

The Provincial Wesleyan.

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Religious Miscellany.

Thoughts on the Sub-Marine Telegraph between Ireland and America.

See, as what comes of thought,
An' though old ocean brought,
Thought that 'er Nature roves well pleased to
That up to heaven can fly,
And then its pinions try
Where through long ages past the billows ran;
If my mind can go
Where deep the waters flow,
By lightning carried through the yielding sea;
What things of men can prove
A barrier to that foe,
That long the glory of our world to be—
That long from glory bright
To dwell in hallowed light,
To breathe on earth in Truth's fair mould—
To wrap the world in beams,
That from the Saviour streams,
To shine on Earth and Heaven in done?
— If through the sea can go
To witness joy or woe,
To smile on a little band of wire,
How swift must be the flight
Of angels in their might,
To make the heart of Man to God aspire?
Two thousand miles and more
Must message pass o'er,
To send the light of joining worlds in done!
The wire of Faith can bring
The soul a sweeter wing,
That love on earth it may to glory run!
In awful men are found
In sinners to abound,
That lightning strikes to their urgent call—
That shall such beings know
Hearred to heaven they go,
Who some can meet with darkness from the
fall?
If men to science true
Both wonders here can do,
Did make a wire through water's wishes send,
That mighty aids to send
Shall they in science find,
When all its light to bless them God shall lend?
Then let the lightning play
Where ocean long held sway,
And bear beneath that commerce ledge,
The light of truth to mission speed—
And all the world to brighten His ray's page!
The man of Grace has found
For earth a greater bound
That earth and ocean large can give;
A mightier energy in prayer
The faithful soul can dare,
Who telegraphs by Faith where angels live!
T. H. D.
Bridgewater, N. S., Sept. 20, 1866.

A Name in Heaven.

I tremble as I ask,
Is my name there?
Once on a brighter day
I seemed to hear him say,
"Cast off thy care,
My triumph share,
We blood has sprinkled thee divine,
And thou, poor mourner, art forever mine."
But 'twas a mournful yet;
My years decline—
I gaze each day to death
Upon the painful breath;
The night close in,
I weep and pine,
And bid my soul in heavenly bliss.
An answer I must have—
Is my name there?
"Thou wilt respond
And say, 'It is,' what fond
Delights I'll share!
What burdens bear!
How heavy for the load
Of him whose name is written with his God.
Solely upon thy hands,
O Son of God,
And on that crimson tide
That stained thy pierced side,
The thorn, the rod,
The pathway trod,
Up Davy's heights, whose name was traced
In living lines that cannot be erased.
So I will trust in thee;
Weary and slow—
Large midst gloom and care,
Let seven quiet days—
Weary and slow
I'll go, I'll go,
My appointed time that Thou hast given,
I hope that Christ hath writ my name in heav-

Wholesome Words.

In a recent number of the New York Evangelist we find a communication from the Rev. T. C. Taylor, addressed to New-comers into the Kingdom. We copy it entire, in the hope that it will be read not only by recent converts but by all members of the Church who wish to be faithful even to the last:
"There are large numbers of churches that have been especially enriched with revivals; they have a smell of a field that the Lord has blessed. Into these churches a host of new converts have been recently admitted. They are numbered by thousands. A few practical hints to those who are just entering the field of labor may not be out of place.
"Remember that your Divine Master's eye is upon you. He knows your name. He saw when you publicly gave yourself to his service. He has a bed in your spiritual garden for you. He has a plot of best-soil for you to cultivate. He promises the rain, the dew, the sun, and the seed. He has the promise of the harvest. He promises to do your part; and you shall reap in due season if you

Religious Intelligence.

The Gospel in Spain.

The Archdiocese of Christianism has an account of a very interesting meeting which was lately held at Lannesse, whose object was to celebrate the opening of a school established at Paris through the generosity of an American lady. Its aim is to give a Christian education to young Spaniards, preparing some for the Theological Institution at Lausanne, so that they can become messengers of good news to their fellow-countrymen. At this meeting, details of deep interest were given respecting the progress of the Gospel in Spain. A letter was read, written last March by some countrymen in the vicinity of large Spanish cities, whose names is withheld for prudential considerations. They had obtained possession of a New Testament, and, having heard of the existence of an Evangelical Christian Church in that city, wrote to it as follows:—

Those Two Reports.

When Israel was encamped at Kadesh, about to enter Canaan, twelve men were sent to spy out the land. They returned and reported it all they expected or desired, bringing as evidence to the eye, some of its fruits, plucked at Kadesh. Still, there was a majority and a minority report. The report of the majority set forth that the country was all it had been represented, in respect to beauty and fertility; but still they could not get possession of it. It was all fortified—full of fenced cities, walled up to heaven; and full of armed men; and such men! men of immense stature, ankams, giants—in whose presence they were as grasshoppers. Perhaps they had seen some of the ancestors of Goliath of Gath, whom David slew. This report was concurred in by ten delegates.

The Hardest Row First.

"Why don't you begin at the beginning?" said Mr. Owen to Mr. Rathven, who was vigorously engaged in being rowed.
"I always take the hardest row first: that makes all the rest seem easier," said Mr. Owen.
"There is something in that."
"There is a good deal in it. Besides, if you take the hardest part first, the rest is pretty sure to be done. Easy work always stands a better chance to get done than hard work."
"Do you observe the same rule in spiritual matters?"
"I try to. I don't always succeed as well as I do in temporal matters."
"It is not always easy to determine which is the hardest row spiritually."
"Take the one that you are least inclined to take."
"What do you regard as some of the hardest rows, that is, what are some of the most difficult religious duties?"
"In the first place, all duties are religious duties. What are called our duties to ourselves, and to our fellow-men are also duties to God, and hence are religious duties. In the next place, in a general way, those duties are the hardest which are most opposed to our natural inclinations. Then, some things are harder for some men, and some are harder for other men. With some it is hard to give money away; with others it is very easy thing. The hardest thing I ever did was to forgive an enemy and pray for him."
"Are you sure you did it?"
"Yes, I feel pretty sure about it. The man was my brother-in-law. This he married sisters. When my father-in-law died he left a large property, hardly enough to make his widow comfortable. He died without a will. I proposed to my brother-in-law that he should relinquish all the property to her. He took offence, and he had something of a quarrel. I felt as if I were at liberty to be pretty sharp with him, since it was not my selfishness which brought it on. He did not speak for some time, and when we did it was worse than if he had kept silence. He said what was not true about me, and made the people believe that it was all owing to my selfishness that the property was divided. The property was divided into three parts, but I never took my wife's part, but left it in the mother's hands. When I heard from time to time what he had said I was very angry. I don't get angry very often, but when I do get angry I am apt to keep so long time; that's my natural disposition. Well, I found things didn't go well with me spiritually. I began to lose my interest in church matters. The preaching didn't suit me as well as it used to, though good judges said our minister was improving as a preacher very fast. I lost my interest in praying; I could not find time for it as easily as I once could. My prayers were very formal. My praying was like the turning of a screw when it don't take hold. One day as I was reading, 'If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses.' I stopped and thought of a passage. When I thought of the clause in the Lord's prayer, 'forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,' I concluded that my prayers had been for some time worthless if not worse. I saw where the difficulty lay. I called on my brother-in-law, apologized for having spoken angrily to him, and proposed a reconciliation. He would not admit that he had been guilty of any wrong towards me. He said a number of unkind and insulting things. I left him without making any reply to his insults, and concluded I had done all that duty required. But I found I did not get on any better than I did before. I hadn't forgiven him. I had been willing to for-

Religious Intelligence.

The Coat of a Pocket Knife.

A boy may use his good strong jack-knife with but a very slight idea of its coat. If you should ask him, he would perhaps look up at you with surprise, and say—
"Why, I bought it for half a dollar, and it cost me all that I know about it."
Stop your whistling a moment, my young friend, and let us look at the subject a little. A knife does not come by nature ready made. But the iron does, you say. Yes, iron is found in the earth, but very seldom pure, or fit for the blacksmith and the manufacturer. It is mixed with clay or some other substance.
This must be separated from it by intense heat; no ordinary fire will answer the purpose. So charcoal is put into a furnace with the iron ore and some limestone; then the charcoal is lighted at the lower end, and the wind blown in also at the same end; by powerful machinery! and the great heat melts the whole.
The iron being heavier than the other matter, settles to the bottom, where the workman, at the right time, lets it out. It runs like water through the hole he has prepared for it, into the sand where it cools. These pieces or lumps are called cast iron but this must have other processes before it is fit for making a knife. Cast-iron cannot be worked by the hammer, or sharpened to a cutting edge; it must be made into malleable iron for that purpose. This latter is a kind of iron, which, instead of melting in the fire, will soften and thus allow itself to be hammered into the desired shape, or welded together smoothly.
But when the iron is made malleable by being heated and stirred and beaten, or rolled over, then it is not nice enough for a first-rate knife. It is only iron; and you want your knife made of steel, so that it will bear a keen edge, without either breaking or bending. To get that, we must change our material again. To this end, the workman must cover up his iron in powdered charcoal, and again give it a red heat, that it get the property upon which the keenness of the knife depends. But he must be careful that the heat be not too great nor too long continued, as then the steel could not be hammered or welded.
And now the steel must be tempered. While very hot the steel is plunged into cold water, and kept there till it is quite cool. Then the workman brightens it, and, laying upon a piece of hot iron holds it to the fire till the color shows him it is in a proper state to be again plunged into water; and now it is hardened enough to be hammered into shape.
Then the knife-grinder takes the knife upon

A Locomotive that will climb Mountains.

Everybody has heard of the tunnel under Mount Cenis which is to connect the railroad systems of Italy and France and shorten the overland route to India four hundred miles—but it is going to take twelve years at least to construct this tunnel, and it is desirable to have the advantage of such a connection at once; and it is now proposed to build a railroad across the south face of the Alps, using as the basis the great military road of Napoleon. The road will be forty-eight miles long, and it is believed can be constructed in two years, while it is believed a locomotive has been invented which can successfully surmount the steep ascents, turn the sharp curves, and descend the steep grades. This locomotive has recently been tried and found to accomplish the service perfectly. It is in fact a double engine, a horizontal and vertical engine combined, and so arranged that it may be worked either together or separate, according to the steepness of the incline, and always with perfect safety. The horizontal wheels referred to facilitate the passage of curves, enable the driver to stop the engine in the middle of the steepest gradient, give a propulsive pressure of several tons, and by means of the flange which underlay the centre rail, render it nearly impossible that carriages can be overturned. The brakes are extremely powerful, and as they are attached to each carriage, no danger can arise from a coupling chain giving way. The locomotive weighs sixteen tons, and at the recent trial ascended and descended a gradient of one in twelve with four cars, loaded with twenty-six tons of ballast attached. Its motive force is thirty-two tons. The railway over the pass is to be covered with wooden, iron, and stone galleries, to protect it from avalanches, and snow drifts. The line will be worked at an average speed of twelve miles an hour, and as many as one hundred and ninety passengers can be carried on each trip.

A Positive Witness.

It is of Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will case is related. It shows great dramatic power unobscuredly exhibited in his daily business.
The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.
"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"
"I did."
"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"
"With red wax."
"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"
"I did."
"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"
"In his bed."
"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"
"About three or four inches long."

General Miscellany.

Light in Dark Places.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A CITY MISSIONARY.
Like his experience, the duties of a city missionary are, at times, very peculiar. This is true, at least, whenever he has to convert a batcher's shop into a mission station. For example, he begins the day at an early hour, and is occupied with things ordinary and extraordinary until ten. He then goes over to James Tyng's, beg a box of soap, and, glad at the success of his errand, he runs two or three blocks on his way back, out of mere forgetfulness. Now he has directions to give some workmen waiting to receive them, a conversation with the gas fitter, and a conference with the carpenter, which is presently interrupted by the woman who has come to clean, declaring that nothing worth naming can be done until the mission goes to the corner grocery for a scrubbing brush and five cents worth of washing soap. This procured, it is found that there is some whitewashing to be

Trust God for Small Things.

We are too much like children who cry and make a great ado about sweetmeats and toys, while they can trust for clothing, general care, and a house in which to live. How many of what may be called the small things of this life and of religion we are anxious about while the great concern we leave with God! Now, why can we not commit ourselves into His hands for the small as well as the great? Let us not forget that He rules the atom as well as the world, that He feeds the humming bird as well as the eagle, that He provides the crust as well as the feast, that He numbers the hairs of your head as well as the stars of the firmament. Shall He uphold all things, and not uphold you? Shall He clothe the lilies and feed the raven, and not clothe and feed you? O ye of little faith! As a Christian, God has made over to you a crown that you do not see; and you do not trust Him for a crumb which perishes? Has He clothed you with the garment of salvation, and will you not trust Him for the clothing of the body? Has He provided a house for you in the heavens, which both foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God; and will you not trust Him for a tabernacle, or a cottage in the wilderness? Has He given you Himself, His Son, His Spirit, His Word, His grace, His promises; and can you not trust Him to give you bread, friends, clothing, habitation, and all the necessities of this life? Surely if He has given you greater, will He give you the less. This is the very argument of St. Paul. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

DR. CHALMERS INSTRUCTS US TO "LIVE FOR SOMETHING."

Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time cannot destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands who come in contact with you; and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you touch as on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

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DR. KNIGHTS' ORIENTAL Hair Restorer.

THE only preparation in use which invariably changes gray and faded hair to its original color. Its effects are so uniform and speedy, as to regard almost as a miracle.

Star Life Assurance Society. Head Office: 48 Moorgate St. London. NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH OFFICE, 1 BOUR STREET, HALIFAX.

DR. KNIGHTS' Hair Dressing. A VEGETABLE PREPARATION. For Preserving and beautifying the hair, contains neither Oil nor Alcohol.

DR. LAROOKAI'S PULMONIC SYRUP. FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Pain in the side, Night Sweats, Hoarseness, Croup, etc.

BAZAAR! THE Ladies of the Wesleyan Church and Congregation of Halifax, N.S., intend holding a Bazaar on December 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.

Sept. 1866. INLAND ROUTE. St. John, Portland, Boston, &c. Fare Reduced.

WHOOPIING COUGH. B.W. Mayer of Carleton, N.B. writes 7 Dec. 1866: "My son, five years old, was a few months since suffering greatly from Whooping Cough. I never saw a more distressing case."

ASTHMA AND SHORTNESS OF BREATH. Isaac H. Evans writes from Bangor, Me., under date March 21, 1861: "For ten years I was afflicted with Asthma and Shortness of Breath. My cough, distressed me so much that I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and my friends thought I was near my end."

BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH. A.W. Harris, writes from White-ship "Edwards" on March 11, 1860: "Having suffered for four years with Bronchitis and Catarrh in their most distressing form, cured by the use of Larookai's Pulmonic Syrup. It had paid large sums to Physicians and for so called Catarrh remedies, but until I used the Syrup I experienced no relief."

GRAPTON STREET CHURCH.—Announcement was made on Sabbath last that on next Sabbath the Grapton Street Church will be reopened for Divine service.

Missionary Meetings. HALIFAX DISTRICT. HOME MISSIONS. The following arrangements were concluded upon at the Financial Meeting.

Remittances on account of Book Room and Provincial Wesleyan, as early and in as large amounts as convenient, are earnestly desired, and will be very gratefully received.

Mrs Winslow. An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers here, a new and improved method of teaching their children to read.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS. NEW MUSIC.—From O. Dixon & Co Boston per Z. S. Hall we have received the following pieces of instrumental piano music.

Letters and Monies. Remittances by Mail of this Office must be by P. O. Money Order or Letter Registered.

Uncle John's Vegetable PILLS. INDIGESTION, COITIVENESS, BILIOUSNESS, DIMNESS OF SIGHT, JAUNDICE, FLATULENCE.

Marriages. At the Wesleyan Parsonage, Lower Horton, on the 20th inst. by Rev. W. Sprague, Mr. Booth, son of Wm. Booth, of Weymouth, to Miss Alice Sprague, of Weymouth.

Deaths. At Wallace, Cumberland Co., on the 17th inst. of Typhus fever, Eddie, aged 12 months, second son of Mr. Wm. Wallace, of Weymouth.

Shipping News. PORT OF HALIFAX. Steamer Oriental, ssk. Charlottetown, Sept 19, 1866.

Gloucester (Mass.) Advertiser says that the schooner, engaged in the shore mackerel business, was about to start on her voyage.

European. LONDON, Sept. 19.—The Daily News in an editorial day, says the Russian American alliance is impracticable.

European. NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Newfoundland Advertiser on Saturday morning from the Labrador, brings some interesting information of the country.

European. NEW BRUNSWICK.—We have no important news from New Brunswick in the prices of current crops.

European. SEVERAL WORKS DESTROYED.—Sixteen barrels of gunpowder exploded at a Sunday evening.

Missionary Meeting. ANAPOLIS DISTRICT.—HOME MISSIONS, &c. Annapolis, Nov. 14, 15, 16, Messrs. Daniels and Huestis.

Missionary Meeting. BRIDGEPORT, Sept. 25, 26.—Barratt and Hart. Wilmot, Nov. 19, 20.—Daniel and Barratt.

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United States. The rebuff which President Johnson received at Indianapolis was of such a nature that no man would be so bold as to put him in the chair.

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