The Provincial Wesleyan.

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume VI. No. 51. HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1854. Whole No. 284.

The Legend of the Christmas-Tree.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and through the ancient town
Rest and rejoicing meet—
A little child comes wandering sadly down
The silent street;
Alone and very sorrowful is he,
Fatherless and motherless;
He has no friend on earth a Christmas-tree
For him to dress.

With tearful gaze he turns his steps aside
Where gleams the light
From a tall house, and youthful figures glide
Before his sight,
As each, with festal dress and happy brow,
Surrounds a gorgeous tree;
And there he asks, "Ami! these is there now
No place for me?

"They look so happy, surely they are kind."
With trembling hand
He gently knocks, and craves a place to find
Where he may stand,
Contented but to gaze upon the show,
With grateful prayer,
That they the sad reverse may never know
Which brings him there.

Alas! alas! no place for him is there,—
With scornful jest
They drive him forth into the cold night air,
To seek for rest
'Neath some more modest roof, where warmer hearts
A nook may spare,
And gladly own that sharing joy imparts
More to their share!

Hark! 'tis a burst of hearty merriment—
The child draws nigh,—
'Tis from a burgher's simple tenement,
With longing sigh
He watches the glad group of faces bright,
And so for him
He thinks the fire-tree once was deck'd with lights;
His eye grow dim,

And timidly he knocks, again to tell
His piteous tale.
Alas! for him—on stony ears it fell
Without avail!
The door is closed against him, and in vain,
With grief indeed,
He gazes through the latticed window pane—
No one takes heed!

Weeping he turns away, and passes by
Both light and sound,
From many a humble roof and mansion high
Scatter'd around:
Then pauses meekly by the lowliest door,
Where a faint ray
Breaks through, and shows how fast the little store
Of tapers wear away.
Alas! alas! his latest hope is vain—
By word and blow
Of harsh unkindness driven forth again,
Where shall he go?
The night is dark—but the poor orphan child,
Amid his wo,
Bethinks him of the infant Saviour mild,
And kneeleth low

In prayer to Him who is not slow to hear
He kneeleth there;
And soon he sees a little child draw near,
Exceeding fair,
With whitest raiment shining like the day
And crown of light,
And as he moves along the darken'd way
All becomes bright!

So to that patient wanderer came he
And bade him raise
His wond'ring eyes where springs a glorious tree,
And offer praise
To God who heareth the sad orphan's cry,
And sendeth aid
When earthly hope is none, and misery
Maketh afraid.

No longer sad and fearful is that child—
He turns to see,
Where stands at bidding of the infant mild
His Christmas-tree!—
A wondrous tree, radiant in heavenly light,
With one glad bound
He leaves the gloom of sorrow's bitter night—
His home is found!

—*National Magazine.*

Class Meetings.

THEIR ORIGIN.

The origin of Class Meetings was with Mr. Wesley. They seemed to grow out of the necessity of the case. Methodism appeared to have got as far as it could without them. A great want was felt. Many were feeble, others disorderly. They needed a shepherd to care for—counsel and advise them. How to meet this want, taxed the active intellect of Mr. Wesley. At last, it appears—when his own plans were nearly perfected—the thought of Class Meetings struck him like a flash of light. But let us hear Mr. Wesley's own account of the matter:

"At length," he says, speaking of the trouble caused by disorderly walkers, "while we were thinking of quite another thing, we struck upon a method, for which we have had cause to bless God ever since. I was talking with several of the Society at Bristol, concerning the best means of paying the debts there, when one stood up and said: "Let every member of Society pay a penny a week, till all are paid." Another answered, "But many are poor, and cannot afford it." "Then," said he, "put 11 of the poorest with me, and if they can give anything, well, I will call on them weekly, and receive what they have to give, and make up what is wanting. It was done. In a while some of these informed me, they had found such and such a one did not live as he ought. It struck me immediately, this is the very thing we have wanted so long. I called together all the leaders, and desired that each would make a particular inquiry into the behavior of those he saw weekly. They did so. Many disorderly walkers were detected; some turned from the evil of their ways, and some were put away from among us. Many saw it with fear, and rejoiced unto God with reverence."

Thus we see that Class Meetings, like local preaching, and other institutions among us, were not the offspring of human genius, or forethought, but were purely the creatures of necessity, and we believe fell—not from Jupiter, as did the famous image of Ephesus—but from God out of heaven: clothed with heaven's light, and stamped with immortality. And they have stood and received castigation after castigation, without writhing. And we believe they will stand, and receive all that the Devil and his agents can hurl at them, till their work is done; which will never be till the world is on fire.

We are aware that some opponents of these blessed institutions, call them novel and unscriptural. We, John Wesley-like, are prepared to look these charges in the face. In the Scriptures we find such passages as these:

"Consider one another, provoke to love and to good works, not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." "Then they that feared the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

In looking among the branches of the visible Church, we fail to find, among her means of grace, one that answers to the spirit of the above texts, as do Class Meetings. In them we speak one to another, confess our faults to, and pray one for another, that we may be healed. There is little doubt in our mind, but the primitive Christians had social means of grace, answering to the sentiment of the above texts. And we can conceive how irksome they would be, when heaven's fire was being smothered with earth's rubbish. And how easily Popish confessions could find their way into existence, with all their attendant follies, as a substitute. And further, how, amid the "dark ages," such blessed means of grace were forgotten amid the gaudy show and supposed power of the priesthood. Again, we can further imagine that the Church, when she emerged from darkness, would be likely to take some of her former follies with her; or, to escape them, run into opposite extremes. Thus we find the Church of England having in her prayer-book, the confession and absolution of sin. Others, to escape these errors, have said it is wrong to confess to any but God. But Class Meetings take us into the "glorious mean" where we confess one to another, and pray one for another, that we may be healed. Novel we own they are to any novel Church, destitute of celestial fire. But unscriptural they cannot be, unless their opponents take their penknife, as did a famed king of Judah, and cut out the passages we have quoted above. Thus much for the origin of Class Meetings. We shall now consider.

THEIR UTILITY.

Class Meetings are the life-blood of Methodism. Let any member of our Society be full of fire and the Holy Ghost, and he will love to be at Class Meeting. But, on the other hand, let him get worldly, and indifferent to the things of God, and he will find some excuse for absence. An evidence this, that if attendance on Class Meetings is not a true test of church membership, it is a pretty good test of piety.

In the Class Meeting, the weak gather strength. There are many feeble minds among us now, as well as in the days of Bunyan, who need the assistance of Ready-to-halt's crutch. These trembling ones drink in, with pleasure, all that is said to encourage them. Words of kindness, that drop from the good man's lips, fall like the gentle dew upon the fainting baby-plant. And the feeble christian gets refreshed, and revived, and grows strong.

Here the tempted get encouraged. Many a poor tempted christian, that was ready to give up all for lost, has come to the Class Meeting; and there a brother that he thought was never tempted, gets up and tells, with quivering lip, and tear-wet eye, how he has had to contend with the powers of darkness; and how near he was being overcome; but he conquered. And then a shout of victory is heard through all the Class, and the poor, tempted brother takes courage. "If he conquered, why may not I," he soliloquises, as he turns his languid eye toward the Cross, and exercises fresh faith in the atoning blood. The spell breaks, and his exulting soul goes free.

And here the young converts grow. For here, according to the Saviour's commands, the Lambs are fed. They tell their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, and receive direction, encouragement, or reproof, as the case may be. We have but little fear of a young convert who will make any required sacrifice to attend the Class Meeting.

And finally, here the strong are blessed. For here they have an opportunity of bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. Here they can weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice. Here they pray with and for the tempted, and exult and triumph with the victorious. O blessed means of grace! where all can sit and feast on heaven-prepared dainties, as over them waves the blood-stained banner—its motto love, which glows in characters of living light. And Jesus looks down and says, "Eat, O friends, and drink, O beloved," as every one feels strangely warmed; and all unite and sing:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

The more we look at those precious gems of our beloved Methodism, the stronger our conviction of their intrinsic value. And if need be, we are bound to throw our arms around them, and save them from the destroyer. The Lord help us, that, as Methodists, we may never think ourselves strong enough to stand without them.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

Whom Shall I Fear?

True piety elevates its possessor in the scale of being, exalts his feelings, dignifies his character, and sanctifies his heart. It provides for us a suitable relief in every trying state, and enables us to exult in God as the God of our salvation. Let us notice:

The confidence of the Christian.—"Whom shall I fear?" This is not the language of vain presumption, but the expression of Christian assurance. Whom have I to fear?

God? He is reconciled—The love of God is shed abroad in the believer's heart, and the possession of love softens the feelings of fear; should we be afraid to approach a reconciled Father?

The Law? It is satisfied.—Those who are under the bond of the covenant need not fear the curse of the law; its threatenings are averting, and the curse is turned into a blessing.

Satan? He is conquered.—He can go no further than the length of his chain. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Afflictions? They are sanctified.—Shall I fear that which comes from my Father, who loves me? Shall I fear that which is sent for my good? Shall I fear that which is sent to promote the spiritual benefit of my soul? The diamond of piety never sparkles so brightly as when the christian is surrounded with the darkness of affliction.

Death? It is vanquished.—To the believer it is only "the shadow of death;" there is no substantial evil in it. The shadow of a serpent will not sting; the shadow of a lion will not devour; and the shadow of a sword will not kill. Death is only a dark passage that leads to our Father's house? The unbeliever has everything to fear, God is his enemy, he is under the curse of the law, led captive by the devil, his afflictions are unsanctified, and he is unprepared for Death.

"God is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear.
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near."

The Freshness of Truth.

It is not always easy to preserve the freshness and force of religious truths, however important in themselves, with which the mind has become familiar. We may read and understand the words which convey them; but if there be not the meditativeness and receptive energy of mind which once took in their thought, and gave them their power to stir the blood and command the soul, the more familiar we become with the words, the less we are affected by them.

The doctrines of our faith necessarily assume a definite form of expression; they cannot be recalled to the mind without the use of stereotyped and familiar phrases.—Yet this fact, while it facilitates the definiteness and clearness of the idea, also clothes them with those associations of familiarity and triteness which so sadly tend to obscure their lustre and to deaden their force. Glorious truths lose their wonted sounds, and hide their beauty and majesty in garments that wear a soiled and forbidding aspect; and in order to re-invest them with their original power, the mind must force itself back into the charmed circle of living truth, and look earnestly and steadily enough to discern through the outward covering of association, the animated beauty which lies beneath.

There are none of the deep, living truths of the gospel, whose glory and force may not be thus obscured. Take the fathomless, measureless truth of justification by faith—a formula familiar as household words, lying quietly in the mind as if the energies of a thousand earthquakes were not in it. In catechisms and sermons, in controversies and conversations, it rises as glibly, and glides as tracklessly, as if it were not the very symbol of majesty, beauty, pathos, law, order, love, life and joy—of the highest truths, the highest good, the most glorious manifestation of God to his creatures, the very charter of immortality. What charmed words would they become, and how like a rush of melody from the skies would they strike the ear, if the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of their meaning were apprehended. What is justification? Not the vindication and relief of the innocent, for it would speak no hope to men; but pardon and relief to the guilty; the accomplished task of God's wisdom and love to remove the guilt and avert the doom of the sinful and lost, without a stain upon the robe of justice, or a blow at the stability and security of law. It is the banishment of evil, the destruction of death, the opening of the gates of heaven, the restoration of the beauty of the Divine image in the soul of man, the admission of the creature to the fellowship and friendship of the Creator, the bestowment of immortality and life. The mind can conceive of no higher good, or broader and deeper and more permanent effects, or greater glory to God, or blessedness to man; and yet all these, and indefinitely more, lie hidden in that familiar phrase, ready to germinate and glow under meditation.

Then the ground of our justification—implying the grandest truths and realities—Christ and him crucified, God manifest in the flesh. Here comes to view infinite sympathy, in the humiliation, the incarnation, the marvellous life of love upon earth, as Christ dwelt among us. What can be conceived of, so touching, so venerable, so beautiful as this—the Almighty Maker dwelling with his creatures, their friend and Saviour; veiling his terrors in the meekest and lowliest form of humanity, and going about doing good. Here, too, come up to view that immaculate and unfaltering Justice which could never yield the vital principle of the moral universe, or compromise the great law of rectitude; and that Love, which, from the depths of its own loving kindness, rendered all that justice demanded, and sent forth its gushing streams to revive a desolated world, and to form a river of life flowing through eternity; and that Wisdom which reconciled apparent impossibilities, and transmuted justice into grace. Accomplished by the free grace of God, without any movement on the part of men, and pledging the veracities of the Divine character and government, it gives a confidence and stability to human hopes, and a resource for human wants, which nothing else could impart. The salvation of man and the honor of God are identified; and faith, seeing that all is ready and all safe, yields up the soul a living sacrifice to God, holy and acceptable in his sight.—Here is the truth of a new life; the rising of hope like a day-star upon the soul; the unspeakable sense of reconciliation and holiness; the inflowing of the peace of God, and the future opening of the splendors of the eternal day. What a freshness, then, may be given to those old, familiar words. They are the most pregnant words that can be uttered. If use and association have dimmed our vision, or stifled our emotions, let us stir ourselves to a new and deeper view of them. They embody the central and all-embracing doctrine of Christianity, which is to be always present with us, to keep alive our hopes, to fan our zeal, and to be the spring of all holy living, the article of a falling or standing-church, the condensed epitome and expression of the infinite love of God to man. We cannot live without it; with it, we cannot fail to live.

All truth obtains new life and power by realization of its true significance and relations. So good, so essential, so vital, we should be jealous of every tendency to obscure it—every obstruction to its fullest efficacy. To keep it fresh in the mind—to live and breathe in the heavenly atmosphere it diffuses—is to give faith a mastery; to keep up in the heart the incessant play of every joyful, quickening and beautiful emotion, and to gild this life with the peace and glory of the eternal.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Distinguishing Characteristics of all true Christians.

All Christians are distinguished by attachment to the Saviour's person. We are too apt to regard Christianity as a system of opinions, and the Saviour Himself as a mere teacher of doctrines. But Christ was far more than this. He was not so much the teacher as the doctrine; He was not so much the prophet or the interpreter as the conclusive and completed revelation; He was "God manifest in flesh." His person was "the idea of God translated into a language intelligible to the religious sensibilities of man. The works of creation interpret Him to the intellectual powers—the life of Christ to the moral sympathies. The action of physical mechanism supplies the alphabet in the one case, of moral mechanism in the other. Logic is for the understanding—love is for the heart." And Christ's converts are the men who, by Christ's atonement placed in an attitude of acceptance with God, are brought to a delighted complacency in God's character—who learn to love God's holiness as it breathed in Christ's purity; God's compassion as it flowed in the tears of Immanuel; God's generosity as it surprised the universe in the Saviour's self-sacrifice. The Christian is the man who, through the atonement reconciled to God, is more and more brought to love and admire God in Christ—the divine perfections as they appeal to us in the works and in the words of His beloved Son. And although one man may be attracted by the Saviour's kindness, and another may be impressed by His majesty; although to one His voice may sound like many waters, whilst to another it whispers, "It is I; be not afraid;" whilst in one man's devotion to his Lord, affection may be the predominating sentiment, and in another adoration; whilst one may delight to speak good of his name, and another be unable to break the silence, all are agreed in cherishing a love to the Saviour, which, however much they may deplore its languor, is a great contrast to their former apathy.

Every Christian exhibits more or less of conformity to his master's character. Affection is absorbent of the loved one's spirit; and admiration would fain emulate the feats at which it stands astonished. And although many a disciple would question if he himself had aught on the Master's spirit and would only be distressed and humbled to all others say that he had, however illegible to himself the epistle of Christ is known and read of all men, and spectators can see in his temper and conduct beauties which would never have been there unless he himself had been with Jesus.—True, he is not a perfect transcript; but even these fragments and unfinished lines are a derivation from a heavenly original. This forgiveness of injury he has copied from Him who, in His functions as a Saviour, forgives each penitent seventy times seven. This humility he has imbibed from Him who emptied Himself, and become of no reputation. This considerateness and condescending kindness he has learned from Him who, supper being ended, poured water into a basin, and washed the disciples' feet. This beneficence and obligingness, this humanity and evangelistic ardour, have glowed in his spirit, because that spirit has been in contact with One whose meat and drink it was to do the will of His Heavenly Father, and who, in this career of disinterested philanthropy, when about continually doing good. And thus, like a mirror, every Christian gives back some beauty of his Lord, and shows his love to Christ by some reflected loveliness.—*Excelsior.*

The Believer's Safety in Dangerous Places.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.—PSALMS 142; 3.

The voyager down that noble river, the St. Lawrence, on approaching its rapids has his attention arrested by the altered manner of the mariners, who navigate the stately steamer on which he is sailing. First, there is a slackening of the vessel's speed. Then, the captain, the pilots, the officers, and their crew, each wearing an earnest expression of lively concern, take their respective posts. Every eye is fixed. Every voice is hushed. Nothing is heard save the mighty throbbing of the steamer's heart, and the splashing of the agitated waters. Soon she enters the dangerous channel. The eddying waves arrest her speed: the arms of the whirlpool grasp her with more than a giant's strength, and for a moment seem about to draw her down to the dark depths beneath. But recovering herself, as if by instinct, the ship glides from the whirlpool's bosom, and darts, swift as a flying arrow, into the foaming stream below. Here, she finds the water rushing between rocks, which lift their ill shapen heads in grim defiance, and threaten her with swift destruction should she move a few inches either way from mid channel. To keep her from sudden ruin requires the exercise of keen, quick perception, of intense attention, of cool courage, of strength, undiminished by the least mental disturbance, and all guided by a perfect knowledge of the rapids, on the part of those who hold her destiny in their hands. They understand the peril and give due heed to their duty until the rapids past, the danger over, the hearts of her passengers beat freely once more, and the vessel moves on safely in placid, smiling waters.

David's view of human life, in the verse quoted above, resembles this picture of the ship descending the rapids. He saw it as a way, so beset with hidden dangers, that his spirit sunk, overwhelmed with anxiety, as he contemplated it, and felt the stern necessity which compelled him to pass it. How to escape those concealed snares was a question which absorbed his attention, and demanded the exertion of his best powers. He saw the enmity of skilful and unprincipled foes, preparing ambushes to entrap him, and heaping up obstacles in his path. Slander maligned him, and he was tempted to cherish fierce resentment. Poverty stared him in the face as he beheld the wildness of the wilderness which furnished him a dreary home in its caves. Driven from home and social life, surrounded by a band of outlaws, he saw no way back to the abodes of men. Within his own breast, powerful passions required the reins of a strong will to keep them in subjection; while almost everything around him conspired to create mistrust of the provident goodness of God. What wonder that the Psalmist's spirit was overwhelmed! what, that he turned his harp, wailed his fears to the sighing winds, and sent the anguish of his heart in solemn strains of song into the ear of Heaven, looking eagerly for help to Him *who knew his path!*

And is it not thus, at times, with every child of earth? Come there not periods in the history of every human being, when life is crowded with embarrassments and beset with dangers? Who cannot recall hours in which life looked like a vast wilderness, set with dangers so thick as to defy escape? Who has not lived to pass through circumstances, which, like the rushing whirlpool and hidden rocks of the river's rapids, seemed combined for his destruction? None! for such periods come to all. Such circumstances lie in the current of every man's existence. Yet they need not be dreaded by him who has a will to conquer and an arm to struggle. As in the rapids there is a safe channel for the well steered ship, as in David's life God saw a secure though hidden way for Israel's anointed king, so in the crisis of every good man's life, there is a sure way leading to calm and untroubled waters—to triumph and to safety. Let us then look, like David, to Him who knows our path in our hours of trial. And let us believe that to a resolute and watchful heart, to a steady faith in God and a firm will, no difficulty is unconquerable, no danger destructive. Then, like David, we shall conquer and sing our triumph as he did, saying, *when my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path.—Zions Herald.*

Christian Literature.

Literature, as now cultivated, has to do with all departments of knowledge, and, through the exhibition of these with every man. Christianity has to do with every man in regard to the very highest concerns, and, through each man, with numerous subjects claiming the attention of her spiritual pupils. Literature discourses on the wheel within wheel, and the world within world, in the universe of matter, mind, and morals.—Christianity seeks to consecrate, without confining, the discoursings of literature, by insisting on the recognition of the dependence of matter upon its Maker, the dependence of mind upon the Infinite One, the dependence of morals on the Throne of Heaven—in fine, the dependence of everything, save moral evil, upon the will of the Eternal. But, while no inferior homage will satisfy the demand of Christianity upon general literature—simply because this demand is founded on the actual relations of the Christian's God to his own universe—it is of immense importance to understand in what manner the homage is to be paid.—There is profound wisdom in a sentiment uttered by the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, in reference to the necessities of modern literature. His conviction was, that we stand more in need of literature written from the Christian stand-point, and simply pervaded by the spirit of Christianity, than literature composed in the ordinary style of the religious vocabulary. Such was the conclusion of an accomplished scholar, and devout Christian, and large-minded man, who had a penetrating, comprehensive, balancing, earnest mode of viewing everything related to human life—who could pen an article for a provincial newspaper, or write history for all coming times. This is all that is necessary (and it is much) for the evangelization—the Christianisation—of the several provinces of general literature. And just as Christianity, in heathen countries, promotes a thriving civilization, so these provinces will be increasingly civilized by the infusion of the Christian element, which invigorates and enobles, when it touches, everything pertaining to human advancement. A cardinal mistake is committed, when it is suspected that the introduction of the Christian element into popular literature would veil the beautiful, or cramp the powerful, or hide the wonderful, or banish the cheerful, or enervate the manful, or, in any shape and to any degree, taint one page of literature with a silly sentimentality. Poetic literature, instead of having one of its beauties shaded, or one of its glories dimmed, by a union with the Christian idea, would but become divinely beauteous and glorious with the touch of the most poetic idea that ever dawned on man, or that ever thrilled an intelligent universe. The flowers of poesy would spring up with a new loveliness, and the frankincense of poetry would be perfumed with a new sweetness, and the majesty of poetry would be crowned with a new glory, were there a natural union between Christianity and this important branch of literature. We know of no plant so beautiful, so fragrant, so royal, as "the plant of renown." Perish the poetry that cannot flourish at its side. Historical literature, while faithfully reporting and describing the actual scenes of the past, would, when presided over by the Christian element, in the capacity of censor and approver, pour streams of light not only back upon bygone generations, with their antique and barbarous modes of life, but forward upon the moral paths of the present generations, by means of the judgment delivered. History is invariably toned by some species of the moral element. The historian, however loose his code of moral law, is ever and anon passing sentence upon the actors in the scenes before him. There is much that is arbitrary, and consequently unjust, in these sentences. Were the Christian standard appealed to by the historian, on those occasions when justice demands appeal to so supreme a quarter, there should then be something like a fair moral estimate of the human conduct thought worthy of record in the annals of history. Scientific literature, instead of being robbed of one of its miniature or colossal worlds by the presence of the Christian element, would but get them recognised and exhibited in circumstances showing their Divine origin, their moral adaptations, their harmonies with the great religious scheme that gracefully receives contributions of moral truth from the Heavens above, and from the earth beneath, and from every quarter of a universe vocal with the moral intentions of its Maker.—Political literature, instead of losing any of its raciness or absorbing speculations, by being written from the Christian stand-point, would but be cleansed of petty animosities and selfish schemings, to have implanted in it that conscience which would protest against the sacrificing of the moral on the altar of expediency, and decide justly in nine out of every ten cases of intricate legislation. Gigantic difficulties would continue to harass the statesman—difficulties which the most celestial political maxims cannot remove in a week; but it is surprising how a whole phalanx of obstacles, esteemed insuperable by the speculative and the selfish, melt into nothingness before the determination "to do justly." Moral literature, cast in the Christian mould, would give no uncertain sound, but bring out those clear and high toned principles which command the homage of the startled human conscience, and call man away from all vice to all virtue. Christianity with special emphasis, pleads her right to reign over the empire of moral literature, inasmuch as she has come forth from the heart of the Infinite Moralist, and her mission is the moral regeneration and moral progression of humanity. When the Christian idea gilds all those realms of modern English literature, the amusing, the informing, the suggestive, and the progressive books will secure the culture of the highest part of the reader's nature, and prompt his thoughts and affections to run up those chains, the last links of which (according to the allegory of the heathen poet-) are joined to the throne of Jupiter.—*Essays on the Characteristics of a Superior Popular Literature, by W. Bathgate.*

To Sewing Circles.

Convert not your association into a tattling society. There are nobler themes of conversation in the social circle than the faults of neighbors or the rumors of the street. It is not becoming to labor for the salvation of a heathen soul, and, at the same time, talk into disrepute the character of a man or woman. Censoriousness does not greatly increase a missionary spirit, nor exemplify the sweet temper of Christ. Such license of the tongue contributes little to social and intellectual improvement, and adds a singular chapter to the stores of missionary knowledge. Mrs. Sigourney, in her beautiful letter to the females of the land, has given utterance to a paragraph which might be wisely incorporated into the constitution of every sewing circle: "If thou art bidden to a feast of mangled reputations, sit not unduly long, nor lift with complacence the cup in which thy neighbor's faults are infused.—Through the same process of fermentation thine own good name may also pass; for at the wine press of slander there is no respect of persons. The sour grape that setteth the teeth on edge, and the rich cluster from the valley of Eschol, which the Lord commended, go in alike, and the mingled wine is pleasant to the perverted palate."

In view of the great benefits resulting from this organization, as now imperfectly discussed, we urge its claims upon the attention of Christian females. Can there be a more worthy object presented for your co-operation in connection with social intercourse? We appeal to you, Christian woman, who have seldom, if ever, attended these useful gatherings, is not here a rare opportunity for innocent enjoyment and extensive usefulness? Will three hours, devoted to this benevolent purpose once or twice in a month, be time misimproved or thrown away? From the numerous cares and duties of the family, could not an occasional afternoon or evening, at least, be spared for this important meeting? Is it really an absolute necessity that prevents your connection with this circle, or is it a lack of interest in the object itself? Have you ever reflected upon the vast amount which females might accomplish in the missionary enterprise, if all of them who are in our churches should heartily engage in this work?—Have you ever pondered the sum total that would be withholden from the treasury of the Lord if all Christian females should refuse to co-operate in this plan of doing good? While the devoted female missionary is toiling amid privations and hardships in land of moral darkness, shall not her Christian sisters at home display their abounding interest in her success and comfort by attendance upon this monthly or semi-monthly meeting?

That many can furnish ample reasons for refusing to unite with others in this capacity we do not doubt; but that only those already attend these meetings who can best go is not true. The history of almost any sewing circle, as well as that of every Sabbath school and prayer meeting, shows that some whom we might least expect to be present are in constant attendance. The fact is submitted for the careful consideration of every female reader.

What shall we say of unconverted females? Has this association any claim upon their time and attention? It certainly has. In common with the converted portion of their sex, they owe their social and moral elevation above the families of heathen countries to the gospel of Christ. Where the Bible has not shed its benign influence, there woman is degraded to servile obedience and the wretchedness of the slave.—One of the most disgusting and heart-rending features of heathenism is the degradation of the female sex. It is only in Christian lands, amid the light and blessings of the gospel of purity, that woman is elevated to her proper sphere and permitted to enjoy her Heaven-ordained amenities. Hence, by the obligations of gratitude and self-respect, she is called upon to co-operate with others in diffusing that gospel which has made her to differ from the females of a Turkish harem or an African kraal.

In conclusion, I present the example of Dorcas, the "sister of charity," as a model of female worth and usefulness. May females aspire after her excellence, and pattern from her generous charities for the poor. May they render themselves as useful to the lowly, and thus commend their lives to the admiration of the high. May they be so mindful of the wants and woes of others, that, when they die, weeping and loving crowds may press around their coffins to tell of the "coats and garments" which were wrought by their hands for the sons and daughters of penury. The memory of Dorcas is sweeter than even that of Josephine.—*From "Spots in our Feast of Charity."*

Spiritual and Formal Religion.

There are but two kinds of religion in the world; humility and faith on the one hand, pride and ceremony on the other. There is a religion of repentance and a religion of penance; of self-mortification from the sorrow and hatred of sin, and of self mortification for the acquisition of merit and self-esteem. There is a religion of rites and ceremonies, totally separate from the religion of which they are the dress, a religion of mint, anise, and cummin; and one of judgment, mercy and faith. All ordinances, when you take away the soul of piety, the faith of the gospel become superstitions, the watchwords and talismans of pride and spiritual despotism. There is a religion that worships God, and another that worships the altar; a religion that trusts in Christ, and another that trusts in the sign of the cross, the water, and the holy water; a religion that brings every thought into subjection by love, and a religion that yokes the body to the car of Juggernaut; a religion of broad phylacteries, and garment borders, and rabbis; a religion of gnat straining and camel swallowing, and cleansing of the outside of the cup and platter, and garnishing of prophet's tombs and of the father's sepulchres. There is a religion whose justification and whose whole essence is faith, and a religion whose whole material, inward and external, is form, and it makes but little difference what the form may be. A man may drown himself in a puddle of mud, if he pleases, as well as in the ocean. The *fetiches*, and the books, and the amulets of dirt, and the crocodiles and lizards, and the sacred fires and rivers, of one vast class of devotees of this monstrous god of form and merit, are just as noble as the beads and scapularies, the altars and the crosses, the dead bones and pilgrimages, the saints and virgins, the wafer and the water, the masses and absolutions, the anointings and enrobings, the enshrining of martyrs and the damning of heretics, that constitute and characterise the devotion of the other. The mending of the fish's tail in the house of Dagon was just as good a mark of religion, just as noble a work of piety, just as lofty an elevation of spirit, as the washing of pots, and cups, and brazen vessels in the temple. The primacy of the pope and the burning of heretics is just as good as the assumption of the exclusive divine right of ordination, and the condemnation of all dissenters to the uncovenanted mercies of God. So that whether it be the spitting to the left when a dog meets you, or the crossing of your threshold with the right foot foremost, or saying "God bless us" when a man sneezes, or the eating porridge in Lent and fish on Friday; whether it be the exaltation of the altar, or the cross, or the church liturgy; whether it be the brazen serpent, or the blood of St. Januarius, or the water of baptism; whether you flagelate yourself according to St. Dominic, or fast and wear sackcloth with Dr. Pusey; whether you deify and adore the image of the Virgin, or the sign of Christ's passion, or any tradition of the ritual, the Pope, the Cathedral, or that tremendous talisman of Popery and Prelacy, *the* Church; if this be your trust for salvation, it is all one; your God is an idol, your Saviour is a figment of your own depravity, your religion is form without faith, and in opposition to it.

This formalism without faith is the religion of nature; it is the creature instead of the Creator, the altar instead of the altar's God. It is Paganism, and Judaism, and Mahometanism, and Buddhism, and Popery, and prelatic domination. It is the natural movement of the fallen soul in search of some religion, but an enmity against humility and faith. This formalism itself appears in various modes of enshrinement, according to its own taste. There is a material formalism and a spiritual formalism. The material formalism is for the grosser nature; the spiritual for the higher and more refined. The spiritual formalism professes to adore its rites because of their spiritual beauty, and it sees a spiritual beauty only in connection with those rites. It professes to present the poetical side of religion to the soul, but it is merely the mint, anise, and cummin of poetry, as well as of the law; it cannot rise to the higher themes of inspiration. It is the poetry of that which is seen and temporal, not that which is unseen and eternal. It is fast and feast day poetry; the poetry not of devotion, nor of feeling, but of superstition and of sense. It is just as if Raphael, instead of employing his genius on the subject of the Transfiguration, had spent his life in illuminating missals, and painting the dresses of priests and friars.—*Rev. C. B. Chesver.*

Don't be Morbid and Sad, Christian.

Some hearts are by nature full of false sentiment and morbid feeling. They shrink from being happy, as if it were uninteresting and common place, and, strange as it may appear, they greatly prefer being miserable; they delight in being the heroes, or more frequently the heroines of interest and sympathy from others, and of their own day-dreams of romance; and this strong tendency is often seen, even after the heart is renewed. Others are afraid of being happy, lest, as they say, they should suffer for it after as if God grudged His creatures happiness, and took hard compensation for their enjoyments! Instead, therefore, of leaving to-morrow as well as to-day in the keeping of their wise God, they darken the present with the shadows of the future, and die the many deaths of the coward. Others are afraid of being happy for a different reason. They look so much to themselves and their sins, and so little to Christ and His righteousness, that they dare not be happy and assured Christians, lest they may be, or seem to be presumptuous. Such melancholy temperaments forget that the more they joy in God, the more cause of joy will be given them; that the more they praise Him for strength, the more strength they will receive; that the more they thank Him even the wish to conquer temptation, the more He will stand by them, and cause them to triumph for his name's sake. They forget that God's nature is a joyful one; that the element in which He lives is one of joy; and that when He gave men a new nature, it was part of

His own joyful one. They forget that the showing forth of God's praise will be a work and a witness for Him, in the midst of a joyless and thankless generation. There was a world of significance in the answer of the half imbecile Christian, who was asked by men of wisdom and experience, how it was that he rejoiced more than they? "Just because I am nothing, and you are something;

'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
And Jesus Christ is all in all."

If the trusting single-hearted Christian is not happy, who dares to be? If the possessor of a rich domain may not rejoice in his prospects, how can they rejoice, who have no abiding treasures laid up in earth or heaven? Of whom ought it to be said but of the Christian, that he is "a man of cheerful yesterdays, and confident to-morrows?"

The Worsted Stocking.

A TRUE STORY.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys—it's so risky;—thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all the day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all around to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer; little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound! "The rope! The rope!" The men looked round, and, coiled upon the ground, lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skilfully enough, to reach the top of the chimney; or if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth farther and farther from him. In the sudden panic, he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if, the next moment, he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was as white as ashes, and he hardly could get his words out.

"Mother! mother! he canna get down."

"Who, lad? Thy father?" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.

His mother started up horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that, lad!" cried the wife, with clear, hopeful voice; "thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband; and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she; and the string grew heavy, and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced. The rope was up; the iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them?—would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the words came over him. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother; he's safe," cried little Tom.

"Thou'st saved me, Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it."

But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground. The sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her.

"Tom," said his father, "let thy mother lean on thy shoulder and we will take her home."

And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for His great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness that the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?—*English S. S. Magazine.*

The Pulpit in the Seventeenth Century.

What a glorious "picture gallery," the gathered life-features of the "Old Masters" of the pulpit would make! And what an undertaking for the pen-artist to seize the spirit of their life and work, and embody it in breathing words. Would that the attempt could be made on a fit scale! After the giants of the Reformation slept, the church had new tasks on her hands scarcely less arduous. To meet these, God raised up men of mighty intellect, of glowing zeal, of profound thought, whose memory is blessed, and whose works will live till the English tongue dies. The name of the brave and noble Hooker, is a worthy link to connect the Reformers, in the person of his patron Jewell, with the memory of Usher, in whom genius and devotion, learning and apostolic zeal were grandly combined, and whose large, liberal and Christian spirit placed him in sympathy with all true men within or beyond his own church. To them he leaves his falling mantle, while Cromwell, with a greatness of soul that does him honor, gives fitting rest to his bones in the Abbey where sleep "England's mighty dead."

CHILLINGWORTH.—And now Chillingworth stands before us, his "Bible the religion of Protestants" in his hand, gazing upon us with grave thoughtful brow, almost afraid to ask whether Rome yet lives, though we might tell him that his noble work she never dared attempt to refute, and never will, and that the master of legal science tells his pupils that if they wish to learn to reason, to read and re-read the masterly argumentation and keen logic of William Chillingworth, the man whose poverty could not find in an offered benefice a temptation to forego his scruples of subscription to the English Church.

THOMAS FULLER.—And next we have quaint old Thomas Fuller, genial, witty and mirthful, with his light flaxen hair, bright blue and laughing eyes, and frank and open visage—with his strange but popular belief in white witches and black witches, ludicrously drawing our pity on them when the devil breaks his bargain with them, for "where shall the poor witch sue the forfeited bond? In heaven she can now dare not appear, on earth she is hanged if the contract be proved, in hell her adversary is judge, and it is woeful to appeal from the devil to the devil."—In his histories, thoughts, and sermons, his wit is everywhere speaking out with apt and quaint illustrations. "Heat of passion makes our souls to crack, and the devil creeps in at the crevices." "Such is the charity of the Jesuits that they owe no man any ill will, making present payment thereof."—"He that bringeth himself into needless dangers, dieth the devil's martyr." "Love may blindfold the eyes, but lust boreth them out." "The Court of Rome careth not tho' men steal their corn, if they but bring it to their mill to grind." Such are specimens of Fuller's wit that might be multiplied indefinitely; and yet it was wit full of common sense, and generally hot shot at vice—strangely enough united with a deep reverence and devotion. Once at least this prince of wits caught a Tartar. He was travelling with a Mr. Sparrowhawk. "How," said Fuller, "does an owl differ from a sparrowhawk?" "The difference is very great," replied his companion, eyeing Fuller, who was somewhat corpulent, with a smile; "for it is fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and fuller all over." But peace to his ashes. No lover of wit, no admirer of proverbial wisdom, can fail to find in his works a rich and inexhaustible repast.

ISAAC BARROW.—And now the profound Isaac Barrow, the predecessor of his namesake Newton in the Philosophic chair—himself a philosopher and a preacher of three-hour sermons—a student thorough, penetrating, logical, comprehensive—stands before us. Strange that the profligate Charles II., who called him "an unfair preacher"—intimating that he had exhausted his subject and left nothing for others to say, should have chosen him for his chaplain, unless that he might go out and take his dinner after hearing the text, and come back in season for the application. This great studious lover of truth—of whom in his youthful irregularities his father said, "if it pleased God to take away any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac"—has given the world works which Lord Chatham, the great orator of modern times, declared the model of oratory, and which he uniformly read before he attempted his own noblest flights.

And who should follow him, though dying before him, but Jeremy Taylor, the prince of beauteous and glowing imagery, the author of "Liberty of Prophesying," standing by the side of Milton and Locke in his noble views of Toleration, too far in advance of his age; voluminous in his works, scarce wearying even in their prolix diffuseness; with a sprightliness of thought and fancy, and a felicity of expression that would have made him at other times, had he sought it, Poet Laureate? Precious be his memory. His "Holy living and dying" shall not be forgotten.

OWEN AND CHARNOCK.—But let us not neglect this group that passes by under the shadow of the Protectorate—great men—intellectual chieftains all of them. Owen, profound in learning, and a noble preacher—though Robert Hall, with too much truth, calls his voluminous and too expanded works, a "Continent of mud, a continent of mud, Sir," and his compeers Godwin and Gouge and Bates and Calamy and Charnock, the uncompromising nonconformist—the eloquent preacher and forcible writer—Henry Cromwell's chaplain in Ireland,

JOHN HOWE.—And among others mark that princely form, with a brow like the clear heaven, where self-command, lofty thought, noble aims, and full-souled devotion seem visibly enthroned. This is Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, John Howe—his very selection one of the highest testimonies to Cromwell's character. You should have seen him as he stood in the pulpit, calmly earnest, portraying like a being of some higher sphere the scene on the Mount of Olives—"the Redeemer's tears wept over lost souls," in those strains of the grandest pathos of which he was master—or speaking of "Delighting in God," while you *knew* that the full tide of his flowing eloquence came from the far deeper fountains of his own experience—or turning to the believer with his commanding rebuke, "Can you wink Hell into nothing?" or holding up before you the grand ruins of that "living temple," the soul of man, on whose frontal pillar still extant you read "Here God once dwelt," but now the great inhabitant is too clearly fled and gone or discoursing to you of "the blessedness of the righteous," and closing up his persuasions in a tone of Miltonic grandeur, that almost tempts you to say as was said of Christ, "Never man spake like this."

Or if this is not enough, you should stand in Cromwell's place when Howe comes to ask the favor of an act of justice or mercy toward another and hear Cromwell reply—"You ask favors for others, I wonder when you will ever ask anything for yourself."—There were two great men in England then, Cromwell and his Chaplain. Which was the greater of the two?—*English Cor. of Am. paper.*

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1854.

This Paper is filed, and may be seen free of charge at HOLLOWAY'S PILL AND OINTMENT ESTABLISHMENT, 244, Strand, London, where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

No communication will be inserted without the writer furnish us with his name *in confidence*

We do not holds ourselves responsible for the opinions of statements of correspondents unless editorially endorsed.

Correspondents are respectfully requested to condense their communications—and write the names of *persons* and *places* very legibly.

The *Provincial Wesleyan* is the largest, and, for its size, the cheapest of the Religious papers of the Lower Provinces. Subscribers will confer a favour by recommending it to their neighbours.

Before another week has passed, it will be our privilege to celebrate once more the anniversary of the advent to Earth of Him *who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.* Eighteen centuries and a half have rolled away since that eventful night, when to Shepherds watching their flocks in Judea's fields the angel appeared and said, *Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord; and suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.* The fulness of the time predicted by the Prophets of the Lord had come. *God sent forth his son made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.* The dying words of Jacob were fulfilled, and just as Judah relaxed his hold of the sceptre, and Rome reigned over the Jewish nation, the desire of all nations came. He came at a period the most appropriate for his manifestation. Peace prevailed on the Earth. The tumult of war had ceased, the portals of the temple of Janus were closed, the world was hushed in silence, and men looked for the coming of the Christ. It was at a time when philosophy culminated; when the genius of speculation had achieved its mightiest results, but the world by wisdom knew not God. Then, when the human intellect in its noblest developments had long striven in vain to know the nature of the soul and its destiny, it pleased God to bring life and immortality to light.

Christ came not merely to proclaim and exemplify a doctrine. He came to make *atonement* for the sins of the world. This is the great fact on which hinge all the hopes of the Christian. He came "*to redeem them that were under the law that we might receive the adoption of sons.* He came to deliver us *from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.* Whilst against this doctrine of the atonement the shafts of secularism are impiously hurled, be it ours not only to acknowledge its truth, but to feel its efficacy by the application to our hearts of the blood shed on Calvary, and which cleanseth from all sin.

The Provincial Wesleyan.

We beg to submit the following suggestions relative to the business department of this valuable paper:—

1st. It is believed by those who are competent to judge, that such a publication is imperatively called for by the Wesleyan body in these Provinces, in order to furnish ample and correct information of what the Lord is doing by our instrumentality, for the enlargement of his kingdom among men; and to explain, and occasionally to defend, our Scriptural doctrines and discipline.

2nd. We have the happiness to know that a large amount of good has actually resulted from its extensive circulation, especially in the country towns and villages of these Provinces; and that any interruption of its regular issue would be deprecated by its subscribers generally as a real loss to their domestic and social entertainment.

3rd. We are fully aware, that in order to secure its continued and increasing utility, the cordial co-operation of our Ministers and influential friends is absolutely necessary, both as active agents for the paper, and literary contributors to enrich its pages; and we beg to assure our brethren, that while we solicit their kind and zealous exertions in its behalf, we shall carefully guard against their sustaining any pecuniary loss whatever by their benevolent endeavours to promote its circulation.

4th. That while we tender our most cordial thanks to those brethren and friends who have so kindly aided us during the past six months, we regret to state that large sums of previous debts are still due from several of the Circuits to the Wesleyan Office, which occasions us a great deal of anxiety and embarrassment. If our brethren and friends would help to relieve us from this burden, we should be encouraged to enter upon the labours of the *New Year* with renewed energy and delight. We trust this appeal will meet a kind response from those whom it more particularly concerns.

WILLIAM CROSCOMBE,
Acting Treasurer of The Prov. Wesleyan.

Floating batteries are being built in England for use in the Baltic next season. They are said to be ordered to be built as strong as wood and iron can make them, by private shipbuilders, are to be equivalent to vessels of 1,300 tons, and to have plates of iron on them four inches thick. The decks are to be eight inches thick.

Methodism and the Masses.

Bishop Hopkins, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a Convention Address, congratulates his Church, on what she is, and what she has done. He seems to think, considering her humble beginning in the revolutionary times, she has done marvellously well—numbering as she does, at this time, 35 acting Bishops and 1,650 clergymen; and asserts that though still far below the numbers of several other Christian sects, her ratio of increase has greatly exceeded theirs.—As a further offset against superior numbers of other denominations, he calls attention to the *quality* of their members. The character of our people," he says, "stands in the *highest rank* for *position* and intelligence." They are not of the "*ignobile vulgus.*" "Witness," he says, "the fact that out of thirteen Presidents of the United States, Washington, Munroe, Maddison, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor were Episcopalians. Witness the fact that Calhoun, Clay and Webster were the same; to say nothing of the numerous living lights of the nation. It is also certain that our services are the most acceptable, because they are best adapted to the army and navy—And the movements of our Church are regarded with much more general interest throughout the land, than those of any other." Well Bishop Hopkins must have felt specially comfortable while penning and delivering this part of his address as doubtless many of his brethren did in listening to it. But here where the bishop is perhaps best known—where he studied and practiced Blackstone years before he thought of making the laws of Moses the object of special attention—it will be allowed that excessive modesty, or a disposition to self-depreciation, were never suspected of being among the number of his faults. He was always sufficiently disposed to magnify his office, and attach a suitable importance to its results. But the editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate seems somewhat disturbed by this seeming disposition of the Bishop to enlarge himself beyond his proper measure, and in his last issue has taken him to task. Among sundry other reflections on the subject he says: "Where the gospel is offered like Christ and his apostles offered it, the noble and rich form a very small proportion of its converts; not only because of numerical but moral reasons. Wealth and position present peculiar hindrances and snares to the soul. It is, therefore, a very suspicious circumstance, if the 'common people' do not make up the large majority of any Christian Church." He concludes his remarks thus:

"Of a certain Church in C——it has been boastingly proclaimed, 'There was not a communicant in it worth less than $30,000.' What an apostolic boast! We thank God for Methodism, that while the rich and the noble, and wise and mighty, are represented in her membership, they are not found there in suspicious disproportion. The world is taken as it comes. Take any section of population—analyse it. Take any section of Methodism—analyse it. The relative numbers of rich and poor, high and low, wise and ignorant, will be found much the same in her membership as it actually exists in the world. She is debtor to all, without any class of preferred creditor. She goes to all. God has given her of all. These, we take it, are the most healthful indications to be drawn from a church census. So far as any Chuch or ministry is confined a *class*, their claims to apostolical character are invalidated. God's Church is intended for saving God's world."—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Missionary.

We clip the following from the N. Y. *Spectator.*—An important decision has recently been pronounced by the Chief Justice of the Presidency of Madras, Sir Christopher Rawlinson. The point at issue, was, whether young converts, who have of their own accord sought refuge in the mission house, are to be compelled to return to to their relatives, if required so to do.

Before the Chief Justice gave his decision, he put the following questions to Nagalingum, the youth whose case was before the Court:—

Sir Christopher Rawlinson—What age are you?

Nagalingum—I am fifteen.

Sir C.—How long have you been in the mission-house. *N.*—Nearly four months

Sir C—Where did you learn English? *N.*—I was learning at Royapettah, and before that at Madras.

Sir C—Have you read any English books? *N.*—Yes.

Sir C.—Did you read the Bible before coming to the mission house? *N.*—No.

Sir C.—What English books have you read? *N.*—The Second Reading Book, which is used in the High School. There it tells about idolatry.

Sir C.—How did you know about Mr. Anderson's school? *N.*—An East Indian told me before I came to the mission-house.

Sir C—Who was that? *N.*—I don't know I met an East Indiaman as I was going from school to my house, and asked him.

Sir C.—Was it from him that you first heard of the Free Church mission-house? *N.*—Yes.

Sir C.—How long before? *N.*—The day before I came to the mission-house; but months before that I heard of Rajabgopaul preaching in Triplicane.

Sir C.—Who told you? *N.*—One of the scholars of the school where I was reading.

Sir C.—How came you to go to the mission-house? *N.*—*My conscience told me that if I continued in idolatry I would be destroyed. My conscience and the grace of God brought me to the Mission-house.*

Sir C—Can you go out when you like? *N.*—No, because the heathens are waiting to take me if they see me out, and destroy me.

Sir C.—Are you allowed to walk out? *N.*—I stop inside, but sometimes I take a drive with the missonaries

Sir C.—Are you under restraint? As Naga. did not seem to catch the question, Sir C. continued. Do you wish to go to your grandfather, or stay in the mission-house? *N.*—*I am a Christian;* how can I go to live among idolaters, and to worship idols?

Sir C.—Why? perhaps you might convert them. *N.*—They are idolaters, and they fully believe in idols, and like the idols. Once I said in my house, when they worshipped a god, your worship is a great sin. For that they beat me. If they are idolaters, how can they allow me to live among them as a Christian?

Sir C.—I see that he understands English perfectly, and I think this must be evident to all. There is, therefore, not much use (addressing the counsel) of your making application for a private interview between him and his grandfather. *Mr. Ritchie*—I did so because the grandfather wishes it.

Sir C.—It certainly seems proper, if both parties are willing. *Mr. R.*—Perhaps there is some room to which the parties might retire.

Sir C.—To Nagalingum. Have you any objection to talk with your grandfather? *N.*—I have no secret thing to speak with him in private

Sir C.—Suppose your grandfather wishes to speak with you in private, will you go and speak with him? *N.*—If they have any secrets, let them tell them publicly, that all the brethren may hear.

Sir C—He does not wish it, and of course I cannot force him to go. With whom then (addressing Nagalingum) do you wish to go? *N.*—With my spiritual father, the Rev. Mr. Anderson.

After an opinion, of considerable length, the Chief Justice said, "You Nagalingum, may go to any place you please. No person has any any right to interfere with you."

Nagalingum is an ingenious, simple-hearted youth, beautiful and spirited, with a child-like trust in the good providence of God. After the decision of the Judge in his favour, his countenance was radiant with joy.

The Central Idea and the Great Objective Fact of Christianity.

We like the two notions of a *central idea*, and a *great objective fact*, in the system of Christianity; not from any fancy of our own, nor from the general popularity of such expressions, but because they have countenance in the phraseology of Scripture, and are on that ground entitled to acceptance, in their meaning, if not in their form. By all means, let us have a *central idea* in connexion with that system. But where shall we look for it, with any reasonable prospect of so succeeding in our search, as to enlist the universal, or even the general, suffrage of our readers, in support of the conclusion at which we have arrived, as the result of our inquiry. The object of that inquiry, we humbly submit, is not to be found in any of the *attributes* which have been mentioned, as belonging to the Christian system, and to the Church which constitutes its glorious embodiment,—not in its unity, or catholicity, or spirituality, or sanctity, or sacramentalism,—not in particular ordinances, or privileges, or duties,—but in SALVATION. That is the "*central idea*" of the Church,—the point from which every thing that is theoretical proceeds, and in which every thing that is experimental or practical ultimately terminates. A *Saviour* is its *author*, and *salvation* is its *end*. Let us also have a "*great objective fact*," as well as a "central idea." But let us not be misled in the selection of it; and, to avoid that failure, let us follow the guidance of Holy Scripture. In so doing, we shall very soon discover, that it is not the (supposed) fact of an *à priori* and unconditional *election*; not the *incarnation*, or *personal life*, or *resurrection*, or *ascension*, or even the *mediation* of Christ; but the ATONEMENT accomplished by his sufferings and death. This is the "*great objective fact*" of Christianity, to which all its other facts do homage. It was accordingly, in anticipation, the subject of our Saviour's discourse, when Moses and Elias talked with him on the Mount of Transfiguration:—"He spake of his *decease*, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem" It was the object of attraction which he foretold should be set up, as that which would gather around him the faith and homage of a sanctified Church, and of a rebellious and ruined world:—"I, if I be *lifted up*," (said he, signifying thereby what *death* he should die.) "will draw all men unto me." It was the burden of his thoughts, and the goal of his anticipations, when he "dwelt amongst us:"—"I have a baptism"—a baptism of agony and blood—"to be baptized with: and how am I straitened, until it be accomplished!" It was the consummation of that which he had thus longed for, when he cried, "It is finished! and *gave up the ghost.*" It was the predominant and absorbing theme of apostolical preaching:—"We preach *Christ crucified*, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God;"—"I am determined to know nothing amongst you, save Jesus Christ, and *him crucified;*" and "God forbid that I should glory, save in the *cross* of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is the ground of our redemption and justification; "for we have redemption through his *blood*, even the forgiveness of sins." It is the basal truth implied in the sacraments:—"As many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his *death;*" and, "as often as ye eat of this bread, and drink of this cup, ye do show the *Lord's death*, till he come." It is the foundation of our Saviour's mediatorial throne; for "he became obedient unto *death*, even the death of the cross; wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name;" and, "in the midst of the throne," stands "a Lamb, as it had been *slain.*" It is connected with the condition and character of those who "are before the throne;" for they are noted as those who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the *blood* of the *Lamb.*" And, finally, it is the theme of the "new song" in heaven:—"Worthy is the *Lamb* that was *slain* to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing forever and ever."—*L. Q. Rev.*

The Bible in our Public Schools.

Among the many reasons that might be adduced in favor of retaining the Bible in our public schools, I would remark that, as believers in the Bible, we are under the most solemn obligations to communicate its truths to the rising generation. We believe that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." It is as much my duty to extend as widely as possible a knowledge of the Scriptures, as it is to give bread to a starving man, or throw a plank to one who is drowning. Being convinced by the authority of miracles, prophecy, and the internal evidences, of the truth of the Scriptures; being fully persuaded by the social, civil and spiritual advantages that flow from the study of the Bible, that this volume is the word of God, I am bound as a moral being, accountable to God for my influence, to do all in my power to make known its truths to every human being. I am bound to send it to the most distant continents and islands of the earth that it may educate the ignorant, enlighten the superstitious, and fit man for duty in this life and for happiness in the life to come. Much more am I bound to give it to the children in my own country, where every valuable institution depends for existence upon its circulation and influence.—Between the Holy Scriptures as the supreme authority, and my conscience, I can allow nothing to enter. To me the Bible is the higher law, in church and state, in all the relations of life. But the Romanist tells me that he is as conscientiously opposed to the Bible as I am in favor of it. His conscience prompts him to exclude from the child's mind the light of God's word, and introduce in its stead the mummeries and superstitions of Popery. I am however convinced that his conscience is not enlightened; that he has not been permitted to exercise his reason and judgment in matters of religion, that he regards the traditions of men as of higher authority than the word of God. I cannot therefore admit such a conscience on an equality with one that has been enlightened by divine truth. If I do, then we must extend the principle still farther, and recognize the authority of the pagan's conscience, and even that of the most degraded, superstitious, and cruel heathen.

Suppose that in the flood of immigration that is pouring in upon our shores, there should come a company of Hindoos, bringing with them, their habits, customs and modes of worship. Suppose that at stated periods an infant is cast into Boston harbor, as a religious offering to appease the wrath of an offended Deity. If expostulated with, the Hindoos reply that they are perfectly conscientious in this act. Their fathers for ages were in the habit of performing this religious rite, and from their earliest infancy they have been taught that it is a duty binding upon all Hindoo parents. But the Massachusetts Legislature take the matter in hand, and it is proposed that a law be passed forbidding the casting of infant children into Boston harbor under any circumstances whatever. In the midst of the debate there rises up in the House of Representatives a young and aspiring politician who is anxious to secure Hindoo votes, and argues, *First*, that this is a land of perfect religious liberty, and hence all religions should be tolerated and protected. *Secondly*, these Hindoos are perfectly conscientious, and consider this rite as essential to their peace here and happiness hereafter. *Thirdly*, they have been naturalized and pay their taxes, which it is true do not amount to a large sum yet they ought not to be persecuted. *Fourthly*, their religion in this age of toleration ought to be respected, on account of its antiquity, and the vast number of human minds over which it has held sway. Indeed, the young orator might become almost eloquent in his praises of the Ganges, of the sacred books of the Hindoos called the Vedas, which are written in the Sanscrit or holy language, and of the noble self-denial of the people swinging on hooks, and keeping their limbs in a certain position until they are rigid.

The truth is, that the American people should never retreat one iota from the principle, that it is their right and duty to circulate and teach the Word of God. This right is not derived from any body or class of men, from any authority in church or state, but it comes directly from the throne of the Eternal. As well might we exclude from our school-rooms the light of the sun, and light them with Romish candles, or exclude the air of heaven and compel the children to breathe a noxious gas, as deprive them of the celestial light and inestimable blessings of the Holy Scriptures.

As an aid to the mental culture of the pupils, and to the discipline of the schools, the Bible holds a most important rank. Its influence cannot but be salutary and reformatory upon the young minds that are collected together to receive instruction in the various branches of knowledge. Imagine millions of children in the various parts of our land at the same moment under the persuasive, elevating and enriching influence of divine truth. See the history, poetry, precepts and eloquence of the sacred volume, mingling in with the principles of science, and throwing their hallowed influence around the secular knowledge that is daily imparted. Follow these great principles as they mould and control the faculties in their progresss towards maturity, and as they help to form the character and shape the destiny. Then think of these Scriptural truths as travelling down successive generations, and widening in their influence, until they reach hundreds of millions of American youth, preparing them to act well their part upon the great theatre of human life. On the other hand, imagine these schools with the Bible and all religious influence banished from them at the dictation of Romish priests. No word of inspiration is uttered in the hearing of these multitudes, who are so soon to enter upon the duties of life, and take charge of the vast interests of this free and Christian republic. No prayer is offered up,—no religious instruction is imparted, lest the awful crime should be committed of teaching sectarianism! The chills of a cold infidelity hang over the schools. The teachers may be complete atheists, and yet be qualified for all the duties that devolve upon them.—They may be believers in the Koran, or in the sacred books of the Chinese or the Hindoos, and yet be eligible to the important and responsible office of teaching the young. When such a day arises we may bid farewell to all that we hold dear as a nation.—*Cong.*

Gleanings from Exchanges.

AUSTRIA—DESPOTISM—THE BIBLE.—A recent official report of the Imperial Chief Police Department of Austria, shows that during three months, February, March, and April last, two hundred and thirteen thousand persons were arrested and imprisoned for various crimes and offences; and at the same time, eleven thousand two hundred and forty-seven houses were subjected to the domiciliary visitations of the same police—making nearly 900,000 imprisonments, and 45,000 domiciliary invasions for the year—a *single year!* And this is but a specimen of the tyranny exercised under all despotic governments of Europe. Can such governments long withstand the progressive light of the present age? Founded on principles abhorred by the genius of Christianity, can they successfully resist the onward course of the Bible, and the silent but mighty force of Him who goeth forth conquering to conquer? Fall they must as surely as Lucifer from the battlements of heaven—and early, too, if the soldiers of the cross are found faithful to the Captain of their salvation. At the bottom of all those movements that are now agitating the despotisms of Europe, and inspiring the love of liberty, are the Bible Societies of Great Britain and this country—together with the missions of various names, that are aiming at the overthrow of Romish idolatry, Greek superstition, and the thousand popular delusions that sit as an incubus on the mass of mind in the old world. Every blow struck at Romanism, and that ignorance she makes the mother of devotion is felt by every throne of despotism in Europe and Asia.—*Congregationalist.*

A writer in Blackwood says that, with the exception of Spain, Belgium is probably the most complete Roman Catholic sovereignty in Europe. Its peculiarity in this respect is one of the first things noted by a stranger at Brussels. Upon a Sunday, for example, he sees the shops open on every side: priests in their long gowns, everywhere in the street; people of all ranks crowding to mass; the mechanical crossings of the Catholics in the remotest places where the tinklings of the church bells can be heard; the lazy air of superiority assumed by the clergy at the altars; the evening theaters and Sunday amusements—all tell of a foreign people and a foreign Church. Out of the 4,337,000 inhabitants of Belgium, 4,327,000 are Catholics. The total revenues of the Church, including four million francs received from the state, are about five million francs, which, divided among the five thousand clergy, gives one thousand francs as the average stipend.

It is but fair to state, in relation to this Catholic country, that the Protestant clergy, seventeen in number, are also supported in very handsome style by the Government, and even the Jews are allowed a revenue of about eight thousand francs from Government for the maintenance of their synagogues.

A NEW DEFINITION OF METHODISM.—There have been many definitions of Methodism, Dr. Chalmers' is well known—"Christianity in earnest." In a dictionary of the English language, published by Mr. Wesley, a Methodist is described as a man who endeavors to live according to the method prescribed in the Bible. The Baron de Stael, the son of Madame de Stael, once said in my hearing, "The word Methodist, in the mouth of another person, who uses it as a term of reproach, generally signifies one who has more religion than I have, or wish to have. In Paris, with the revival of popish professions and pretences, we see in most of the booths in which common prints and cheap maps are sold, a representation of the different religions which exist in the world. Of course, the great branch, descending directly from Jesus Christ, is that of the Romish Church; but the different Protestant sects are pencled, and among them the Methodists, with this definition, or character—"*Methodists*, very strict morality, they confess to one another."—*Dr. Cook.*

THE CORNER STONE of Dr. Duff's new Institution Buildings at Calcutta, was laid on the 27th of July. A large number was present, both Europeans and natives; all the missionaries that could be brought together were in attendance. The season was one of much interest, yet had the health of the Rev. Dr. Duff enabled him to be present, it would have added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

The Rev. Mr. Lacroix laid the foundation stone, after an impressive address, and it was the general feeling that a more appropriate selection could not have been made, for that gentleman has laboured thirty-five years in the work of the gospel in India.

One of the missionaries who was present says:—

"Here, in the heart of a heathen city, several thousands of Hindoos were gathered together, with feelings of interest, sympathy and good will, to behold the foundation of a building set apart for a Christian mission, the avowed object of which was to destroy their own idolatry."

Various Items.

SHIPWRECKS OF 1854.—The following summary of casualties, &c., to British Shipping, during the last year, has been compiled by the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette, from the Admiralty returns just published:

"It appears that in the year 1853 there were 832 vessels wrecked on the coast and in the seas of the United Kingdom. Of these 369 were totally wrecked, 52 were sunk by collision, 386 were seriously damaged and had to discharge their cargoes, and 25 were seriously damaged by collision. The greatest number of wrecks, 123 occurred in December, and the fewest, 26 in June. 258 wrecks occurred on the east coast of Great Britain, 76 on the south coast, and 130 on the west coast; 81 wrecks took place on the coast of Ireland; 6 vessels were cast away on the shore of Scilly; 11 at the channel Islands, 3 at the Orkney and Shetland, and 12 at the Isle of Man. The remaining 260 wrecks occurred in the surrounding seas. The loss of life during the year, as far as has been ascertained, amounts to 989. There are 108 lifeboat stations, and 131 mortar and rocket stations, in England; 7 stations for lifeboats, and 22 for rockets and mortars in Scotland."

CHEERS *vs.* CHAIRS.—On Sunday, recently, during the high mass at twelve, in the village of Glentarif, Ireland, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from a heavy shower. The officiating priest knowing who they were, and wishing to appear respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant who was on his knees, and whispered to him, "Three *chairs* for the Protestant ladies." The Clerk, who was rather an ignorant man, stood up and shouted out to the congregation, "Three *cheers* for the Protestant ladies!" which the congregation immediately took up, and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman stood dumb founded.

REPEAL OF THE USURY LAW IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The entire repeal of the usury laws in Great Britain has been accomplished at the recent session of Parliament. The act by which this is effected is known as ch. 90, 17 and 18 Victoria, is now in operation. It is now lawful in Great Britain to loan money at any rate of interest, and on any description of property, either real estate or otherwise. The bill passed the House of Commons on the 5th of August last. Lord Campbell, Lord Brougham and the Lord Chancellor were among the supporters of the bill.

AUTHOR LAWYERS.—Of the four hundred and sixty-two advocates at the Scotish bar, ninety-two are authors, whose avowed works may be ranged on the following subjects—law, literature, political economy, politics, history, poetry, antiquity, theology, travels, novels, translations of foreign authors, criticism, animal magnetism.—Six are or have been editors of newspapers, and four others have been connected with the newspaper press. There is only one artist on the roll; he is an historical painter in London.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.—It is owing, mainly, to their delight in out door exercise, that the elevated classes in England reach a patriarchal age, notwithstanding their habits of high living, of wine drinking, and many other health destroying agencies; the deaths of their generals, their lords, their earls and their dukes, are chronicled almost every week, at 70, 80, and 90 years; it is because they will be on horse-back, the most elegant, rational and accomplished of all forms of mere exercise, both for sons and daughters. But the whole credit of longevity to these two classes, must not be given to their love of field-sports; it must be divided with the other not less characteristic traits of an English noble-man—he will take the world easy;

The Provincial Wesleyan.

General Intelligence.

Domestic.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The third lecture for the season was delivered on Wednesday evening by Mr. St George, on the subject of the buried Cities of Italy. He gave full details of the exterior and interior of the more prominent public and private buildings which, after a lapse of nearly 1800 years, have again been brought to notice. He led his audience, spell bound as it were, through the temples, amphitheatres, and baths of the ancient Romans, as well as into some of the princely residences of their men of wealth. The minuteness and precision of the lecturer's description, shewed clearly that, during his residence in Italy, he had not merely looked at the objects which he described, but he had *observed* them with the eye of a man of science.

They to whom the subject was novel acquired from the lecture much information of a most interesting character, and they who had read some of the public works on the subject were delighted with accounts of discoveries (Oplonte for example) yet more recent than those with which they were familiar.

One of the most remarkable facts stated by the lecturer was the discovery of *Caria* or Senate House, and in it the Records of various public trials, and among others, of *Christians* for blaspheming the national deities by affirming that there was but *One God* and *One Saviour*, His Son. These Papyrus Rolls, written in Latin, are represented as containing matters of the deepest interest, especially to *Christian Antiquarians*. Without entering into many particulars the lecturer stated generally that the tendency of the whole was to add another chain of evidence, already sufficient to silence the infidel, and to afford the highest confidence to the believer in christianity.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

RAILWAY PROGRESS.—The third Contract for grading and constructing 2 miles and 37 chains of Railroad, extending from the end of Black & McDonald's Contract beyond Sackville River and terminating at Rocky Lake, so called, has been taken by Mr. William Grant, since assigned to and assumed by E. Creelman & Co., for the sum of £24,201 currency. This does not include the bridging of the Sackville River. The Commissioners are to find the Rails, Chairs, Spikes, Keys, and Sleepers—the Contractors to lay them and perfect the Road. The *quantities* on this section, we are informed, are about double, or rather more perhaps than, an average—exceeding 50,000 cubic yards per mile. In addition to this, the Contract includes all road diversions and crossings.

It has been proposed to erect a massive granite viaduct over the Sackville River, but the competition in mason work not bringing the tenders within the limits of the Engineer's estimates, the design has been abandoned, and it is now determined to erect a Bridge of Tubular Iron across this rapid though narrow stream. The estimated cost we learn to be about £4 to £5,000 currency.

This Contract is to be completed in all the month of August 1855, and will be entered upon forthwith.

Under the joint Resolution of the Council and Assembly the Commissioners are authorized to expend about £330,000 during the coming year, should the price of labour and materials render it expedient. With so large a sum at their disposal, the Board are in a condition to lay down an extensive plan of operations and push the works rapidly forward.

Three lines have been surveyed to Windsor: 1st. Commencing at the Sackville River and following generally the line surveyed by Wightman,—distance from Halifax, 43 miles.

2d Diverging from the Main Trunk 8¼ miles from Sackville, and following Mr. Beattie's line,—distance from Halifax 54¼ miles.

3d. Following the main trunk to the point of junction, 24¼ miles from the Halifax terminus, the distance to Windsor is set down at 66¼ miles.

Availing ourselves of the 8 miles of road which have been made, 35 miles more brings us to Windsor by the short line, 46¼ by the middle line, and 58¼ by the long line.

Should the short line be adopted by the Commissioners we can see no good reason why the waters of Halifax Harbour and those of the Bay of Fundy should not be united by rail during the year, and a point arrived at which will command an amount of travel and traffic which cannot fail to prove remunerative. Meantime the Eastern line might be pushed far enough beyond Schultz's to intercept the produce of the Nine Mile River, Gay's River, and Shubenacadie.—*Morning Chronicle.*

A Correspondent from Digby, writes. That on Sunday night, the 3rd inst., the schooner ARROW, owned by Capt. Ebin Rice, of Smith's Cove, left that place for St. John, deeply laden with fish and other produce, but melancholy to relate she was overtaken by the violent gale that occurred that night,—was capsized and all on board perished. The names of the unfortunate persons on board were, Capt. E. Rice. The owner, leaving a widow and 7 children. Edward Welch, son of George; John Welch, son of Garrard; John Smith, son of Jeremiah; Henry Sulis, son of Caleb; John H. Potter, son of Thomas; Joseph Winchester, son of Charles; with the exception of the captain the others were single young men, of ages varying from 20 to 30 years. It may readily be assumed that this mysterious Providence has cast a gloom over that little thriving neighbourhood that will not soon be forgotten by their mourning relatives and friends. With one or two exceptions they were professors of religion, being members of the Baptist Church, in that place. Their loss is deeply felt by the Church, and a large sorrowing acquaintance, by whom they were all highly respected.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR.—We learn from a communication in the *Church Times*, that the appeal put forth in behalf of the Endowment of this Institution, has been met in the most liberal manner, by the members of the Church of England in these Provinces. The total amount subscribed exceeds eleven thousand pounds, of which seven thousand pounds has been paid in and invested, and the remainder secured by promissory notes. A considerable amount has been expended during the past year in repairing and painting the College. The College has at present a President and three Professors, another being daily expected.

SUPREME COURT.—An unusually large criminal docket was disposed of in the first seven days of the sittings after term, and the Court is now engaged in the trial of civil causes, of which there are a large number. Of the two men indicted for murder, one, Symes, a soldier charged with shooting one of his comrades, was found guilty and sentenced to undergo the extreme penalty of the law; the other, McDonald, charged with the murder of Rebecca Langley, has been acquitted of the crime of murder on the ground that he was insane at the time the act was committed.

THE LEGISLATURE adjourned on Thursday last to meet again on the 27th of January. Mr. Howe's resolution, referred to in our last, was negatived 23 to 18. In the Legislative Council we understand a spirited remonstrance on the manner in which the treaty had been negotiated was passed with great unanimity. That Body accepted the terms of the Treaty, there being only two dissentients: the Honbles. Messrs. Fairbanks and Harris. The following resolutions respecting the Railway were passed:—

Resolved, That the Railway Commissioners be instructed, and they are hereby empowered with the sanction of the Governor and Council to proceed with the construction of the lines East and West from the point of junction, and to locate, and put under contract any portions of such lines, which in their discretion will be most advantageous to the public service.

Resolved, That in any year when the £200,000 by law provided shall not have been expended, the balance may be added to the amount to be disbursed in the following year, should it be required to complete any important section of either line.

Resolved, That whenever the Commissioners shall be of opinion that work can be better and more economically performed under the direction of their officers, it shall not be imperative to put the same to contract, provided that the sanction of the Provincial Government has been first obtained.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—An alarm of fire proceeded from the schr. "*William*," at Messrs. J. H. McNab & Co's wharf, about 2 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday, which although speedily put out by the parties who discovered it, resulted in the death, by suffocation, of Mr. Samuel White, of Prospect. The unfortunate deceased was last seen on shore about 12 o'clock, and it is supposed that on his return to the vessel he perished in an attempt to kindle a fire in the stove. The body was found in a reclining position at the foot of the companion ladder. Deceased leaves a large family of children.

A Coroner's jury sat upon the body on Thursday and returned a verdict in accordance with the foregoing facts.

THE PROVINCIAL HORSES.—Much interest was manifested at the Grand Parade on Thursday, in the inspection of the horses recently imported. According to ballot they have been disposed of as follows:—The Sherman Morgan, 4 years cost $900, Hants and Kings; Canadian horse, "Napoleon," 5 years, cost $350, to Cape Breton and Victoria; Chesnut "Sir Henry," 8 years, cost $650, to Lunenburg and Queens; "Memberino," 6 years, $850, Yarmouth and Shelburne; "Green Mountain Morgan," 5 years, $650, Richmond and Inverness; "Black Hawk, 2 year old colt, $600, Sydney and Guysboro"; "Tornada," thorough-bred, 4 years, $450, Cumberland and Picton; "Messenger," a Morgan colt, 2 years, $950, Annapolis and Digby; "St. Lawrence," half-bred Clydesdale, $600, Colchester and Halifax, last choice.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in Council, has been pleased to make the following appointments, under date of Dec. 15, 1854:—

John W. Homer, Esq., to be Custos Rotulorem for the District of Barrington, in the County of Shelburne.

Isaac S. Hatfield, Esq, to be Justice of the Peace for the County of Yarmouth.

Hugh McDonald, of Antigonishe, Clifford K. Morse, of Amherst, and James Smith, of the Strait of Canso, Esqrs, to be Notaries and Tabellions Public.

His Excellency the LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, in Council, has been pleased to appoint the following Gentlemen to be High-Sheriff's for the ensuing year, in the several Counties set against their names respectively:—

Halifax,—John J. Sawyers, Esq.
Hants,—Joseph Allison, Esq.
Kings Co.,—William C. Campbell, Esq.
Annapolis,—Welcome Wheelock, Esq.
Digby,—John K. Viets, Esq.
Yarmouth,—Joseph Shaw, Esq.
Shelburne,—Andrew Barclay, Esq.
Queens Co.,—J. W. Scott, Esq.
Lunenburg,—John H. Kaulback, Esq.
Colchester,—Charles Blanchard, Esq.
Cumberland,—Joshua Chandler, Esq.
Pictou,—J. W. Harris, Esq.
Sydney,—Henry P. Hill, Esq.
Guysborough,—Murdoch McLean, Esq.
Cape Breton,—Richard Gibbons, Jr., Esq.
Richmond,—John Fuller, Esq.
Inverness,—George C Lawrence, Esq.
Victoria,—J. G. McLeod, Esq.

COLONIAL CHURCH & SCHOOL SOCIETY.—The Seventh Annual Meeting of "*The Halifax Association*" in aid of the above named Society, was held at Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 12th of December, The LORD BISHOP of the Diocese in the Chair. Mention was made of the satisfactory progress of the Parent Society, which in 1851 employed 101 agents, with an income of £6,979, while at the beginning of 1854 the number was 153 agents, and an income of £12,122. The Expenditures of the Society in Nova Scotia for the past year was £1500, the number of agents 18, five of whom are Clergymen, eight are Catechists and Schoolmasters, and five are female Teachers.

The Model School had admitted 120 pupils since its commencement. In the Training department 22 adults had entered.

A Ladies' Association had recently been formed for the City of Halifax—the object being to aid the Scholastic efforts of the Society, and from which much good was expected.—*Ch. Times.*

New Brunswick.

The following appointments are announced by the organs of the new Government:

Dr. Botsford, H. G Simmons, and Charles Merritt, Esqrs., Commisioners for Water and Sewerage for St. John and Portland.

For Carleton—His Worship the Mayor, Rev. Mr. Coster and Mr. Beattie.

Government and Railway Directors—Robt. Reed, A. McL. Seely, Spafford Barker, Esqrs, Honbls J. M. Johnson, W. H. Steves, and A. J. Smith.

FEARFUL STORM.—On Monday morning last there came on a violent storm of rain, accompanied by a most terrific gale of wind. In the course of the day the wind abated somewhat but revived again in the night and blew from the S. E. with tremendous power. We are informed that the new Wharf at Reed's Point, has suffered severe loss The steamer Adelaide, lying at that wharf at that time, was much exposed but not seriously injured We regret to hear that during the gale the schooner Foster, belonging to Messrs. A. Seaman & Co., of Minudie, with a cargo of grindstones on board for Boston, was driven ashore on Partridge Island, and was dashed to pieces upon the rocks. Captain William Cole and three seaman were drowned; one of the crew only was saved,—he was thrown by the fury of the waves senseless upon the shore. The bodies of Captain Cole and one of the men have been found, and are to be taken to their home to be interred.

The schr. *Steward*, owned by the same firm, went ashore upon the beach near Negro Point. She will probably be got of without serious damage. We fear we shall hear of wide spread destruction along the coast.—*Christian Visitor.*

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—Herbert Newton, fourth son of the Hon. Charles Connell, while skaiting last Wednesday morning, broke through the ice and was drowned. Every effort was made to resuscitate life but without avail.—We sincerely sympathise with the afflicted parents on the loss of a very promising youth.—We hope that the melancholy event will be a warning to our young friends, and induce them to refrain from such amusement until the ice be perfectly safe.—*Carleton Sentinel.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Rev. Mr. Forrester, of Halifax, N. S, is engaged in the delivery of a highly instructive course of Lectures at the Institute, on the Science of Botany. The lectures are well attended and give good satisfaction.

THE VARLEY SCHOOL was opened with appropriate religious services on Tuesday last.—The Revds. Messrs. Hennigar and Candy delivered addresses suitable to the occasion. The building is of brick, the interior is finished in a neat and commodious manner, and is situated near the Centenary Chapel. We learn that the school has been commenced under very favourable auspices—*N Bkr.*

THE LATE FRESHET.—A correspondant of the British Constitution, in a letter dated Brunswick, Canaan, gives fearful accounts of the loss of property and the narrow escape of some of the inhabitants of that locality, by the late freshet He says:

I saw a house going down the river at a rapid rate, and I was informed that there was a womam in the garret in imminent risk of being drowned. We (myself and two brothers) procured a canoe and, at the risk of our lives, put out for the house, in which we found one woman and eight small children. We took the woman and five of the little ones first and then returned for the other three. As we were returning we were all upset. We succeeded in righting the canoe, and landed, after much hard work. We proceeded down the stream a little further, and found a sick woman and four children in a house. We had to cut a hole in the house to get them out. We saved them all. Cattle, sheep, and hogs were sinking on all sides. Barns full of hay, hay-stacks, houses and 6 mills were entirely swept away, and Much property destroyed."—*N Bkr.*

A great deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed within the last week or two in consequence of the Province Treasurer having commenced to to exact duties on certain descriptions of Nova-Scotia produce. The consequence has been, we are informed, that several vessels have had to return with their cargoes, or to take them to the United States. As trade is a very ticklish thing, and easily turned aside if interfered with, care should be taken not to do so without grave necessity.

We believe that under the tariff passed four years ago, such duties could always have been levied, and we have yet to learn why a new and harsh interpretation of the law should now be adopted at the Treasury. We are assured that it is *not* in consequence of any order from the Government.—*Courier.*

TRAFFIC ON THE ST. JOHN.—We learn from Col. Maclauchlan's report to the Provincial Government that the tow boats between Fredericton and the upper St. John number about fifty. They generally make from ten to twelve trips each during the season, with an average load of 110 to 120 barrels. The bulk of upwards of fifty thousand barrels of merchandise is therefore taken by tow boats from Fredericton to Woodstock, Tobique, and the Grand Falls, in addition to the quantities of various articles conveyed by steamers during the season.

Col Maclaulan was engaged last season in removing obstructions in the navigation of the river and has been very successful at several places—the boats being taken over rapids by two horses, were formerly twelve were neccessary.—*Courier.*

Canada.

The *Lake Superior Mining News* gives an account of a fearful storm on Lake Superior on the 3rd October. The storm commenced about 3 o'clock in the morning, and continued to increase until it seemed almost impossible to estimate its force. The most substantial buildings were rocked so as to threaten almost immediate prostration The storm increased rapidly from about nine o'clock until at noon, and the greater part of the damage was done in that time. At Ontenagen waves rolled over the pier head to a fearful height, and the wind being from the northeast the sea was driven into the Island, which is usually dry, in two hours, was covered about four or five feet deep. About 50 feet of the extreme end of the pier was first carried away, and with it the bulk of the freight, and it then continued to give away until about 450 feet was finally swept away with all on it. The total loss is estimated at about $15,000 —The trees of the forest are blown down, and many of the smaller evergreens left in the streets and lots are prostrated. The Presbyterian church just raised and covered is blown out of position, and several other new buildings in different degrees of progress, are materially injured. The great difficulty to be apprehended, beside the actual loss, is the fact that at this late period of the season it is impossible to make new orders for provisions with the hope of getting them filled; therefore many will be seriously disappointed in their winter supplies.—*Christian.*

FIVE ROBBERIES.—On Friday night the 27th inst., about six o'clock, a man named Martin Abernethy was knocked down by a gang of robbers on the road near the Lunatic Asylum, and whilst one of the party held a cocked pistol presented at his head, the remainder, consisting of four persons "gagged" him, rifled his pockets of all they contained, and decamped with their booty. On Thursday morning last about two o'clock, Mr. James Moffat's dry goods store on Queen Street, was entered by a gang of burglers, who effected an entrance by means of false keys, and took away all the money in the tills besides upwards of £20 worth of goods consisting of silk handkerchiefs, &c.—Dr. Caldwell's residence, and that of Mr. J Leslie, have been visited by robbers within the last few days, but we have not learned the extent of the robberies in either instances. On Friday night the wholesale fur warehouse of Mr. Salt, on the corner of Yonge and Wellington Streets, was feloniously entered and upwards of $60 taken away. No clue whatever to the perpetrators of the above mentioned crimes had been obtained up to Saturday evening. A few leading members of the corporation are, we are glad to say, trying to establish an agency for the prevention of future robberies and the detection of offenders, which it carried out in a proper spirit, will be the means of bringing offenders to justice.—*Globe.*

A MINE ATTACKED BY INDIANS.—The Miners in the employ of the Quebec Mining Company on Michipicoten Island, on the north shore of Lake Superior, arrived here in small boats on the 31st ult., having been attacked by the Indians in that neighbourhood and driven off from the island, on the 26th ult. The Indians went so far as to fire at the miners, and made a very hostile demonstration. The agent of the mine, Mr. Wilson, of Hamilton, C. W., was absent at the time, and the men had no other way left but to abandon the mine. These men applied at once to Joseph Wilson, Esq., the only magistrate on the Canada side, opposite this place, for assistance, but Mr. W. could do nothing as the Government has provided neither ways nor means for such an emergency, and the consequence will be that the Indians will rob the mine of its provisions and of everything in fact, that is valuable in the way of moveables. This is the second time this Company have been molested by the Indians, and may prove as serious as the Mica Bay affair, in the fall of 1850, when a large number of men were attacked and much property destroyed. They succeeded so well at that time that they have undertaken the same thing again. This occurrence is very much to be regretted as it not only does great injury to this particular mining Company and to the business generally, but it also encourages this lawless disposition in the minds of the Indians.—*Lake Superior Jour November 4.*

A memorial is about being addressed to the Government, requesting the appointment of an officer for each city, town or district, similiar to that of coroner, to investigate the circumstances connected with each fire in his locality. An act is also solicited to decide upon the liability of municipalites for losses incurred by fires, originating in the acts of tumultous mobs, and also to provide for assessing municipalities for damage done to private property in attempting to stay the spread of a conflagration. The frequency, and extent, of fires in this country, demand that inquiry should in all cases be made to ascertained the origin. It is also important that the other items of the petition should recieve attention. Loss by injury to property, committed by a mob, ought not to fall upon private individuals, and when blowing up building is necessary to stop the spread of fire, the owner ought not to be the only sufferer.—*Montreal Witness.*

PROBABLE FAMINE IN LOWER CANADA.—A correspondent of "*Le Canadian*, writing from the lower part of the District of Quebec says:—"The frost, that terrible scourge which dertroyed a large portion of the crops in the lower counties of the district, has made itself felt in the parish of St. Simon, with more rigour than in the others. Here nothing is left on new lands (the ordinary products of which are rye and oats,) except a few potatoes On the best lands, only straw with a little frozen grain has been saved,—hardly enough to furnish very poor bread to the owners. There will be no grain and none for the support of the inhabitants during the winter. The scourge of famine weighs upon both rich and poor. To complete their misery, Providence has permitted at the same time a partial or complete suspension of the ordinary lumbering operations. With such a prospect, what will be the fate of the people thus afflicted? Would it not be the duty of Government to come to their rescue in such a calamity, as soon as it is made known? When fires swept the cities Government was not deaf to the complaints of their inhabitants. Will it be less sensitive or less generous when the suffering rural population claim its aid?"

Last summer the American community was shocked by the horrible murder of the Superintendent of the Cincinnati Marine Hospital, and his wife, by means of a torpedo. The man suspected of the crime has managed to evade the officers of justice till a few days since, when a letter addressed by him to an individual in Cincinnati was accidently taken out of the Post Office by a person of the same name. This led to the discovery of the suspected murderer's whereabouts. He has been apprehended and sufficient evidence discovered to prove his guilt. It is seldom that a murderer fails of being discovered; it more frequently happens that through a partial administration of justice, the criminal is suffered to escape punishment.—*Mont. Witness.*

We understand that arrangements have been made by the Friends of the Church of Scotland in this City for issuing a Monthly Religious Periodical in the beginning of the ensuing year. The want of such a medium of communication has been long and deeply felt by the Members and adherents of the Church in the Province, as they have had no connection with any Religious Journal in Nova Scotia, since the discontinuance of the Guardian.—*Colonist.*

The Chronicle, on the authority of the Secretary of War, (the Duke of Newcastle,) shows that the British troops landed in the Crimea previous to the 1st of October, exceeded 30,000, and that the total casualties from disease and in killed and wounded up to the 25th, was less than 5,000; and that 4,000 men had been sent from England to replace casualties—so that the actual British force before Sebastopol, exclusive of the sailors and marines landed from the fleet, is between 25 and 30,000. The French force is certainly 60,000 and upwards; and including sailors and marines from the combined Fleets, the allied force is fully equal to 100,000 effective men, and in no immediate want of reinforcements.

A whale fifteen feet long was recently captured in the Hillsborough River, Prince Edward Island Having got into shallow water, he was attacked by a man and two boys, the only weapon used being a manure drag, the prongs of which were driven into the monster's head, the blow proving mortal. His carcase will yield from 60 to 70 gallons of oil.

The British residents of New York have come forward in a manly and patriotic spirit, to aid in raising a subscription for the widows and orphans of those who fell at the batte of Alma, and have already subscribed $5,000 towards the object, twenty-eight having put down their names for $1'00 each, seven for $50 each, one for $40, twenty-seven for $25 each, and many for smaller sums.—*Col.*

Resolutions by the People.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY, That for the last two years we have been in the constant habit of using the Mustang Liniment, for Rheumatism and for all Sores, Bruises, Sprains and Burns, and it has never failed to give immediate relief.

RESOLVED, That we have also used the Mustang Liniment for the Piles, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum and Chapped Hands, and that it has always cured.

RESOLVED BY THE LADIES, That we have used the Mustang Liniment for Sore Nipples, Sore Breasts, Chafes and Sores on Children, and for Moth or Freckles on the face and neck; and it has always proved effectual—leaving the skin smooth, soft and white!

RESOLVED, BY ALL AGES AND SEXES, That we shall ever continue the use of the Mustang Liniment because we have tried and proved its efficacy. See advertisement in another column.

"*A Subscriber*" (whom we suspect to be some narrow minded Leech) asks us why we advertise Dr Ayer's *Pills*, and we will give him our reasons for so doing. The first, second and third are that we are paid for it. The fourth is we know them by experience to be good. The fifth is that Dr. Ayer's preparations being recommended by better men than we—by physicians of the highest talent and the deepest learning in the land, we are well sustained in our own convictions of their value. The sixth is that they are cheap as well as useful. The last but not least is that they have done and are doing an amount of good in this community which our old fogy friend if he could repent himself a thousand times might never hope to equal, and we trust by making them known, to render such service to our readers as well as ourselves.—*Chn. Herald.*

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are superior Remedies for Bad Legs, and all kinds of Wounds. The surprising sale of these invaluable medicines throughout the entire Globe, is the most convincing proof of their efficacy in curing bad legs, old wounds, and scrotulous sores. Thousands of people who have suffered from these dreadful maladies, have been cured by their use, after every other remedy had failed; and it a fact beyond all doubt, that there is no case, however obstinate or bad, that may not be shortly cured by these wonderful medicines, therefore the afflicted should immediately try Holloway's Ointment and Pills.

European News.

(Telegraph to the Daily Sun.)

BOSTON, Dec. 13, 1854.

Packet brig America arrived to-day from Halifax.

American Steamship Pacific arrived at New York this afternoon from England.

Fifteen thousand Russians killed and wounded, and four thousand Allies in battle of the 5th.

Battle on the 13th false.

Utmost alacrity in England and France.

Reinforcements of three ships of the line and eighteen transports greatly damaged in a gale, on the 13th, in the Black Sea.

Supplies and reinforcements, spite of weather are arriving.

Allies have refused to treat on old terms.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 20th,—Fifteen thousand men (Allies) have gone to the Crimea.

Western Flour 40s and 40s 6d.

Consols 91¼.

LATER DESPATCH.

The subjoined despatch was received at the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room, 14th inst.

The steamship "*Pacific*," arrived at New York yesterday. English dates are to the 2d inst.

No further news of importance from Sebastopol had reached England.

Mercantile affairs extremely dull and unsatisfactory. Reports from Manchester unfavorable.

FLOUR market dull during the week. Demand for do moderate at 40s to 40s 6d.

WHEAT unchanged in price from previous report of the market.

No change of CORN during the week.

☞ The sermon preached by the Rev. PROFESSOR KING, in behalf of the Wesleyan Sabbath Schools, at Brunswick Street Chapel, was an admirable appeal to the understanding, and to the best feelings of the heart, on the obligation of those intrusted with the education of the young to avail themselves of the earliest moments of dawning intellect to instil into their minds lessons of religion. He ably refuted the notion advanced by some, that children should be left without any strenuous effort being made to impress their minds with religious truth until the intellect had become matured.

☞ A Correspondent complains that our paper does not reach Newport regularly, arriving sometimes on Thursday or Friday, sometimes not till Tuesday. On inquiry we find that it is invariably mailed from this office on Wednesday evening. The fault therefore is not with us. We shall ask of the Post Office authorities how the delay is to be accounted for.

☞ A Lecture of more than ordinary merit was delivered on Tuesday Evening, before the Young Mens' Christian Association, by P. C. Hill, Esq., Barrister, of this City, on The Daily Accumulating Evidences to the Authenticity of the Scriptures.

☞ Our terms for advertising from the 1st of January next will be:—

For 12 lines and under—	4s.
Each line above 12—	4d.
Continuances a fourth of the above.	

We solicit an extension of advertising patronage.

Letters & Monies Received.

(See that your remittances are duly acknowledged.)

Rev. T. H. Davies, Newport, (for Mr. Wm. Church, 5s., Mr. Daniel Mason, 5s., Mr. John Forrest, 10s.—in all 20s.). Mr. Wm. Tilly, Shubenacadie, (5s.), Rev. C. Stewart, St. Margaret's Bay, (for Mr. John Croucher, 10s., Mr. Samuel Croucher, 10s., Mr. John Crooks, 10s., Mr. Eben. Pace, 25s.—in all 55s.). Mr. James Gardener, Musquodoboit, (5s.). Rev. Wm. McCarty, (new sub.), Mr. George Henderson, Digby, (for Rev. R. A. Chesley, 12s. 6d., Mr. John Morrit, 15s., Mr. Handford Morehouse, 10s.—in all 37s. 6d.), Rev. James Burns, Bedeque, P. E. I., (new sub., 20s.)

BOOK-ROOM.

The Book Steward has received from Rev. Jas. Tweedy, Dalhousie, N. B., 7s. 6d. for *New York Missionary Advocate.*

N. B. We can supply Religious Tracts, both English and American, at 3d per 100 pages.

WM. CROSCOMBE.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF TAPE WORM CURED BY THE USE OF

Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge.

NEW YORK, October 15, 1852.

☞ This is to certify that I was troubled with a tape worm for more than six months. I tried all the known remedies for this dreadful affliction but without being able to destroy it. I got one of Dr. M'Lane's Almanacs, which contained notices of several wonderful cures that had been performed by this celebrated Vermifuge. I resolved to try it; and immediately purchased a bottle, which I took according to directions; and the result was, I discharged one large tape worm, measuring more than a yard, besides a number of small ones.

MRS. M. SCOTT, No 70 Cannon street.

P. S. Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge also his Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

☞ Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge. All others in comparison, are worthless.

Lyon's Kathairon.

For Preserving, Restoring and Beautifying the Hair, is the most delightful and wonderful article the world ever produced. Its astonishing success is without a precedent in the history of the *Materia Medica*. Dark and luxuriant curls, soft and glossy hair, with scores of admirers, (mark this ladies,) is the universal effect of the Kathairon. Bald and Grey Heads were perfectly astonished. "The Katharion has fully restored my hair after a baldness of 12 years. A. J. COURTWRIGHT, 76 Bond-St., N. Y."—The Katharion is a certain cure for Nervous Headache, and all Cutaneous Diseases. Sold by all dealers everywhere. Try it. Price, only 25 cents, in large bottles.

D. S. BARNES, Proprietor,
161 Broadway, N. Y.

D. TAYLOR, Jr. & Co., General Agents, 25 Hanover St. Boston.

Until the introduction, by Mr. DU BARRY, of the REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, both as a regimen for invalids and infants, and a remedy for all disorders connected with the stomach, nerves, kidneys, liver, and intestines generally, it might have been asserted, with truth, that the treatment of patients, in some of the most obstinate, harrassing, and painful complaints to which the human frame is liable, was one desperate game of hap-hazard—different practitioners playing off different systems, involving indescribable suffering and expense, and ending in failure. All this is now happily changed.—Without laying out money in doctor's bills, without enduring the horrors of "doctor's stuff," but simply by the adoption of a pleasant and palatable restorative Food, disease is banished, and health and activity take its place. It is on no mere theory that these things are asserted.—When FIFTY THOUSAND persons are referred to, each of whom has separately described the wondrous healing effect of the preparation in an infinite variety of maladies, the theory resolves itself into ascertained and demonstrated FACT—a fact neither to be hushed up, nor explained away on any other ground than that of the unparalleled efficacy of the Revalenta Arabica Food in extirpating almost every description of morbid action or condition from the system. The public are naturally "slow" in awakening to an appreciation of a new and better state of things; and much excuse there is for this slowness, so often has expectation been baffled by the pretensions of contending theorists. Here however, we have before us proof of the most positive and complete kind which can be conceived by human reason, and coming from such a multiplicity of sources that shew the testimonials received to be each the genuine outpouring of joyful gratitude. An advertisement which appears in our paper of to-day, contains a short resume of a few of the letters of thanks, which constitute altogether such a body of undeniable evidence as was never before brought together upon any subject whatever, and form a noble national monument in illustration of the maxim—"Honour to whom honour is due." For further particulars we refer our readers to Messrs. Du Barry's advertisement in our to-day's columns.

Commercial.

Halifax Markets.

Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, Dec. 20th.

Bread, Navy, per cwt.	30s
" Pilot, per bbl.	27s. 6d. 28s. 6d.
Beef, Prime, Ca.	52s 6d
" " N. S.	45s a 47s. 6d.
Butter, Canada,	1s. and 1s. 1d.
" N. S. per lb.	1s.
Coffee, Laguyara, "	8d.
" Jamaica, "	8½d.
Flour, Am. sfi.	51s. 3d.
" Canada sfi. "	50s.
" Rye,	35s.
Cornmeal,	25s.
Indian Corn,	none
Molasses, Mus. per gal.	1s. 5½d.
" Clayed, "	1s. 4d. a 1s. 4½d.
Pork, Prime, per bbl.	85s.
" Mess, "	100s.
Sugar, Bright P. R.,	38s. 9d.
Bar Iron, com. per cwt,	18s.
Hoop " "	5s
Sheet " "	0s
Codfish, large } " small }	17s. 6d. 16s.
Salmon, No. 1, } " " 2, } " " 3, }	80s. 75s. 65s.
Mackerel, No. 1, } " " 2, } " " 3, }	none. 38s 9d.
Herrings, " 1,	15s.
Alewives,	13s. 9d.
Haddock,	12s. 6d.
Coal, Sydney, per chal.	37s. 6d.
Fire Wood, per cord,	25s.

Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, Dec. 20th.

Fresh Beef, per cwt.	30s. a 35s.
Oatmeal, per cwt.	25s.
Veal,	2½d. a 3½d.
Lamb, per lb.	2½d. a 4d.
Bacon, per lb.	7½d
Pork, Fresh,	4d. a 4½d.
Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d.
Cheese, per lb.	6d. a 7½d.
Eggs, per dozen,	1s.
Poultry—Chickens,	1s. 9d. a 2s.
Geese,	1s. 9d. a 2s. 6d.
Ducks,	2s. a 2s. 6d.
Turkeys, per lb.	6d. a 7½d.
Calf-skins, per lb.	7½d.
Yarn, per lb.	2s. 6d.
Potatoes, per bushel,	4s. a 4s. 6d.
Apples, per barrel,	12s. a 17s. 6d.
Homespun Cloth, (wool,) per yard,	2s. 6d.
Do. (cotton and wool,) per yard,	1s 7d. a 1s. 9d.

WILLIAM NEWCOMB,
Clerk of Market.

Marriages.

At East Port Medway, 21st November, by the Rev. Mr. Ambrose, Mr. Joseph HOLLAND, of Margaret's Bay, to MARY SOPHIA, fourth daughter of Mr. Henry Cahom.

At the same place, 30th Nov., by the Rev. Mr. Gaskill, Mr. William WOLFE, to ELIZA JANE, youngest daughter of Mr. John Foster, of Port Medway.

Deaths.

On Thursday, 14th inst., Mr. Walter GRAHAM, in the 58th year of his age, a native of Lock Mabin, Dumfreshire, Scotland.

At the Poor's Asylum, 11th Dec., Ann CLARK, aged 60 years, a native of Ireland.

On Tuesday night, 12th Dec., by suffocating during the burning of his vessel at McNab's Wharf, Mr. Samuel WHITE, of Prospect, aged 48 years.

At Minudie on the 1st inst., of Cancer in the Mouth, Mrs. DESBARRES, relict of the late Wm. DesBarres, and mother of the late Judge DesBarres, aged 79 years.

At Cornwallis, Co. of Kings, on the 19th Novr. last, Mr. Hugh KERR, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place, leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

On the 17th Decr., Mr. Patrick MCASEY, aged 37 years.

At Digby Joggin, on the 14th inst., Mr. Christopher Roop, aged 70 years. His end was peace.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

WEDNESDAY, December 13.

Schrs Delegate, Smith, New York, 8 days.
Ariel, Pierce, Sheiburne.

THURSDAY, December 14.

Brig Eclipse, Mitchell, Kingston, Jam.
Schrs Mary, Robinson, Liverpool.
Lightfoot, Harlow, Liverpool.
Merlin, Port Medway.

FRIDAY, December 15.

Brig Nancy, Grant, St John's, P R.
Am. brig P B Sess, Allen, returned from sea.
Schrs Mary, Glawson, St John's, N F.
Schrs Jane Sprout, Burin, N F.

SATURDAY, December 16.

Brigt Mary Ellen, Trump, Glasgow.
Government schr Daring, Daly, Sable Island
Schrs Mary Ellen, Forest, Boston

MONDAY, December 18.

R M steamer Curlew, Sampson, St Thomas via Bermuda.
Brigts Pitho, Marshall, St Johns, N F.
Ann, Sydney.
Schrs Uncle Tom, Locke, St Jonns, N F.
Herald, Hopkins, Placentia.
New Lancet, Newfoundland.
Clifford, O'Brien, Pictou.
Primrose, Myers Pictou.
Caroline, Sydney.
Elizabeth Jane, Canso.
Isabella, Betsey, and Jessie Ann, P E Island.

TUESDAY, December 19.

Brigt Boston, Patterson, Boston.
Schrs Lochel, Boudrot, Richibucto.
Oriental, Wm Henry, Fair Play, Lucy, Margaret Ann, and Margaret, P E Island.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE!

BEND OF PETITCODIAC.

THE Subscriber having taken that commodious and pleasantly situated House, next above the Westmorland Bank, is now prepared to entertain travellers and others who may favour him with their patronage, in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms.

Good stabling; and an experienced hostler always in attendance. C. D. LOCKHART.

November 30. 4w.

SMITH'S

Nova Scotia Daguerrian Gallery

NO. 11 GRANVILLE STREET.

THE improved Vignette Daguerrotype's & most beautiful style of Picture taken at this Gallery, and all other kind of Work done in the above line in the highest perfection of the art and at reasonable prices.

Please call and examine Specimens before sitting elsewhere D J. SMITH.

March 23 1y.

BAGSTERS BIBLICAL WORKS.

THE Undersigned being agents for Messrs. Bagster & Sons & publications are prepared to receive orders for the same and to supply them at the London prices.

Bagster's Pocket Polyglott Bible,
English, Greek, Latin, French, and other versions.
Bagsters English New Testament with Book of Psalms,
Bagsters Hebrew and English Psalter,
The Book and its story, with the other publications of the same firm.

Printed catalogues with prices supplied, gratis, and specimen copies shown on application to

December 14. 283 G E MORTON & CO.

S. L. CRANE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Successor to his late Brother-in Law, Dr. BARNES and late of her Majesty's Hospital Ship Tenedos, Bermuda

60 Hollis Street.

☞ REFER

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Father is Coming.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The night wind now is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold not, he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere;
For love hath readier will than fear!

And we'll do all that Father likes,
His wishes are so few;
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way!

I know he's coming by this sign,
The baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout! baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands!

Temperance.

The Passionate Father.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city."

"Come here, sir?" said a strong, athletic man as he seized a delicate-looking boy by the shoulder. "You have been in the water again, sir! Haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No 'buts!'—hav'nt I forbidden it, hey!"

"Yes, sir. I was—"

"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a hailstorm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for. I'll master that spirit of yours before you are many days older!"

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile delicate woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startingly transparent.—Laying her hands softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched, and the waters gushed forth. "Dear mother!" said the weeping boy.

"Why did'nt you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet, with a flashing eye. "Did'nt he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother he's a tyrant to you and me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father!"

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words?—Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! It's too bad, I say! He's a tyrant, mother!" said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth; and if it had not been for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child!—What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his foot-steps. I say 'tis brutal, mother!"

"Harry"—and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lids—"for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake,—yours and poor Nellie's,—or I should have been on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here."

Late that night, Mary Lee stole to her boy's bed-side, before retiring to rest. "God be thankful, he sleeps!" she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then, kneeling at his bed-side, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for her husband.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry, springing from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck. "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will forgive him what he made you suffer. Don't pray for him,—at least, don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-sore, under the sense of recent injustice; so she lay down beside him, and, resting her tearful cheek against his, repeated, in a low sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will!" he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel; and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there."

There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those angry blows on that young head!

The passionate father's repentance came too late,—came with the word that his boy must die!

"Be kind to her!" said Harry, as his head drooped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a dear-bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse, Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now; when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty words spring to his lip, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angelic voice whispers, "Peace, be still!"—*Fanny Fern.*

The Liquor Traffic.

"Has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and that which is to come; and can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation, and put an end to the traffic. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone for the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo back—who would build such a house? and who would dwell in it? What if every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers—babblings and contentions, and vice, and groans, and shrieks, and wailing, were heard by day and by night!—What if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops upon the walls; and by perpetual art all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building? What if at eventide and at midnight the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received the bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging, and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! who would attend such stores? who would labour in such distilleries? who would navigate such ships? O! when the sky over our heads, one great whispering gallery, brings down about us all the lamentations and woe which intemperance creates; and the firm earth, one sonorous medium of sound, sends up from beneath the wailing of those whom the commerce of rum has sent thither; these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall—as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about the stores and distilleries (and we may add breweries,) and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as it the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailing of despair to come up from beneath."—*Rev. Dr Beecher.*

"SOMETHING TO DRINK."—A good story was recently told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire. A stranger came up to a Washingtonian with the inquiry:

"Can you tell me where I can get anything to drink?"

"Oh, yes," said the other; "follow me."

The man followed him through three or four streets, till he began to be discouraged.

"How much further must I go?" said he

"Only a few steps further," said the Washingtonian; "there is the pump."

The man turned about and "moved his boots."

Agriculture.

Plans for the Year.

An even distribution of labor is of much importance, and not unfrequently entirely overlooked. Hands hired for the season commonly come to understand the routine of work much better than day hands, and they work more cheaply. A farmer sows his fields with wheat, with the hope of realizing a fine sum of money; but after the wheat is sown, his men have but little to do that is profitable until the next harvest, when he may be compelled to pay triple wages, all of which trim down the profits, to say nothing about the "rough material." The appropriation of land to the production of some particular product exclusively, has been beautifully advocated by theorists; but in long practice it will not be found to compare with mixed husbandry, that is, with the judicious rotation of crops, combined with raising full herds of domestic animals for the production of manure. In other words, raise plenty of animals, to enrich the crops, which are to feed the animals again. This action and reaction is the very best way to create a plentiful surplus for sale, and at the same time preserve or increase the fertility of the farm.

There is no error more common than the imperfect execution of certain operations, when the farmer finds himself behind-hand, with a deficiency of hands. This error is the cause of the luxuriant growth of mullens and thistles so often seen in pastures; and of the heavy coating of weeds which overpower young root crops, and choke the free growth of corn and potatoes. These often consume all the nett profits of the crop, and a defective plan thus compels the farmer to labour for nothing. We have known a crop of oats so diminished by a few days delay in sowing in spring, and a large field of wheat by a similar delay in autumn, as barely to pay for seed and labour, which otherwise might have yielded a heavy return.

There is no remedy for these evils but a careful and accurate plan of operations at the commencement of the year. The course of cropping should be distinctly marked out beforehand, and the number of acres determined for the oats, barley, corn, potatoes, carrots, wheat, corn-fodder, &c; the amount of labour for each of these may be nearly estimated, and the time in the season, when each should be fully completed; and then, making allowances for interruptions, accidents, and rainy weather, the requisite force may be timely secured, and the whole machinery move on with regularity and without derangement. All these plans must be fully recorded in a book kept for the purpose—if the memory is depended on, confusion and failure will be the certain result. If possible, the year's plans should be so completely digested, that the operations of every week may be distinctly laid down on a page allotted for each; the necessary variation of a few days, according to the earliness or lateness of the season, may be easily made afterwards. On such a book as this notes may be made with the progress of the season, thus perfecting the plan for the second year. A few minutes daily devoted in this way will accomplish much that is valuable for the farmer, and prevent a great deal of anxiety and confusion.—*Country Gentleman.*

Frost as a Manure.

We know of no treatment so directly beneficial, for almost every class of soils, as that of throwing up land in narrow ridges in the fall or early winter. There are few soils worth cultivating at all, that do not contain more or less materials which can be made available to plants by the combined action of air and frost.

Take two plots of heavy soil, side by side, and let one lie unmoved till spring, while the other is *deeply* ploughed in autumn, and the result will be very visible in the spring crop. But the manner of ploughing is important. To secure the greatest advantage, a single furrow should be thrown up, and another back-furrowed directly upon it so as to produce a high ridge, and then another ridge is to be made in the same manner with a deep dead furrow between the two. The process is to be continued thus through the whole field, so that when finished it will present a surface of high ridges and deep dead furrows succeeding each other, about once in two or two and a half feet. If prepared in this way, the frost will penetrate far downward, loosening and disintegrating the soil below the furrows, while the ridges will crumble down, and as they will not hold water, the air will circulate freely through them, decomposing the mineral portions, and conveying in ammonia and other gases. This operation will be equal to ten or more loads of good manure upon clay or compact soils.

In the spring it will only be necessary to run a plough once or twce through the centre of each ridge, and then level the whole down with a heavy harrow.

Another advantage in this process, is that when land is thus prepared it dries out and warms several days earlier in the spring. Again there are some soils that are exhausted upon the surface, but which contain poisonous substances in the subsoil. If this sub-soil, is thrown up in contact with the air and frost during winter, these poisonous compounds (usually proto-sulphate of iron or maganese) will be destroyed, or changed to harmless form during the winter.

The above practice is especially to be recommended in the garden. One of the most successful cultivators of an acre of ground in our acquaintance, digs it up in the fall to the depth of three to four feet, making deep trenches and high ridges so that the whole acre appears to be covered with high winrows of hay placed closely together.

We strongly urge every farmer who has not tried this method, to lay out their plans now for experiments in this way, on a larger or smaller scale during the present season.—*Am Agriculturist.*

Butter.

Not one pound in five of the butter sold in market is fit for human food. Butter-makers should remember these few short rules:

The newer and sweeter the cream, the sweeter and higher flavoured will be the butter.

The air must be fresh and pure in the room or cellar where the milk is set.

The cream should not remain on the milk over 36 hours.

Keep the cream in the pails, or stone pots, into which put a spoonful of salt at the beginning, then stir the cream lightly each morning and evening; this will prevent it from moulding or souring.

Churn as often as once a week, and as much oftener as circumstances will permit.

Upon churning, add the cream upon all the milk in the dairy.

Use nearly an ounce of salt to a pound of butter.

Work the butter over twice, to free it from the buttermilk and brine, before lumping and packing.

Be sure that it is entirely free from every particle of buttermilk or coagulated milk, and it will keep sweet as long as desired.

In Scotland, a cyphon is sometimes used to separate the milk from the cream instead of skimming the pans.—*Granite Farmer.*

Miscellaneous.

Facts in Natural History.

We sometimes feel that the innumerable facts continually presented to the mind of the observer by nature, are almost too lightly regarded.—The calm indifference with which men familiar to the external features of nature, are accustomed to regard facts as important as any extant, seems almost a species of stoical blasphemy—

The law of life is by far the most marvellous in natural science, and especially in that department where from the minuteness of forms, study has heretofore been very limited. We allude to Entomology. A little observation in this department will unfold to the student a series of wonders unsurpassed by the gigantic exhibition of phenomena presented in Niagara and Vesuvius.

Not the least astounding among these facts is the extraordinary multiplicity of species—innumerable diversity of forms connected with animate nature. The larger forms, such as are daily presented to us, seem comparatively limited, and we easily comprehend the reason; if they were very numerous so must be their means of subsistence. But as only a certain amount of subsistence can be gleaned from a square mile, under the most favourable conditions, and that amount is not large, the existence of the larger forms comprises extremely limited numbers. But when we descend to Entomology and Conchology, we are confused with the almost innumerable diversity of species and variety. Of the beetle alone there has been ascertained no less than thirteen thousand branches of this one family. When surveying these apparently disgusting insects, what an idea of creative power we might gather from a knowledge like this! The study of every branch of this insect creation presents the same fruitful reflection.

Lyonnet, a French naturalist, spent several years in examining the structure of a single insect, and left the work unfinished, thus showing the exceeding delicateness of the structure. In the body of an insect, about an inch in length, M Strauss has enumerated three hundred and six pieces, composing the structure of the outer envelope; four hundred and ninety-four muscles, for putting these in motion; twenty-four pairs of nerves to animate them, and forty-eight pairs of trachæ, or breathing organs, equally ramified and divided, to convey air and sustenance to this complicated issue.

We regard the common house fly as a contemptible insect—but how important an object of study its structure may be, can be learned from the fact that its eye is one of the most singular and curiously constructed mirrors that science has yet invented, or study discovered. The number of lenses in its eye is numbered at six or seven thousand in the eye of a dragon fly, twelve thousand—the eye of a butterfly, seventeen thousand. The house fly's wing has a power of six hundred strokes in a single second, which can propel it thirty-five feet, while the speed of the swiftest race horse is but ninety feet per second—more than a mile per minute. The beauty of the butterfly is proverbial; but how much more intense should be our admiration when we learn that it is a thing of 34,000 eyes, and that in a single wing there have been found 100,000 scales. The wings of many insects are of such extreme tenuity that 50,000 of them, placed over each other, would compose the thickness of a quarter of an inch; and yet, thin as they are, each is double, so that the actual laminæ here would be 100,000.

We often see in pools of water small bits of elongated straw and wood, seemingly having the power of motion. With what interest has science invested these, when we find that each elongated tube is the home of a cadis-worm which is ultimately to become a worm or fly, such as the ephermon fly, whose peculiar characteristics we have before noticed. These worms are exposed to the ravages of birds and fishes, and hence they glue together small bits of wood and straw to make a house for shelter; and when the frail castle is too buoyant, they add a piece of gravel to preserve the balance, in order that the castle shall not be burdensome nor too buoyant. We regard the web of a common spider as the trifling excrescence of a digusting insect—but it is an object of intense curiosity when we reflect that each thread is composed of 4,000 threads, and that 4,000,000 of these small threads would not make a chord thicker than a single hair from a man's head! There is one species of spider that lives in water, in a house of air, like a diving bell; and another builds a house in the ground, with a door upon elastic hinges, which keeps constantly shut.

Goldsmith's Strange Want of Conversational Power.

His address, until he warmed into good-humour which was natural to him, strengthened the untavourable impression produced by his appearance "His deportment," says Boswell, "was that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman."—"His manner," says Davies, "was uncouth, his language was unpolished, and his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation." "He expressed himself," says his friend Mr. Cooke, "upon common subjects with a plainness bordering on rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen." Some attempts have been made in recent years to prove that his talk was not unworthy of his fame; but the witnesses to the contrary are so numerous, and there is such a general agreement in their testimony, that it is idle to controvert it. Mr. Rogers asked Mr. Cooke what he really was in conversation, and Cooke replied, emphatically, "He was a fool. The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a shilling, he'd say, 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was *born*.' He was a fool, sir."—Dr. Beattie said that the silliness he exhibited was so great that it almost seemed affected; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had a peculiar regard for him, adopted the same improbable theory. Chamier, after talking with him, came, saying, "Well, I do believe he wrote the *Traveller* himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal." Against Horace Walpole's smart saying, that he was an "inspired idiot," Mrs. Piozzi wrote in old age, "very true;" and the point, we may add, of Garrick's epigram would have no sort of force unless it has possessed a semblance of truth. It is easy to collect from the book of Boswell, who acknowledges that his folly had been exaggerated, the real state of the case. Johnston, who did the amplest justice to his genius, remarked that he had no settled notions upon any subject; that his ready knowledge was very slight; and that he was eager to shine; and discoursed at random upon questions of which he was almost entirely ignorant. "If he were with two founders," said the Doctor, "he would fall a-talking on the art of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made off" To this want of fixed opinions and extensive information was ended what Boswell calls "a hurry of ideas, producing a laughable confusion in the expressing them;" and what Mr. Cooke terms "a strange, uncouth, deranged manner" of speaking. With his slender store of facts, his inability to arrange his thoughts on a sudden, his hasty rashness of assertion, his incoherent, provincial style of expression, it is manifest that he would do very slender justice to the better genius which he poured at leisure into his books. But a man of his talent must, in spite of this deficiency of tact and quickness, have often been visited with bright ideas; and Boswell relates that he was sometimes very happy in his wit-combats with Johnson, and records the instances of it.—*Quart. Rev.*

Kossuth's Eloquence.

From the few speeches already delivered by his excellency since the hour of his landing on the British shores at Southampton, might be culled passages such as it would be difficult to find any where surpassed by the grandeur of expression, for irresistable pathos, or for oratorial beauty. Could anything, we ask, for example, be more conspicuous in these respects, than the sentences, in which, on Wednesday, he recounted his famous appeal to the Diet, where four hundred representatives rose as one man, and lifting their right arms towards God, dedicated themselves by an oath to "Freedom or death!" According to the interjectional remark of the reporter, the solemnity of gesture and voice with which this narration was given, produced as might have been expected, a powerful effect upon the Assembly. Then, continuing his relation of events, said Kossuth:

"Thus they spoke, and thus they swore, in calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself, it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment, and the rushing wave of sentiments benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips, and bowing low before the majority of my people, as I bow now before you, gentlemen, I left the tribunal silently, speechless, mute."

Again the short hand writer interrupts his record to remark that the orator here paused a few moments, overpowered by his emotion, with which the company deeply sympathized. Then resuming:

"Pardon my emotions," said he, with a sublime solemnity—"the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes—I heard the million of my native land once more shouting "liberty or death!"

Than this we know nothing more touchingly beautiful in the whole range of oratory. It has been in language thus elevated and persuasive that Kossuth has opened his heart to his sympathisers in England—speaking to them in words of burning eloquence, though with the accent and pronounciation of a foreigner.—*London Sun.*

A Frenchman in a Free Country.

When I live in la belle France, Sare zey used to say to me, "You should go to Amerique. Dat one great countree where everybody do just as zey like."

Zat please me, so I pack up my box and go on board ze sheep, and pretty soon after a long time I landed in ze Amerique.

A porter seize my trunk wheder I want him or no, and carry him off. So I have to run after him, and try to get it away. Tell him I report him to ze gens d'armes. "Zis be a free country," said he, "and I want a quarter dollar."

I gave it to him, for I very much afraid I lose my box. As I go along ze street, a man spit tobacco juice, and it fall on my coat, and I say to him, "Sare, you have spoil my coat. You should take out your mouchoir and wipe him off." But he only laugh and say "Zis is a free country."

I see a man cruelly beat his leetle boy wit a poker, so my heart fill with compassion and I say to him, "Sare, you are one bad man to hurt zat leetle enfant, so, with ze poker." "Go about your business, you rascal," sez he, "I guess zis is a free country."

A leetle while after I meet a great big Irish Paddy wiz what you call a shillelah in his hand. He come up to me, point at a little ribbon which I wear in my waistcoat and said, "Be japers, are you one of zem bloody know-nothings? "Sare said I, "I here shall tell you I not bloody at all." "Are you know-nothing?" said he. I not know what it mean, so I say, "I don't know." "Ah," he exclaim, "you don't know, you know-nothing. I will make you know that this is a free country, as free for me as for you," and with zat he raise his shillelah and lay it on my head.

I run away very much frighten. Mon! that I should ever have come into a free country where everybody do just as they like, and nobody to stop zem. I sail in de next sheep for France. I don't want to live no more in a free country.

50,000 Cures without Medicine!

DU BARRY'S Delicious REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD is the natural remedy which has obtained 50,000 testimonials of cures from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies, Archdeacon Stuart of Ross, and other parties of indigestion (dyspepsia,) constipation, and diarrhœa, nervousness, biliousness, liver complaint, flatulency, distention, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache deafness, noises in the head and ears, excruciating pains in almost every part of the body, chronic inflamation and ulceration of the stomach, irritation of the kidneys and bladder, gravel, stone, stricture, eruptions of the skin, impurities and poverty of the blood, scrofula, incipient consumption, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, hearburn, nausea, and sickness during pregnancy, after eating, or at sea, low spirits, spasms, cramps, epileptic fits, spleen, general debility, asthma, cough, inquietude, sleeplessness, involuntary blushing, paralysis, tremors, dislike to society, unfitness for study, loss of memory, delusions, vertigo, blood to the head, exhaustion, melancholy, groundless fear, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, and many other complaints. It is, moreover the best food for infants and invalids generally, as it never turns acid on the weakest stomach, but imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculties of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

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A FEW OUT OF 50,000 TESTIMONIALS OF CURES ARE GIVEN BELOW.

Analysis by the Celebrated Professor of Chemistry and Analytical Chemist. Andrew Ure, M. D., F. R. S., &c. *London, 24, Bloomsbury Square, June 8, 1849.*—I hereby certify, that having examined DUBARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA, I find it to be a pure vegetable Farina, perfectly wholesome, easily digestible, likely to promote a healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby to counteract dyspepsia, constipation and their nervous consequences.

ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S. &c., Analytical Chemist

Dr. Harvey presents his compliments to Messrs BARRY, DUBARRY & Co., and has pleasure in recommending their "Revalenta Arabica Food;" it has been singularly useful in many obstinate cases of diarrhœa, as also of the opposite condition of the bowels and their nervous consequences. London, Aug. 1st, 1849.

2, Sidney Terrace, Reading, Berks, Dec 3, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—I am happy to inform you, that the person for whom the former quantity was procured, has derived very great benefit from its use, distressing symptoms of dropsy of long standing having been removed, and a feeling of restored health induced. Having witnessed the beneficial effects in the above mentioned case, I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in so doing whenever an opportunity offers, &c. &c. I am, gentlemen, very truly yours,

JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon 96th Regt.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. GATTIKER.

Zurich, 3 Sept 1855.—I have tried DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica for a complaint which had hitherto resisted all other remedies—viz.: CANCER OF THE STOMACH; and I am happy to say, with the most successful result. This soothing remedy has the effect not only of arresting the progress of this painfully distressing in Cancer of the Stomach, but also of restoring perfect digestion and assimilation. The same satisfactory influence of this excellent remedy I have found in all complaints of the digestive organs, it has also proved effectual in a most obstinate case of habitual flatulence and colic of many years standing. I look upon this delicious Food as the most excellent restorative gift of nature

DR. GRATTIKER.

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE OF DR GRIEB IN CONSUMPTION

Magdebourg, 16th Sept, 1853.—My wife, having suffered for years from a pulmonary complaint, became so seriously ill at the beginning of this year, that I looked daily for her dissolution. The remedies which hitherto had relieved her remained now without effect, and the ulcerations of the lungs and night sweats debilitated her fearfully. It was in this, evidently the last and hopeless stage of pulmonary consumption, when every medicine remained powerless in even affording temporary relief—that I was induced by a medical brother from Hanover, who makes pulmonary consumption his special study, to try and treat it with DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica, to try this strengthening and restorative food, and I am happy to be able to express my astonishment at its effects. My wife is now in as perfect state of health as ever she was, attending to her household affairs and quite happy. I tis with pleasure and the most sincere gratitude to God for the restoration of my wife, that I fulfil my duty making the extraordinary efficacy of DuBarry's Revalenta, in so fearful a complaint, known; and to recommend it to all other sufferers.

GRIEB, M. D.

Cure No 71, of dyspepsia from the Right Hon the Lord Stuart de Decies.—"I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines.—Stuart de Decies.

Cure, No. 49,832.—"Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food.—Maria Jolly, Wortham Long, near Diss, Norfolk.

Cure, No 47,121.—"Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham-cross, Herts: a case of extreme nervousness indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies."

Cure No. 48,314.—"Miss Elizabeth Yeoman Gatenacre, near Liverpool: a cure of ten years' dyspepsia and all the horrors of nervous irritability."

Plymouth, May 9th 1851.—For the last ten years I have been suffering from dyspepsia, headaches, nervousness, low spirits, sleeplessness, and delusions, and swallowed an incredible amount of medicine without relief. I am now enjoying better health than I have had for many years past. You are quite at liberty to make my testimonial public. J. S. NEWTON.

Devon Cottage, Bromley, Middlesex, March 31, 1849

GENTLEMEN,—The lady for whom I ordered your food is six months advanced in pregnancy, and was suffering severely from indigestion, constipation, throwing up her meals shortly after eating them, and a great deal of heartburn, being constantly obliged to physic or the enema, and sometimes to both. I am happy to inform you that your food produced immediate relief. She has never been sick since, and little heartburn, and the functions are more regular, &c.

You are liberty to publish this letter if you think it will tend to the benefit of other sufferers. I remain, gentlemen, yours sincerely THOMAS WOODHOUSE

Bonn, 19th July, 1853.—This light and pleasant Farina is one of the most excellent, nourishing, and restorative remedies, and supersedes in many cases, all kinds of medicines. It is particularly useful in confined habit of body, as also in diarrhœa, bowel complaints, affections of the kidneys and bladder, such as stone or gravel; inflammatory irritation and cramp of the urethra, cramp of the kidney and bladder strictures, and hæmorrhoids. This really invaluable remedy is employed with the most satisfactory result, not only in bronchial and pulmonary and bronchial consumption, in which it counteracts effectually the troublesome cough; and I am enabled with perfect truth to express the conviction that DuBarry's Revalenta Arabica is adapted to the cure of incipient hectic complaints and consumption.

DR. RUD. WENZER,

Counsel of Mdicine and practical M. D. in Bonn.

In cannisters, suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions—½ lb 1s. 9d.; 1 lb 3s. 6d.; 2 lb 5s 6d.; 5 lbs 13s 9d., 12 lbs 27s. 6d.

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Requisites for the Hair.

"My head with scented oil shall shine
The Rose shall deck this brow of mine."

ATKINSONS Purified Bears Grease
" Hair Dye.
Azor's Turkish Balm.
Balm of Columbia.
Barry's Tricopherous.
Beck & Co's marrow and Rosmary.
Bogle's Hyperion Fluid.
Cleaver's perfumed Bears Grease.
" Castorine and marrow Pomatum
" Circassian Cream.
" Exquisite Pomade.
" Rosmary and Castor Oil.
Framptum's nursery Pomatum
Fraser's almond Cream
" prepared Bears Grease.
" Mixture for Baldness.
Hendrie's Moelline.
Hund's Golden Gloss.
Laugier's Bandoline.
Lewis' Genuine marrow oil.
Lyon's Kalliston.
Perry's Hungarian Balm
" Medicated Mexican Balm.
Phalen Magic Hair Dye.
Potter's Hair Balm.
Spencer's Hair Dye.
With a large assortment of Hair Brushes, combs, &c., for sale at Morton's Medical Warehouse, Granville Street.

G E MORTON & CO.

December 14. 283.

Coughs, Colds, Consumption.

Seasonable Remedies received by the Subscribers.

BAILEY'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.
Balsam of Horehound and Liverwort.
Buchan's Hungarian Balsam
Brown's Bronichal Troches
Byron's Pulmonic Wafers
Burrington's Croup Syrup,
Candied Jujube Paste,
Cod Liver Oil Candy,
Dunn's Delectable Lozenges,
Corrie's Syrup of Ginseng and Malva,
Gardner's Balsam of Liverwort,
Hunter's Pulmonary Balsam,
Keating's Cough Lozenges,
Lettuce Lozenges, approved by the Faculty.
Lococke's Pulmonic Wafers,
Lawrence's Cherry Pectoral.
Myer's extract of Rock Rose,
Pomfit cake of refined Licorice.
Rushton's & Clarke's kino Lozenges,
Stolberg's Voice Lozenges,
Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry,
With all the popular remedies of the day, for sale at Morton's Medical Warehouse, 39 Granville Street.

December 14. 283. G. E. MORTON & CO.

DR. KIDDER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Gout, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder, Erysipelas, and all diseases of the Skin, Eruptive, Typhoid and Inflamatory Fevers, Sick-Headache, Costiveness, Pains in the Head, Breast, Side, Back, and Limbs, Palpitation of the Heart, Female Complaints, and all Diseases arising from an Impure state of the Blood.

These invaluable Pills have been used with unparalled success for private practice for more than thirty years, and are now offered to the public, with the fullest conviction that they will prove themselves a public benefit.

They possess the power of stimulating the depurative organs throughout the body to a healthy action, thus assisting nature to subvert disease after her own manner. Price 25 cents per box.—Prepared only by

DR. TAYLOR, JR. & CO.,
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John Naylor, General Agent for Nova Scotia: Also, sold by Morton & Co., Avery, Brown & Co., J. R. DeWolfe and dealers generally. July 6.

MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL.

TWENTY Casks Medicinal Cod Liver OIL, in Shipping Order, for sale by

ROBT. G. FRASER.

November 30. 189 Granville Street.

LUBIN'S PERFUMES,

WARRANTED genuine, viz: Violet, Magnolia, Mousselin, Patchouly, Jockey Club, Musk, Eglantine Jenny Lind, Geranium and Rose, Bouquet de Caroline Sweet Pea. For sale low at 189 Granville Street.

February 14. ROBERT G FRASER.

HE FAR-FAMED MEDICINE!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

SURPRISING CURE OF A CONFIRMED ASTHMA AFTER FIVE YEARS' SUFFERING.

The following testimonial has been sent to Professor Holloway, by a Gentleman named Mudditon, of Scotland Road, Liverpool.

SIR,—Your Pills have been the means under providence, of restoring me to sound health after five years of severe affliction. During the whole of that period, I suffered the most dreadful attacks of Asthma, frequently of several weeks' duration, attended with a violent cough, and could in all spitting of phlegm intermixed with blood. This so shook my constitution that I was unfitted for any of the active duties of life. I was attended by some of the most eminent medical men of this town, but they failed to give me the slightest relief. As a last remedy I tried your Pills, and in about three months they effected a perfect cure of the disease, totally eradicated the cough, and restored tone and vigour to the chest and digestive organs

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dated Jan 1st, 1853. (Signed) H. MIDDLETON.

A PERMANENT CURE OF A DISEASED LIVER OF MANY YEARS' DURATION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Gamis, Chemist, Yeovil, to Professor Holloway.

Dear Sir,—In this district your Pills command a more extensive sale than any other proprietary medicine before the public. As a proof of their efficacy in Liver and Bilious Complaints I may mention the following case. A lady of this town with whom I am personally acquainted, for years was a severe sufferer from disease of the liver and digestive organs; her medical attendant assured her that he could do nothing to relieve her sufferings, and it was not likely she could survive many months. This announcement naturally caused great alarm among her friends and relations, and they induced her to make a trial of your Pills, which so improved her general health that she was induced to continue them until she received a perfect cure. This is twelve months ago, and she has not experienced any symptoms of relapse, and often declares that your Pills have been the means of saving her life. I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly.

November 23rd, 1852. (Signed) J. GAMIS.

AN ASTONISHING CURE OF CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFTER BEING DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL, INCURABLE.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. W. Moon, of the Square, Winchester.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—I beg to inform you that for years I was a sufferer from Chronic Rheumatism, and was often laid up for weeks together by its severe and painful attacks. I tried every thing that was recommended, and was attended by one of the most eminent Surgeons in this town; but received no relief whatever, and fearing that my health would be entirely broken up, I was induced to go into our County Hospital, where I had the best medical treatment the institution afforded, all of which proved of no avail, and I came out no better than I went in. I was then advised to try your Pills, and by persevering with them was perfectly cured, and enabled to resume my occupation, and although a considerable period has elapsed I have felt no return of the complaint.

I am, Sir, your obliged Servant,

October 8th, 1852. (Signed) W. MOON.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF DROPSY, AFTER SUFFERING FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. G. Briggs, Chemis. Goole, dated February 15th, 1853.

TO PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY,

Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you of a most surprising cure of Dropsy, recently effected by your valuable medicines. CAPTAIN JACKSON, of this place, was afflicted with Dropsy for upwards of eighteen months, to such an extent that it caused his body and limbs to be much swollen, and water oozed as it were from his skin, so that a daily change of apparrel became necessary, notwithstanding the various remedies tried, and the different medical men consulted, all was of no avail, until he commenced using your Pills, by which, and a strict attention to the printed directions, he was effectually cured, and his health perfectly re-established. If you deem this worthy of publicity, you are at liberty to use it.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

(Signed) G. BRIGGS.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the skin, Bowel complaints, Colics, Costipation of the bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Headaches, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, scrofula or King evil, Sore throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Doloreux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms, all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c.

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