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Thomas Walker

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Religious Miscellany.

Hymn.

O Lamb of God, once slain for me,
Thou Crucified, I come to thee,
And on thy blood relying,
Would fain devote that life to thee
Which thou didst purchase on the tree
When dying.

O Lamb of God, thou risen One,
When thou by death hadst won thy throne,
The cross and shame despising;
Didst then in triumph o'er the tomb
Dispel for me the fear and gloom,
In rising.

O Lamb of God, ascended Lamb,
Raised to deliver mortal man,
From dust and death ascending,
Thou led'st the way for me to stand
Complete with thee at God's right hand,
Ascending.

O Lamb of God, enthroned on high,
Thyself before the Father's eye
Forever interceding,
To Mercy's seat, with access bring,
My daily prayers shall upward fly,
Succeeding.

O Lamb of God, now glorified,
When from thy face thy foes shall hide,
May I, through grace abounding,
Be welcome at thy pierced side,
Redeeming love through heaven wide
Resounding.

—Boston Review.

Special Answer to Prayer.

The following is from *Five Years of Prayer and the answers*, by Rev. S. Innes Primmer, D. D.

A young man, who had been connected with a distinguished law firm in the city of New York, gave the following account of his experience and how the Lord had answered his prayers:—"The past two weeks have been full of the richest experience of the Divine goodness and grace. Two weeks ago I was a hopeless drunkard; a poor, lost man I was. My friends had made every possible effort to reclaim me, but with no avail. I had often resolved, with many tears, to break away from the cruel bondage in which I was bound. I took upon myself the most solemn vows that I could reform. What were resolutions and vows before such an inexorable enemy as mine? I could not stand to them a moment. At last I gave myself up to perish. There was no hope for me. I was given up, too, of all the world. In this state of despair I went down to the Fishing-Banks one day. There I was attracted by the very pleasing countenance of a young man. I knew he must be a poor man, and a fisherman by profession. He helped me to understand the art of fishing. There was a world of happiness in his face. I loved to look at it. At last, out of gratitude for the little favours which he showed me, a perfect stranger, I took out my flask of liquor, and offered him a drink. 'No,' he said, 'I never drink intoxicating drink, and I ask the Lord Jesus to help me never to touch it.'

"I looked at him in surprise, and inquired, 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, I trust I am,' he answered. 'And does Jesus keep you from drinking intoxicating liquor?' 'He does, and I never wish to touch it.' That answer set me to thinking. It is revealed a new power. I went home that night, and said to myself as I went, 'How do I know that Christ would keep me from drinking if I would ask Him? When I got to my room I thought over my whole case, and then I knelt down, and I told Jesus, just as I would tell you, what a poor, miserable wretch I was; how I had struggled against my sin, and how I had always been overcome by it. I told Him, if He would take that appetite away, I would give myself up to Him, to be His for ever, and I would for ever love and serve Him. I told Him that I felt assured that He could help me, and that He would. Now I stand here, and I tell you most solemnly that Jesus took me at my word. He did take away my appetite then and there; so that, from the sacred moment of my casting myself on His help, I have not tasted a drop of liquor, nor desired to taste it. The old appetite is gone, and I tell you, that I give myself to Jesus in that very hour, and I received Him as a power in my soul against every enemy of my salvation, and He saves me in His infinite grace. I came at once to these meetings. I have been coming every day for two weeks; and O, what happy weeks! I am delivered, through the power of Jesus, from the awful destruction which was before me. Such has been the method of my relief."

In Christianity Christ is all.

Christianism requires no addition to its creed, and for that creed there is required no firmer foundation. But Christianity is something more than a territory which needs to be enclosed and defended. It is a soil which will repay cultivation, and the full resources of which remain still to be developed. It is something more than a gift of love on the one hand, and a test of fidelity on the other, which deserves to be as loyal on the other. It is a pearl of great price, and which, after enriching a million-fold the individual possessor, is capable of adding indefinitely to the wealth of the world. Christianity needs to be more devoutly enjoyed and more thoroughly exemplified by the disciples of Christ. It needs to be more fervently set forth and more eagerly diffused.

In Christianity the first and foremost object is the Lord Jesus himself, and for intellectual conviction, for religious establishment, as well as spiritual enjoyment, it is to the Lord Jesus that we must look. "God, who speaks to the fathers by his prophets, in this latter age hath spoken to us by his Son," and if obedient to the voice from glory, we listen to the Saviour, we shall find Christ his own evidence. We shall find the great exponent of his Father's mind, as well as the one direct and assuring introduction to the Father's presence; and whilst we can have no heaven hereafter except that which he brings with him, we can expect or desire no heaven hereafter except that which he is to take us.

But he is the ministers and ministrations

Recognition of Friends in Heaven.

An able writer in the *New York Christian Advocate* thus speaks of the recognition of friends in the future state:—

"Tell me not that special affection to Christian brethren, from whatever cause it may arise, is accompanied with unfeigned love to all, and abounding love to Jesus. It is not so here, and never can be so from the nature of holy love, and was not so in Christ's own case when he the Perfect One lived among us. With supreme love to God, 'he loved his Church and gave himself for it,' with love to his Church he yet loved the disciples as 'his own,' yet again within this circle one of these was specially the loved one; and beyond it 'he loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus.' Tell me not that it is enough to know that our friends are in glory. I know this now in regard to some of them, as surely as I know anything beyond the grave, yet my heart yearns to meet them 'with the Lord,' and I bless him that he permits me to comfort myself with the hope of doing so. Nor let it be alleged as an insupportable objection to all this anticipated happiness, that knowledge of the saved would deprive him of his own and final faith. It was from the background of Sinai and the Temple that a Jew came down on Bethlehem, and it was through Moses and the prophets that he was introduced to Jesus. But towards Christendom—towards these gospel ages, Christ himself faces, a Sun of righteousness, full-orbed and actually arisen, and it is looking to him that, in light of his own radiating, we see him and are saved. It is looking to him that we get comfort to our troubled conscience, and an object for our craving affections; and it is with light borrowed from him that we can most advantageously travel back to Moses and the psalmists, and study the law and lofty theisms which came before Jesus Christ.

The divinity, the stonement, the intercession of Jesus Christ, are truths for all times, and also for the time which lets them go, or which holds them with a feeble grasp! It may be questioned, however, if the peculiar life to which these truths are the introduction—that high and holy life of which Christ is the model, and of which the Holy Spirit is the source, is sufficiently dealt upon in the ministrations of the pulpit; and whether there is effort enough to attain it in the case of individual believers. Christianity is a high calling, and if we might name any paramount object for ministerial ambition in the present day, it would be such a setting forth of Christian character, and such an enforcement of New Testament ethics as might, with God's blessing reappear in eminent piety—in a religion at once lowly and kindly, unselfish and upright, yet confident and tender-hearted, wise in its teacher, and cheerful in its disciples, true to the Bible, true to the brethren, true to itself, and however attached to its immediate communion, not hostile to others, and growing daily fitted for the highest of all.

"God Loves me," or the Mystery Solved.

A certain man, who had been for some years a constant professor of religion, was perplexed to know why he should meet with so many misfortunes as he did. He was fully convinced that he was a sinner, and that all sorrow was the result of sin. He still, why he should be so much more afflicted than his brethren, he could not understand. It seemed to him that others could succeed in their various undertakings, and that their cup of prosperity was filled to the brim. But as for him, adversity met him at every step. He was doomed to disappointment in every worldly scheme that he attempted. He did not want to indulge a Pharisaical spirit, but really he could not see what he had done so much worse than his fellows to merit such adversity.

One day, while brooding over his misfortunes, the thought came to him with unaccounted power, that "he was a child of God, and that God loved him." And then, quick as thought, he recalled the expression of the apostle: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

"Ah," he said, "God loves me and the mystery is solved! Here I have been harboring, for many years, a feeling of complaint against God, because he did not allow me the same measure of prosperity that he did my neighbors, when I had taken thought, I might have seen in all my misfortunes constant evidence that God loved me!" Here is the happy point! To realize the precious truth that God loves me! To believe with the whole heart that all my disappointments and troubles are permitted by a kind and merciful father, for my everlasting good! To be able to regard them all as proofs that "God loves me." Oh! that is a blessed consolation! It is a sweet draught that takes away much of the bitterness of sorrow's cup.

Speak for Christ.

Speak for your Lord and Master. You tell me you are nervous. Never mind your nervousness. Try once. If you break down half a dozen times, try again; you shall find your talents increase. It is wonderful how these breakdowns do more good than our keeping on. First deliver your soul of what is in it. Get your heart red hot, and then like some volcano that is heaving in its inner bowels, let the hot lava of your speech run streaming down. You need not care for the graces of oratory, nor for the refinements of eloquence, but speak what you do know; show them your Saviour's wounds; bid his sorrow speak to them, and it shall be more powerful how your stammering tongue shall be the better an instrument because it does stammer, for that God "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."—*Spurgeon*

Quebec Missionary Meeting.

The anniversary services in connection with the Quebec Auxiliary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, were held in the Methodist Church of this city on Sunday and last evening. On both occasions the weather was very unfavourable, and the attendance was consequently not so large as it would otherwise have been; but we are happy to state, that the collections taken up in aid of the Mission fund nearly doubled those of the previous year—amounting in the aggregate to something like \$200. The meeting of yesterday evening was rendered exceedingly interesting by the eloquent addresses which were delivered by the several speakers, and the only regret was, that so many of the friends of Christian missions were prevented, by the cause above-mentioned, from being present. The introductory devotional exercises were conducted by the pastor of the church—the Rev. G. Young—and the Rev. D. Marsh, the former giving up an appropriate hymn, and the latter leading the audience in prayer. After this, the Hon. James Ferrier, M. P., was called to the chair, and introduced the business of the evening with the following address:—

"My Friends—It gives me great pleasure to meet with you this evening, and unite with you in your Missionary Anniversary. I expect a good meeting to-night, and I will tell you why. It is because your Church is in a state of spiritual prosperity. I have had the pleasure for many years, during the sittings of Parliament, to unite with you in the church fellowship; but at no former period (except in seasons of special revival) have I seen so good a Missionary Meeting. It is said that the classes are well attended. I was present at your Love Feast, and found it a most refreshing to the presence of the Lord. I visited your Sunday School, and found it in good prosperity; and what is most remarkable, I have found no complaints—no one grumbling. Christian love appears to fill the hearts of all. Therefore I think that you are a people prepared to have a good Missionary Meeting to-night. To have such a meeting as will long be remembered to some one may say, how is such a meeting to be secured? It can only be secured in one way; it is this: let every one of us fix our minds on what Jesus Christ has done for our sin-stricken world. Let us think of what Jesus has done for the redemption of our own souls. These thoughts will enable us better to understand how much we owe to Jesus. We owe our all to Jesus—all our spiritual blessings, and all our temporal blessings. When we think of all the blessings we enjoy, gratitude to God will fill our hearts. Then our gratitude to God should manifest itself by acts—acts like the widow of old, who cast into the treasury of the temple all her living. Perhaps you will say, O that it is too high a standard. Well, but Jesus approved of her act. Our duty is plain; we are called upon to sustain the cause of Missions, but it is Christ's institution; he himself gave the commission:—'Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' But Christ's message, if it must be sent, we are called upon to-night, to give, solemn, and prayerful consideration, deep out of the means that God has given us in trust, such a contribution as Christ will approve of. I was acquainted with a good lady in Scotland, who was called upon to contribute to the church extension scheme. After due consideration, she gave what she thought right; the collectors pressed her for more; she said, 'No, I have given you as much as the grace of God enables me to do.' Let us do likewise. Let us consider this important subject of giving a little further; and let me ask from whom are the funds to be obtained to carry on the Lord's work? We cannot expect the fashionable people of the world will contribute; they cannot afford to give. Hundreds in Quebec, as in other cities, are spending large incomes, and are in constant difficulty to keep pace with the extravagance of the fashion. They are making great sacrifices to the god of this world; and shall not we, the members of Christ's church, make sacrifices to the Lord our God?"

Dr. Duff's Estimate of the Progress of India.

Dr. Duff, in taking leave of the Missionary Conference in Calcutta, and in responding to a address presented to him by that body, took a view of the progress of India during the last few years. In the course of his address he said:—"And what vast strides of progress in every department since 1846. The gigantic company, the greatest the world has ever seen, which, in the course of a century, became the grandest Colonial empire on the face of the globe; the overshadowing Power, whose own peculiar policy was to stereotype the ancient order of things, to shut out India from the world, and sterner the reign of ignorance and superstition, has been swept out of existence with the beams of destruction, and the millions of India brought into enlightening contact with the sovereign British nation. Thousands of miles of railway have been constructed—some of them over mighty rivers, and some over stupendous mountains. The distance of Benares has been reduced from two, or even three months, by the old river route to a single day. In 1840 it took me twenty-one days to get to Rajmahal; last year I went there in eight hours! Immense tracks of wild jungle and forest, for unknown ages the haunt of the tiger and the elephant, are now covered with flourishing tea and other plantations. An English mail reaches us every week by the Red Sea, and news by telegraph from London sometimes in little more than a fortnight. Social and other changes have also proportionally progressed. The peasantry of Bengal have in many parts been awakened to the spirit of self-help, and are now the most active and passive of beings, from the torpor and lethargy of ages. Great reforms have been effected in the legislative, judicial, administrative and financial departments. Natives of talent and rank, long excluded from all high offices of State, have become members of our legislative councils, our courts, and the coveted civil service. The marriage of Hindu widows, who are often the victims of a cruel and unchristian custom, is now, in many places, deemed to be a crime, and is being suppressed by law. A native press is preparing an enactment for the abolition of Kulin polygamy. The demand for higher education is spreading over the country with a rapidity that utterly baffles our power to meet it. The Gurmahabshahs, or teachers of indigenous vernacular schools—once deemed the most inert and hopelessly incorrigible of all bipeds under the sun—are, under sundry impulses, beginning to show signs of animation and activity. A university has been established, which has improved the tone and character of higher education from the temple of Jagannath in Orissa to the awful depths of the Khyber Pass beyond the Indus—already numbering its undergraduates by thousands, and its graduates in arts, law, medicine and civil engineering by hundreds. From hundreds, native Christians, especially in the districts of Chota Nagpore, Krishnagar, and Burmah, have increased to thousands—native churches have not only been formed, but some of them become self-sustaining—fully educated native Christians have been ordained as pastors and evangelists—some of them are members of this Conference—not fewer than four of them being present this day. In similar strain I might go on and notice other points of improvement. But it is not necessary for my object. Enough, surely, has been stated to verify my assertion that change—great and momentous in their bearing on the ultimate destinies of India—are in rapid progress. Having the general state of things little more than a quarter of a century ago vividly before my mind's eye, and looking abroad on the considerably altered, and hereafter still more rapidly altering state of things, I confess that an inexpressible feeling of awe creeps over my spirit. I feel something, though in a higher and more powerful sense, as if I felt a few years ago, when standing on the verge of the mighty St. Lawrence—when the waves of later progress were breaking with visible effort, and there were unmistakable signs that the vast icy pavement which concealed the dark depths beneath was about to break up, amid the thunders of splintering and crushing fragments—and the mind in a wider

General Miscellany.

The King of Charlatans.

A recent letter from the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, records the death of an important public man of Paris. He was a man of original genius, such as it was, who leaves no successor even in Paris, where you may find everything but the world's end, whether the way of beauty, wisdom, or of simple oddity. If his reputation was not European, all Paris knew him, and bowed at his pinhead shrine. He was self-made and self-sustaining, and was Lord of all wherever he appeared. This man's name was Mangin, and his appearance is thus described:—

"The *Promoter*, as he passes near the Place de la Madeleine, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Place de la Bastille, or the Chateau d'Eau, will regard that these spots will no more behold that stately form arrayed in velvet tunic, fringed with gold, the cuirass burnished like a mirror, the sword, the gauntlet, and the shining equester, with the winged serpent surmounted by the full and flowing ermine. His figure and countenance were martial. His moustache was of the true imperial cut, the extremities well waxed, and sticking out at each side like akewars, and the tuft nearly covered the chin. As he took his stand in the open carriage, drawn by two bay horses in decent harness, his confidential assistant, habited in a similar but less gaudy costume, held him, with his right hand (the forefinger of which displayed a massive gold ring) on his hip, and his look firm, serene, and thoughtful, a murmur used to run round among the multitude, who bowed to him as the very king of Charlatans. It was a glorious moment, and you saw that he felt it, when he rose silent and commanding, and accepted with a sort of disdainful humility the allegiance of the mass at his feet."

The Sick-Room.

Through large sections of the country sickness is prevalent, often in the forms of cold, influenza, and a variety of complaints not of themselves serious, but needing chiefly what is called good nursing. Miss Nightingale, who so nobly devoted her life to nursing the soldiers of the Crimea through the terrible ferrets of that campaign, has published her thoughts on nursing, many of which ought to be thrown in some more popular and cheap form of publication, for the benefit especially of many thousands of poor families who by it might be saved from those most fatal of all errors, which proceed from ill-considered but kind intentions.

There are four things which often cost no money, but which are often more valuable than any regulation of light, and admission of fresh air, a proper temperature, and the first of these that Miss Nightingale seems it one of the most vital of all matters. If there is any poison in the breath of a diseased man, and he breathes the same corrupted air over and over again, he creates a vapor of death around himself, and inoculates himself with it, as it were, over and over again. Fresh air carries disease away from the patient. Fresh air is the best of all food. The recovery of many a patient depends more upon the supply of oxygen to the lungs, pure and fresh, than upon the supply of carbon to the stomach in the shape of food. Of course drafts are to be avoided from coming on the patients; but open windows, especially at the top, can be so arranged as not to give drafts, with a little care. Where there is a furnace everything depends on the supply of pure, wholesome, fresh air to the mouth of the place where the air is heated. Next to this, a proper temperature is vital. Heat kills many, and cold others. The natural temperature is the best for the whole body, though heat and cold applied to parts of the body specially produce the most powerful medical or injurious effects. A red hot stove blowing on a sick man's forehead has often determined disease to the brain. The best general temperature for the sick is that which they least feel in any part as hot or cold. With this, local applications of ice or heat may often effect wonders in controlling disease. The open fire-place, where it can be afforded, though not always so favorable to the equal distribution of heat, is in such cases the best, and so good for securing a current of fresh air through the room, that it will often be of special service, while the red hot stove is always mischievous in a high degree, not only as a local application of dry heat, but by furthering as consuming the fresh oxygen, and by its effect on a thousand floating impurities, doing much mischief.

Light, too, is to be considered. It is a stimulant, and, therefore, if given in excess to the weak nervous. Many do not think of this. But the darkened room has raised and restored many a diseased nervous system. An open blind with glaring light on the sick couch has often done mischief, from the simple thoughtlessness of the nurse. A patient's own slightest feeling on this subject should be a sovereign law. The connection of sleep with darkness is very curious. Put a patient in darkness and he will often sleep, while light will force him to keep awake, by its continual irritation of the nervous system.

Durability of Wood.

The statement of facts below which we copy from the *Country Gentleman*, and which we suppose to be correctly stated, shows that wood keeps in a cold place, and fully saturated with water, if not over-drying, is very durable:—

1. The piles on which the London bridge rests were driven five hundred years ago, and are yet sound. 2. Old St. Paul's Palace in London is supported on piles of oak, elm, beech, and chestnut. These were driven six hundred and fifty years ago, and are perfectly sound. 3. The piles on which Trajan's bridge over the Danube was built, were driven one thousand six hundred years ago. The outside, to the thickness of one inch or a little more, is petrified, forming cylindrical pillars of stone, while the inside is as sound as ever.

These, and other facts of like import, go to prove that wood, in cold situations where insects will not deprive upon it, is often better preserved than its sustaining power as long as its structure of men will require. Probably the piles of the bridge over the Danube, one thousand six hundred years ago, would sustain a greater weight to day, than they would have done at first. Exclusion of air and a low temperature seem to be the conditions. Thus, the bottom of a scow (part last much longer than the part near the surface), because it has less air and less warmth. If we were to imagine a post set in sand instead of three feet deep, the lower part might last as long as the earth exists. Or, if it were set but the usual depth, and the sun's influence were to be withdrawn from our planet, it would last as long as the piles of Trajan's bridge; or, for no decay takes place in wood for the first one thousand six hundred years, why should it in the next period of equal length, provided the wood remains in exactly the same situation, and exposed to the same influences, but to no other?"

Obituary.

MRS. ELIZABETH LOVITT.

The subject of the following brief memoir, Mrs. E. Lovitt, was born at Shelburne, N. S., in the year 1804. She was a daughter of the late George Hunter, Esq., and wife of Andrew Lovitt, Esq., of Yarmouth. Early in life, she gave her heart to God, and during the time that the Rev. Dr. DeWolfe was stationed here, united with the Wesleyan Church. From the time of public profession of religion until the period of her decease, she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things, and was a living epistle, read and known of all men. Her last illness, though protracted, was endured without murmuring or complaint. It was truly pleasing to see how patiently the dying saint waited for her release from a body of suffering, and how calmly she met the last enemy. To those who from time to time came around her death bed, and who were not a few, for she was respected by all, she addressed words of advice and consolation, and remarked, that "nothing but the religion of Christ could support in the hour of earthly dissolution. In her death, her family, and the community have suffered and irreparable loss, for she was a good wife, a tender pa-

Recognition of Friends in Heaven.

ing maze was racked in striving to realize the truth and the roar of the resistless cataract of waters, and the tossing and dashing hither and thither of the rapidly accumulating and rapidly discharging masses—wondering ere the floods settled down again in the quiet channels, what cities and districts might be strewn with the wreck and ruin of all that was stablished in architecture and godliness in the products of the field. For ages and ages has the mighty stream of Hindianism been moving on, slowly, steadily and loudly, in its dark, deep channel; bound, and slightly bound, with the frost and the ice of endless, nameless, boundless polytheisms and pantheisms, idolatries and superstitions. Now, however, we are on the verge of mighty coming changes. The whole vast incrustation seems gradually loosening and softening under the force of wide spread knowledge and improving enterprise. Intellect, slumbering for ages, is awakening out of sleep; mind so long sluggish and dormant is stirred up into multiplying activities; new taxes are created, subversive of the older order of things; new passions are excited; new objects of ambition are presented with luring attractions; the spirit of devoted self-sacrifice is feeling and giving place to freer, freer to the spirit of a rampant secularism; and where the old moorings and anchorages of Vedantic pantheism and Puranic idolatry are shaking into weakness before the blasts of innovation; we may be threatened (if we are faithful to our trust, and if the Lord in his mercy interpose not) with an out-bursting flood of wildest and most unfeigned infidelity; and if so, what havoc may there not be wrought! As all his wealth, he set the national soul, purified as well as liberated, settle down in the peaceful channel of gospel righteousness and peace! But the Lord reigneth! This is our hope, our stay, our support. Oh, what a time for stronger faith, more fervent prayer, more energetic effort! Help, oh Lord, help—do we feel with increasing intensity—help, for in vain is the help of man—sure is to employ the several powers of God, thus showing us to emerge them all with the breath, the living breath of thy Holy Spirit!"

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The King of Charlatans.

A recent letter from the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, records the death of an important public man of Paris. He was a man of original genius, such as it was, who leaves no successor even in Paris, where you may find everything but the world's end, whether the way of beauty, wisdom, or of simple oddity. If his reputation was not European, all Paris knew him, and bowed at his pinhead shrine. He was self-made and self-sustaining, and was Lord of all wherever he appeared. This man's name was Mangin, and his appearance is thus described:—

"The *Promoter*, as he passes near the Place de la Madeleine, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Place de la Bastille, or the Chateau d'Eau, will regard that these spots will no more behold that stately form arrayed in velvet tunic, fringed with gold, the cuirass burnished like a mirror, the sword, the gauntlet, and the shining equester, with the winged serpent surmounted by the full and flowing ermine. His figure and countenance were martial. His moustache was of the true imperial cut, the extremities well waxed, and sticking out at each side like akewars, and the tuft nearly covered the chin. As he took his stand in the open carriage, drawn by two bay horses in decent harness, his confidential assistant, habited in a similar but less gaudy costume, held him, with his right hand (the forefinger of which displayed a massive gold ring) on his hip, and his look firm, serene, and thoughtful, a murmur used to run round among the multitude, who bowed to him as the very king of Charlatans. It was a glorious moment, and you saw that he felt it, when he rose silent and commanding, and accepted with a sort of disdainful humility the allegiance of the mass at his feet."

The Sick-Room.

Through large sections of the country sickness is prevalent, often in the forms of cold, influenza, and a variety of complaints not of themselves serious, but needing chiefly what is called good nursing. Miss Nightingale, who so nobly devoted her life to nursing the soldiers of the Crimea through the terrible ferrets of that campaign, has published her thoughts on nursing, many of which ought to be thrown in some more popular and cheap form of publication, for the benefit especially of many thousands of poor families who by it might be saved from those most fatal of all errors, which proceed from ill-considered but kind intentions.

There are four things which often cost no money, but which are often more valuable than any regulation of light, and admission of fresh air, a proper temperature, and the first of these that Miss Nightingale seems it one of the most vital of all matters. If there is any poison in the breath of a diseased man, and he breathes the same corrupted air over and over again, he creates a vapor of death around himself, and inoculates himself with it, as it were, over and over again. Fresh air carries disease away from the patient. Fresh air is the best of all food. The recovery of many a patient depends more upon the supply of oxygen to the lungs, pure and fresh, than upon the supply of carbon to the stomach in the shape of food. Of course drafts are to be avoided from coming on the patients; but open windows, especially at the top, can be so arranged as not to give drafts, with a little care. Where there is a furnace everything depends on the supply of pure, wholesome, fresh air to the mouth of the place where the air is heated. Next to this, a proper temperature is vital. Heat kills many, and cold others. The natural temperature is the best for the whole body, though heat and cold applied to parts of the body specially produce the most powerful medical or injurious effects. A red hot stove blowing on a sick man's forehead has often determined disease to the brain. The best general temperature for the sick is that which they least feel in any part as hot or cold. With this, local applications of ice or heat may often effect wonders in controlling disease. The open fire-place, where it can be afforded, though not always so favorable to the equal distribution of heat, is in such cases the best, and so good for securing a current of fresh air through the room, that it will often be of special service, while the red hot stove is always mischievous in a high degree, not only as a local application of dry heat, but by furthering as consuming the fresh oxygen, and by its effect on a thousand floating impurities, doing much mischief.

Light, too, is to be considered. It is a stimulant, and, therefore, if given in excess to the weak nervous. Many do not think of this. But the darkened room has raised and restored many a diseased nervous system. An open blind with glaring light on the sick couch has often done mischief, from the simple thoughtlessness of the nurse. A patient's own slightest feeling on this subject should be a sovereign law. The connection of sleep with darkness is very curious. Put a patient in darkness and he will often sleep, while light will force him to keep awake, by its continual irritation of the nervous system.

Recognition of Friends in Heaven.

ing maze was racked in striving to realize the truth and the roar of the resistless cataract of waters, and the tossing and dashing hither and thither of the rapidly accumulating and rapidly discharging masses—wondering ere the floods settled down again in the quiet channels, what cities and districts might be strewn with the wreck and ruin of all that was stablished in architecture and godliness in the products of the field. For ages and ages has the mighty stream of Hindianism been moving on, slowly, steadily and loudly, in its dark, deep channel; bound, and slightly bound, with the frost and the ice of endless, nameless, boundless polytheisms and pantheisms, idolatries and superstitions. Now, however, we are on the verge of mighty coming changes. The whole vast incrustation seems gradually loosening and softening under the force of wide spread knowledge and improving enterprise. Intellect, slumbering for ages, is awakening out of sleep; mind so long sluggish and dormant is stirred up into multiplying activities; new taxes are created, subversive of the older order of things; new passions are excited; new objects of ambition are presented with luring attractions; the spirit of devoted self-sacrifice is feeling and giving place to freer, freer to the spirit of a rampant secularism; and where the old moorings and anchorages of Vedantic pantheism and Puranic idolatry are shaking into weakness before the blasts of innovation; we may be threatened (if we are faithful to our trust, and if the Lord in his mercy interpose not) with an out-bursting flood of wildest and most unfeigned infidelity; and if so, what havoc may there not be wrought! As all his wealth, he set the national soul, purified as well as liberated, settle down in the peaceful channel of gospel righteousness and peace! But the Lord reigneth! This is our hope, our stay, our support. Oh, what a time for stronger faith, more fervent prayer, more energetic effort! Help, oh Lord, help—do we feel with increasing intensity—help, for in vain is the help of man—sure is to employ the several powers of God, thus showing us to emerge them all with the breath, the living breath of thy Holy Spirit!"

Quebec Missionary Meeting.

The anniversary services in connection with the Quebec Auxiliary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, were held in the Methodist Church of this city on Sunday and last evening. On both occasions the weather was very unfavourable, and the attendance was consequently not so large as it would otherwise have been; but we are happy to state, that the collections taken up in aid of the Mission fund nearly doubled those of the previous year—amounting in the aggregate to something like \$200. The meeting of yesterday evening was rendered exceedingly interesting by the eloquent addresses which were delivered by the several speakers, and the only regret was, that so many of the friends of Christian missions were prevented, by the cause above-mentioned, from being present. The introductory devotional exercises were conducted by the pastor of the church—the Rev. G. Young—and the Rev. D. Marsh, the former giving up an appropriate hymn, and the latter leading the audience in prayer. After this, the Hon. James Ferrier, M. P., was called to the chair, and introduced the business of the evening with the following address:—

"My Friends—It gives me great pleasure to meet with you this evening, and unite with you in your Missionary Anniversary. I expect a good meeting to-night, and I will tell you why. It is because your Church is in a state of spiritual prosperity. I have had the pleasure for many years, during the sittings of Parliament, to unite with you in the church fellowship; but at no former period (except in seasons of special revival) have I seen so good a Missionary Meeting. It is said that the classes are well attended. I was present at your Love Feast, and found it a most refreshing to the presence of the Lord. I visited your Sunday School, and found it in good prosperity; and what is most remarkable, I have found no complaints—no one grumbling. Christian love appears to fill the hearts of all. Therefore I think that you are a people prepared to have a good Missionary Meeting to-night. To have such a meeting as will long be remembered to some one may say, how is such a meeting to be secured? It can only be secured in one way; it is this: let every one of us fix our minds on what Jesus Christ has done for our sin-stricken world. Let us think of what Jesus has done for the redemption of our own souls. These thoughts will enable us better to understand how much we owe to Jesus. We owe our all to Jesus—all our spiritual blessings, and all our temporal blessings. When we think of all the blessings we enjoy, gratitude to God will fill our hearts. Then our gratitude to God should manifest itself by acts—acts like the widow of old, who cast into the treasury of the temple all her living. Perhaps you will say, O that it is too high a standard. Well, but Jesus approved of her act. Our duty is plain; we are called upon to sustain the cause of Missions, but it is Christ's institution; he himself gave the commission:—'Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' But Christ's message, if it must be sent, we are called upon to-night, to give, solemn, and prayerful consideration, deep out of the means that God has given us in trust, such a contribution as Christ will approve of. I was acquainted with a good lady in Scotland, who was called upon to contribute to the church extension scheme. After due consideration, she gave what she thought right; the collectors pressed her for more; she said, 'No, I have given you as much as the grace of God enables me to do.' Let us do likewise. Let us consider this important subject of giving a little further; and let me ask from whom are the funds to be obtained to carry on the Lord's work? We cannot expect the fashionable people of the world will contribute; they cannot afford to give. Hundreds in Quebec, as in other cities, are spending large incomes, and are in constant difficulty to keep pace with the extravagance of the fashion.

The Family.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

One Step Further.

Nobody ever knew anything about it,
And there the two cars in the bottom. It's
And there was a bridge, and I could run

The Good Done by one Little Fly.

Near by a church lived a very wicked man,
A rascal, by the way, who seemed not to fear
God or respect man. He despised all good

their elders, or their fresh, youthful beauty is not
so easily discerned. The bright flowers which

father brought on us before his death, and I
want you to promise me before I die that you

It is not worth while to talk much of the sick
of fashionable dress; everybody knows its weak-

The Angel of Death shall carry me.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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and Bowels.

Bad Legs, Old Sores, and Ulcers

Eruptions on the Skin.

Female Complaints.

Piles and Fistula.

FEVER AND AGUE.

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