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## BRIEF THOUGHTS ON SCRIPTURE PASSAGES.

BY MARY E. HERBERT.

NO. 1.

"When I awake I am still with thee."—Psalm cxxxix. 18.

When the morning light breaks in on his slumbers, how often does the heart of the exile, the stranger in a strange land, sink within him, as he yearns for the dear absent faces of the loved. No more dwelling under the same roof, or sojourning in the same city; he shall have to go forth to the duties of life, but shall not behold them, can no longer interchange sweet intercourse, for

"Mountains divide them, and a waste of seas." Of only One can the Christian say, "When I awake I am still with Thee." Consoling thought; wherever we go, though far separated from kindred and friends, or they from us, we are still with Him. With Him "whom not having not seen we love," but whom, by and by, we hope to view without a veil between.

Lord, make us realize more fully thy presence; may the remembrance serve to warn, animate, encourage, and strengthen us to pursue, with unflinching obedience the path of life.

NO. 2.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. xiii. 43.

Lift up your heads, ye down-trodden servants of Christ, ye poor and disconsolate, ye whom the worldling passes unregardingly by, lift up heads, for your redemption draweth nigh!

Precious jewels are ye, dimmed by the dust and soil of earth; trodden under foot, and yet of priceless value. God will by and by, gather his chosen ones; then shall ye shine forth, resplendent in beauty, in the kingdom of your Father.

No more tears; no more sighing; truly "Heaven's long years of bliss shall pay." For all God's children suffer here.

NO. 3.

"Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."—Psalm cvii. 43.

The wonderful manifestations of God in Providence, is a subject well worthy the contemplation of the Christian.

To look back upon the past, and mark with our eyes, the deliverances of the way; to encourage our souls, though surrounded by diversified perplexities, from a remembrance of the timely aid vouchsafed in hours of need, are surely animating and soul-cheering exercises.

To such as this act, God will reveal himself in wonderful ways. He will guide and make straight their paths; "observing Providence" as a good man has remarked, "they shall never want a Providence to observe."

"When obstacles and trials seem,  
Like prison walls to be,  
Faith finds its strength in helplessness,  
And daily trusts in Thee."  
Dartmouth, Oct. 31.

## THE BORDER LAND.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

It was evening in summer. A sunset untold Through the gates of eternity met in gold. Until silver-throned Hesperus poured his pure beam,  
And gray twilight stole on over earth like a dream.

From the grove on the hill, while the world seemed on fire,  
I beheld the long glory fade out and expire;  
But I gazed not alone on those dusk-shadowed skies,  
For a pure human angel gazed into my eyes.

Then the dim branches o'er us like censers were swayed,  
And the leaves rustled low in the fast-falling shade,  
As the night zephyr woke o'er the harvest-brown plain,  
Which before us stretched silent and vast like the main.

That sweet zephyr, like gales that o'er ocean at rest  
Scatter odors ambrosial from Yeman the blest,  
Shook the whole fragrant year from its pinions, and sighed,  
While Eolian harp-strings above us replied.

They replied with a cadence subdued each soul,  
With a strange, wild enchantment, a nameless control;  
For the great soul of Nature swept over us there,  
Like the fullness of summer that breathed on the air.

On and on that weird melody, solemn and strong,  
Through the rhythmic scale of aerial song,  
Rolled its full diapason; while tranced by its swell,  
Every chord in my being thrilled deep to its spell.

But 'twas not tree and zephyr that whispered above,  
Nor that fathomless glance from the calm orbs of love,  
Nor the hand that one moment lay conscious in mine,  
That startled my soul with that rapture divine.

No, that gale was from heaven! That plume caught the sweep  
Of a shoreless existence! That strain was the deep,  
The unuttered, unuttered gush from the strings  
Of symphonious seraphs, the rush of their wings!

And those eyes, and that face, and that tremulous hand

Were the outlets from earth o'er an infinite land!  
Trees and twilight and zephyr and plains far  
Dropped their veil by the aid of that pure human glance!

Not transformed, but disrobed in that instant for O,  
Earth is sphered in a mystical life here below,  
And at times it o'erthrows human sense in the power,  
Till our souls mix with spirits, as mine did that hour!

Al! like men led through forests by sea breeze and roar,  
Till they stand in rapt wonder on ocean's vast shore,  
So we grope through earth's maze toward a breeze-wafted chime  
Ever sounding before us, unending, sublime!

Uninterpreted anthem! Unnamable strand!  
In the trance of your confines enraptured I stand,  
And with bright forms hold converse. That angel has flown;  
But this mystical world is forever my own.

—Independent.

## BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

(From the Christian Weekly.)

I was standing by the side of mother under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner and walk toward the church. They were dressed in their working-clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me and said, "Follow these two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away. But he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. I don't feel right. I believe I will go with you." I seized his hand, and led him back to the house of God in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. A most excellent sermon was preached from Ecclesiastes 11:1. The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast. At the conclusion of the service my mother kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible, young man?" "No, ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course?" said she. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible till you procure one of your own, and come to meeting again next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first Psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed gently, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction the stranger laid his Bible on the desk and left the house without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten. It was in the autumn of 18—, the ship St. George, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

Next day being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman seated behind me asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the George, and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birthplace, etc. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church. I was astonished—the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of an mother and a son worshipping God together recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went

to church and Sunday-school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had inhabited, and whose gray hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent, he studied for the ministry, and on being ordained he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognized it. And now you know who my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterward for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text on the day of my salvation—'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

## A LITTLE LOGIC FROM LIFE.

He was a queer old fellow, John was. He was hardly of ordinary stature, but very quick and decided in his movements. In fact his walk was so nearly a run that it was sometimes a question whether he ever walked a step. He had the blessing of a poor parentage, people who had laid up but very little and who never dwelt in their own house. Often times were very hard with them, as when sickness disabled the man or there was very little or no work to do. And yet the honest couple managed to keep themselves and their large family out of the poor house.

John was the oldest, and always said he would be rich. He would have enough of money ahead to keep him from the continual torments of fear from threatened beggary. His boyhood passed away without a penny amassed. He had earned money, how much he could not tell. Besides working at home he had earned many a dollar working for the neighboring farmers during the summer. His wages were low, and what he had earned was paid in provisions of some sort for the family at home.

In the winter he went to school when he could get nothing else to do, but if a farmer needed any wood chopped or grain threshed, John was a willing worker with axe or flail. And yet, never so hard, all his earnings were needed at home, and he let them go cheerfully.

All this is good reason for the fact that when John was twenty-one all he owned was a very plain wardrobe. His education was of course very limited, and further it may be added, he made no profession of religion.

When he became of age he told his father that he must depend on the younger boys. He felt that the home had no further claim on him. And so for the first time he was working for himself. He was as cheerful a body as ever whistled or laughed, and such a worker that he had not long to hunt for work. Among his early investments was one in a calf, which his employer agreed to pasture for a small sum. In due time that calf became a cow. This was followed by the purchase of a pair of calves that in time became a yoke of oxen. John was ingenious, and at odd hours made him a yoke for the coming oxen. At an auction he bought a pair of chains and a plough. He incurred no debt, but his maxim was "pay as you go."

Five years had passed since he became of age, and he had bought most of the tools needed to do farm work, he owned a very fine yoke of oxen and five hundred dollars at interest. So far as he knew there was not one penny of his property which he had not himself earned. He was now twenty-six years old, and for the first time in his life thought seriously of getting a wife. Nor was he long in determining his choice, nor when he offered himself was she long in accepting. The young lady, like himself, was poor, but she was comely, tidy, cheerful and thrifty. And they two were married. He rented a farm for cash, and before the year was out doubled his money. In fact, it began to be understood that John was one of the most thrifty men in the neighborhood.

This may seem a very common and perhaps a tedious story, but I tell it to show how a penniless boy won some capital, and was in a fair way to earn more when a great change took place in his views.

He had been a regular attendant on the church on the Sabbath, and he was a model of morality, but now he became a Christian. He was converted among the Methodists at a very noisy meeting, but in this, as in his business, he made thorough work. That night he and his wife went to the altar to be prayed for, and the brethren noised "hallolelujah" very heartily when they saw the two kneel at the altar, but there was no "meant business." They were there for a purpose. "Have we sinned?" said John. "Is God angry with sinners?" asked he with real feeling; "then what shall we do?"

Not to make a long story, they both became Christians; they were "sincerely converted," and yet they were as busy as ever. I said and they were so converted." So they were, at least in one respect, for they said: "We must bear our part in sustaining the Church, and in giving the gospel to the whole world." And what is better, they did what they said and they kept to it. They did not yet own a farm, but had the privilege of buying the one which they had rented, and for that reason, all the dollars they could earn seemed doubly valuable, but they kept saying to themselves, "Much as we want the farm we must not buy it with our Lord's money." It was a good saying for all Christians to consider, since it is to be feared that a great many purchases are made by Christian people with money that is not their own, but is their Lord's.

A little incident occurred about this time. These Methodists are not so precise as some people, and some curious things take place in their meetings. John did a curious thing one night in a missionary meeting. A missionary had laid his case before the people, and John was greatly interested. He had just twenty dollars in his pocket in small bills. The missionary spoke a little while and John said to

himself, "I will give him a dollar." A very pleasing anecdote led him to say, "One dollar is not enough. I'll give two!" A moving appeal touched him so much, that he said, "He shall have five dollars!"

All this was "said to himself." After the discourse the people were asked for money, and after a while John started up the aisle, and when almost to the altar, he stopped, and looking over his shoulder as if talking to somebody, he said, "What did you say? that I am a fool for giving money just now when I am wanting money so much? You say I am a fool do you?"

This was said in a voice half serious and half half comical, and going up to the missionary, he counted out the entire twenty dollars in his pocket. Then turning to look over his shoulder he exclaimed, "There Mr. Devil, I'll teach you to hold your tongue the next time. You said I was a fool for starting up the aisle to give ten dollars, and the outcome of it is that this good man has got the whole twenty. You will hold your tongue the next time, won't you?"

And droll as it was thus to talk, it seems to me that some of us might afford to consider whether it would not be better and safer to let the devil's logic force us to conclusions, not such as it usually commends, but rather such as John that night adopted.

It is enough to say that John prospered. John is rich.—Interior.

## THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

The sacred scriptures speak distinctly and solemnly of the end to which the way of the transgressor leads. Men may, if they choose, deny it, and try to explain it away. But there it is as the mouth of the Lord has spoken it. There may be figurative language used; but these figures mean something. God is no trifler. He plays no paltry tricks upon His creatures. He said to Adam, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die." A lost Paradise, a cursed earth, and the sickness, sorrow, years, lamentations and weeping of six thousand years have proved that he meant what He said. Ah! it has come to pass as we see this day. And so will the threatenings which he has made about the second death. These all the dreadful figures, if figures they be, by which the sufferings of the finally impenitent are shadowed forth, will be found to be dreadful realities. What definitely will constitute the sufferings of the enemies of God I do not pretend to know, and I shall not draw upon imagination for a picture of that land of darkness, death and long despair. But this I know, when the transgressor shall hear the sentence which shall banish him from God and all good beings; when the light of eternity shall fall upon the tablet of memory, and bring out in distinct and legible characters the sin and guilt, and folly of a mispent life, when the sleeping conscience shall awake to sleep no more, and point to time mispent, talents unimproved, and occasion passed forever by when the poor undying soul shall remember gospel calls slighted, gospel offers rejected, and gospel salvation lost forever; when in the terror and dismay of that dread hour the poor sinner shall cast an eye back, and find no help, and forward and see no end; when he shall lift it upward and in anguish say,

Farwell, ye happy fields,  
Where joy forever dwells,  
Hell, horrors hell  
Infernal world! And thou, proudest hell  
Receive thy new possessor!

He will then know, as God in His mercy grant that none of us may ever know, that the way of the transgressor is hard.—Rev. S. B. McPheters, D. D.

## THE HALF-WAY PLACE.

"John," said the teacher, "have you found the beloved disciples place in Jesus's boom? Are you eyes and hand to-day?"

John's wife and glad smile said even more than his "I hope so."

"And Fred, how is it with you?"

"I guess if there is any half-way place I'm there," said Fred, who had been halting some time between Christ and the world.

"And how long do you mean to stay there?"

"I don't know. I can't get any farther."

"Ah, you mistake. Where is the half-way place?" Where would it have been to the prodigal had he stopped there? Still a long way from home. No father in sight. No home near. No food. No clothes. No faded calf. No golden ring. The least not made. He never would have heard those precious words, "My son was lost and is found." He would still have been lost. Half-way home he would have been no better than the far country. But there is no half-way place. Half a Christian is still a sinner. Half-way to heaven is no where near the pearly gates. Half-way to Christ is still on Satan's ground, for "he that is not with me is against me." Christ wants your whole heart or none.

"Do you like half-way friends?"

"No, I despise them."

"Do you suppose Christ wishes such friends? Do not stop any longer where you are. If the Lord be God serve him; if Baal, follow him."

The half-way place, if such there be, is Satan's favorite ground.—S. S. Times.

## ANTICIPATION OF DEATH.

How peacefully and gently God deals with those who put their trust in Him! What catastrophes are turned aside—what judgments spared their force before they reach our tabernacle! I have found, in all things in my personal experience, that God's discipline is different from what our haughty and vindictive nature would lead us to expect. He makes use of time. He teaches us by many lessons. We have learned but little since the last time; but he repeats his admonitions again, making allowance for our slow parts and reluctant wills. The old obstacles are still in the way; our vision is not wholly cleared; distressing temptations have still power, but he does not let them put us to shame—when we even expect him to cast us off—he has not done so. He has watched over us in our waywardness. When slighted and forsaken, he has

come again to our rescue in time of need. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Having long experienced this mercy and tenderness, we come to know him. He will manage our death for us, and as he has managed our other affairs, without shock or alarm to the remaining or departing. He holds us up perpetually, and will do so especially in a moment to us so critical. We shall wonder when he has borne us through, how slight a thing that great operation was. Like many things we have known, formidable in apprehension but easy in experience, our next hour after the transition will be as natural and as well provided for as any hour we have known.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace of our made to know how much cross was in our composition.

## Religious Intelligence.

ITALY.

PADUA.—The Report of the proceedings of the Missionary Committee of Review, and the princely generosity of Mr. Fersley and Mr. Heald, has, as you may suppose, filled us with joy and thankfulness. I have not been able to visit Rome as yet since then, but shall be there before the end of next week. Meanwhile Signor Scirelli has been on the look out for a suitable site, and, though just now the purchase of property or even land in Rome is attended with peculiar difficulties, yet he is not without hope that, out of two or three localities which I want my inspection, one may be found adapted to your use. Of his evangelic work he writes encouragingly. I send you a few notes culled from his letters.

On the evening of the thirtieth of August, the first Roman converts trod to Christ in connection with Methodist agency were admitted to the communion of the Church. From the first, in connection with our work in Rome we have had a little nucleus of Church members; but these were persons who had received the truth in other parts of Italy. On the date above mentioned, seven men and four women, whose hearts had been touched under Scirelli's own preaching in Rome itself, and who, after several months' special instruction had given satisfactory evidence by lip and life of sound conversion, received publicly the faith in Christ. Signor Scirelli, writing to me the day after, thus describes the service:

"Allow me now to give you an account of the proceedings of yesterday evening. I will not say that the hall was crowded with people, because there were only about seventy persons present; but I can say that all were attentive, and that the greater part gave signs of approbation of what was said and done. Signor Ravi, Minister of the Free Italian Church, delivered a brief discourse on the wonderful love of Jesus Christ for mankind. I then publicly interrogated the eleven catechumens on the cardinal points of evangelical doctrine; and when they had all made distinct avowal of their faith, I declared them formally admitted to our communion, and constituted members of the Methodist Evangelical Church in Rome. We then sang for the first time that magnificent hymn,—'Rock of ages, cleft for me.' O de seculis alta vocata, which I know to be so great a favourite with our English brethren. Then came the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in which took part, besides Signor Ravi, also Signor Ponsi, Minister of the Vaudou Church in Rome; and Mr. Bruce, Director of the Bible Society's operations in Italy. It was a most graceful manifestation on the part of these brethren of sympathy with our infant Church, and an indubitable sign of the mutual affection existing between the various labourers in the Lord's vineyard in this important city. The service was concluded by the singing of the hymn, 'O Redemptor Divinus,'—the same hymn which on the 7th of May we were unable to terminate, owing to the explosion of the bomb.

Under any circumstances, death is a severe test of religious sincerity; especially in the case of a young Church, newly planted in an alien soil, and surrounded by hostile influences. Yet, tried even by this test, our little Church in Rome has proved itself "a genuine work of the Spirit of God." Maria Clemente, wife and mother, had heard and embraced the truth, and was under instruction for admission to the Church, when her health became seriously to fail. She was at that time at Albano, but returned in haste to Rome, and the Minister was soon summoned to what was evidently a bed of death. The dying woman requested to have the sacrament administered to her. "I shall never forget," writes Scirelli, "that moment, full of salutary and holy feelings, when, surrounded by several of our pious sisters, by her weeping husband and oldest daughter, this newly-called, but faithful, disciple of Christ exclaimed in the very words of her Divine Master: 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' Partaking then, with sighs and tears, of the symbols of Christ's body and blood, she testified of her faith in Him, and declared Him her only and sufficient Saviour. Two days afterwards the messenger came for her. During these two days of constant suffering she never lost her peace of God. Amidst all the pains of mortal disease, a smile was often visible on her lips,—clear evidence of the calm that reigned in her heart; and even after the vital spark was extinct, the lineaments of her countenance still revealed the peace in which she had died.

She was buried in the Protestant cemetery, being the first Roman convert from Popery into the evangelical Rites in that city. The novelty of the ceremony attracted a great crowd of people, but no one ventured to disturb the solemn function even with a word or gesture of disrespect. I may mention, also, in honour of the public officials, that as the family was poor, and the charge of admission to the Protestant cemetery heavy, the Commission of Public Health, on Signor Scirelli's statement of the case, at once gave the necessary order for the admission of the corpse, and took upon itself the settlement of the usual seventeen Ro-

man crowns with the directors of the cemetery. One other fact may not be without interest. Rome has its Smithfield,—the square now called the Campo de' Fiori, in the same quarter of the town in which is situated our Methodist preaching hall. Early in September occurred the anniversary of the day in which one of the many noble confessors there immolated went up in his chariot of flame to heaven. The name of the monk Giovanni Molino, will not be familiar to many at home, yet it is by no means the least in the long roll of Italian martyrs. By a happy inspiration Signor Scirelli proposed to his brother Ministers to get up a sort of public meeting in commemoration of his martyrdom on the recurrence of the anniversary date; and by a yet happier impression on the original suggestion, it was determined that this should be the first of a series of similar celebrations. The place of meeting, decided by lot, was the Methodist preaching hall in Via de' Barberi; the chair of presidency, assigned also by lot, fell to Signor Ludovico Conti, Evangelist of the Free Italian Church. The discourse was delivered by Signor Scirelli himself. I have it by me in manuscript, and am about to print it in the columns of our monthly journal,—the *Corriere Evangelico*. It contains a vigorous account of the life and death of its subject, interspersed with apt and spirit-stirring applications to current times.

"The audience," writes Scirelli, "was very numerous; the hall was crammed, and we were obliged to occupy the room at the back, while the street itself was thronged with persons who stood on the open doors and windows. There was not the slightest disturbance, and a most excellent impression seemed to be produced on all. 'Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be the glory.'"

I will write to you again after my return from Rome. These few facts will, in the meantime, suffice to show that the Lord is with us in our work, and will encourage those many friends who by pecuniary sacrifices and efficacious prayers are seeking the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in this land, where another kingdom, not of Christ but of antichrist, has so long dominated, and so wonderfully, under our very eyes, collapsed in ruin.—From Rev. H. J. Piggott, September 16th, 1871, in *November Missionary Notices*.

## PERSECUTION IN CHINA.

The Church of the present day is having a fight with China, as the apostles of primitive times had with the Roman government and people of their day. And as the apostles triumphed over Rome by the divine aid afforded them, so shall the Church of the present day triumph over China. The fight has begun in Foochow mission, as the reader will learn from the following letter received at the Mission Rooms from the Rev. R. S. Maclay, D. D., Superintendent of our Foochow mission. It is dated at Foochow, September 6, 1871. Dr. Maclay says:—

"A few days since I forwarded you a brief account of the excitement in this city, produced by the persistent circulation of slanderous and malicious reports charging foreigners with having concerted a scheme to poison all the wells and fountains of water so as to destroy the Chinese. In that letter I expressed the hope that the excitement had then reached its climax and would gradually subside. As far as Foochow city is concerned this hope seems likely to be realized. There has been no further outbreak of popular violence. Our chapels in this city have not been molested, and inflammatory reports are no longer circulated in the streets. I am sorry to say, however, that the slanderous charges against foreigners are almost universal; they are believed by the people of this city, and a spirit of bitter hostility to us seems to have taken possession of their minds. What the issue will be is known only to Him who knows the end from the beginning.

"But while within this city the excitement has somewhat subsided, it is now raging in the country districts with greater violence than it ever did in the city. Two chapels and one bookstore in the outlying districts have been pulled to pieces, and the foundation of another chapel, which the Christians had laid, has been torn up by the mob. Four Christians have already been cruelly beaten, and the enemy now threatens the utter extermination of all who worship God and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. At present the excitement is greatest in the Kuck'eng and Changioh Districts, and it is there that the chapels and book-store referred to above have been destroyed; but the inflammatory rumors are spreading rapidly into other districts where Christian societies have been gathered. We have received letters from our preachers in the Sienyu, Picudien, Hochiang, Minchiang, and Nanping Districts advising us of the threatening aspect of affairs in those places and soliciting our prayers. It is very affecting to read their expressions of cheerful confidence in God while the infuriated mobs are howling around their dwellings.

"Brother Ho Po Mi (ordained Elder) writes from Hing'chi city, where the excitement has just commenced, saying: 'This day of China's calamity, but it may be the time of glorious prosperity for the Church of God. Perhaps during the present storm I and my family may glorify God in this city. May God protect His Church and its preachers, both foreign and native! and best of all, may we all have hearts prepared with peace to glorify the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Brother Ling Ching Ting (ordained Elder) writes from Sienyu city, when the excitement had just commenced, advising of the existing rumors, pointing out the similarity between these rumors and those that were circulated last year at Tient-sin just before the frightful massacre, and closing with these words: 'Pray for the grace of God keep all our hearts in peace.'"

Brother Ho Yung Mi (ordained Elder) writes from the Minchiang District advising of the imminent peril to which he is exposed, and then says: 'In this strange place there is no room to aid me in protecting my wife and children. My sole dependence is in God. He is all powerful and can protect under all circumstances. In heaven there will never be any more sorrow. Do all you can to aid us, and cease not to pray for us.'

"Bro. Piang Ting Hie (unordained preacher) writes of the danger to which they are exposed at Chionghwang, and after requesting us to do what we can to help them, closes his letter with these words: 'But with regard to these troubles, all the Christians pray God to grant them the sword of the Spirit with which to destroy the machinations of the devil, and that all the followers of Jesus may be armed as soldiers of the cross, and go up to scatter all the hosts of Satan, thus rescuing the people from the death of sin, and leading them to life in Christ.'

"Brother Yek Ing Kwang (ordained deacon) has charge at Kueching City, where our chapel and parsonage were destroyed by the mob on the night of August 30, 1871. After the riot he could find opportunity to write only a few words, so he simply advises us of the calamity, and adds: 'Thank God! no lives were lost, and no one is seriously injured.' Those who personally know this boy preacher, as well as those who may have heard or read about him will doubtless be glad to learn how he bore himself during these trying scenes. I therefore give a few particulars which I obtained from the messenger who brought the tidings of the riot. It seems that the mob kept its plans a profound secret till the attack was actually made on the chapel and parsonage. As soon as Bro. Yek Ing Kwang ascertained the intentions of the mob, he at once provided for the safety of his family by removing them through a back door into the house of a friendly neighbor. He then attended by a few Christians went out boldly into the streets filled with angry people, and, though a hundred miles away from any foreigner, he walked calmly through the surging crowds to the yamen of the district magistrate. Arriving there, he found the crowd so great that it was impossible for him to get in. Foiled in this attempt, he next went to the yamen of the Milan, the officer of the city, but he found the gates closed, and was told that the officer was asleep. Returning to the magistrate's yamen, he finally succeeded in spite of the insults and blows of the mob, in forcing his way into the presence of the magistrate, to whom he gave a plain account of the destruction of the chapel. The magistrate immediately turned to the crowd, denounced their lawless proceedings, and ordered them forthwith to disperse, which they silently did. Shortly afterward another crowd gathered at the yamen, vociferating charges of the most heinous character against Christians as the agents of foreigners. The magistrate angrily rebuked the rioters for such disorderly conduct, and ordered them to disperse, telling them if they had any charges to present against the Christians he was ready to hear them at the proper time and in the usual way. It was not long before another crowd collected, and seemed disposed to overleugh the authority of the government; but the resolute magistrate boldly faced them, denouncing their conduct in the strongest language, and threatening to punish every man of them. This last charge was successful. The crowd slowly dispersed, and order was restored for the balance of the night.

"A few days subsequently the people seized three of the Christians, and after beating them severely, handed them over to the magistrate. The only accusation against them was the bringing and absurd accusation of having poisoned the wells of the neighborhood. Brother Yek Ing Kwang soon heard of the affair, and immediately went to the magistrate's yamen, and explained the case so satisfactorily that the magistrate at once released one of the arrested Christians, and to conciliate the crowd went through the form of shutting up the other two for a few days, at the same time assuring our preacher that he would soon release them. This morning I was happy to receive the intelligence that they had been set at liberty. I have given the foregoing particulars, not to the brother Yek Ing Kwang but simply to show the grace of God vouchsafed to him, and to afford a laudable satisfaction to all who are interested in the cause of the Redeemer in China. Rev. Olin Gibson, Superintendent of our mission to the Chinese at California, who, while a member of the Foochow Mission, trained brother Yek Ing Kwang in the boarding school of the mission, and other former members of this mission, who are now in the United States, will be profoundly interested, I am sure, in reading the foregoing statement.

"In a previous letter to you I offered some suggestions with regard to the origin and ultimate design of this strange movement. I now give you the opinion of one of our oldest preachers, whose name I withhold, lest its publication might operate to his injury. He writes that in some of the districts adjacent to his field of labor the mandarins are actively engaged in the disreputable work of circulating vile slanders against foreigners, and exciting the hatred of the people against the native Christians. They do so, he continues, because they are displeased at the rapid spread of Christian doctrine, and the largely increasing number of those who are applying for baptism and admission into the Christian Church. Another of our preachers states that in his district the magistrate charges foreigners with the crime of poisoning wells, and advises the country people to prevent all preachers of the Gospel from entering their villages. It would, of course, be unfair to hold the Government of China responsible for all the acts of its subordinate officials until it has had an opportunity to approve or disapprove of them; still, the facts I have stated are not without significance. I learn, moreover, that at Amoy a military officer has done all he could to spread these false rumors among the Chinese, while at the city of Changchow the magistrate gives his official sanction to the truth of the same rumors. I give these facts without comment, leaving our readers to draw their own inferences. One thing, I think, is certain: Protestant missions in China are not a failure. Another thing I record with humble gratitude, and that is there are hundreds of heroic souls connected with our mission who, for Christ's sake, take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, who submit cheerfully to stripes and imprisonment, and who, at the Master's call, are ready to love not their lives unto the death. Will the Christians of America pray for us in this hour of trial? C. Russian Advocate.



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According to the present Census, Nova Scotia gets an increase in subsidy of nearly \$46,000; and an additional two members...

Supreme Court.—The case of the Bank of Nova Scotia against Forman's estate was finished yesterday. The jury gave a verdict for the Bank for \$12,000.

Rev. C. F. Ireland, Lecturer, P. L., says, "in singing your Pain Eradicator in my family we find that it possesses the rare quality in a patent medicine...

Current News.—Among the many advantages of the present day, is cheap reading...

Marriages.—At the Wesleyan Parsonage, Middleton, Nov. 1, by the Rev. J. L. Spong...

Halifax Chamber of Commerce.—A special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held on Tuesday evening...

Registration of Births and Deaths.—Every Birth should be registered within 60 days after taking place...

Deaths.—On Monday, 20th inst., at St. John, N. B. H. J. McLaughlin...

Shipping News.—PORT OF HALIFAX. ARRIVED. Nov 21—Stm's Caspian, Ritchie, Montreal...

TELEGRAPH NEWS.—LONDON, Nov. 23 (Eve).—The Prince of Wales is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever...

LONDON, Nov. 26.—Physicians in attendance on the Prince of Wales, issued a Bulletin last evening, stating that all was going well...

LONDON, Nov. 27.—Official bulletin of physicians says Prince of Wales passed a sleepless night. The fever is increasing but the strength of the patient holds out against it.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—The Cubans have repulsed an attack of the Spanish troops. The Standard lost 120 killed and 300 wounded.

For cramps and pains try Nelson's Rising Sun Liniment. It never fails.

EDITORIAL NOTES, &c.—CONFERENCE PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP, 1871.—This, prepared by Mr. J. R. Woodburn...

Mr. Woodburn generously provides a copy of the picture for presentation, without charge, to each Minister represented in the group.

Additional copies may be obtained either at the Book Room, Halifax, or at Mr. Woodburn's Studio, 16 King Street, St. John, at \$1.50.

We trust that the sale will be a very large one, in order that Mr. W. may receive some compensation for his labor, artistic skill, and business enterprise in the getting up of this really admirable work of art...

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., the following pieces of Music: "The School House in the Lane." It is in

the key of C, is easy and pretty, has a good chorus, and only rises to D. Nice title-picture of the handsome schoolmistress with her pupils.

"Out in the Storm." A plaintive ballad, key of D, easy. Rises to d. Good chorus, and illustrated title. Both songs are by E. Christie.

"Kitty my darling has gone to Rest." By Agnes Ashton. In the key of B-flat. Moderately easy, with chorus, and is a pleasing song in popular style.

"Marche des Tambours," by Mack, is one of a set called "Golden Echoes," which contains 25 excellent and easy instructive pieces.

"Gondolina." By Edward Dorn, contains graceful Gondola music. Not difficult. In the key of G.

Welcome to Spring, by Jungman, is marked with the delicate taste of this favorite composer. Key of D. Medium difficulty.

RECEIPTS FOR PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN. To 28th November, 1871.

From Rev. J. Seller, A.M. A. T. Matthews, 2.00  
From Rev. J. Seller, A.M. A. T. Matthews, 2.00

Butter and cheese are almost indispensable articles of food. Properly used, they are nutritious and healthy...

Have you a sore in the face, and is it badly swollen? Have you severe pain in the chest, back, or side? Have you cramps or pains in the stomach or bowels?

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is a most valuable remedy for all the above complaints, and is sold in bottles of 1/2 and 1/4 gallon.

THE MASON & HAMILIN, & GEO. A. PRINCE & CO., CABINET ORGANS.

English, American & Foreign Sheet Music & Books. A complete assortment on hand, and orders forwarded every week to the various publishing houses.

PELIER, SICHEL & CO., 127 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.

Cotton Warp. THE COTTON YARN manufactured at the New Brunswick Cotton Mills, has the name of the mills and our name on a printed label on the end of the handle.

Flour, Flour. Just landed ex D. S. Soule and Carlotta. 100 lbs Baldwin, Extra.

HARDWARE. The subscribers invite the attention of intending purchasers to their stock of Ironmongery, Hardware, Cutlery, Garden and Hay Tools, House-furnishing Goods, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.

THE LARGEST & CHEAPEST STOCK OF Reefers, Overcoats, Pants & Vests. 59 shirts and Drawers to be found at the BEE HIVE.

"Life of Jesus the Christ." BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER. The "crowning work" of its world renowned author.

FLOUR, FLOUR. Ex Chase and Carlotta. 1800 Barrels Flour. Superior Extras.

A NERVOUS INVALID. Has published for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervousness, general Debility, &c., a treatise applying the means of self-cure.

Overcoats, Tweed, Diagonals. Cloths, and Doekins in the City, to be found at the BEE HIVE.

Sugar, Molasses, &c. &c. The subscriber offers for sale, 10 lbs Sugar, 41 puns, Bright MOLASSES, 1 lbbl. Molasses, 181 Goat Saus, 2 Tamarinds.

Just received ex brig "Elba" from Antigua. JOSEPH S. BELCHER, Book's Warf.

FALL, 1871. The subscribers invite the attention of all WHOLESALE BUYERS to their extensive importations of all kinds of Hardware Goods.

Just Opened at the Bee Hive MY Stock of FALL and WINTER CLOTHING, consisting in part of YACHTING JACKETS, &c.

REFRIGERATORS, OVERCOATS, PANTS and VESTS, all of which will be sold at the lowest possible prices for Cash.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE. Fall, 1871. 95 & 97 GRANVILLE STREET.

Anderson, Billing & Co. Have now completed their importations for this season. They invite Wholesale Buyers to an inspection of their Stock, which, being purchased at prices much below manufacturers' present rates, will be found deserving attention.

Messrs. Peiler, Sichel & Co. AGENTS FOR STRAWAY & SONS' PIANO FORTE.

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English, American & Foreign Sheet Music & Books. A complete assortment on hand, and orders forwarded every week to the various publishing houses.

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Just received ex brig "Elba" from Antigua. JOSEPH S. BELCHER, Book's Warf.

British Shoe Store, 7-30 GOLD LOAN. OF THE Northern Pacific Railroad. Rapid Progress of the Work!

TO ANGLERS AND PEDESTRIANS. 100 pairs of the Celebrated ARMY BUCHERS. 99 GRANVILLE STREET.

Mourning Goods. We beg to intimate that we have this season imported a very large stock of the above, with a view specially to the wants of the City Trade.

NEWEST AND BEST MATERIALS. Our stock of Black Crapes is of extra value and of the best quality.

Just Published—October, 1871. Owen's Chronographical Chart, For the use of Schools and Academies.

BRITISH AMERICAN Book and Tract Depository. 66 GRANVILLE STREET.

THE REAL PRESENCE. A very interesting and instructive tract explaining the above with special facility and inducements to the Public—also Instruments from other good reliable makers, to suit purchasers, at very low prices.

NOTICE. CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 6th Nov., 1871.

THE Provincial Building Society, ST. JOHN, N.B. Established under special Act of Assembly, 10th Vic. Ch. 31.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA. Thursday, 6th day of November, 1871.

His Excellency the GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL. On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the authority of the Act respecting the "Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order that the following articles...

MAIL CONTRACT. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post Office Inspector, and marked SEALED TENDERS FOR MAIL CONTRACTS, will be received at HALIFAX, until 12 o'clock, noon, on FRIDAY, the 15th of NOVEMBER, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails six times per week, each way, between Halifax and Port George, on the route of the British North Atlantic and Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Richardson's New Method FOR THE PIANO FORTE. This well proved Method has been 12 years before the public. Carefully prepared, and highly recommended at the outset, it has steadily increased in public favor, until some years since, it fairly reached the highest position, and seems likely to retain it for a long time.

Richardson's New Method FOR THE PIANO FORTE. Annual Sale, 25,000 Copies. Commencing to take lessons, now-a-days, and purchasing a "Richardson" are very apt to be contemporaneous events.

FANCY COAL VASES. Japanned & Galvanized Coal Scuttles, FIRE IRONS & STANDS, Hand Scoops and Store Shovels.

UNDERTAKING! P. HUMBERT, UNDERTAKER, 64 Germain Street, Opposite Trinity Church, ST. JOHN, N.B.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. S. HOWARD & SON, HOLLIS STREET, ARE NOW SHOWING THE CONTENTS OF 306 Cases and Bales

New Seasonable Dry Goods, WHICH HAVE BEEN PURCHASED EXTREMELY ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS

BEST EUROPEAN MARKETS, AND WHICH WILL BE OFFERED TO WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CUSTOMERS

Proportionately Low Rates. ENGLISH OFFICE, 21 Brown street, Manchester.

1871—FALL—1871. Excellence with Economy. HOWARD, WHITEHEAD & CRICHTON, TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, AND OUTFITTERS, 185 HOLLIS STREET.

Begin to inform their friends that their Fall Stock, which is now nearly complete, will be found to comprise many FASHIONABLE NOVELTIES of Seasonable Goods, well worthy their attention.

Having made our purchases when woolens were at their lowest point, and having strictly adopted a purely cash system as a basis for all our transactions, thereby precluding the necessity of allowing percentage for unpaid credit accounts, it must at once become apparent that in our Establishment the READY MONEY BUYER will be offered advantages which it will be impossible to meet with elsewhere.

CLOTHS—Embracing a superb assortment of West of England Fancy Coatings and Trousering, Silk Vestings, Beavers and Plots, the New "Blue Wave" Overcoating, Elysians, Meltons, Naps and Irish Frizes, Searles and Irish Lining Cloths.

READY MADE CLOTHING—In this Department will be found a very complete Stock of Gentlemen's Made Garments, manufactured with the greatest care, in the most fashionable styles, from the best materials, and which will be offered at exceedingly low rates.

BOYS' AND YOUTH'S SUITS—A nice assortment of Tweed, Diagonal, Melton and Fustian Suits, kept constant in Stock, Boys' Hosiery, nicely braided and trimmed, only One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

SHIRTS—Our "ADONIS," made from Horrocks' Miller and Co's Shirting, just celebrated for its perfect fit, and gentlemanly and stylish appearance.

Gentlemen's TIES and SCARVES, COLLARS AND HANDKERCHIEFS, MERINO AND LAMBSWOOL UNDERCLOTHING

Our Custom Department is now in complete working order, and we have every confidence in directing the attention of purchasers, not only to the lowness of price, but also to the beauty and durability of the work which we produce, as we have spared neither trouble nor expense in securing the services of the best London workmen from the most celebrated West End Houses.

HOWARD, WHITEHEAD & CRICHTON, MANUFACTURERS OF THE SPINE PROTECTOR. (Recommended by the London Faculty.)

Colonial Store, 186 ARGYLE STREET, 186 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

JORDAN, McINNIS & Co. Ladies' Jackets. In all the leading styles. Fancy Cloaking in great variety. Waterproof, Plaids, and Faux, from 50 Cents per yard upwards.

House Furnishing Goods. Blankets, Quilts, Sheetings, Table Linens, Damasks, Towels, Tellinging, &c., &c.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. A well selected stock of Coatings, Tweeds, Doekins, Cassimeres, Meltons, Pilot Cloths, Moscow Beavers, &c.

Ready-made Clothing. Our assortment of Jackets, Coats, Pants and Vests, will be found large and well selected.

GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS. S. S. "AUSTRIAN." Anderson, Billing & Co. Have received per above steamer: WHITE SHIRTINGS, Black & Colored COBURGS, Brown WHITENEYS, Brown BEAVERS.

Medical Co-Partnership. Drs. Woodill & Trenaman. Have this day entered into Co-partnership for the practice of their profession.

PULMONARY BALM. VEGEABLE. PREPARED AND RECOMMENDED BY THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS IN NEW ENGLAND FOR THE LAST 40 YEARS. CUTLER, BROS. & CO., BOSTON.

TO ADVERTISERS. All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of advertisements should send to George P. Rowell & Co.

41 Park Row, N. Y., and are possessed of unequalled facilities for securing the insertion of advertisements in all Newspapers and Periodicals at low rates.

George P. Rowell & Co. for a Circular, or enclose 25 cents for their One Hundred Page Pamphlet, containing Lists of 2,000 Newspapers and estimates showing the cost of advertising, also many useful hints to advertisers, and some account of the experience of men who are known as Successful Advertisers.

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The Family.

WHERE IS PLEASURE?

BY ALICE CARY.

The roses were red at the window. And sweet with the May weather. And close to the bloom, inside of the room. Sat mother and child together; And the mother was rocking the babe on her heart.

And they both were rocked together. And soft through the curtain of roses. Which the roses could not smother. A beam of light, all golden white.

And the child was as fair as a picture. That is painted in fairy story: And he opened his eyes to a glad surprise. A-seeing the wonderful glory—

Opening his baby and beautiful eyes. A-seeing the wonderful glory: "Tis a wing of gold in the roses."

And now he was old, and he said to his heart, "I have got me no such pleasure."

For still it had fluttered before him. And still he had striven to gather. From sea and land, the light in his hand: And his cry was now: "My Father!

It is all with thee, my Father!" THE LOST FOUND. There was once a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide.

But that evening a gentleman, who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore.

WHAT TO READ, AND HOW. A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensation stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting.

Will you read a good book if I will let you have one? "Yes sir." "It will be hard work for you."

He went with him and received a volume of Franklin's works. "There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

Some who do not read flashy and worthless books, and who read good books, read them hastily, and with very little attention.

NOVEL READING. It cannot be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought by the more excitement of curiosity and sensibility may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel reading.

FAMILY NEWSPAPERS. Few persons have any just conception of the extent of their indebtedness to the papers for the information they possess or the moral sentiments they cherish.

THE SEED-TIME OF LIFE. Marvel of marvels is the soul of a child. Approach it on any side, and you will find mystery. The beginnings of all life are mysterious, but especially the beginning of intelligent life.

CHILDREN AND THE SPIRIT. Children absorb the age—not its learning, perhaps not its thought, but the spirit of its progress, its rectitude or its unrighteousness.

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It is not this one of the deep laws of our being? Childhood receives, most of us, the seed of life. If this be true, or only partially true, O, how sedulously should the soul be guarded and taught.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. The Philadelphia Medical Times gives the following as interesting to many readers. Half of all who live die before seventeen.

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NELSON'S CELEBRATED Cherokee Vermifuge. WORMS. Pleasant to take. WHEREVER a child is noticed to be growing habitually pale, complaining of violent pains in the stomach and abdomen, has variable appetite and a dry cough, and is frequently led, by irritation, to carry the hands to the nose, then try

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W. J. NELSON & CO., BRIDGEWATER, N.S. Sold by all Druggists and respectable dealers in the Dominion.

COLLINS' CHEST CURATIVE FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS COLIC CATARRH DROOP

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FALL, 1871. E. W. CHIPMAN & CO. DRY GOODS.

Suitable for the coming season, consisting of the following lines. A large and varied stock of DRESS GOODS, of the latest styles and very cheap.

Shawls and Woolen Goods in great variety. TWEEDS, DOESKINS, SATINETS, CASIMERES, BROADCLOTHS, PILOTS, &c. &c. &c. FLANNELS, all colors, qualities, and prices.

Clothing in great Variety. PRINTS, Furniture do, Grey and White SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS. DAYASKS, MOREANS, Green, Buff and White HOLLANDS for Blinds.

Flowers, Hats, Feathers, etc. A large stock of White and Colored WARP constantly in stock. Haberdashery and Small Wares, And sundry other articles usually found in a large warehouse.

UNION MUTUAL Life Insurance Company, of Maine. INCORPORATED 1848.

No Stock or Guarantee Capital drawing interest, but in lieu thereof \$1,000,000 Surplus. Directors' Office: 27 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSETS JANUARY 1ST 1871. Dividends paid in 1870. BOARD OF REFERENCE. HALIFAX, N.S.—Hon Charles Tupper, C.B. Hon J. McCully, James H. Thorne, Esq. F. W. Fish, Esq.

THE GUELPH Sewing Machine Co. Is the Popular Sewing Machine of the day. Office and Sales Rooms, 151 Barrington Street, Halifax.

WILLIAM CROWE, General Agent for the Province of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island, and Newfoundland.

REMOVAL. AMERICAN HOUSE. Kept by Misses Campbell & Bacon. 111-112 subscribers have removed from the first corner House, No. 12 Jacob Street, to that new and commodious House.

WILLIAM CROWE, 151 Barrington Street, Halifax. Machines hired by the day or week, or can be paid for in weekly instalments.

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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac. DECEMBER, 1871. Last Quarter, 5th day, 2h. 31m. morning. New Moon, 11th day, 11h. 47m. afternoon.

Table with columns: Day, Sun, Moon, Rise, Sets, Rise, Sets, Rise, Sets, Rise, Sets. Rows for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

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