out on these subjects with all plainness, as a father in the gospel to his son. I do not ask the above questions with any other design than to enable me to see my way clear in the work of God.'

"Now, all the mighty men of war in the church of God, since the foundation of the world, who have shaken hell to any amount, have been sons of the closet. *Moses* pleaded until he had power to turn aside heaven's red-hot thunderbolt of wrath, although God said, 'Let me alone that I may destroy them, and blot out their name from under heaven.' But while Justice heard him pray in faith, He could not seal the sinner's doom; so that, after a mighty struggle, he obtained power with God—spanned his strong arms of faith round six hundred thousand wicked reprobates. *Elijah*, after long and powerful pleading, shut and opened heaven. But I will not speak of what prophets apostles, and other *inspired* men have done through faith and prayer, lest Satan should take advantage, and tell you that it would be impious to expect the power with God which such holy men had. Look then, at a *Baxter*, who stained his study walls with praying breath; and after he got anointed with the holy unction of the Holy Ghost, sent a river of living water over Kidderminster, and was the means of converting hundreds. *Luther* and his coadjutors were men of such mighty pleadings with God, that they broke the spell of ages, and laid nations subdued at the foot of the cross. *John Knox* grasped in his strong arms of faith all Scotland; his prayers terrified tyrants. *Whitfield*, after much holy, faithful closet pleading, went to the devil's fair, and took more than one thousand souls out of the paw of the lion in one day. See a praying *Wesley*, a pleading *Bramwell*, *Stoner*, *Smith*, and *Carcosso*, each of whom led thousands to Jesus; *Ann Cutler* and *Mrs. Fletcher*, whose breath was prayer, and who won souls wherever they went. In 1820–21, a few plain, holy, praying Christians were instrumental in leading seventeen thousand souls from Satan unto the glorious Redeemer. *John Oxtoby* with his one talent, sighed, wept, fasted, groaned, and prayed for sinners: threw them on the atonement, and bound them there for hours by faith's strong arms—entered the pulpit and spoke words of flame, so that hundreds were saved by his means.

"It is to be deplored that there are so few regular *soul-saving Ministers* in the present day; I mean men who are blessed in the conversions of souls at every place. But let us look to ourselves. I feel ashamed of myself! My closet, bible, study, family, church, the world, all witness against me.

Oh, brother! all this is true: and will you not use the weapon which God has himself placed in your hands, and go and wrestle with him to save this people? Think of the origin, power, and value of their souls! Think of the bleeding, pleading love they are slighting! Think of the eternal damnation they are going to. Think of the heaven of increasing glory they are losing! Think of the influence they have in drawing millions with and after them to hell! Think what glory it would bring to God the Father, Son, and Spirit, if you could convert them! Think deeply, think long, and think properly, between their living in sin and drawing nations after them to hell, and being converted by God's Spirit given in answer to your prayers, and becoming themselves instruments of conversion to others. Think of Gethsemane, Calvary, Olivet, and the blood-besprinkled mercy-seat! Think what Jesus has done, is doing, and is willing to do for them! Think of what He has done for millions as bad as they, when they repented, forsook sin, and believed. Think of what he did for bloody *Manasseh*, the murderer; *David*, the wicked adulterer; mad *Saul*, wicked *Magdalen*, swearing *Bunyan*, the infidel *Rochester*, and millions of other drunkards, thieves, harlots, and the very worst of sinners, on this side of the pit. Nay, think until your soul harrows up within you, and melts into pity, or flames into burning charity. *Then*, with your full, love-stricken heart, *enter your closet*, and bewail the sins of the people before the Lord. Take up a deep lamentation, and bewail the number, the nature, the aggravation, and the consequences of their sins, with particularity. Make their sins your own, so to speak, that is, feel for them, and pray for them, as though you were in their (nearly damned) condition. Yoke yourself in with them. Be particular in confessing their sins, although it may stab your soul, and make you blush to name them. Yet do not cloke them. Like Moses, Daniel, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Paul, and other holy ones, confess them again and again. While you are confessing and mourning over them, keep casting your soul and their sins on the atonement; recognize the infinite willingness of the Redeemer to save them; and plead with heaven to save them. Dont plead to make God willing to save them, for He is already infinitely willing. But plead because it is your duty; plead because God does and always will answer the pleadings of bold, holy faith. Never mind spending your time in studying the philosophy of the thing—*it is so*. The Book of God and every page of church history says—it is so. The success which has always attended such *closet prayers*, sets it *beyond all doubt*. As you are pleading imitate Moses. When God was about to cut off guilty Israel, he pleaded His promise, His oath, His stretched-out arm; he pleaded again and again, even after God said, 'Let me alone:' he pleaded in faith. Go thou and do likewise. Plead the power of God: plead the love of God: plead the mercy of God: plead the 'yea and 'amen' promise of God' Plead the life of Jesus. Plead His death, resurrection, ascension, and prevailing intercession. Span your strong-nerved arms of faith around sinners and bind them to the blood-stained tree. Plead heaven with its everlasting glory; hell with its darkness, fire, and adamantine chains. Plead the shortness of time: plead the length of endless *eternity*. Enter deeply and fully into their awful state. I do not want you to be a mere happy, joyful Christian; but one who *drinks with Christ the bitter cup*. But mind and *do all in faith, with a single eye to the glory of God*; and if you plead in this way for hours, you will soon learn the grand secret of shaking any town, and sending a wave of living water over the land. Christ says, 'He that believeth, out of his belly shall flow *rivers of living water*:' believe then, and flood your district, no matter what stands in the way. If, while you are pleading, you only believe, something great will be effected. Oh, for a few Moseses, Jeremiahs, or Pauls, to stand in the gap!

"My brother, play the man—*do something*. Do it—do it—do it: but do it *at once*.

"Yours, as ever,

"A LOVER OF SOULS."

Week Day Meetings.

At the recent Christian Convention in New York, one important question considered was,—"How to make the week-day meetings of the churches effective for spiritual purposes?" The hour allotted to its discussion was entirely occupied by Henry Ward Beecher in one of his characteristic speeches, combining eloquence, deep spiritual insight, good humor, wit and devoutness. He said that many can think and sing prayers, that cannot otherwise express them. He recommended the selection of those hymns that embody prayers, such as Charles Wesley's, "Jesus lover of my soul.' The best prayers in his church were women's prayers, as possessing more of sentiment and thorough piety, than any others. He contended for the employment of all the gifts of the Church in these social meetings, by all means encouraging the feebleist to express the experiences of the opening Christian life. The best speeches were generally the worst, and the worst the best. When men stammer out genuine feeling, it is far more valuable for the life of the Church, than polished oratory and well pointed periods. Instead of the minister teaching exclusively, the whole brotherhood should teach. Crude things may be said that will offend taste, but sincerity and fervor are better than taste. Grammar is good, but something for grammar to carry is better. Get men to think what they feel, and then say it. The mistakes of a child's prattle are entertaining, so should be those of a Church brother.

To his view the Church is a family, and should be conducted upon the principle of household familiarity. There must be sociability, and the prevailing sentiment should be at each assembly, "now we are here to have a good, cheerful, religious time." He inveighed against conventional prayers, the reproduction of somebody else's prayer, a minister's, deacon's or class leader's. Be yourself in prayer, if at no other time. He said if your prayer meeting be small, have it in a small room, at least get people to sit near together; there is power in contiguity. A scattered audience is not receptive. Once when he lectured in Columbus, Ohio, it seemed that everybody had sworn not to hear him, and they all kept their oath saving about ten people. These he had to sit close together. And said he, "I never had a better time in my life." If these had been well dispersed through the house, my time would all have been taken up in hunting them. By adopting substantially this plan, his prayer meeting has grown from feeblemess to a weekly attendance of eight hundred and upward. This is a brief outline of his speech on that occasion. Many a pastor was helped to see a more excellent way of conducting these social meetings. To the writer it seemed that from the nature of the meeting, it being more particularly the people's meeting, the pastor ought in fact, if not in form, to put it into the hands of the people. Let them feel a sense of possession and responsibility, and that there must be no chiding of a minister if the meeting proves to be uninteresting. Our method of devoting a certain period to a meeting—one hour, no more, no less—is scarcely a wise measure. Some meetings are too long when projected beyond half an hour, others are too short at twice the length of time.

From the Methodist.

Wanted—More Evenings.

BY THE REV. DR. T. M. EDDY.

I think I have clearly made out the want of the modern Church, and the great hindrance to the millennial good time coming. I see why progress halts—why we do not go up at once to possess all the land.

It is not the want of an able, earnest pulpit or a strong press; not the want of convictions; not the want of broad-hearted liberality. It is the simple want of more evenings in each week.

I will illustrate. I talked yesterday with one of my most conscientious and industrious church officers, impressing upon him the value of the class meeting as a means of grace. He said, in substance, this: "On Sunday I go early to church that I may receive and care for strangers. At the close of service, I hurry home and take dinner, and return to see to the Sunday-school, which engages me from a quarter-past two until four o'clock. Home, and early to church, with duties as in the morning. Do you see any time for class meeting on Sunday?"

I was obliged to admit that I did not. To say attend a morning-class was to require the only hour he could reserve for private religious duties and for the rest of Sabbath. I suggested a week evening class. He answered:—"Monday night is official meeting; Wednesday night is prayer-meeting; Friday night is our Sunday school teachers' meeting. Neither of these can be disturbed. One evening ought to be given at home; one surely should be reserved for social purposes; while Saturday night must be given to closing up the week's business. The Teachers' Meeting is important, not only for the study of the lesson, but the whole machinery of the school is overhauled and inspected; the Wednesday night prayer-meeting is too important to be set aside for anything. I do not see how I can take on me another church engagement."

I then thought of two others—active men, who devote their entire Sunday to the congregation and Sunday-school, and have in addition to the official meeting, prayer meeting, and teachers' meeting, the Saturday night drill and rehearsal for the singing of Sunday. What am I to do if these brethren do not attend class? I can do nothing without more evenings.

But this is not all. The interests of the City Mission occasionally demand and ought to have an evening. The Bible Society, the Bethel cause, the Temperance cause, the Freedmen's cause, the Home for the Friendless, the Orphan Asylum, the Old Ladies' Home, each wants and deserves to have an occasional evening, and if absent I am likely to hear that some sorrowful officer or orator has said: "No wonder the people take no interest when pastors—doctors in divinity—don't take interest enough to come."

Dear knight of the sorrowful visage, I will take any amount of "interest" if you will give me a few additional evenings. Neither as pastor nor doctor can I secure more than seven evenings a week.

What are we to do with lectures, concerts, sociables, and evening companies? All of these are valuable in proper measure, but they are open to the objection of requiring evenings. In twelve years the writer has attended less than that number of lectures, and not more than two or three concerts. The evenings were engrossed.

In soberness, what are we to do? "You ought to take more evenings for Sunday-school work," say our earnest, faithful Sunday-school men. They call—and there is no logic against their arguments—for evenings for Bible Class and Normal College drill, for institutes and Sunday-school prayer-meetings. How many can we give that confessedly great interest without damage to others?

"It is perfectly easy to secure good congregational singing; you only want a good leader, and then come together one evening in the week and practice." Yes, but which evening? "Why the one you now give the choir." Those who sing with the choir do not all attend all the other meetings. One brother is compelled to choose between the choir recitation and the Bible-class; another between it and the prayer-meeting. Ours is a church choir, leading, not monopolizing, the singing; but as for bringing the body of the Church to the rehearsal and drill, it can't be done without giving up something else.

The sad thing is the want of evenings at home. There are business men who are almost strangers in their own house. After an early breakfast, they are away, often without seeing a portion of the family; they "lunch down-town," are home to tea, and out to some evening engagement, returning to find that most of the family are asleep. What do such men know of home. Not much but its bills. No family readings, no quiet gatherings around the lamp or drop-light, with song, and story, and parting prayer. There is no charm, no sweetness, no sanctity in such a home-life.

The want of our cities is home evenings.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to escape the scarification my temperance friends give me; I want to help homes, and asylums, and choirs (?), and all sorts of good Sunday-school meetings; I want to "get up" my "culture" by due infusions of lecture and concert, and now that I am no longer an editor, I want to be a gentleman and call occasionally on friends; I want evenings for all this. I have thought sometimes of the French revolution week, ten days long. That would help; but it is obnoxious to the charge of impinging on the Decalogue, and its historic antecedents are hardly fragrant enough to commend it and bring it in. It must be given up; but what an improvement! Only think of ten evenings a week! I presume we should grow weary and find need of the usual Sabbath rest; but suppose one don't live so long wouldn't he know he had gizen each "cause" its evening? I must have more evenings, or some of these causes must be "final."

Testimonial.

Martin G. Black, Esq., late leader of the choir in the Brunswick Street Wesleyan Church, with which he had been connected during the late thirty-four years, was presented on Saturday the 19th inst., with a handsome testimonial consisting of a valuable Silver Plated Tea Service and Tray, together with sixty-seven dollars in gold by several of his friends in the church and congregation. We have much pleasure in publishing below the address to Mr. Black and his reply:—

Halifax, N. S., 19th Dec., 1868.

MARTIN G. BLACK, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR—It is with unfeigned regret that we have heard of your resignation of the Leadership of the choir in the Brunswick St. Wesleyan Church. You have for many years given much time and attention to the important part of public worship over which you have presided. We feel that we cannot allow you to retire from your post without giving expression to our appreciation of your long continued, disinterested and valuable services; and therefore request your acceptance of the accompanying testimonial, as a tangible proof of the respect and esteem of your many friends in the church and congregation.

Trusting that you and Mrs. Black may be long spared to enjoy the pleasure it is intended to afford,

We remain with much respect,

Yours faithfully,

R. W. FRASER,
JOSEPH BELL,
PETER JACK,
D. H. STARR, } *Committee.*

On behalf of the subscribers.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—Your expression of regret at my having retired from the choir of the Brunswick Street Wesleyan Church is fully reciprocated by myself: having been so happily associated with that church and choir for many years. The time and attention given to that particular branch of the worship of God, in which I took part, was but a duty which I owed to the Great Benefactor; and it is of His mercy that I have been permitted to assist in singing His praises for the past thirty years in the Brunswick Street Church. Permit me, at this opportunity, to bear testimony to the cheerful and valuable assistance which I have always received from the members of the choir with which I have been associated.

In accepting the valuable, elegant and unexpected testimonial, which you have just presented to me, I feel that I cannot suitably express my thanks; but I assure you that I feel highly honoured by this mark of your esteem, and that it shall be carefully preserved in my family as a memento of your kindness.

Accept my acknowledgement of your good wishes toward Mrs. Black, and believe me, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

M. G. BLACK.

To R. W. FRASER,
JOSEPH BELL,
PETER JACK,
D. H. STARR, } *Committee.*

On behalf of the subscribers.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

THE LATE THOS. KILLAM, ESQ.—We deeply regret to record the demise of Thos. Killam, Esq., M.P., of Yarmouth, which took place at Digby on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Killam had recently been in this city, and by exposure on his way home he took cold, which resulted in his death. The deceased was justly held in estimation for his enterprise and public spirit. His death will be a great loss to his native township. We sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family.

DONATIONS.—Major-General Doyle, with his accustomed liberality, has sent $20 to the Deaf and Dumb Institution (annual), $20 towards the liquidation of the debt on Trinity Church (second subscription), and $10 to the Halifax Dispensary (annual).

FIRE AT SHEDIAC, N. B.—On the 9th inst. a barn at Shediac, N. B., owned by Mr. Jos. Weldon, was destroyed by fire. Loss $1,6000.

THE ST. JOHN KIDNAPPING CASE.—The trial of Mr. Marshall, Chief of Police of St. John, on Tuesday last, resulted in a verdict of "not guilty."

THE SCOVIL CASE.—The trial of Major W. B. Robinson for rescuing Mr. S. J. Scovil from the custody of the Sheriff, was concluded in the St. John Circuit Court on Wednesday, the jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man named Titus Parker, while skating on the Kennebeccasis River, N. B., on Sunday last, fell through the ice and was drowned. He was returning from a funeral at the time.

A GROWING TRADE.—Within the last two or three months Messrs. William Parks & Son have sent one hundred bales of Cotton yarn (used for warps) to Nova Scotia. These bales were of the weight of ten tons and cost about thirty cents a pound. The trade continues brisk, and but for the Nova Scotia market the New Brunswick Cotton Mills could not be fully employed.—*St John Journal.*

RAILWAY MEETING AT MONCTON, N. B.—A telegram from Moncton, on the 17th inst., to the St. John papers, says: "A large and influential meeting of the inabitants of Westmorland and Albert, called by the Sheriff in compliance with requisition, was held here to-day. Resolutions were unanimously passed, strongly urging a survey of the country between the Richibucto River and Moncton, through a natural gorge between the Steeves, Lutz and Indian Mountains. A petition praying for such services will be forthwith forwarded to the Governor-General. Members of Senate, of the House of Commons and Local Legislature and other leading men of both counties were present.

James Whalen, the D'Arcy—McGee assassin, has been respited to the 29th inst.

IN the case of Whalen, the Judges have decided adverse to the demand for a new trial set up by his counsel. A special telegram to the *Express* states that Whalen will be executed on the 29th inst.

MONTREAL, Dec. 15.—Hon. E. B. Chandler, the newly appointed Railway Commissioner has arrived at Ottawa and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Official notice that tenders for construction of sections of the Intercolonial Railroad will shortly be received, is hourly expected to be published. Several Rail

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United States.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The Senate has referred to the Committee on Finance President Johnson's Repudiation proposition in his annual message. The House on the same subject adopted the following resolutian with six dissenting votes:—

Resolved. That all forms and degrees of Repudiation of the national indebtedness are odious to the American people, and that under no circumstances will the representatives consent to offer the public creditor as a full compensation a less amount of money than that which the Government contracted to pay.

The weather is extremely cold at the West. The Illinoise river is reported frozen over its entire length, and the Missouri is supposed to be gorged a few miles above its mouth. The weather the past few days was colder than has been known at St. Louis in December for 32 years. The thermomster sank 14 below zero yesterday, and ranged trom 5 to 9 below last night.

The New York *Herald* says that the following is a list of public offices in that city, at present filled by Irishmen:

Sheriff, Register, Comptroller, City Chamberlain, Corporation Council, Police Commissioner, President of the Croton Board, Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Alderman, President of the Board of Councilmen, Clerk of the Common Council, Clerk of the Board of Councilmen, President of the Board of Supervisors, five Justices of the Courts of Record, all the Civil Justices, all but two of the Police Justices, all the Police Court Clerks, three out of four Coroners, two members of Congress, three of five State Senators, eighteen out of twenty-one members of Assembly, fourteen-nineteenths of the Common Council, and eight-tenths of the Supervisors."

THE HANGING OF RENO AND ANDERSON.—The United States Government had guaranteed the protection and safe return to Canada of Reno and Anderson, the men charged with Express robberies, *provided* that they were not convicted after a fair trial. It was on this condition they were surrendered. Now they have been hung by a mob. A Washington telegram of Sunday, the 13th, to a Boston paper, says:

"After returning from Church to-day Mr. Seward paid his respects to Mr. Thornton and explained the violent character of the proceedings in Indianana, and gave the British Ambassador every assurance that the Government of the United States would do its whole duty in the premises. Mr. Thornton bluntly replied that he could not exactly perceive what was to be done since the parties whose protection had been guaranteed by the United States had already been hung in violation of this pledge given. Mr. Seward has evidently another nice diplomatic question to settle before he retires from the Department of State."

The emperor of Russia has sent two civil engineers to study the plans and workings of the Pacific Railroad. He contemplates building a railroad from China across Asia; to the capital of Russia, his purpose being to prevent the United States, with its railroads and steamships from monopolizing the whole China trade.

European.

LONDON, Dec. 17.—Mr. Bright has accepted a position in the Cabinet, as President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Laird had been appointed Commissioner of Public Works.

The *Times* says that Mr. Reverdy Johnson's assurance that the Alabama negotiations are closed, must be accepted, though with much surprise, seeing that he increased his demands after Lord Stanley had surrendered all that could be abandoned honorably. It regrets that so much has been made public about the negotiations.—The *Telegraph* thinks that Mr. Johnson would have fared better, had he been less zealous for peace. The *Standard* asks, if the Radical zeal for American interests will continue in the Government, now that Lord Clarendon is Foreign Secretary.

A despatch from Berlin, states that Prussian interests being strongly in favor of the peace of Europe, the Government has endeavored to induce Greece to comply with the demands of Turkey, so far as the demands are founded on international law. The probabilities of war between Turkey and Greece daily assume strength.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—The *Times* in an article on the impending war in the East holds that Greece is the aggressive party, because she ordered her vessels to fire upon all Turkich men of war, who might attempt to overhaul them. The *Times* thinks the powers will bring such pressure to bear upon the Greek Government that peace will be speedily restored.

The *Standard* and *Star* both attribute the outbreak in the East to the obstinacy of the European Powers in maintaining the statu quo of the Ottoman Empire.

The *Times* in an article on the recent proceedings in the American Congress, concerning the National credit, fears the ambiguity of purpose apparent in the resolutions against Repudiation, and argues that if the world was certain that the United States would surely pay the interest on the National debt in gold, as England and France do, the annual burden of the country might be reduced one half, for England pays no more interest in the aggregate than the United States, although the debt is twice as large.

The *Standard* exults in the completion of the Postal Treaty between England and the United States, as a triumph of the Tory party, and declares that the benefits conferred upon mankind by the convention are immeasurable.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 18.—Barque Advance, from Antwerp for St. John, N. B. was abandoned at sea; the crew were saved and landed at this port to-day.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—The Paris *Moniteur* regrets the breaking out of hostilities between Turkey and Greece, and hopes common action on the part of the Great Powers will shorten the duration and circumscribe the consequences of the rupture.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—It is officially announced that the Sultan has resolved to enforce his demand on Greece. Late advices from Athens state that the government has called out the military reserves of the country, and the mobilization of the national militia has been ordered. A battalion of students is forming at Athens, and ten battalions, composed of Greek subjects of the Sultan, are to be enrolled. It is said a command has been offered to Garibaldi. The instant invasion of Epirus is loudly urged. Great bitterness of feeling was shown against the admiral of the French fleet in the Pireus, who was extremely unpopular on account of the energetic demands he had made on the Greek government to preserve peace. The Greek government has despatched two men-of-war to Syria, to demand of Hobart Pasha that he shall not obstruct the free entrance of the harbor. Three foreign war vessels are at Syria, belonging respectfully to the French, the British, and the Russian navies.

The despatch from Paris last evening announces that the rumored sinking of the Greek steamer *Erosis* at Syria by Hobart Pasha, the Turish Admiral, is not officially confirmed. The latest despatch from Constantinople dated yesterday mentions that Hobart Pasha, at the request of the French Admiral in the Archipelago, would await orders from the Turkish Government before using coercion with the *Erosis*.

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, ASTHMA,

and all disorders of the *Throat* and *Lungs*, are relieved by using 'Brown's Bronchial Troches.

"I have been afflicted with Bronchities during the past winter, and found no relief till I found your 'Bronchial Troches.'

H. GARDNER,
Principal of Roger's Female Institute.

"Almost instant relief in the distressing labour of breatuing peculiar to Asthma."

REV. A. C. EGGLESTON, New York.

"It gives me great pleasure to certify to the efficacy of your Bronchial Troches in an affection of the throat and voice, induced by public singing. They have suited my case exactly, relieving my Throat and clearing the voice so that I could sing with ease.

T. DUCHARME,
Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal.

"When somewhat hoarse from cold or over-exertion in public speaking, I have uniformly found Brown's Troches afford Relief.

HENRY WILKES, D. D.
Pastor of Zion Church, Montreal.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines at 25 cents a box.

Dec2-2m.

Our next Volume.

We hope we need say nothing very urgent, in reminding our friends throughout the Provinces, that we greatly need a very considerable addition to our list of Subscribers for 1869. A large increase is required to make up for the many defaulters struck from our list during the past year; and then it will be borne in mind that in addition thereto, we ought to have at once several hundred new Subscribers, to make our Paper a good paying business.

The *Wesleyan* will be sent from date of order to the first of January next gratis, and postage paid, to all new subscribers paying in advance for 1869. The sooner we receive the names of new Subscribers, the better for all concerned.

☞ POSTAGE—TIMELY NOTICE. ☜

In prepaying the postage on the *Wesleyan* we have dealt with our Subscribers much more generously than could have been expected. But by order of Conference we are restricted from assuming this burden any further, except to those whose subscriptions are paid strictly in advance. This matter is not optional with us. We shall be obliged to adhere strictly to the regulations laid down. We therefore give notice to the ministers and agents, as well as to all our subscribers, that after the 31st of December we shall not in any case pay the postage on the *Wesleyan*, except for those whose advance payment has been received.

JOHN MCMURRAY, *Editor*,
E. BRETTLE,
G. S. MILLIGAN, A M.,
H. PICKARD, D.D.,
H. MCKEOWN,
A. W. TURNER,
Executive Committee.

Missionary Anniversaries.

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

Liverpool, Jan. 25, *Deputation*, Rev. G. O. Huestis, F. H. Pickles, J. Johnson, C. W. T. Dutcher.

Caledonia, Dec. 22, *Dep.* The Co-Delegate, B. J. Johnson.

Yarmouth South, J. Hart, Wasson, W. Sargent.

Yarmouth North, The Chairman, R Wasson, W. Sargent.

Barrington, Jan. 25, 26, 27, 28, J. Hart, R H. Taylor.

Shelburne, Dec. 22, R. Wasson, R. H. Taylor.

N. E. Harbour, Jan. 20, 21, 22, R. Wasson, W. Sargent.

Port Mouton, Feb. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, T. D. Hart, C. W. T. Dutcher, R. H. Taylor.

Mill Village, Jan. 26, 27, The Co Delegate, J. J. Teasdale, J Johnson.

Petite Riviere, Feb 22, 23, The Co Delegate, G. O. Huestis, F. H. W. Pickles.

Lunenburg, Feb. 24, 25, 26, J. J. Teasdale, B. J. Johnson.

New Germany, Feb. 17, 18, G. O. Huestis.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The public services in the Methodist Churches of this city on Christmas Day, will be; Brunswick St. 11 a. m. Rev. G. S. Milligan A.M. 7 p. m. Rev. J. A. Clark, A. M. Grafton St. 11 a. m. Rev. A. W. Turner.—Collection will be taken in aid of the Poor.

MONTREAL WITNESS OFFICE.—Messrs Dougal & Son Montreal have issued a Prospectus for 1869 of the Daily, Semi-Weekly, and Weekly "Witness" as also of the "Canadian Messenger" and "Dominion Monthly." All of these publications are highly deserving of patronage, as affording excellent family reading. See Advertisement.

We beg again to remind our patrons that in order to ensure the payment by this Office of postage on the *Wesleyan* after the 1st of January, 1869, it is necessary that the advance subscription should be paid. We hope to hear on this subject from all our subscribers or our Agents during the few days yet remaining of 1868.

Letters and Monies.

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

Capt. Bonnell $3, W. S. Drew $2, L. W. Drew $2, Rev. S. W. Sprague, (P.W., Jno. Harris $2, Amos Harris, new sub, $2—$4. M. and C. B. were sent when ordered), and are now sent again), John Harris (postage will be charged additional. If you wish them continued please inform us). Joshua W. Bishop (P.W., $2 pays to July 1868), Geo. Trenholm $2, Rev. L. Gaetz (were sent by mail and express), W. F. Bonnell $2, Robt. Fraser 2 copies $4, G. A. Lockhart, Esq., $2, Robt. Colpitts, Esq., $2, Robt. Weldon $2, Rev. J. Cassidy (will look up order—papers mailed with utmost regularity), C. W. Wetmore (we send what we have at rates named, and can supply any quantity free of postage till 1st of January.) $5 worth new sent.

Baldness, not hereditary, is often produced by sickness or humors of the scalp, which dry up the hair producing glands or follicles and the hair falls out with what is generally called a "hair eater" at the end. The root is alive but dormant. To awake it to new energy and life some cooling or stimulating property is needed Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia is the preparation more universalle successful than any article in the market for this purpose.

Nov 28 3m.

SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

Whether attending, in solemn duty, to religious service, at the lecture, the concert, or at social gathering, we find at this period coughs and colds are very prevalent: unpleasant alike to those who suffer as well as to those who have aural demonstration of the fact. Many an impressive discourse, many a choice selection of music, has been marred by a din of coughing that seems at times contagious. To remedy this, our readers should use and recommend *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, one of the best medicines in the world for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and chest affections.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Dec 16. 1m.

Marriages.

At the Wesleyan Parsonage, Carleton, St. John, on the 8th inst, by the Rev. S. F Huestis, Mr. Caleb McLellan, of Economy, to Miss Martha Thompson, of Five Islands, Nova Scotia.

At Jacksonville, N. B. Nov. 29th, by Rev. J Cassidy, Mr. Charles R. Watters, to Miss Sarah E P. Parlee.

Deaths.

At Richmond, N. B., on the 21st ult., Jane, aged 32 years, the beloved wife of Mr. John Atkinson, leaving a wife and six children to mourn their loss.

At Dartmouth, Dec 18th, Mr. James E. Lawlor, in the 49th year of his age.

At Provincial and City Hospital, Dec 18th, Hugh McCartney, aged 28 years. Also, Daniel McCoy, aged 42 years.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

FRIDAY, Dec 18

Steamer City of New York, Thibberts, New York; schrs Napier, McDaniel, Gowrie Mines; Sml Jones, Delaney, Margaree; Louisian2, Gerrior, Canso; Vegete, Hemian, P E Il; British Eagle, Sheridan, do; Mary Ann, Gavin, do; S G Izwin, Bradley; Boston; Brit Pearl, Hudley, Guysboro'; brigt Golden Rule, Porto Rico.

SATURDAY, Dec 19

Scht Hiram, McDonald, Gowrie Mines.

CLEARED.

Dec 19—Steamer City of Durham, Jamieson, St John's, Nfld; schrs Liberty, Cow Bay, Willie Cox, Larkin Cow Bay; Josephine, Farrell, Sydney.

Prospectus for 1869

OF THE

Publications of John Dougall & Son,

MONTREAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Montreal, Nov., 1868.
Dec'r. 23

RAYMOND'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

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

$15.

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

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

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

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

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

Needles constantly on hand at six cents each.

Mailed to any address on receipt of postage stamps.

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

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

Call and satisfy yourself, or address

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

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

September. 1866.

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

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

CARD.

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

Drs. MULLOWNEY & HALEY

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

an 22—1y

Lumber, Shingles, &c.

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

PINE, ¼, 1, 1¼, 2, 2½, 3, 4 and 5 inch.
SPRUCE, 1, 1 1-4, 1 1-2, 2, 3, 4 and 5 inch.
SPRUCE SCANTLING, assorted sizes, some long lengths.
SPRUCE 1 1-2 inch flooring, plained & matched.
SPRUCE 1 inch flooring, plained.
New Brunswick PINE CLAPBOARDS, Nos. 1 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 feet.
Pitch Pine, White Oak, Birch.
Pine Scantling, Sawed Laths.
Cedar and Pine Split SHINGLES.
ALSO—LIGNUMVITÆ.
Which they offer for cash or approved credit.
Apply to Mr. SMITH, or
GEO. H. STARR & CO.

aug 19 3m-

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21 George Street, Halifax.

Keep constantly on hand a good supply of

STANDARD RELIGIOUS, THEOLOGICAL, AND SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

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

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

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

66 GRANVILLE STREET,

Opposite the Province Building.

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

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

Rubber Boots

FROM THE

Goodyear Rubber Boot and Shoe Association, New York.

In Men's, Women's, Boy's, Youth's and Children's,

Of very best quality.

dec 9 A. J. RICKARDS.

Richardson's New Method for THE PIANOFORTE

UNEXCELLED, UNEQUALLED

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

Thirty Thousand Copies are sold Yearly.

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

Price $3.75. Sent post paid.

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

KING'S
Vegetable Ambrosia,
FOR
GRAY HAIR.

This is the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Cure that lay
In the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Man who was bald and gray,
Who now has raven locks, they say.
He used the Cure that lay
In the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Maiden, handsome and gay,
Who married the man once bald and gray,
Who now has raven locks, they say.
He used the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Parson, who, by the way,
Married the maiden, handsome and gay,
To the man once bald and gray,
But who now has raven locks, they say,
Because he used the Cure that lay
In the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

This is the Bell that rings away
To arouse the people sad and gay
Unto this fact, which here does lay—
If you would not be bald or gray,
Use the AMBROSIA that Ring made.

E. M. TUBBS & CO., PROPRIETORS, PETERBORO', N.H.

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

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COMMERCE HOUSE,
144 GRANVILLE STREET.

New, Plain and Fancy Dress Materials

FOR AUTUMN.

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

—ALSO—

Black Baratheas, Coburgs, Lustres & French Merinoes,

oct. 22 R. MCMURRAY & CO.

UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST SUSTAINED WORK OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

A COMPLETE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE TIMES.

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SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure and Instruction

Harper's Bazar.

A supplement containing numerous full sized patterns of useful articles accompanies the paper every fortnight, and occasionally an elegant Colored Fashion Plate.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS—1869.

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Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar, to one address for one year $10; or two of Harper's Periodicals to one address for 1 year, $7. Back numbers can be supplied at any time

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☞ Subscriptions sent from British N. American Provinces must be accompanied with 24 cents additional, to prepay U S Postage on the Magazine and 20 cents each on the Weekly and Bazar.

Address HARPER & BROS., N York.

dec 16

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL Life Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets $20,000,000.

Number of Policies issued 56,000.

B. PLUMMER & SONS,

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

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

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

FORBES' PATENT ACME SKATES.

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

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

The Starr Manufacturing Company

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

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

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

$4.00 Per Pair,

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

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

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

CHOICE CANADA FLOURS.

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

Ex Chase and Carlotta.

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

—ALSO IN STORE—

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

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

Fall Tweeds!

The Subscriber has received by late arrivals:

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

—ALSO—

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

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

WHOLESALE.

ANDERSON, BILLING & CO.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,

95 & 97 Granville Street, Halifax.

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

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

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

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

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

ANDERSON, BILLING & CO.
sep 30

British Shoe Store.

A Large and Splendid Variety OF American Boots!

JUST RECEIVED:

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

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

LATHS & JOISTING.

NOW landing ex Emma Lillian from Sheet Harbor

100 M SAWED LATHS,
15 M feet Spruce Joisting,
viz 3 x 6 to 3 x 12.

For sale by

GEO. H. STARR & CO.
sep 16. Chron, Rep and Exp in

5 & 6 SOUTH WHARF,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Flour, Flour, Flour.

Now Landing and to arrive.

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

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

Oct 28.

MOOSEWOOD BITTERS.

99 GRANVILLE STREET, 99

Wholesale and Retail!

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

All at lowest market prices.

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

nov 11 SMITH BROS.

Carpets, Carpets.

New Tapestry Carpets.

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

At No. 144 GRANVILLE STREET.

COMMERCE HOUSE.

oct 21. R. MCMURRAY & CO.

CARD!

D. H. MORTON, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR,

(Curry's Corner, Windsor).

For the present, messages may be left at the Store of M. G. ALLISON, Esq.,

Curry's Corner, Windsor.

Sept. 9, 1868. Pres. Wit. Windsor Mail.

Gough's Orations!

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

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,

at the exceedingly low price of 30 cents per copy.

oct 23.

THE ÆTNA *Life Insurance Company,*

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

PROMPT - - - - - - - RELIABLE.

Assets,	$10,000,000 00
Surplus,	2 000,000.00
Policies Issued in 1867, 15,251.	
Insuring over	44 000 000 00
Income,	5,129 447 00
Deposited at Ottawa,	100,000 00

REFERENCES:

Hon. S. Tilley, C. B., Minister of Customs, Ottawa, C. N. Skinner, Esq., Judge of Probates, St. John, N. B, Joseph Bell, Esq., Merchant, Halifax, Everett Brothers, Merchants, do, E Burnham, Esq., Merchant, Digby.

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

NEW CASH RATES with annual Dividends upon the contribution plan,

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

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

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

HUTCHINGS BROTHERS,

General Agents for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

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

132, BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL, 134

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

KNOX & JORDAN

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

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, in Great Variety,

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

40 Pieces Choice Waterproof Cloaking,

Velveteen and Cloth Jackets, also Waterproof Mantles.

80 doz. Wool Clouds, Newest Designs.

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

Ready Made Clothing

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

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

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

2 CASES FURS, CHEAP, CHEAP.

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS, the chcapest in the city.

NO SECOND PRICE.

KNOX & JORDAN.

Halifax, Sept 29 1868

Hearth Rugs, Floor Oil Cloths, &c. Door Mats, 2 and 3 ply Scotch Carpets Bales of Blankets, Bale of Cotton Yarn. Bales of Prints, and

The Family.

Santa Claus.

Old Santa Claus ceases to urge along,
His fleet-footed steeds with voice and thong,
Well laden with treasures from store and shop,
He hitches his team to the chimney top.
O, Santa Claus is a clever old spite,
He comes to the dear little people by night;
And never was king, with his throne and crown,
As merry as he when the sun goes down.

At midnight, when childhood in slumber seems,
To gather sweet flowers from the land of dreams,
Then on to the roof of the house he'll hop,
And slyly descend from the chimney top.
O, Santa Claus, &c.

On tiptoe he stands on the peaceful spot,
Where childhood reposes in crib or cot;
He fills up the stocking, he crams the sock,
With candies and toys for the household flock.
O, Santa Claus, &c.

His favors all scattered, he hastens back,
The way that he came,—up the sooty track;
And never his mission of love shall stop,
While there is a house with a chimney top.
O, Santa Claus, &c.

Now busy as bees in their honied hives,
The little folks gather when morn arrives,
The merry eye sparkles, the sweet voice rings,
As stockings are searched for the wond'rous things.
O, Santa Claus, &c.

They wonder, when bringing his dainty freight,
He never comes in by the door or gate;
And hope he will never be forced to stop,
And die in the smoke of the chimney top.
O, Santa Claus, &c.

Dark's Christmas Adventure.

BY HELEN G. PEARSON.

"Hi ho!"

It was a sad voice that uttered this, and a sad little figure was Dark the colored girl that merry Christmas Eve, as she crouched on the steps of a palatial residence in the great city.

A rag of a shawl was drawn over her slight shivering shoulders, her stockingless feet were thrust into mammoth shoes cast off by some sturdy day laborer, and round her crisp curled hair was wound her special pride a strip of red handerchief that she had picked up. Altogether poor Dark made a sadly ludicrous appearance.

"Hi ho!" sighed she again with a woe-begone look on her young face, "what am dis chile a guine to do wid herself dis night? Can't stop wid ole Chloe no longer, for she's gone and died. I wish I lived here, wouldn't it be nise! If only de gemple'um 'ud come out, and ask a body in. Ky!" and Dark adjusted the bit of bandanna on her jaunty head in anticipation.

Just then she was startled by the opening of the massive door, but instead of the "gemple'um came Sambo the genteel serving man with a face as black as Egypt. Peering daintily out, his eye fell on little Dark, squatting on the steps.

"Hi!" he cried, "Tot I heard somebody a muttering. Make yourself source, niggers aint wanted here!"

"Pretty fellar you be!" retorted Dark, making a terrible grimace at him, "you aint de person as owns dis place."

"Look here," said the servant, glancing stealthily around. "I won't stand no sarce. Mebbe you don't know you'se have the honor to speak wid de Honorable Mister Caleb Esquire Smith."

"O my!" ejaculated Dark, her eyes opening very wide. "I don't believe you'se got such a heap! Who name'd you?"

"De President of de United States," said Sambo with dignity, "if you don't beleeve dat you'll taste of my boot!"

Dark, overcome by the presence of the great man, or his threat, moved away as fast as her shoes would permit.

Down the long aristocratic avenue she clumped until she came to the business part of the city. The stores were brilliantly lighted, and crowds were thronging in and out, happy over their holiday purchases.

"Nothin' for dis chile!" said Dark, sorrowfully. "Nobody in dis worl' care for poor nigger girl. Dark spec de debbil'll have her some day," and the tears ran down her dusky cheeks as she slowly plodded on, stopping now and then to put on her shoe that spite of her adroit movements kept slipping off.

"Hello!" shouted a big boy who was sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, Hello you ancient African, where did you come from. And how much will you take for your Paris boots?" giving them a kick that sent them one way and their owner another.

Poor little Dark picked herself up disconsolately, but the shoes and her tormentor had disappeared. She began to search for the former. Suddenly she started back into the shadow with a frightened air, exclaiming "old Nance."

Down the street came a burly, ill-visaged woman, half-carrying, half-dragging an elegantly dressed child of five years.

"O! O!" screamed the child. "Let me go home! let me go home!"

"Shut up, I tell you!" growled the woman, "or I'll knock your teeth in with a big stone!"

The child's cries grew faint in the distance, and still Dark stood rooted to the spot. The whole truth flashed itself upon her. The child had been stolen.

"Poor thing," murmured Dark, "I'll jest follow the old thing and see if I can't help ye!" and she darted down the street after the couple.

Old Nance hurried on with her prey, casting guilty glances around, but sharp as she was, she did not detect the tattered figure that followed, dodging in and out among the great buildings. The old woman disappeared at last in one of the great tenement houses in a disreputable street.

Dark seemed to know the house well, and slipping in at the half-opened door, crept softly up the long rickety flight of stairs, stopped at a door, sank on her knees and peeped through the key-hole.

"O don't please," pleaded the child within. "Take me home and I'll give you lots of money."

"Hold your tongue, or I'll take it out of your head," said the woman, as she roughly stripped the child of her costly dress, and unclasped a slender gold chain from her neck. Then tying the elegant clothing in a bundle, and tossing her a filthy dress, she said, with an oath,—

"Put that on, and don't let me hear you breathe to-night, or I'll beat you to death!"

The child's patient, despairing look, as she obeyed, struck to the tender heart of the negro, and she was shaking her fist at the wretch inside, when old Nance starting for the door, she beat a hasty retreat.

"She's gwine down to Tompkins to buy whiskey with the pretty things. Hope she'll get dead drunk this time."

It was some time before the wise little African thought it safe to venture back, and take up her watch at the key-hole. All was still in the room, and she could see nothing from her stand, so she applied her ear to the key-hole and heard a heavy breathing.

Dark's time had come, but do you wonder her heart beat, and her knees trembled so she could scarcely stand as she softly lifted the latch? She had never been taught to pray, but it was almost a prayer that she breathed as she looked in. The old woman lay across a heap of straw asleep, and crouched at her feet was the kidnapped girl, the tears still running down her fair cheeks.

Dark beckoned to her to follow, and noiselessly they left the room. It seemed to Dark as if they were ages descending the stairs, every step creaked, and on every landing they paused, and the child shuddered and clung closer to Dark as she heard the rough voices from the tenements. The two silent children were near the bottom, when there was a confused sound above, the door opened, and some one came rushing down stairs. In her terror Dark made a mistep, lost her balance, and the two fell to the floor. The little girl screamed: Dark's head felt like a top; the inmates rushed out, and as if to crown all, Old Nancy's oaths were heard above the din!"

"Bring a light," said a voice, and with desperate effort Dark regained her scattered senses, and catching hold of her companion, they ran for dear life. Old Nancy, enraged at the thought of losing her prize, came shouting after.

"You thieving nigger, you!" she vociferated. "Wait till I get hold of you!"

"De nigger don't see it!" cried Dark, in spite of her fear. The minutes seemed hours to the fugitives before they reached a safe part of the city. Old Nancy was fast gaining on them, and the little child was sobbing as if her heart would break, when suddenly they missed their pursuer's footsteps.

"Hi!" exclaimed Dark, shaking her fist in the direction she came, and dodging around the corner. "Takes dis chile to play de possum on ye. Now we'll rest a bit, an den we'll see what'll be did!"

The two sank wearily on a step near by.

"O, I'm so tired, and my feet ache!" said the little girl.

"Look a dar," replied Dark, laughing rather sorrowfully, and she held up her feet, which were torn and bleeding.

"Too bad!" was the pitying reply, and for the first time in her life Dark was kissed! There was an odd sensation in her throat, and the tears blinded her eyes, poor homeless, friendless little Dark.

"What's your name?" she asked at last.

"Minnie Gordon," was the reply.

"How did the old critter get you?" inquired Dark.

"I was standing on the doorstep, watching for papa," said Minnie, with a sob," and she came along and caught me right in her arms,—the old thing!"

"Ha, ha!" cried a rough voice close by.

Both children started with a scream, and Old Nancy sprang forward, and gripped them fiercely. Dark struggled and bit furiously, calling "murder" at the top of her lungs.

"What's the row here?" said a heavy voice, and the portly form of a policeman appeared. Old Nancy attempted to run, but he caught her by the arm, exclaiming, "Ah, I've found you again!"

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. The jolly old saint who fills the children's stockings, had done his part as usual, and in many houses the bells of joy were ringing in young hearts. But nobody was happier than Dark on that morning. The weary, hungry wanderer had found a home,—a loving Christian home, with the little girl she had rescued, and with her beaming black face, and in her tidy dress, was ready to wish every one a "merry Christmas."

Following the Copy.

A little girl went to a writing-school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never, never write like that, she said.

She looked steadfastly at its straight lines, which was so very straight, and the round lines so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen, and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled; she drew it back; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again. "I can but try,' said the little girl; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk and said, "What scraggy things you make!" Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book. 'He will be angry with me, and scold," she said to herself. But when the teacher came and looked, he smiled.

"I see you are trying, my little girl," he said, kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took up her pen, and began again to write. She wrote carefully, with the copy always before her.

But oh, what slow work it was! Her letters straddled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked "every which-way."

The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher. "I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said: "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, "because I do not look so much at what you do, as at what you aim and have the heart to do. By sincerely trying, you will make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellence by-and-by."

"Thank, you, sir," said the little girl; and, thus encouraged, she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it is with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us his dear Son "for an example, that we should follow his steps." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." How he loved people; how he forgave his enemies; how kind and tender he was; how "meek and lowly in heart;" how he "went about doing good!" He is "altogether lovely," and "full of grace and truth."

And when you study his character, "I can never, never reach that," you say. "I can never be like Jesus."

God does not expect you to become like his dear Son in a minute, or a day, or a year; but what pleases him is, that you should love him and have a disposition to try.—*Little Corporal.*

Number One.

"I always take care of Number One," said one of a troop of boys at the end of a bridge, some wanting to go one way and some another.

"That's you out and out," cried one of his companions. "You don't think or care about any one but yourself; you ought to be called Number One,"

"If I did not take care of Number One, who would, I should like to know?" cried he.

True, Number One was right. He ought to take care of himself—good care. "But does not that smack a little of selfishness?" the boys ask. Number One thinks of nobody but himself.

Nobody but himself! That certainly is selfish, and therefore wrong. Yet Number One is committed to our own care. What sort of care? is the all-important question."

Take care of his soul. Number One has a soul to save from sin and from hell. Number One has a soul to be won to Christ, to holiness and to heaven. Here is a great work to do.

Take care of his habits. Make Number One industrious, persevering, self-denying and frugal. Give him plenty of good healthy work to do, teach him how best to do it, and keep him from lounging and all idle company.

Take care of the lips of Number One. Let truth dwell on them. Put a bridle on his mouth, that no angry backbiting words shall come from it. Let no profane or impure word escape. Let the law of kindness rule his tongue, and all his conversation be such as becomes a child of God.

Take care of the affections and feelings of Number One. Teach him to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself; to care for others, and share with others; to be lowly in mind, forgiving, gentle, sympathizing, willing to bear and forbear, easily entreated, doing good to all he has an opportunity.

This is the care to take of Number One, and a rich blessing will it prove to his home and neighborhood and himself. Boys! you all have Number One to take care of; and a responsible charge it is.

Temperance

The Glass Railroad.

We recollect to have read a wild dream bearing this title. It was by a dissipated poet who at his own request was *imprisoned*, that he might not touch the cup of ruin.

He found himself in a car of glass, on a track of the same transparent material. The motion was easy and musical, and the passengers around him were gay. Suddenly his eye caught the glimpse of a dead body with its face upturned by the side of the way; then another, and still another, stained with blood and ghastly, receded rapidly as the cars flew onward.

With an exclamation of horror, he inquired what the terrible spectacle meant. A passenger replied, with a loud laugh of merriment, that at the end of the track was a precipice, over whose edge the train was dashed, to make way for another; and the bodies were laid along the road, to apprize the travellers of their own fate if they went on to the end of the pleasant journey, and whispered with awful emphasis, "This is the railroad of habit." The dreamer, notwithstanding this warning reverie, went over the edge of ruin, and filled a drunkard's grave.

But besides the fearful illustration the vision affords of the sorcery and devastation of intemperance, how forcible the application to general *impenitence*. The sinner glides along past graves, the lifted cross, and through an atmosphere of prayer, on the smooth and seductive track of *habit*—neglecting the great salvation—hoping the charm will be broken, the *brakes* applied, and his soul saved. But he sees not, feels not the velocity and momentum of his course, till the verge of probation is reached: then a shriek comes back, at least to the ear of faith, and he *is gone*.

"His honors in a dream are lost,
And he awakes in hell."

P. C. H.

A Young Man's History.

The *Temperance Banner*, a well conducted monthly paper, gives, from a contributor, some thoughts on the history of a young man, that all young people would do well to ponder. Read, and ponder:

I first saw him at a social party; he took but a single glass of wine, and that at the urgent solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire by his created indulgence, and thought there was no danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow; his mother wept that she had ever given birth to such a child.

I returned home musing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read, "Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

This is a sad story, dear children. When a boy, our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of you. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my teetotalism; when I urged him to sign the pledge, he laughed at me and scouted at the bare suggestion of danger. Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Beware of the first glass.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.—Several gentlemen were discussing the merits of the prohibitory law. Objections were raised, various opinions expressed and at last a decision reached that a license law was preferable. A lady had been a silent but attentive listener to their conversation.

One of the gentleman—a physician—suddenly asked, "What is your opinion, Mrs. C.? Surely you have good reasons for mitigating the sentence of King Alcohol."

"I would gladly see it banished from the country."

"How can you speak so strongly?" he asked. "Do you fail to remember that, in your low state of health, I recommended whisky as the never failing remedy?"

"Yes, D. D. R., I remember all this, and more. I remember when I was a drunkard's child, and that I trembled with terror when my father came home in a state of intoxication *from the place where rum was licensed to be sold.* I remember a mother's tears and a father's oaths, and the secret hiding from one who would have been strong to protect had not the temptation of an open grog-shop transformed him into a monster of cruelty. Yes," she continued bitterly, "I remember when I was made fatherless, and my mother a widow, with the dreadful sound in our ears, '*No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.*' Yes, more; I remember a darling brother—a sweet boy of fifteen—enticed into one of these respectable drinking saloons, and from thence borne away insensible to linger in a state of half-idiocy until death closed the scene. Tell me not," said she, "of a law to stringent too prevent a recurrence of such scenes, nor compare the benefit accruing to this poor perishable life, to the loss of eternal life in the future kingdom."

Excelsior Spinner!

Look out for the Agents of TAYLOR'S PATENT EXCELSIOR SPINNING MACHINE.

DO not buy until you see this beautiful Spinner. It's small, neat, and convenient, simple, durable, and easily understood. A child 8 years old can manage it. You sit at your ease while spinning. A reel is attached to wind the yarn from the spindle. It spins even, smooth yarn of Wool, Cotton, Flax, or Tow. Coarse, or fine yarn can be spun as desired, and FOUR TIMES as much in a day, as on any other hand spinner. Wait for the agents of Taylor's Excelsior Spinner, and you will be sure to buy the best Spinning Machine ever invented.

Agents will visit the different towns throughout the Provinces.

Province, County, and Town rights for sale. If you visit St. John, do not fail to call at the New Brunswick Foundry and see this Machine.

JAMES HARRIS,
Manufacturer.

april 10.

THE GREAT PURGATIVE.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

FOR THE CURE OF
ALL DISORDERS OF THE
Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal Viscera.

ONE TO SIX BOXES ARE
Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

DR. RADWAY'S
PILLS
ARE COMPOSED OF VEGETABLE EXTRACTS PREPARED IN VACUO;
Superior to all Purgative, Cathartic, or Alterative Medicines in general use,
COATED WITH GUM,

Which renders them very convenient, and well adapted for children, and persons who have a dislike to take medicine, and especially pills. Another great superiority of Radway's Pills over all other pills in general use, is the fact of their wonderful medicinal strength, being highly concentrated. One to six of these pills will act more thoroughly and cleanse the alimentary canal, without producing cramps, spasms, piles, tenesmus, etc., than any other Pills or Purgative Medicine in use.

THE GREAT WANT SUPPLIED.

It is a well known fact that Physicians have long sought to discover a vegetable purgative as a substitute for Calomel, and that would cleanse the Alimentary Canal of all diseased and retained humors, as thoroughly as Lobelia will the stomach, without producing sickness at stomach, weakness, or irritation of the mucous membrane.

In Dr. Radway's Pills, this very important and essential principle is secured. A dose of two to six (according to the condition of the system) of Dr. Radway's Pills will produce all the positive alterative change—from a sluggish or torpid, to a healthy action of the Liver—as the physician hopes to obtain by a dose of Blue Pills, or Calomel; and will as thoroughly cleanse the Stomach, and purge from the bowels the diseased and retained humors as most approved cathartic, or cathartic medicine, occasioning inconvenience or sickness.

Professor Reid.—College of Pharmacy.
THE GREAT PURGATIVE.

The celebrated Prof. Reid, of New York, Lecturer on Chemistry in the College of Pharmacy, styles Radway's Pills as "the Great Purgative," and the only Purgative Medicine safe to administer in cases of extreme Debility, and in Erysipelas, Small-Pox, Typhoid Fever, Bilious Fever, their action being soothing, healing, cleansing, purifying, instead of griping, irritating, debilitating, and nauseating. "After examining these Pills," writes the Professor, "I find them compounded of ingredients of GREAT PURITY, and are free from Mercury and other dangerous substances, and prepared with skill and care. Having long known Dr. Radway as a scientific gentleman of high attainments, I place every confidence in his remedies and statements. * * * *

"LAWRENCE REID,
"*Professor of Chemistry.*"

Dr. Sydny Stevens' Treatment of Cure with Radway's Pills.

Inflammation of the Bowels—Bilious Fever—Dyspepsia—Costiveness—Scarlet Fever—Lead Cholic, &c.

U. S. INVALID HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY & CO.: I send you for publication the result of my treatment with your Pills in the following cases:

1st CASE.—Inflammation of the Bowels. John C. Chapman, aged thirty-four, was seized on the night of the 22nd of October with inflammation of the bowels, was called at 10 P.M.; he had then been suffering over three hours; had not a passage for six days; I gave him six of your Pills, and applied the Ready Relief to the abdomen; in a few minutes the pain ceased, he fell into a calm sleep; at 4 A.M. he had a free evacuation, at 9 A.M. eat his breakfast; at 11 A.M., gave him no more pills, and for five days gave him three pills per day; he is now well and hearty. In all cases of inflammation of the bowels, I succeed in removing all danger by a single dose of from six to eight in six hours. In lead cholic, I give the pills in large doses—six to eight, and a teaspoonful of Relief to a wineglass of water every three hours—it always cures.

2nd CASE.—David Bruce, aged twenty-six, called at 3 P.M. on Nov. 25th; found that he had been attacked with bilious fever for twenty-two hours. I gave him six of your pills every four hours, and gave him warm drinks of bonset tea. In twenty-four hours he was convalescent; is now at work and perfectly healthy.

3d CASE.—Sarah Burns, aged six years, seized with scarlet fever; gave her two pills every four hours for twenty-four hours; applied the Ready Relief to her throat, gave her lemonade with half a teaspoonful of Relief as a drink. In thirty-six hours she was playing with her brothers and sisters. I have prescribed your Pills in cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Sluggishness of the Liver, or Torpidity, and have witnessed the most astonishing cures. I believe them the only true purgative in use; they are invaluable, having a greater controlling influence in Liver and Spleen derangements than calomel or blue pill. Your Pills are the only purgative that can be administered with safety in Erysipelas, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, and all Eruptive Fevers; their soothing, healing, and aperient properties render them invaluable.

Yours, etc.,
SYDNY STEVENS, M.D.

Suppression of the Menses, Headache, Hysterics, Nervousness Cured.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10th, 1862.

DR. RADWAY: Your Pills and Ready Relief have saved my daughter's life. In June last she was eighteen years of age, and for three months her menses were suppressed. She would frequently vomit blood, suffer terribly from headache and pain in the small of the back and thighs, and had frequent fits of hysterics. We commenced by giving her six of your Pills every night, and rubbed the Ready Relief on her spine, back, and hips. We continued this treatment one week, when to our joy she was relieved of her difficulty. She is now well and regular, and has been so ever since.

Yours very truly, J. G. HODGSON

Your Pills cured me of Piles that I feel assured was caused by over-dosing with drastic pills.

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To promote digestion, sweeten and strengthen the stomachs of the weak and distressed Dyspeptics, they are invaluable. Six days' use of Radway's Regulating Pills will enable those, who, from their stomachs weakness and indigestion, are obliged to sacrifice their appetites, to enjoy the most savory meats and hearty food. No cook powers were ever possessed by medicine as these Pills exercise over the weak stomachs of the Dyspeptics, for in six days they so prepare the stomach to receive, relish, and digest such food as it craves for. No Heartburn, no Palpitation, no Distress, no Vomitings follow the use of these excellent Pills.

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

They are made with great care from the purest Medicines, and are especially recommended for their safe and speedy action, and

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WORMS IN CHILDREN

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

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

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Griping in the Bowels,

AND WIND COLIC,

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

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

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