The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume VIII. No. 42. HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1856. Whole No. 379.

The Itinerant Bride.

BY MRS. L. B. BALDWIN.

O Erie! be quiet, for on thy dark brow,
The vessel is floating that bears from me now
The first precious bird of my nest:
And, down on this heart, that with tremulous beat,
Seems so anxious to fly to her floating retreat—
Must a mother's fond fears be repressed.

Away from the scenes where in childhood she play'd;
Away from the haunts where her young feet have stray'd;
From the countless endearments of home:
Where parents, and sisters, still linger in love,
Where the brother once sang that's now singing above
With the songsters in heaven's high dome.

But whispers, all noiseless, yet reaching the heart,
Are soothingly saying, "'tis needful to part—
Let your cares on God's promises rest:
And, her toil in His vineyard will brighten her crown,
And her fame be more precious than earthly renown,
And her treasure, a home with the blest."

And I thought of THAT home and my darling once there;
And welcom'd each cross that would make it more fair,
That would ripen another for heaven:
And my heart, so supported, forgot to complain,
For, I knew that each sanctified cross would be gain,
When we met where no ties could be riven.

Excellences of the Bible.

BY REV. J. C. RYLE.

The Bible handles subjects which are utterly beyond the reach of man when left to himself. It treats of things that are invisible—the soul, the world to come, and eternity; subjects which man has no line to fathom. All who have tried to write on these subjects, without Bible light, have done little but show their own ignorance. They grope like the blind. They speculate. They conjecture. They generally make the darkness more visible, and land us in a region of uncertainty and doubt. How little did the wisest of the heathen know! How dim were the views of Solon, Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, and Seneca! A well-taught Sunday-school child, in the present day, knows more eternal truth than all these sages put together.

The Bible alone describes *the beginning and end of the globe on which we live.* It starts from the birthday of the sun, moon, stars, and earth, and shows us creation in its cradle. It foretells minutely the dissolution of all things,—when the stars shall fall from their places, and the earth, and all *its works, shall* be burned up, and shows us *creation in* its grave. It tells us the story of the world's youth, and it tells us the story of *its old* age. It gives us the picture of its *first* days, and it gives us the picture of its last. How vast and important is this knowledge!

The Bible alone gives *a true and faithful account of man.* It does not flatter him as novels and romances do. It does not conceal his faults, and exaggerate his goodness. It paints him just as he is. It describes him as a fallen creature, very far gone from original righteousness, and of his own nature inclined to evil,—a creature needing not only a pardon, but a new heart, to make him fit for heaven. It shows him to be a corrupt being, under every possible circumstance, when left to himself; corrupt after the loss of paradise, corrupt after the flood, corrupt when fenced in by laws and commandments, corrupt when the Son of God visited him as manifest in the flesh, corrupt in the face of warnings, corrupt in the face of miracles, corrupt in the face of judgments, corrupt in the face of mercies. In one word, it shows man to be by nature always a sinner. How important is this knowledge!

The Bible alone gives *true views of God. By* nature man knows nothing of him. All *his* conceptions and ideas of him are low, grovelling, and debased. What can be more degraded than the gods of the Canaanites, and Egyptians,—of Babylon, of Greece, and of Rome? What can be more vile than the gods of the Hindoos, and other heathens, in our own times? By the Bible we know that *God hates sin.* The destruction of the world by the flood, the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah, the drowning of Pharaoh and the Egyptians in the Red Sea, the cutting off of the nations of Canaan, the overthrow of Jerusalem and the temple, the scattering of Jews: all these are unmistakable witnesses. By the Bible we know that *God loves sinners.* His gracious promise in the day of Adam's fall, his long-suffering in the times of Noah, his deliverance of Israel out of the land of Egypt, his gift of the law at Mount Sinai, his bringing the tribes into the promised land, his forbearance in the days of the judges and kings, his repeated warnings by the mouth of his prophets, his restoration of Israel after the Babylonian captivity, his sending his Son into the world, in due time, to be crucified, his commanding the gospel to be preached to the Gentiles;—all these are speaking facts. By the Bible we learn that *God knows all things.* We see him foretelling things hundreds and thousands of years before they take place; and as he foretells, so it comes to pass. He foretold that the family of Ham should be a servant of servants; that Tyre should become a rock for drying nets; that Ninevah should become a desolation; that Babylon should be made a desert; that Egypt should be the basest of kingdoms, and that the Jews should not be reckoned among the nations. All these things were utterly unlikely; yet all have been fulfilled. Reader, once more I say, how important is this knowledge!

The Bible alone teaches us that *God has made a full, perfect, and complete provision for the salvation of fallen man.* It tells us of an atonement made for the sin of the world, by the sacrifice and death of God's own Son upon the cross. It tells us that by his death for sinners, he obtained eternal redemption for all that believe on him. The claims of God's broken law have now been satisfied. Christ has suffered for sin, the just for the unjust. God can now be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly. It tells us that there is now a complete remedy for the guilt of sin, even the precious blood of Christ. Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have eternal life. It tells us that there is a complete remedy for the power of sin, even the almighty grace of the Spirit of Christ. It shows us the Holy Ghost quickening believers, and making them new creatures. It promises a new heart and a new nature to all who will hear Christ's voice, and follow him. Reader, once more I say, how important is this knowledge!

The Bible alone *explains the state of things that we see in the world around us.* There are many things on earth which a natural man cannot explain. The amazing inequality of conditions,—the poverty and distress, the oppression and persecution, the shakings and tumults, the failures of statesmen and legislators, the constant existence of uncured evils and abuses,—all these things are often puzzling to him. He sees, but does not understand. But the Bible makes it all clear. The Bible can tell him that the whole world lieth in wickedness,—that the prince of the world, the devil, is everywhere, and that it is vain to look for perfection in the present order of things. The Bible will tell him that neither laws nor education can ever change men's hearts; and just as no man will ever make a machine work well unless he allows for friction, so also no man will do much good in the world unless he always remembers that the world he works in is full of sin. The Bible will tell him that there is "a good time" certainly coming, and coming perhaps sooner than people expect it; a time of perfect knowledge, perfect justice, perfect happiness, and perfect peace. But the Bible will tell him this time shall not be brought in by any power but that of Christ coming to earth again. And for that second coming of Christ, the Bible will tell him to prepare. O, reader, how important is all this knowledge!

But time would fail me if I were to enter fully into all the great things which the Bible reveals. It is not by any sketch or outline that the treasures of the Bible can be displayed. It would be easy to point out many other things besides those I have mentioned, and yet the half of its riches would be left untold.

How comforting is the account it gives us of the *great Mediator* of the New Testament—the man Christ Jesus! Four times over his picture is graciously drawn before our eyes, Four separate witnesses tell us of his miracles and his ministry, his sayings and his doings, his life and his death, his power and his love, his kindness and his patience, his ways, his words, his works, his thoughts, his heart. Blessed be God, there is one thing in the Bible the most prejudiced reader can hardly fail to understand, and that is the character of Jesus Christ!

How encouraging are the examples the Bible gives of *good people!* It tells us of many who were of like passions with ourselves,—men and women who had cares, crosses, families, temptations, afflictions, diseases, like ourselves,—and yet by faith and patience inherited the promises, and got safe home. It keeps back nothing in the history of these people. Their mistakes, their infirmities, their conflicts, their experience, their prayers, their praises, their useful lives, their happy deaths—all are fully recorded. And it tells us the God and Saviour of these men and women still waits to be gracious, and is altogether unchanged.

How instructive are the examples the Bible gives us of *bad people!* It tells us of men and women who had light, and knowledge, and opportunities, like ourselves, and yet hardened their hearts, loved the world, clung to their sins, would have their own way, despised reproof, and ruined their own souls forever. And it warns us that the God who punished Pharaoh, and Saul, and Ahab, and Jezebel, and Judas, and Ananias, and Sapphira, is a God who never alters; and that there is a hell.

How precious are the *promises* which the Bible contains for the use of those who love God! There is hardly any possible emergency or condition for which it has not some word in season. And it tells men that God loves to be put in remembrance of these promises, and that if he has said he will do a thing, his promise shall certainly be performed.

How blessed are the *hopes* which the Bible holds out to the believer in Jesus Christ! Peace in the hour of death; rest and happiness on the other side of the grave; a glorious body in the morning of the resurrection; a full and triumphant acquittal in the day of judgment; an everlasting reward in the kingdom of Christ; a joyful meeting with the Lord's people in the day of gathering together;—these, these are the future prospects of every true Christian. They are all written in the book,—in the book which is all true.

How striking is the light which the Bible throws on the *character of man!* It teaches us what men may be expected to be and do in every position and station in life. It gives us the deepest insight into the secret springs and motives of human action, and the ordinary course of events under the control of human agents. It is the true discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. How deep is the wisdom contained in the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes! I can well understand an old divine saying, "Give me a candle and a Bible, and shut me up in a dark dungeon, and I will tell you all that the whole world is doing."

Reader, all these are things which men could find nowhere except in the Bible. We have probably not the least idea how little we should know about these things if we had not the Bible. We hardly know the value of the air we breathe, and the sun which shines upon us, because we have never known what it is to be without them. We do not value the truths on which I have been just now dwelling, because we do not realize the darkness of men to whom these truths have not been revealed. Surely no tongue can fully tell the value of the treasures this one volume contains. Well might old John Newton say that some books were *copper* books in his estimation, some were *silver*, and some few were *gold;* but the Bible alone was like a book made up of *bank notes.*

Think not for a moment that any part of the precious book is not profitable. Think not that such portions as catalogues and pedigrees,—as Leviticus, and the description of Ezekiel's temple,—are useless and without value. Believe me it is childish folly to question the usefulness of any word in the Bible, merely because our eyes at present do not see its use.

Come with me, and look for a moment at the book of nature, and I will show you things of which you do not see the use.

Place yourself, in imagination, by the side of an Australian gold-digging, and observe the earth that is drawn up from its bottom. It is likely that your unpractised eye will see nothing in that heap but rubbish, and dirt, and stones. And yet that very heap of earth may prove, on washing, to be full of particles of the purest gold. It is just the same with the Bible. We see but little of it now. We shall find hereafter that every verse of it contained gold.

Place yourself, in imagination, on the top of some highland mountain. Look at the minute moss or lichen which clings to the side of that mass of rock. Tell me, if you can, what use and purpose that lichen serves. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the very insects leave it alone.—grouse, and ptarmigan, and red deer, draw no sustenance from it. The rock does not require its covering. And yet that minute lichen is as truly a part of God's creation as the cedars of Lebanon, or the Victoria Regia of the South American rivers. Place it under a microscope, and you will see that it is like all other works of God, it is "very good," and full of beautiful design. Settle it down in your mind, as it is with the book of nature, so it is with the book of revelation, the written word of God. There is not a chapter or verse from first to last, which is not in some way profitable. If you and I do not see its use, it is because we have not eyes to see it yet. But all, we may rest assured, is precious. All is "very good." Well said Bishop Jewell: "There is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, no letter, but it is written for thy instruction. There is not one jot, but it is signed and sealed with the blood of the Lamb."

Reader, this is the book about which I address you this day. Surely it is no light matter what you are doing with it. It is no light matter in what way you are using this treasure. I charge you, I summon you to give an honest answer to my questions. What art thou doing with the Bible? Dost thou read it? HOW READEST THOU?

Prayerfulness.

"He continued all night in prayer to God."—*Luke* vi. 12

We speak of this Christian and that Christian as "a man of prayer." Jesus was emphatically so. The Spirit was poured upon him without measure, yet he prayed! He was incarnate wisdom, "needed not that any should teach him." He was infinite in his power and boundless in his resources, yet he prayed! How deeply sacred the prayerful memories that hover around the solitudes of Olivet and the shores of Tiberias! He seemed often to turn night into day to redeem moments for prayer, rather than lose the blessed privilege.

We are rarely, indeed, admitted into the solemnities of his inner life. The veil of night is generally between us and the Great High Priest, when he entered "the holiest of all;" but we have enough to reveal the depth and fervor, tenderness and confidingness of His Heavenly Father. No morning dawns without his fetching fresh manna from the mercy seat. "He wakeneth morning by morning; He wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned."—Isa. i. 4. Beautiful description! a praying Redeemer, wakening, as if at early dawn, the ear of his Father, to get fresh supplies for the duties and trials of the day. All his public acts were consecrated by prayer—his baptism, his transfiguration, his miracles, his agony, his death. He breathed away his spirit in prayer. "His last breath," says Philip Henry, "was praying breath."

How sweet to think, in holding communion with God, Jesus drank of this very brook! He consecrated the bended knee and the silent chamber. He refreshed his fainting spirit at the same great fountain head from which it is life for us to draw and death to forsake.

Reader, do you complain of your languid spirit, your drooping faith, your fitful affections, and your lukewarm love? May you not trace too much of what you deplore to an unfrequented chamber? The treasures are locked up from you because you have suffered the key to rust; the hands hang down because they have ceased to be lifted in prayer. Without prayer! It is a pilgrim without a staff, a seaman without a compass, the soldier going unarmed and unharnessed to battle.

Beware of encouraging what indisposes to prayer—going to the audience chamber with soiled garments, the din of the world following you, its distracting thoughts hovering unforbidden over your spirit. Can you wonder that the living water refuses to flow through obstructed channels, or the Heavenly light to pierce murky vapors!

On earth, fellowship with a lofty order of minds imparts a certain nobility to the character; so, in a far higher sense, by communion with God, you will be transformed into his image, and get assimilated to his likeness. Make every event in life a fresh reason for going to him. If difficulted in duty, bring it to the test of prayer; if cowed down with anticipated trial, "fearing to enter the cloud," remember Christ's preparation, "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder."

Let prayer consecrate everything—your time, talents, pursuits, engagements, joys, sorrows, crosses, losses. By it rough paths will be made smooth, trials disarmed of their bitterness, enjoyments hallowed and refined, the bread of the world turned into angels' food. "It is in the closet," says Payson, "the battle is lost or won."—*Zion's Herald.*

God is Love.

Blessed, glorious truth! The sun of our darkness! the solace of our woe! the crown of our joy! the anchor of our hopes! Do the storms of life thicken around and impenetrable night obstruct our way? We remember that "God is love," and the midnight of our prospects brightens into day.—Are we afflicted, distressed, borne down by the burden of insupportable sorrow? We feel that "God is love," and our load of affliction is lightened. Are we blessed with prosperity, and rejoicing in the fullness of delight? We are reminded that "God is love," and our cup of bliss overflows, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Do we hope for rest and recompense on high when the toils of life are over? The truth that "God is love" almost ripens that hope into present fruition—it becomes a hope full of immortality."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Absence from Church.

He has been absent from church for several Sabbaths.

HAVE YOU BEEN TO SEE HIM? *Perhaps he is sick.* And O how grateful are the attentions of a fellow member of the Church to a sick brother! Do not leave him in his loneliness uncheered by a word of sympathy or comfort. Go and sit by his bedside and talk cheerfully to him, and read the word of God to him; sing some of the songs of Zion, and pray with him. You may do him great good, administer spiritual comfort to his heart, and he will love you more; as he recovers, the religion which prompts you, and the Church with which you are mutually connected, will become dearer to him as he realizes the precious sympathy which its fellowship evokes.

HAVE YOU BEEN TO SEE HIM? *Perhaps he is poor,* and wants fitting garments to appear decently in the House of God. It may be a false pride keeps him away on this account, or it may be the true cause of his absence. It is a cause of more frequent recurrence than many of us are willing to admit. Visit him delicately, kindly. Win his confidence, and inquire like a brother, for the reasons. And if this should be the case, interest yourself with your brethren, for the supply of his necessities. Jesus will remember your kind interposition, and say to you, approvingly, "I was naked and ye clothed me."

HAVE YOU BEEN TO SEE HIM? *Perhaps there is affliction in his family.* His wife or child may be suffering and need his attention at home. He may even be kept from his daily employment by nursing the sick, and thus doubly need your fraternal sympathy and aid. At any rate go and see what is the matter; you may be useful to him.

HAVE YOU BEEN TO SEE HIM? *Perhaps he is a wanderer from the fold.* He may have yielded to temptation and be turning toward the "beggarly elements of the world." He may have become offended at something he has seen or heard. Something may have alienated his affections from the Church.—Visit him, and evince your interest for his spirituality. Talk to him kindly and faithfully, and you may win him back again.—How happy for you, how happy for him, if his wandering feet are checked and turned again towards Zion. "If a brother be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness."

"He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."—*Watchman and Observer.*

Satan a Fisherman.

I was sometime since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him and standing beside his boat, said:

"Sir, I am acquainted with your business. What kind of fish are these?"

"They are codfish," replied he.

"How long are you usually out, in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," he answered.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you had hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he,

"With what yo you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"Well, now did you ever catch a fish without bait?"

"Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day when I was a fixin' my line the bare hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best, but when he would catch a profanne swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him—

"I guess that's a minister."—*People's Organ.*

The Humble and Contrite.

God dwells with the holy. The Church washed in the Redeemer's blood and clothed in his righteousness and renewed in holiness by his Spirit, is his earthly court. Of Zion it is said, God is in her. There he is sanctified in all who approach him in sincerity, and there does he proclaim his laws—reveal his grace—exhibit the riches of his love and mercy—so manifest his attributes to the souls of his people, and shed abroad his love in their hearts, and they find a heaven here on earth, and long for the sanctuary, that they may see God, as they have seen him, and walk in the light of his favor. Holiness, therefore, becomes God's house forever,—for God is holy, and Christ died to purify his people, and present the Church unto himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

God dwells with the humble. As he loves holiness when it is perfect, so he loves the desire after it where it is yet imperfect. Such are the humble who have a just sense of their weakness and sinfulness,—such are the contrite who deeply bewail their state before God. Not that they mourn merely on account of the judgment they dread, but principally on account of their having shamefully debased their souls by sin, and impiously grieved the good Spirit of their God.—Nay if they are truly humble and contrite, they most of all loathe and abhor themselves, when they are most assured that God is pacified toward them. Shame and confusion of face cover them even when their cloud of sins is blotted out, for their ingratitude and perverseness appear aggravated in the light of mercy, goodness, long suffering and pardon. Such penitents, whatever they may have been in times past, are no less the objects of God's favor than the angels themselves. Yea, if one such person will be found on the face of the earth, God will fix his eye upon him with pleasure and complacency, as the fruit of his Spirit and the purchase of Christ's blood. He will look upon their groans and tears as the valuable monuments of true contrition, however they may expose them to the scorn and contempt of the world. He will bind up the wounds which sin has made and pour joy and gladness into the disconsolate soul,—for well he knows that nothing but his presence with the soul will fully satisfy its desires, or answer the purposes of his love. On this account he will lift up the light of his countenance upon it,—give beauty for ashes. As he formerly dwelt in the tabernacle by the visible symbols of his presence, so will he condescend to dwell invisibly in the contrite and humble heart, making it his habitation on purpose that he may revive and comfort it.—*Protestant Churchman.*

Living to Purpose.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH.

I took up an old book the other day, written by one Samuel Slater, and glancing over the preface my eye caught these words: "My desire has been to live to purpose."—I immediately felt that I had met the production of a brother—one with whom I could sympathize. Live, we do, live we must; it is not a matter of choice with us; but do we live to purpose? Live while you live, Live as you will wish you had lived when the glories of eternity are bursting upon your view.

If we would live to purpose, we must live *a life of faith.* Faith brings us to Jesus, leads us to renounce everything at the feet of Jesus, and to venture on Jesus to save us with an everlasting salvation.—Faith rests upon God's words, watches God's providence, and strives to glorify God's name. If I have faith, I have Jesus; for faith brings the soul and Christ into union. If I have faith, I am holy; for faith purifies the heart, works by love, and consecrates the person to God. If there is no faith there can be no good works; and if there are no good works, there is no faith. Or if there is what is called faith, it is a dead, a useless faith; for "faith without works is dead, being alone." To live by faith then, is to live believing God, trusting in Jesus, doing the will of God from the heart, and seeking to do good to all around us.

If we would live to purpose, we must live *a life of prayer.* Prayer is the outgoing of the soul to God, as the effect of communications of grace from God, Prayer eases the heart, relieves the mind, and animates the soul. It seeks from God, that it may employ for God. Without prayer there can be no life in the soul. Without habitual prayer there can be no spiritual health. Prayer brings God and the soul together.—It opens God's resources to supply the pleader's needs. Prayer, as it brings us continually into the presence of God, gradually conforms us to the moral image of God. We become godlike. There is a resemblance to God in our spirit, object, and actions. The man of faith is a man of prayer; and the man of prayer is the useful man.

If we would live to purpose, we must live *a life of activity.* We must be active for God's glory, and active for man's good. There is a field for every one to cultivate—a work for each of us to do. The men of the last generation, who planted the fruit trees which now supply us, lived to some purpose; but the men who only lived to eat drink, and dress, lived to no purpose. Two young men, members of a Christian church, had to cross several fields to go to their place of worship: they agreed to invite every person they met, who was at all likely to accompany them. They did so and persevered; at length they could reckon up twenty, whom they had induced to attend; ten of them were converted to God, and became members of the Church. They lived so far to purpose. A young man whose heart was fired with the love of Christ, collected together twelve lads, and formed them into a class, to educate them on the Lord's day. He persevered. He offered special prayer for them. In time every one of them became hopefully converted to God. Two of them are Ministers of Christ, several of them teachers of the young, and the rest continue in a profession of religion. He lived to purpose. A christian desired to live to purpose; he wrote a tract, printed and circulated it. He then produced a book. They spread abroad; were owned of God to the conversion of souls. They were translated into other tongues. The work goes on. That man lived to purpose. If we really desire to live to purpose, let us seek grace from God to enable us to do so, and he will give it. Paul says, "Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear." If I give a cup of cold water, having nothing better, to a disciple, because he belongs to Christ, I live to purpose, for Jesus will acknowledge and reward it. If out of love to Jesus, I visit the sick, and point them to his precious blood; if I relieve the widow and the fatherless, trying to soothe their sorrows, and lead them to the widow's God; if I teach the young who are uncared for and uneducated, and try to place them in the Saviour's arms, I live to purpose. So if I make the diffusion of God's truth and the conversion of God's enemies my great object, and follow it up with prayer and perseverance, I shall not labor in vain or spend my life for nought. The children converted in our Sunday schools now, will prove to the next generation that their teachers lived to purpose. And the souls born of God in and by the efforts of the devoted minister of Christ, who has travailed in birth for them until Christ was formed in them, will rise up to testify that he has lived to purpose.

Reader, do you wish to live to purpose? If so, live to Jesus. Live like Jesus. He went about doing good. He pleased not Himself, but in everything sought the good of others, and His Father's glory. How can christians endure the thought of living to no purpose? Dying, the church scarcely misses them. Dying, the world is scarcely any the worse for their removal. Dying, the Saviour has not lost a trumpeter, nor the Sunday school a teacher, nor the church an active instrument of good. Brethren, let us arouse ourselves; let us determine in God's strength, that we will henceforth live to some high, holy, and noble purpose. As the apostle said of himself and primitive christians, let us live to say of ourselves, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for if we live, we live unto the Lord; living therefore, or dying, we are the Lord's." Gracious God, grant that the ruling desire of every one of our hearts may be like that of Samuel Slater, that when the scenes of life close upon us—when eternity opens before us—when death stands ready to usher up into thy presence—we may be enabled honestly to say, "MY DESIRE HAS BEEN TO LIVE TO PURPOSE.—*British Messenger.*

Do you Want a Friend.

Consider solemnly whether Christ is your friend, and you are his. There are thousands, I grieve to say, who are not Christ's friends. Outward members of his church, attendants on his means of grace—all this they are no doubt. But they are not Christ's friends. Do they hate the sins which Jesus died to put away? No. Do they love the Saviour who came into the world to save them? No. Do they delight in the word of reconciliation? No. Do they try to speak with the Friend of sinners in prayer? No. Do they seek close fellowship with him? No. Oh, reader, how is it with you? Are you, or are you not, one of Christ's friends.

If you are not one of Christ's friends, you are a poor, miserable man. I write this down deliberately. I do not say it without thought. I say, that if Christ be not your friend, you are a poor, miserable man.—You are in the midst of a tailing, sorrowful world, and you have no real source of comfort or refuge for a time of need. You are a dying creature, and you are not ready to die. You have sins, they are not forgiven. You are going to be judged and are not prepared to meet God. You might be, but you refuse to use the only mediator and advocate. You love the world better than Christ. You refuse the great Friend of sinners, and you have no friend in heaven to plead your cause. Yes; it is sadly true. You are a poor, miserable man. It matters nothing what your income is; without Christ's friendship, you are very poor.

If you really want a friend, Christ is willing to become your friend. He is ready to receive you, all unworthy as you may feel, and to write you name on the list of his friends. He is ready to pardon all the past, to clothe you with righteousness, to give his Spirit to make you his own dear child. All he asks you to do, is to come to him. He bids you come with all your sins, only acknowledging your vileness, and confessing that you are ashamed. Just as you are—waiting for nothing—unworthy of anything in yourself, Jesus bids you come and be his friend. Come, and be wise. Come, and be safe. Come, and be happy. Come, and be Christ's friend.—*Ryle.*

The Backslider.

Who was he? His name was Demas. "Demas," says the Apostle Paul, "hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

There was a time when it was otherwise with Dumas. When, Anno Domini, sixty-four, Paul wrote his epistle to the Colossians, he said: "Luke, the beloved Physician, and Demas, greet you." And again, the same year writing to Philemon, he says: "Demas and Lucas, my fellow laborers, salute thee." But now, alas! two years later, writing to Timothy, he says: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world!" What a change two short years had made! Time works changes; often melancholy changes. Two years are sufficient to do this. But there are no changes more sad and disastrous than a change of the Christian religion for the world, for it is a change of salvation for ruin; and this change, lamentable, awful as it is, is not unfrequently effected in as brief a space of time as two years.

Perhaps some of our readers may know this from personal experience. Two years ago they might, to human view, have been spiritual, exemplary Christians; but now, alas; are carnal and worldly. Two years ago, their pastor speaking of them, might have spoken of them as promising engaged disciples of Christ. Now, referring to them, he may be forced to say: "they have forsaken Jesus, having loved the world." Too often do the hopefully converted turn out thus. The tree is barren; at the most, there are "but leaves only."

And how is this sad and ruinous change brought about? How does the believer backslide? Usually in this way:

He begins to neglect his closet. "Backsliding," says Matthew Henry, "commences at the closet door." Secret devotions are suspended, or performed in a heartless manner. He does not daily, as formerly, "enter his closet, shut the door, and pray to his father in secret." He is not drawn thither by a sense of spiritual want, nor "lingers, loth to depart," from satisfaction in the exercise, from the pleasure found in communion with God. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath," and the first symptom of spiritual decline is, the breathing of the soul growing shorter and more difficult.

Next the inspired volume is neglected.—There is less meaning and beauty in its pages than before. Once, "the words of the Lord's mouth were more esteemed than necessary food," and this "bread of life," was daily gathered as was the manna by the children of Israel. But now this bread is called "light food," as that heavenly descended manna was when Israel had begun to degenerate. It is not daily gathered or keenly relished. Other books are preferred to the "Book of Books." Newspapers and novels take precedence of it, and dust collects on it.

Neglect of secret prayer, and study of the Bible are followed by a diminished appreciation of the Sabbath and the sanctuary.—The Sabbath is not accounted the day of all the best; and whereas, when the pulse of spiritual life in the believer's soul beats quick and high, he could not fail to join the worshipping assembly whenever opportunity offered, and in his warm attachment to the public Christian ordinances, exclaimed—"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord?" How amiable are thy tabernacles, "O Lord of hosts!"—He now can absent himself from the Lord's temple on Sabbath, at least part of the day, and often does; and while thus absent "thinks his own thoughts, and speaks his own words."

Moreover, if he is the head of the family, the family altar has not the morning and evening sacrifices laid upon it; the messages of truth which his faithful pastor presents from the pulpit are captiously criticised in presence of the household; these messages are too plain and pungent, or they are personal, or they are not sufficiently elaborated with human rhetoric. Those enterprises of Christian philanthropy, which are the glory of the age, are not valued and cherished; the purse and the hand not generously opened in their behalf; there is conformity to the world in its views, principles, customs and follies, and he is sailing on the same track with it, and steering for the same point. And thus does it occur, that the person who once set out fair for heaven—was a promising candidate for the skies—has stopped, retrograded, become a Demas, a backslidden believer, and has forsaken Christ.

If we have a reader concerning whom this is true, may that living God from whom he has departed, rouse him to self-examination, repentance, and performance of his first works.—*New York Evangelist.*

The Legend of the Wandering Jew.

A wild and terrible legend is that of the Middle Ages, which personified the Jewish nation by the traits of the Wandering Jew. It represents an old man, with naked feet, uncovered head, and long white beard, wandering ceaselessly over the earth. His face is pale, a mark of blood is upon his forehead, his eyes burn like sapphires beneath their oblique lids. With an eagle-like nose, and blood-like lips, squalid and harsh in features, and clad in a coarse woolen gown, he ever pursues, with staff in hand, his interminable journey. Speaking all languages, and traversing all lands, knowing not the purposes of God concerning himself, and ever driven onward by a secret impulse, he is transported from place to place with the speed of the wind; and as the long centuries come successively to a close, his old age renews itself with the vigor of youth, in order that he may complete the weary round of ages. The people wonder as he hastens past.—Once or twice only has he paused to tell his story. He was of the Jewish nation, Ahasuerus by name, and a shoemaker by trade. Dwelling in Jerusalem, he persecuted our Saviour, and was of those who cried "Crucify him!" The sentence of death having been pronounced, he ran to his house, before which Jesus was to pass on the way to Cavalry. Taking his child in his arms, he stood at the door with all his family to behold the procession. Our Saviour, weighed down by the heavy burden of the cross, leaned for a moment against the wall; and the Jew, to show his zeal, struck the innocent one with cruel blows, and pointing to the place of execution, bade him go on.—Then Jesus, turning to the unfeeling child of Israel said:

"Thou refusest rest to the Son of God
I go, for it must needs be;
But for thee there shall be no rest
Or repose until I return.
Go forth on thy long journey.
Leave thine own; traverse mountains and seas,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,
Nowhere—not even in the tomb.
As an example to the Universe, and bearing
Everywhere the heavy weight of my curse.
Much shalt thou long for death, thy deliverance,
But shalt not die until the day of judgment."

He assists at the crucifixion, and then goes forth a mysterious stranger, whose feet shall become familiar with all lands.

How, age after age, he longs for the sweets of death and the repose of the tomb! But in spite of death, he must live on; his dust shall not mingle with that of his ancestors. He drags himself from a gloomy cavern of Mount Carmel, shaking the dust from his beard, grown even to his knees. Nine grinning skulls are before him. He seizes and hurls them from the top of the mountain, and they go bounding down from rock to rock. They are the skulls of his parents, of his wife, and six small children, all of whom have been able to die; but he cannot. He rushes in the flames of falling Jerusalem, and attempts to bury himself beneath the crumbling ruins of Rome; but in vain.—Flying from cities and men, the wanderer seeks the solitary places of the earth. He climbs the everlasting mountains; passing beyond the region of verdure and of dashing torrents, his feet tread the seas of amethyst and opal. Above him are only peaks shrouded in mists and eternal snows. The daring eagle soars not so high. There are no sounds save the cracklings of the glaciers. The soul seems almost to touch the heavens above. There, surely, the Wandering Jew shall rest? No. A pursuing angel unsheaths a sword of flaming fire, and lo! the wanderer beholds once more in the heavens the drama of the crucifixion. The way from earth to heaven is storied with myriads of celestial beings radiant with light. Before him are all the martyrs and saints and sages who have ever lived and died. For a moment he gazes upon the vision, and turns away chased by the sword of flame and demons of frightful form. Then he again wanders over the earth, ever with fine pieces of copper in his pocket, ever with the mark of blood upon his forehead. Maddened with the agony of life, he throws himself into the crater of Etna, but the boiling liquid and sulphurous flames harm him not. The floods of lava vomit him forth, for his hour is not yet come. Embarking upon the sea, the wind raises its surface into mountain waves—the vessel divides, and all perish save the Wandering Jew. Two light to sink in the ocean, its waves cast him upon the hated shore. He plunges into a hundred bloody conflicts without sword or shield. All in vain. The leaden balls rain harmlessly upon him; battle-axes and cimeters glance from his charmed body. Where mounted squadrons fight with the fury of demons, he casts himself under the feet of the horsmen, and is unharmed, so riveted are his soul and body together. He says to Nero, "Thou art drunk with blood;" to Christian and Mussulman, "Drunk art thou with blood." They invent the most horrible tortures for his punishment, yet injure him not. Leaving in his vain pursuit of death the lands that throb with life and industry, the Wandering Jew threads the solitary jungles of the tropics. He walks in poisoned air, and fierce lions and flat heated serpents will only sport with him as he hastens by.

And thus he wanders:

"Traversing mountains and seas.
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts;
Nowhere—not even in the tomb."

Correspondence.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Visit to a Camp-Meeting.

WITH NOTES BY THE WAY.

No. I.

Among the appliances employed in the United States for the promotion of the interests of Zion, Camp-meetings have for many years held a distinguished rank; and, beyond all doubt, have been most signally owned by God in the consummation of their design.

That they have met the disapproval of the formalist, the over-cautious, and the profane, will be admitted. But never by the candid, the thoughtful, and the pious, will they be the less honored on that account, or deemed other than extraordinary means, sufficiently justified in their adoption by the signal manner in which the Lord, the Spirit, has employed them as instrumentalities for the salvation of thousands of immortal souls.

That attendant on this kind of effort to impress the minds of men with the importance and necessity of salvation, have been occasional occurrences, which, viewed in themselves, have been both unseemly and unjustifiable, the most ardent advocate of Camp-meetings will not deny.

That it has sometimes happened that ardent minds under the influence of deep awakening—the new-born peace, and bursting joy, attendant, and consequent, on the soul's deliverance from the guilt and bondage of sin, have risen to a temperature too high for the more restrained, and sedate, may, also, without damage to the cause, be conceded. And, more than this, it may be said that mercenary spirits have sought to make these gatherings the occasion of worldly gain and—what is still worse, and much more disgraceful on the part of the actors—that ignorant, malicious, and profane persons, may have enlisted themselves under the banner of the wicked one, and visited these scenes of devotion for the base purpose of disturbance and annoyance.—But these things granted, what is the legitimate conclusion?

Can it be that of such meetings, the admitted results are the inevitable consequences? Certainly not. Ardent minds would yield to similarly heightened feeling within the walls of the consecrated sanctuary; and the profanity of the scoffer would manifest itself with an equally impious daring amid all the associations connected with the sacred edifice for divine worship. The one place of praise and prayer would no more keep in abeyance the thoughtless levity and disgraceful irreverence of the ungodly than the other.—Not in the place, but in the principle, lies on the one hand the sacred soul-stirring emotion, and on the other the God-dishonoring desecration.

Universal space is Jehovah's temple; and therefore however His worshippers may prefer the convenience of the building erected with the laudable design of showing forth his praise, acts of devotion may be as acceptably offered at the shrine of the tented forest, where the falling leaves carpet the floor nature's own hand has laid, the unpolished slab substitutes the seat, the trees of the wood form the frame-work of the building, the leafy branches the ornaments, the tallest of the grove growth the spire which points heavenward, and the clear blue sky the canopy that overspreads the whole. Custom, habit, prejudice, undue attachment to place, an inordinate love for things extrinsically ornamental, may say Jerusalem, or Mount Gerrizim, is the only place where men ought to worship. But Jesus Christ who was wont to worship on the mountain and by the sea side, on the high way or in the fishing boat, as well as in the synagogue and the temple, has settled that point,—see John iv. 20–24.

Within the space of the last three or four years, four Camp-meetings have been held in the province of New Brunswick—all of which have been conducted with the most desirable order, and attended with the most cheering results.

The last of these it has been my privilege to attend; the particulars of which will, I hope, obtain a place in the columns of your excellent journal For this purpose I transmit them.

The place fixed for the said meeting was on the Sussex Vale Circuit, in a beautiful grove situated between Smith's Creek and the Mill Stream.

Thursday, the 11th instant, was the time for its commencement—to continue until the Monday following. Though I had fully intended to be on the spot from the beginning, I was unable to effect my purpose owing to circumstances which could neither be foreseen or controlled. The visit had therefore to be deferred until Friday morning, when, in company with two zealous, and effective lay brethren from my own Circuit, and one from St. John, South, together with a few female members of our Church, we proceeded to Indian Town, to take passage in the Steamer Col. Fremont, for Hampton.

At 9, the hour for starting, we left the wharf, steaming our course for the Kennebecasis, a noble branch of the main river, navigable to Hampton, the distance of some thirty miles. The scenery of this splendid tributary sustains a striking resemblance to that which bounds the margin and adorns the rising ground on the sides of the majestic river in whose deep and ample bosom it becomes lost,—imparting to the far-famed St. John the power to augment its impetuous rush over the adjacent falls, through the deep and craggy gorge, which nature, at some moment of wild disorder, formed and, thereby, effected a outlet to the harbor of our City and the Bay of Fundy.

On the Kennebecasis, as well as on the Main River, there are Islands, which, though not so fertile, are not less notable in scenic grandeur. The same diversity of landscape is being perpetually presented; and the same green forest foliage clothing the marginal boundaries of the river close to the water's edge. About fifteen miles from Indian Town, Mr. Flewilling had a fine ship almost ready to be launched on her native element. We had on board a lady whose cheeks bore as much of beauty, her eyes of the flash of vision, her body symmetry of form, and portliness of appearance, as the chisel and mallet of any carver could be reasonably expected to produce from a lifeless lump of pine. She was landed with the utmost care and tenderness, preparatory to her becoming the beautiful figure head of this fine ship.—The operatives who conducted the landing process seemed to look upon her, as though she were a thing of life. Heartily may it be hoped that she may have a safe and speedy passage—that no rude storm may deface her features—no unpropitious event mar her fine proportions—no unforeseen catastrophe prepare for her a watery bed, beneath the blue waves of the vast Atlantic. And all this we hope, specially for the sake of the Owner, the Captain, the Officers, and the Crew of this stately vessel.

As we approach the rural village of Hampton the scenery becomes more fertile, picturesque, and enchanting. No swan ever formed its neck more gracefully than does the little Kennebec, graced by the curving hand of nature, in oft repeated instances present its symmetrical bendings as we draw near the head of its navigable flow. On our way up the river, the chance of suitable conveyances from Hampton to the Camp ground had formed a subject for conversation. With one of the party, there was however no misgiving. He had made arrangements which amounted to all but an *impossibility* of failure. Nothing it is said however is certain in this uncertain world. Somewhat crest-fallen in confidence, as respects his prudence and foresight in planning, our friend had to learn the practical soundness of the aforesaid maxim—and withal to make the best he could of *one certainty* and *that* was his *disappointment*; while there were others among us, far less indulgent in hope who discovered, that sometimes at least it happens, "that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet favor to men of skill," for at the village we found in waiting a noble span of iron greys with a vehicle of sufficient capacity to accommodate our party from Carleton. We did not of course rejoice at our friend's failure; but it would be mere affectation to say we were not pleased with our own success. Not to be deterred however by this mishap from the accomplishment of the sacred purpose, which had allured them from the "hum of the busy city" our friend for self and special party soon hired a conveyance and the whole, in undivided phalanx, journeyed onward to the spot of their sylvan and sequestered destination.

To such as have observingly travelled in the summer or autumnal season up the beautiful valley of Sussex, a description of its bold, rich, and changing scenery will be needless; but to give to the stranger who has never had the opportunity of visibly and mentally luxuriating amid the realities it presents, any description which shall pretend to substitute personal inspection of the imposing display which the bounteous exhibitions of nature—comprising hill and dale, field and forest, with all their essential appendages—continually present to view, is a task too hopeless to attempt. Suffice it to say, the whole aspect of the landscape was enchanting; and the day, too, among the choicest of September, which of all in the year is the most pleasant month for traveling, rendered the journey additionally delightful.

We arrived at the hospitable home of Mr. Manning (who had so kindly sent the span and carriage to take us through,) by half-past seven in the evening. A journey of twenty seven miles had quite prepared us for the repast which our generous host had provided. Leaving the female portion of our party to spend the night there, myself, and my two brethren from Carleton, repaired to the camp ground, about the distance of one mile.—As we drew nigh the spot, the services of the day being ended, we found all to be solemn and silent. The camp lights peering through the verdant forest underwood, and from between the towering trees which formed the area of the consecrated tent ground, sent forth their rays to bid us welcome, while sacred associations arising from the past, the present, and the future, rushed unbidden around our hearts, seemingly saying, Put the shoes from off your feet, for the ground on which you tread is holy, the Lord God of Israel has appeared, and the shout of the King has already been heard in the Camp.

The stirring events of the day had prepared us for rest. Wearied nature needed no special importunity to avail itself of the "sweet restorer balmy sleep," nor had it any particular objection to dispense with the accustomed accommodations of the domestic bed chamber, and submit to the rural arrangements which present circumstances afforded.

The religious services connected with the projected series of forest gatherings had commenced on the day previous to our arrival. On that day no preaching services were held; but it was devoted very judiciously and appropriately to prayer, that the Lord the Spirit might come down in His seven fold influence and blessing upon the multitudes who might come hither to worship, in this *temple* of *nature*, the *God* of *grace* and *glory*.

Indications of the most auspicious nature crowned the commencement, and *hope* strong in anticipation, almost *hope* no longer, was sweetly smiling on the verge of actual consummation.

On Friday morning the services opened in the usual way, followed with an appropriate discourse by Brother Perkins, from Rom. i. 16. In the evening an impressive sermon was given by Brother Desbrisay, from the Moncton Circuit, founded on the words so suitable to the occassion, contained in Ps. lxviii. 18. Prayer meetings were daily held in two of the largest tents, in the interim of the preaching services. The members in attendance had been gradually increasing, so that at the time of the public service on Saturday morning many hundreds were present, when they were addressed from John xiii. 3rd to 9th. Deep solemnity rested on the large assembly, and favorable indications of a gracious outpouring were both strengthened and multiplied.—At half past two Br. Perkins gave a soul stirring discourse from Math. xi. 28, and, on being invited, penitents rushed by scores to obtain a special interest in admonition and prayer. At half past six Br. Desbrisay preached a powerful sermon from John iii. 18. But few, comparatively speaking, remained on the Camp ground on the night of Saturday. Necessary preparations for the Sabbath required additional attention to domestic affairs, while we looked forward to the day of holy rest as to a season of high spiritual festivity.

By the kind invitation of Mr. Perlee, whose episcopalianism is of so mellow and benign a character, that methodism itself cannot exceed it in generous attention to any one of its own ministers, the writer availed himself of the bland hospitality and comfortable accommodation, which his domicile afforded,—and which by the kindness of his good lady and family, were continued to the time of departure from the Creek—endorsed with the pressing request that I would for the future, should I journey in that direction, make their house my home. They have my thanks. May they have God's blessing!

Prayer had been offered, and hope had been active in desire, that the "Lord of the Sabbath" would crown the day with weather propitious for the occasion. And though a cloudy sky at rising morn tested the faith of the expectant worshippers,—*Prayer* was *heard*, and *hope* was *realized*. The sun of nature, as the hour of service approached, broke through, and scattered the threatening clouds; and, at the appointed time, the sun of righteousness arose with healing in his beams, and rendered the day memorably glorious.

Should the writer live to see another such day, his time-worn strength would rally, and his withering heart rejoice; *but*, he can hardly hope to see on this side heaven a more soul-inspiring sight, than that which, on the morn of that holy day, was presented to view.

Undefinable are the emotions by which the soul was captivated on approaching the Camp ground. The exercises of praise and prayer had already commenced. A public prayer-meeting opened up the duties of the day. From among some twelve or fifteen hundred persons, many voices sent forth notes of praise,—the worshippers concealed from immediate view; and, for the moment losing thought of the actual agencies, the trees of the wood were seemingly rejoicing before the Lord. Visible nature was hushed into undisturbed calm. Her God apparently said to her, Keep silence—"The Lord is in His holy temple." So still was the atmosphere during almost the whole period of our meetings, that the discernment of any motion amid the uppermost branches of the trees might be more readily attributed to the vibrating influence of the hundreds of voices uttering forth praise to God, than to the ordinary cause. Sacred sounds fell on the distant ear. A transient traveller passing by in ignorance of the reality of things, as there obtaining, with a heart holily disposed, would have well nigh thought himself transported to the precincts of the heavenly world, to catch a portion of the inspiration of the eternally redeemed.

In the mean time the avenues leading to the consecrated spot were thronged with persons from the different parts of the country, to the extent of twenty, thirty, and in some cases even forty miles around. By the time the Sabbath morning sermon commenced, it was estimated that not less than 2500 persons formed the assembly. Some think the number should be extended to 3000. They were addressed from Luke xv. 17–20. This was a season not soon to be forgotten. Breathless silence reigned; while the general feeling seemed to be—

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

In the afternoon, Brother Desbrisay again addressed the people, both ably and impressively, from John vi. 27. The congregation was nearly, if not altogether, as large as in the morning. The public services of this memorable day were concluded by the delivery of an excellent sermon, from Mr. Isaac Smith, the agent of the Bible Society in these lower provinces; the text was from Luke x. 9. The services on the occasion were continued until the following day. A large congregation was addressed, from Mark x. 48 to the end; and a hallowing influence rested on the assembly. During the series of services, the people were ably addressed by the Rev. Mr. Batchelor, of the Free Will Baptist persuasion, who had been engaged for some years as a missionary in India. He has with him a converted Hindoo youth, by the name of Dulah.

After the sermons, exhortations were given by the ministers present; while a goodly company of our official and other lay members did the cause essential and extensive service, by their ardent prayers to God, and pious conversation with their fellow worshippers, between the holding of the stated services. In exhortation, Brother Perkins excelled. His powerful, and heart searching, appeals were very effective. The result has been that scores of souls have been made the subject of pardoning grace. Very many souls have been quickened and blessed.—The work still progresses: and every day witnesses the power of God to save.

R. KNIGHT.

(To be Continued next week.)

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Yarmouth Circuit.

MR. EDITOR,—The members and friends of the Wesleyan Church in Yarmouth have recently enjoyed a rich treat in the visit of their much esteemed President, the Rev. Dr. Richey. He arrived in this Town on Thursday last, and remained until the following Monday, when he proceeded to Weymouth. The Dr. preached four excellent and impressive sermons in his own superior style, to very good and deeply attentive congregations in the Milton and Town Chapel.

On the Sabbath afternoon he delivered an able address which was listened to with great interest on the late change that has taken place in our relation to the British Conference, and the important duties that now devolve upon the members and friends of this new organization. The Dr. evidently takes a lively interest in the establishment and extension of Christianity in connexion with the Wesleyan section of the Church of Christ, and we firmly believe that should Providence spare his valuable life, and enable him to visit the respective Circuits within the bounds of this Conference, this noble object to a great extent will be achieved. The Dr. carries with him our best wishes and fervent prayers for his health, happiness and prosperity. Yours, &c.

M. PICKLES.

Oct. 2nd, 1856.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

Obituary Notices.

HARMON TRUEMAN, ESQ.; POINT DE BUTE, WESTMORELAND, N. B.

Died, at Point de Bute, Westmoreland, N. B., on Thursday, the 18th Sept., Harmon Trueman, Esq., aged nearly 78 years. He had been declining in health for a few months, but was not wholly confined to his house, with the exception of two days preceding his death. Mr. Trueman's parents came from Yorkshire, Eng., were married in this country, and for a long period sustained the cause of God, and of Methodism, by their example, property, and influence.—They and their children were industrious, and were much blest by providence in the attainment of the comforts of life, and always manifested a laudable concern for the religious welfare of the community by which they were surrounded; giving largely of their property for the erection of suitable places of worship, and for the maintenance of a preached Gospel. The Rev. James Dunbar, who was appointed to the Westmoreland Circuit in 1816, writes concerning this family in a letter to the Missionary Committee in Nov., 1817, as follows: "At Point de Bute, when I came, we had 14 in society: now there are more than 40. I have divided them into two classes, and they appear to be doing well. In this place, when I came to the Circuit, I found two old Yorkshire Methodists, (husband and wife,) and their son, and his wife, in Society; but now we have 15 of the same family in Society. For many long years the old people's house has been one of the best and most comfortable homes the preachers have had in these parts. See how the Lord has rewarded them!" A majority of this number of 15, I believe, are still living, and we have reason to think, are seeking to join their sainted relatives in the better country above. The children of William and Elizabeth Trueman, the Yorkshire Methodists mentioned by Mr Dunbar, have indeed been remarkably preserved and blest by providence. They were in number 7 sons and 3 daughters. The youngest and eldest of them are dead: the rest remain members of the Methodist Church, who with many of their children, we trust, are endeavoring to imitate the faith and piety of the Yorkshire Methodist and his wife, who so long and kindly entertained the ministers in their hospitable home. The united ages of four of the children of the old people amount to nearly 300 years. Instead of fifteen of their descendants, there are now, I will venture to say, some scores of them, members of the Methodist Church.

Harmon Trueman, I believe, joined the Methodist Society in the latter part of 1816, or the beginning of 1817, at the time of an extensive revival under the ministry of the Rev. James Dunbar. He was shortly afterwards appointed a Class-leader, and continued faithful to his charge for about forty years, to within a few days of his decease, when sickness prevented his attendance on he house of God. He was for many years also a Circuit Steward, and ever evinced a strong regard for the ministers stationed here, and for the prosperity of the cause of God. He was a person of good judgment, remarkably industrious in his business, cheerful and social in his spirit, and kind and attractive in his intercourse with his fellow men—winning from all, by his consistency, piety, and long life of usefulness, a favorable opinion, and causing the declaration often to be made, "Mr. Trueman is truly a good man, and one universally respected and beloved."

His death was remarkably calm. Though he had no ecstacy in the contemplation of the change he was to experience from the earthly to the heavenly state; he viewed the dark valley with Christian faith, and composure, relying solely on the merits of his Saviour for eternal life. As the good Lord had favored him with a long life, and many blessings, temporal and spiritual, he appeared impressed with this conviction:—"My Saviour calls upon me to resign all I love and value here to go through the valley of death to the spirit world. . . . . I cannot look upon this demand with any other feelings than those of entire submission to his will, who has so long watched over and blest me: I therefore resign myself into the hands of a faithful Creator and Redeemer,—and trust that through His merits, I shall be admitted into the heavenly world, and be forever with the Lord."

A very large congregation on Saturday, the 20th Sept., listened to a funeral discourse, from Job xix. 25, 26, 27. An aged widow, seven children, and a large circle of relatives and friends, now mourn the loss of one long endeared to them by his many virtues.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them—Rev. xiv. 13. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace—Psalm xxxvii. 37.

Behold the upright man and mark his end,—
Survey him as a Father, Husband, friend;
In all the walks of life his purpose see
To keep his mind from stains of evil free:
Prompt in his business,—faithful to the last
When much of wonted strength, through age, was past,—
Believing well, that Satan will pursue
The idle mind that finds no work to do,
He strove in useful arts his hands to keep,
Nor let the mind midst worldly labors sleep;
But daily sought the Christian's grace to share,
And in his heart his Saviour's image bear.
Cheerful in spirit to declining years,
His life had left for death no gloomy fears:
Revered by all, where'er his name was known,—
Beloved so much, none could his worth disown;
Calm on the verge of death we saw him stand,
And view his passage to the better land;
His Saviour's merits all his hope and care,—
He did for them the darken'd valley dare,—
Unruffled by the sure approach of death
He calmly to the Lord resigned his breath.
The world in him an humble Christian knew
And gave the praises to his virtue due.
Living almost his four-score years to know
He passed his days in peace,—nor found a foe!
A life thus spent, ye weeping friends! resign,
And yield him freely to the will Divine.
In hopes to hail him on that blissful shore
Where friends shall meet—but part no more!

T. H. DAVIES.

Point de Bute, Sept. 29th 1856.

ANNIE RATHBUN, daughter of Charles W. and Rebecca Rathbun of Nova Scotia, departed this life on September 29th at Chester, near Philadelphia, aged 16.

The family left Halifax in November, 1854, and finally settled at Chester. As their industry was experiencing reward and their prospects were brightening, they were bereaved of their fairest flower;—beloved Annie was taken away, but she was removed to heaven.

During a revival of religion which occurred in Halifax in 1854, Annie became convinced and converted; she joined the Methodist Church and attended class-meeting for the first time on March 21st of that year.

For nearly nine months preceding her decease she suffered much from debility and pain, but no murmur escaped her lips; she passed through agonies to death, but she triumphed in all her trials, and gloriously evinced the sustaining power of evangelical patience, love, and faith. Her sufferings, as described by her mother, were extreme—prostration of strength, loss of muscular action, intense perspirations, great thirst, acute pain, marked the latter days of the earthly life of the young Christian; but a divine heroism characterised her deportment,—she bore the struggle cheerfully, and departed in peace and joy.

When thirsty, and yet declining to drink in consequence of the difficulty and pain of the effort, her remark, accompanied by a patient smile, was, "There is no thirst in heaven!"—She sent her dying love to distant friends with the emphatic message, "Tell them that when Death came I was ready, all ready." What a store of Christian philosophy is contained in those words! While expressing a wish to be gone, she declared her fervent love for her mourning friends, and the difficulty of parting from them, but added, "If will only be for a little while"—and then looking at her father, ejaculated, "Pa, more than conqueror!" She adjured a brother who was by her bedside to give his heart to his Creator, to do all the good he could on earth, and to meet her in heaven. She mentioned several absent friends by name, particularly the Superintendent of the Halifax Sabbath-school, who was also her class-leader, and rejoiced in prospect of seeing them all in the better land; but she chiefly exulted in the thought that she would see her Saviour there.

She wished her friends to sing around her bed of suffering, and sometimes, when their voices faltered, she prompted with the next word. A favorite hymn at this trying period was, "For ever with the Lord," and her weak voice joined with emphasis in the chorus, "A day's march nearer home." When unable to sing, she waved her hand in harmony with the sentiments of the poet.

Giving frequent expression to gratitude, and love, and joy, and faith, she passed through the fierce trial patiently, and went to rest so quietly, that her watching mother could detect no sign of the change, except the sudden cessation of the breathing, and the ominous silence which told that her beloved child would wake no more in this world.

Annie Rathbun was distinguished before she left Halifax for personal comeliness and grace, and a most amiable disposition. These charms had increased during her residence in the United States; her intelligence and piety kept pace with her loveliness of person and disposition, so that her mother, in describing her character, remarked, "We could scarcely believe it could be our little Annie." But she was called away early in life, and through a path of extreme and varied suffering; then, however, were her noblest intellectual characteristics, and best gifts and graces, and highest hopes, and purest affections and joys, proved and developed; and her life on earth was crowned with a triumph which was a forerunner of a brighter glory,—of unalloyed happiness.

LARGE RELIGIOUS BEQUEST.—In the west of Scotland, Mr. John Ferguson, of Cainbrook, near Irvine, lately died, leaving £1,250,000 to be employed, with the exception of a few thousands to his relatives and friends, and some other few to the local charities of Irvine, in promoting education and religion over the western countries; the trustees and managers being of the Free Church, United Presbyterian Church, Reformed Presbyterian Church, and Congregationalists.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1856.

Popish Persecution in Spain.

Again is borne to us from the South of Europe the harrowing intelligence of persecution for the profession of Protestantism. The Christian world has not unfrequently of late been summoned to the expression of its sympathy and the exertion of its philanthropy on behalf of sufferers for the cause of Truth in the dungeons of Italian States. The scene is shifted now to Spain. The fall of Espartero, and the supremacy of O'Donnell, has been the signal for the hungry hounds of Popery, forever on the track of blood, to fasten their fangs upon a prominent but peaceful citizen of Madrid, whose only crime was his love of the Bible. M. ANGEL HERRERROS DE MORA was on the evening of the 27th of Aug. furiously assaulted in the middle of the Prado, whither he had repaired after a day of literary toil for necessary relaxation, and having been cruelly beaten was conveyed to the house of the Governor, where the Vicar-General awaited his arrival and claimed his person for trial before the Ecclesiastical tribunal. His assailant was a *nephew* of this same Vicar-General who himself had been a school-mate of M de Mora. M. de Mora's house was ransacked and violently despoiled of whatever was most valuable to him as a literary man. His work on the Jesuits was carried off as confiscated, with his books of reference and several manuscripts of interest. Between the Government and the clergy the most cordial agreement does not exist, and a dispute arose between them touching this case; but the priests are powerful, and the latest intelligence we have (which we derive from the letters of the wife and mother-in-law of M. de Mora to the Rev. Dr. Rule, printed in the Watchman) represents this sufferer for the Lord Jesus as delivered over to the power of his enemies. Shall not the prayers of Protestantism ascend for his deliverance, and the power of British Christians be pressingly exerted for his relief? We have no hesitation in ourselves supplying the response. They will! And while it is not granted to us in this remote domain of British liberty to participate in the latter movement, happily no distance of space can impede our union in the former act. Our intercessions will mingle with the multitude of those which will go up to heaven from every portion of the earth whither the sad tidings of another incarceration by the myrmidons of Rome may penetrate. The lonely sufferer in his solitary cell in Spain may be inspired by the cheering thought that the globe is circled by the prayers that rise in his behalf to the God of the persecuted.

As an instance of the tactics as well as the tyranny of Rome, this case must command particular attention and excite universal indignation and disgust. M. de Mora, as we have already intimated, is a gentleman of high respectability and position in his native country and of antecedents which rendered him especially obnoxious to the enemies of religious liberty. The *Christian Times* gives the following account of him,—"He is a Protestant and has been known as such in the highest circles at Madrid for several years past. He is author of a history of the "Society of Jesus," written in a style sufficiently pungent to provoke the members of that Society, which is suppressed in Spain, although they live there, to work in their usual way for his destruction. He is nephew of the Minister of State who signed the official document for the suppression of their Order in the year 1835. He is, and long has been, an active advocate of religious liberty in Spain. He is a friend of General Espartero, and, therefore, no favourite of the present Spanish Dictator, General O'Donnell. He is not a political offender, and therefore has not, like many of his personal friends been banished from Madrid, but he is a religious offender, and therefore is now avowedly dealt with as such. He had long been in the habit of holding meetings with his friends for prayer, with reading of the Holy Scriptures from house to house. He had been in correspondence with Protestants in France, England, and America, and this will appear to his persecutors but too clearly in the letters they have seized. He is a man of great energy, great perseverance, and wide-spread reputation"

Now let us mark the course pursued towards him in order to secure his recantation. "The Vicar" his wife relates in one of her letters to Dr. Rule, "went down on his knees before Mora, praying him to return to them, and offered him all that it was possible to offer in this world, riches, honour, &c. 'Retract,' said he; 'a person of your talent ought not to remain inactive. Come, let your good understanding guide us,—be our chief.' To all their insults, Mora replied with firmness, and the cool decision which is characteristic of him:—'I have said, and I repeat it, that I am a Christian, and that nothing in this world will induce me to retract what I have said or done.' The Vicar-General then rose in a fury, and with that accent of hatred which is peculiar to the Spanish clergy when contending with a true Christian, said, '*We must gag this man*,' and walked away saying other abusive things which we could not understand. The next morning when de Mora was going to wash his hands, on pouring water into the basin, he perceived that it was blackish, and thinking that the basin must have been dirty, rinsed it with his hand, threw that water away, and poured out more. Finding this in the same state, he sent for the inspector, who was in a neighbouring chamber, and told him what had happened. The inspector then took the bottle of water from the guard who had passed the night with my husband, saying, 'It is an infamy, a shame, a barbarism without example; the Government will not be responsible for this man, for although he belongs to the ecclesiastical tribunal, the blame of this affair will fall upon the civil Government.'" (*It seems that there was an acid in the water which contained poison, but in small quantity.*)

Again, a letter from the Mother-in-law of M. Mora contains the following passage:—

"Assuming an air of authority the Vicar said to him: 'I believe that, if you had me in England, you would certainly make me suffer.' To this Don Angel replied: 'In England every one is free, and my brethren in London are Christians, and more tolerant than you.' Then the Vicar, resuming the tone of friendship, reminded him of their boyhood, and how they had been schoolmates, and observed that he had *read too much, that that was his perdition, that his extraordinary talent was bringing him to ruin.*—In short, the Vicar, now using the language of authority, and again that of friendship, put a multitude of questions to him, more and more absurd as he went on, of which Don Angel proposes to send you a faithful narration, if his enemies leave him the power to do so, and if they do not deprive him of his reason. For my own part, I fear everything from these wicked people, who, under the cloak of hypocrisy, exercise a modern Inquisition on my poor son."

The conduct of Mr. Mora throughout the trials to which he has been subjected, at one time by the craft, at another by the cruelty, of his persecutors, has exhibited the true Christian heroism. He has never wavered. Before the Vicar and the authorities he made his confession:—"I am a Christian. I protested against Rome a long time ago. The Gospel is my law and my support, and I hope that our divine Saviour will not abandon me, but will give me strength to suffer." And at a later date he reiterates the solemn declaration of his adherence to Protestantism:—"he would never retract—they might put him to the torture if they would, but he should protest, even to death, against the Church of Rome; and so long as he had breath he would labor in the great work of evangelizing Spain." Noble spirit of a martyr! May he receive the reward of beholding the bright realization of the object for which he labors, and is willing to sacrifice life itself, the regeneration, from the bondage and corruptions of Popery into the glorious liberty of the Gospel, of the poor priest-trodden people of Spain.

From the Presbyterian Witness

Halifax City Mission.

It is a melancholy fact, only too easily proved, that there are many in this city who are utterly ignorant of the truths of the Gospel and utterly regardless of the law of God—living here as if there were no hereafter—poor and outcast—in connexion with no Church and apparently beyond the reach of any Church It was with a view to the amelioration of the spiritual condition of these that the HALIFAX CITY MISSION was formed in the spring of 1852. It was founded on a catholic, evangelical basis; and ministers and laymen belonging to the various Churches of this city united, with the utmost readiness and cordiality, to forward its interests.

The first Missionary, Mr. GORDON, was engaged in May 1852, and continued to labour in connexion with the Mission for the space of two years. Mr. Gordon was alike remarkable for devotedness and discretion; and there are facts to show that, abundant as were his labours, they were crowned with proportionate success. It was with much reluctance that the Committee of this Mission parted with him when he felt it his duty to enter on another sphere of usefulness. His success in the work of the Mission greatly encouraged the Committee to persevere, and made them feel that God had smiled approvingly upon their undertaking. They therefore, as soon as possible, secured the services of Mr. John Steele, as Mr. Gordon's successor. Mr. Steele showed himself a competent and useful labourer, and was in the Committee's employ for one year. Mr. Morton, the present City Missionary, entered on his duties on the 15th May last, and has ever since laboured zealously and indefatigably.

The following extracts from the Reports of the Missionaries will, it is hoped, be read with interest by the christian public. They indicate the object of the Mission, while giving some instances of the success attending its operations and the obstacles retarding them.

Mr. Gordon says, "I found not a few Protestant as well as Roman Catholic families very ignorant of the most important doctrines of christianity, especially the doctrine of justification by faith. The Bible is seldom if ever read in such families, and some of them have not one in their possession! Most of those young people who in various parts of the city make the hallowed silence of the Sabbath evening give place to their oaths and horrid blasphemies, are the children of parents who give them no religious instruction. I have done all in my power to awaken such to a sense of their duty, and to make them feel the sanctity of the Lord's-day." "I would call the special attention of the Committee to what has come under my notice of the exceedingly demoralizing influence of *houses of ill fame* on the youths of this city. I am sure that many parents are entirely ignorant of the sad facts of the case. I performed the disagreeable task of visiting every house in Barrack Street in the evening; and the result of my visits is to confirm the startling facts brought to light by the midnight visit of Mr. Scott, the Alderman, to one of these dens of iniquity. I have found young lads assembling at these houses at dusk to take the first steps of a course which, no doubt, in most cases, ends in the destruction of the soul. An excellent school teacher in the neighbourhood tells that the youngest children in his school are injuriously affected by these houses." "I have distributed in various parts of the city seven thousand Tracts, and seventy copies of the Bible." "In six months I visited *one thousand* families; and in many of these I read the Word of God and spoke of things pertaining to eternal life." "I held a prayer-meeting at Gerrish Street; and taught a Sabbath School, in connexion with Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, at Freshwater." "I met with most opposition, even to personal violence, at the Green Market. In my missionary visits I was often threatened with injury, sometimes cursed and turned out like a dog. I never was injured but once in Albemarle Street."

After telling of the caution he exercised in judging of conversions, Mr. Gordons says, "The first fruits of my labours were, neglected children attending Sabbath Schools, and careless parents going to places of public worship." "I have to bless God for making me instrumental in the conversion of a coloured woman who lately died in the Poor Asylum. She brought forth fruits becoming her christian profession long before her death, and while suffering affliction. The most careless could mark the change in her. Her prayers to God on my behalf shortly before she died seem to be still ringing in my ears. I may next mention an aged man, ——, who acknowledged that he was brought to a right knowledge of God's method of saving sinners by your missionary. Another old man, ——, received me very coldly at first, but by subsequent visits he was awakened to deep concern for his soul." "A young woman who was drawn away by the errors of Dealtry, from the truth as it is in Jesus, professed to received benefit from my labours. I directed her, and lent her good books; and I have reason now to hope that she is in the right way." Mr. Gordon mentions five other cases of conversion; but space will not permit more extracts at present.

Mr. Steele says that the irreligiousness of this community surpasses in proportion anything of the kind he had witnessed in English cities—During the months of September and October, 1855, he visited 167 families. Among these he found two hundred and two individuals who were "ignorant, idle, and vicious." He distributed among them 9 Bibles and Testaments, and 347 Tracts. In his last Report Mr. Steele says, "Many of the lower classes are steeped in irreligion and abandoned habits. Thousands are living in indifference as to past, present, and future. *Tract distribution is a stubborn necessity in Halifax.*" "One other class I will refer to, and that is the poor, outcast, abandoned female. These poor immortal souls are daily growing less mindful of the past and reckless of the future." "Private drinking shops are an intolerable nuisance in this city. They are the handmaid to all other wickedness. To my knowledge, many an inexperienced youth, whom shame and fear deter from the public-house, finds in the private shops an opportunity to establish the odious and soul-destroying vice of drunkenness. Young girls, too, frequent these places!"

Mr. Morton in his Report dated 4th June says; "I have visited 125 families living in Barrack Street, Albermarle St. &c. I have conversed with most of these on spiritual and eternal things. I read the Scripture and offered up prayer with 70 families—distributed 100 tracts. I have read the Word of God and engaged in prayer on board several vessels. My labors there have been well received. I have been encouraged by deep attention and have frequently seen the falling tear."

In his Report for the month of July, Mr Morton says; "I have visited 156 families—and in most of these I have read the Word of God offered up prayer, and conversed freely on personal religion. I have distributed tracts." In August he says: "I repeat my visit frequently to those to whom I think they may be of service. The sick and the infirm have had my special attention. I have seen of the grace of God in several instances. One was that of a poor man residing in ——, I saw him for the first time early in June. He was weakly but able to walk. He appeared ignorant of himself and of the plan of Salvation: but by the blessing of God on the reading of His Word, conversation and prayer, the darkened mind became enlightened; he felt the sinfulness of his heart and was enabled to embrace Jesus Christ as his only Saviour. He died on the 16th July. The last time I saw him I asked if he could praise his Redeemer? He answered 'I can do nothing else.' During this month I have visited 188 families—distributed 184 tracts." In the month of September the City Missionary visited 166 families and distributed 230 tracts.

There is in connexion with the Mission a RAGGED SCHOOL, which is free to the children of the poor, and where they are supplied gratis with such books, writing materials, &c. as are necessary for the prosecution of their education. The average number of pupils in attendance is *forty*: and it is gratifying to be able to state that not only many children, but parents also have been benefited by the instructions of the School. Simple and beautiful hymns learnt in the Ragged School are now frequently heard beside lowly hearths, and at street corners, from mouths which once were more accustomed to what was worthless, obscene, and profane.

In July last a SEAMEN'S BETHEL was opened in connexion with the City Mission—the Trustees of the Argyle Street Chapel having kindly permitted that building to be used for the object. The Missionary holds service in the Bethel every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock. The attendance is increasing. Referring to the Bethel service in his last Report the Missionary says: "We have had very solemn seasons; the word of Life has been listened to with marked attention."

A Bible class is held by the Missionary every Wednesday evening; and he reports that it is growing in interest and usefulness

Heretofore the Missionary has been accustomed to pay frequent visits to the House of Refuge, but the service of a regular chaplain having been recently secured for that institution, the City Missionary devotes a larger proportion of time to the inmates of the poor Asylum, the Work House, and the Penitentiary.

The Committee, in conclusion, beg to state that they will shortly have to appeal to the public for funds to sustain the Mission for the coming year. They feel confident that when the field which the Mission is intended to occupy—the results attending its operations hitherto, and the prospects of usefulness opening before it, are taken into consideration, the needed support will be given as cordially and liberally as on previous occasions.

By Order of Committee,
ROBERT MURRAY, *Secretary*.

The Saturday Half-holiday.

Proverbs are said to express the wisdom of nations, and none will dispute the philosophy contained in the homely adage that "all work and no play will make Jack a dull boy." Every one who has to exercise his mental or physical powers for his daily bread can testify to the fact that a reasonable amount of relaxation, far from diminishing his powers of production, imparts fresh vigour, and more frequently adds to than diminishes the amount of work actually performed. The experience of every working man teaches him that moderate rest and temperate enjoyment facilitate the performance of work and improve its quality. We can all remember the strenuous opposition offered to the Ten Hours Bill by men who had persuaded themselves that they were the best friends of the operatives, and now we have unimpeachable testimony that more and much better work can be produced in the ten hours than in the twelve hours which was formerly exacted.

The practice which has lately grown up amongst a large class of employers, of taking and giving the half-holiday on the Saturday has been attended with equally beneficial results.—Mr. Clegg, a manufacturer, speaking the other day at a meeting in Manchester, said that he had found the Saturday afternoon's and Sunday's rest was the greatest comfort he had, for, though an employer, he was in everlasting bustle all the rest of the week. He testified also to its good effects on the people in his employment, and he added the important statement that, "although the half-holiday in his business had gone on for some years now, he found his business had gone on increasing." Never was theory better justified in practice, and it is conclusively shown that more and better work can be got from laborers of every grade when the faculties are not overtasked, and when reasonable indulgence produces good will. In the manufacturing towns, and very extensively in London, wholesale traders, warehousemen, and the higher class shop-keepers, have adopted the Saturday half-holiday, which is also enjoyed by the factory operatives, but as yet the retail dealers have not been able to come into the practice.

We have no desire for the interference of Government or Parliament in a matter which must ult

Religious Intelligence.

Religion in France.

In our last article we described the schemes and doings of the Roman clergy in France. We turn now to the aspects of Romanism in French society at large.

Rome boasts of having gained, since 1848, a great victory over French nationality, by breaking down Gallicanism. In former times the clergy and laity of France, although a strong pillar of papacy, were far from submitting, with blind servility, to the claims of the pope. They maintained, not rarely, against the pope himself, the rights of the national Church, and showed themselves strongly attached to her old customs and usages. This trait of national Catholicism is undoubtedly disappearing in France. Whatever may be the causes and the probable consequences the fact manifests itself in an unmistakable manner. A clear proof of it is found in the spreading introduction of the Roman liturgy, instead of the old national one, hallowed by so high an antiquity. As early as 1851, more than sixty of the eighty-five dioceses of France had consented to introduce the Roman rite. But, to the great dissatisfaction of the pope, the first Church of France, the arch-diocese of Paris, could not be prevailed upon to yield. An urgent demand was made on the archbishop in 1849, and several of his suffragan bishops yielded without awaiting the action of their metropolitan. At length the isolated resistance of the archbishop has been broken; a recently published circular announces to the clergy the introduction of the Roman liturgy. It is frankly submitted in the circular, that the Roman breviary abounds in aprocryphal legends. Still, in obedience to the pope, a common prayer-book, representing aprocryphal legends as historical truths, is put into the hands of the priests for their daily use. Such is the obedience demanded by the Church of Rome. We learn, however, from a leading Roman Catholic paper of Germany, the Sion of Augsburg, that a great many priests are thoroughly dissatified with the abrogation of the old liturgy of Paris.

Some progress of Romanism among the laity is indicated by the growth of their religious associations. During the present year the old societies have extended themselves widely; several new ones have been formed, and a number of other societies, not having a strictly religious character, hace placed themselves under the patronage of the Church.

Among the religious associations of an older date, the Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Faith received, in 1855, the sum of 2,528,000 francs, which is more than the contributions of all other Roman Catholic countries taken together, though trifling if compared with the receipts of Protestant Missionary Societies. The Society of "The Holy Childhood of Jesus," (Children's Missionary Society.) and the Society of St. Vincent, (Poor Aid-Society,) have likewise made considerable progress. In the annual report of the Association for a better observance of the Sabbath, we read that in seven dioceses new societies have been established, but that their success is far below their expectations. Only one railroad company, that of Orleans, had made it possible for the greater part of the men employed by it to observe the Sabbath.

Among the new associations we mention a "Confraternity of Christian Mothers," which, although founded a few years ago, has received but recently, (on March 11,) from the pope, the approbation of its statutes and organization. They aim at spreading a Catholic education in the families of France. They number 800 members in Paris, all belonging to the higher classes of society, and therefore exercising a powerful influence. Another new association which attracts attention, especially by the number of illustrious names under whose auspices it make its appearance, designs the establishment of Catholic schools in the East. The Honorary Presidency has been accepted by Marshal Bosquet, one of the heroes of Sebastopol; Admiral Mathieu is the actual president. The two vice-presidents and the secretary are members of the Academy. The board of managers consists of 100 members, among whom are many nobles, state counselors, and other men of influence. Membership is acquired by a donation of 10 francs, or about two dollars. According to the circular, issued by the president, the association has been formed in consequence of the firman, which grants religious liberty to the Christians of Turkey;—it intends to enlarge the schools kept already by the Brothers of Christian Schools and the Sisters of Charity, in Constantinople, Smyrna, Jerusalem, on the Lebanon, and in other places in Turkey; to increase their number, and thus to perpetuate the results of the Eastern war, and the "glory of France." It is remarkable that not a few of these associations are indebted to Protestantism for their origin and progress. The Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Faith was organized by a citizen of Lyons, who had observed in London the proceedings of the English Missionary Societies, and more than one bishop points his diocesan to the success of Protestant societies, (except, for keeping the Sabbath holy, for the diffusion of religious books, &c.,) in order to awaken them to a similar zeal.

Besides these religious associations, there are many others which, although not of an ecclesiastical origin, yet desire the patronage and alliance of the Church. To this class belong especially the institutions of charity, of which France has produced a great number during the present century. They are mostly under the charge of the Sisters of Charity or other female orders, and bring thousands of families under the influence of the Church—families which the priest would never reach. One of these institutions, the "Creches," i.e., places where children under two years of age are gratuitously nursed, during the day, under the superintendence of a Sister of Charity, is, by order of the government, to be established in all communities of the empire. If this measure is completed, the Roman Church gains another powerful ally.

The Church continues to be favored with the support of the Government. Louis Napoleon has given to the Pope many new and extraordinary tokens of respect. He has invited the Pope to become the godfather of his son; he has declared at the public reception of Cardinal Patrizzi, the legate of the pope, that "to show respect to the Holy Father, who is the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth," appears to him "one of the best means to secure the protection of Heaven." During his late sojourn at Plombieres he has even made a pilgrimage, on foot to a sanctuary of the Virgin Mary. On many other occasions, however, he has left the wishes of the Ultramontanes unfulfilled. He has not given them yet a new "Concordat," like that of Austria. He refused to appoint the astronomer Leverrier, the Ultramontane candidate, as Minister of public Instruction, and he has given still greater offense to the priesthood by inducing the pope to remove the Bishop of Lucon, merely on account of his private political opinions.—The Church receives gladly whatever concessions the Emperor thinks proper to make to her; but her attachment to the Napoleonic party is just as doubtful as the sincerity of Louis Napoleon's Romanism. It is, at all events, a significant fact, that the ablest political leader of the Ultramontanes, Count Montalembert, is the only man in the French Legislature who dares to oppose openly the schemes of the government.

A great noise is made in Ultramontane papers on a Catholic movement in the French army.—A learned professor of the University of Heidberg, Dr. Zell, has written a whole book on the subject. It would be certainly, important enough if Rome could ever lay hold of the French army. But until now this has not been the case. The substance of these reports seems to be, that the reaction in favor of the Roman Church, which is gaining some ground everywhere in France, has acquired some friends also among soldiers. Several generals have become practical Catholics; a number of soldiers are wearing a miraculous amulet in honor of the Virgin Mary; the labors of the Sisters of Charity in the hospital of the Crimea have found many admirers in the army, and the government is doing its utmost to secure for the religious exercises of the Roman Church a large attendance of soldiers, although it refrains from making them obligatory as the Bourdons did, and the Austrian government does now. All evidence taken together, it seems that the Roman Church meets now, in the French army, a more friendly disposition than formerly, bnt that she is still very far from her goal.

We have now reviewed all the principal indications of the new Catholic movement in France. According to all probability it is not yet at its climax. The empire of atheism and infidelity is not yet broken down, although the necessity of an effective religion is more universally admitted and proclaimed than ever. There are millions who are in search of such a religion. We have seen how many means are in the hands of the Roman Church to reach these classes, and we suppose it, therefore, probable that some further success awaits her. But there is a rival of Romanism in the field, smaller in numbers but vastly superior in every other respect, which is reaping now, and will reap in in future, a larger harvest than Romanism.—This will form the subject of our next article.—*Chr. Adv. & Jour.*

General Intelligence.

Canada.

TORONTO, Septr. 27, 1856.—The eleventh Upper Canada Provincial Exhibition closed at Kingston last night. It has been the most complete and satisfactory exhibition yet held. The permanent and substantial character of the structure in which the exhibition took place, with its elegant outline and graceful proportions, gaily decorated with the flags of all nations, contributed greatly to this result.

The number of entries this year was about 3,500; last year it only reached 3,070. The articles exhibited were divided into thirty-four classes, and embraced almost every variety of Canadian manufacture and products, fine arts, trades, &c. The display of agricultural products and implements was very good. A number of admirable Canadian ploughs were exhibited. Among the animals the show of sheep and pigs was good; horses and cattle were not numerous. Had the railroad been open from Toronto to Kingston and from Kingston to Brockville, the number and variety of these more valuable articles would have been much greater; but the owners of the better breeds did not like to risk their cattle for a day and night on a stormy lake in a crowded boat.

The specimens of cabinet ware manufactured by Messrs. McKeand & Thompson, of Toronto, and exhibited by Mr. Alfred Perry, the Canadian commissioner to the Sydenham Crystal Palace, London, attracted universal admiration. They consisted of a side board, centre table, side tables, chairs, screens, &c. They were made of the finest black walnut, beautifully polished and elaborately carved. The carving on the sideboard is in three groups, and consists of a fox, gun, bugle, gamebag and powder flask (1st group;) a variety of fish, (2nd group;) and ducks, snipe, woodcock, &c., (3rd group.) The whole is surmounted by the arms of Canada. The exquisite finish of these articles was the theme of universal remark. They are now en route to the Sydenham palace, and will be placed in the Canadian court of the Exhibition.

The display of cutlery was much enriched by the contribution of Mr. Date, of Galt, U. C. The articles exhibited were beautifully finished. A number of articles were sent to the Exhibition from the workshops of the provincial penitentiary which is located at Kingston. The chief things thus exhibited were cabinet ware, cutlery and boots and shoes.

One of the most noticeable parts of the Exhibition was contributed by Dr. Ryerson, from the museum and depositories of the Upper Canada Educational Department. Nearly the whole of one transept of the exhibition building was filled with specimens of maps, charts, prints, models and diagrams for the public schools of the province. Models of agricultural implements from the Paris Exhibition were also shown. Among other things was also exhibited a model, in relief, of the famous city of Sebastopol, with the trenches and parallells of the allied forces, etc.

His Excellency Governor Clark, Sir Edmund Head and other notables reached Kingston on Wednesday. Addresses of congratulation and welcome were presented to both Governors, and suitable replies made. The New York Governor seemed much struck with the evidences of enterprise and prosperity which he saw at the Exhibition. In his reply to the address, he said, "We pride ourselves in New York somewhat on our state and agricultural county fair; but I confess I am warned by what I see here that we must look well to our laurels. * * * Allow me to congratulate you on the signal success of your Exhibition."—*N. Y. Com. Adv*

TORONTO.—The editor of the Church Journal thus speaks of the buildings in that city and its vicinity:—

Before leaving Toronto, there are some points partially bearing on Church matters, which we are unwilling to leave unsaid.

The architecture of the Churches in any city, will more or less depend upon the kind of material which is there the cheapest and most abundant. In this respect Toronto has a peculiar advantage as to brick-work. There are two *genera* of brick used, the red and the white. Of the former there are two or three distinct shades or subdivisions; and of the white, we noticed no less than four, the darkest being a light muddy or dirty gray, and the others a darker and lighter cream color, and almost white. This gives the opportunity of external construction to colors plainly marked,—a style which is becoming more and more common. The prominent lines, corners, cornices, string-corses, and arches of buildings are often of the lighter brick, the rest of the wall being of red. One species of the white brick is very smooth, hard and beautiful, being made in moulds of polished steel, by pressure only, without water. Buildings constructed wholly of this, have almost precisely the appearance, at a little distance, of Caen stone.

Considerable progress has also been made in moulding the brick, so as to increase the richness of corbel-tables, cornices, string courses, &c. A new Congregationalist edifice, not yet finished, shows some very piquant specimens of this mode of treatment.—But it is only in its infancy yet. When fully developed, together with the variety of colors in the material which is so easily accessible, the brick work of Toronto may rise to an excellence in taste and effect, which will form one of its most remarkable characteristics as a city. The denominations here, as among us also, follow hard upon the heels of the Church in the cultivation of a church taste in architecture. The "Knox" Free Kirk Presbyterian building has one of the finest spires in the city, in the Gothic style. The new Congregationalist edifice, we have just spoken of. And at Yorkville the Methodists have lately put up a beautiful new Chapel, with spire, of the same rich cream-colored brick, and with a cross-flory on the top of the spire; while, close by, the little old dingy clapboard Church, looks as if it were trying to hide itself among its thick trees for shame.

But it is not in brick only, but stone also, that Toronto is highly favored. From near by, a beautiful stone is procured somewhat similar to the Caen, in quality and easiness of working, and closely approximating it in color also. It is not so warm and rich in tone, being rather more of light cool whitish gray. Much of it is of almost the same tint as some shades of the white brick, so that at a little distance it is not easy to distinguish the two apart. There are other shades of it also varying in darkness to a medium warm brown; but none being anything like so dark as our brown stone in New York. The abundance and cheapness of this stone, and its easiness in working, make it a leading feature in the street architecture of Toronto.

A short run out to Guelph and back impressed us more powerully, in some respects, than anything we saw in Toronto itself. Nothing is more striking than the solidity with which the Grand Trunk Railway is built, compared with the economical flimsiness which more or less distinguishes most of our American railroads.—The masonary of the culverts, bridges, viaducts, &c., is really splendid. One can smell "government jobs" all along the road, indeed: but they have left such solid and magnificent work behind them, that a young and mighty nation may well be proud of the results though grumbling at the cost.

Guelph itself was to us a complete surprise. An inland Canadian town, we expected more signs of primitive life; but we found the place built mainly of stone. The Court House is a castellated structure, with towers and battlements, all of solid stone. Stores, residences, public buildings, and even the house occupied by the Rector of the parish, were of stone.—The Church is only partially finished. The full design will make it one of the most beautiful edifices in the provinces, with a cruciform ground plan, and lofty spire. It is stone of course; and thus far (the nave only and the lower stages of the tower) has cost already $10,000, and will cost near $30,000 before it is done. This is greatly in advance of any thing we should be likely to attempt in any place of similar size in the United States; and we should do well to take pattern by their liberality and zeal. The gratifying result, thus far, is due to the energy and enterprise of the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Palmer.

United States.

DISASTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—The Steamer Niagara was burnt on Lake Michigan, on the 24th. *One hundred* lives were reported to be lost; later word reduced the number to about sixty. Capt F. S. Miller and the crew were saved.

The Buffalo *Commercial* says:—To-day is the right time to speak of this calamity. As yet we have only the telegraphic account. We know nothing of the causes which have brought about this terrible disaster. It may have been in the true sense a "visitation of God," a judgment inexorable, and not to be avoided by any human foresight. This is possible, and only possible.

We have some faith in that theory which asserts that there is no such thing as an accident, that proper care in construction, and continuous watchfulness in management, will never fail to protect the lives of those who entrust them to the keeping of our public conveyances. Were a part of that lavish expense which gilds the saloons, and glitters in every state room of our steamers, devoted to a proper construction of the hold and that dark, unvisited region around the boilers, we believe that we should less often be called upon to record in our colums the sweeping immolation of fifties and hundreds of our fellow creatures.

Look at the most splendid of our gorgeous steamers. They are very tinder-boxes in appearance, and as month after month the public heart is chilled by the news of their destruction by fire, we feel that their appearance does not belie them.

We wish to do all honor to that noble spirit of enterprise which places on the Western waters the most gorgeous palaces that ever floated. We acknowledge that strong commercial energy which stands up under these frequent losses, and makes the ring of the ship yard hammer drown the moans of the perishing victims and the lamentations of their friends.

But cannot this sacrifice of human life be stopped? Commerce, as now conducted, is a moloch. We know that no heart throbs as painfully as those of the unfortunate owners of the lost vessel. We would not add another pang to their sufferings; but let steamboat owners and railroad directors, remember that to achieve the great good they yearly accomplished, by increasing the facilities of intercourse, a fearful responsibility must be incurred in the guardianship of so many human lives. Let them look to it that no precaution is wanting in the construction of their vessels, engines, cars and tracks, that strict discipline be maintained among the employees, and that their officers be sober, careful, prudent men.

THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR HUSSAR.—Search for nearly two millions of treasure lost when the British Man-of-War Hussar was sunk in Hell Gate, by striking against Pot Rock, in Revolutionary times, has been for sometime going on by a company formed in 1850, and called the "Worcester Hussar Company," the leading parties who have invested capital in the enterprise being capitalists of Worcester. At the time the Hussar sunk she had on board about seventy American prisoners of war, which she was conveying to Newport, the prison ships at New York being full to overflowing. After an explanation of a newly invented sub-marine armor used on this occasion, the Times says:—

A large variety of articles, like those already enumerated, have been brought up from the wreck by the present company. The human bones found have been principally disjointed sections of the human skeleton. Connected with the lower bones of a large number of arms, have been found manacles, and showing evidently that a part it not all the American prisoners on board were manacled and chained. A few days since an entire skeleton, the first whole one discovered, was found. Singular as it may appear, the head of this skeleton still contained a portion of brains. A chain was connected with a manacle on the right wrist bone of this skeleton. As for the amount of money thus far discovered, the company do not name the sum, though there can be but little doubt they are making it a paying enterprise. Nineteen gold guineas, taken out a few days since, were shown our reporter. These guineas bear date from 1711 to 1776. They were all in perfect condition. A piece was shown of three guineas, a crown and a half-crown, found in one solid lump. The silver was in the centre, and by coming in contact with the gold a sort of galvanic battery action had taken place, making the whole a compact mass. The effect upon various other metals and substances by their long submersion under water is worth nothing. Copper and lead are not changed: wrought iron loses in quantity, but retains its quality; with cast-iron it is just the reverse, it retains its entire bulk but diminished nearly one third in weight. Wood shows the depredation of worms. Cocoa nut-shell drinking cups look as sound as fresh ones. But it is not for those trifles or to note the changes upon the different articles submerged, that the present company have thus far pursued and continue pursuing their work. Money—the recovery of $1,800,000—is their sole aim and pursuit. The chief difficulty thus far encountered, is represented as being the trouble of getting away the decks and timbers of the vessel so as to gain access to the hold. This difficulty is stated as now nearly removed, so that it is expected that what remains of the treasure unrecovered will shortly be removed. The whole time of actual exploration varies from one to three hours a day, and this during but five months of the year. It is owing to the peculiar situation of the vessel and the violent tides here that no more time could be expended in the search. The company claim that the ship has been abandoned by the British Government, and that they are entitled to all they may recover from the wreck. It is hardly to be presumed that their claim will be disputed If enterprise and perseverance are entitled to any reward, the present company richly merit all that they may gain from their protracted labors.

DONALD MCKAY, ESQ.—We regret to learn that our friend Donald McKay, Esq, the king of ship builders, has felt obliged to call a meeting of his creditors. This is owing mainly to his being called upon to pay at once a large amount, the result of an award against him in England, where he has lost very largely in connection with those who purchased parts of his ships. We trust his suspension is but temporary At a meeting of his principal creditors it was thought advisable to state publicly that his assets are abundant and his property is in such a condition that a very short time will be required to liquidate all his liabilities, leaving him ample means to continue his business. We take pleasure in saying that the course pursued by him in this matter is highly creditable to him, and meets the approval of his creditors.—*Boston Traveller.*

England and France.

The *Times* remarks:—

With reference to articles respecting Naples, there are strong reasons for believing that England and France are, and will remain, perfectly united in their action toward the Neapolitan Government, and good ground to hope that the difficulty will be satisfactorily settled without recourse to extreme measures. The union of the Danubian provinces, advocated by the French government, and with rather uncalled for vehemence by its representative at Bucharest, is not, it is now pretty certain, looked upon favorably by England. But out of this no serious difference will arise. To insure the welfare and prosperity of Moldo-Wallachia, and at the same time to do nothing that shall weaken Turkey, form the common object of England and France in that part of the world.

"The question of Spain remains, and this is undoubtedly the most delicate and difficult of the three. Since the time of Sir H. Bulwer, however, England has wisely abstained from interference in the political quarrels of the Spaniards, and up to very recently the Emperor Napoleon has followed a similar prudent course, so far at least as we have any evidence to show."

After some remarks on the "natural anxiety" of the Emperor Napoleon for a stable government of some sort in Spain, and his encouragement of the O'Donnell ministry on account of its chance of stability, the correspondent writes:—

"It is believed here that the Emperor is very desirous that France and England should act together in Spain. With the constitutional sympathies of England and the present tendencies of the Spanish government, which is believed to derive its inspirations from France, this will be difficult."

Spain.

The affairs of Spain are represented in correspondence under date of Madrid, 14th inst., as going daily from bad to worse; that at a council held on the 12th, the Queen asked if the Cabinet had taken any resolution on the sale of church property, to which O'Donnell replied that this measure had produced valuable results, and that he could not introduce any modification in a law voted by the Cortes, sanctioned by the Queen, and solemnly promulgated. The Queen demanded that the law should be suspended until the new Cortes could take a definite resolution concerning it. Two days after the new constitution was proclaimed, but it is not known whether any compromise has been made on the question of the church property.

It is admitted on all sides that the great and dangerous question of the moment in Spain is the sale of the church property, by which the country has alone been able to make head against its financial difficulties. This is the final test of O'Donnell's power. The Queen was resolutely bent on abrogating the law;—when the decree for the new constitution was brought for her to sign, she said to O'Donnell that she had the firm intention to cause the law on church property to be modified by the new Cortes; and when the minister told her that the ordinary Cortes could not annihilate the work of a constituent Cortes, she replied—"Very well, we shall see."

The Madrid journals of the 18th announce the discovery of a Carlist conspiracy for causing a rising in the mountains of Toledo, and the arrest of thirteen persons concerned in it. The *Espana* had been seized. The *Epoca* calculates the amount of ecclesiastical property to be sold, in virtue of the law of desamortizacion, was 700,000,000 reals, and that 800,000,000 worth has been sold.

At the Russian coronation, when the prayers were finished, the Emperor rose and said, "Give me the crown." The Patriarchs did not put it on his head, he put it there himself. He then asked for the sceptre and the globe. It was at this stage that Philaret recited from a paper a sermon or address. The Emperor then took the sceptre in his right hand, the globe in his left, and sat crowned upon his throne. Laying aside the sceptre and the globe he then, with the right hand, took off his crown, which large and round, is one crust of diamonds, surmounted by a cross in the same stones, and he gently touched his wife's forehead with the mass of trembling light. The little diaden of brilliants was then handed to the Emperor, who had re-crowned himself, and he placed it himself on the Empress's head. She rose, and he in like manner threw her Imperial mantle over her shoulders. They then both sat down again, Alexander resuming the globe and sceptre.

THE EAST.—Accounts from Constantinople, of the 8th inst., state that, in consequence o the steps taken by M. de Boutinieff and the other ambassadors, the Porte has abandoned its intention of undertaking an expeditien against Montenegro. The affair is now to be regulated by the Conference of Paris.

Special Notices.

Annapolis District Missionary Meetings

BRIDGETOWN CIRCUIT.

DEPUTATION—Rev. Messrs. Hennigar, Angwin, and Smallwood.

Sermons—Sunday, 12th Oct., by Rev. J. G. Hennigar, Granville and Bridgetown.

Meetings—Monday, 13th, at Handlay Mtn.,
14th, Laurencetown,
15th, Bridgetown.

AYLESFORD CIRCUIT.

DEPUTATION—Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Hennigar, and Taylor.

Sermons—Sunday, 2nd Nov., by Rev. W. Wilson.

Meetings—Monday, 3rd, at Wilmot,
4th, Nicteaux,
5th, Aylesford, West
6th, Aylesford, East.

CORNWALLIS CIRCUIT.

DEPUTATION—Rev. Messrs. Angwin and J. G. Hennigar.

Sermons—Sunday, 9th Nov., Rev. J. G. Hennigar.

Meetings—Friday, 7th, West Church.
Monday, 10th, Canning.

MORTON CIRCUIT.

DEPUTATION—Revs. T. Angwin and J. Taylor.

Sermons—Sunday, 9th Nov., by Rev. T. Angwin, Horton, and Greenwich.—Rev. J. Taylor, at Kentville.

Meetings—Tuesday, 11th, Horton,
12th, Greenwich,
13th, Kentville.

DIGBY CIRCUIT.

DEPUTATION—Revs. F. Smallwood, W. Wilson, and C. DeWolfe, A. M.

Sermons—Sunday, 9th Nov., by Rev. C. DeWolfe, A. M., at Digby and Sandy Cove.

Meetings—Monday, 10th, Digby,
11th, Sandy Cove,
12th, Trout Cove,
13th, St. Mary's Bay.

Arrangements for meetings on the Yarmouth, Barrington, and Shelburne Circuits will be published hereafter.

A PUBLIC COLLECTION in aid of the funds of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, will be made at each Sabbath and week-evening service.

Missionary Anniversaries.

Services in connexion with the Anniversaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Societies will be held on the respective Circuits as follows:

Point de Bute, Oct. 12, 13, 14—Revs. W. Temple, W. McCarty.

Amherst, Oct. 19, 20, 21—Revs. T. H. Davies, J. Buckley.

Parrsboro', Jan. 4, 5, 6—Revs. W. Temple, W. McCarty.

Moncton, Feb. 1, 2, 3—Revs. R. Weddall, T. B Smith.

A PUBLIC COLLECTION will be made at each service in aid of the Mission Fund.

EPHM. EVANS, Chairman.

Sackville, Sept. 6. 1856.

Standing Notice.

The following are the times appointed by the Conference for making the different collections in the present Conference year:

(Extract from the Minutes.)

TIME FOR COLLECTIONS IN AID OF THE CONNEXIONAL FUNDS.

In August,	Public Collection for the Contingent Fund.
September,	Collection in the Classes for Sup. and Min. Widows' Fund.
December,	Public Collection for same Fund.
March,	Yearly Collection in the Classes for the Contingent Fund.
April,	Public Collection for Educational Fund for Ministers' children.
May,	The Conference Collection.

The Public Collections are to be made in all our Sabbath preaching places.

COMMUNICATIONS designed for insertion in this paper, and all letters intended specially for the Editor, should be addressed (prepaid),

"PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN,
Halifax, N. S."

LETTERS on business must be addressed,

"REV. C. CHURCHILL,
Wesleyan Conference Office,
Halifax, N. S."

☞ The Honorable Charles Young of Charlottetown, P. E. I. has received from the Newton University of Baltimore, the honorary degree of L.L.D.

Commercial.

Halifax Markets.

Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, Oct. 16th.

Bread, Navy, per cwt.	23s 9d *a* 26s 3d
" Pilot, per bbl.	22s 6d *a* 23s 9d
Beef, Prime Ca.	50s
" " Am.	62s 6d
Butter, Canada,	1s
" N. S. per lb.	11d *a* 1s 1d
Coffee, Laguyra, "	9d *a* 9½d
" Jamaica, "	9½d
Flour, Am. sfi. per bbl.	40s *a* 42s 6d
" Can. sfi. "	41s *a* 42s 6d
" State, "	37s 6d *a* 40s
" Rye "	23s 9d *a* 25s
Cornmeal "	20s *a* 21s
Indian Corn, per bush.	4s
Molasses, Mus. per gal.	2s 3d *a* 2s 6d
" Clayed, "	2s
Pork, prime, per bbl.	$20
" mess "	24
Sugar, Bright P. R.	52s 6d *a* 55s
" Cuba	50s *a* 52s 6d
Bar Iron, com. per cwt.	15s *a* 16s 3d
Heop "	22s 6d
Sheet "	23s
Nails, cut "	22s 6d
" wrought per lb.	3½d *a* 6d
Leather, sole "	1s 4d *a* 1s 6d
Codfish, large	17s 6d
" small	15s
Salmon, No. 1,	$20 *a* 20½
" 2,	19 *a* 19½
" 3,	16
Mackarel, No. 1,	18
" 2,	11 *a* 12
" 3,	6½ *a* 6¾
" " med.	4½ *a* 5
Herrings, No 1,	25s
Alewives,	20s
Haddock,	10s 6d *a* 11s
Coal, Sydney, per chal.	30s
Firewood, per cord,	22s 6d

Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, Oct. 16th.

Oatmeal, per cwt.	17s 6d
Fresh Beef, per cwt.	30s *a* 40s
Veal, per lb.	4d *a* 5d
Bacon, "	7½d *a* 8½d
Cheese, "	6½d *a* 7½d
Lamb, "	4½d *a* 5d
Mutton, "	4d *a* 5d
Calf-skins, "	6d
Yarn, "	2s 6d
Butter, fresh "	1s 2d
Geese, each	2s 6d
Potatoes, per bushel	3s 9d
Apples, "	4s *a* 6s
Pears, "	16s
Eggs, per dozen	10d *a* 11d
Homespun Cloth (wool) per yard,	2s 6d
Do. (cotton and wool) "	1s 9d

WILLIAM NEWCOMB,
Clerk of Market.

ADVERTISEMENT.—*Holloway's Pills* will cure any disease of the Liver and Stomach after all other remedies have failed—There is no medicine in the world which enjoys such an extensive sale as these invaluable Pills, and none which deserve it, the myriads of individuals who have been restored to health after every other remedy has failed, is the chief and deserved cause of their popularity, they have been introduced into every country of the world, and been found signally efficacious in all disorders incidental to the human frame; liver and stomach complaints are quickly carried off by their use, and their virtues in severe cases of dropsy, are the most extraordinary ever witnessed by man.

ADVERTISEMENT.—A CURIOUS CASE.—A man fell down in front of Redding & Co's store, 8 State Street, bruised his leg and arm badly; declared he would go and prosecute the firm for not putting gravel on the sidewalk. One of the clerks requested the man to allow him to rub a portion of the Russia Salve on those parts of his body which were injured by the fall; he complied, and it so mollified his angry passions that his enthusiastically shouted for a box of the Salve, and now says it was a lucky fall for him, as he is able to cure burns, scalds, bruises, cuts, piles, corns, &c., having got the means to do it. Redding's Russia Salve is generally sold by the Doctors and by the country stores, being "as good as wheat." Price 25 cents a box.

☞ For sale by WM. LANGLEY, and by Druggists everywhere.

Let us Reason Together.

ADVERTISEMENT.—We wish to call attention to our Medicines. An experience of fifteen years in the business enables us to judge correctly of the merits of nearly all patent remedies, and from a host of worthless articles, we have selected an assortment of articles really good and reliable. Our Cherry and Lungwort, Turkish Wine, Pills, Pain Killer, &c., are all we claim them to be; and our Yonatt's & Carlton's Horse and Cattle Medicines, Condition Powders, etc., are the very best in use. This we know. Try them, and you will also know it, and tell others so. One word more: is it not for our interest to provide you with the most perfect remedies possible, and certainly a long experience enables us to do so.

☞ For sale in Halifax, *only* by Morton & Cogswell, Hollis Street.

NO STAIN LEFT.—ADVERTISEMENT.—The ease in which Dyer's Healing Embrocation is applied, the absence of any grease or oily substance in its composition, its perfect neatness, leaving no stain upon the dress, or skin, its agreeable odor, its prompt unfailing and efficacious effects, render it the most valuable and cheapest medicine that can be used. The genuine has the fac simile of the Proprietor's signature.

☞ For sale by G. E. Morton & Co., and by Druggists everywhere.

Stone's Liquid Vegetable Cathartic.

CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES LIVER COMPLAINTS
CURES PILES.
CURES FOUL STOMACH.
CURES DYSENTERY.
CURES FLATULENCY.
CURES HEADACHE.
CURES RHEUMATISM.
CURES NEURALGIA.
CURES HUMORS OF EVERY KIND.
RESTORES LOST APPETITE.
RENOVATES AND STRENGTHENS THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

☞ Agents in Halifax, G. E. Morton & Co

Electric Oil.—If half we have seen in the Philadelphia papers be true, (and we have no doubt of it,) then DR. SMITH, of Philadelphia, has made the most important medical discovery ever heard of, for the cure of all kinds of *severe pain*, and we know eminent houses that buy $1000 worth at a time, so great has the demand become for this Electric Oil. We hear of swelled limbs reduced in two hours, of Piles cured in two weeks, headache and toothache in ten minutes; of rheumatism in a day, and paralyses even in three weeks. This Oil has been well tested by medical men and approved by them.—*Phil. Pap.*

☞ G. E. Morton & Co., Agents, Halifax.

☞ California has been called the land of promise—it is now fully entitled to that appellation, as the discovery of an *herb* in that country not only promises, but really places health within the reach of all. The *California Herb Pills* will be found upon trial, one of the most valuable and efficient remedies in existence for nearly every curable. disease.

☞ G. E. Morton & Co., Wholsale Agents, Halifax.

Marriages.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. R. Knight, D. D., Mr. Charles LAHEY, of Pisarinco, to Miss Christiana DUKE, of Carleton.

On Saturday morning, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. Thomas Crisp, Mr. John JOLLY, of Kent, England, Engineer of H. M. S. Basilisk, to ARABELLA BROWN, daughter of James Cogswell, Esq., merchant of this city.

At Lunenburg, Sept. 23, by the Rev. Wm. Duff, Mr. Robert LINDSEY, merchant, to Miss Louisa TRIDER.

By the Rev. John Cameron, Sept. 30, Mr. George H. HENDERSON, of New York, formerly of Pictou, to Miss Catherine HENNIGAN, of Kennetcook, N. S. Oct. 2nd, Mr. Wm. J. WITHROW, to Eleanor FERGUSON, both of Nine Mile River.

On Tuesday evening, 7th inst., by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. Robert REDDOCK, to Elizabeth WALKER, both of this city.

At the Cathedral, New York, on the 2nd of Oct., by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, Mr. Thomas E. KENNY, son of the Hon. Edward Kenny, of this city, to MARGARET JONES, daughter of M. Burke, Esq., of New York, Barrister at Law.

Deaths.

Very suddenly, on the 7th of Oct., of Typhoid Fever, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. James Loveless, of Scots Bay, Cornwallis, deeply and sincerely regretted by an extensive circle of relatives and friends—who sorrow not without hope.

On Monday, after a lingering illness, Anne DUNN, in the 19th year of her age.

At Chester, Pennsylvania, U. S., on the 29.h ult., of consumption, SARAH ANNIE, daughter of Mr. C. W. Rathburn, formerly of this city.

At Havana, on the 11th ult., Mr. John SIMPSON, in the 28th year of his age, a native of Portsmouth, Eng., leaving a wife to mourn the loss of a kind husband.

At Digby, on the 25th of Sept., Mr. John WADE, in the 72nd year of his age.

At McNab's Island, on Wednesday morning, 8th inst. in the 62nd year of his age, Peter MCNAB, Esq.

Suddenly, on Tuesday evening, 7th, John MURPHY aged 50 years.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, October 8.

Barques John Burrow, Cary, London.
Wolt, Crerar, Liverpool.
Brig Daniel Huntley, Davis, Glasgow.
Schrs Beverly, Maxwell, Fortune Bay.
Harriet Newell, Parsons, Newfoundland.
Granville, Delap, St. John, N. B.
J. C. Archibald, Martell, Sydney.
Sarah, Parker, Annapolis.

THURSDAY, October 9.

R M steamer Niagara, Wickman, Liverpool.
Brigts Gladiator, Salter, New York; Sarah, Picton.
Govt schr Daring, Daly, Sable Island.
Schrs Luther Child, Nickerson, Philadelphia.
Hibernia, Sullivan, Newfoundland.
President, Bay Chaleur; Flora, Potter, Westport.
Admiration, Gaspe; Reward, do.

FRIDAY, October 10.

R M steamship Canada, Lang, Boston.
Brigt Star of the East, Havana.
Schrs Chieftan, Fraser, Baltimore.
Seaflower, Bay Chaleur.
Volunteer, Taylor, Barrington.
Sylvia, Young, Lunenburg.
Rival, Dunlap, Liverpool.

SATURDAY, October 11.

Brig Beauty, Edwards, Malaga.
Express, Frith, St Jago.
Schrs Velocity, Atwood, Antigua.
Magnet, Lewis, New York; Osprey, do.
Port of Spain, Perry, Shelburne.

SUNDAY, October 12.

Brigt Ada, Simpson, St John, N. B.
Schrs Crimea, Hall, Montreal.
Lark, Bay Chaleur.

MONDAY, October 13.

Brig America, O'Brien, Boston.
Brigts G Walker, St Domingo.
America, Hocker, Bermuda.
Maria, and Belle Poulet, Picton—bound to Boston.
J Rannis, Steele, Sydney—bound to Boston.
Schrs Planet, Perry, Cape Negro.
Flirt, Walsh, Magdalen Isles.
Alert, Innis, St John, N. B.

TUESDAY, October 14.

Barque Halifax, Laybold, Boston.
Schr Durham, Port Medway.

CLEARED

October 7.—Schrs Bright Star, Riley, Baltimore Packet, Cormier, Bay St. George; Commerce, Shaw, do; Lucy Ann, P. E Island.

October 8.—Barks Saxon, Cronan, Liverpool; White Star, Merriman, Pictou; brig Florida, Aarestrup, B W Indies; Lady Seymour, Shaw, do; schr Superb, Montreal.

October 9.—Steamers Niagara, Wickman, Boston; Osprey, Corbin, St Johns, Nfld; Eastern State, Killam, Boston; brig Eclipse, Mitchell, F W Indies; brigts Halifax, Turner, Havana; Africa, Meagher, Boston; Boston, Purdy, Boston; schrs Ellen, Curry, Miramichi; Montano, Georgetown; Zebe, Magdalen Isles.

MEMORANDA.

St. Johns, Nfld., Sept 20—Arrd Peace, Antigonish. 24th—Zelinda, New Carlisle. 26th—Cld bark Voyager, Brazils.

New York, Sept 29—Arrd Emerald, Malta; Acadian, Windsor; Naomi, Sydney; Waverly, Moonlight, and Andrew Peters, Pictou. Oct 2nd—Agenoria, Turks

Poetry.

The Queen's English.

FROM "HOOD'S UNPUBLISHED POEMS."

A *sea* horse is a *sea* horse,
When you *see* him in the *sea*,
But when you see him in the *bay*,
A *bay* horse then is he.

Of *course* a race-course isn't *coarse*,
A *fine* is far from *fine*;
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble *pine-tree pine*.

If *miners* are all *minors*, then
Their guardians get their gains,
All glaziers extra *pains* should take
To put in extra *panes*.

A bat about a farmer's room
Not long ago I knew,
To *fly*. He caught a *fly* and then
Flew up the chimney *flue*.

But such a *scene* was never *seen*—
I am quite sure of that—
As when with sticks all hands essayed
To hit the *bat* a *bat*.

"How do you do?" said Sal to John,
"*So-so*," replied he,
"How do you do?" said John to Sal,
"Sometimes *sew-sew*," said she.

A kitchen-*maid* is often *made*
To burn her face, or broil it;
A lady will do little else
Than *toil*.it at her *toilet*.

'Tis *punishment* for me to *pun*;
'Tis trifling void of worth;
So let it pass unnoticed,
Like *dew* that's *due* to earth.

Agriculture.

Injured Apple Trees—Pruning.

Many of the largest and best apple trees in this vicinity and further west, are found to have been greatly injured by the past winter. In somes cases whole orchards of large bearing trees are nearly destroyed; but generally only a few trees are entirely dead, while many have a portion of the limbs, say from one-fourth to one-half, killed. This damage was not generally perceptible until about mid-summer—the leaves and blossoms having put forth as usual in the spring, but as hot weather came on they began to wilt and die, and having continued to do so until the present time, so that it is feared that the whole extent of the mischief is not yet manifest.

Some writers in the western papers have suggested that this injury by the winter may be useful as a test of the comparative hardiness of the different varieties of apples, and they request fruit-growers to publish the names of those varieties which have suffered the most, and those which escaped injury; but as far as I have compared their statements with my own observations, I am led to doubt whether much reliance can be placed on the results, as varieties that have suffered most in some localities, have escaped injury in others, and vice versa. The severest losses that I have noticed in this region, have been with trees of Golden Sweet, Sweet Bough, and Baldwin, but many other varieties have suffered more or less injury. One entire orchard of 500 or more trees, of Golden Sweet, designed for feeding stock, and just beginning to bear, near the town of Worthington, in this county, is entirely killed.

Some owners of trees that are partly killed, have inquired whether it is advisable to saw off the dead and sickly limbs at this time: I should say no good is likely to result from doing this, now that the growing season is over, and the wounds could not heal, nor new shoots put forth before another spring. I should wait till the buds begin to start next spring, then cut off all that do not look like starting freely, taking care to cover the wounds with the shellac composition described in the article on pruning orchards, in the Ohio Cultivator, of the 15th of February last.

Miscellaneous.

The Discoveries on the Tigris and Euphrates.

On Friday evening the members of the British Association and their friends, comprising the *elite* of the society of Cheltenham, assembled in the great Hall of Studies, at the College, to hear a lecture from Col. Sir H. C. Rawlinson, President of the Geographical and Ethnological Section, on recent discoveries in Assyria, and Babylonia, with the results of cuneiform research up to the present time.

Sir Henry stated that, having been attached to the Persian embassy, and having been stationed at Wamaden, he was induced to make an attempt to decipher the curious characters to be found on the monuments and ruins yet remaining on the site of the Babylonian city. Before alluding to the substance of the inscriptions, he would refer to the process by which he deciphered the characters, an important matter in ascertaining the authenticity of the translations. In the British Museum were many relics from Assyria and Babylon, which were covered with ancient writing. In deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics, there was a famous stone called the Rosetta stone, in which the Egyptian matter was written in hieroglyphics, in the hieratic character, and also in Greek. They had no such advantage in reference to Assyrian inscriptions. There were certainly trilingual inscriptions, but all the languages were unintelligible. The process he followed was independent of the studies in France and Germany, although they arrived at the same conclusion. His attention was first directed to the subject in 1835, when he visited Eebatana, and observed two sets of inscriptions, each containing three compartments; it was a legend in evidently a different character and different languages; in the two compartments, therefore, there were six different versions. No. 1 was the simplest, as the words were divided. He found the three inscriptions were identical with the exception of some letters which were replaced by another group of characters.—He inferred that these were proper names, and that they referred to father and son.—By studying Persian history he concluded that they must refer to the line of Cyrus, and that the most likely names to be met with would be Hestaspes, Darius, and Xerxes. He found the characters to correspond with these names. This was the first clue. The steps which followed were rapid and satisfactory. He afterwards found an inscription giving the ancestors of Darius as given by Herodotus, and other inscriptions giving the satrapies of the empire; so that he completed thirty letters of the alphabet out of thirty eight. (Sir Henry Rawlinson then read a published description of the difficulties and dangers which he encountered in copying the inscriptions.) He then compared the Babylonian and Persian inscriptions, and found the Babylonian by far the most difficult, as arbitary signs were used to express sounds quite distinct from an alphabet. By the aid of the proper names he learned the value of 50 or 60 letters, which was but a small proportion of the 350 or 360 letters in that language. During the last year he had discovered that there was more important matter to be found in the old Babylonian records, the language of Nimrod, the Assyrians having adopted the old Hamite language. All cuneiform inquirers had been staggered with the extraordinary fact that the letters represented a variety of powers—sometime half a dozen. This difficulty he could now see his way of overcoming. In all the *debris* of the palaces, they found a number of clay tablets engrossed with inscriptions—not less than 20,000 to 30,000 of these were in the British Museum. A certain class of these tablets were found to be arranged in columns, and he had discovered that these were textbooks in the Assyrian, with their translations in the ancient Chaldean.

He had also found copious vocabularies and grammars. It was evident the Assyrians had paid great attention to philology, as all their learning was in the old language which was brought into the country by the people of Nimrod. The difficulties of interpreting arose from the mixture of the Hamite and the Semitic languages, in the same manner, as in English we write the Latin words *videlicet, exempli gratia*, &c. The cuneiform character was originally a picture character. What he had said would show that the inscriptions had not been interpreted by any miraculous or incredible process, but were reliable translations: the translators were rivals with each other, and anxious to verify their results; but they were all agreed on essential points What he had always considered the most valuable part of the cuneiform character was its particular reference to Scripture history. We have now a series of legends of kings contemporaries with Jewish kings, and whose history the inscriptions illustrated. We find the same names in the same order, and the events are described with some difference in colouring, as the Assyrians were not likely to record their own defects. There were three periods of the cuneiform character. The first he called the Chaldean period; the second the Assyrian; and the third the Babylonian. To show how small facts assist investigation, he might mention that he had long been acquainted with the name of two kings, but did not know their relationship, but the impression of a signet ring received by him that day from a friend in Bagdad enabled him to learn that they were father and son. In Assyran history we had as yet no annals of any importance, until we came to Sardanapalus, who built the N. W. Palace of Nimroud; and in these records occur the names of Jehu, King of Israel; and Hazael, King of Judah. We have the full annals of those kings. He believed that Semiramis was a Median Princess, and that it was owing to treachery on her part that Pul lost the kingdom of Assyria and transferred his residence to Babylon. The lecturer read extracts from a cylinder of Sennacherib to show how these annals agreed with the records of Scripture. In the Babylonian period there were a variety of documents connected with Nebuchadnezzar, but they met with no accounts as yet of his foreign wars, except allusions to his having marched into Palestine and subjugated the countries upon the Mediteranean. Having long taken notice of a great ruin in the vicinity of Babylon, (which was supposed by some to be the tower of Babel,) he employed 300 men to uncover it, but no inscriptions were found. Having examined the ruins, from former experience he judged that the cylinders were likely to be found built in the corner of the wall, about two thirds of the height. He, therefore, told the Arabs to take the bricks off to a certain level, and he used a prismatic compass to take the line of the wall. The Arabs considered at first that in these investigations we were searching for treasure, but their belief now is that the country once belonged to us, and that we are employing magic to recover the title deeds. After he had removed the compass, the next row of bricks they removed showed the treasure-house, from which was taken a record as perfect as when deposited there by the hand of Nebuchadnezzar. The description ran:—"I am Nabu-kuduri-uzur, King of Babylon, the established governor," &c. In conclusion, the lecturer stated that while he had found much corroboration of sacred Scripture, he had never found a single point of disagreement, except in Numbers, where the Hebrew text could not be relied on.

The Comet of 1856.

Mr. J. R. Hind, of the Observatory, Regent's Park, has the following letter in the *Times*:—"It will be in the recollection of your astronomical readers that the orbit of the comet of 1856, the re-appearance of which has been expected about the middle of the present century, was founded upon a rough chart of its path copied into several works from an original publication by Paul Farbricius (attached to the Court of the Emperor Charles V.), who observed the comet at Vienna, which, original, however, had long been sought for in libraries without success. About two years since, after a revision of my former calculations with reference to this comet, the result of which was a conviction that little further could be learned about its movements unless the treatise by Fabricius were discovered, I was induced to apply to Professor Littrów, the present energetic director of the Imperial Observatory at Vienna, and request his assistance in a search through some of the principal German libraries for the work in question. Professor Littrów most obligingly interested himself in the matter, and after ineffectual attempts had been made by private correspondence, he at length succeeded through the insertion of advertisements in the public newspapers, in discovering at Vienna and Augsburg the original chart of Fabricius and his *Judicium* upon the comet; while, by the same means, he has brought to light an unknown but far more important descriptive treatise by Joachim Heller, astronomer of Nuremburg, which exists in in the Ducal libraries at Wolfenbuttel and Gotha. The observations of Fabricius extend over less than a fortnight, whereas Heller gives us the comet's positions during an interval of 53 days, and consequently furnishes a much more complete series of *data* for the determination of the orbit in 1556. The calculations necessary to do justice to Heller's observations are not yet brought to a close, though far advanced. The principal correction to the orbit I have already published (*Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society, April 1847,) appears to be in the inclination of the comet's path to the ecliptic, which will be diminished about 1 deg., the position of the line of apsides remaining sensibly the same. If any inference can be drawn from a comparison of results obtained by Mr. Bomme, who computed the pertubations due to planetary attraction between 1264 and the present time, first with Halley's elements and afterwards with my orbit as above, it is probable that the effect of diminishing the inclination to the earth's path will tend to hasten the comet's return, and for this reason it is very desirable that a rigorous examination of the heavens should be instituted at once, and continued until the limit assigned by the calculations for its reappearance be passed. The evidence in favor of identity of the comet of 1556 with that of 1264 is rather strengthened than otherwise by the additional facts brought to light through Professor Littrów's exertions, and I will once more repeat the expression of an opinion frequently advanced on less satisfactory grounds,—that the next appearance of the great comet of 1556 is near at hand. The observations of Joachim Heller are by far the best of the kind that we possess, before the time of Tycho Brahe, and evince an acquaintance with the requirements of cometary astronomy greatly superior to that of his contemporaries. In a short time I hope to publish a detailed account of these observations, and of the numerical results to which they conduce. Meanwhile, let me suggest to those who are provided with suitable telescopes, and are desirous of assisting in the search for this long expected comet, that no time should be lost in commencing operations. Greater vigilance will be the necessary in the winter months than during the summer."

Wealth of British Aristocracy.

In evidence of the wealth amassed by ancient families, the traveller is shown the palaces in Piccadilly, Burlington House, Devonshire House, Lansdowne House in Berkshire Square, and lower down in the city, a few noble houses which still withstand, in all their amplitude, the encroachments of streets. The Duke of Bedford includes or included a mile square in the heart of London, where the British Museum, once Montague House now stands, and the land occupied by Woburn Square, Bedford Square, Russel Square. The Marquis of Westminster built within a few years the series of squares called Belgravia. Stafford House is the noblest palace in London. Northumberland House holds its place by Charing Cross. Chesterfield House remains in Audley street. Sion House and Holland House are in the suburbs. But most of the historical houses are masked or lost in the modern uses to which trade or charity has converted them. A multitude of town palaces contain inestimable galleries of art.

In the country, the size of private estates is more impressive. From Barnard Castle, I rode on to the highway twenty-three miles from High Force, a fall of trees, towards Darlington, past Raby Castle, through the estate of the Duke of Cleveland. The Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles in a straight line to the sea, on his own property. The Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea. The Duke of Devonshire, besides his other estatse, owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derby. The Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at Gordon Castle. The Duke of Norfolk's park in Sussex, is fifteen miles in circuit. An agriculturalist bought lately the island of Lewes, in Hebrides, containing 500,000 acres. The possessions of the Earl of Lansdale gave him eight seats in Parliament. This is the Heptarchy again; and before the reform of 1832, one hundred and fifty-four persons sent three hundred and seven members to Parliament. The boroughmongers governed England.

These large dominious are growing larger. The great estates are absorbing the small freeholds. In 1786, the soil of England was owned by 200,000 corporations and proprietors, and in 1822, by 32,000 These broad estates find room on this narrow island. All over England, scattered at short intervals among ship-yards, mines and forges, are the paradises of the nobles, where the life-long repose and refinement are heightened by the contrast with the roar of industry and necessity out of which you have stepped aside.—*R. W. Emerson's English Traits.*

Importance of Accurate Astronomical Observations at Sea.

That no further improvement is desirable in the means and methods of ascertaining the ship's place at sea, no one, I think will from experience be disposed to assert. The last time I crossed the Atlantic, I walked the quarter deck with the officer in charge of the noble vessel, on one occasion, when we were driving along before a leading breeze, and under a head of steam, beneath a starless sky at midnight, at the rate certainly of ten or eleven miles an hour. There is something sublime, but approaching terrible, in such a scene—the rayless gloom—the midnight chill—the awful swell of the deep—the dismal moan of the wind through the rigging—the all but volcanic fires within the hold of the ship; I scarce know an occasion in ordinary life in which a reflecting mind feels more keenly its hopeless dependence on irrational forces beyond its own control. I asked my companion how nearly he could determine his ship's place at sea under favorable circumstances. Theoretically, he answered, I think within a mile; practically and usually, within three or four. My next question was, how near do you think we may be to Cape Race, that dangerous headland which pushes its iron bound unlighted bastion from the shores of Newfoundland far into the Atlantic, first land fall to the homeward bound American vessel. We must, said he, by our last observations and reckoning be within three or four miles of Cape Race. A comparison of these two remarks, under the circumstances in which we were placed at the moment, brought my mind to the conclusion that it is greatly to be wished that the means should be discovered of finding the ship's place more accurately, or that navigators would give Cape Race a little wider berth. But I do not remember that one of the steam packets between England and America was ever lost on that formidable point.—*Hon. E. Everett.*

Galileo's Spy-Glass.

"That was the house, where," says Milton, another of those of whom the world was not worthy, "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old—a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking on astronomy otherwise than as the Dominican and Franciscan licensers thought." (Prose Works, vol 1, p. 313.) Great Heaven's! what a tribunal! what a culprit! what a crime! Let us thank God, my friends, that we live in the nineteenth century. Of all the wonders of ancient or modern art—statues and paintings, and jewels and manuscripts—the admiration and delight of ages—there was nothing which I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor rough tube, a few feet in length—the work of his own hands—that very "optic glass," through which the "Tuscan artist' viewed the moon

At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarna, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe.

—that poor little spy-glass, (for it is scarcely more) through which the human eye first distinctly beheld the surface of the moon—first discovered the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter, and the seeming handles of Saturn—first penetrated the dusky depths of the heavens—first pierced the clouds of visual error, which from the creation of the world involved the system of the universe, * * * * *

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, *E pur si mouve*—"It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it; but it moves nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves—and the planets move—and the mighty waters move—and the great sweeping tides of air move—and the empires of men move—and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.—*Ib.*

Monumental Remains of the Crimean War.

The Chersonese is covered with isolated graves, with longer burial-grounds, and with detached cemeteries from Balaclava to the roadstead of Sebastopol. Ravine and plain—hill and hollow—the roadstead and the secluded valley—for miles around, from the sea to the Tchernaya, present those stark white stones, singly or in groups, stuck upright in the arid soil, or just peering over the rank vegetation which springs from beneath them.

The French have taken little pains with their graves. One large cemetery has been formed with great care and good taste near the old Inkermann camp, but in general they have not inclosed their burial places. The Sardinians have erected a pedestal and obelisk of stone on the heights of Balaclava, close to their hospital, to the memory of their departed comrades; and the English have erected similar monuments on the heights of Inkerman, and on the plain of Balaclava, to commemorate the 5th of November and the 25th of October.

In front of the salient angle of the Redan, at a few yards from the ditch, a handsome white stone obelisk has been put up, with an inscription to the memory of those who fell in the assaults on this place, engraved on one of the square slabs at the base.

At the Malakoff there is nothing but a large wooden cross, at the head of a mound full of dead, with this inscription in white paint:—

"Unis pour la victoire,
Reuni par la mort
Du soldat c'est la gloire
Du brave c'est le sort."

Outside the vineyard, at the English head quarters, there is a small graveyard which contains but two monuments. One, formed of a large horizontal slab of marble, is to the memory of Major General Estcourt; the next is to the memory of C. R. Cattley, Esq, who died of cholera while serving on the staff of Lord Raglan, July, 1856"—the rest are all nameless.

Beyond the Inkerman plateau, and proceeding down the Woronzow Road, past the burial-ground of the Light Division, on the rear of Gordon's battery, many a poor fellow has found a resting place near the scene of his last fight. Several monumental stones are erected here, two of which are especially affecting as having been raised by the brothers of the buried soldiers.

In a secluded ravine lie all that was mortal of the Naval Brigade who rest in the Crimea. The cemetery is enclosed by a wall and is entered by a gateway in good preservation. The first stone which strikes the eye is a handsome vertical slab of marble, with a cross engraved, and the name of Lieutenant E. H. Huges D'Aeth, late first lieutenant of her Majesty's ship Sidon, who, after having served nine months on shore with the Naval Brigade, died of cholera August 7, 1855, aged thirty-four years. This stone was erected by the Captain and officers of her Majesty's ship Sidon, in testimony of their esteem and regard. Another stone arrests attention. It is inscribed "To J. Tobin, died of wounds received in action." Beneath is this quaint inscription:—

"I am anchored here below with many of the fleet,
But once again we will set sail, our Admiral Christ to meet."

Some of the graves have wooden slabs over them; but over more the grass grows green, and numberless wild flowers have sprung up in the rich mould of the ravine.

By the side of the road from Balaclava to the front there are two graveyards, filled with slabs and with monuments in cut stone, one erected by the Army Work Corps to their own officers and men who died here; the other the work of the same corps, in memory of the officers and men of the Land Transport Corps who fell by sickness in the Crimea.

In the plain below the site of the Turkish camp, near head-quarters, stands a solitary grave. It is enclosed by a substantial stone wall, and the head is marked by a handsome slab of oolite, or white sandstone, with an ornamental carving above an incised cross. On the body of the stone is engraved the name of Colonel Balfour Ogilvy,

The burial-ground of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Brigade of Guards is enclosed by a substantial wall.—It is entered by a handsome double gate, ingeniously constructed of wood and iron hoops hammered out straight, and painted, which is hinged on two massive pillars of cut stone, with ornamental capitals, each surmounted by a cannon ball. There are six rows of graves, each row containing thirty or more bodies. Over each of these is either a tombstone or a mound, fenced in by rows of white stones, with the initials, or sometimes the name, of him who lies below, marked on the mould by means of pebbles. Facing the gate, and close to it, stands a large stone cross, erected on a series of four massive blocks of the same material. On the west face of the block, supporting the cross, are the words—"Grenadiers, Coldstreams, Scots Fusilier Guards A.D. 1856." On the opposite face is the following inscription:—"To the memory of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Brigade of Guards who fell in the Crimea, this cross was erected by their surviving comrades, A.D. 1856." There are but few monumental stones in this cemetery.

DURATION OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.—In Arago's Meteorological Essays, lately published, many latitudes are given where the phenomena of thunder and lightning are unknown; those among the inhabitants of Lima and Peru, for instance, who have never traveled, can, from their own experience, have no idea of thunder; and they are equally unacquainted with lightning; for even noiseless sheet lightnings never appear in the atmosphere of Lower Peru, often moist, but never showing true clouds. Arago sums up his inquiry by saying that the most brilliant and extensive flashes of lightning, which appear to embrace the whole extent of the visible horizon, have not duration equal to the thousandth part of of a second of time.

A man of sense will never swear. The least pardonable of all vices, to which the folly or cupidity of man is addicted, is profanity.

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35	1,000	279 11 8	156 3 4	1,156 3 4
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45	1,000	377 1 8	177 10 0	1,177 10 0

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PER Steamers Cambria and Arabia, Thirteen Packages—as follows:—
Five cases Dresses and Dress Materials,
One do FILLED SHAWLS,
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Vegetable Ointment.
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About the year 1818, a Russian, who had served as a soldier in the Imperial army, during the disastrous campaign of Napoleon, arrived in Boston from Cronstadt, and shortly got work at his trade, (a carrier) in Charlestown near Boston. He was soon after taken sick; and during his illness he was attended by a kind hearted clergyman, of that town, who did all in his power for the relief of the poor Russian. Though he grew worse every day, the benevolent clergyman did not abate his kindness, but was more and more attentive; and at last, when the Russian felt that he was soon to die, he motioned his benefactor to his bedside, thanked him for his kindness, and as the only return he could make, presented him with the recipe of a remarkable Ointment, which had been used with great success by the surgeons of the Russian army. The clergyman prepared a small quantity, and was convinced of its great value, but dying soon after, his family disposed of the recipe to Mr. Redding, who gave it the name of "REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE."

Such is the history of the introduction of Redding's Russia Salve to the American public. Its excellent home qualities in curing and healing where other remedies have failed—in no instance doing injury, but always doing good—have won its way into public favor, until now, when the Proprietors can boast of the patronage of every community upon this continent—in short of every intelligent people who read a newspaper.

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September 25.

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To the Mayor and Citizens of Philadelphia and the Union.

I PROPOSE to test my Electric Oil on any case of *Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Asthma, Piles, Gout, Fever and Ague, Tetter, Felons, Swellings, Cramps, Deafness*, and to forfeit to any public institution, the Mayor may name, $100, if my genuine Electric Oil does not make an effectual cure in each case.

Dr. J. C. Van Doren, Trenton, N. J., an old and experienced gentleman, came to my establishment on Saturday and said "He never had failed in a single case of Rheumatism with my Oil." He buys several dozen at a time, and has more than a year past. He says "it is much in *using the Oil right*. I have no trouble in curing Piles effectually, and I do not use injurious medicines. My pure "Electric Oil" is enough. Be careful of the counterfeits. All my bottles must have my name in the glass.—All the cures advertised in this paper a year or two past were made by my Oil. See the certificates of 500 citizens.

A. E. SMITH, Chemist
Agency in Nova Scotia, for the Proprietor Dr. Smith, at Morton's Medical Warehouse, 39 Granville St., Halifax.
July 31.

WESLEYAN
Branch Book-Room!
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE friends of Wesleyan Methodism in New Brunswick are hereby informed that a Branch Book Room has already been opened in the city of St. John—at No 82 Germain Street, where a large assortment of Wesleyan Hymn Books, Catechisms, Sunday School Libraries, Sunday School Hymn Books, &c. &c., will always be kept on hand. A good stock of the Religious and general current Literature of the day will also be found, and the whole will be offered at low prices.

Orders for Sunday School Libraries or any other Works may be addressed to the Rev. CHARLES STEWART, Wesleyan Minister, or direct to the Wesleyan Branch Book Room, 82 Germain Street, St. John. A large accession to the Stock may be shortly expected.
CHARLES CHURCHILL, Book Steward.
July 24.

Wesleyan Book-Room.
Colporteurs Wanted.

TENDERS will be received by the Book Steward in Halifax from parties willing to act in the above capacity, in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick The engagement to commence if possible about the last week in August.

The terms will be made known to parties making the application—if by letter postage paid.
Halifax, July 24th, 1856.

LE US REASON TOGETHER

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

It has been the lot of the human race to be weighed down by disease and suffering. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are specially adapted to the relief of the WEAK, the NERVOUS, the DELICATE, and the INFIRM, of all climes, ages, sexes and constitution. Professor Holloway personally superintends the manufacture of his medicines, and offers them to a free and enlightened people, as the best remedy the world ever saw for the removal of disease.

These Pills Purify the Blood.

These famous Pills are expressly combined to operate on the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the skin and the bowels, correcting any derangement in their functions, purifying the blood, the very fountain of life, and thus curing disease in all its forms.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints.

Nearly half the human race have taken these Pills. It has been proved in all parts of the world, that nothing has been found equal to them in cases of disorders of the liver, dyspepsia and stomach complaints generally. They soon give a healthy tone to those organs, however much deranged, and when all other means have failed.

General Debility.—Ill Health.

Many of the most despotic Governments have opened their Custom Houses to the introduction of these Pills that they may become the medicine of the masses. Learned Colleges admit that this medicine is the best remedy ever known for persons of delicate health, or where the system has been impaired, as its invigorating properties ever fail to afford relief.

Female Complaints.

No Female, young or old, should be without this celebrated medicine. It corrects and regulates the monthly courses at all periods, acting in many cases like a charm. It is also the best and safest medicine that can be given to children of all ages, and for any complaint; consequently no family should be without it.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the skin, Bowel Complaints, Colics, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbargo, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King' Evil, Sore Throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douleureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms, all kinds, Weakness from whatever causes &c., &c.

Sub Agents in Nova Scotia—J. F. Cochran & Co, Newport. Dr. Harding, Windsor G. N. Fuller, Horton. Moore and Chipman, Kentville, E. Caldwell and Tupper, Cornwallis J. A. Gibbon, Wilmot. A. B. Piper, Bridgetown. R. Guest, Yarmouth. T. R. Patillo Liverpool. J. F. More, Caledonia, Miss Carder, Pleasant River. Robt West, Bridgwater, Mrs. Neil, Lunenburgh, B. Legge, Mahone Bay. Tucker & Smith, Truro N. Tupper & Co, Amherst. R B Heestis, Wallace W. Cooper, Pugwash. Mrs Robson' Pictou. T R Fraser, New Glasgow. J & C Jost, Guysborough Mrs. Norris, Canso. P. Smith, Port Hood. T. & J. Jost, Sydney. J. Mathesson, Brad'Or.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 241 Strand, London, and by most respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world. Prices in Nova Scotia are 4s.5d., 3s. 9d., 6s. 3d., 16s. 5d., 33s 4d, and 50s. each Box.

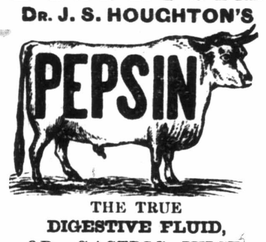
JOHN NAYLOR, Halifax.
General agent for Nova Scotia.

Directions for the Guidance of Patients are affixed to each pot or box.

☞ There is a considerable saving in taking the larger sizes
December 18, 1855.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1851, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Another Scientific Wonder!
GREAT CURE FOR
DYSPEPSIA.
DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S



THE TRUE
DIGESTIVE FLUID,
OR, GASTRIC JUICE.

THIS is a great natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, and Dyspepsia, curing after Nature's own Method, by Nature's own Agent, the Gastric Juice. Pepsin is the chief element or Great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the *Solvent of the Purifying, Preserving* and *Stimulating* Agent of the Stomach and Intestines. It is precisely like the Gastric Juice, in its Chemical powers, and a Complete and Perfect Substitute for it. By the aid of this preparation, the pains and evils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia are removed just as they would be by a healthy Stomach. It is doing wonders for Dyspeptics, curing cases of Debility, Emaciation, Nervous Decline and Dyspeptic Consumption, supposed to be on the verge of the grave. The Scientific Evidence upon which it is based, is in the highest degree Curious and Remarkable.

Private Circulars for the use of Physicians may be obtined of Dr. Houghton or his Agents, describing the hole process of preparation, and giving the author's upon which the claims of this new remedy are based. As is not a secret remedy, no objection can be raised against its use by Physicians in respectable standing and regular practice. Price, One Dollar per bottle. Sold for the Proprietor in Halifax, by the only Provincial Agents.
May 29. G. E. MORTON & CO

DYER'S HEALING
EMBROCATION
AN
EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL
REMEDY.

THIS valuable External and Internal Remedy originated with a skillful and Scientific Chemist, who found it difficult to obtain an article that would with certainty and in a short space of time, effect a cure of Wounds, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, &c. By various experiments he at length discovered a preparation which answered his most sanguine expectations, and its peculiar virtues becoming known to his friends, he was induced by them to prepare it for general use.

Since its first introduction to the public some important additions and improvements have been made in it compositions, increasing its value and making it applicable to a greater number of diseases, especially to those on the stomach and bowels, and it is now used internally with, if possible, greater success than Externally.

DYER'S
Healing Embrocation

is a perfect pain destroyer and an Invaluable Remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Wounds, Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Sore Throat, Swellings, Cramp, &c

It is indeed truly gratifying to us to receive such indisputable proofs of the value of this astonishing remedy, as are daily presented. We know its true value experimentally, and do not hesitate to recommend it as superior to any other Medicine for similar purposes, and we are willing at any time to refund the money, if it does not give entire satisfaction, or possess all the virtues we ascribe to it.

Be sure and get the genuine.

A. H. FIELD,
(Successor to C. Dyer, Junr.)
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

D. TAYLOR, Jr., Broad Street, Boston, general agent for British Provinces. ☞ Sold wholesale in Nova Scotia by G. E. Morton & Co., Halifax, John Naylor, Avery, Brown & Co., and by dealers in Medicines every where.
March 13.

G. E. MORTON & CO.

WHOLESALE Dealers in Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c. General Depot and Special Agency for the sale of all genuine

Popular Family Medicines,
39 Granville Street, Halifax.

N. B.—Country Merchants and Druggists are particularly referred to the following articles:—
☞ Gerry's Pectoral Tablets for Coughs and Colds.
☞ Houghton's Pepsinitor Dyspepsia, &c.
☞ Dyer's Healing Embrocation, a perfect Pain Destroyer.
☞ Bryan's Canomile Pills, and Moffats Life Pills approved family remedies.
☞ Buchan's Hungarian Balsam, the great English remedy for Consumption.
☞ Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge for Worms in children or adults.
☞ Lloyd's Euxesis or Easy Shaving Compound.
☞ Merchants Gargling Oil, an external remedy for horses and cattle.
☞ Nixsy's Black Lead Polish.
☞ Nelson's Patent Gelatine for Blanc Mange and Jellies.
☞ Low's Soaps and Creams for the Toilet.
☞ Rowland's Maccassar Oil, Kalydor, Odonto and Melacomia, approved personal requisites.
☞ Keating's Cough Lozenges.
☞ Sorwick's Baking Powder, Infants Food, &c.
☞ Saunders'