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# The Church Times.

Rev. J. B. Peckham---Editor. "Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order." W. Gossip---Publisher.

Vol. VII. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1884. NO. 30.

**Calendar.**

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS

DATE	MORNING.	EVENING.
1 Oct	8 aft. Tobit	2 Mar
2	9 Tobit	4 Mark
3	10 Tobit	5 Tobit
4	11 Tobit	6 Tobit
5	12 Tobit	7 Tobit
6	13 Tobit	8 Tobit
7	14 Tobit	9 Tobit
8	15 Tobit	10 Tobit
9	16 Tobit	11 Tobit
10	17 Tobit	12 Tobit
11	18 Tobit	1 Cor
12	19 Tobit	2 Cor
13	20 Tobit	3 Cor
14	21 Tobit	4 Cor
15	22 Tobit	5 Cor
16	23 Tobit	6 Cor
17	24 Tobit	7 Cor
18	25 Tobit	8 Cor
19	26 Tobit	9 Cor
20	27 Tobit	10 Cor
21	28 Tobit	11 Cor
22	29 Tobit	12 Cor
23	30 Tobit	1 Cor
24	31 Tobit	2 Cor

**Poetry.**

**THE HOUR OF DEATH.**

I OFTEN think upon the hour,  
When friends around my bed  
Shall watch my pulse's falling power,  
And prop my drooping head;  
And whisper, "Life is ebbing fast,  
It will not--no!--it cannot last!"

And what will, in that hour of grief,  
My faltering soul sustain?  
Will riches bring me sure relief?  
Will honors ease my pain?  
Will laurels wipe away the dew,  
Which then my cold damp brow suffuse?

Ah! no. The wealth the world supplies,  
Its titles and its fame,  
Will not, in that dark hour, suffice  
The latest foe to tame.  
A Saviour's love, for ever new,  
For ever strong, alone will do.

His grace the troubled brain will calm,  
Support the sinking heart:  
And drop upon the soul a balm  
Unknown to human art:  
And when both sight and hearing cease,  
Suggest the thoughts and words of peace.

Thus, thus sustain'd, the vale of death  
I'll tread secure from harm:  
And while I, struggling, pant for breath,  
Still lean upon His arm:  
Till life's last gleam shall light my eye,  
And my tongue falter, "Victory!"

**Religious Miscellany.**

**THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH THE MAIN-STAY OF EVANGELICAL PROTESTANTISM.**

SOME of our Non-Episcopal contemporaries have seized the opportunity of the recent migrations of the episcopal flock from our own Church to that of Rome, to enlarge upon those vicious qualities which they declare will always make us but an enlisting office for that corrupt communion. About as just would it be to charge a ship on which cholera patients have taken passage, with being a nursery for the cholera. That morbid passion for the immense and splendid in religion, which produces most of the converts to Rome at the present age, is generated out of, not in the Episcopal Church. To the congregational communion of New England, in fact, it is to be attributed. In company with most others of the menstrosities with which the theological museum is filled. Thence came Bishop Ives, as well as Mr. Theodore Parker; thence came almost every convert to Rome who has left the Episcopal communion, as well as every convert to seepicism who has left their own. With them was framed the theological character of all the most instalment of Romanizers.—of the Rev. Mr. Dwight Lyman, whose honored Paritan name between at once his origin and his great fall,—of the Rev. Mr. Oliver A. Shaw, who lately carried a small candle before a great one, which was held by Bishop Ives at a Romish festival,—and of the Rev. Mr. Polland, who attempted to dress up the island of Nantucket in trinitarian cowl and gown. All these, and nearly every one of their associates, came from Congregationalism, and only tarried for a while at the Episcopal Church on their passage. If the cause, therefore, of Romanizing is to be sought, it must be out of the Episcopal pale. To get at it, we must cross the Church boundary line, just in the same way that the visionary who seeks for the source of the rainbow crosses all individual landmarks on his search for it. And, in truth, the analogy holds good in cause as well as in relations. For the Ro-

manizing propensity springs not from local association or influence, but from that morbid quality in the human heart which, though unequally developed in individuals, is nevertheless generally diffused without reference to creed or country.

But the inquiry is not the less important, what system is most calculated to develop a quality which, at all events, may be restrained? And we feel bound to say, that the evidence goes to show that of all systems the neological schools of Germany and New England have the greatest tendency to foster this depraved appetite. We do not mean to say that this is done directly by the same process by which semi-Romanists in our own Church possess Romanists in full blast. But we do say that in the same way that in the physical system a depraved appetite is produced by sluicing a healthy stomach with slops and pulps, so in the religious system, the administering to the patient, a theology stripped of all bone and muscle,—the loading a faith which is primarily vigorous, and requires something solid to digest, with the wash of neological spiritualism,—are likely enough to produce a reaction either to Romanism on the one side, or Supernaturalism on the other. And the statistics of conversion in Germany and in this country show to what extent this truth obtains in religion. It is to the neological, as distinguished from the evangelical districts, that the recent Romish reaction has been chiefly confined.

It is true that there are still some cases of perversion among those who were born and bred in our own communion. This, however, may be readily explained on other principles than those of denominational sympathy. For it is far from us to say that those born within our limits are free from that corrupt nature which in other communion generates the miasmata of infidelity, of Supernaturalism, and of Romanism. And though we do really believe that the subjugation of our soil by our incomparable liturgy and discipline, like the hedging and ditching of a marsh, has reduced these noxious exhalations, yet even with us in some degree they still continue to exist.

But it is not by sporadic defections that the real current of a church is to be tested, any more than the line of flight of the flock of wild-fowl that sweeps across the horizon, is to be determined by that of the stragglers who desert the company on the wing. In what way is the practical tendency of the Episcopal Church, recent events unequivocally show. Twenty-thousand converts from Romanism in Ireland, in the last ten years, test her powers of aggression as well as of resistance; twenty-thousand converts to Romanism, from the non-Episcopal communion, in the same country, a century ago, test their deficiency both in resistance and aggression. While, therefore, we are far from undervaluing the Apostolic zeal and earnest piety of many of our non-Episcopal brethren, we think that they would show much more justice, as well as more perceptive powers, should they hereafter treat the Episcopal Church as the bulwark of Protestantism, rather than as some of them are pleased to call her, the avenue between Protestantism and Rome.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

**OVERWORKING AND SABBATH DESECRATION.**

BY THE REV. T. F. STOKES, M.A.

Men have not been formed by their merciful Creator to be used as mere machines, and the attempt which has been made to treat them as such, under the pressure of commercial rivalry, has produced the most disastrous results. The unchristian political conduct of the last generation, which ignored the existence of aught higher and nobler in man than mere physical strength, has left sad traces of its influence in the character of our working masses. Its effects are seen among us still, especially in the poorer neighborhoods, where public opinion has but little weight because local opinion is opposed to it. Few have any due conception of the life which thousands are leading, confined incessantly to the shop or to the desk, tied down week after week to a wearisome routine of mechanical employment. Can we wonder that they, from the very impulse of reaction, turn their only day of release into a day of excitement, and forget entirely the religious claims of Sunday. Some years ago, a young lad came to me to speak

about confirmation. He was eighteen years of age, full of life and vigor, one who, in a country village, would have been foremost in every athletic exercise. In the course of our conversation, the question of attendance at church was mentioned. He frankly confessed that he had long ceased to frequent a church. "How then," I asked, "do you spend your Sundays?" He was silent a few minutes, and then answered, "Well, sir, I will tell you the honest truth. I have to work in a grocer's shop for fourteen hours on five days of the week, and for sixteen on Saturday. I never get a holiday, and when Sunday comes I must have my 'fling.'" How many thousands are situated like this lad, and if questioned would answer in similar terms? It is easy to condemn such conduct, but must not some share of the blame fall upon that state of society which forces a young man into such an unnatural state of life?

Grant then ye chiefs, with the will and the power,  
More leisure for knowledge of god,—  
The boon of a sensible evening hour  
For mental and heavenly food.

Aye, how many myriads with every day  
Wake only to worry and pain,  
Life's beauty and blessedness shredded away,  
A mockery cruel and vain!

And all because man, tyrannical man,  
Wills not that his brother be blest;  
But fights against nature's Substantial plan  
Of righteous and rational rest.

O God! what a heaven this hard earth might be,  
If men to each other were kind,  
And bountiful industry left a man free  
To nourish his heart and his mind! —*Tupper.*

God doth so give blessings and mercies unto his own people as that he may be most of all seen therein. A promise of a great seed like the stars of heaven, and the sand upon the sea-shore, is given to Abraham; but before it is fulfilled, Abraham's body is dead, and Sarah's womb dead; the sentence of death is put upon the mercy, and the means leading to it. Hereby God is known to be the living God: so long as there is life in the means, God is not known, so well known to be the living God; But when all means are dead, and yet the mercy comes. "O," says a soul, "now I see that God is the living God." Hereby the power of God is made known. He must need be great in power that can say to things that are not, *Be*; and give a resurrection unto dead things. When all means are strengthless and dead, and yet the mercy comes: "O," says a soul, "now I see that God is Almighty God—God all-sufficient." "She that is a widow and desolate," saith the Apostle, "trusteth in God." We seldom trust in God till a desolation cometh upon the means: a widow that is desolate trusteth in God: when desolation cometh upon the means, then we learn to trust in God. So long as one who is learning how to swim, can touch the bottom, can touch the earth with his feet, he does not commit himself to the stream; but when he can feel no bottom, then he commits himself to the mercy of the waters. Now, so long as a man can stand upon the second cause, and can feel the bottom with his feet, he does not commit himself to the stream of mercy; but when once the second cause is gone, and he cannot feel the bottom, then he submits himself to the stream of mercy.—*Bridge.*

I must take heed what I say, but the apostle saith "God made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Such we are in the sight of God the Father, as is the very Son of God himself. Let it be called folly, or frenzy, or fury, whatsoever it is, it is our comfort, and our wisdom. We care for no knowledge in the world but this—that man hath sinned, and God hath suffered; that God hath made himself the Son of man, and that men are made the righteousness of God. Faith is the only hand which putteth a Christ unto justification, and Christ the only garment, which, being so put on, covers all the sins of our defiled nature, hideth the imperfection of our works, preserveth us blameless in the sight of God, before whom otherwise the weakness of our faith were cause sufficient to make us culpable, yea, to shat us from the kingdom of heaven, where nothing that is not absolute can enter.—*Hooper.*

## Correspondence.

ON Sunday last, the Revd. GEORGE W. HILL took leave of the Congregation of St. George by preaching to them a Farewell Sermon; and on the following day, Monday, at 4 P. M., the Rector, Church Wardens, and Vestry waited upon him and presented the following

## ADDRESS:

Vestry Room, St. George's Parish,  
Sept. 25th, 1854.

REVD. AND DEAR SIR,

Having been appointed a Committee at a general meeting of the Congregation of St. George's, to prepare and present an Address to you on the eve of your departure from among us; whilst we could have wished the day far distant which is to sever the sacred tie that has so long united us as Pastor and people; yet, as it is otherwise ordered, in the Providence of God, we cannot permit you to leave us without some expressions of our gratitude, love and esteem.

It is now nearly seven years since we witnessed the solemnities of the day of your Ordination, and with "a glad and ready mind," concurred in your appointment as Curate of this Parish. From that hour to the present our confidence has not diminished, and our fondest hopes of your usefulness have been fully realized. In all our intercourse with you, in public and private, in joy and sorrow, we have always experienced at your hands the kindness of the Christian, and the tender sympathy of a faithful and devoted pastor.

It has been your high and holy privilege to dispense to us the Word of life, to administer the comforts and consolations of religion, the Ordinances and Sacraments of our Church; and whilst we ascribe the praise to Him to whom alone it is due, we desire in our own and in the name of the whole congregation, to bear testimony to the faithful and disinterested manner in which you have performed the duties of your sacred office.

In taking leave of you, whilst we deeply regret the separation, we rejoice in your preferment, and pray that grace and strength may be given you from on High rightly and faithfully to discharge the responsible duties of your elevated position in the Church; preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, no man forbidding you, and that under your Pastoral guidance and care many faithful Ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ may be raised up to proclaim among us the "unsearchable riches" of the Gospel.

Your spiritual charge over us is about to be severed, but there are ties which unite the faithful Minister of Christ to his flock which can never be rent asunder; they are spiritual and eternal; they reach far beyond the changes of this fleeting world. In bidding you therefore "Farewell," we humbly hope that through the merits and sacrifice of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, many of those to whom you have ministered will prove to you "a crown of rejoicing in Heaven;" where they "that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

With every expression of kind remembrance and affectionate regards to Mrs. Hill, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying token of our esteem, to be expended by yourself in the purchase of some lasting memorial of the affectionate remembrances of

Your Friends and Parishioners.

Signed by R. F. Uniacke, Rector, the Church Wardens, and Vestry of St. George's.

The Rev. G. W. HILL, Curate of St. George's.

## REPLY:

St. George's Parish, Sept. 25, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN.

With deep emotion and sincere gratitude I receive from you this more than kind address. To close my Ministry of nearly seven years amongst you, with so much love and esteem from the flock over which God had placed me, is an honorable distinction indeed. I wish to view it, however, not as a mere earthly honor, but as one conferred upon the Ambassador of Christ—an encouragement to go forward as a "good soldier of Jesus Christ," to "preach the Word," to "watch in all things," and "to do the work of an Evangelist."

The allusions which you have made to the discharge of my duties in public and in private, are expressed in terms so strong and affectionate, that I feel deeply humbled in myself, conscious that I am undeserving of any praise. Believe me, dear Brethren, that it is not the excitement of the moment, but a calm and searching review of the past which compels me to say that my failings and short comings cost me many a pang, and often drive me to the mercy seat. In those services, however, which God has enabled me to perform, I have experienced that aid, kindness, and sympathy which only an attached flock know how to bestow.

For your prayers at the throne of grace, that I may rightly and faithfully discharge the responsible duties of my new position, as I rejoice in their being offered now, so I ask a continuance of them for the future.

That men should go forth from our College to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its fullness and simplicity with hearts touched by grace, and filled with the Holy Ghost, is my own fervent supplication. Oh!

† The amount of the Parse... £70 4 7.

pray ye, that my future labors to this end may be abundantly blessed.

My Brethren, I leave this Parish,—the long known abode of fond associations,—as one leaves a beloved and familiar home. During my ministerial career, there have been days and weeks and events so marked by tokens of your good will, that they must ever stand out in bold relief upon the page of my life's history.

For this last noble memento of your love, let the *f. H.* hearts of Mrs. Hill and myself, rather than many words, express our deep felt gratitude. It shall procure some lasting monument on which we ourselves, and our children after us, may look with grateful satisfaction, and be an enduring record to which we can point, of the affection and generosity of the Parish of St. George.

Finally, Brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

That God may abundantly pour out his richest blessings on you and yours, is the prayer of

Your affectionate and grateful friend,

GEORGE W. HILL.

## News Department.

From Papers by R. M. S. America, Sept. 16.

OPERATIONS IN THE EAST.—THE CRIMEA EXPEDITION.—Our last week's prognostications have since been verified by the unquestionable fact that the expedition has left Varna; and we are warranted in stating that there is every probability that our fleets are now before Sebastopol. The following despatch dated Vienna, Wednesday, though not yet confirmed, is entirely worthy of credit:—"The combined fleets, which had left Varna on the 4th, had appeared off Sebastopol on the 8th. A perfect cloud of transports, troop-ships, and steamers of all sizes, covered the sea in the vicinity of Balaklava." The number of troops composing the military portion of the expedition is variously stated; but we are within the truth in placing it at 80,000; with 25,000 sailors, and 3,000 cannon. With this overwhelming force we can scarcely be doubtful as to the ultimate result of the expedition; but a stout resistance will probably be offered by the Russians, who are concentrating large forces in such positions as to be available at any point near Sebastopol; in addition to which their naval forces are in complete readiness. Forts are being built four leagues from Sebastopol, and a mass of fire-ships are being prepared. There are 60,000 men in camp established near the town and the Russian fleet is armed. Prince Menschikoff directs the measures of defence. Marshal St. Arnaud has issued a somewhat grandiloquent address to the army in which he says:—"It is providence which calls us into the Crimea, a country as healthy as our own; and to Sebastopol, the seat of Russian power—in those walls, where we go seek together the pledge of peace and of our return to our homes.—The enterprise is grand and worthy of you. You will realize it by the aid of the most formidable military and naval force that has ever been collected." In forcible contrast to the General's drums and trumpets, Lord Raglan has issued a contemporary memorandum, requesting Mr. Commissary-General Ffilder to take steps to insure that the troops shall all be provided with a ration of porter for the next few days.

ODESSA.—General Krusenstern has ordered the inhabitants of Odessa to reduce the city to ashes if the allies should attempt to take it, and then to return to Tiraspol. The proclamation concludes—"Woe to those who remain behind or attempt to extinguish the fire." All means of extinguishing the fire, such as engines, &c., have been destroyed.

THE ROYAL INVALIDS.—The Duke of Cambridge had quite recovered from his recent illness before starting with the expedition; but Prince Napoleon was so seriously ill that the doctors held a council and declared that he was unfit to join the expedition. The Prince listened respectfully to the result of the consultation; and, after thanking his medical advisers, for the interest which they took in his health, immediately took his departure to join his division, which started on the 4th inst.

BUCHAREST.—The Russians are making great preparations for the defence of the left bank of the Danube in Bessarabia. All the supplies of corn and other provisions are to be destroyed "if the enemy should succeed in obtaining a footing in Bessarabia." The Turks continue to advance from the Danube towards the Buceu, and heavy artillery and French rocket batteries are moving in the direction of Brai- low. Pontoons and other materials for the construction of bridges are being collected at Matschin. The Austrians have entered Bucharest, and have made themselves particularly disagreeable towards Omar Pasha, who has been bored into dismissing his six

Hungarian aide-de-camps who were his most useful officers.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—LKD-STUND.—Beyond the fact that the French troops are on their way home and that the allied fleet will shortly follow, we have no news of importance from the Baltic. The feasibility of prolonging the operations for the present year by an attack on Swaborg, Helsingfors, or Cronstadt, is very questionable. The land forces are not sufficiently numerous to act with security; and to risk the safety of the fleet for the bare satisfaction of quarulous individuals, who, in snug armchairs, indifferently philippic about "the dilatory conduct of the war," would be a manifest absurdity. All the fortifications of Bomarsund, which cost six millions, have been reduced to shapeless masses of brick and stone. The marine authorities at Cherbourg have received orders to prepare for the reception of the entire Baltic fleet by the beginning of next month.

RUSSIAN RETREAT IN ASIA.—We learn by a telegraphic despatch from Trieste forwarded last night, of a sudden and hurried movement on the part of the Russian army corps which was lately operating under Prince Rebutoff against the Turks on the frontier of Georgia. The Ottoman Muahir ordered the advance of eight regiments of cavalry, desiring to draw on an engagement in the open field. The Turks approached nearer and nearer to the Russian camp, until they discovered that it had been abandoned as it in great haste. The Turks found in the enemy's camp ten spiked guns and ammunition; and a large number of waggons, besides mules, on the ground. It is ascertained that the enemy has retreated to the shelter of the walls of Gumri. The reason of this strange proceeding is not known; but it is supposed to be the presence of Schamyl with a large force near Tiflis; or it may be that Prince Rebutoff has heard that a large hostile force is embarked at Varna for some unknown destination, and fears an attack in Asia.

PARIS, Thursday.—The *Moniteur* publishes a despatch from Therapia, stating that the French and Turks had joined the British fleet at Fidonisi, an island off the mouths of the Danube, opposite to Eupatoria, in the Crimea. The weather was fine. Troops and stores of every description continue to be shipped at Toulon and Marseilles for the East, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the epidemic in the ranks of the army, and to supply it with fresh provisions. Extensive preparations are also making in anticipation of a spring campaign. A newly-invented rocket is now being tried by a military commission; and siege guns, carrying a distance of upwards of five miles, destined to batter the granite walls of Cronstadt, are being cast in the Imperial foundry of Ruelle. They are all to be ready for next March. It is reported that the *Moniteur* will publish to-morrow or the day after an imperial decree calling out 60,000 recruits. A loan is now talked of, amounting to 400,000,000*fr.* It is even said to be concluded with three of the first banks of Paris, in Three per Cent. stock, at 70*fr.*

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION.—We learn from Bucharest that Gen. Hess, at the moment of crossing the Wallachian frontier, addressed a proclamation of an equivocal character, that Omar Pasha interdicted the publication of it, and caused all the copies that had been printed to be seized.

VARNA.—A private letter states that the Russians have two large camps pitched on the very spot where we intend to land near Sebastopol. Fifteen thousand Russians got out of Odessa and landed at Sebastopol. This latter report requires confirmation.

The Russians are quitting Moldavia with all possible speed.

It is said that the Turks have entered Fokschay.

## THE EXPEDITION TO THE CRIMEA.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 7.—The storm which has raged for some days in the Black Sea has ceased. On the 4th all the troops had embarked. The whole fleet consists of 600 sail.

On the 4th the first division of the fleet sailed in the direction of Sebastopol.

The strength of the army is 90,000 men. On the 4th Marshal St. Arnaud sailed on board the *Charmagne*.

THE EXPEDITIONARY ARMY.—VIENNA, Wednesday morning.—No accident happened during the embarkation of the expedition for the Crimea, and on the 3rd the greater part of the fleet weighed anchor.

Sebastopol was generally supposed to be the destined point of attack.

The whole army was in the highest spirits.

From Papers by R. M. S. Niagara.

UNITED STATES.

**THE RECIPROcity TREATY.**—A telegraphic despatch from Quebec informs us that the Canadian Parliament has accepted the Reciprocity Treaty, and that the enactments necessary for carrying the provisions into effect have also been definitely acted on. The legislatures of the other provinces must act upon the treaty before it goes into operation. Those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick do not meet, we believe, until some time in February. Meantime an effort will be made to induce our Congress to pass a law remitting the duty now levied on foreign coal.—*N.Y. Herald, Sept. 28.*

**DEATH OF A BISHOP.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Wainwright, Protestant Episcopal Assistant Bishop of the eastern diocese of New York, expired about half-past four o'clock Thursday afternoon. He had been suffering for the past three weeks from an obstinate attack of typhoid fever, and the event, therefore, was not altogether unexpected. The death of this excellent man will be universally deplored, not only by those within the immediate scope of his official labours, but by all good citizens. His remains were interred on Saturday in Trinity Cemetery, near Manhattanville.—His obsequies were performed in Trinity Church, his funeral oration being pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Higbee.—*Ibid.*

The British sloop *Wave*, of Nova Scotia, Capt. McAllister, which arrived Tuesday morning in 26 days from St. Domingo, lost two of her seamen on the passage by yellow fever. Their names were John Connolly, who died on the 4th inst., and Andrew Palmer on the 6th, both of Halifax. The *Wave's* former captain, (Roach), was left at St. Domingo very sick with the fever, and the mate and one seaman are now very low on board. Capt. McAllister reports that this fatal disease was prevailing to an alarming extent among the seamen at St. Domingo when he sailed.—*Ibid.*

It will be recollected that some months since two British soldiers deserted from the garrison at Sydney, Cape Breton, and made their way to Boston, where they were apprehended at the instigation of the British Consul at that city, on the charges of desertion and larceny in robbing the military chest of a large sum of money. Of the charge of desertion the Court at Boston refused to take cognizance, but both prisoners were committed to answer for the alleged charge of larceny. On Friday one of them was tried and convicted, when an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States on the point raised for the defence that it was not competent to try a person in this country for an offence committed in a foreign country. The question has excited a good deal of discussion.

CANADA.

**A PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW IN CANADA.**—The *Montreal Pilot* says that a resolute effort is now being made by the advocates of temperance in the Canadian Provinces for the enactment of a law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks. The probability is that the effort will be successful, for when the proposition was last brought before Parliament it was lost by but a single vote, and since then a large number of candidates have judged themselves that if a sufficient number of petitions are presented to show the unequivocal approval of the people, a majority of members will vote for the law. Thus the enactment of the law depends chiefly upon the people.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

**SHIPWRECK OF THE STEAMER CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.**—We regret having to announce that the fine new screw Steamer *City of Philadelphia* Capt. Leitch, of 2,100 tons, was stranded at Chance Cove, about 7½ miles north of Cape Race, on last Thursday night. This Steamer, built for the Liverpool and Philadelphia line, was on her first voyage, and was only eight days and a few hours out from Liverpool, with a valuable cargo and 540 passengers, was proceeding under full pressure of steam, at the rate of between 9 and 10 miles an hour, when shortly after 11 o'clock, the night being very dark, with heavy rain, she struck on Cape Race, and being backed off, she was run into Chance Cove, the only place in the vicinity, we understand, where a landing could be effected; and where she now lies in 3 fathoms water. She leaked so badly, that by the time she ran aground at Chance Cove, the water had extinguished the fire in the furnaces. Providentially no lives were lost, and as soon as daylight enabled them to see about them, the passengers were landed and tents pitched; where they remained till Saturday morning, when the Telegraph Company's Steamer *Victoria*, coming in from the westward, ran in to their assistance, and brought about half the passengers on to this port, and having landed them on Sunday morning, returned for the remainder, with whom she arrived yesterday morning. She left again last night with a number of persons on board, with the view of rendering every possible assistance in endeavouring to save the vessel and cargo. On Sunday a party of military under command of Lieut. Law was dispatched for the protection of property. The passengers have been provided with lodgings by Messrs. Brooking, Son & Co., Lloyd's Agents, who have also chartered some sailing vessels, and despatched them for the passengers' luggage. We understand the *City of Philadelphia* cost about £60,000, and that the value of her cargo is about an equal sum. She was built in compartments, but the concussion when she struck was so violent that the bulk heads were started and rendered useless.—*Express.*

The steamer *Victoria* returned from the wreck yesterday.

We understand that the Engineer of the *Victoria* descended in a diving dress, and examined the position of the *City of Philadelphia*, which he found lay on a solid rock, her bow projecting over so clear of it that he could pass under the bow. He also discovered that about eight feet of the stem had been completely turned, and there was a hole in the vessel's bottom. It is very doubtful, we are informed, whether the steamer can possibly be got off.—*Post.*

Editorial Miscellany.

A NOVA SCOTIAN IN TURKEY.

We have been favoured with the perusal of an exceedingly well written and interesting letter from a Commissariat Officer, a native of this City, now attached to the Army in the East, from which we have been permitted to make the following extracts, which, no doubt, will be acceptable to our readers. After describing his journey through France, and his embarkation at Marseilles, he thus proceeds:—

"We passed between Corsica and Sardinia, then down the Straits of Messina, having a good view of Calabria on the one hand and Sicily on the other, with Mount Etna towering up from the mountainous mass, forming the eastern side of the latter. Our next visit was to Athens, where we staid a night and a day, which gave me time to visit the Acropolis twice, and dwell in rapture on the wonderful remains which there lift upwards towards the sky, fragments of sculpture, and architectural works, of whose grandeur and beauty I could never form a proper conception from my reading. The town of Athens itself is a dirty filthy hole; the houses filled with vermin, and most of the people sleeping at night on the side walks, over whose extended bodies you walk, if the fineness of the weather has tempted you to a stroll. We had to sleep on tables at the hotel we staid at, and in the morning were prodigiously overcharged for the accommodation. One thousand English and two thousand French occupied the Piræus, within a few miles of Athens, and I met an old acquaintance in our department, a Mr. Worr. Leaving Athens, we next stopped at Gallipoli, our first introduction to a Turkish Town, and a very good type it is of all towns in this country—streets so narrow that opposite neighbours can shake hands from their respective houses, and so crooked that you can never see a dozen yards either way—so filthy, that it is wonderful how people ever live in such an atmosphere, and so badly paved that you are in danger of breaking your legs if you do not watch your every step. The houses are of that character which would be called in any other country "hovels," and with finely latticed windows so as to prevent looking inwards from the outside, with odd overhanging little balconies, looking so old and rotten, and stuck on to the sides of such old and tumbledown buildings, that one wonders how the inmates can have the temerity to trust themselves therein. Such is Gallipoli, and such is even Constantinople, and such is Turkey generally. When I was at Gallipoli, there were 3000 French and 10,000 English troops encamped over an extent of country as far as the eye could reach, and you may conceive the confusion in the streets at the time when I saw that 3000 men were pushing their way through to the wharves for embarkation."

"After a desperate ride of 40 miles exposed to a fierce sun, I reached Bayards-gick at sunset, to find the place a scene of ruin and desolation. I had had nothing to eat for 24 hours, and had anticipated getting supplies here for the troops, in case the convoy did not come up in time; and no words can express the sickening of my heart, as I rode through streets miles in length, up to the horses knees in filth and mire, the houses on either hand burnt to the ground or tottering over the road,—dead animals and fragments of apparel and furniture strewed the way, while half starved dogs of wolfish aspect, gazed with furious eyes upon us, as we passed, as our progress disturbed them in their repast on the festering bodies of others of their tribe, who had fallen down from sheer starvation. The Mosques were racked, and the Minarets, which looked so pretty in the distance, now appeared their tall forms, amid a scene of unusual gloom. In about an hour we found a living human being, a Carasse or armed civilian, stationed there to watch the proceedings of the enemy. I begged for a morsel of bread—he said there was nothing to be had, and my attendant trooper went into a deserted orchard and brought me a handful of some green fruit, which we devoured greedily. The Carasse directed us to the camp of a Turkish patrol, not far distant, and just as we reached it, I saw our cavalry advancing. At my interview with Lord Cardigan, I proposed returning at once, to urge on the convoy, to which he assented, and I again set off, riding till eleven that night, when exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and seeing a light off the road I went thither, and bivouacked with a party of Bulgarian cowards, who gave me some sour milk and bread, their ordinary fare. At 3 A.M. next day I was again on horseback, and it was not till noon I fell in with traces of the convoy, which had passed by another road to Bayards-gick. I followed on and again reached that place at 7 P.M., having been 30 hours in the saddle, and this for the first performance was trying indeed. That night I lay down with a raging fever, but at midnight was called up and found the troops assembled, owing to an alarm of Cosacks. The night continued one of expectation, but nothing happened."

Extract from the minutes of the proceedings of the Parishioners of the Parish of Dartmouth, at a Meeting called by the Rector, in compliance with the Circular of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. The Meeting was held on Friday evening, Sept. 22nd, in the Church School House.

The Meeting was opened by the Rector with prayer. The Circular from the Lord Bishop was then read by the Rector, who called the attention of the Members present to its contents.

On motion of J. R. Smith, Esq., seconded by Mr. H. Brown, it was Resolved,—That this Meeting is not prepared to approve of the Establishment of Synods or Periodical Meetings of a deliberative body of the Church in this Diocese.

Passed unanimously. Moved by S. P. Fairbanks, Esq.; seconded by Lawrence Hartshorne, Esq.

Resolved,—That in compliance with the request of His Lordship the Bishop, two lay delegates be appointed to represent this Parish at the meeting of Clergy and Laity to be held in Halifax on the 11th of October next, to represent the views entertained by the Parishioners of Dartmouth on the subject, as expressed in the first Resolution.

Passed—one dissenting. E. H. Lowe, Esq. and Lawrence Hartshorne, Esq. were then appointed as Delegates from the congregation of Dartmouth.—*Communicated.*

**ST. MARGARET'S BAY.**—At a Meeting held in the Parish Church of St. Paul's, St. Margaret's Bay, on Saturday, Sept. 23, to elect two Lay delegates for the approaching Synod, it was unanimously Resolved, "that James Coucher, Esq., and W. E. Brine, Esq., be the representatives of this parish, and be requested to support the continuance of such Synod."

It was also resolved, in connection with the foregoing motion, that the parish accept with thankfulness the opportunity afforded them by His Lordship the Bishop, of being represented in the deliberative councils of the Church.

It was also unanimously resolved that a grateful vote of thanks be presented to those kind friends and fellow-Churchmen in England, Jersey, and Guernsey, who have so liberally contributed towards the endowment fund and schools of this parish.

HEZERIAH BOUTILIER, Clerk of the Vestry.

The *St. John Church Witness* has just commenced its fifth volume, with a circulation of one thousand subscribers, ensuring the permanency of the paper. The Editor acknowledges a late handsome donation from one who had before given a similar proof of his good will. We do not wonder that our Contemporary feels and speaks comfortably, under such circumstances, and we shall be very glad to do likewise when we have the same reason. If Churchmen in Nova Scotia wish to keep up a Church paper, they must bestir themselves after the fashion of N. Brunswick.

**TEMPERANCE.**—A new association for the suppression of intemperance has just been formed in Halifax, under the title of the "Nova Scotia Temperance League," for the special purpose of employing all constitutional means to procure the enactment of a Law in this Province, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks." The Hon. Sam. Creelman, President, and Judge Marshall, the indefatigable advocate of the Temperance cause, Secretary. Branches are to be formed throughout the Province. It is thought that many who do not now belong to any Temperance Societies, will join the League.

THE BISHOP thanks those persons who have kindly sent some of the Reports of the S. P. G. required to complete the Set for the Diocesan Library, and at the same time repeats his request to the Clergy and others throughout the Diocese, to endeavor to procure and to forward to Mr. Gossip the numbers still missing, for the years 1780, and all of earlier date, 1783, 1787, 1792, 1797, 1800, 1804, 1806, 1807, 1837-8.

AMONG the passengers by the *America* was Mrs. Pearson, lady of the Rev. Mr. Pearson, Assistant Missionary at St. Margaret's Bay.

TWO INQUESTS.—The body of a man named Thomas White, for some time in the employ of the Lieutenant Governor, was picked up off the Long Wharf, on Friday morning. He bore a good character. The inquest returned a verdict of "Death by drowning."

ONE of the laborers on the Railroad, between the 4 and 5 mile house, was killed on Saturday morning last, about 7 o'clock, by the blow of a stone while blasting a rock. His name was Hugh Fraser, of Pictou, a man of excellent character. All his fellow workers immediately knocked off work for the day, in respect for deceased, whose remains were interred yesterday.—*B.N.A.*

THE REV. JOHN STANNAGH has left to inform his friends, and the friends of Church Schools among the Fishermen, that he is expecting a large assortment of Fancy and useful articles from England, Jersey, and Guernsey, which will be offered at a Missionary Sale in Halifax during the month of October. The proceeds will go towards the maintenance of Six Schools—three of which being now vacant for want of funds.

## Fontho's Department.

## TO AN AFFLICTED CHILD

Gentlest lamb of Jesus' fold,  
Call'd to suffer from thy birth,  
Take of heaven a sinner hold,  
Since thou art not made for earth:  
Only lie at Jesu's feet,  
Then affliction will be sweet.

Clasp thy tiny hands in prayer,  
Tell the Saviour all thy heart;  
Trust him with thy every care,  
Kneer grief to him impart;  
Bow to him the suppliant knee—  
He was once a child like thee.

Take thy refuge in his arms,  
Nestle in his loving breast,  
Fly to him in all alarms,  
Fly for safety, peace, and rest.  
Weep not, darling, at his will,  
Love him, trust him, praise him still.

Meekly learn thy cross to bear,  
Never murmur or complain;  
Obedient songs and holy prayer,  
Ease and sanctify thy pain.  
Sing of Jesus and his love,  
As the angels sing above.

Gentlest lamb of Jesus' fold,  
Call'd to suffer from thy birth,  
Take of heaven a sinner hold,  
Since thou art not made for earth.  
Only lie at Jesu's feet,  
Then affliction will be sweet.

**FRIGHTS.**—Frights make up a large part of the experience of some children. They are afraid of the dark, of robbers, of bears, ghosts, and a long host of fancies which make their little lives very unhappy.

Let me tell you how bravely and sensibly a little girl once fought with her frights. She went to pay her aunt a visit, and slept in a chamber by herself, which was perhaps rather lonely at first, for she and her sister always slept together at home. One night she suddenly waked, and saw a white thing at the foot of her bed, only its head which she thought as plainly as could be, was turned a little to one side, and not looking at her. Her first thought was, "It's a ghost, surely it is!" and she drew the bed clothes over her head. In a minute she had a second thought; "If a ghost is here, God is here too, and the Bible says they that put their trust in him shall be safe;" and the child tried to put her trust in God, and this gave her courage to take another peep at the white thing. It did look very much like a living being of some kind or other. "Well, if it is, I'll speak," she thought; and she cried out, "Who's there?" The figure did not stir or answer—there it stood, as still and white as ever.

"My father says there are no ghosts, and if there are, what harm is it likely they should want to do to me? and if they do I'll put my trust in God, and he can take care of me." She was much strengthened by this reasoning; still there the figure stood.

"But I will know who or what you are," said the child; "mother says frights are more in people's fancies than anything else."

And she jumped out of the bed, and marched up to the figure. How many children would have done that? I am afraid there are many grown up people who would have failed here. She went straight toward it; and what do you think it proved to be? Why, it was the moon shining through the window on the wall. "How much it did look like a head, with eyes, nose, and mouth," she said, and then jumped into her bed again. For a long while she lay and looked at it. But it only looked like moonshine, and no ghost, and she wondered how she could have been deceived. And that I dare say, is as much as ghosts ever are, all moonshine; and she kept her eyes on the soft silver light, until she again sunk into a sweet sleep.

Is not this an excellent ghost story? and may not the example of this child teach us a most useful lesson upon the best means of overcoming our foolish frights and false alarms.

**THE EFFICIENCY OF GOD'S PATERNAL LOVE.**—A boy in the House of Industry in Toronto, was walking in the yard one day, and picked up a stray scrap of the New Testament which contained part of the story of the prodigal son (Luke xv.) He read, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son," &c. He said to himself, "I am that wicked son." A friend who was present, said to him that God was willing to be called

the Father of every returning prodigal. He asked, "Do you really think God is willing to be a Father to me?" "Just look and see what He says," and he read on. "But will my Heavenly Father forgive me?" "No! I am too great a sinner," and the tears streamed down his face. "O, no! I am too great a sinner, God could not surely pardon one so wicked!" With his faded handkerchief he wiped his eyes, and read again: "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Here the Lord the Spirit appeared to have taken away the evil from his eyes, and discovered to him the mercy of God which receives to the paternal embrace the very chief of sinners, and he was subdued into filial obedience by the love of God, and experienced that joy that is unspeakable, and that peace which passeth all understanding.

Reader, you are not too great a sinner to be pardoned! If you truly understand the love of God your Father to sinners as such, you would be quite overpowered, and your doubts and questionings would all be supplanted by the faith of sonship. "Come and see!"

"HE DELIGHTETH IN MERCY."

—British Messenger.

## Selections.

## "HOW READST THOU?"

A Tract by the Revd. J. C. Hyslop.

THE BIBLE is "written by inspiration of God." In this respect, it is utterly unlike all other writings. God taught the writers of it what to say. God put into their minds thoughts and ideas. God guided their pens in setting down those thoughts and ideas. When you read it, you are not reading the self-taught compositions of poor imperfect men like yourself, but the words of the eternal God. When you hear it, you are not listening to the erring opinions of short-lived mortals, but to the unchanging mind of the King of kings. The men who were employed, to indite the Bible, spoke not of themselves. They "spoke as they were moved, by the Holy Ghost." (2 Peter i. 21.)

I shall not waste time by attempting any long and labored proof of this. I say boldly, that the book itself is the best witness of its own inspiration. It is utterly inexplicable and unaccountable in any other point of view. It is the greatest standing miracle in the world. He that dares to say that the Bible is not inspired, let him give a reasonable account of it, if he can. Let him explain the history and character of the book in a way that will satisfy any man of common sense. The burden of proof seems, to my mind, to lie on him.

Here is a book, written by not less than thirty different persons. The writers were men of every rank and class in society. One was a lawgiver. One was a warlike king. One was a peaceful king. One was a herdsman. One had been brought up as a publican—another as a physician—another as a learned Pharisee—two as fishermen—several as priests. They lived at different intervals, over a space of 1500 years; and the greater part of them never saw each other face to face. And yet there is a perfect harmony among all these writers. They all write as if they were under one dictation. The handwriting may vary, but the mind that runs through their work is always one and the same. They all tell the same story. They all give one account of man—one account of God—one account of the way of salvation—one account of the heart.—You see truth unfolding under their hands, as you go through the volume of their writings—but you never detect any real contradiction, or contrariety of view. Tell us not that all this might be the result of chance. The man who can believe that, must indeed be a credulous person. There is only one satisfactory account of the book. It was written under the direct inspiration of God.

**IRRELIGION OF THE GREAT MEN OF FRANCE.**—I know not when, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought, if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe and America, and even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven; our great men appear to live, and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying—they live and die looking at the spectator, or at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France, read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life re-

veals itself in the last words of the dying. But cross the Atlantic, traverse the Channel, come to our times open sarcophagi, and listen to the last words of 'as great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the south, that his name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when it recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he, "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music."

Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, in the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibilis. Not a glance towards heaven—Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"O Liberty."

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; their only hymn the Marseillaise! Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution—A cool and judicious pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last dying thoughts of this dying man on his way to his last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "You will show my head to the people; it is worthy the trouble!"

His faith, annihilation; his last sign, vanity. Behold the Frenchmen of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death itself, recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The Republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism, and by so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful, and God non-existent! So finished atheist revolutions.—Lamarine.

**THANK GOD FOR WATER.**—Reader, did you ever go, on one of those hot, scorching days, when the thermometer stood about 96 in the shade, to some shady grove, through which sparkled in its pure, liquid light, a limpid stream of water, beautiful and refreshing in its own coolness, and, throwing off all hindrances, plunge beneath the pearly wave, rise to the surface, and again, porpoise-like, plunge into the cooling tide? If you have, as you left the murmuring stream, the whole body strengthened with vigor and renewed life, did you not in your hearts thank God for water, and rejoice that such a treasure was not denied your enjoyment?

Did you ever ride or walk out into the country or the fields after a refreshing shower has watered the parched earth, quenching the thirst of the parched soil, and filling with the pearly drops of the life-giving beverage, the tiny cup of each little flower, as well as of the slender blade of grass, and spangling every tree, bush, and shrub with a wreath of silvery drops, sparkling in the morning sun, like diamonds set in emeralds? If you have, did you not thank God in your heart for the water, as you felt the cool breath exhaled from its million drops, fanning your cheek, laden with the aroma of many flowers? Did not the little ground-bird sing a sweeter song, the robin warble a softer note, and the lark carol a wilder melody, as he soared towards heaven, bearing its simple praise? And did not all nature smile more joyously, in the cool, fragrant, refreshing atmosphere?

Did you ever, with parched and thirsty lips, approach the bubbling spring, welling up from forest glen, and stooping, sip from the sparkling stream the life and health-giving beverage "prepared by God himself," fresh from the fount? If you have, as you rose, refreshed in body and spirit, did you not inwardly thank God for water, cool water, to slake the burning thirst and refresh the weary? And did you not then wonder how man, created in the intelligence of the angel, a reasoning, capable, and responsible being, endowed with the wisdom of judgment, could prostrate his body, destroy his mind, and become a degraded being, by

drinking row, while the ceiling, heavenly-forced beverage, coursed every valley, and springing up from every gloom, and rolling up from every shade of gloom, was designed for his use, to refresh his weary body and invigorate exhausted nature. Of course you did, reader, and from your inmost heart you THANKED God FOR WATER.—*N. Y. Reformer.*

**THE DEATH-BED ELOQUENCE.**—The work of preaching Christ is not restricted to any time or place, or favored class of individuals. A Wilberforce could proclaim the gospel of love on the floor of Parliament House, though he never wore a surplice, and never had a bishop's hand on his honored head. Thomas Cranfield, the lay philanthropist, preached to the boisterous rabble of London till they proposed a "three cheers" for his thrilling exhortation. Hannah More preached Christ in the drawing-room; Elizabeth Fry in the prison-cell, and the lately-departed Meeks preached in the Sabbath-school teacher's chair. Harlan Page scattering tracts through a city work-shop; Neal Dow pleading against the dram-shop; Nettleton whispering his solemn words in an inquiry-meeting; the Delanyan's daughter murmuring the name of Jesus with her faint, dying voice; and the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain leaning on his crook to talk of eternity to a passer-by, were all of them intensely earnest preachers of righteousness.

The Church has had few more faithful preachers than Thomas Halyburton, who, a century and a half ago, sat in the "divinity-chair" of the Scotch University of St. Andrews. And his most impressive discourses were delivered on a dying bed. "This is the best pulpit," said he, "that ever I was in; I am laid on this bed for this end, that I may commend my Lord."

The sermons which Halyburton preached, when in health, to the Students of St. Andrews, are now nearly perished; but the Diary of the last happy weeks and months in his sick chamber never can be forgotten. It is a book for every room of suffering. To his wife, who stood weeping by his bed-side, he once said, "My sweet bird, are you here? I am no more thine. I am the Lord's. On the day I took you by the hand in marriage, I wist not how I could ever get my heart off you again, but now I have got it done. Do not weep, you should rather rejoice. Rejoice with me, and let us exalt His name together. We shall be one family in Heaven, but you must even stay, awhile after me to take care of God's bairns. At another time he remarked to her, after a night of excruciating pain—"Jesus came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters; and he said to me, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I have the keys of hell and of death.' He stilled the tempest in my soul, and lo! there was a sweet calm!"

When the 84th Psalm had been sung for him, he said—"I have always had a mistuned voice, but worst of all, a mistuned heart; but shortly, when I join the temple-service above, there shall not be, world without end, one string of my affections out of tune." To his aged elder he remarked—"Janie, ye are an auld man, and I am dying; yet the child is going to die an hundred years old. I am like a shock of corn fully ripe. I have ripened fast under the bright Sun of Righteousness, and I have had brave showers."

We have read of many sublime displays of courage in the dying hour, but never met with such a calm confronting of the King of terrors as the follow passage displays—"I am not setting the fool," to his physician, "but I have weighed eternity during the past night. I have looked on death as stripped of all things pleasant to nature; I have considered the spade, and the grave, and every circumstance in death that is terrible to us! And under the view of all these, I found that in the ways of God that gave me satisfaction—not merely a rational satisfaction, but a heart-engaging power that makes me rejoice." In these days of sudden departures at the stroke of the cholera pestilence, how cheering to read such lofty words!

On the morning of the 23d of September, 1712, he went down into the dark valley. Yet he did not go alone, nor did the calm sunshine withdraw from his pathway; in the even-time it was light about him.—Just before he died he said—"I am thinking on the pleasant spot of earth that I will get to lie in, close beside Mr. Rutherford and Principal Anderson. I will come in as the little one among them, and I will get my little George in my hand; and oh! we will be a group of oonnie dust!" During the last six hours his voice failed him. But his angelical face was eloquent, and when he could not speak, he gently clasped his hands in triumph. So died the holy Halyburton; and on all the faces of our sinful earth, the ministering angels of

God beheld that lay no other bones that was more like the heaven which they had left! Reader, may our last end be like him.—*Chr. Intelligencer.*

**THE HALF HOUSEKEEPER.**—She was only a half housekeeper. Go where you would about her home, there was neither taste nor neatness. She would begin with great avidity, but lose all her zeal before she got through. Of her husband's half-a-dozen new shirts all were partially finished—one wanted sleeves, another a collar and wristbands, another a bosom and gussets, and so on through the whole list. Several skeletons of quilts lay unfolded in her drawers, and her tables and trunks were loaded with magnificent promises.

Her bread was always unpalatable because she forgot this or that—and though she had been married ten years, in all that time the table was never rightly laid for a meal. Either the salt was wanting, a knife of a spoon, or some important ingredient. This afforded good exercise for the family, and there was at all times a continued running to and fro.

She was a half housekeeper. Her meats were never cared for after dinner, and then it was "I'll throw it away; it ain't much." Much or little it makes the butcher's bill enormous, and her husband half-distracted. There always stood in her musty-smelling pantry, mouldy bread. There always laid about her room a dozen garments worn out by tramping rather than use. She was forever tripping over brooms, forever wondering why on earth work came so hard to her.

Her children's clothes came to pieces the first day, because they were only half made, and her temper soured quicker than anything else. She was continually lamenting that she ever married, and wondered where some folk got their housework. "Oh! dear me!" seemed to be the whole of her vocabulary, and it would make one sad to watch her listless movements, and hear her declare that no woman worked so hard as she, which was pretty true, for she had no method.

She dragged through life, and worried through death, for which I fear, like everything else, she was only half prepared, and left six daughters to follow her example, and curse the world with six more half housekeepers.

**THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.**—The following is estimated as the value of the jewels in this magnificent diadem:—Twenty diamonds round the circle, £1,500 each £30,000; two large centre diamonds, £2,000 each, £4,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, £100; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, £12,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, £4,000; twelve diamonds contained in fleurs-de-lis, £10,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, £2,000; pearls, diamonds, &c., upon the arches and crosses, £10,000; also one hundred and forty one small diamonds, £5,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, £8,000; two circles of pearls about the rim, £300. Cost of the stones in the crown exclusive of the metal, £111,900.

**FAITH.**—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, said Sir Humphrey Davy—not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms and amarantils, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation.

**THE CHOLERA.**—It is estimated that since the appearance of the cholera at Jessore, in British India, in 1817, not less than eighteen millions of the human family have fallen victims to it—about from fifteen to sixteen millions of whom have died in India and other parts of Asia, and the remainder in Europe and America.

**HOT-AIR LOCOMOTIVE.**—It is stated that the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company have ordered a locomotive to be constructed, which shall be propelled by hot air, on an entirely new principle.

**WISE PRUDENTIALITY.**—"A man does not become rich by laying up abundance, but by laying out abundance; that is, by laying out for God."—*Chrysostom.*

## Correspondents.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

A FAREWELL  
TO THE REV. GEORGE W. HILL.

TIME on his rapid wing has borne us fast,  
The hour whose coming we would fain delay,  
And memory points us sorrowing to the past,  
Before that bitter word, "Farewell," we say.

Oh more than Pastor, Friend belov'd, rever'd,  
Whose voice so long has sounded in our ears,  
Whose bright example to thy flock endor'd,  
Our Church's teaching and our Church's prayers.

In many an hour of sorrow and of gladness,  
Thou hast been near with words of holy trust;  
Lifting the heart up from its load of sadness,  
When God's chastisements bow'd us to the dust,

God speed thee in thy new and noble mission!  
God bless thee in the dear ones of thy soul!  
And granting every hope a bright fruition,  
With mercies crown the years that o'er thee roll.

And on that day, far distant be its dawning!  
When death shall call thee from thy earthly home,  
May He whose Gospel thou art now adorning,  
Receive thee, where no partings ever come!

A PARISHIONER.

St. George's, Sept. 26, 1854.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

## MELFORD—ITS CONDITION.

No. 1.

MR. EDITOR.—It is much to be lamented that so little interest is felt by those residing at the Capital, and our chief town, in regard to the remoter districts of the Province. There is good reason to believe, that if mutual interests were cultivated, mutual benefits would be derived. The proper instruments, it appears to me, for the promotion of these mutual interests and benefits, are obviously our Journals and Periodicals.—Influenced by these views, I desire by the instrumentality of your valuable paper, to lay before your readers some description of Melford, its condition and its prospects.

As I am unwilling, however, to trespass too far upon your space at one time, I purpose now to restrict myself to "Melford and its present condition, physically," reserving the remaining topics for a future letter or two.

Melford is a Township, in the County of Guysborough, 21 miles in extent, and lying on the western side of the Strait of Canso. The soil is naturally good, and very free from rock, but owing to the occupation of the inhabitants being that of fishermen, it has received indeed but little cultivation. Still there are "not a few" very respectable farms, and generally, it must be confessed, that these shores, in an agricultural aspect, are far superior to those which border the Western Counties. This, no doubt, is owing rather to the richness of the soil, and its freedom from rock and other hindrances, than to the actual amount of farming industry. Such is the natural productiveness of the soil, that though it is but very sparingly, if at all nourished, with manure or appliance of any kind (rock being small, sea-grass commonly used on the Western shores being scarce and unsuitable), very good crops continue annually to be raised. They are, however, less abundant than formerly, and it must reasonably be expected, will become less and less so, until a proper system of farming is introduced and adopted, and a larger share of the attention of the inhabitants is bestowed upon this branch of industry. These are the great ends, by all who look for the welfare of this community, hoped for, and expected to result, from the granting to the Americans equal right to our fisheries.

Melford is settled more or less by a scattered population, throughout its whole extent. The main settlement is at McNair's Cove, the northern extremity, which though young, as yet, is still thriving, and beginning already to ascend the scale of progress; here there are several large Merchants' Establishments, and some fine houses. In the summer season, from 50 to 60 vessels may often be seen in the Cove at one time, for business purposes. A Telegraph Office has also lately been established, and is now, I believe, in successful operation. In short, this is one of the most thriving, interesting little business ports to be found anywhere on the coast. The Cove offers some most delightful sites for building, which, we have reason to believe, will not remain long unoccupied.

About two miles to the Southward of McNair's Cove is another,—the celebrated *Pirate Cove*—the scene of mysterious legends and of thrilling associations. This cove is regular clear and bold, bordered with well wooded highlands, and favors strongly of the romantic. A narrow strip of projecting land in the interior, formerly covered with wood, forms a solitary nook of convenient access, for a simple vessel. This nook is still pointed out as the old hiding place of the once-terrible "Ocean Queen." It will be seen from the above description of Melford, that the Author of "The

Legends" has made a sad mistake as to the geographical position of this cove; instead of being on the Cape Breton, it is on the "Nova Scotia side" of the Strait. Pirate Cove is fast becoming a place of business importance, and has a large commercial establishment conducted by J. Hartley, Esq.

The roads in this township are exceedingly bad, and the bridges in a most dilapidated and dangerous state. But I believe this will be found to be the case, or very much so, wherever a settlement of fishermen exists. If, however, our fishermen are expected ever to till the soil, and take an interest in their native land, the Legislature must open its heart, and for the once be generous to them, by granting them the means to get roads. But if they are now to be deprived of their fishing grounds, of which whilst in full possession they failed to gain a comfortable livelihood, surely duty, humanity, justice, will demand a ready and liberal response on the part of our Government in every way practicable, for their assistance and support.

Melford has, so far, been pining in gloom and obscurity, but the clouds are beginning now to be dispelled, the prospect is beginning now to brighten, and if it have the sympathy of its rulers, we may reasonably expect that at a time not very far distant, it will be one of the most important and commanding positions in the Province. This, however, I am hereafter more fully to define. I have in this letter faintly sketched Melford as to its physical, it is my intention in my next to say something of it as to its Educational and Religious condition.

Sept., 1854.

## The Church Times.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1854.

THE REV. G. W. HILL AND ST. GEORGE'S.

It has seldom been our office to record the departure of a Clergyman from among his people, under happier and more cheering circumstances than those which have marked the removal of Mr. Hill from the Curacy of St. George's.

He was ordained in that Church, where he has ministered for the last seven years, to the satisfaction and comfort of all with whom he has been associated. He leaves the Parish with regret, and takes with him the affectionate remembrances of Rector and people.

On the morning of the last Sabbath he preached to a large and attentive congregation his "Farewell Sermon," Text, *Mark xiii. 37*—"And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."—It was listened to with the most devout and solemn attention, accompanied by many affecting tokens of the esteem in which he was held by that Congregation. It was a faithful and eloquent discourse addressed to the aged and the young, and filled with the most earnest exhortations to all to "watch and pray."

The Lord's Supper was administered to upwards of 200 communicants, and the same Sermon was preached in the afternoon at the Village Church, within the same parish, to an overflowing congregation.

On Monday the Rector, Wardens and Vestry, waited upon Mr. Hill in the name of the Congregation with a "Farewell Address," accompanied by a substantial Token of their gratitude and respect. A Purse containing upwards of Seventy Pounds was presented to Mr. Hill, with a request that he would expend it in the purchase of some lasting memorial of the attachment of his friends and parishioners.

The Wardens and Vestry have requested a copy of the Sermon for publication, and we are happy to announce that Mr. Hill has complied with the request.

Mr. Hill is a general favourite with all, and by his kind and conciliatory manners, and faithful discharge of his Ministerial office, has gained the esteem and respect of all classes in the community.

He leaves us to fill, as already announced, the Divinity Chair in the College at Windsor. He will be accompanied to his new sphere by the good wishes and the prayers of a great company of friends, and, we trust, of the Church at large.

Besides the handsome and substantial mark of esteem recorded above, we are happy to give publicity to the following items, showing that such good deeds so creditable to both parties, are not the mere effect of feeling stirred up by the parting hour, but have repeatedly testified the affection of the people for their Pastor, as the years that are passed were gliding by, and he was going in and out among them:

"A small tribute (£25) to our esteemed Curate, the Reverend George W. Hill; presented with the warmest wishes that every happiness, temporal and eternal, may attend himself, Mrs. Hill and family; and that the blessing of a pious, faithful and united Ministry, as at present enjoyed, may be long continued to our Parish of Saint George's."

Halifax, Christmas Eve, 1852.

"A sincere Free Will Offering (£25) to our beloved Curate, the Reverend George W. Hill; united with the renewal of our best wishes for the happiness of himself, Mrs. Hill and family." "Beloved we wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

Saint George's Parish, Christmas Eve, 1852.

"The enclosed 'New Year's Remembrancer' (£20) is respectfully and affectionately presented to our faithful and esteemed Curate of Saint George's, (the Reverend George W. Hill,) as a tribute of christian brotherly love. The smallness of the offering, we feel will not lessen its appreciation by him, for whose welfare, and that of his family, our fervent prayers are offered at the 'Throne of Grace.'"

Saint George's Parish, Halifax, 31st. Dec'r. 1852.

The R. M. Steamer *America* arrived on Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, bringing 160 passengers, of whom 25 were for this City. The most important intelligence is the actual sailing from Varna on the 6th Sept. of the long talked of expedition against Sebastopol, comprising 600 Ships with 90,000 men. The deepest anxiety of course will now be felt for further intelligence. A severe conflict, no doubt, will have taken place long ere this, and many a precious life will have been sacrificed; but, it is to be hoped not until the important fortress shall have been wrested from the Russian despot, and with it, his naval power in the Black Sea. It is said that from the other side, the Baltic fleet were about returning to England, without attempting any further aggression. The Cholera had reached an alarming height in London but was decreasing. In various other cities of the United Kingdom it was raging. Copious extracts from the latest papers will be found in our columns.

SUBSCRIBERS TO KING'S COLLEGE ENDOWMENT

—Those persons whose subscriptions are not paid or secured, will confer a favour by paying them in with all speed, in order that they may be invested immediately, and thus become productive for the annual income of the Institution. Notwithstanding the success of the scheme for raising the Endowment, it must be borne in mind that a large sum is yet wanting to maintain the staff of Professors which the Governors have incurred the responsibility of aiding to the Establishment, in order to render it efficient and meet for the wants of the country. It is to be hoped that the friends of the Church in these Provinces will not slacken in their efforts to sustain the Governors in their laudable exertions, but rather cheer them by increased contributions if they have already given, or if not, by hastening to do so. A first rate Professor of Chemistry, &c. has been engaged from the Mother Country, and will ere long be at his post, and the College will thus be all that can be expected by its warmest friends, to whom however it must continue to look for the supply of the needful funds.

We regret to see by the latest New York papers, that Bishop Wainwright of New York is dead. His loss will be severely felt by the American Church, of which he was a distinguished ornament. To the Diocese of New York the dispensation will be peculiarly severe. After years of worse than vacancy of the see, owing to the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk, the deceased was chosen as Provisional Bishop—and Church affairs were just settling down into prosperous peace, when the good man was called away. But the "Lord will provide." We believe Bp. W. was a native of New Brunswick.

We have accidentally heard that our Western shore Brethren have been holding some of those Clerical Meetings lately, which used to be so pleasant and profitable to Clergy and laity. We wish that they had not kept the matter quite so still, and we would have gladly published some account of their gatherings, nor is it yet too late. We understand also that at Liverpool the meeting called in compliance with the Bishop's circular, was unanimous in favour of periodical Church Assemblies.

There seems to be some reason to fear that the accommodation provided for those coming to the Exhibition is not sufficient for the occasion. We would suggest, that, as at Fredericton in 1852, a Committee be appointed to whom all persons requiring lodgings should apply immediately on their arrival, which (supposing the previous advertisement of the Secretaries for householders having spare room to give information thereof, to have been answered), will prevent confusion and disappointment. The public offices and warehouses are to be closed on the

4th October, the first day of the Exhibition. We have not seen the programme, but believe the Lord Bishop has been requested to open the proceedings with Prayer, and that all the singers of all the Choirs in the City are to join in singing the good Old Hundred. The price of admission tickets to the Exhibition for the season will be 7s. 6d.—not transferable. Entrance during first day 2s. 6d. and 1s. 3d. for each remaining day.

We see that the last prorogation of our Legislature is only for a fortnight, which, we suppose, indicates an early call of the House for the "dispatch of business." The Government of New Brunswick has already invited the Americans to come on the coasts of that Province, and partake of their fisheries.

Within the last ten days, the detachments of Troops at P. E. Island, Sydney and Annapolis, have been brought to Halifax. Their loss no doubt will be very much felt in those places, where soldiers have so long been stationed. A portion of the troops have also been withdrawn from New Brunswick, leaving only two companies there. All this is preparatory to their return to England, in the Alps Steamer, expected next week for the purpose.

SOLDIERS' WIDOWS & FAMILY FUND.

Pictou	£3 12 6
Albion Mines	2 0 0

Holloway's Pills, a certain Cure for Asthma.—These Pills have effected several wonderful cures of these complaints. The following is one out of five hundred.—Joseph Holderness, of Ullensack, Cape of Good Hope, well known in that neighbourhood, suffered with asthma for fifteen months, the continual cough completely shook his system, caused him to spit blood, and at times almost choked him. Every thing he ate he vomited, and he became the mere ghost of his former self. Holloway's Pills in this instance, were as usual efficacious, aided as they were by the Ointment, which he well rubbed into his chest, and in seven weeks by these remedies he was cured; he has since regained his wonted strength, and warmly recommends Holloway's medicines to his fellow citizens.

## Married.

At Christ Church, Dartmouth, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. James Stewart, Mr. THOMAS MOTT, to Rebecca C., daughter of Wm. Walker, Esq.

At St. James's Church, Bridgetown, on Tuesday morning, 19th Inst. by the Rev. Moore Campbell, Rector of the Parish, the Rev. H. DEBRAUN DEULOIS, A. B., to ELLEN EMMONS, youngest daughter of Thomas Spurr, Esq. of Bridgetown.

On Thursday, 14th Sept. at the Parish Church, Bradford, Yorkshire, G. B. by the Rev. John Burnett, L.L.D. Vicar, EDWARD BILLING, Esq. of Halifax, N. S., to EMMA LOUISA, third daughter of James Sharp, Esq. of Bradford.

## Dece.

On Sunday morning, in the 21st year of his age, PHILIP AUGUSTUS, only son of Joseph Fairbanks, Esq. Of Consumption, at the Parsonage House, Ferrisland, on Monday the 4th Inst. ELIZABETH MARY, wife of the Rev. Henry H. Hamilton, A. B. aged 35 years.

At Sandy Cove, Digby Neck, on the 6th Inst. Mr. MATTHEW ELMOND, aged 85 years.

At Ragged Island, on the 20th Inst. Mr. THOMAS HAYDEN, aged 82 years.

At Sheet Harbour, on the 14th Inst., after a tedious illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, GEORGE, eldest son of Capt. Daniel and Mary Ann Lang, aged 25 years.

At Lunenburg, on the 20th Inst. Lewis, third son of John Creighton, Esq., aged 25 years.

At Queensbury, N. B., on the 10th Inst. Mr. JONAS MUMF, in the 56th year of his age, a native of Dartmouth, N. S., in the full assurance of hope.

At East River, Boston, on the 20th Sept. in the 16th year of her age, after a lingering illness, MARY JANE, eldest daughter of James and Sarah Misner, formerly of this city.

## Shipping List.

### ARRIVED.

Saturday, Sept. 23rd.—Steamer *Opava*, Hunter, P. E. Island and Sydney; brig *Victoria*, Morgan, Turks Island brigs. *Sybil*, Masters, Trinidad; *Boston*, Laybold, Boston, 28 hours; *Zillah*, Herrier, Sydney; *Spray*, Armstrong, ditto; schrs. *Valonia*, Swim, Fortune Island; *Achlezer*, Banks, Black River, Jam.; *Lady Ellen*, Louisburg; *Liberator*, Sydney.

Sunday, Sept. 24th.—Brigt. *Africa*, Lockhart, Boston. Monday, Sept. 25th.—Brigt. *Velocity*, Genze, St. Jago, 23 days; *Alpha*, Sydney, 8 days; schrs. *Cinara*, Roy, Cienfuegos; *Hope*, Oxon, Bay St. George; *Mariner*, Magdalen Isles; *Caroline*, LaHave; *Ocean*, Sydney.

Tuesday, Sept. 26th.—R. M. Steamship *Merlin*, Corbin, St. John's, N. F., 4 1/2 days—118 passengers, 114 from the steamer *City of Philadelphia*, wrecked near Cape Race; H. M. Ship *Boscawen*, (70) Captain Granville, Pictou, 28 days; brig. *Gazelle*, McIsaac, Pictou, 6 days; schr. *Trusty*, Fraser, Sydney.

Wednesday, Sept. 27th.—Brigts. *Theresa*, Lisbon 30 days; *Foam*, Sydney, 6 days; schrs. *Howard*, Vanter, Gaspe; *Activo*, Pictou; *Sophia*, Nfld.

Thursday, Sept. 28th.—R. M. S. *America*, Liverpool, 11 1/2 days—160 passengers, 25 for Halifax; R. M. *Opava*, Hunter, St. John, N. B.; schr. *Kate*, Radolf, Matanzas, 14 days; schr. *Tamonac*, Sprague, Lisbon, 32 days; brig Halifax, O'Brien, Boston, 4 1/2 hours.

### CLEARED.

Monday, Sept. 25th.—Brigt. *Ranger*, Paynter, Jamaica; *Harriet Ann*, Ellinger, W. Indies; schrs. *Providence*, Crowell, Montreal.

Tuesday, Sept. 26th. Brigt. *Boston*, Laybold, Boston; schrs. *Garland*, Nickerson, Montreal; *Fair*, Cunningham, New York.

Wednesday, Sept. 27th.—Brigt. *Africa*, Lockhart, Boston; brig. *Victoria*, Morgan, Montreal; brig. *Pacific*, de Tréland, Havana; schr. J. M. W. Young, Baltimore.





Do try.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

I love to sing of that great Power, That made the earth and sea: But better still I love the song Of "Jesus died for me."

I love to sing of shrub and flower, Of field, and plant, and tree. My sweetest note for ever is, That "Jesus died for me."

I love to hear the little birds Attune their notes with mine: But needless mirth can not suggest That "Jesus died for me."

I love to think of angels' songs From an angel's choir: But angels cannot strike their notes Of "Jesus died for me."

I love to know the time shall come When men shall happy be: But I am happy now because My "Jesus died for me."

I love to speak of God of Heaven— And all its purity:— God is my Father, heaven my home— For "Jesus died for me."

And when I reach that happy place, From all temptation free In time my eye shall see With "Jesus died for me."

There shall I, at his sacred feet, Adoring, bow the knee: And swell the exulting choir With "Jesus died for me."

Advertisements.

LANGLEY'S ANTIBILIOUS APERIENT PILLS.

The great popularity acquired by these Pills during the seven years they have been offered for sale in this Province is a convincing proof of their value. As no undue means of increasing their sale have been resorted to by putting advertisements—no certificates published respecting them.

These Pills are confidently recommended for Bilious Complaints, or morbidities of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c. &c. The want of Appetite, and the numerous symptoms that attend the derangement of the Digestive organs. Also, as a general Family Aperient. They do not contain Calomel or any mineral preparation and are so gentle, safe, and efficacious, that they may be taken by persons of all sexes, at any time with perfect safety. Prepared and sold Wholesale and Retail at LANGLEY'S DRUG STORE, Hollis Street, Halifax Nov. 24, 1854.

AROMATIC PRESERVATIVE TOOTH POWDER.

THIS Powder cleanses, whitens, and preserves the TEETH—does firmness to the GUMS, and sweetness to the BREATH—is quite free from Acid, too destructive to the Enamel, and all the ingredients employed in its composition, are those recommended by the most eminent Dentists. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d. each, at LANGLEY'S Hollis Street. Jan. 21.

PER R. M. STEAMSHIP AMERICA. AUGUST, 1854.

WILLIAM GOSSIP has received an excellent Assortment of STATIONERY, comprising, Folio Post, Envelopes, Letter and Note Papers—of superior quality—Ruled and Plain.

Cream and Blue Laid ENVELOPES all sizes—Fancy and Plain. Blank Books, Ledgers, Day Books, Ruled Books, Memo Books, &c. &c. Case Books—various sizes. DRAWING BOOKS—various sizes. Copy Books, Clarendon Books. GOLD and SILVER PAPER, Embossed and Plain, Drawing Paper and Drawing Materials. Gill Boards, Pressings, Glazed Boards, Pasteboards. Wholesale and Retail, at moderate Prices—at the Nova Scotia Book and Stationery Store, No. 24 Granville Street. April 22nd.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

THE Subscriber thankful for past favours, begs to have to intimate that he has now on hand a large and general assortment of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE of the latest and very best patterns, which he offers at extremely low prices, and on accommodating terms.

Persons on the eve of Housekeeping, and those already established, are respectfully invited to visit this establishment. Furniture attended to at very moderate prices. A large supply of Furniture POLISHED pronounced by all who use it to be a superior article. JAMES GORDON 123, Barrington Street. April 22nd.

LANGLEY'S

EFFERVESCING APERIENT POWDER.

—SUPERIOR TO SODIUM—

THIS POWDER is a most agreeable, refreshing, and salutary Draught, removing Headache, Vertigo, Acidity in the Stomach, want of Appetite and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Sold only at Langley's Drug Store, Hollis Street. July 1, 1854.

THE RENOWNED REMEDY! HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

A MOST ASTONISHING CURE OF SCROFULOUS ULCERS.—A CASE CERTIFIED BY THE MAYOR OF BOSTON.

Copy of a Letter from J. Noble, Esq., Mayor of Boston, Massachusetts.

To Professor HOLLOWAY, Dear Sir,—Mrs. SARAH DIXON, of Liquorpond Street Boston, has this day deposited before me that for a considerable period she was severely afflicted with Scrofulous Sores and Ulcers in her arms, feet, legs, and other parts of her body; and although the best of medical advice was obtained, at the cost of a large sum of money, she obtained no abatement of suffering, but gradually grew worse. Being recommended by a friend to try your Ointment, she procured a small pot, and a box of the Pills, and before that all was used, symptoms of amendment appeared. By persevering with the medicine for a short time longer, according to the directions, and strictly adhering to your rules as to diet, &c., she was perfectly cured, and now enjoys the best of health. I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly, Dated August 12th, 1852. (Signed) J. NOBLE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND RAPID CURE OF LYSIS PELAS IN THE LEG. AFTER MEDICAL AID HAD FAILED.

Copy of a Letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Yates, of the Post Office, Aldwick Road, near Beggar, Sussex, dated Jan. 1st, 1853.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, Sir,—I suffered for a considerable period from a severe attack of Erysipelas, which at length settled in my leg, and resisted all medical treatment. My sufferings were very great, and I quite despaired of any permanent amendment, when I was advised to have recourse to your Ointment and Pills. I did so without delay, and I am happy to say the result was eminently successful, for they effected a radical cure of my leg and restored me to the enjoyment of health. I shall ever speak with the utmost confidence of your medicines, and have recommended them to others in this neighbourhood similarly afflicted, who derived equal benefit.

I am, Sir, your obliged and faithful Serv't. (Signed) ELIZABETH YATES.

A DREADFULLY DISEASED ANGLE CURED AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY THE FACULTY, AT MALTA AND PORTSMOUTH HOSPITALS.

The following important communication has been forwarded to Professor Holloway for publication, by Mr. B. Dixon, Chemist, King St., Norwich.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Smith, of Great Yarmouth, dated January 14th, 1853.

To MR. DIXON, Dear Sir,—I send you the particulars of a cure effected by Professor Holloway's invaluable medicines:—Mr. JOHN WALTON, late in Her Majesty's Service, in the British Fleet at Malta, had a very bad ulcerated ankle, and after having been in the Malta Hospital for six months, was sent to England as an invalid to Portsmouth Hospital, where he remained an inmate four months, there, as at Malta, refusing to have the amputation he was turned out incurable. He then came to Yarmouth, and was under a medical gentleman for about three months, but his ankle became so much worse that all hope was lost. At this period, by my advice, he tried Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which by unremitting application, healed all the ulcers, and restored him to perfect health and strength. I remain, Dear Sir, yours very truly, (Signed) T. FOSTER KER.

SURPRISING CURE OF A BAD BREAST, NERVOUS DEBILITY AND GENERAL ILL HEALTH.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. T. F. Ker, Chemist, &c. Lower Moss-street, Manchester, dated Feb. 12th, 1853.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in forwarding to you the particulars of a very extraordinary cure of a bad breast, effected solely by the use of your celebrated Ointment and Pills. Mrs. MANTHA BELL, of Pitt Street, in this Town, had been for a considerable time labouring under nervous debility, loss of appetite, and general ill health, occasioned by ulcerated wounds in the breast. She had had much experience in the use of all the known remedies for the cure of ulcers, but without any beneficial result. In fact, she had nearly lost all faith and hope of a cure being effected. In this distressing and painful condition of body and mind, she was persuaded to have a recourse to your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which she immediately did, and in the course of a very short time the effect produced was most astonishing, her appetite was speedily improved, the sore and ulcers in the breast gradually healed, and the nervous excitement of her system was wholly removed. I remain, Dear Sir, yours faithfully, (Signed) T. FOSTER KER.

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

- Ague Female Irregularity—Scrofula, or King's Evil
Asthma
Bilious Complaints Fevers of all kinds Sore Throats
Bloaches on the Face Stone and Gravel
Skin Gout Secondary Symptoms
Bowel Complaints Head-ache Tic Douloureux
Colic Indigestion Tumours
Constipation of the Intestines
Bovels Jaundice Ulcers
Consumption Liver Complaints Venereal Affections
Debility Lumbago Worms of all kinds
Dropsy Pleas Weakness from whatever cause
Erysipelas Rheumatism
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