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Religious Miscellany.

"It is more Blessed."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give as He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer's shower pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint *miserere*
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate;
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion,
Smile at the song of the restless emotion,
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
Hear, and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses;
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses;
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweeter is music with minor-keyed closes;
Fairest the vine that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking;
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave.

Prayer Answered.

In one of the cottage houses of a densely peopled village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about nineteen years ago, a pious woman was sitting waiting the return of her husband from his daily toil. It was almost midnight; her children were in bed—they were accustomed to rise early, from the eldest to the youngest, to add to the common stock—a stock diminished by the intemperance of the father, who, for some time had been in the habit of spending his evenings at a neighbouring public house. His wife was an industrious woman, and the duties of her family had engaged her attention up to that hour. She put away some articles of clothing she had been mending for one of the children; and wearied in mind and body, anxiously waited for the well-known step of her husband. Her thoughts wandered back to her early wedded life; they were both at that time thoughtless and gay. She thought of the gradual estrangement from home of her once devoted husband; of the birth of her first child; and how, when watching over it, she had been led to think of the prayers of a now glorified mother; how she, too, had knelt and prayed for the forgiveness of sins, and obtained mercy through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and how she had been enabled to hold on her troubled way, at times rejoicing even in tribulation. She prayed long for her husband's conversion, and thus far, saw no answer to her prayers; but her confidence in God remained unshaken; and now, placing the Bible (her salace and joy since she had found the way of peace) on the seat of the arm chair, she knelt and read some of the precious promises of God; then, pouring forth her soul in simple childlike prayer, such as only a woman strong in faith could have offered, she rose, refreshed, strengthened and calm. Throwing her shawl over her head, she wended her way to the too well-known public house. As she raised the latch, the clock struck one.

Her husband was sitting in the bar with some of his fellow workmen and the landlady, when she entered. In an angry tone he bade her go home. The landlady said, "Wait a little, your husband will go with you." She advanced to the table where they were sitting, and said in a calm voice to the landlady:

"Mrs. ———, seven years is a long time to wait for anything, is it not?"

"Yes," said the landlady, "but fourteen years is longer, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "but twenty-one years is longer still. I have waited and prayed twenty-one years for the conversion of my husband; and as sure as he is sitting in your bar, I shall live to see him pass this house, and have no inclination to enter; for God will answer my prayer."

She turned to leave the room, and her husband followed her; but no angry word passed his lips—he seemed to quail before her.

About this time, the Rev. J. Rattenbury was stationed at Leeds. On the Sunday following the night just mentioned, Martin——— was induced to accompany his praying wife to hear him. The text announced was the pious resloution of Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The word came home with power, the arrow of conviction sank deep into his soul. For several days he groaned for mercy: but the hour of his deliverance came

"The Spirit answered to the blood,
And told him he was born of God."

On the Sunday after his conversion, Martin returned from the chapel to his own happy home, with a firm step—the mid-day meal was spread upon the table—children were already seated; but his heart was full. "Children," said he, "Your mother's prayers are now answered. I have passed that house where I spent so much time and money, without the least desire to enter. Let us praise the Lord together." They fell upon their knees—he by the arm-chair, on the spot which had been, in times past a Bethel and an Ebenezer to his wife—and, with joyful hearts, they two raised their hearts and voices in gratitude and praise to God, who had plucked him as a brand from the burning; alike acknowadging his weakness, and asking strength to stand in the hour temptation.

God heard those prayers; and Martin——— became as eminent for piety as he had before been prominent in the service of Satan.

The Two Stewards.

The more we consider the responsibility connected with the possession of money the more solemn does the subject appear, and the more are we astonished at the indifference of many respecting this point. Far be it from us to imagine that God cannot work in the earth without money. He did so in the apostolic age, and could do so again. He, the Almighty One, is not bound to any one class of means; and though he may graciously say of this or that talent, "The Lord hath need thereof," yet he could do without anything of ours if he so pleased. It is great grace in him to use us or our property in any way. Yet it is evident that he does make use of what his people contribute, and the spiritual results follow the outlay of money in the Lord's work. Another thing is also equally plain—that to neglect availing ourselves of any openings for service under the influence of selfishness must be followed by sad consequences and bitter reflections. Take the following illustration:—

A public meeting was held in the outskirts of London, at which statements were made respecting the results of an effort set on foot two years before. A missionary had worked for that period in a neglected neighborhood, and his labors had not been in vain. Children growing up in ignorance had been sent to various schools, drunkards had been reclaimed, several persons induced to attend public worship, and some, it was hoped, had been really converted to God. It was also stated that several other neglected districts might be found within a mile of the room where they were then met, which, if cultivated as the one now reported of, might, it was hoped, under God's blessing, yield similar fruit. If sixty pounds a year were guaranteed, the society would place an agent in one or more of those neglected moral wastes; and could not some who were present assist in this needed work?

There were two gentlemen, professors of religion, at that meeting, both very wealthy, who had hitherto only subscribed a small sum annually for the cause. Conscience said to each, "You could very well spare that sixty pounds a year. You know that you are living in good style, furnishing your family with every luxury, and yet laying by largely. Sustain a missionary." One gave heed to the monitions of conscience. The next day he arranged for placing a missionary in a dense and immoral population; and soon a good man was found at work, talking, praying, preaching in the open air, holding cottage meetings, forming a ragged school, and other appliances for good.

The other rich man reflected and reasoned, discussed the subject over in his own mind, but all resulted in his casting an additional five pounds in the plate, and he went his way to the counting-house and mart to amass more wealth.

In five years death had summoned these two rich men into that world where riches such as men prize are not current coin, but where the result of riches well laid out are found blossoming in perpetual beauty. Before the first rich man entered heaven, some friends whom he had made with the "unrighteous mammon" were awaiting him in the better world, and the once neglected district was bringing forth cheering fruit. But round the dying pillow of the other came the scene of the public meeting, and a recollection of the battle he had fought out and lost that night. Many such scenes also passed in review, and no comfort could his riches give him, nor could he find any good excuse for having refused to obey the counsel of conscience. Whether he was "saved as by fire," or whether "drowned in destruction and perdition," it is not for man to say. There is reason to fear that the latter has been the case with many rich professors, and that the apostle's awful words of warning (1 Tim. vi. 9) are not without a terrible meaning. O! to think of a lost soul saying in the far-off coming eternity, "I was a *lover* of money, though a professor of religion. I would not heed Christ's words to take heed and beware of covetousness, and I am damned forever in 'destruction and perdition.'"

Let no one to whom it applies put away from them such a thought as this, or overlay it with irrelevant matter. Do not say, I believe certain doctrines; I have had many good feelings; I have done certain deeds. The question is, what do you really worship? that is, what do you prize most, and follow after most earnestly? Are you a covetous man, according to the standard which Christ has laid down? Do you love money? Are you hoarding it while God shows you so many ways in which it can be applied to spiritual purposes? O, remember "the covetous man cannot enter the kingdom of God." But remember also that the self-sacrificing Saviour's precious blood can cleanse you from the sin of covetousness, can melt the icy heart of selfishness; and be assured that if this is done you will desire, out of love to him who redeemed you, not "with corruptible things, as silver and gold," but with his own precious blood, to give yourself to him, and all you have to his service.—*Christian Treasury.*

Peculiar Ministers.

"We want a peculiar man at our place." Yes, and in the next town the people want a peculiar man also. There is a growing demand everywhere for *peculiar* ministers. Even the older churches, that have had the reputation of being staid, and not carried about by every wind, have caught the idea. They have found out that they must have a peculiar man for their young people. And the tastes of the people have become so various that it does require a singular man to meet them all.

But what is to be done with ministers who are not peculiar? men of common sense, sound judgment and sound learning; sober, prudent, pious men; men who are able to teach others, and are suited to be wise counsellors? whose character and influence are unequivocal? We are aware that an eccentric man, who is given to saying odd and strange things, is more amusing and attractive to the young; and that common sense and refined taste are not commodities that secure one great *eclat* in the world. But ought it not be considered whether the influence of the former is equally salutary, and as well suited to secure the salvation of souls? Doubtless God has called ninety-nine sober-minded men to preach the gospel, where he has called one peculiar man. If so, it is by their instrumentality in the main that the cause of Christ is to be carried on, and sinners saved, peculiar ministers being the exception, and not the rule.

Did not good sense and eminent fitness in things characterize our Saviour and the religion he taught, rather than oddity and eccentricity? Would not the churches of Christ have more dignity, and exert a more salutary and saving influence, by educating the young to pay greater deference to the ordinary and divinely appointed means of grace, than by attempting to gratify their desire for novelty and entertainment? a desire which, the more it is fed, the less it is satisfied. Though the young might be less highly pleased, would they not be more contented? Though fewer were attracted by human means, would not more be drawn from the Sprit's power? We do not object to peculiar ministers in their places, but do protest against a growing depreciation of, and discontent with, the ordinary ministry of the word as God has appointed it; a depreciation and discontent which have been fostered by the novel reading and popular lecturing of the day, and which are sadly affecting the stability and spiritual usefulness of the churches.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

The First Verse in the Bible.

The Rev. Dr. Murphy, Professor of Hebrew in Belfast, has recently issued a Critical Commentary on the book of Genesis, from a notice of which, by Dr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle, we extract the following:—

By adhering to his own judicious canons of interpretation laid down in the introduction, and to his sphere as an interpreter of the Hebrew text, Dr. Murphy makes the book of Genesis intelligible and self-consistent under all the lights of modern science and criticism. His style is singularly compact and pregnant. Take the following comment on the first verse of Genisis:

"This simple sentence denies Atheism—for it assumes the being of God.—It denies polytheism; and, among its various forms, the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good the other evil; for it confesses the one eternal Creator. It denies materialism; for it asserts the creation of matter. It denies pantheism; for it assumes the existence of God before all things, and apart from them. It denies fatalism; for it involves the freedom of the Eternal Being.

"It assumes the existence of God; for it is he who in the beginning creates.—It assumes his eternity; for he is before all things; and as nothing comes from nothing, he himself must have always been. It implies his omnipotence; for he creates the universe of things. It implies his absolute freedom; for he begins a new course of action. It implies his infinite wisdom; for a *kosmos*, an order of matter and mind, can only come from a being of absolute intelligence—It implies his essential goodness; for the sole, eternal, almighty, all-wise, and all-sufficient Being has no reason, no motive, and no capacity for evil; it presumes him to be beyond all limit of time and place; as he is before all time and place."

That's Me.

A poor Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a good Dutchman who kept up family prayer daily. One day he read, 'Two men went into the temple to pray.' The poor savage whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered, 'Now I'll learn how to pray.' The Dutchman read on. 'God, I thee I am not as other men.'

'No, I am not; but I am worse,' whispered the Hottentot.

Again the Dutchman read, 'I fast twice in a week. I give tithes of all I possess.'

'I don't do that. I don't pray in that manner. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage.

The good man read on until he came to the publican, who 'would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven.'

'*That's me*,' cried his hearer.

'Stood afar off,' read the other.

'That's where I am,' said the Hottentot.

'But smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.'

'That's me; that's my prayer,' cried the poor creature; and smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' until like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

Religious Intelligence.

Dark and Cruel Scenes in Africa.

A missionary writes:—We have had to witness some dark and cruel scenes within the last month. The natives have a strong belief in witchcraft. After the death of a person of note, some one is accused of having caused his death by witchcraft, and he is compelled to undergo the "Sassa Water" ordeal, which is as follows: Two or three pints of water are poured into a bowl, when the Sassa root (a poisonous root) is mixed with it; the accused, in the presence of a large company, drinks the contents of the bowl; if it can be vomitted, he is declared free of the charge; but if vomiting does not take place the person is immediately pronounced guilty, and in many cases suffers death.

A few weeks since a man died in a neighboring town. After his burial a poor married woman was accused of using her art of witchery, and thereby causing the death of the aforesaid person. She failed to clear herself. According to the country's custom she was immediately delivered up into the hands of the slaves, who committed such cruel and brutal acts upon her that I cannot speak of them, and had not one of our teachers heard of the case and hastened to rescue her, doubtless she would have been killed on the spot. According to the law of the country, I could not detain her without partly redeeming her. So the next morning I had to pay her enemies about $3. After which they destroyed her husband's house, and stole his little property. The sad event may be made a blessing, for both husband and wife are now living under mission protection, and attending our services.

But we were called to witness a far more cruel and bloody scene last Thursday. While conducting the early morning meeting on our mission, a number of armed canoes passed along to about three quarters of a mile distance, and there in cold blood murdered a poor man; after shooting him they cut his head and arms off. About an hour after we heard them returning amid firing of guns, beating of drums, and much shouting and noise; in the foremost canoe were a number of men with their bodies whitened, and wearing white cloths. These were thus distinguished because they were the principal actors in the fearful tragedy. Just as they had passed the mission house a number of females met them and ran into the water toward the canoe, when the foremost man of the party held up the *head*, and brandished a glittering sword beneath it, as though he was in the act of committing the deed. One of the arms was suspended from another canoe. After perambulating the rivers for some time, they returned to their town to make a great feast. Hearing that they had four other prisoners in their possession, I immediately took heart, and went to the town, which was in much confusion with drinking and dancing, especially the females. With difficulty I saw the chief, who assured me that the other prisoners would not be put to death, but returned to the country they had been stolen from, to settle the palaver. On turning round, my heart was sickened to see not far from me, placed on a mound of earth, the head and arm of the man who had been sacrificed in the morning.

A similar deed was committed, and a similar scene has taken place this week, not far from us. O when shall the light of the peaceful Gospel fully dawn upon this dark part of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty! It may be asked, Why are such scenes taking place or being renewed? Because, after a parent's death the sons are looked upon and told that they are only boys, and are not fit to occupy the father's post until some such deed has been committed by them, and to remove this stigma they either go or send to some of the many defenseless little towns beyond, and lay in ambush and seize the first person who may pass that way, thus bringing the country into constant quarrels with other tribes.

Church Tendencies.

It was natural that the bishop of Salisbury should refer at some length to the part which he had taken in the prosecution of one of the essayists. This he did, and confessed, in doing so, that the evils of the trial had been great; so that now no statement of doctrine, however accurate and minute, could protect the faith from such an interpretation as was put on the word "everlasting." The bishop sees the remedy for these evils in the synodical condemnation of heritical books, and in "mutual forbearance within certain limits between church and state." His lordship, we are informed, went on to discuss the relative advantages and disadvantages of the connection at present subsisting between these powers, and concluded by saying that "he would yield to no man in prizing the advantages of an Establishment; but, if called upon to choose between an Establishment and the faith, his choice would soon be made." "Gladly," he added, "would he surrender present advantages, if he could thereby raise the national belief to the standard of the faith." This is not the first time that the Bishop of Salisbury has alluded to this subject, and in his last words we see an advance of opinion, or rather feeling, for which we were scarcely prepared. Dr. Manning has told us how the high churchmen of his day said that, come what might, they would not leave the state church; but the Bishop of Salisbury is actually capable of sacrificing "advantages" for the sake of the faith once delivered to the saints. It is, however, no little gain that it is possible for a church dignitary now to discuss such a question with calmness and moderation. A still greater gain is it that the bare possibility of the national faith being restored by the separation of the church from the state should be admitted and looked at as a contingency. We notice, by-the-by, that the *Record* does not report this portion of the charge. Canon Dixon, of York, has gone farther than the bishop. Before "the gentry" and agriculturists of the North Riding at Reydale, he has stated his conviction that the separation of the church from the state will very soon take place. His words, given in response to the toast of the "Archbishop and the Clergy," are reported in the *York Herald* as follows:

"The Rev. Canon Dixon, in responding, said he believed it was the opinion of many that the time was not far distant when the Church of England would cease to be national; when that connection which had so long existed between the church and state would be dissolved. Such were the signs of the times, and such the tendency of legislation. He then adverted to various causes which were leading to this end, and added his belief that whatever might be the tendency of all statutable changes, the security of the church would be found in the hearts and affections of the people."

The canon is not dismayed, nor is he angry nor, more singular still, did his sentiments appear to create any consternation at the dinner-table. We think we see in his last reference an indication of a belief that the event will add to the strength, security, and success of the church.—*Nonconformist.*

Great Britain.

POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The great controversy as to the relations of this Church to the civil power on the one hand, and to teachers of heresy in her own fold on the other, is still going forward. Some new complications are entering into the conflict, rendering the issue still more doubtful. It does not appear that Dr. Pusey is making great progress in his proposed popular agitation for parliamentary reform in Church legislation. And the likelihood that he will venture upon the inauguration of a grand exodus from the Established Church, for the sake of obtaining freedom of government and discipline, as well as his fitness to lead in such a movement, and which of course, is expected to include many clergymen and people of evangelical or low church views, are seriously doubted.

The Bishop of Salisbury in a recent charge says: "My brethren, I yield to no man in prizing the Establishment of the Church of God, and to the maintaining of the acceptance of its doctrines on the part of the nation; but if I am ever brought to the sad necessity of choosing between the Church as an Establishment, and the faith as its deposit, I trust I shall not hesitate for a moment."

He also feels his heart warm to other bodies of Christ's people, and regards the late assaults on the common inheritance of Christendom as calculated to prepare "the hearts of men for communion with one another in one faith, by placing them side by side in a common defence of some of its articles; and I can truly say that this was my own feeling with regard to the Protestant Dissenters, when I received a token from one at Manchester, of his residness to bear part of the burden (of the late legal proceeding) which he thought was mine."

The Bishop of Gloucester, whom our readers remember as the eminently successful and staunchly orthodox commentator Ellicott, has also recently delivered a charge upon the same general subject, which, while sound enough as to the philosophy of the prevalent skepticism of the day, seems scarcely up to the serious nature of the emergencies into which the Church of England has been brought by the late decision of the privy council.

"Of the character of the recent judgment of the Privy Council"—thus he sets out—"calm and serious people seem now to be for the most part agreed. Its very limited scope is now becoming more clearly seen."

General Miscellany.

The Eagle Tower.

"Ned," said Mr. Blair, the teacher, to one of his boys one afternoon when school was over, tell your father that I shall walk out to see him after tea this evening.

"Very well, sir," said Ned, looking pleased: "and then you will see Bright-eye before he goes away."

"What!" said Mr. Blair, "is your father parting with Bright-eye?"

"Yes, sir; a gentleman fancied him and offered a good price for him. But you know, sir, there will still be the Duchess for you to get a ride on when you want to go any where."

"Thank you, Ned," said the teacher, smiling: and Ned set off swinging his bag of books."

Ned's father, Mr. Elliott, had a farm about two miles from the village, and Mr. Blair, who was a favorite with both parents and scholars, often strolled out in an evening to have a chat with the farmer, and enjoy the fresh country air. On this evening, when he got near the farm-house, he saw Mr. Elliott standing on the door-step talking with the groom who had come for the horse; and just as Mr. Blair joined them, Ned came round the corner of the house with Peter the stable-boy, who led Bright-eye by the bridle.

"A fine evening, Mr. Blair, said the farmer; I'm glad to see you sir. Here Ned, he continued, "run in and ask your mother for a dram for Mr. Jones here.

Ned glanced half smiling at Mr. Blair, but he ran into the house and quickly returned with a bottle and glass. The glass was filled and handed round. Mr. Eliott, the groom, and even Ned partook, but when it was offered to the stable-boy he declined.

"Hillos Peter," said Ned, "what's up now?"

"Nothing," said Peter, "only I'm not going to drink any more whiskey."

"Dear me," said Ned, "to hear you speak, anybody might think you were a great drinker."

"I don't want to be one," said Peter."

"Of course you don't; no more do I; but everybody doesn't turn a drinker that takes a drop now and then."

"Many a one does, though! it gets too strong for them before they know."

"More fools, they, then," said Ned. It would be time enough to stop if you were beginning to like it too well."

"I'm not going to try," said Peter, stoutly, and they both turned to give a parting pat to Bright-eye.

Mr. Blair had heard this conversation between the boys while Mr. Elliott talked with the groom; but when at last the horse and his rider were out of sight, he walked away with Mr. Elliott without making any remark.

A week afterward Mr. Blair and a number of his scholars took an excursion to an old castle a few miles from the village. It was a beautiful place, and a favourite resort for pic-nics and pleasure parties. Round an old tower of this castle, at a great height, ran a projecting ledge about two feet wide. This ledge could be reached by a window leading from an old staircase within, and it had sometimes been a boast of the village lads to walk up the crumbling stair and round the eagle tower; but two fatal accidents within a very short time had led all but the most fool-hardy to give up so dangerous a sport.. Ned Elliott was therefore much astonished when his teacher, tapping him on the shoulder, said quietly, "Come, Ned, let us see who will be the first round the Eagle Tower."

"Up high thers, sir, do you mean?" said Ned with wide open eyes.

"Yes, to be sure. Come."

"But—are you sure sir? Isn't it dangerous?"

"Dangerous! Why should it be?"

"Because sir," said Ned, glancing up at the dizzy height, "mightn't we fall.".

"O nonsense! Everybody doesn't fall that goes round. Many a one does it quite safely."

"Yes, sir," said the wondering Ned; "but then we might, you know. Jim Carter thought he could do it first rate and he fell; and it isn't so long since Harry Nelson was killed too."

"The more fools they," said Mr. Blair. "Why didn't they stop and go back when they began to feel giddy?" and he drew Ned towards the foot of the broken stasirs.

Ned, now in serious alarm, began to wonder if his teacher had suddenly gone mad, and looked round to see if any of his companions were in sight, when Mr. Blair, turning to him with a smile, said, "Why should you be afraid to try the Eagle Tower when I saw you, just last week, braving a much greater danger?"

"What do you mean, sir.?" said Ned.

"Why should you think it madness to go up there because you know of two or three persons who have lost their lives by doing so, and yet think that you and Peter might safely brave a danger by which not two or three, but hundreds and thousands are continually perishing? Dram drinking, Ned, seems to me like the Eagle Tower. Some may make the venture and come off with safety, though none with profit; but many fall headlong and perish; and it is too late to think of turning when the head begins to swim. Be as wise in the one case as in the other, my boy, and keep on safe ground."

Ned went home thoughtful, had a long talk with Peter, and within a month was enrolled as an abstainer.—*The Adviser.*

Captain Speke's Adventure with a Boa Constrictor.

At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched, a hunt was set afoot, and Captain Grant, myself, and some attendants were soon making our way to "the path." There were no animals when we arrived, except a few hippotami, and we were obliged to wait tho coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed; and, after a long delay, we were about to bag a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming up of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object, fired. M'Coll shot a fine young buffalo cow, whilst Captain Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo, and several spears cast by our attendants stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport for that day. I had sprung forward immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of my doing so a wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing round, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Captaid Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous.

My feelings may possibly be imagined as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose hideous head and neck projected some distance into view, showing that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly toward me; and as he flashed from his position like a thunderbolt, I gave myself up, for ere aid could have reached me, fold after fold of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I fell, seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange, indescrible scuffle ensued. In the midst of this terrible strife I suddenly became conscious of the presence of another victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind that this second victim was Captain Grant, my noble companion. At last, after being whirled about for several seconds, each second seemed to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness as of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Captain Grant leveling his rifle toward me, while standing beside and behind him were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm only had been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder, at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was ironlike in hardness.

As I saw Grant about to shoot a terror took possession of me, for if he refrained I might possibly escape after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared fully to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated; that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constricter. We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered at him had I dared; but the boa's head was within a few inches of mine, and the wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began gradually to relax his folds, and after retightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the only one that held me prisoner; and as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps upon being freed the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by my will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay. And such a mishap might bring the snare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile. Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes and saw them still gazing as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head and saw its bright deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey.

Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breath, and now a little more, until half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now or wait a more favorable movement? I decided upon the former, and with lightning speed I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome, and sinking down, I remained in a semi-conscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass, bushes and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two inches and a half in extreme length, while round the thickest part of the body its girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.

Why a Dog is not Human.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

He was already quite a philosopher, as he thought, when I first knew him, old Ben Thrall, and he grew wiser every day. He was very fond of making it out that men and animals are on a level, excepting that men walk on two legs and the dog on four. He could talk learnedly about the immutable laws of nature, and all that. It worried him much that old Mr. Crane his neighbor, would not see things as he did. Why! it was perfectly clear to him that of all things in the world, praying for what we want was the most absurd. And a world of such notions Ben held with the grip of a vise.

One day he was expounding to Mr. Crane how his dog, Carlo, had a mind and a reason, and faculties just like his own; and to, if the dog perished and was extinct at death, his master would be likewise.—It was a great desire in poor Ben's heart to prove that he should die like an animal and be no more! A great gain that!

"Now, friend Crane, I should like to know one thing, except that of speaking, why my Carlo, has not such a soul as mine? When he is hungry, he seeks for food. When he is cold, he comes to the fire and knows he shall be warm. When I was lumbering, last spring, he would always get near the fire in the night, and as it burned down, would hitch nearer to it."

"Very likely. But did he put on wood and renew the fire? Did he draw the fire-brands nearer each other? Why didn't he know enough to put wood on and continue the fire as you did, if he is a four-legged man?"

"But he knows a great deal."

"I don't doubt it. But when you went to see that poor fellow hung, for the murder of his aged mother, did not Carlo go with you?"

"To be sure he did."

"Did he see all that you saw?"

"Yes, I suppose he did."

"Well, when the man dropped on the gallows, how did you and the rest of the people feel?"

"Feel! Why, a shudder ran through the crowd. Some groaned, some fainted. For myself, I sweat like a man a mowing."

Did Carlo groan, or faint, or sweat, or have the same emotions as the rest of you? He saw just what you saw. Now don't you see, Thrall, that all this stuff about animals is nonsense? They can't see as you can the majesty of law and strength of justice taking hold of a criminal, and the safety of our lives depending on the punishment of the guilty. To him the execution was no more than the taking of the life of an animal, and all the teaching in the world could never make him see the difference."

"Well but we soon come to the end of our knowledge, don't we? You were saying, a day or two since, that you could not understand what made an earthquake, or a volcano."

"True. And so of a thousand things. But the difference is this, *that I know that I don't know, and your dog does not.* He is not aware that he does not know everything in the world, and hence he never tries to learn. This knowing our ignorance is one marked difference between man and the animal. You can't, by any possible training, bring an animal up to man, and you are very foolish to try to bring man down to him."

"But, Mr. Crane, I have seen a "learned pig," as he was called, do wonderful things."

"Wonderful for a pig, most likely, but a child that would not do more wonderful, you would think an idiot. When you find an animal that can take a book—"

"I saw a monkey take a book and hold it right end upwards, and look on it as soberly as you could,"

"Yes, but did he *read* the book? Did he get one thought out of it? We call this teaching the animal to perform "tricks," as they are called. But you would be mortified beyond measure to have your little boy carried round for a show, because he could do tricks of the "learned pig." When you are sick you call in the physician. You swallow, cheerfully, the most disagreeable medicines. Does your dog do so? Now, friend Thrall, do lay aside this nonsense. If you are sick, I hope to visit you. But I don't want to feel that I am visiting a mere animal. If you die as you must, your children will not want to feel that they have buried something as immortal as an old horse, and no more so. You can't make the horse into a man and why do you try to make [illegible] into a brute? I fear my poor [illegible] you want to escape the responsibility of a rational and immortal being, who must answer to God for all deeds done here in the body."—*S. S. Times.*

What the Minute Hand said to the Hour One.

"What no further?" said the minute-hand to the hour-hand of the time piece. "Why, I have been all around the dial since we parted, and there are you just one figure from the place I left you."

"And yet I have done as much work in the time as you have," answered the hour-hand.

"How do you make that out?" asked the other as he advanced to pass him.

"So," was the reply. "Your journey all round and mine from figure to figure, are each an hour's value; all are not able to arrive at the same conclusion with the same ease and readiness. But this is no fault on either side; only they who fancy, because they are always in a hurry, that they are doing the work of the world, are mistaken, and plume themselves on an importance and superiority by no means belonging to them. If you were to creep like me, the day would last nobody knows how long; and if I were to gallop like you, it would be over before it had well begun. Let us each keep our own pace, and then the business we are both upon will be well done between us."

"All right," said the minute-hand in the distance; "I'm nearly out of hearing now; so keep anything more you have to say till I pass you again."—*The Leisure Hour.*

Obituary.

MR. N. TUPPER, OF HILLSBURG.

Died on the 17th of September in the 57th year of his age, Mr. Nathan Tupper, of Hillsburg, N. S. He was born of respectable parents in the vicinity of Annapolis. Of his youth the writer knows but little. When he had arrived at the age of 23 or 24 he experienced the pardoning mercy of God, under the labours of some of the pioneers of Methodism, in this part of the Province, and at once connected himself with the Church in which he had been happily brought to an experimental acquaintance with the Saviour. Having continued as a consistent member of the church for some time, he was chosen to act in the capacity of society steward, which position he filled with much acceptance. His piety deepened and his zeal became more intense as years sped away, and he was elevated to the honorable and very responsible office of Class Leader. Here he found wider scope for his talents; and here he made himself very useful. As a class leader, we would record with unfeigned thankfulness, he was faithful in looking after each member of his classes to know how each progressed in his heavenward pilgrimage, and to encourage each to go forward in every good work. His religion was not a mere theory or a blind impulse; it was a living and constantly developed reality. His life was not merely preceptive genuine example was combined. This gave power.

The divine Master honored His servant, He did not let him labour in vain. Some were brought to God, and many were helped to climb rugged paths, by his untiring zeal and indefatigable efforts in the cause of Christ.

Our brother filled the position of leader, until his declining health rendered it impossible for him to discharge those duties. In the Summer of 1863 he was attacked by bronchitis. The progress of this disease was greatly accelerated by a heavy cold received whilst discharging the duties of his vocation. From this period his health began to fail rapidly. Sometimes he seemed very low, and then he would rally, and hope would bloom afresh. It was thought that the past summer would have a restorative tendency, and that he might be able to shake off his sickness, but in this fondly cherished thought, all were doomed to disappointment.

He often expressed a strong desire to remain and work for God, but his language was that of cheerful submission to the will of his heavenly Father. During his illness, the writer frequently visited him, and it was a great privilege to converse with one quite on the verge of Heaven—he was so happy, so peaceful, so filled with heavenly joy. He loved the cause of Christ—he loved the church of his choice—her doctrines, her discipline, her ministrations, and indeed all christians. But the hour of his dissolution drew near. He must go. It was my happiness to be there when the angel of death came; but our brother was happy, calm, and composed. He remarked, "I have had a hard struggle to day to come to the cross, but now I have the victory, Glory be to God." Then looking up, joy beaming upon his countenance, he exclaimed, "I see the crown." A few moments more and all was over. The spirit had gone to God who gave it. Thus our brother fell asleep in Christ. His mortal remains were interred on the 20th, and the solemn event was improved by a very appropriate discourse, by the Rev. Mr. Lockhart, founded upon 1 Cor. 15: 58.

The Rev. Mr. Taylor of Digby, the Rev. Mr. Dutcher of Digby Neck, and the Rev. Mr. Gordon, Presbyterian, of Bridgetown, were present, and two of them took part in the service. In the decease of our brother, the church has lost a faithful and useful member, the wife a devoted husband, the children an affectionate father, and the community a good, energetic man. May this dispensation be sanctified to all.

R. W.

It is our painful duty also to record the death of Willie, youngest son of our deceased brother and the surviving widow. He departed this life on the 3rd inst., in his 15th year.

About two years since during the incumbency of the Rev. Mr. Pickles, jr., on this Circuit, there was a religious awakening among the people in this village, and particularly among the young people. Willie was among those who professed to experience a gracious work of grace. It is however to be deeply deplored that during all those two years he did not retain his joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.

About five weeks since he was attacked by inflammatory rheumatic fever. Medical aid was called; temporary relief was obtained, but diptheria set in, and he sank rapidly. During the last week of his illness he was enabled to cast his sin-burdened heart upon the precious merits of Christ, and rejoice in the delightful assurance that God was reconciled. He died rejoicing in Christ, and has gone to the bliss of the heavenly state. We followed his remains to the place of the dead on the Sabbath. Bro. Lockhart delivered an impressive discourse to a large and attentive assembly on the solemn occasion. May the Lord sustain the widow in these sore bereavements, and may she with her family, and all, seek that grace that will sustain in death, and prepare for glory.

R. W.

Hillsburg, N. S., Nov. 9th, 1864.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, NOV'R. 16, 1864.

Editorial Notes.

PERSONAL.—We regret that some of our contemporaries in the United States, in their rabid sensitiveness with regard to every question bearing upon the present state of their country, have received with no good feeling, a friendly article which lately appeared in our columns, in relation to the abolition of slavery. On previous occasions we have observed similar manifestations of uneasiness at a word or sentence, not unkindly intended, by the Provincial Press, while English journals that have taken no hostile attitude to the interests of the Union, have not been treated more favourably. Even the London *Watchman*, a paper that has advocated Federal views very fully and fairly, and has never expressed sympathy with the Southern cause, has recently for no sufficient reason, come in for a share of vituperation. We do not refer to the subject for the purpose of recrimination. We should be sorry to retort the shot and shell which those ultra-abolitionists of Yankee-land think proper to employ; nor is it our purpose to argue with them upon the points which have been raised, as we very plainly perceive they are in no mood at present to deal calmly or reasonably on any subject affecting their national struggle; or to receive any hint, from whatever quarter, which does not perfectly agree with their own notions and prejudices. If they could reflect calmly for a moment, we would like to assure them, that the people of these Provinces are, to say the least, quite as good friends of the coloured race, as any party in the American Union—that we glory in belonging to a nation which expended her treasure freely to emancipate her slaves—that for ourselves we heartily abhor every system of human bondage—that Southern slavery presents abominations which ought no longer to be tolerated—and that, in our judgment, the complete emancipation of the slaves of the South, and their elevation to the full privilege of citizenship, on equality with the white race, should be only a question of time, to be brought about as early, and in such a mode, as would most comport with the general good of the slaves themselves. These sentiments have been our utterances on former occasions, nor have we heard or read any thing to lead us to modify our views.

With very many in the Union who are earnest advocates for the immediate emancipation policy, because as a war measure it seems to favour the end toward which they aim, we differ, as well in the disinterestedness and purity of our motives, as in our opinion upon the mode in which the real interests of the coloured bondmen can be best advanced. But surely we Provincialists are at liberty to cherish and to express our sentiments upon a question bearing on the well-being of a down-trodden portion of our race, without having attributed to us sins and principles which we have never known. We cannot but regard the animadversions of some of our contemporaries on this subject as a tissue of *misrepresentation, spitefulness, and insolence.* We hope for their own reputation, and for the sake of the honoured designation which they bear, they will learn to express themselves, especially on subjects upon which there is room for a difference of opinion, in terms of gentlemanly christian courtesy.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The Government of Nova Scotia has been pleased to appoint Thursday, the first day of December, as a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for providential mercies, especially for an abundant harvest, and the continuance of national peace.

MINISTERS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.—We have great pleasure in announcing that the two young ministers, which the Conference in Sackville asked from the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London, arrived in Halifax on Wednesday last, by the steamship *Africa.* Their names are Joseph Todhunter, and Henry L. Cranford. These young brethren have been for a considerable time under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Kessen, Islington, London, who has charge of the studies of the young men who offer themselves for Missionary service. Mr. Todhunter preached in Brunswick Street Church on the day after his arrival. They proceeded to St. John's, N. F., on Friday last in the Cunard steamer *Alpha.* One of these brethren will probably be stationed at Harbor Harbour, and the other at Greenspond. We congratulate our fellow labourers in the Newfoundland District on such an accession to their number, and we fear not that they will be able to give a good account of this reinforcement in due time. May the pleasure of the Lord, in the conversion of sinners abundantly prosper in their hands.

THE NEW DISCIPLINE AND RITUAL.—A correspondent of the *Zion's Herald* makes the following observations upon the discipline as amended by the last General Conference:—"The Lord's Prayer to be used on all occasions of public worship, and the people to join in it audibly." This we like; the people should have some part in the service. I am sorry we have not a ten or fifteen minutes' ritual for every public service for the people; a good influence on youth it would have. Something beautiful and impressive in a whole congregation reading select passages of Scripture together; children never forget it. Give us a brief scriptural "Sunday Service."

"Use the apostolic benediction." Good—don't like home made benedictions; I like much the benediction in the Ritual, and like to hear the pastor use it.

This section on Singing is good; but one item should be added, viz. "Let the congregation face the pulpit while singing." One half our New England congregations turn their backs on their pastor and the Bible, and look not on their hymn books, but up into the faces of the poor mortals who are endeavouring to lead the public praise. What ill taste and impudence! little in keeping with worship.

"Rules for a Preacher's Conduct." Excellent; some of them need publishing. "Avoid all affectation"—public prayer not above "eight or ten minutes at most." A Methodist pastor prayed fifteen minutes the other Sabbath, and since this new edition was printed, I have heard a Methodist pastor pray twenty minutes; and a good Calvinian pastor, I remember, prayed fifty! and such impatience in a congregation I hope you never saw.

"The pastor is permitted to omit the Scripture lessons on sacramental days." Bad advice this! Better read appropriate lessons, and give plenty of time to attend to that precious means of grace, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The new Ritual as a whole is excellent; the parts for the Admission of Members, Laying of Corner Stones, Dedication of Churches, admirable. They will be universally used.

MINISTERIAL SUPPORT.—An esteemed correspondent sends us the following:—

DEAR SIR,—In a late number of your paper, that class of ministerial supporters who pay their Pastor in produce, and charge him more for their oats than they can get in the market for them, are very properly exposed to the contempt of all honest men, whether christian or pagan. How ought that man to be regarded who can promise the minister oats in payment of his subscriptions, and never give them, or any thing else as an equivalent. The minister who would leave his Circuit without paying his baker, or his grocer, or making some provision therefor, would be considered dishonest beyond measure; but any number of those to whom he gives all his time may neglect or refuse to pay him, and yet claim to be considered *honest*, yea, lovers of the Lord Jesus!

A WESLEYAN.

From our English Correspondent.

Congresses in October—The Baptists—Independents—Presbyterians—Methodist items—City Road Chapel—Trial of Muller—Dangers on Railways—Book Room—British feeling towards Canada.

LONDON, Oct. 28, 1864.

This month of October might be called the month of Congresses and Conferences. There has been the Social Science Congress at York, under the Presidency of Lord Brougham. The British Association for the advancement of science was just concluding its annual assembly as the month was ushered in. In matters ecclesiastical, there have been within the last four weeks no less than four important congresses of as many different sections of the church. First in order of time, and also perhaps of importance, was held what is called the 'Church Congress,' in the ancient city of Bristol. Then came the meeting of the Baptist Union, held this year in Birmingham, and the Synodical assembly of the United Presbyterians of England, held in London. Last, not least, the Congregational Union has just concluded its autumnal sitting in the maritime town of Hull.

It is not many years ago, since the Wesleyan Conference was the only important ecclesiastical gathering held in England from year to year. But times are strangely changing. The principle of association is becoming more fully developed. Even Independents, with whom it has always been a first principle that every individual church of Christ ought to be a separate sovereign community, altogether independent of every other, are now found, not only assembling for united action, but dealing heavy blows to those of their own fraternity who, in conformity with long established usage, persist in maintaining a state of isolation. The Baptists are beginning to try the principle of combination; and the meeting of the "Union" recently held is, I believe, the second attempt in this direction. Baptists are more split up than any other sect in this country. It is stated that in the town of Newcastle there are no less than seven different kinds of Baptists. There is one broad line of distinction which has always been drawn, namely, the distinction between the Particular and the General Baptists—those who believe in particular redemption with Calvin, and those who believe in general redemption with Arminius and the early church. It is even proposed to abolish, or at least overlook, this distinction, and to unite all Baptists in one great imposing organization. Unless the temper of some worthy men calling themselves Baptists be greatly mollified and improved, we may safely venture the prediction that no such union will be accomplished, or that if accomplished, it will be only of short duration. But Mr. Spurgeon and other leading men, are dead against church isolation, and altogether in favour of something like a connexional bond of union.

As to the Presbyterians, they are essentially like ourselves, a connexion. Their system of synods and of a general assembly answers to the Methodist system of District meetings and Conference. It is therefore nothing new that Presbyterians should hold these annual gatherings. But it is something new that they should hold them in England. Till within the last few years, Presbyterianism has been confined almost exclusively to the Scotch. It has had a sanctuary here and there in England it is true, but only for Scotch residents; at least no English people ever thought of attending, nor did the Scotch attempt much, if anything, in the way of proselyting. But the last six or eight years have witnessed a remarkable change. Presbyterianism has made a great start in England, more especially in London. Several large and imposing churches have been erected; some of the best men from North of the Tweed have been sent to fill the pulpits; and the result is that an English Synod—answering to what in Methodism would be a 'District'—has been established. The three great branches of Presbyterianism are all ably represented in London. The old Scotch National Church is represented by Dr. Cumming, who formerly was excessively popular, but has written and talked himself tiresome. The Free Church of Scotland claims Dr. James Hamilton. The United Presbyterians, who are doing nearly the whole of the aggressive work of which I have spoken, reckon as their chief men Drs. Macfarlane and Edmond.

I have not a great deal to report in the present letter touching Wesleyan matters. One admirable volume has been issued during the month,—the life of Thomas Owen Keysell. Mr. Keysell was a preacher of extraordinary originality and power. He was a holy man of God, and an earnest revivalist. This book, by Rev. Thomas McCullagh, an accomplished preacher and writer, has been received with marked favour, and is peculiarly seasonable at the present time. The reviews of various denominations have been unanimous in its praise, and it seems likely to have a considerable run. The early invitation of ministers to circuits has now reached the climax of absurdity. Invitations to 'come and travel in our circuit after the Conference of 1866,' are now freely tendered by Circuit Stewards, in many instances with an apology for being 'late in the field.' I could name a brother, not extraordinarily popular either, who was waited on by Circuit Stewards just six weeks after his arrival in a new circuit, to inquire if he would consent to take an appointment in their Circuit at the expiration of his term three years hence! The only remedy for such an absurd state of things lies with the preachers themselves. If a score or two of those most in request would agree to accept no invitation till within a specified time previous to their removal, it would cure the evil. But though a few appear willing, the majority seem to be otherwise, and nothing is done.

The venerable old City Road Chapel has just been modernised. The old fashioned pews have been all removed, the pulpit lowered five feet, the galleries and the lighting have been altered, a modern lobby has been introduced, and altogether the place has been, according to modern taste, vastly improved—that is deprived of its peculiar antique air, and made to look just like any other modern chapel. No doubt it is more commodious for worshippers in its present form; but the charm of old association, the pleasant idea that you are looking on John Wesley's chapel—that in those pews sat the elders of our Israel—all this is gone for ever.

The trial of Muller, accused of the murder of Mr. Briggs, is going on at this moment, but the case for the prosecution has not been closed at the time of my writing. Such interest has not been excited in a trial since the time of the murderer Rush. The court is small and inconvenient, and entrance is utterly impossible, from the number of applications. The provincial journals have sent reporters in such numbers, that it is said the representatives of the press alone fill two-thirds of the building in which the trial is going on. There is nothing bordering on popular excitement one way or the other. The English instinct of 'fair play' seems predominant on all sides.

The number of outrages in railway carriages has alarmingly increased of late. The compartment of an English first class carriage contains six persons; of a second class eight; each carriage being boxed off into three or four of these compartments, which can have no communication with each other. Thus if a ruffian happens to get in with a solitary fellow passenger, or with one or two ladies, the victims have no possibility of escape till the train arrives at the next stopping place. It is true that only one person has as yet been murdered, but a great number have been insulted, robbed, or terrified; so much so that travellers may now be seen carrying a loaded pistol or a revolver, reminding one of the days of highwaymen in the olden time. This is true in a rare case, and it is well it should be; for the remedy is as bad, if not worse, than the disease.

The new staff at the Methodist Book Room seem to have settled very quietly to their work. Mr. Thornton, in his capacity as President of the Conference, has just been paying the official visit to Scotland. The other functionaries appear to be treading pretty much in the steps of their predecessors, and anxious to avoid hazardous experiments.

Canada and British America form a popular subject of discussion just now in general society. Most of the newspapers are treating of this subject. The discussion will be sure to do good. England is something like a rich man with a dozen mansions in different parts of the country. He is liable to forget that he has such places, unless something occurs to jog his memory. What with India, Australia, and Natal, and the Cape Colony, and no one knows what besides, John Bull is sometimes a little bewildered with the extent of his family. There is a strong feeling here, that the military force ought, in some way, to be greatly strengthened; that it is impossible to surmise what wild freaks the great republic may venture upon; and that to be forearmed is the only safe and prudent course. But parents are often more frightened on account of their children than they would be for themselves in similar circumstances; and it may be those to some extent in regard to the feelings of the old country toward her children of the West.

W.

Mt Allison College and Academies.

The first Term for the current year of our Educational Institutions at Sackville, N. B., closed last week. We are happy to learn that the Examination exercises were all highly satisfactory; and that the present Term commences with the prospect of an increase of Students. In introducing the communication of the esteemed Co-delegate, we avail ourselves of the opportunity of commending anew these Institutions to the favour, patronage and prayerful regard of our readers; and are thankful in being able to express our confidence that Mount Allison College, and both the Male and Female Academies, are among the best conducted, and most highly efficient Educational Institutions of these Provinces.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been called upon, by Conference business, to be at Sackville, at the time of the close of the first term of the current year, of the Wesleyan Educational Institutions, in that place, in compliance with the request of some of our ministers, and other friends, I would make a few remarks concerning the examination of the students, and the interesting exercises by which that examination was followed. The examination of the College classes was held a few days before my arrival, but it was pronounced, by competent authority quite pleasing and satisfactory. These classes were examined on Thursday and Friday, the 3rd and 4th of November, in Latin, Greek, French, Geometry, Chemistry, Rhetoric, and Geology.

The examination of classes in the Ladies' Academy commenced on Monday morning the 7th Nov. at 9 o'clock, a. m., and continued, with the exception of a short intermission, until a quarter past 3 o'clock. The subjects of examination of the classes in this Institution were Latin, French, English Grammar, English History, Geography, and Algebra, in different classes.

The proficiency of the young Ladies during the term, and in reference to a few of them during former terms, was evinced in a most pleasing and satisfactory manner, by the promptitude and suitableness of the replies to the questions put to them upon the subjects they had been studying; and in the readiness and propriety evinced in the working out on the board the solutions of Arithmetical questions, by the method Algebra unfolds.

These young Ladies, some of whom having only been engaged in this study during the first term, displayed an aptitude for such processes of thought required by this department of Arithmetic, as might excite envy in the untaught, or, what is better, stimulate the mind that had been inert to the proper cultivation of its powers. If ever we had indulged the opinion, that the minds of females are naturally less vigorous, and much more incapable of abstruse study, and of gaining success in those departments that require processes of reasoning recondite and difficult, we should have greatly modified, and even changed, our opinion on the subject by witnessing the examination engaged in by the young Ladies of Sackville Academy, at the close of the 1st term of the present year. The examination was highly honorable to the young Ladies themselves, showing that they had embraced, in a good degree, the many advantages allowed them at Sackville of improving their minds; and honorable to the Teachers, evincing their ability and success in the work of instructors; and pleasing to every friend of the excellent Institution, present. The number of female students was not large during the term, but the work accomplished, under the able Superintendence of the principal Dr. Pickard, and of the Vice-principal Mr. Inch, and the labour of the talented Teachers, seems to us in justice to demand from the friends of Female Education in these provinces, a much larger patronage than that lately evinced. We have no doubt that there will be in this respect, a speedy improvement, and that the Teachers' hearts will be cheered, and their laborious and valuable services more adequately rewarded, by a good accession of pupils at the commencement of the second Term. We have every confidence in the persons entrusted with the management of our Educational Institutions at Mount Allison,—as to their integrity, their zeal in the cause of training the youthful mind, their experience in the work of teaching, their paternal, and incessant regard to the comfort, improvement, and happiness of the pupils who are, and may be entrusted to their care.

The public examination in the Male Academy commenced on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, a. m., and continued until ½ past 3; a short intermission intervening for dinner. A number of classes, were examined in English Grammar, French, in Latin Grammar, in Cæsar, in Greek, in Geography, in Arithmetic, in Algebra. In these examinations the students evinced good proficiency, and proved, not only their own diligence, but also the care and ability of the staff of officers in this Branch of the Academy, as faithful and efficient Teachers. The Staff of Teachers, in this department, we think could hardly be exchanged for a more perfect one. The large class of young persons examined, by Professor Harrison, LL.D., on the Latin verbs and other parts of speech of that tongue, did great credit to themselves and their Instructors.

The closing services of the Term were held in Lingley Hall, on Wednesday, the 9th of Nov. The day was rather unpleasant, and no doubt the state of the weather prevented the attendance of friends living at a distance, but still the audience was not small. The following was the order of the exercises.

I. Devotional Exercises—Singing a hymn, reading the Scriptures, and prayer.

MUSIC.

II. Exercises in Declamation by Academy Students.

1. "Bernardo del Capio," by Jas McMurray.
2. "Bingen on the Rhine," by David Eaton.
3. "Rienzi to the Roman Conspirators," by Howard A. Allison.
4. "A Fever Dream," Robert Daniel.
5. Dialogue—"The Rival Orators. C. Black and R. Weddall.

MUSIC.

III. Declamation by Academy Students—

6. "Spartacus to the Gladiators," W. Temple.
7. "Impeachment of Hastings," B. Russell.
8. "Defence of Emmett," Alfred Hickman.
9. "Barbarity of National Enmities," Jos Seller.
10. "Appeal to the Hungarians," Geo. Day.

MUSIC.

IV. Compositions by young ladies.

1. "Lessons the Birds Teach," by Miss Hattie Bowser.
2. "Graves," by Miss Ayer.
3. "Our Willie," by Miss Kate Sanoton.
4. "Conflicts of Life," by Miss. M. E. Pickard.

MUSIC.

V. Compositions by young ladies.

5. "What the Stars tell me," Miss Amelia Bent.
5. "The Inner World," Miss Amelia E. Pickard.
7. "Pockets," Miss Hattie Stockton.
8. "The Lord's Prayer," Miss Mittie Barnes.

MUSIC.

VI. Declamation by members of Freshman College Class.

1. "Northern Laborers," D. Henry Barbidge
2. "The Threatened Invasion of 1803," Thos Rogers.
3. "Napoleon Bonaparte," (original) Walter Dickson.
4. "India," (original) Thomas Flint.
5. "Prairies," Wm Burbidge.
6. "The Ocean," H. P. Cowperthwaite.

MUSIC.

VII. Reports—Singing—Hymn, Benediction.

The performances in our opinion, and in that of more competent judges, were highly creditable to both teachers and students, and of a character bearing strong testimony of the efficiency and excellence of our Educational establishments at Sackville. The declamation was generally good, and some of it of a superior order. The original pieces, read by the young ladies', and those given by some of the young gentlemen, showed good taste in composition, a pleasing imagination, considerable skill in reasoning, humour, and pathetic power. In conclusion we wish much success and prosperity to these Institutions, and hope that Dr. Pickard, and many other devoted friends of Sackville College and Academies, may long be spared to see their continued,—their increased welfare—a welfare which will ever largely be traced to the liberality of the sainted Founder, and to the incessant care and labour of the Principal.

Yours truly,

THOMAS H. DAVIES.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 11th, 1864.

Bermuda Correspondence.

It will be gratifying to our readers to be informed by the following letter of the improvement in the health of Bermuda, and the recovery of the Rev. Mr. Duncan.

DEAR BRO. MCMURRAY,—I was indeed sick nigh unto death, but God had mercy on me, and not on me only, but upon others also, lest they should have sorrow upon sorrow.

With devout gratitude to Him "from whom proceeded every good and perfect gift," I would record the fact, that I am now in a good degree convalescent, and hope in a week or two at most to resume my work.

The past three months in these Islands have been almost months of "mourning, lamentation and woe." Several of our dear people in person, and many in their families, have had the cup of sorrow pressed to their lips. Yet has that cup been mixed with mercy; for while multitudes have succumbed to the fell destroyer, comparatively few of the members of our Church have been called to enter "the swellings of Jordan," whilst of those who have, most, if not all, have left behind pleasing, undoubted testimony that they were going "to be with Christ, which is far better."

This dreadful scourge by which we have been visited, has turned to scorn the wisdom of the worldly-wise. At its first appearance in St. George's, philosophy falsely so called asserted that it was *simply* the result of the neglect or violation of Sanitary Laws. "Cleanse the Town," it was urged, "and fever will disappear." The town was cleansed. Yet disease stalked abroad, and death as before numbered his victims by scores. Nor was this all. These dreaded and dreadful visitors passed from parish to parish, until each of the nine parishes of the Islands, and H. M. Dockyard as well, were called to furnish more or less of their respective populations to "the land of deep forgetfulness." In this town also, with its wider streets and freer circulation of air, and which formerly on one or more occasions during the prevalence of fever enjoyed perfect immunity, many, very many, have been called within a few weeks to exchange time for eternity. Death on these occasions has used but little discrimination in his attacks upon our poor humanity. The young and the old, the stranger and the native, have alike proved his hapless victims. Even the men of the "Healing-art," after ministering to the recovery of others, have been unable to shield themselves, and I believe I am not above the mark when I state the number of physicians who have fallen victims to this disease at not less than from *ten to twelve!*

That this visitation has not come upon us uncaused, we know full well. Let the violated laws of health have their due estimate assigned them in seeking for the origin of this visitation. Let the neglected quarantine and Sanitary regulations also have their proper place in this connection. Yet we must not, we cannot, overlook the fact that moral causes have to be taken into account. If indeed public sins are the precursors of public calamities, then it is not strange that Bermuda has been called to suffer. May the living lay these things to heart. May they "hear the rod, and Him who hath appointed it."

I need scarcely add that the state of the public health has seriously interrupted us in our circuit work. Our congregations have been thinned, and our Class and prayer-meetings very much diminished. We hope, however, with the restored health of the colony, for speedy improvement in all these respects.

It was a matter of pleasurable surprise to learn from Bro. Brewster's letter that Dr. De Wolfe was appointed the Deputation to this Circuit for the purpose of holding the Jubilee Services. The Wesleyans of Bermuda I am confident will at any time hail with delight a visit from the Ex-President of our Conference, yet the fact should not be concealed that the *time* specified is regarded here as very inopportune. Should fever shortly disappear, as we hope it will, and the Doctor be able to favor Bermuda with a visit in December or January, it would for several reasons be much better. Leaving this as well as other matters to the guidance of an unerring Providence,

I remain, yours fraternally,

ROBERT DUNCAN.

Hamilton, Bermuda, Oct. 28, 1864.

Letter from Rev. W. Smithson.

DEAR BROTHER,—A fortnight ago Bro. Hennigar and myself exchanged pulpit duties. I met with a warm reception from the friends in Canning—to whom in days gone by I ministered the word of life. On the Sabbath morning, I preached to a large and attentive congregation—and felt I could say with the poet—

"Lo, God is here, let us adore,
And own how solemn is this place"

The people told me it looked like old times to see me again in their pulpit; may God grant that our worshipping together may result in spiritual profit to us all.

I found several had died since my removal from the Circuit; one of whom was Mrs. Nathan Woodworth, Our Sister's christian character was decided, her piety calm and cheerful. I doubt not she is now mingling her song of praise with those who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Another was William Whalin. I believe he was a sincerely good man—John Whalin son of the above was converted and died happy in the Lord while I was on the circuit. We trust the father and son are now re-united in heaven—

"Where death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more."

Since my return from Cornwallis—I have preached Missionary Sermons in the Kempt Circuit. Last Monday night brother England and myself attended the Missionary meeting at Kempstock Chapel. Dr. Sanford was in the chair. We had an interesting service—and $60 was subscribed for the Mission cause, being $20 in excess of last year.

The Jubilee meeting, which was held in the chapel a few weeks previously, produced a good feeling, and seemed to prepare the way for a successful Missionary meeting. Bro. Tweedy is getting on nicely in that Circuit.

May the Spirit be copiously poured out on all our Circuits—and on the world at large and may more labourers be speedily sent out—

"Through isles and continents to spread
The dead reviving news."

WILLIAM SMITHSON.

Newport, Nov. 11, 1864.

Letter from Baltimore.

The numerous friends, in these Provinces, of the First Editor of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, will be gratified to learn that he and his family are well, with the exception of one son, of whom an account is given in the annexed communication. The following letter is from Mr. Albert D. McLeod, son of the Dr., from whom we shall be much pleased to hear frequently:—

DEAR SIR,—I have thought that perhaps you and the many other friends of my father and his family, in the Provinces, may retain enough interest in our welfare, to at least *wonder* how we are affected by the ebb and flow of the bloody sea now deluging this unhappy land.

If such be the case, the following intelligence, though of an unpleasant nature, may not be unacceptable, and perhaps, considering that the name is so well known among the subscribers of the P. W., may be thought of sufficient interest to be mentioned in that paper.

My brother Robert A.—father's youngest son—whom you may remember as a fat little boy—now a *veteran* soldier (20 years of age) and a prisoner of war—has had the misfortune to lose his right arm, in the service of the section whose cause he espoused. He had gone to Charleston in 1860, and when the war broke out in the following year,—being but 17 years of age—joined the Confederate army as a private in an old city organization, known as the Washington Light Infantry. This body was incorporated with the 25th S. C. Regiment, and took a prominent part in the various battles about Charleston. Robert distinguished himself and was twice promoted. His company held Fort Sumpter during part of the terrific bombardment which reduced the walls of that glorious old fortress to dust, and Sergt. McLeod was specially mentioned in the papers for gallantry in raising with others, amid severe firing, the flag which had been twice shot away. His regiment was stationed in Fort Wagner during the last four days preceding its abandonment, and he passed unhurt through the momentary dangers incident to the unexampled bombardment to which the fort was subjected.

On the opening of the present campaign, Robert accompanied the forces sent from Charleston to Petersburg. After passing uninjured through the fierce fights occurring almost daily in the neighborhood of the Cockade city, Sergt. Bob while leading his company (having been in command of it during the campaign,) in a charge on the Federal entrenchments on the Weldon Railroad, Sunday, August 21st, was wounded and captured. He was taken to a hospital in Philadelphia, and there had his right arm amputated near the shoulder.

The family were at first allowed to see him, but lately, he has been removed we hear to Point Lookout, wherein it is impossible for outsiders to enter. My father has been trying to get him paroled but this is absolutely impossible.

Though from last advices we understand that the arm had almost healed up and that he was recovering his strength, still we feel very anxious for the fate of this dear boy who has fought so bravely and suffered with such Christian fortitude, for the cause he felt to be right—destined, perhaps, to pass long dreary months within the prison-walls, without the sight of a home-face to cheer him,—subject to all the annoyances, and inhumanity, and disease experienced often in prison life.

But, my dear sir, I expect I have exhausted your patience. I have been tempted several times to write a short communication for your paper, thinking that perhaps my sojourn abroad had enabled me to gather items that might prove interesting to your readers, but my inclinations have as often been thwarted by the pressure of the excitements and agitations so continuous in this vicinity.

Baltimore, Nov. 1, 1864.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Voice from our Death Register.

One of the glories of Wesleyan Methodism, radiates from the fact which is couched in the words, "Our people die well." Thousands—praise to the all-loving, and ever merciful One—have with triumph ascended to immortal life, who felt the first throbbings of a spirit renewed, within the precincts of some Methodist Chapel, or some Methodist family. Since Wesley, the great founder of our united Churches, felt his heart *strangely warmed*, and since he with all the calmness and fortitude of a veteran warrior, placed his sword in the scabbard, and died as only a christian can die, what multitudes of his spiritual children, with life fast ebbing from their earthly parts, have rejoiced at dissolution near, and mounted after him, to the same high home; and are now with him engaged in the delightful services of heaven! To some, it may appear like presumption thus to write; but to those who know the power of godliness, and have stood in "the chamber where the good man meets his fate," and witnessed his departure, what we write will but corroborate what they have seen, and accord with their own bright prospects. "Our people die well." They go down to the grave resting upon Christ, and with heaven in many instances opening before them; hence, we can afford to resuscitate their memory, and bid them act over again their living, and their dying deeds.

The second name I would take from "our Death Register," and save from complete oblivion, is that of John Jolliffe, who "gathered up his feet," on the 15th July, 1861, aged 73 years. Like him, the cheering story of whose life and death has already been recorded, Bro. Jolliffe was enlisted in the service of Christ, and introduced into the inner temple of religion, through the instrumentality of the Rev. James Hickson, in 1819, and having "tasted of the heavenly gift," he commenced a career of humble earnest devotion, as a servant of God, which was marked by steadfastness and cheerfulness, and which reached its climax in a death more sublime than that of Socrates, and more free from fear, and far more enviable than that of Hobbes. For several years after his conversion, he continued to reside in his native village, Old Perican. After a time, from some cause, he found it necessary to remove to St. John's. But in the busy thriving capital, as in the humble country village, he still held on his way. He then wisely united himself with the people of God, and sought spiritual communion with his brethren, within the sacred enclosure of the Class Room. Attending the means of grace he treasured the truth of the words, "He giveth more grace." Thus his lamp was trimmed, and oil poured into his vessel, and he was enabled to stand fast in the evil day.

Toward the close of his protracted life, the way opened for him to return to Old Perlican. He came home to die. Bending under the weight of years, he lingered just above the grave, like the sun at the close of a clear bright day, just above the horizon. Of him without hyperbole, it may be said,

"Along the gentle slope of life's decline,
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He drop'd like mellow fruit into the grave."

He met death without fear, nay, he bade him welcome, as being the only agent that could remove the gross impediment of clay, by which his soul was fettered, and conduct him through his subterraneous corridor into the life of bliss. In recording these reminiscences of the faithful, we have no desire to produce a false impression, by portraying their life in colors that would suit the angelic character, better than the human. Therefore, we have no wish to aver, or even say anything that would imply that Bro. Joliffe was free from imperfections. But his imperfections were such as charity would at least attempt to reconcile with a strictly christian life; such as have been found in the most eminent, and the most useful "sons of God." They were imperfections, which sprung from the very ardor of his temperament, and which shewed themselves at times, in actions too nearly approaching apparent retaliation. His spirit, in some seasons of trial, was perhaps a little too warm, to reflect the mild, gentle, lamb-like spirit of his *Master.*, But these stains in his christian character, if such we are to name them, were, before "he fell asleep," purged in the fountain of Christ's precious blood. Therefore, like the spots on the sun's disc, which the naked eye perceives not, they are not seen from our present stand point.

Bro. J. during his life was a "living Epistle," and his faith in Christ, enabled him when dying, to triumph over death. Therefore, like the righteous man, whose soul by the hand of his inhuman brother, was driven from its earthly tabernacle, and was the first to taste the exalted pleasures of life in the presence of God,—"he being dead yet speaketh."

For the space of forty-two years, he was a traveller in the way to Zion. Through numerous changes, grievous trials, fierce temptations, and frowning difficulties, he "walked with God," he maintained his communion with God's people, he persevered in the way everlasting, until he received "the end of his faith." And surely there is no necessity for any man, who has been lifted out of the horrible pit, and the miry clay of sin, *to fall.* If God, in His love, and in His pity, hath redeemed us; and if in His mercy he giveth grace, to renew our souls in righteousness, then surely, He will give grace to preserve us in the possession of our confidence, and in the enjoyment of His love. The fact, that numbers commence the heavenly journey, walk some distance on the road, and then measure their steps back into "the beggerly elements of the world," does not prove the insufficiency of Divine grace, but, it proves beyond question, the unwatchfulness, or the negligence of the backsliding, the lapsed, the apostate wanderers. Bro. Joliffe was steadfast; but if he had neglected to "watch and pray," or if he had acted as many of the members of our society act, when they leave their humble home, and the society of kindred spirits, in the country village, and go to seek a livelihood in the mart of commerce, he would certainly have fallen. Frequently, in my pastoral visitations in the capital of this Island, during the two years I had the happiness to labour there, did I find individuals, who, before they came to reside in St. John's, were united with us in Church fellowship, and who, while at their rural homes, enjoyed the "assurance of faith," and "the witness of the Holy Spirit." But coming to the capital, they became swallowed up in the multitude; and neglecting to report themselves to the Circuit Ministers, they became neglected; and what is worse than all, in many instances after the lapse of a few months, or years, they fell from the pleasurable life of christian, brotherly love, into the miserable and dangerous state of luke-warmness; and from thence, downward, until they lost their *evidence*, and found themselves again in the house of bondage.

Now, if Bro. J. had acted like these neglectful, and neglected *ones*, the probability is, that like them, he would have been shorn of his strength and deprived of his glory. Or if those who have thus "made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience," had acted as he did, most likely they would have retained the grace of God, and with him have pressed forward, "to apprehend that for which also *they* were apprehended, of Christ Jesus." There is no necessity for any christian to fall from grace. Do those who have turned aside from the holy commandment delivered unto them, say, "They were strongly tempted," so was Bro. Joliffe. Do they say, "They had to endure the reproach of Christ, be laughed to scorn for their religion, to labour for daily bread in the company of irreligious, nay, wicked men, and worse than all, to fight against a naturally impetuous spirit, a spirit that cannot brook reproach,"—all this, and much more, Bro. J. had to endure. Still, surrounded by a host of foes, stormed by a host of foes within, he stood. He stood, and might have said in the lofty language of the noblest of all human spirits, "None of these things move me." While the strength of Christ is made perfect in weakness, the weakest believer may keep his garments pure from the spots of the flesh; may so run as to obtain the crown; and while standing amid the deepening shades of life's eventide, cry out triumphantly, "The morning cometh," "and there shall be no night there."

Old Perlican, Oct. 24, 1864. J. W

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Reply to "Philologos."

DEAR BRO.,—I have but small time to spend on the communication of Philo Logos in your issue of 2nd inst. However I must observe that his misrepresentation of my communication entitled, "*Worthy of Imitaion,*" published in the Wesleyan of Oct. 26th, is such as that with all his skill, he can never sustain. The sum of the article in question, affords no warrant for the declaration—vi

But, Brother, is commendation of an individual who, in contradistinction from the behaviour of the mass of his compeers, does what he has the means of doing, a condemnation of the poor fellow who is INCAPABLE THROUGH THE WANT OF MEANS? A mind unprepossessed could never have had a suspicion in the case; and sorry must have been the pen that could have written the declaration above complained of, as the meaning of my article,

Yours,
FNM.

St. John, Nov. 7th, 1864.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

HOMICIDE CASE.—The trial of Woodill for manslaughter resulted in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

RETURNED HOME.—His Excellency Sir R. G. McDonnell and lady, returned home by the steamer *Canada*. The Hon. Messrs. Henry, McCully, and Archibald, returned via St. Johns. The Hon. Prov. Sec'y. arrived on Monday.

THE CONFEDERATION SCHEME.—It is expected that on the return of the Hon. Dr. Tupper, a meeting will be called to lay before the public the doings of the Quebec Conference. The Hon. Messrs. Tilley and Gray are to hold a meeting for a similar purpose in St. John, N. B.

FIRES.—On Saturday night a stable in Albermarle St. was discoverd to be on fire, and before it was subdued two cows were suffocated. On Sunday evening a fire broke out in the same building, arising perhaps from the smouldering embers of the previous night. Another fire occurred at about the same time on Sunday night, and near to the same place, a bakery was found to be in flames, but was soon extinguished. Another conflagration took place in Barrack St., on Monday afternoon, by which two barns, a quantity of forage, and a double dwelling house were consumed.

The fire at Windsor last week, by which two barns, horses, and other property were destroyed and which threatened the destruction of the town, is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

N. S. RAILWAYS.—The *Colonist* as the Govt. Organ makes the authorized statement that the time for receiving the Pictou line contract was postponed for the purpose of reducing the cost—that the line will be put under contract without delay—and that arrangements have been completed to insure the building of the Annapolis line, and also the line between Truro and Moneton at an early period. We believe the carrying forward of these Railways, to be essential to the prosperity of the Province.

DISTRESSING FATALITY AT BRIDGETOWN.—On Friday, 4th inst. the inhabitants of this Town and its vicinity were startled at the mournful tidings that Mrs. Jeptha Rice, had been precipitated from the bridge across the river, and was drowned. The bridge is undergoing repairs and is impassible for horses and carriages; but by means of plank laid upon the stringers, foot-passengers had continued to cross the river. It will be remembered that at the time to which we refer, the rain was falling, a gale from the south-east was raging, and twilight was just deepening into the gloom of a tempestous night. Mrs. Rice had been in the Town, shopping, and had some parcels in her hands, and was returning homeward, crossing the bridge, when stepping upon a cross plank, it is supposed, she was plunged into the stream below. A lad, who at the time, was not far away, heard her fall and gave the alarm. A boat was got out into the stream, and vain attempts were made to save her. Her bonnet, a fur boa, and some of the parcels were picked up; but to this hour, her remains have not been found, although daily and diligent search has since been made. At the time of the disaster, the ebb-tide was in its strength, and it is supposed that she has been carried far down the river.

Mrs. Rice was about thirty years of age, of an amiable temperament, and was much beloved by a large circle of friends. Her bereaved husband has the sympathy of the whole community.—*Free Press.*

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—Last week a young man by the name of Baker McInnis, a native of Musquodoboit, met with a sudden death at Sheet Harbour. He got entangled in the machinery of Mr. Starr's Mills, which cut his body into three pieces. He was unmarried, and the principal support of aged parents.—*Sun.*

American States.

The result of the election struggle has determined the continuance of President Lincoln in office as Chief of the Republic for another four years. The election passed off much more peaceably than had been anticipated. The triumph of the Republican party is great. Nearly all the States went for Lincoln, and the probable result as regards the prosecution of the war will be greatly to strengthen the government. Whether this will be really the best for the interests of the Union remains to be proved. It is not unlikely that the Confederates will be roused to greater energy, and will make more desperate efforts to secure their independence; but whether they can withstand the vastly greater resources and power of the North, is a question. We cannot see that any better prospects of peace would have been given had McClellan been elected.

There are no war movements of any consequence to report. Sherman's plans are kept a secret, though the Richmond papers express confidence as to ability to defeat his project, and to draw him into a snare. The obstinacy of Grant appears to have received a check as regards the Richmond campaign. The fall rains and mud will prevent the advance of the army of the Potomac, and may possibly give some advantage to Lee. Arrangements have been made for the exchange of prisoners. The *Florida* Confederate war vessel was captured at Bahia, a neutral port, by the U. S. gunboat *Wachusett*, and without loss of life, the capture being a complete surprise. The Southerners who made the raid on St. Albans, and who were captured in Canada, are to be put on their trial there. There is a bill before the Confederate Congress to confiscate the property of citizens, liable to militia duty, who are absent from the country. The proposition to arm the slaves was being warmly debated. In President Davis' message he expresses disapproval of arming the slaves, while so many whites are out of the ranks. The Federal Congress, by the recent elections, will have 140 Republicans to 43 Democrats, thereby giving to the former the power to alter the constitution on the slavery question by a two thirds vote.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—By midnight the Democrats abandoned hope and went home, while the Union men became more and more jubilant as return after return was read at the Union League rooms. It was finally decided to serenade the President at once, and about 2 o'clock this morning a band struck up "Hail to the Chief," in front of the War office, where Mr. Lincoln had been receiving returns over the military telegraph. He at first declined saying anything, but the appeals of the delighted crowd could not be resisted, and he made a few appropriate remarks.

He said the results, as shadowed by the returns received, conveyed to him the gratifying intelligence that a majority of his fellow citizens had at least given him credit for having honestly endeavored to discharge his official duties, but the patriotism of those citizens who had voted differently should not be impeached. They had doubtless acted in accordance with their convictions of right, and as we should expect their acquiescence in the result, we should not question their motives.

FREEDOM.—Governor Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, recently addressed the colored men of Nashville, in which he said that, "reflecting through what a storm of obloquy they are compelled to pass, I am almost induced to wish that as in the days of old, a Moses might arise, who should lead them safely to their promised land of freedom and happiness." The audience answered, "You are our Moses," and as he continued his remarks they shouted, "We want no Moses but you." The Governor then continued:—"Well, then, humble as I am, if no other better shall be found, I will indeed be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of war and bondage, to a fairer future of liberty and peace. I speak now as one who feels the world his country, and all who love equal rights his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil, and here I mean to stay and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's good help, no longer pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruits of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

THE NEW YORK ELECTION FRAUDS.—In the trial at Baltimore, of Edward Donohue, jr., of Albany, N. Y., before the military commission, it was proved that a system for manufacturing bogus soldiers' votes, had been inaugurated by Democratic politicians of New York. A number of blanks filled with forged names, and shown to be in Donohue's hand writing, were produced; also letters, one of which was addressed by Donohue to Gen. James Farrell, Commissary Gen'l of Subsistence of the State of New York, and saying: "I send with this note a number of ballots for your county." "I guess you have enough. Fearing that you might not, I enclose envelopes and powers of attorney sworn to." "You can fill them up as well in your county as we can here." Donohue pleaded guilty, and appealed for mercy. His commission empowered him to take "Democratic votes of New York soldiers," and was signed by Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, and his Private Secretary. Donohue and his accomplice, Ferry, were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and the sentences were approved of by the President. The trial of Colonel North, the New York State Agent at Washington, commenced Nov. 3. Marvin Jones, North's Chief Assistant, has made a full confession of his complicity in the forgery, and that the business has been carried on at Col. North's agency much more extensively than at Baltimore. Gov. Seymour sent Judge Parker and others to Washington to procure the release of the criminals. The commission had interviews with the President and Secretary of War, and urged the policy of releasing Col. North, as he was very popular in New York, and his arrest would create excitement. Secretary Stanton did not release the prisoners. Since the arrests were made, Gov. Seymour has made a speech at Penn Yan, N. Y., in which he said, "It ill becomes a government which has sent soldiers by entire regiments to vote in Indiana, and which has controlled the ballot-box in Maryland by the bayonet, to inquire very closely concerning a few fraudulent votes."

CIVILITIES BETWEEN HOSTILE PICKETS IN VIRGINIA.—A letter from Grant's army in the *Springfield Republican* presents us with a few more incidents of the intimate relations existing between hostile pickets:—When the last salute was finished yesterday there was some cross-firing of words between the aroused pickets along our sidette line. 'How are you, Atlanta?' called out one of our boys. 'Would better try and take Petersburg, now,' was the brief response. 'Sherman is after you fellers sharp,' said Yank. 'Went you send some more of your coloured drudders into another mine?' asked Johnny. 'Don't you want some coffee and sugar?' inquired our men tauntingly. 'Wouldn't you like to exchange your wormy hard tack for our johnny cake,' replied the foe. This last hit was a hard one and unexpected. Our poor soldiers do have shockingly poor bread just now. The worms in it are very large and very lively. We did not know before that they had been seen from the enemy's works. There was more of this verbal sharp-shooting. It is much practised now-a-days. While the two lines are in such close proximity no orders will prevent intercourse, even among those who are true and loyal to their respective sides. There is a cornfield between our lines at one point, a little to the left of Cemetery Hill. The opposing pickets will creep into that for an occasional friendly chat, or for barter, or for a game of cards. Only think of it! Two of them were playing a game a few days since with Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis as imaginary stakes. The Lincolnite lost. 'There,' says the winner, 'Old Abe belongs to me.' 'We'll send him over by the Petersburg express,' responded the defeated Yank. One day last week there had been lively shelling and some musketry firing in the forenoon. After dinner there was a slack of hostilities. A Johnny rose up on the parapet of his line and shook a paper as a sign of truce, then sprang over into the corn-field. At once a hundred men from either line were over their works, and side by side, swapping papers for papers, tobacco for jacknives, hard tack or sugar for corn cake. New acquaintances were made. In some instances old acquaintances were revived. A Connecticut sergeant found a townsman and schoolmate in a sergeant from over the way. A Connecticut officer found a kinsman in a rebel officer. A loyal Maryland regiment was *vis-a-vis* with a Maryland secesh regiment. Many links of union were there. One found a brother on the other side, and yet another his own father. There's the romance of war for you! After a little time the swapping of the day was done, and officers and men returned to their own lines. All was quiet again until the artillery re-opened fire. Then half a score of loiterers sprang up from their concealment in the corn and scrambled back to their places behind the works. Thus the fighting and the chatting alternate. Queer business this war!

MORE RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.—Information from rebel and other sources demonstrates that Gen. Lee has been engaged for some months in fortifying Burksville and Danville. The former is on the Danville railroad, at its junction with the Lynchburg railroad, and also is a point connected by rail with Petersburg. It is some fifty or sixty miles from Richmond, and, as may be seen by the map, it is a position of considerable strategic importance, owing to its numerous railroad connections, and its location within reach of a country rich in agricultural productions.

Some eighty-five miles from Burksville is Danville, situated about on the line which separates Virginia from North Carolina. It is connected by railroad with all the prominent points on the Atlanta and Gulf coasts, and is in reality, a position equal in importance to Richmond. It has the merit of being located in a country that affords great facilities for fortifications, and in consequence it can very easily be made impregnable to attack. In addition to this defensive quality, it has the advantage of short lines of communication with Wilmington, Charleston, Mobile, and all points now considered of value by the Confederate leaders.

At these two points the Confederates have been erecting fortifications, whose character we can infer from the fact that, thus far in the war we have never succeeded in carrying any rebel works save Vicksburg, either by siege or assault. The rebels have shown that in engineering skill they have no superiors in existence; and hence we need have no difficulty in deciding upon what they have done at Burkeville and Danville. Besides erecting systems of impregnable works, they have been for months accumulating supplies at these points, so that at any moment the positions are ready for the reception and sustenance of Lee's entire army.

What of all this? Simply that Lee tenaciously holds the roads leading from Richmond to these two positions, and will, when it becomes necessary, remove his army from Richmond to Burkeville. Once there, a second Richmond awaits our army, one equally strong as the rebel capital, and which can undoubtedly afford as prolonged and costly resistance as the point which for nearly four years has defied the entire strength of the North. We have not yet gotten Richmond, nor is there even a probability that we shall get it within the next six months; but if the place were in our possession to-day another Richmond would place itself between our armies at Burkesville. Suppose this also taken, after a lapse of weary and bloody months, perhaps years, there is still another and a stronger Richmond awaiting us at Danville. These are facts, and should be known, in order that the people may appreciate the magnitude of the task before them. There are three Richmonds already in the field, and we have not, in nearly four years, taken one of them, and that one not at all the strongest. It is necessary to know these things in order that the public may understand how true are the assertions of those conducting the war that it is near its termination. Not a month ago General Sherman said that this war had only just begun; as its commencement he pronounced it a twenty years' war; and in these assertions he was right. Mr Lincoln and his supporters know that they are true, but they conceal this belief from the people to secure their personal ends.

With the fortification of Burkesville and Danville, Richmond loses nearly all its importance. Could it have been captured before these other points had been made impregnable, its loss to the Confederacy would have been vital. Now it is but an advanced work of which the other places form second and third lines of equal, if not greater strength. Lee will hold Richmond as long as he can, for every time that he loses two men we lose ten. When its supplies become exhausted, or their transportations difficult, he will fall back to Burkesville, and repeat the Richmond system of defences. Powerful as is the North, it is not strong enough to wear out the South, so long as the latter fight behind impregnable earthworks, and the former is obliged to besiege and assault.

We have wasted so much time in attempting to take Richmond, that the confederates have been able to make its loss to them one very far from being of vital importance. Thanks to the administration of Washington, when it falls into our hands it will be a Barren victory; one which will in nowise compensate for the ten thousands of lives that have been lost in our attempt to capture it.—*Chicago Times.*

European.

The commercial world is rapidly resuming its wonted placidity. The money market is easier, gold is flowing rapidly into the Bank, discounts are lower, the price of consols has risen, and capitalists are investing in sugar, cotton, and other produce, at the present low prices. In the course of a short time the Bank is expected to reduce its terms for paper, and the improvement which has taken place on this side of the Channel has extended to the other. The position of the Bank of France has kept pace with her sister in Thread-needle street; but the suffering, though short, has been acute, and the numerous establishments which have bowed before the blast show the violence of the storm while it lasted.

The trial of Muller for the murder of Mr. Briggs commenced in London on the 27th, and, contrary to expectation, he elected to be tried by a jury of Englishmen. So intense was the desire to be present, that the court was quite unable to accomodate the number of applicants, many of them filling a distinguished position in life; and it is said that even the celebrated trial of Palmer, the poisoner, excited less sensation.

MULLER SENTENCED TO DEATH.—A despatch received at Liverpool on the evening of Saturday 29th., states that the trial of Mullen had closed. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The judge passed sentence of death without the slightest hope of reprieve.

The rumor current that there was to be a dissolution of parliament early in November, was semi-officially denied. The government do not intend to appeal to the people at present.

The bazaar in aid of a fund for the relief of wounded Southern prisoners of war, which was opened in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, had closed. A Liverpool paper says:—"Each day the Hall was crowded with visitors, and the amount realized by sales and admission money was no less than £11,406. Besides this, £9000 for the same object has been raised in other ways, making altogether a total of over £20,000. The fund will be dispensed by Southern ladies resident in the North, who have received permission from the Federal Government to visit their imprisoned countrymen."

The remains of the Duke of Newcastle were interred in the family mausoleum at Markham Clinton, Notts. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and other political friends of the lamented nobleman were present, and five hundred of his tenantry, on horseback, formed part of the procession.

A very severe storm had visited the British coast between the 25th and 28th ult., causing great destruction to water-side property and vessels. The harbor works at Wick were destroyed, involving a loss from £4000 to £8000. The loss of life, too, has been considerable. In the Moray Frith, no fewer than twenty-six men belonging to two small villages in the parish of Rathven, have been lost, leaving twelve widows, and thirty-four fatherless children.

FRANCE.—At the last French Ministerial Council the question of compulsory education was debated. It was proposed that a system akin to that of Prussia should be by law introduced into France; but the Ministers were divided in opinion, and the matter was eventually referred to the Council of State, which will probably present a bill on the subject to the next sitting of the Corps Legislatif.

SPAIN.—Diplomatic relations between Spain and Peru have ceased, which is equivalent to a declaration of war.

The intelligence received from Madrid represents the financial condition of Spain as becoming daily more and more alarming. The failure of the commissioners of the Bank of Spain to procure either in Paris, Frankfort, or Amsterdam the requisite help for the relief of that institution has created an impression that a crisis cannot long be averted. The Minister of Finance found himself driven into a position of so much difficulty and distress that he was compelled to appeal to the bankers and capitalists of the city for assistance; but the response is said to have been far from encouraging, there being no disposition to lend the small amount of cash to be found in the city. As the natural consequence of this state of things, every sort of rumor is afloat, a feeling of mistrust universally prevails, and the future is anticipated with dread. Temporary relief has, however, been found in a loan of £200,000 executed in Paris for the Spanish Government.

THE DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.—A semi-official Prussian paper announces that the conclusion of peace may now be daily expected, the representatives of the respective governments having received definite powers to accede to the final settlement of the treaty.

The German populations of Schleswig-Holstein continue to manifest their desire for the early installation of a definite government under the sceptre of Duke Frederick VIII. Most of the rural districts, following the example of the municipalities of the towns, have held meetings to vote resolutions to the effect that they will not recognise any other sovereign than Duke Frederick, and that the relations of the Duchies with Germany or Prussia can only be regulated by the Duke.

The state of the Duchies after the conclusion of peace will, it is said, be worse than before the commencement of hostilities. The Duchies will have to bear their share of the common debt which amounts to about eighty millions. The treaty imposes upon them all the expenses of the war, and the Federal diet will present them with the bill of the expenses of the Federal execution and administration. Yet, after all, the Duchies are not certain of acquiring independence and political liberty.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.—The almost unanimous re-election by their respective colleges of the members of the new Italian Cabinet is looked upon in Turin as a very significant evidence of the approval of the policy of the new Ministry, even in those districts where the greatest amount of opposition was raised to the convention.

The organ of the Papal party, the *Monde* persists in asserting that the Pontifical Government will break with the authors of the convention if they attempt to carry it out.

It is rumoured in France that an alliance between England, France, and Italy is highly probable. Even should the Emperor Napoleon receive no foreign aid, it is alleged that he will avail himself of the two years allowed for the withdrawal of his troops from Rome, to negotiate with Austria for the session of Venetia to Italy.

The last letter published by Garibaldi, in which he contended for the immediate withdrawal of the French army from Rome as essential to the unity and well-being of Italy, has given great offence to a certain class of French journalists.

LATEST BY S. S. NOVASCOTIAN.

S. S. Jura wrecked at mouth of the Mersey. She was aground at Crosby Point on morning of the 3rd at high water. As the tide receded she was left dry and parted amidships. Mails and passengers safely landed.

The London *Times* says that the capture of the *Florida* in the harbor of a friendly State was simply an act of piracy—when within a neutral port she should have been perfectly safe from molestation. The *Herald* says that if the Washington Government does not release the prize all maritime powers have a right to interfere.

It is stated that the steamer *Laurel* from Liverpool transferred her crew, arms, and ammunition to the new *Alabama*, off Madeira.

Steamship Peruvian arrived at New York, brings intelligence of a terrific hurricane at Calcutta, Oct. 5. Of two hundred ships in the Hoogley, one hundred and ten were wrecked, and twelve thousand lives lost, the latter mostly nafives, caused by inundation. There was much excitement at Lloyds, in consequence of the heavy losses. Several first class American ships were wrecked.

PROVINCIAL ALMANACK FOR 1865.—From the notices of this serial by the city Press, we take the following:—

This annual, which has been constantly increasing in popularity since the first volume was issued, has been laid on our table for 1865, and we can safely say it has now attained a completeness which leaves little to be desired. The varied information contained therein and conveniently arranged for reference, embraces almost everything requisite to be known, and in such a small compass our readers would be unable elsewhere to obtain the immense amount of detail in reference to the working of our civil and ecclesiastical institutions, laws, and customs.—We have no doubt the present number will meet with that success to which it is justly entitled.—*Acadian Recorder.*

The Provincial Almanack for 1865, printed at the *Wesleyan* office, has made its appearance, and, as usual contains a large quantity of valuable information suited to the wants of the people.—*Chronicle.*

Wesleyan Conference Office.

LETTERS AND MONIES RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

Mr. I. Longley (P.W. $2. Mr. John Morgan $4), Jos. Doane Esq. (P.W. $5), Rev. W. Ryan (B.R. $2, P.W. G. Mason $3), John Nichols $2, Rev. John Read (P.W. Jesse Fullerton $4. D. Dickenson $2—$6), Rev. W. Temple (Minutes sent 3 months ago), J. M. C. Fulton (P.W. Jno. Ward $4, all right), Rev. J. L. Sponagle (P.W. J. Bent $2. J. B. McCollins $2, Mrs. Morton $1—$5), Rev. S. F. Huestis (Reports now sent again), A. D. Morton, Rev. J. V. Jost.

"We the undersigned inhabitants of Cornwallis having observed the astonishing effect resulting from the use of *Graham's Pain Eradicator and Magnetic Oil*, and having used it ourselves and in our families with the best success, for the removal of complaints for which it is intended, confidently recommend it to the public as surpassing any other Liniment or Pain Killer now in use.—
WILLIAM MURRAY Pastor of the North Cornwallis, Presbyterian Church.
JAMES PARKER, Pastor of the 3rd Cornwallis Baptist Church.
JAMES G. HENNIGAR, Wesleyan Minister, Canning Cornwallis.
JOHN R. KEAN, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Canning, Cornwallis
DAVID FREEMAN, Pastor of the Baptist Church Canning, Cornwallis
Ebenezer Bigelow, J. P. Amasa Loomer,
Levi W. Eaton, J. P. James W. Sharp,
John H. Clarke, J. P. Hanley C. Shafter,
David Ellis, J. P. S. G. Kerr,
Philip Weaver, J. P. Charles E. Burbidge,
Peter Wickwire, J. P. Joseph Jackson,
Thomas Lovett, J. P. Benjamin W. Jacques
John Northup, John W. Ellis,
James Blackhorn, James Bundy,
Arnold S. Burbidge, James Tupper,
George E. Eaton, Albert Chase,
Elijah Loomer, Thomas H. Giffaet,
Daniel Cogswell, David Palmer,
Foster Woodbury, Henry Porter,
David Harris Newcomb, J. N. Coleman,
Charles E. Parker, Thomas B. Jacques,
Campbell Bowles,

The Emperor of Brazil has appointed a "Board of Health" to investigate and decide what proprietary medicines should be admitted into the country and what excluded. After some months session they have reported condemning them all except Dr. J. C. Ayer's & co's preparations. Three of those they recommended the Emperor to admit for the benefit of the public health, while they hold the fourth, Cherry Pectoral under advertisement for further information respecting one of its ingredients—morphine which, while so extensively employed and so highly esteemed as a remedy in this country, is scarcely known to that. Of all the other medicines before them, the Imperial commission say "none of them merit any favor what ever, or protection from this Government, as they contain nothing new or any specific virtues not fully known and used by our own physicians." The Imperial Government has accordingly prohibited them all from admission through the custom house, except the remedies of our distinguished countryman above mentioned—in discrimination by their learned men, very like that to which experience has led the American people.—*Boston Herald.*

Nov. 2 1m

GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR

How many Consumptives owe their afflictions to that fatal mistake of "*waiting for a Cough to get well of itself.*" Avoid this error, by availing yourself of that sure remedy for Coughs, Colds, and all pulmonary complaints—"Graham's Pain Eradicator."

Read the following from John Murphy, Esq. Coroner, Petersville, Queens county, N. B.

"In the autumn of 1861, one of my sons was seized with a distressing Cough which rapidly increased in severity, accompanied by pain in the chest, spitting of blood, etc.; under the combined effects of which he became rapidly reduced—Hearing of the astonishing results of Graham's Pain Eradicator in the cure of disease, I procured a bottle, by the use of which, I am happy to say, he was restored to perfect health.—From this, and other instances of its efficacy, I can with increasing confidence, recommend it to the afflicted."

Speedy and Effectual.—Be warned in season—prevention is better, perhaps easier than cure. Most of our young men and women from the ages of 25 to 35, begin to part with their hair. Little by little it begins to drop out. Without delay procure Mrs S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum, or Hair Dressing; they act directly on the roots of the hair, invigorating them, rendering the hair soft, silky and glossy. Every Druggist sells them.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit, which cannot be said of many other preparations in the market which are really but weak imitations of the genuine Troches. Sold by all Druggists.

Holloway's Ointment.—The dry eruptions so annoying to many aged persons, as well as boils, ringworm, scald head, fever sores, bruises, and all external inflammation, whether the result of accident or of disease, heal rapidly under the application of this Ointment. Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers.

To the readers of this 'notice' cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the Drug Store in his place, let him write to me, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many desirers will not keep my medicine on hand because they cannot make so much profit as on other persons make. 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per pot Manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London

Marriages.

On the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Snowball, Capt Rufus F. Cutten, of Amherst, to Lizzie A., eldest daughter of Mr. Stephen S. Trueman, of Point de Bute.

At Buctouche, on the 10th inst., by Rev. John Cassidy, Mr. Wm. McIntyre, to Fanny, daughter of Mr. Israel Hicks.

At Bathurst, Aug 22d, by Rev. R. Tweedy, Mr. James Bateman, to Miss Mary Strahane.

Oct. 20th, at Williamstown, Miramichi, by the same, Mr. Stephen Peabody, to Miss Elizabeth Tweedy.

At the bride's father's, Avondale, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Wm Smithson, Mr. David Thompson, of St. John, N. B., to Joanna, eldest daughter of Mr. James Mosher.

On the 27th ult., by the Rev. John Read, Mr. Alfred Smith, of River Hebert, to Miss Jane Hannah, of Canaan, Cumberland Co.

On the 5th inst., by the same, Capt Peter Connor, of Cornwallis, to Miss Maria J. Knowlton, of Advocate, Cumberland Co.

At the Episcopal Church, Bridgewater, Nov. 3rd, by Rev. H. L. Owen, Rector of Lunenburg, Capt Andrew W. Mack, of Fort Medway, to Harriet B., eldest daughter of the late Capt. Charles W. Foster.

On the 17th inst., by the Rev. G. W. Hill, Mr. George Hallis, to Mary Ann, only daughter of the late Mr. F. H. Jubien.

At Boston, on the 6th inst., by Rev. A. W. Avery, Mr. Robert Anderson, of Boston, to Miss M. A. Bates, second daughter of the late Mr. George Bates, of Halifax.

On the 10th inst., by Rev. A. L. Hunt, Mr. Newton W. Best, of Port Williams, Cornwallis, to Annie, daughter of Captain Kendall Holmes, of the former place.

Deaths.

At Chatham, on the 3rd inst., of diptheria, Jane, eldest daughter of Mr J. B. Snowball, in the 6th of her age. This is the third child Mr. S. has lost within a few days by this insidious disease. His friends deeply sympathise with the family in their sad affliction.

At Wentworth, Wallace River, on the 29th ult. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Adin Bebee, and daughter of late Andrew Caldwell, Esq., of Bay Chaleurs, in the 63rd year of her age. Mrs Bebee's illness was severe and protracted, but was borne with constant resignation to the will of her heavenly Father.—Canada papers please copy.

Suddenly, on the 16th inst., Mr. Henry Anderson, (Butcher) aged 62 years.

On the 10th inst., Mrs Barbara, relict of the late Alex Moir, aged 99 years and 2 months.

Of yellow fever, on board the brigt Haidee, on her passage from Havana to Halifax, John Gorman, aged 20 years, a native of Guysboro', N. S.

At River Philip, on the 19th ult., John Schureman in the 69th year of his age

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED

THURSDAY, Nov 10

Steamer Commerce, Snow, Boston; brig Pawn, Falmouth, Jam; brigt Brish, Reid, Barrington; schrs Janet, Newell, Havana; Dashaway, Keizer, Trinidad

FRIDAY, Nov 11.

Steamer Canada, Hockley, Boston; brigt Kingston, Henderson, Malaga; schr Isaac Vandyke, Johnson, Nassau.

SATURDAY, Nov 12.

Brigts Cassie Gray, Cunningham, Kingston, Jam; Funchal, D'Janna, St Kitts; Cypress, Hapana; Regetta, Hopkins, Barrington; schrs Harkaway, Smith, Bermuda; Rival, Dunlop, Liverpool; Sea View, McNiac, Port Medway.

SUNDAY, Nov 13.

Steamer Prince Albert, Buck, Montreal; schrs Majestic, Thompson, Sheet Harbour; Nancy, Taylor, do; Mary Alice, Ritey, do; Morning Star, Landry, C Breton; Pearl, Kennedy, P E Island; Spray, Uno, do; Emeline, Boudrot, Sydney; Vesta, Kennedy, Sydney.

MONDAY, Nov 14.

Schr Foaming Billow, Sheet Harbour.

CLEARED.

Nov 11—Barque Margaretta, Hammond, Nassau; brigt Swan, Fyke, Cow Bay; schrs Acadia Beer, St John, N B; Integrity, McDonald, Bay St George; Sanddwich, Haines, Liverpool; W A Henry, Delory, Antigonish.

Nov 12—Steamer Commerce, Snow, Boston; brigt Egeta, Smith, Philadelphia; schrs Agility, Fye, St George's Bay; Velocity, Hutt, Pictou; Harmony, Nickerson, Bay of Islands; Tory, Bolland, P E I; Ocean Belle, Blackburn, do.

Nov 14—Schr John Nelson, Nelson, New York.

New Advertisements.

HALF-DOLLAR TEA.

JUST arrived, a further supply of the above Superior FAMILY TEA. The above Tea is different from any other Tea sold at the same price; it is a combination of CONGO and SOUCHONG TEA, which for fine flavour, strength and economy, is unequalled in this city. Try it, and be your own judge of its merits.

Good useful Tea, 1s 9d, 2s, 2s 3d per lb.

Also, a general assortment of

Family Groceries

ust arrived in prime order from England, United States and West Indies.

☞ Country Buyers, and Farmers in particular, are respectfully invited to call and see the prices and quality of our present stock.

H. WETHERBY & CO.,
London Tea and Grocery Stores,
Nov 16 205 Barrington & 15 Brunswick street.

CHISWELLS PICTORIAL BALSAM

HAS been in use through Nova Scotia for twenty odd years, and in England for many years previous to its introduction here. Its sales have steadily increased from the beginning—a convincing proof of its efficacy and of the esteem in which it is held. For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Difficulty in Breathing, Incipient Consumption, and other Pulmonary Complaints, it may safely be warranted. Read the following, suggesting the evil of delaying in a climate such as ours, to attend to Colds and Coughs:—The Census reports tells us that Consumption carried off, in 1860-61, one hundred and seven persons within the County of Halifax, and seven hundred and sixty-seven from the whole Province. The total number of deaths from all causes, during the same period, was 4679. Thus Consumption takes to itself the credit of having slain one-sixth of those who died during the year—more than any other disease can, except Diptheria. And how does Consumption arise? Whence does it spring? Why, in neglect of that cold you caught either when you went out in damp weather without a suitable protection for your feet, or when you came home from that social gathering and did not take care to wrap yourself up sufficiently, saying, "Oh, I'm young!" or "I'm hearty!" or, "There's no fear of me!" and a score of expressions of the same kind which heedlessness has coined and thoughtlessness keeps current. With just such exclamations you have exposed yourself carelessly, and "A slight cold that will go away in a day or two" has somehow hidden itself under your pillow, and taken possession of you whilst you slept. The "slight cold" developes into a pulmonary affection. A Cough begins to harrass you. The hectic flush comes and go's on your cheek. Soon friends bend over you in sorrow and say, "Consumption is here!". Your wisdom is to attend to that Cough at once! Don't wait too long! Use

Chiswells Pectoral Balsam,

For the timely use of this well known remedy will cause the fiend to unfasten the fangs he seeks to bury deep in your most vital part—your lungs—and will effectually banish him.

Sold by George Johnson, Druggist, 148 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S. General Agent for New Brunswick, T. B. Barker, Druggist, St. John.

Nov 16

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1865,

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

Messrs A. & W. MacKinlay, No. 16 Granville Street, Halifax, will promptly execute all orders for the above.

☞ The bound and interleaved copies are embellished with a splendid Engraving of *Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.*

C. H. BELCHER,
November 16. Publisher and Proprietor.

New and Valuable Music Books.

THE Chorus Wreath, a Collection of Sacred and Secular Choruses from Oratorios, Operas and Popular Glee and Chorus Books, designed as a Standard Book for Choirs, Musical Societies Conventions and Schools, and containing the most desirable pieces for Private Practice and Public Performance. $1.50.

New Manual of Thorough Bass. By Edw B. Oliver, Principal of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, Boston. This volume embodies the principal ideas contained in the elaborate works of French, German and Italian Masters of Music, disencumbered of obscurities of expression, and made plain to the understandings of all grades of students. For beginners, and even for advanced scholars as a book of reference, it will be found invaluable.—Cloth 67; Boards 50.

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The Family.

Let it Pass.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long!
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the turbid stream, refined,
Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive,
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Blame not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!
Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"

Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

—All The Year Round.

The Right End of the Skein.

Mrs. Morris had passed a delightful Sabbath. It had closed a week, every day of which had been devoted to special religious offices by the church to which she belonged; and each day, by its prayers, its sermons and hymns, had lifted her, as by successive wave on wave, to a higher and still serener hight of religious enjoyment. Seated now in the calm twilight of the Sabbath, she reviewed the week as from some serene hight the traveler looks over an evening landscape. Never had she seemed to herself to have risen to calmer regions of the spiritual life. The world of common interests and petty cares—all that ever distracted or wearied her seemed to lie far below her feet, as a faintly remembered dream. There seemed no longer to be any trouble she could not endure, any cross she could not easily carry. The year had been marked with disappointment and bereavement; but now the yearning of bereavement was still; a celestial light seemed to gild even that distant grave over which she had shed so many tears. "Yes," she said to herself, in a sort of inward rapture, "at last the mystery of sorrow begins to explain itself, and God's will and my will have become one. This great peace is worth all it cost."

In the midst of all this peace she was conscious of a sort of shuddering aversion at the thought of Monday. Mother of a large family, pressed with a thousand daily and hourly calls, she felt the repugnance to pass from the serene spiritual regions of tranquil thought to the coarse, common place life. Then, too, she was a woman of sensative nerves, quick to feel the jar and shock of aught that was jarring. Ah she sighed, if it were only my duty to listen and to adore—if the worship and services of a holy week like this might be perpetual—if I could be in some serene, calm retreat where selected souls worship perpetually, surely I might almost live without sin forever.

But Monday rose—bright, positive, sharp, worldly Monday—most Martha-like of all days of the week—and with it came burned toast and washy coffee for breakfast, to the manifest discomfort of the masculine head of the family; and when inquiry was made into causes, came back the message, "Cook says she is not going to get the breakfast washing days, any more. Them as wants it must get it themselves."

The second girl in the staff, from whose unpractised hands originated the defective articles, was sure it wasn't her place to get in and in general the week was ushered in in as uncomfortable a manner as possible; and Mrs. Morris, being thoroughly discomposed, lost patience, and spoke several sharp words all around; the celestial peace was broken. The domestic trouble was after awhile smoothed over and arranged, but she was vexed with herself, and somewhat vexed that she should be set in the very outset of the week by such a mortification.

In the course of the forenoon came in Miss Martha Brightbody, the general factotum of all the benevolent arrangements and sewing societies of the church, to hold a consultation with Mrs. Morris, and, as is very apt to be the case with these excellent people who gather a handful of seed out of everybody's vineyard, she dropped some grains of strife here and there among her good seed.

"Do you know, Mrs. Morris," she said, "Mrs. Brown said she thought you hadn't shown good judgment in buying those calicoes? She said you gave too much a yard by three cents. I stood up for you. For my part, I think Mrs. Brown always wants to have the lead in everything herself; and then Mrs. Simpkins said you didn't do your part in having the society meet at your house; and I put 'em in mind how you've been afflicted, and all that. I always stand up well to 'em I can tell you," and then came another half hour of talk, and the good soul went away, leaving the sting of two gentle strokes to a flame in her listener's heart.

"Why should I mind it? she said to herself a dozen times that day; but she *did* mind it. It came between her and her peace, and often hung on her with a vague sense of something disagreeable, even when she put it out of her mind.

It would seem as if the week, so inauspiciously begun, was fated to poor Mrs. Morris. Her cook was in one of those surly periods to which the minds of most human beings are often subject, and nobody can say why cooks shouldn't allowed their ill-humor sometimes as well as their betters; at all events, Mrs. Morris's head woman had such phases, which were only borne in peace because of her general honesty and ability. The second girl, a new hand, was well meaning but blundered, and succeeded on Tuesday in breaking an elegant cut-glass dish, which had come down as an heirloom to Mrs. Morris from her mother's family. Had it been the death of a child, Mrs. Morris would have borne the stroke like an angel, but as it was only her best glass dish, she thought she did well to be angry, and was angry accordingly. In short, so many mischances happened this luckless week, that when Sunday came again she seemed to herself like some chilled, shipwrecked mariner, who crawls, shivering, on to a rock to dry his wet garments and look about him. What a difference between this Sunday and the last!

"How am I ever to make progress in religion?" she said to her old Aunt Martha, who had come to spend the day with her. "I really think if I had nothing to do but attend on the means of grace; if we could have constant Sabbaths, and prayers, and hymns, I might endure; but each week's once seem to wash out what Sunday does."

"Daughter!" said Aunt Martha, "you haven't got hold of the *right end of the skein*. It won't unwind as you are doing it."

"Do tell me, then, what is the right end?"

"The right way is to call your crosses and your cares your means of grace. They are better than prayers, and psalms, and hymns, when they are taken in that way. Your means of grace this week have been your servants' ill-tempers; the breaking of your glass dish; your children's headlessness; the little unjust, provoking things people have said of you. Call these your means of grace, accept, value, use them as such, and you will grow faster in religion than if you went to church every day of the week."

Mrs. Morris was silent. A whole new vein of thought was awakened within her.

"Now," said Aunt Martha, "have you told your Father in heaven all these things you have been telling me?"

"These things! Oh, no! It has been my object to keep such trifles out of my mind in my prayers."

"Better let them in, and show them to Him."

"These little foolish things?"

"It seems they are great enough to hinder your peace; to stand in the way of your Christian life; if they can do that they are not little things. Call them your lessons; take them into your prayers; speak freely to your Father of them; look at them as the daily task He sets you; believe every one of them has an appointed meaning, and no church or sermon can do so much for you. My child, I had not been alive this day if I had not learned to do this."

Mrs. Morris knew that her aunt had been through the long trial which only the wife of a drunkard knows, and yet the peace of God was written in every line of her face, and these few words showed the secret of that peace. She resolved that the next week she would try and begin the skein at the right end. Good friend, if your life skein will not wind smoothly, try the same experiment.

How to keep Children Healthy.

The mortality among the children in our cities, as well as in the country, is sad to contemplate. Is there any necessity for this? Are all these children sent into the world to be thus early cut down? Are not nine out of ten of these early deaths the result of ignorance? What parents ever lost a child, except by accident, without thinking: "If I had treated it differently, it would not have died?" The loss of our own three first-born has led us to think much upon this topic, and three almost always healthy living ones are evidence that our studies on the subject have not been in vain. A few hints on the topic may not be without use.

Next to securing plenty of sound sleep, or rather before it, we place the proper preparation of food. The kind of food they eat is not of half so much consequence as the manner of its preparation. Give a child a hard apple and let him swallow it in pieces from the size of a large pea upward. The result will be, that the lumps will be partly worn off by the coats of the stomach, and partly dissolved by the gastric juice; but after a time, the remaining portion of the lumps will be forced down into the intestines and go through the length of fifteen to twenty feet, producing at least griping and irritation all the way, if not diarrhœa or dysentery. But first scrape or mash the apple to a fine pulp, and it may then be eaten with impunity, and with benefit, if ripe or nearly so.

Feed a child on boiled potatoes cut up, or on potatoes coarsely mashed and fried in fat, and you will be pretty sure to find more or less lumps of potatoes remaining undigested. How can it be otherwise than that these lumps must have produced irritation in the intestines? But mash these same potatoes finely before feeding them, and then the fine material will be digested and afford nutriment instead of giving uneasiness and pain "under the apron."

The same holds true of most meats. Cup up fine—as fine as shot almost—they will be digested, and produce nourishment; while if fed in coarse pieces, they will lie in the stomach, like a meat poultice, on the outside the cause of uneasiness if not of inflammation. Feed raisins and nuts to children, and unless very strong and vigorous, the chances are that they will induce immediate sickness or a weakened system, liable to be affected by the first change of heat or cold.

Chop these same raisins or nuts finely, reducing them almost to powder, and they may be eaten in moderate quantity with impunity. These remarks apply to all kinds of food, and in a measure, to grown people as well as to children.

Many persons are over nice or anxious as to what their children eat, and often reduce them to skeletons, or unfit them for a vigorous resistance of colds and malaria diseases, by feeding them on toast or rice, weak gruel, etc. Give them rather a good supply of food finely reduced that it will be quickly digested in the stomach, and they will grow vigorous and be able to withstand the changes of climate, and the exposures to which they are very liable. Mothers, consider these things, and see if they are not true and in accordance with reason.—*American Agriculturist.*

Making Tracks.

A light snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snowballing, and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the centre of the meadow, and that each one should start from it, and see who could make the straightest track, that is, go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented, to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in a straight line, the paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the hub. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow, when they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is as smooth and nothing to turn us out of our way?" said Jacob Small.

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could, without looking at anything but the ground," said James,

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others.

It appeared that nobody but Henry had aimed at a particular object. They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. Men cannot succeed in anything good without a definite aim. In order to mental improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to do good there must be a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions, will not avail. You must do as Henry did—fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily forward to it. Thus only can you succeed.

I am so Glad, for I am a Bad Child.

A few years ago a Christian (who is now with the Lord, whom he loved and served here) was, one Lord's day, speaking of the great love of Jesus to the children of a little school not many miles from London.

During his address he asked them this question: "What sort of children does Jesus love?" Instantly one and another answered, "Good children! Good children!" The teacher was silent; the children began to see, from the expression of his countenance, that they had not given the answer he wanted; but what other they could give they did not know, and they were much perplexed.

Presently he said, "Jesus loves bad children." They seemed surprised at hearing this, and one little girl asked, anxiously, whether it was really true, thinking, I suppose, that it was too good to be true. On being again assured that it was quite true, because Jesus said, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," she burst into tears and said, "I am so glad, then, for I am a bad child." That teacher was right. Jesus really loves bad children, not for being bad, mark you, but because their souls are precious, and he wishes to wash their sins away in his own blood. Now, if a bad child will not let Jesus do this, but will stick to his sins, then Jesus will cast him off, and let him have his evil way and perish in his sins.—*Well Spring.*

Agriculture.

How to add to the Value of your Farm.

An intelligent man, with a growing family, when about to purchase a homestead, looks not only at the fertility of the soil, the value of the buildings, the fences, the nearness of the markets, and the like, but several other things have great weight with him in determining upon the purchase of a farm, and a *home* for his family. To illustrate: A man of thirty-five, having disposed of his present property, desires to purchase a farm. The news that he desires to purchase soon spreads, and he is offered any number of farms, in different locations, but months pass before he makes a selection. We ask why. He says he has not yet found all the good qualities connected with any farm that he has found in the market. We reply he must be very particular. 'No, not *very* particular, he replies, but there are some *essentials* to a good home, for my family, which I cannot overlook. I am not looking entirely for good land, good fences, and good building. But I want to know that I am going into an enlightened and progressive neighborhood," But how are you going to determine this point? 'How? by the signs. I first take a look at the school-house. If I find the house neatly built, well painted, and comfortably arranged, with out-buildings in good order, with a good supply of well fitted dry wood, and the whole protected from the highway by a good fence, I say at once, this looks well, I will look around this neighborhood. I pass along the highway and soon find it all ridged and crisscrossed up, where somebody has been scouring an old rusty plow. It looks bad, but never mind, that man will soon get shamed out of that. Ah! what have we here? My horse comes to a stand. A motherly looking quadruped, with her nine little incipient porkers, raises from the mire, and blocks his onward progress. With a grunt she retreats, and we pass on. Each side of the road is lined and embellished with such attractive plants and flowers as are furnished by the thistle, the burdock, the mullein, and more of the same gems. I notice that the pig and poultry yard are in front of many of the residences, and that there is as much old rubbish on the street and around the buildings as ought to occupy the site of a dismantled fort, I conclude at once that one or more public spirited individuals have built the school-house, but that the neighborhood is behind the age, and I will search yet a little longer. I ride on to a neighboring town to see Mr. A., who advertises his farm for sale.' We walk over it. Good land, splendid crops, good fences, 'generous tidy barns and handy dwelling.' Good! Now, friend, show us your yard, shrubbery, orchard, etc. Orchard! Ah, yes! Well to tell you the truth, we have not got an orchard. Never could find time, or means to spare, to set or take care of trees. So I have no orchard to show. The 'women folks' have so much to do, they have no time to fool away on 'bushes and posies.' They can get enough of them in the woods, or on the highway. 'Good morning, sir! My family and self would as soon think of emigrating to Greenland, or among the Hottentots, as to move on to a place where there is *no fruit or flowers*. As I ride by the school-house, which stands unincloses on the publicroad, I see walls staring through the fallen clapboards, glass broken from the window, and the brick tumbling from the chimney. The college is exposed on all sides to the public gaze, while splendid drawings, with chalk and carbon, embellish the whole exterior of the buildings. Rude boys cling to my carriage, and frighten my horse with yells and stones. I feel relief when well out of the neighborhood, though my first impressions on the farm was very favorable."

The narrative of our friends experience in purchasing a home affords to us farmers a valuable lesson, viz.: Other things being equal, the value of any farm is much enhanced by a good orchard, pleasant shade, flowers and shrubbery, with neatness about the buildings, and on the street, with the public spirit to build good roads and good school-houses, and keep good schools therein. The citizen who fails to do his part in such matters, is neglecting his own vital and pecuniary interests.

It cannot be too frequently urged upon farmers to save all the manure they can. It is cheaper to make your own manure than to buy it, and to do without is out of the question. Let your compost heaps and your pens for hogs, cattle and sheep receive every thing that will make manure. An exchange suggests that should the fermentation of compost heaps need quickening, add a few pailfulls of manure liquor, and use plaster to prevent the loss of ammonia.

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TESTIMONIALS.

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DR J. J. RIDGE. W M. HARKINS,
29, *Prior Place, East Street, Walworth, S. E.*
December, 12th 1863.

DEAR SIR,—Please send me one dozen of your Patent Food and oblige. I find it sell very well; and indeed it is used with general satisfaction by mothers who dry nurse their babies, who always seem to thrive and do well; and having seen its good qualities in young members of my own relations, it is a sufficient guarantee for me to strongly recommend it when opportunity presents itself
I am dear sir, yours very truly
To Dr. Ridge. PAUL STRANGE.

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(Signed)
BENJAMIN GODFREY M.D., F.R.A.S.
Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Societ

Eastbourne,
October.

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Piles,

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