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## Religious Miscellany

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

### The Old Man's Lament.

BY M. E. H.

I stand upon the verge of time,  
And scan with eager eyes the sea,  
Whose turbid, dark, and sluggish waves,  
Divide my best beloved from me.

A checkered pathway mine has been,  
With many a Bochim here and there—  
But ever at the darkest hour,  
God's angel, Mercy, hovered near.

And Love and Friendship sweetly came,  
To tread with me life's somber way;  
Then flowery grew the steepest path,  
More radiant dawned each blissful day!

They shared my grief, till Sorrow's self  
Assumed a fairer face to me;  
And Peace and Joy, those heavenly guests,  
Dwelt 'neath their hallowed ministry.

When, lo! commissioned from on high,  
An Angel stern appeared to view—  
"I claim thee for a fairer clime,  
Bid your beloved a long adieu."

I wept, I prayed, in vain, in vain,  
I saw their radiant wings unfurled—  
One tender, loving glance they gave,  
Then soared aloft to your bright world.

And lone I toiled and travelled on,  
Through many a weary changing year;  
But now my race is nearly run—  
That land of rest is drawing near.

Forgive me, Father, if I long  
Too much its jasper walls to see,  
Forgive me, if I sigh too oft  
To join that better company.

For Oh, I seem an alien here,  
I stand amid another race;  
I bear no dear familiar voice,  
I see no loved familiar face.

The young, the active, and the gay,  
They pass me by with hurrying feet,  
Eager in search of wealth or fame,  
With careless nod they only greet.

And so I wend my toilsome way,  
Still thinking of that long sought home,  
To which my lengthened journey tends,  
Where my warm feet no more shall roam.

Oh, happy day that brings release  
From pain and sorrow, sin and care;  
Oh, welcome voice, that bids me haste  
To the bliss of those I love to share.

What raptures shall thrill my soul  
As wide the peery gates expand;  
How shall I shout "Safe home at last,"  
When once within those walls I stand.

Loud shall I strike my golden harp,  
Joyful my song of praise shall be,  
To Him whose guiding hand I own,  
To Him who gave Himself for me.

There shall my spirit sweetly blend  
With kindred spirits loved and blest—  
And parting, that made earth our dream,  
Shall never mar that perfect rest.

### Three Dreams.

I had once three dreams in close succession,  
Which I will relate to you.

In the first, I saw a magnificent palace, a little  
World of gardens and buildings, a city in itself.

All was enclosed within a high wall, so that  
fairly white minarets, penciled delicately against  
the blue sky, some lofty battlemented watch  
towers, and several graceful campaniles, with  
the tops of a few of the highest trees. But a  
delicious blending of the fragrance of a thousand  
flowers came thence in summer evenings,  
and every night, bell-tower, watch-tower, spire  
and dome, and minaret were illuminated with  
innumerable starry lamps, as if every day within  
the palace were a festival.

Around the palace were the lanes and alleys  
of the city—scenes of poverty and squalor,  
which contrasted strikingly with it; and wretched  
half-starved looking creatures, with tattered  
garments and faces worn with deep marks of  
want and woe, lingered round the gates. Outside  
the gates—and this was one strange incongruity  
of my dream, for on the gates were  
embroidered in golden letters, which were illuminated  
into transparencies at night, the words—

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

The gates were solid, and enormously massive,  
like blocks of black marble. No violence could  
have forced them. There was no crevice at  
which any one could get a finger's end, and  
within. But the golden knocker underneath  
those golden words, was so low as to be within  
reach of the youngest children. Indeed, I noticed  
that none tried to open as little children; and  
whenever any one knocked with the very  
feeblest sound, in time, and often immediately,  
the stately portals opened from within, turning  
on their massive hinges with a sound like the  
music of many choirs, and the applicant was  
quietly drawn inside. Then I saw that the  
inside of the gates was of translucent pearl. A  
stream of light and fragrance for a moment  
came through, and indeed other gates were closed,  
knock. But immediately the gates were closed,  
and stood a wall of impenetrable marble as before.

I awoke, and whilst meditating on my dream  
fell asleep again.

In my second dream, I saw the same palace  
as in my first, but the massive doors were gone,  
and in their place stood the form of One whose  
figure I had never seen Him, I had heard so  
often described, and so faithfully, by those who  
had seen Him, that I knew Him at once. The  
same wretched beings were cowering round;  
but the massive barriers were gone, and in their  
place He stood, and said, in tones that every  
one could hear—"I am the Door. By me if any  
man enter he shall be saved."

And wretched and woe-worn woman gave  
a tremendous glance at His face, and then listening  
again to those tones, not welcoming merely but  
pleading and persuasively tender, she ventured  
close to Him, and fell on her knees to kiss the  
hem of His garment. But He stooped and

stretched out his hand, and took her hand and  
led her in. Then I understood what His words  
had meant—that by saying, "I am the door,"  
He must have meant that there was no barrier,  
no impenetrable gate, but that in the doorway,  
where the door had been, He stood, and, instead  
of the lifeless knocker, stretched out His living  
hand to aid and welcome all who came.

And I again awoke from my second dream.

Before long I fell asleep again, and then again  
I saw the same palace, with the massive portals  
flung open wide, but that gracious princely form  
stood in no more. Among the most wretched  
of that crowd He went—among the maimed,  
the halt, and the blind. They thronged around  
him, yet many of them scarcely seemed to heed,  
they were so intent on their own sordid pursuits.  
Some were crowding with sharp, eager faces  
round a rag merchant, bargaining with the most  
absorbing passion for his wretched wares, and  
then separating to quarrel and fight over their  
purchases, or bartering their rags again as eagerly  
for a draught of the intoxicating drinks which  
had made so many of them the lost creatures  
they were. Not a rag or a burning drop was to  
be had except for money, and often for a price  
which to them was life itself. And he came to  
them from the palace, and offered them the  
palace freely, yet few listened. But with that  
strange absence of the scene of incongruity and  
the emotion of surprise characteristic of dreams,  
I did not wonder! Patiently He went in and  
out among them, pleading with one another,  
offering encountering rough words and blows;  
yet still His words were—"I come to seek and  
save that which was lost." And some even of  
the most wretched listened, and returned with  
Him, and were welcomed inside.

As if "Knock, and it shall be opened!" were  
not free enough, the gates were thrown open  
wide, and He stood there, the out-stretched hand  
instead of the door, the living friend instead of  
the written words of welcome. And as if that  
were not enough, instead of saying, "Come to  
me!" He came Himself—He came to seek and  
to save that which was lost.—*The Black Ship.*

**Beware of Delay.**

"Haste thee!" every day, every hour is precious.  
Make the most of the golden moments. If  
God have now sent his ministering angels to  
thee, whatever these may be, though they should  
be the sable messengers of sorrow and bereavement,  
listen to their call! Up, and prepare for  
the journey; go with the determination of those  
who feel that life or death is involved in its  
issues. Work out your own salvation with fear  
and trembling. The salvation is all God's giving,  
the Zoar of refuge is God's providing. But in  
reaching it you must set out, with staff in  
hand, like men in earnest, and "stay not in all  
the plain." The angels could have waited Lot  
and his family on their wings through the air;  
or they might have reared some fire-proof pavilion  
in the midst of the city, like another Balaam's  
house in Jericho, which would have remained  
scathed amid the tremendous conflagration. But  
the command to Lot, as to us, is: "Haste thee,  
fly! tarry not—escape!" The angels brought  
them outside the gates, and then left them to  
pursue the appointed path.

The Gospel is a beautiful combination of simple  
faith with earnest working—a simple dependence  
on Christ, and yet the diligent use of means.  
Its command is: "Run with patience the race  
set before you, looking unto Jesus."  
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."  
"Of the times and of the seasons, brethren, ye  
have no need that I write unto you. For the  
day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.  
For when they shall say, Peace and safety, then  
sudden destruction cometh." "Sudden! yes,  
sudden." "Remember Lot's wife!" What  
must have been the feeling of this woman as,  
in the twinkling of an eye, she felt every limb  
hardening—her body incrustated with the  
wind-swept of salt. No sculptor's chisel  
ever so depicted the horror of despair as in the  
rayless eyes of that cold statue on the heights  
of Sodom!

And what shall be thy feelings, O careless  
neglectful procrastinator! despoiler of warning,  
rejecter of grace, when, all unmet and unready,  
the joy hand of death shall flit thee forever,  
and the irrevocable sentence go forth "Him that  
is filthy, let him be filthy still!"

Up, then, tarry not! Lost or saved, heaven  
or hell, is the awful, the momentous alternative.  
"As thy soul liveth, verily there may be but a  
step between you and death." With all our  
abounding privileges, in this age of Gospel light  
and Gospel blessing, may we not—remembering  
how Lot's wife perished, despising angelic warn-  
ings—may we not conclude with the cogent  
appeal of the great apostle, and every transgression  
by angels was greeted with a just recompense of  
reward, how shall we escape if we neglect so  
great salvation?—*Rev. J. R. Macduff.*

### The Sabbath a Holy Day,

NOT A HOLIDAY.

It were a fallacy in logic, and a perversion in  
morals, to claim that the Sabbath should be a  
festival and not a sacred festival. The same  
authority that prescribes the appointment covers  
likewise its conditions. Nay, the very pitch and  
emphasis of the appointment is concentrated in  
the one word "holy." If man were only an  
animal, with no moral activities and capacities  
for evil, it might be enough to prescribe a stated  
rest of one day in seven as a mere sanitary  
provision for the recruiting of his physical  
powers, and the result, as shown by experience,  
would be a large economy of life and labor. But  
when, with all his susceptibilities, mental, moral,  
and social, you turn him loose from labor at  
stated intervals upon a world of unregulated  
and uncontrolled pleasures, with no object  
except, with no object suited to the day but  
the negative one of doing no work, then you  
turn the day of grace and moral health into the  
season of temptation. You throw down the moral  
barriers with which even the work of the  
week-day screens his nature against wickedness,  
and you make him accessible, at every point of  
his character, to all the surrounding influences  
of evil. The inevitable result will be that all  
the moral power of the Sabbath will be transmitted  
to evil, on the principle that whatever is most  
effective for good becomes, by perversion, most  
effective for evil. The result will be that the  
Sabbath will be a day of temptation, and not a  
day of rest.

God certainly had a purpose in making his  
history and biography the broad basis of all  
Scripture. It is not manifest that, by putting so large  
a portion of His Word into this narrative form,  
he thereby sought to attract and interest the  
young mind? If so, it will be to profit by the  
indication. It is wise to follow, in our own  
instructions, the Divine pattern thus set us. Religion  
never speaks more gracefully than when  
the speaks by example. It is chiefly through  
the living voice of example that she speaks to  
the young in all the Scripture. To inculcate  
Bible truth, through Bible characters, whether  
from the pulpit, the press, or the school,  
is to adopt the Bible's own method of instruction.  
And certainly it is one method of instruction  
to be the most effective, as it is the most pleasing.

VALUE the friendship of him who will stand  
by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround  
you in the sunshine.

angel, ruined, becomes the chief of the fends.  
The Sabbath thus becomes a saturnalia; the  
day of rest of the day of idleness—the Devil's  
holiday, with the idle man for his play-fellow.

The Sabbath, therefore, must be maintained  
as a public institution in the integrity of its  
sacredness, and its first safeguard is the protection  
of the law. Although the constitutionality of  
the Sabbath is no longer an open question, yet  
the extent to which free legislation may be carried  
is, and has been, a matter of contest. No  
doubt the genius of our system would dictate  
extreme caution in the way of the positive  
enforcement of Sabbath duties. Yet, since the  
free presumption of law and precedent is in  
favor of the Sabbath as an existing religious  
institution, there would seem to be no reason why  
a negative and defensive legislation may not be  
more stringent and peremptory, saving the liberty  
of the individual conscience by not exacting a  
personal worship; but saving, too, the purity of  
the public conscience by forbidding the open  
desecration of the interesting drinks which  
had made so many of them the lost creatures  
they were. Not a rag or a burning drop was to  
be had except for money, and often for a price  
which to them was life itself. And he came to  
them from the palace, and offered them the  
palace freely, yet few listened. But with that  
strange absence of the scene of incongruity and  
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were not enough, instead of saying, "Come to  
me!" He came Himself—He came to seek and  
to save that which was lost.—*The Black Ship.*

**"I'm Falling."**

"I have nothing to expect, sir, but condemnation;  
nothing to expect but condemnation." The  
speaker articulated with difficulty. He  
was a large man, massive of feature and muscular  
of limb. The awful pallor of the face was  
increased by the mass of thick, black hair that  
hung in confusion about the pillow, brushed off  
from the dead witness of the forehead. Struck  
down suddenly from full hearty life to the bed  
of death, he made there an agonizing  
confession, such as too often racks the ear of  
the listener at unhappy death-bed.

A meek woman sat near the nurse, who was  
striving quietly to alleviate the suffering he endured.

"O, don't talk to me of pain!" he cried  
bitterly. "It is the mind, woman—the mind; and  
agony overclouded his face.

He continued slowly and deliberately, "There  
is a demon whispering in my ear forever. 'You  
knew at the time, and at every time; you knew  
it!' Knew what? why, that a penalty must  
follow a broken law. Mark me—I have not  
opened a Bible for thirty odd years; and I have  
not entered a church for twenty; yet the very  
recollection that my mother taught me to pray  
(and she died when I was only six) has passed  
judgment upon all my sins. I have done wrong,  
knowing that it was wrong; first, with a  
quiver, then brushing aside conscience, and at  
last with the coolness of a fend. Sir, in one  
minute of all my life I have not lived for heaven;  
no, not one minute!"

"O, yes, Christ died for sinners, but my  
intellect, is clear, sir; clearer than ever before.  
I tell you, his voice sharpened, almost whistled,  
it was so shrill and concentrated, 'I can see  
all-into eternity. I can feel that unless Christ  
is desired, sought after, longed for, that unless  
guilt is repented of, his death can do no good.'"

"Do I not repent?" I am only savage as  
myself to think, to think of it! He lifted his  
hand impressively, "That I have cursed myself  
for that repentance? Do not try to console me;  
save your sympathy for those who will bear it,  
for I cannot."

"Thank you, nurse," as she wiped his brow,  
and moistened his parched lips; I am not dead  
yet, kindness, if I am to hope. I thank you, sir,  
for your Christian offices, though they do me no  
good. If we sow thorns, you know, we cannot  
reap flowers—and corn don't grow from thistles.  
I see an affinity between them and the great  
laws of God's moral universe. Heaven was  
made for the holy; without are dogs, and whoremongers  
and adulterers. There is a distinction  
—it is all right."

After that, till eleven o'clock, his mind  
wandered, then he slept a few moments. Presently  
roused by the striking of the clock, he looked  
around dreamily, caught the eye of the nurse,  
then of the Christian friend who watched.

"It's awfully dark here," he whispered. "My  
feet stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf,  
if I ever thought about dying, and what his  
feelings were. 'I feel awfully afraid,' the man  
replied. Mr. H. inquired the cause, and was filled  
with grief and surprise at the ignorance of  
this poor son of Erin, who answered, "Because  
I do not know where I would go when I die.  
Some say there is a place called heaven, and a  
place called hell, and a place called purgatory.  
For my part I do not know of any such places  
for I have never been there." Mr. H. asked,  
"Did you never meet an old book that gives  
information of heaven and hell?" "I never did."  
"Did you never hear of the blessed Saviour who  
came into the world to die for sinners?" "No,  
I do not remember having ever heard of him."  
"Did you never hear of Jesus Christ?" "Never."  
"I cannot receive that statement. A man of  
your years, seventy or more, never to have heard  
of Jesus!" The man assured the missionary  
that he had not. "Have you never heard of  
the blessed Virgin, Mary's Son?" "I know her  
very well." "As you could get no knowledge  
of Jesus, if you could get this old book, it would  
give you very nice information about Him."  
"Perhaps, sir, you could get me that book." "I  
am sorry I have not a copy with me; but in the  
absence of the book, I will give you a receipt  
of it to cure you of the fear of death." "You  
understand Irish. The receipt is"—(he gave it  
to him in his native tongue, the language of his  
affections.) "Can you translate that for me?"  
"Yes, sir, it is 'O God, pardon all for the sake  
of the blood of Jesus Christ.'" "Now," said the  
missionary, "you must say these words on your  
knees three times every day till I see you again;  
and if you say them every hour, so much the  
better." Lord bless you, sir, and I will; but I  
fear I'll forget them. My daughter has a fine  
memory. I will call her out, and she will put me  
in mind of them." The daughter came, and

## Religious Intelligence

THE FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS AND THE TAIPING INSURGENTS.

### China.

The Rev. John Macgowan, of the London Missionary Society, in writing from Shanghai

says: "Of late the Taipings have been greatly  
soured by the cold and, I may say, hostile  
attitude which the French and English authorities  
have assumed in reference to the movement from  
the beginning. They are no longer what they  
were, in their disposition and conduct towards  
foreigners. Their treatment of Mr. Cox for ex-  
ample, when he visited the 'Celestial Capital,'  
as an old friend of the Kan Wang, was widely  
different from the reception they gave me. The  
former was cold, suspicious and unfriendly; the  
latter was warm, confidential, and very cordial.  
The political events which had transpired in the  
interim would account fully for the difference.  
At Shanghai, both the English and French have  
at last adopted an unmistakable anti-Taiping  
policy. The last engagement was at Ming Hong,  
a large town about twenty miles from Shanghai,  
where 600 of the rebels were killed and 300 taken  
prisoners. How this direct collision with them  
will affect us, it is impossible to foretell.  
Doubtless they are greatly enraged, and will re-  
taliate if they can. They have in their power  
to do us great injury commercially. Probably  
they will not exert this power to any serious  
extent, as long as they are left in possession of  
Nanking; but should they be driven out of that  
city, then, feeling that they had lost what they  
most greatly prized, and seeing that they had  
nothing to fear from foreign powers, they would  
ravage the whole country in large masses  
and spread death and desolation everywhere  
along their path. It is truly terrible to con-  
template the possible consequences of turning these  
men, stung to madness, loose on the country.  
They would not, I believe, attack the foreign  
ports; but they would certainly keep hovering  
about them, and block up all the avenues of  
trade. Though more than a match for the Im-  
perialists, they cannot combat the latter aided  
by the foreign powers. If we are determined  
actively to oppose their onward march, the  
Taiping movement will never issue in the estab-  
lishment of a new dynasty, and if it be our plan  
to check the rebellion here and there, not to up-  
root it altogether, then poor China is destined  
to a state of endless anarchy and confusion. It  
must never be forgotten that the existing dynas-  
ty has no power to cope with the number of se-  
parate and distinct rebellions that now tear and  
consume the very vitals of this magnificent coun-  
try. In the present crisis our hope is in God—  
in God only. It was our hope at one time that  
the Taiping movement was destined to be a di-  
rect means in the evangelization of China. In  
this work it is a most discouraging state. The  
boys' school under Brother Gibson, is bringing  
forth fruit to the church. Five of the boys are  
members of the Church, and others are inquiring  
the way of salvation. The two who completed  
their time last fall are doing well; one is our  
assistant in the printing-office; the other is  
employed as teacher and exhorter. Two weeks ago  
Brother Gibson baptized five converts at a  
rushing appointment. About twenty-five miles  
from Ningpo, several miles beyond our  
present appointment, there are now about a  
dozen inquirers, who have given up their idols  
and are receiving instruction in the doctrines  
of Jesus from one of our native helpers. May the  
Holy Spirit illuminate their hearts, and cause  
their light to shine to those yet beyond."

ENCOURAGING FROM CHINA.—A letter from  
one of our missionaries in Shanghai says: "Our  
work is a most encouraging state. The boys'  
school under Brother Gibson, is bringing  
forth fruit to the church. Five of the boys are  
members of the Church, and others are inquiring  
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their light to shine to those yet beyond."

IRISH MISSIONS.—The following facts, almost  
verbatim, were communicated to the writer by the  
Rev. Hewitt, one of the general missionaries em-  
ployed by the Irish Methodist Conference:

Half-way between Tunn and Castlerigg, Mr.  
H. called at a public house owned by a man  
of the name of O. One of the men of the house  
if he ever thought about dying, and what his  
feelings were. "I feel awfully afraid," the man  
replied. Mr. H. inquired the cause, and was filled  
with grief and surprise at the ignorance of  
this poor son of Erin, who answered, "Because  
I do not know where I would go when I die.  
Some say there is a place called heaven, and a  
place called hell, and a place called purgatory.  
For my part I do not know of any such places  
for I have never been there." Mr. H. asked,  
"Did you never meet an old book that gives  
information of heaven and hell?" "I never did."  
"Did you never hear of the blessed Saviour who  
came into the world to die for sinners?" "No,  
I do not remember having ever heard of him."  
"Did you never hear of Jesus Christ?" "Never."  
"I cannot receive that statement. A man of  
your years, seventy or more, never to have heard  
of Jesus!" The man assured the missionary  
that he had not. "Have you never heard of  
the blessed Virgin, Mary's Son?" "I know her  
very well." "As you could get no knowledge  
of Jesus, if you could get this old book, it would  
give you very nice information about Him."  
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missionary, "you must say these words on your  
knees three times every day till I see you again;  
and if you say them every hour, so much the  
better." Lord bless you, sir, and I will; but I  
fear I'll forget them. My daughter has a fine  
memory. I will call her out, and she will put me  
in mind of them." The daughter came, and

translated the words accurately, and said she  
would remember them.

Another month rolled round. As the mission-  
ary neared the place the man met him on  
the road, and taking of his hat, twirled it around his  
head, exclaiming in Irish, in characteristic warmth,  
"A hundred thousand welcomes to you!" The  
missionary thanked him, and inquired, "How  
have you been doing since I saw you?" "Well,  
sir, I am cured" (Mr. H. never witnessed any-  
thing like the joy of his constance, except in one  
other case). "Do you say the words still?"  
"Oh, yes, sir! I'll never forget them. But they  
are fine words! Oh, sir, that receipt would cure  
the world," straightening himself up. "Has it  
done you any good?" "It has cured me, so that  
I would not be afraid to drop dead at your  
horse's feet!" "Just tell me how you got this  
change?" "Well, about a week ago I was mind-  
ing the cows, keeping them out of the corn,  
and one day I was lying up against the ditch. At  
last I thought it wrong to be saying such fine  
words in that way so I turned upon my knees and  
began to say them. While I was repeating it,  
I got a stroke at my heart, and fell on my face.  
I could not tell how long I was there; but when  
I came to, I could say nothing but, 'Glory,  
glory, be to God!' If I had wings I'd have  
flown away to God Almighty! Ever since that, I'm  
not afraid to die, at any minute, night or morn-  
ing. Now, sir, I'll feed your horse, and charge  
you nothing." "I am very much obliged; but  
if I give a recipe of the kind I never take  
anything for it." The horse fed, "Sir," said the  
man, "my wife is dying, would you come in and  
see her?" "Go in your first; tell her the gen-  
tleman is outside who gave you the recipe against  
the fear of death, and ask her if she wishes to  
see him." The man went in, and soon returned  
saying, "Sir, she will be glad to see you."  
The daughter conducted the missionary to the room.  
The old woman was evidently dying. "You  
seem very ill, and are going to take a long jour-  
ney," observed Mr. H. "Oh, yes, sir!" "When  
are you going, think you?" "I do not know,  
sir." "Is it not a dangerous thing to enter upon  
such a journey and not know where you are going?"  
"Oh, it is, sir!" "Did your husband  
tell you what has taken place in his mind?"  
"No, sir." "I am grieved that he did not tell  
you what happened him. He says, he is not  
now afraid to die, because he is sure of heaven  
when he goes ill. The recipe I gave him, he  
says has cured him of the fear of death; and if  
you attend to the same, it will, I have no doubt,  
cure you." He then repeated the words, and  
said, "This can cure you as well as your hus-  
band." "Oh, sir," she replied, "the husband I  
used to have was the curiousest, swearingest,  
drunkenest, and wickedest man in all the coun-  
try; he would knock the children and servants  
about; we were all afraid of him; but the one I  
have now is the quietest, easiest, nicest man you  
ever saw." "When did that change take place?"  
"Just about a week ago. When he came home  
from minding the cows, those within ran to  
hide as they used to do; but he came in so easy,  
they did not hear him; and when they looked out,  
they saw him sitting in the chair so nice, not  
saying a word. Ever since, he is just like a lit-  
tle child going to school to his nurse. Again the  
missionary recommended her to use the recipe  
which had proved so effective in the case of her  
husband, and followed by the old man's blessing,  
"went on his way rejoicing."

General Miscellany.

True Greatness.

True greatness is not of ourselves; let it be  
boast of being a self-made man. Little indeed,  
must be if that is the case. To arrogate  
greatness to ourselves is to be little ourselves,  
to direct attention downward instead of upward,  
to measure ourselves by ourselves or by human  
standards. It is as foolish and as wicked as  
"Behold the great knowledge which I have ac-  
quired," or "Behold the great power which I  
have formed, or behold this great name which  
I have achieved," as to say, "Behold this great  
Babylon which I have builded by the might of  
my power, and for the honor of my majesty."  
Say it not, lest a blasting fall upon thy head,  
and thou be driven from men, and thy dwelling  
with the beasts, to teach men of the Most High  
ruler in the kingdom of mind, and growth do-  
minion therein to whomsoever he will. True  
greatness is a reflection of divine attributes.  
The three forms which it assumes are power,  
wisdom, goodness.

Behold Bonaparte rising from the low levels  
of society to terrify and overwhelm Europe, like  
the cloud of the prophet, no larger than a man's  
hand, which suddenly overpreads the horizon  
with blackness and thunder and tempest. Who  
cannot contemplate his calm self-reliance, his  
sleepless watchfulness, his unflinching energy,  
his matchless fortitude, his lofty conceits, his  
commanding influence, his almost miraculous  
combinations and marvelous celerity of execution,  
without admiration and awe. No wonder.  
These are all reflections of the Infinite mind;  
and though the blood, harrassed in selfish ambition,  
died his robes in hero, planned his march with  
fire of death, lay down at each stage in green  
valleys which his hands had made a tomb, and  
still with a smile looking forward upon the smoke  
of conflict, and backward over desolated lands,  
smouldering ruins, and blighted happiness left  
in his path, shouted onward; yet all this cannot  
hide the might, intelligence, valour, activity,  
reflection of Almighty power.

See the mind of Lord Bacon propelled through  
the sea of thought, but by the popular breath,  
or the oars of past ages, but of its own motion,  
and into the unknown latitudes, like a noble  
steamer powered its way against wind and tide  
by power generated within its own bowels, and  
directed by a needle on its own breast; study-  
ing amid the cares of office and the incumbrances  
of company, amid the sports of boyhood and the  
solitude of age, amid the beauties of nature and  
the retirement of the closet, amid the applauses  
of men and popular opprobrium; whether mas-  
tering the principles of law or shaping the course  
of Parliament, never becalmed by popular favour  
or inflated by public strife, but still pursuing  
philosophy, interrogating nature, and opening  
new kingdoms to the human mind; speaking, as  
Ben Johnson says, so gracefully, so compactly,  
so weightily, so pregnantly, so commandingly,

that he carried conviction to all around, allayed  
or roused whatever passion he pleased, and made  
all his hearers pray, lest he should make an end;  
writing with such adventurous speculation, yet  
such practical good sense; such sweet simplicity,  
and yet such captivating imagery; such sagacious  
observation, yet such comprehensive reach;  
and such condensation, united with such trans-  
parency that one scarce knows which most to  
admire, the treasures which are conveyed, or the  
medium which transmits them, and finds them  
like the volume of the Scriptures, ever new,  
ever fresh; moving through the Bar, the Commons,  
and the Court with such mingled tact, knowledge,  
and eloquence as to raise him to the highest  
eminence; exploring, surveying, mapping the  
world of knowledge, no less its untrodden deserts  
than its cultivated portions, classifying its pro-  
ductions, disclosing the methods of its universal  
cultivation, and anticipating some of its future  
and most glorious fruits. We feel as we regard  
this prodigy that we are in the shadow of Infinite  
Wisdom.

Nor can his weakness and wickedness oblit-  
erate the impression. We mourn his ingratitude  
and treachery to Essex, his cold and calculating  
search after a money-making marriage, his base  
compliance in pursuit of office, his torturing in  
the Tower, and his bribery upon the bench. We  
would not accept any defence for him, and when  
we read the record where he has written, "I  
confess that I am guilty of corruption and re-  
nounce all defence; it is my act, my hand, my  
heart; I do beseech your lordships to be merciful  
to a broken reed," we would fain wash out  
the words with our tears, for we cannot withhold  
admiration from the finest gifts and noblest  
achievements of the human mind. Made to  
adore the Infinite Wisdom, we must admire the  
wisdom of mortals in proportion as it adumbrates  
that of God.

Turn now to the last form of greatness. John  
Howard inherited a delicate constitution, which  
severe illness in early life undermined. He re-  
ceived but a tolerable education, and manifest-  
ly neither brilliant nor ambitious, he was ap-  
pointed to a grocer. But he had a good heart,  
moved by accounts of the earthquake at Lisbon,  
he set out thither on a mission of mercy. Cap-  
tured by a French privateer, and made a witness  
of the sufferings of prisoners, he became a medi-  
ator with the governments for their relief and  
exchange, and ever afterwards an intercessor for  
the humane treatment of all whom the fortunes  
of war placed in the hands of the victor. Settled  
on his estate, and beholding the low condition  
and many sorrows of the peasantry, he turned  
wretched and filthy habitations into abodes of  
neatness, comfort, and thrift; and after having  
inaugurated his reformatory plans in England  
he extended his labors to the continent. Being  
made a sheriff, he undertook the reformation of  
jails and improvement of prison discipline  
throughout Europe.

We cannot behold him travelling, like the  
great apostle of the Gentiles, from city to city,  
from court to court, from camp to camp, from  
country to country; turning his eyes away from  
"the sumptuousness of palaces and the stately-  
ness of temples," making no "measurements  
of the remains of ancient grandeur," forming  
"no scale of the curiosity of modern art," col-  
lecting "no medals," and collecting no manu-  
scripts; but "diving into the depths of  
dungeons," plunging "into the infections of  
hospitals," surveying "the mansions of sorrow  
and pain," taking the gauge and dimensions "of  
misery, depression, and contempt," remembering  
"the

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY SEPTE. 24, 1862. In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of the Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Conference shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

Our Wonderful Day.

We live in the midst of startling and painful incident. Our age is becoming fearfully fraught with war and intrigue and rampant folly. The murmuring of danger in the distance seldom fails to usher in dark, widespread clouds, ominous and vengeful. So strangely complicated are now the affairs of nations, that men seem prepared for intelligence of any kind respecting the opinions of statesmen, the designs of politicians, or the tactics of heroes. We will venture to say, that never in the history of the creature of sin and suffering, man, have passed so numerous and exquisite shots through the human mind as in our brief decade. And the end is not yet; for the political horizon is bright with lining upon which little silvery light appears. Not from morbid optimism do we thus write; nor from morbid distrust in the faithfulness of Providence and the truthfulness of prophecy; the former would be incompatible with our profession, the latter at variance with our faith. The map of the world as it now exists, has to be unrolled before the mind's eye, to convince any discerning student, that this mundane sphere is in strict resemblance to an amine body, which suffers in its centre and sympathies to its extremities. Brain and spine and muscle contract or relax by simultaneous action; heart and pulse swell or sink together. France is startled by a demonstration in Italy. Bourne falls rapidly in England; a fierce blow in America sends liberty staggering from her throne, ten thousand British voices, in bravely suppressed murmurs, give utterance to sympathetic anguish.

We have for years swept on through the different stages of a pleasing dream. Man stretched forth the magic wand, and entire empires rose majestically, with all their grandeur of cities and capitals, wealth and wisdom, power and pride, hopes and happiness. Commerce with fleetest wings followed on its circumnavigating course, unfolding the belt which was destined to encircle the world, and attaching its connecting links to each every opening mart. The final was supposed to be at hand. Thousands were preparing to celebrate the grand accomplishment of a vision the most glorious that ever greeted the seer's eye, or the dreamer's imagination. The refinement and education of this age were to extinguish the unwholy and cruel practices of barbarism. The energies once expended upon acquisition of territory, were to be concentrated around the throne of genius and devotion, for the advancing of peace and the ushering in of ages unequalled for amity and bliss.

And now the sleeper is disturbed—the dream vanishes like the morning-dew-sentinel from the eastern horizon. Events loom up before us too sombre and tangible to be either imaginary or gossamer. Painfully we perceive that our ideal world has, after all, something human in it; worse, something diabolical. Man can infuse magic into destruction as well as into creation; can set the Hun or the Vandal to as great perfection as he can imitate the fabled Aladdin. We have now the most serious aspect of a lengthened series—there a stupendous republic vanishes; while on the surface of all this existing grandeur comes forth a colossal monster, armed to the teeth, going forth with scorching and scathing instruments of vengeance, and arraying itself in the air a red banner upon which is written in characters of five hundred years ago—Welcome Communion.

How rapid the transition from security to danger, from peace to discord, from hope to fear, in the existence of our race! Changeable as the seasons which now fan his brow with mildest zephyrs, and now sweep the earth with fiery whirlwinds; which fill the air with the soothing hum of animated myriads to-day, and hurl the thundering avalanche down the trembling mountain to-morrow, man is unceasing in his variations of enterprise and action. His history, consequently, is an unbroken narrative of revolution; hence the several pages of each volume display their new and changing characters, passing over the stage of action like some rapidly-fitting panorama. Events now transpiring are destined to occupy no unimportant place in the record—that is, so far as they can be compiled; for we are convinced that hundreds of heroes, with their deeds of startling prowess, will pass into obscurity, who, had they lived in ages less fraught with marvelous incident, would have been immortalized by the pen of the historian. The rough outlines alone of this wonderful age will be traced by the hand of the scribe; shadows and minutia will be omitted from a work the simple tracing of which must consume a lifetime.

Amid all this bewildering transition and excitement, there is but one refuge from which the spectator or actor may look forth with hopes unshaken and cheek unblanched—"God is a refuge for us!" Whether on the battle-field, or mingling with the fleeing crowd; conceiving designs, carrying them into execution, or mutely deploring their tendencies; there is but one hope, substantial and satisfactory, for the hero, the ruler and the subject. A never-failing, ever-sufficient, administrative Providence exists in every age and country, for each community and individual. Over every turbulent sea there is a tranquil God. Happy the soul possessing an unflinching trust in Him in this very sceptical age! He alone can add to the sentiment—

"Change in the diet on which all subsist, Created, changeable, and change at last; Destroy them." the poetic language more sublime:— "Therefore we will not fear Though the earth be removed, And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her: Therefore shall she not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early."

Hopewell Camp Meeting.

In the editorial correspondence of the N. B. Baptist we find the following reference to the Camp Meeting at Hopewell, N. B., held during the first week of this month: "Our Methodist brethren commenced a camp meeting on the preceding Thursday in the woods back of Hopewell Hill. Great preparations had been made to accommodate a monster gathering, but on Saturday the rain came down so profusely that by evening they were compelled to leave the woods. Instead, however of going to the chapel near by, they retired to a barn belonging to a Mr. Rogers, where they continued their services until Monday evening. They then returned to the chapel. Why the woods and barns

should be preferred for religious services to houses built by the people of God we have no means of knowing; but one thing is certain, meetings so conducted subjects the health of ministers and people in this climate to a most fearful ordeal. Many sober thinking Christians regard such appeals to the innate novelty of the human mind as inconsistent with the proprieties of the Christian faith, and as calculated upon the whole to do more harm than good. 'All things, says Paul, are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient.' It may be perfectly lawful to hold camp meetings in the woods days and nights for weeks together with no changing air, and in places where there is no lack of churches, and we cannot think that such a course is, to say the least, expedient. Let it be understood, however, that while we thus frankly express our own opinion, we have no wish to make this a rule for others. It is our glory that we live in a free country where we can worship God in woods, or barns, or any where else, without fear of molestation from any quarter. Thanks to the giver of all good for such a boon. May we all use it to his glory and to our own advantage. We were informed that a good many ministers were in attendance, and that enquirers were hastening to the seats especially devoted to the penitents. May all such obtain a good hope through grace. The foregoing calls for a remark or two. We know not why the services were transferred to barn in preference to the Chapel, but presume there were good and sufficient reasons for this. We have too high an opinion of the piety and zeal of Brother Bill to suppose that he is an opponent of any properly conducted means for the spread of true religion, but we think in regard to this matter he is a little in the fog. We presume he has never attended a good Camp Meeting. When he does his prejudices against them will be dispelled, and he will be prepared to speak of them in a strain different from the above. It seems, however, rather strange for a Baptist, in connection with this subject, to remark upon the "proprieties" of religion, and the expediency of endangering the health of ministers and people in this climate. We may well question whether Brother Bill is prepared to prove that such efforts are "calculated upon the whole to do more harm than good." The testimony of multitudes of wise and good men will be found in favor of a well-conducted Methodist Camp Meeting.

Woodhouse Grove Jubilee.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Woodhouse Grove School, which took place on Wednesday, the 27th ult., is represented as having been an occasion of rare interest, becoming a jubilee celebration, and worthy of an Educational Establishment, which has acquired so high a reputation. The reunion of those who had passed through the School during the half century of its existence, many of whom now rank among the foremost of our Ministers, or occupy honorable positions in professional or commercial pursuits, was such as to call forth the deepest emotions of joy and thankfulness. A highly interesting statement was read by Rev. R. N. Young, and addresses delivered by quite a number of gentlemen, lay and clerical. We especially note those of Sir Wm. Atherston—Her Majesty's attorney General, Rev'd. John Farr, Dr. Waddy, W. W. Stamp, F. A. West, Messrs. Morley, Kay, Fowler, Leppington, (Mayor of Grimsby), and Dr. McNeill, all of whom made gratifying reference to School-boy reminiscences in that place, and to their indebtedness to the training received in Woodhouse Grove. A proposal to found a Jubilee Scholarship was received with great favor, and was then commenced, by various munificent contributions amounting in all to 1,000 guineas. We copy from the Methodist Recorder the following remarks on the Jubilee: "Nothing in the whole proceedings of last Wednesday was more worthy of the occasion than the expression by the head-master, Mr. Kaly, of his veneration of those men who, although their means were poor, and their Church young, sketched the plan of an institution so far in advance of their own time, that even now there was no reason to depart from the general plan which they had laid down. Let not the young people of Methodist ministers or lay, affect to regard themselves as superior to their fathers. We have less enterprise than our fathers had. We may excel in prudence and in business-like safety of proceeding, but we are not so clearly and unmistakably, as a body, in advance of our own age as the Methodist fifty years ago were in advance of theirs. Highly interesting were the reminiscences, on Wednesday, of men who have passed away, and not least of the father of the Attorney-General—a man, let us say, in every way equal to his son, though he lived and died a humble Methodist preacher; keen, prompt, far-seeing, persevering, witty, withering in sarcasm, chary of flattery, bold, and sometimes in appearance harsh, yet with a heart as generous and true as his intellect was acute and clear; an average administrator, but a preacher never to be forgotten. Such men owe nothing to the Connection which educates their sons. Mr. Fowler, another worthy son of a distinguished father, was right in repudiating any obligation as existing on the part of the boys at Kingswood and Woodhouse-grove. 'There was not a boy,' he said, 'who had been taught in that school, whose father had not fairly and lawfully earned—and also too often hardly earned—that section of his stipend which was paid to him in the education of his son.' Taken as a whole, the sons are not unworthy of their fathers. After some attention bestowed on the subject, in a not very limited sphere of observation, we have come to the conclusion that there is not a body of men in the country whose sons turn out so well as do the sons of Wesleyan ministers. There are exceptions, of course—wits, and unfortunates, and imbeciles, and even rogues; but the exceptions are exceedingly few. Of course, the good-for-nothing youths excite far more attention than the well-conducted. Twenty boys may come up well, and nobody makes any remark; but if one is a scoundrel, everybody speaks of it. A more than average proportion of our ministers' sons rise to more or less of distinction; the great bulk get on well. And though a few pitiable objects take shelter in the Established Church, thinking to be more respectable, and a few worthy men—as might fairly be expected—have honestly preferred some other denomination to Methodism, the great majority are found in attachment to the Church of their fathers.

It was not for a moment to be expected that the religious aspect of the occasion would be such a company forgotten. The education of youth is a broad and mighty subject; it is intensely secular; viewed aright, it is also intensely spiritual. Our report shows that there was no lack in the speeches of what may be termed the distinctly Methodist element. One speaker, an ex-President, testified, in good old fashion, that he was as certain as he was converted by the grace of God in that place as he was certain at all about personal religion. Another, a layman, said that the jubilee of the school was the jubilee of his membership; for fifty years ago he entered the school, and at the same time took his first ticket. Another could point to the very

spot among the benches of the classical room, where, on a Tuesday evening, he received the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins many years ago, and through God's grace he had been able to hold on his way ever since. There are among the things which change not. Dresses, manners, social customs, may be very different in different periods; new branches of learning may have been added to the old curriculum; the whole outward aspect of society may undergo a revolution, but religion changes not. The truth is always the same, like its unchangeable Author; and the particular manifestations and expressions of it among ourselves as a body remain the same.

Letter from Rev. Wm. Burt.

We give below a letter from an aged Minister who has just taken a Supernumerary relation in the Parent Connection, after a lengthened period of honored and useful service in the Church. Many years have elapsed since Mr. Burt left these shores, but there still survive, in various portions of these Provinces, numerous old friends who remember and speak of his labors and successes with much gratification. We cherish some pleasing recollections of him during a brief sojourn on the Halifax Circuit. We trust that, several places of worship erected, and new societies formed, for which I feel thankful to God, but the greater number of those with whom I used to take sweet counsel have passed away; that "rest which remains to the people of God," this I have noted both as it regards Ministers and people in my readings in the Provincial Wesleyan, but while many of my old friends have fallen "asleep in Jesus," some yet remain, who like myself are pressing onward with the rapidity of time, to the same rest.

It is now 34 years since I left British North America, during which period, I have led an active life in this country, and have enjoyed an unusual measure of health; but during my engagements in the Stationing Committee prior to the Conference of this year I was seized with heavy affliction which has led to my giving up the itinerant work and becoming a supernumerary. I thank God however for His loving kindness towards me during the 46 years of my active life, and for His continued blessing.

I hope to be content in the new sphere in which His Providence has placed me, and to continue to do what I can for His glory and the good of precious and immortal souls. I rejoice greatly that the work of God in the Provinces has been so greatly enlarged and that Almighty God has raised up so many excellent young men to supply the places of those who have finished their ministerial course, and to extend the Kingdom of Christ upon the earth. The Conference in Cornwall has been one of the happiest ever known. Crowded congregations and much of the presence of God felt, 49 young men taken into full connection and a far greater number received on trial. So the work of God is spreading, and Ministers and people rejoicing together.

I hope you will be happy and successful in your Editorial duties. I am, My Dear Brother, Yours affectionately, W. BURT.

Complaints of America against Britain.

The first complaint is that Britain hastened to accord belligerent rights at once to the South, whereas it should have taken the ground that in such a caseless and unjust rebellion the rebel flag was in no way to be recognized, but treated as a rebel.

Had Britain acted thus, she would in the first place have been obliged to examine into and decide on the cause or want of cause, reasonable or unreasonable of the rebellion, and having decided against the South, she would have laid the North in putting down Southern cruisers as pirates. But the North itself has all along repudiated outside help, and has more than repudiated any attempt on the part of other nations to sit in judgment upon the internal affairs of the Union.

It is however, said, that the United States acted very differently towards England when rebellion broke out in Ireland and India. The difference between these cases renders it difficult to believe that this argument is set forth seriously; for, in the first place, the British Government did not remain passive for months, whilst one portion of the country after another seceded and seized the national property within its bounds, but immediately used the force at its disposal to put down rebellion and restore authority. Had it quietly allowed secession to go on openly for six months, informally received Ambassadors from the new Government that was set up in its territories, and even come to a quasi understanding with them not to attempt coercion,—could it have blamed foreign nations for conceding belligerent rights to the secessionists when hostilities actually broke out?

Take another view of this matter. Had Ireland or India organized a Government, adopted a national flag, and sent out its vessels of war, would the United States have treated them as pirates, and helped Britain to put them down? To ask these questions is to answer them. The American Government did not need to be in haste about conceding belligerent rights to Ireland or India, inasmuch as the question was not a practical one,—the rebels in these countries having no ships, but with Britain-haste was necessary, as both divisions of the Union laid ships on the high seas, and the necessity of hanging the crew of some Southern cruiser might, but for the proclamation of neutrality, arise any moment. The United States authorities themselves did not dare to treat the crews of Southern cruisers as pirates; and yet you would have Britain do so!

Only requires, we think, a moment's calm reflection, and an effort to put themselves in the place of Britain, to convince the most zealous Americans that all complaints against Britain on this score are utterly groundless—that all comparisons made with respect to it are utterly irrelevant,—and that Britain could not, with propriety, have done otherwise than proclaim, as she did, neutrality at once, and accord belligerent rights to both parties. The conduct of the Federal Executive itself, up to the actual collision at Fort Sumter, left foreign nations in doubt whether there was to be a peaceful separation or not; and, if not, which side was to prove dominant. To visit the fates of your Executive upon foreign nations, is, you must at once perceive, very unjust. And after all, the North, by the exchange of prisoners of war, has at least accord-

ed belligerent rights to the South,—the very point for which you blame Britain so severely. The second ground of complaint in Britain's supposed desire to recognize the Confederate States; but anything that might be said on this head seems to be altogether unnecessary, inasmuch as the British Government has showed no desire or intention to do anything of the kind, and that is the only recognized exponent of national feelings or purposes. You can, however, ask yourselves how you would act had Scotland seceded from England and maintained her independence against all odds for fifteen months, more especially if you had been for many years drawing the chief staple of your manufactures from Scotland, and found the harbors all blockaded for that long time by England, whilst your operatives were starving.

Dear brethren of a common stock, do try to judge righteously judgment.—Montreal Witness.

Present Aspects of the American War.

It is not to be concealed that our present prospects are discouraging. Notwithstanding our immense outlays and large armies, we are now, after more than a year's conflict, in a perilous position. Instead of holding Richmond, we are forced back to the defense of Washington; instead of driving the insurgents out of Virginia, we are driving them out of Maryland. Cincinnati as well as Washington has been threatened, and two of the noblest free states, Ohio and Pennsylvania, have been in danger of immediate invasion. The enemy heretofore suffering for supplies, is now feeding and clothing himself from our granary and wardrobe, and he has won for himself a prestige and credit which he little thought he was capable of earning. How comes it? If we would vanquish our enemy we must not undertake him, but calmly look at his advantages. In the South there is union alike in the cabinet, the field, and the populace; in the North diversity alike among our statesmen, generals, and people. In the court and camps of the South secrets are kept; in those of the North they are not. While we are in doubt about the position and movements of the foe, he seems to be advised of ours as speedily as if he had a telegraph office in a chamber of the capitol. In the South there is but one rallying cry, "Independence"; a cry capable of arousing the people; in the North some cry one thing, some another; while the only rallying cry that can at once make the pulses of the nation leap, develop an undoubted loyalty in the South, and remove the cause of all contention, is stifled. In the South there is daring and self-confidence; in the North hesitancy and self-distrust. The President evidently treats the case upon the expectation theory,—and the generals to a great extent seem inclined to the defensive rather than the aggressive policy—a policy hardly adapted to put down a rebellion.

The North seems to be, in the main, overgenerous, Jackson, a modest, master, and martial mind, the greatest leader, except Sigel, which the war has brought forth, is placed where he can render the best service. Lee is successful and supported, while Beauregard, who after a brief period of service failed, is laid aside. We have had some great generals killed and some laid aside, while we have some still in service. But the leader of our armies, though he has talents, courage, military science, and true patriotism has not shown that genius which the hour demands. Now that he is under the direction of another, and we trust more sagacious mind, we hope he may do better, for all admit his executive abilities. We devoutly pray for his triumph.

In the South the generals seem to be earnest and religious minds. Jackson is especially spoken of as a man remarkable for faith and prayer. Would that the religious element pervaded our leading minds to the same degree! O for a Cromwell or a Washington! We have not lost confidence in the integrity or patriotism of the President. He has doubtless done what he judged best. We must stand by him, for we can have no other; we must fall or rise with him. So, too, we must stand by the commanders whom he sends to the field.

In marching northward the enemy, perhaps committed a blunder; but we fear his forces that are retreating in Maryland and Kentucky, though they may be harassed, will not be, according to promise, captured.

While slavery lasts we cannot hope for perfect equality. It enables the South to send into nearly its whole white population, without diminishing the productions of the country. Nor, in doing so, does it run any risk. The South was never so secure against servile insurrection as now, two immense armies standing guard over slavery.

We hoped, some time since, that our war would be closed before this. We begin now to fear that it will be protracted. We are still of opinion that the only way to save the Union is to destroy slavery, its great foe; for whatever may be said about the ambition of the leaders, and the prejudices of the people, and the jealousies of the cities of the South, it is still true that slavery is the chief and primal cause of our war. It is said that in old times, when the question arose as to a certain piece of earth, whether it belonged to Ireland or England, they put a snake in it; if the snake lived, it belonged to England, if it died, to Ireland. So if you would determine whether a given part of the United States is loyal or not, put the snake of slavery into it; if it lives it is disloyal, if it dies, loyal; and the loyalty or disloyalty is to be gauged by this test as accurately as the temperature of the atmosphere is by the thermometer.

The President will let the people go when he cannot help himself. Providence seems to be rapidly reducing him to that condition. How long we have to wait for this fact God knows. We hope it will be before the land is impoverished and crimsoned and died in mourning, and some fatal epidemic is written upon the walls of the capitol. If it were an act morally wrong to let the President be urged we should not wonder at the delay.

If the President cannot bring his mind to liberate the oppressed and engage them on the side of liberty, (and by him only the question must be determined,) we fear the war will continue till both sides are exhausted, and then upon the friendly mediation of foreign nations will the country be divided by mutual consent.

We will not, however, harbor a thought of division; the separating line would be volcanic, and its fiery disturbances would lead to a series of wars like a periodical hell from gulf to lakes. How could it be otherwise, when the whole Northern pole would be a great mirror in which the South would see its own oppressions, and a great sounding-board reflecting the reproaches of a nation of unanimous freemen?—N. Y. CA. Advocate.

The English Cotton Famine.

Patience of Lancashire. Crying aloud is the natural language of hunger. The ravens cry, the young lions roar. Lancashire, as the darkness of famine deepens, and all faces gather blackness in the full eclipse of the sun of their prosperity—Lancashire bears her woe, present and impending, in silence, a silence which is sublime in its meanings. For it is not the dead-

ly silence which precedes the outbreak of all overwhelming storm when all nature seems to listen from the thunderclap, and her quietude reflects the "red flash which hangs durable" in heaven. There is nothing menacing in the silence of the North. The pale faces are from any signals of vengeful passion. The calmness is that of minds convinced that the Government of the country are blameless; in this sudden prostration of the mighty County Palatine, and that what "cannot be cured" must be endured. It is the silence of a widely diffused intelligence. The people know exactly the cause of their sufferings—the war in America has dried up the fountains of their industry. And they know that this dreadful calamity is not aggravated by domestic legislation. They know that the price of bread is not artificially enhanced by iniquitous taxation, and that they will not be called to suffer for the rapacity of their fellow countrymen. They understand the action of the Northern states in blockading the cotton ports of the South; and even if they disapprove, with Mr. Cobden, of the destruction of commerce in time of war, they recognize the force of custom, and perceive the impossibility of introducing a reformation in the midst of an aggravated conflict. It is the silence of a society in which even starvation ministers no assistance to the malignant demagogue in the arts of agitation. The silence of Lancashire in her sorrow is a grand testimony to the wisdom of all recent legislation. Fifty years ago how different would have been the spectacle in Manchester and Preston; the streets paraded by processions of hungry and angry artisans, shouting vengeance to their aristocratic oppressors, and death to the capitalists. The young lions would, indeed, have "roared" to some purpose under such a visitation. The whole territory of the manufacturing counties would have trembled with the blind fury of the population, and every day would have witnessed the widening of the flaming chasm opened between those who had property and those who had none. The people are now profoundly impressed with the fact that the practical results of legislation during the last quarter of a century have been such as could scarcely have been exceeded in their beneficial tendencies if Parliament had wholly excluded from power the race of "aristocrats." The aristocrats have legislated in the spirit of a wise democracy, and the people are perfectly reconciled to the landowners and the richer classes. The working men feel that legislation has proved partial rather than unfriendly to their class interests. Formerly, their bread was taxed; now it is free. Formerly nearly every necessary of life paid toll to the revenues of the country; now England is the only country in the world where a working-man, who chooses to live on bread and butter, meat, water, and salt—the ancient fare of the peasantry—needs pay no taxes at all, the only country where he can enjoy the unspeakable blessing of protection of life and property, without paying one farthing for the boon. For his luxuries he still pays something, (and justly), for his malt, for his poisonous gin, for his tobacco, and for his tea and sugar, but he pays nothing for his dress, and is excused in coming-tax. You will never succeed in persuading these millions that they are fleeced or ground to powder by a rapacious and "bloated" aristocracy. They know better. The fire is their friend. A cheap remedy for wrong doing is brought to their doors in the police establishments of the country; a cheap mode of recovering money due is provided in the county courts of every district in the kingdom; a cheap education for their children is offered almost by competition, both on Sundays and week-days; a cheap admission is allowed them to royal parks, national museums, public institutions; a cheap postal system enables them to communicate with their relations at the ends of the earth; and with such appliances it is not easy to produce the conviction that they have been neglected by the legislature. The first Reform bill has wrought great work for the nation, the removal of all serious disabilities from the working man.

But it is not only in Parliament that during all this period, almost incredible exertions have been made by the upper classes to bless and benefit the homes of their poorer brethren. In private and social life similar efforts have abounded. It would be about as easy to set fire to the Thames or the Mersey as to persuade the toiling multitudes of England that the upper order are their enemies. At every working man's door a woman or child would come forth to deny the slander. The kindness and justice of the superior ranks has taken the sting clean away from the serpent of revolution, and still it is that even under the severest strain of their patriotism and good feeling the operatives of Lancashire have not uttered one single outcry against their more prosperous fellow-citizens. The foolish Game bill is even permitted to pass through the House of Commons without more than a flying criticism, because it is felt that in this instance the country-people in their zeal for autumn sports have departed from the rule of their customary good feeling.

Beneath this silence, however, are profound confidences of security even in their utmost need—the confidence of a people who know that they are safe from the worst pangs of hunger in the determination of England to help her brave children through their dire necessity. Man and wife and children must "clen" indeed for a season, they must feel the pinch of poverty; the little store of gold reserved in the savings-bank laid up against the rainy day, must go, for the rainy day has come at last; the house must yield up the clock, the wardrobe, the carved chair, to the necessities of the time; the picture on the wall must hang over the fire-place no longer; home must consent to look stripped and bare; the cherished independence of the one affluent artisan must bend its head a little to acknowledge the assistance of the stranger; the pink ribbon must fade from the head-dress and the neck of the bonny factory lass, and the mended frock must last out the former time of three; weeping must endure for a while, but England will not leave her sons and daughters to perish in their danger. She honors and loves them too much for such barbarity, and these children know with a respectful hand to the brave men in affliction; when these fall, a wider range of local taxation is to unseat the hidden foundations of the wealth of the original creators of the abundance; and when the treasures of Lancashire are exhausted, or the pressure on the capitalists become destructive to the permanent interest of all, then it is also known that the imperial exchequer will be open for giving and lending, rather than permit a single "hand" in the desolate factories to wither and die. England, who flung ten million sovereigns to the help of stormy Ireland, will certainly not permit Lancashire and Cheshire to perish at her side. Take heart, then, suffering myriads! we know you will work when and where you can, and that you are proof against the vice of pauperism. Help yourselves all you can, and this mighty kingdom will do the rest.

The silence of Lancashire has one deeper meaning still. It is a people pervaded by the knowledge of God—a people well instructed in the reality of a heavenly providence. They recognize, perhaps, something of a just retribution in the dispensation which apportions some of the sorrows of the slave-holding lands to those who

have too contentedly lived in prosperous times exclusively on slave grown cotton. They humble themselves under the mighty hand of God. But, above all, they understand that the present calamity is one before which human policy is confounded,—that God is taking account of the crimes of many generations in America,—and that neither the outcries nor the violence of English factories could avail to remove the infliction. They await with reverent eyes the re-letting of the Supreme Controller, and seek from Omnipotence the spiritual aid which the "compassion" of earthly sovereigns and governments is inadequate to afford. Meantime let private charity flow freely to mitigate those sufferings which Queen Victoria assures us in her recent letters are "so patiently and nobly borne."—London Weekly Review.

SCENES IN LANCAHIRE.

The Daily Telegraph publishes extracts of letters, addressed by the wife of a Disarming minister in Lancashire to a gentleman in the south of England. The following passages portray some of the daily experiences of clergy and ministers in the distressed districts: "I will just tell you the tales of some of my neighbors who come to me for help. One says: 'Missus, have you got an old petticoat of any kind you could give me, for really I'm well-nigh starved?' My old man has got a day or two's work now, but we are all so short of that we are almost naked; Jonathan's shirt's scarce got a bit 'int' of what it was first.' Another comes—a widow woman: 'Missus, an' you got anything you can give me? My daughter makes three days a week at factory, and there's only us two. I get two shillings from the parish, but it is hard work to live upon that and get a bit of soap and coals—and, look at this poor gown! it's the only one I've got, and nothing hardly underneath. I had another gown, but my Mary's obliged to wear it to her work. She can't go without one.' Another came to me on Saturday, and in a whisper, lest any should hear—poor thing!—she said: 'Ma'am, could you give me a few pence to buy a little coal? We have not had any fire for two days, and the weather is so cold. There is only my husband and me. We buried our last child when she was sixteen, and now we are old and have not any one to work for us. I am truly sorry to ask you, but indeed I do not know where to go, or who to ask. I went to the Relief Fund on Thursday, and they gave me 1s.; because there are so many large families on the list; but what is that for two, and we nearly 'cleamed'—starved or famished. Now, could I resist such an appeal? Well, so it is day after day, and then my husband comes home—'I have seen a poor woman to-day, with a little baby three weeks old—O dear, the poor mother looks so bad! Ma'am, could you give me a few pence to buy a little tea and gruel since her baby was born? You had better get a bit of meat and make her some broth.' Then I have to send for a pound and a half of mutton, and some Scotch barley, and stew her up something. It all needs a little fund to go to, but this somehow comes out of my own scrapings, and is given to the worthy ones, who are not exactly poor saints; yours is to them entirely, and will only be dispensed in very necessary cases, for we are in anticipation of times being much worse instead of better, and the mills stopping altogether. I fear I shall weary you, but one more case I must tell. Not two hundred yards from our door lives a comparatively young widow. She has four children; the eldest, thirteen, one still an infant in the cradle, and one other is sadly afflicted. It is a pitiable case, and the poor woman, unable to leave home to do a hand's turn of work to get a mouthful of bread for these hungry ones! How they are to be fed and clothed in these hard times, God only knows! I believe every decent person abouts has given every article of clothing they could spare to one and another. Mine all go the minute I can spare them."

DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS. The distress in the manufacturing districts of England is rapidly increasing. As the pressure increases through the stoppage of more mills, the working classes from the country towns and villages flock to Manchester and the larger centers of industry in great numbers, to ask alms in the streets and beg from door to door. Great numbers go through the towns in groups, singing such songs as they know, or more comically singing sacred music, and pick up a good deal of money. Many of these persons, it is said get money from private funds subscribed in their own neighbourhood. One firm in the country lately employing two thousand persons now gives three days wages per week, though not employing them. At Blackburn there are 71 mills, of which 28 are working full time, 16 short time, and 29 are entirely stopped; the total number of employed operatives is at least 14,000. At Preston more than one third of the looms are entirely stopped, and 5,199 families are receiving relief from the Parish. At Wigan, Burnley, West-lesland, Pemberton, Carlisle, and in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the distress is on the increase. At Stockport the number of operatives usually employed in the town is 18,200, and of these only 2,713 are on full time; 8,542 on short time, and 7,900 totally unemployed.

APPEALS AT PRESTON. The reporter of the London Times communicates to that paper some very interesting facts in regard to the state of affairs at Preston. The persons requiring relief are increasing in number very rapidly while the subscriptions are small. Of £10,866 paid in at Preston, £4,966 were paid by persons entirely disconnected with the town, while the mill owners gave only £1,842. In view of all the facts the worst apprehensions are expressed for the future. The Times says in a leader:—"The present distress is only a beginning, we have not come to the worst. There were seven thousand more paupers last week than the week before. There never was a more gloomy prospect. After a twelvemonth of difficulty and distress, matters are, in every respect, increases week by week; the unmanageable mass of unsettled poor is becoming enormous; the patience and temper of the sufferers are giving way; the mischievous men who rise up in such emergencies to aggravate, to exasperate, and to mislead, are becoming more prominent; savings are consumed; charity cooled; the people pushed to the utmost; Winter is not distant, and there really is not a chance of a timely supply of cotton from any quarter whatever."

Missionary Items. In CONTRIBUTING TO THE MISSIONARY CAUSE, HOW FAR SHALL I TRUST? To answer that question belongs to the individual making it. It is certain that no one may do a work, supposing it to be one of piety, in opposition to the plain command of God, who has both enjoined, among other things, "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother." We may not say to them, "It is a gift by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me," for "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." But we may hear of what others have done, and possibly we may thus afford some relief: A young Collegian, listening to a plea for the missionary cause, having but \$1.25 in his

possession, and that being the sum of his substance, said within himself, "I can not be required to give anything," but as the argument proceeded he determined to give twenty-five cents, and ere he was closed he decided to give the one dollar also. He returned to his lodgings and found a man in waiting whom he took a school during the vacation, and this opened up to him at once the means for his immediate future supplies. Another young man had by industry and economy secured an amount sufficient to purchase an overcoat. With this amount in his pocket he was attending a missionary meeting, where he became so absorbed in the miseries of those who still "sit in the shadow of death," that he gave the whole of his earnings in the collection for the cause. "May a coat," he has been heard to say, "have I been able to get and to give since that day." A young woman who supported herself and her mother by her needle was, with others, making a subscription at a missionary meeting. Her subscription, when falling under the eye of her pastor, surprised him. He took occasion, at an early day, to visit her for the purpose of learning whether she had not made a mistake in her figures; but she replied that she had not, and assigned as the reason for subscribing what she did, that she felt it a matter of duty, and that she expected to realize a sufficient amount from the avails of her labor, or, somehow, to meet her obligation. She found in the end that her faith had a reward, not only in that instance, but in all her after life. We have not answered the question asked at the beginning, but some reader may be in a condition to receive some light from what is written.

FIVE CENTS. At a recent annual collection in a certain charge for missions, one brother getting a cash charge of \$600 a year gave \$3; another, with a salary of \$800, gave \$2; and a third, with a salary of \$1,200, gave 50 cents. A brother, worth in real estate \$6,000, gave 5 cents, and 2 poor worth nothing gave 5 cents. These are discrepancies, or mysteries perhaps, of the way in which some professed Christians act that philosophy cannot fathom. It will not do for the man who gives 5 cents, or 50 cents, or \$1 a year, into the missionary treasury, to say that he is in debt, or that the times are hard, or that he gives more than this or that man. He is not so poor, nor are the times so hard after all. Yesterday he bought his supply of tobacco, and gave as much for it as he has given in twelve months past to the support of the ministry, the cause of the Bible and missions, and all other benevolent claims combined. The trouble is he is out of selfishness, and the rock around his heart has grown so hard and so thick that no hammer can crack it. We do not comprehend how it is possible for persons so unutterably forgetful of God and man to walk with an upright form among their fellow-beings.

DO WHAT YOU CAN. Do you try in any wise to accomplish the work? Your time, your talents, your money, the smile of your face, the grasp of your hand, the warmth of your heart, do you use these all in furthering the great interests of the cause of God? or do you go wandering through the world an iceberg—repelling, chilling, striking with a clammy hand every one that comes near you? "If in some fair and jeweled crown Are stars that cast their brightness down, Love's radiant angels, gems of heaven; It is the diadem he wears, who works and watches for souls below. Striving to save by tears and prayers, Immortal from immortal woe."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS—GIVING TO THE MISSIONARY CAUSE. "The pictures in my father's library sent me to sea before I was ten years old," said a New York merchant. "The Life of Harriet Newell made me a missionary," said a self denying laborer among the heathen. Teach a boy at four to run to the grocery with his cent for candy, and he will run there when he is a man for something besides candy. Teach the child to give every Sabbath to the cause of missions, and he will give in that direction as long as he has a cent left. The stingy fists of the day are the ones who had little or no good seed put in their hearts when they were boys. The great work of the Church is to get the boys and girls right, then the future will take care of itself.

MISSIONARY CANDIDATES. Of those admitted on trial for Missionary labour by the British Conference two are Hindoos, passages from whose written experience were read by Dr. Osborn, in which they expressed themselves in gratifying terms as to their conversion to the Christian faith, and "joy and peace in believing." One of them received his first religious impressions while studying in the English school at Negapatam. Dr. Osborn proposed their acceptance as assistant missionaries. Another candidate proposed is W. F. Beach, of Nassau, who went to Dickinson College, United States, took his degree, and entered the Episcopal Church. He had been ordained deacon, and was about to be ordained presbyter, but his predilections being in favor of English Methodism, he offered himself for the missionary work.

CERICAL WARRIORS. The number of Ministers of the various Churches in the States who have engaged in the war is immense. Some as Chaplains, and many, we are grieved to say, as fighting men. Dr. Elliott, of the Central Advocate, gives this account of a Methodist preacher connected with the army: "Brother Pile, now Captain Pile, has been recruited in the city, and is now recruiting for Bro. Pile's regiment. First he was chaplain in a regiment, in which capacity he acted up to his profession fully, and in addition nursed the soldiers, and acted the quartermaster while his regiment marched from the Missouri river to Springfield, and was to the soldiers a laborious servant in providing for their comfort. Capt. Pile is a thorough soldier. He says his prayers and keeps his powder dry. While attending the wounded in the battles, he is ready to use the fire arms to purpose. The wants of the army required that he should be the captain of the artillery company. And now he is demanded for lieutenant colonel for Col. Pile's regiment."

Dr. Strickland gives the following incident of his chaplaincy



The Family.

To a Daughter just entering Womanhood.

Thou art going up life's way; I am going down: The cross thou hast not lifted yet; I am near my crown.

Short Fireside Story about Honesty.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the window, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread which he had bought in town, and broke it, and gave half to his son.

The Wife's Appeal.

On I don't go to-night, John; Now husband, don't go in; To spend your only shilling, John, Would be a cruel sin.

Early Conversions.

Do you ask me how early I might be converted? You suppose I suppose flowers blossom. There are thousands of flowers, some of which blossom at one time, and some at another.

trying to repeat some strain, and you find that he touches it here and there you believe that. You believe that your child is old enough to sing, if you hear him singing. And if you see a little child that looks to pray, that weeps when it hears the story of Jesus, and that desires to do good, do not stand and doubt the reality of what is right before your eyes.

Temperance.

What he was and is.

A correspondent of the London Teetotal Times illustrates the issue of moderate drinking by the following case:— On a Sabbath in 1848, on leaving the Sunday School, I met an emaciated creature, staggering at every footstep.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

is the great remedy, and that it is the best and most reliable form of the preparation, every one who has used it admits, and cures in abundance, both the most obstinate and the most dangerous cases of skin disease, such as Eczema, Scabies, Itch, and all the eruptions which are the result of impure blood.

Ayer's Pills.

are particularly adapted to derangements of the digestive apparatus, and diseases arising from impurity of the blood. A large part of all the complaints which attend the human system, and consequently these Pills are found to cure many varieties of disease which have a purgative effect.

The Debilitating Weaknesses.

which attend the human system, and which are wholly dependent on conditions as described above. They can be removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

FOR Purifying the Blood, a compound remedy, prepared with scientific accuracy and skill, of the purest ingredients, having for its basis the well known article which has so successfully purified the blood, but which does not contain any of the deleterious and irritating elements of the other sarsaparillas.

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The Soldier's True Friend!

ALWAYS READY.



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Long marches, sore and stiff joints, blistered and inflamed feet, all these the Soldier must endure. Mothers, remember this, when your sons are grasping their muskets to meet danger, think what relief a single pot of this healing and cooling Balm will give to the one you love when far from home and friends.

Wives and Sisters of our volunteers.

You can not put into the Knapsacks of your Husband and Brother, a more valuable or more necessary gift than a supply of this

Extraordinary Military Salve.

The lonely sentry walking his rounds at night, exposed to driving rain and chill night air, often seized with most violent pains, quick and suffocating hoarseness, first symptoms of cough and consumption, but if supplied with Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment, all danger is averted, a few Pills taken night and morning, and the Ointment rubbed twice a day over the throat and chest will remove the severest pains and stop the most distressing cough.

Soldiers Attention.

See to your own health, do not trust to the Army supplies although most valuable. These Pills and Ointment have been thoroughly tested, they are the only remedies used in the European Campaign and Barracks, for over forty years Doctor Holloway has supplied the Army in Europe, and during the Crimean Campaign he established a depot at Balaklava, for the exclusive sale of these great remedies.

To Arms, To Arms.

Do not let these brave men perish by disease in their hands. These precious remedies, Pills and Ointment, will enable them to resist the dangerous exposures, the FEVER, the CHILLS, and the wounds which they cannot avoid, and what is more, cannot frequently get success in the moment of need, whereas if their hands have only to put their hands into their Knapsacks and find the Ointment and Pills, the casualties of the battle-field—how many thousands of lives would thus be saved, who would otherwise perish before relief could be obtained.

W. WYTHAL & CO.

Leather and Finding Store, 202—HOLLIS STREET.—202. Importers of Goods in English, French and American Stock.

Jayne's Sensitive Pills.

These are the most powerful and effective medicine I have ever used. They are not more or less required than much sickness and suffering might be prevented. They are pleasant to the taste, and do not feel while a coarser habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicine.

Watch the Health of Your Children.

Is their sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid redness; a variable appetite; a foetid breath; grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your children are troubled with worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys worms, is perfectly safe and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangement of the stomach and digestive organs.

E. W. SUTCLIFFE'S

Stock of Groceries

To be complete with everything in the Groceries Business, just received from England, the United States, and West Indies. Wholesale and Retail. 125 chests and half chests Superior TEA.

COFFEE, COFFEE.

Those who are looking for really GOOD AND CHEAP COFFEE. Will find that which is Roasted and Ground in NEW WETHERBY & CO'S

Family Groceries

London Tea Warehouse, North End Barrington Street, Near North's Market, HALIFAX, N. S.

TRUNNELL'S



GREAT REMEDIES

This combination of Remedies, now perfected in every department, and prices within reach of all, calls for special attention.

Alexander Gordon,

116 ALBRO STREET, Halifax, N. S. G. is sole Proprietor of the following articles:— Gordon's Rheumatic Remedy;

The Great Indian Healing Salve!

For Burns, Scalds, Ulcers, Cuts, Blisters, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Itch, Sores, Chapped Hands, and all the diseases of the skin.

SEER OLOTE PLASTER.

Possessing superior Strengthening, Clearing, and Healing Properties—For Asthma, Pains or Weakness in the side and back, fresh sores, etc. For sale by Druggists and Stockkeepers.

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