The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

Volume XX. No. 4 HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1868. Whole No 957

Religious Miscellany.

Work.

Work! for time is flying,
Work! with heart sincere,
Work! for souls are dying.
Work! for night is near.

In the Master's vineyard,
Go and work to-day;
Be no useless sluggard,
Standing in the way.

Go and labor rather
Fallen vines to rear,
Ripen'd fruits to gather,
Barren trees to care.

Join the Gospel reapers
In their work of faith,
Rousing careless sleepers,
Lest they sleep in death.

Tell the Serpent-bitten
"Now to look and live,"
Tell the leprous-smitten
"Jesus will receive."

Sound the invitation
"Sinners come to Me,"
Tell to every nation
"Mercy's full and free."

In this glorious calling
Work till day is o'er,
Work till evening falling,
Thou can'st work no more.

Then thy labour bringing
To the King of Kings,
Borne, with joy and singing,
Home on Angel's wings.

There, were Saints adore Him,
Where the ransom'd meet,
Lay thy sheaves before Him,
Lay them at His feet.

Hear the Master saying,
From His heavenly throne,
When thy wages paying,
"Labourer well done."

"Work! for time is flying,
Night is almost here,
Precious souls are dying,
Thy reward is near.

Under the Cloud.

"All alone!"
Sadly die the tones away
With a melancholy thrill,
As the shadows gather round
Dark and still!
But amid the heart's deep chambers
Echoes still the mournful tone,
As sighs the wind through ruined walls
Of lonely and forsaken halls;
"All alone!"

It is written—"Rejoice evermore—pray without ceasing, in *everything* give thanks." This is doubtless the privilage of every true Christian. But alas! how few there are who live up to this high standard. We give our assent to the assertion that "all things work together for good" to the obedient, loving Christian. We repeat, (as we trust in sincerity) the Saviour's prayer—"Our Father, *thy will*, and not ours be done." And yet there are seasons when dark shadows rest upon our pathway, and the crushed heart refuses for awhile to be comforted. Conscious though we may be intellectually, that a loving Saviour is ever with us—believing in his gracious promise that he will never leave or forsake those who put their trust in him, still the cloud looms darkly and drearily over us, and joy finds no resting place in our hearts. Those who were once the light of our life—the very aroma of our existence—whose smile was our joy, and whose voice the music which thrilled our souls—*they have gone*, and the sad refrain comes up from every surrounding object—"All alone!" There is no sunshine for the spirit in such a mood. The happiness of others serves but to darken the shadows which rest upon its own horizon! We cannot believe that the wounded and suffering heart, which is thus shrouded in gloom, will be spurned as ungrateful by a merciful Saviour. He who poured from his burdened soul the sad lament over the prospective fall of Jerusalem—he who wept at the grave of Lazarus, will not condemn us who weep over the loss of those whom we loved and who were worthy of our love. We believe not in that stoicism which steels the heart against the finer and purer sensibilities of our nature and would make us but lifeless automatons. He who formed us, gave to us all those capacities for joy and grief. He fitted our hearts for love, he adapted our nature for social enjoyment, and bid us love one another. Can it be possible for us then to be separated from those most near and dear to us, without sensibly feeling the shock, and without saying like David, I am distressed for my brother Jonathan.

We believe not in that gloomy, monkish asceticism, which seeks to crush out all human feelings under the plea of giving the heart entirely to God. Our Father in heaven does not need our love or our hearts to make him happy—but our fellow creatures may. And St. John says if ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen? And Jesus says with reference to our love for our fellow creatures that if we love them, we love him. "Inasmuch as ye have done it (acts of kindness and love) unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." If it is right, then to love, it cannot be wrong to feel the loss of those we have loved, and it is impossible not to feel for a season the gloom which their absence casts upon life's prospects. Ah! it is good to sorrow, but not to sorrow as those who have no hope. And we bless God that we are not called upon thus to sorrow. Our lost ones are amid the ever blooming bowers of Paradise. No more pain—no more sickness—no more sorrow shall ever assail them there. We mourn not for them. We mourn for our own sad state—still in this weary world of care, struggling to be freed from the worldliness which oppresses us and fetters down our immortal spirit. Struggling to break off its bands which a weak, erring nature has suffered to be fixed upon the better and purer aspirations of the soul. We fight on, if happily we too may by and by escape from the temptations and sorrows of this life and through the mercy of a mighty and loving Saviour be admitted into that brighter and better world which he has prepared for all who love him and keep his commandments. No. Oh, no! Though the way for the present be dark and gloomy we do not sorrow as those without hope. Far off on the viewless wind, like the soft faint echoeings of some angel lyre, or seraph's harp, we seem to hear a voice saying, in gentlest tones:

And thou whose dearest hope is crushed untimely to the dust,
Look up in pure and holy faith, in high and solemn trust—
For in the far unfolding years, a blessing waits thee yet—
A love on whose unfading truth a deathless seal is set.

For to that stricken earthly love, immortal bloom is given,
And the vows which once were spoken here are registered in heaven;
She hath but gone in beauty's bloom, in love's triumphant power,
As fade's a pure unfolding rose at morning's dewy hour.

A little while, a little while, and thou with sorrow tossed,
Who mournest by life's dreary sea, thy beautiful, thy lost,
Upon that fair and happy shore, where death can ne'er betide,
Shall meet again thine angel love—shall greet thine angel bride.

Thus, oh Christian, if the cloud be dark, there is indeed a silver lining, which shall grow brighter and brighter, and larger, as time wears on, until it shall eventually illume the whole horizon with its glorious radiance, and by the splendor of its brilliance, light the redeemed and disenthralled spirit to the cloudless realms of an eternal day.—*Meth. Prot.*

Growing Love.

I am sure if we shall ever learn the breadth of Christ's love our love will grow broad; we shall no longer confine our love to our own church, but shall care for all the churches of God; we shall feel an affection not only for Christians of our own name, but to Christians of all names. Then our love will gain length also. We shall love Christ so that we can not leave off loving Him. We shall persevere in love, we shall abide in his love as he abides in it. We shall constantly have the flame of our love going up to heaven. And then our love will acquire depth. We shall be humbled on account of our sinfulness, and we shall sink lower and lower in our own esteem and our love will become deeper and more grounded as it decends more fully into the core of our nature. And then love will climb the hights. We shall forget the world and the cares thereof; we shall become Christians who lie no longer among the pots, but who have received the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. We shall attain to such a hight in our love, that we shall scale the mountain tops of the promises, and with our foreheads bathed in the sunlight look down upon the world that still lieth in darkness, and rejoice that we are made heirs of light; till our love mounting to heaven shall there be in its hight as we appear before the great white throne and cast our crowns with many a song before him who loved us, with a breadth, and length, and depth, and hight of love that even in heaven shall surpass all measurements.—*Spurgeon.*

Private Prayers.

I wish to say one thing in regard to the effect of going into minute details in prayer. It is the only way to make prayer interesting. When you attempt to pray at night, with a mind wearied and exhausted with the labors of the day, you find your thoughts wandering. No complaint is more common than this. There is scarcely any question which is asked more frequently of a pastor than this: "How shall I avoid wandering thoughts in prayer?" It would be asked, too, much oftener than it is, were it not that Christians shrink from acknowledging to their religious teachers, which seems to imply their want of interest in spiritual things. Now the remidy, in nine cases out of ten, is coming to particulars in your prayers. Have no long, formal exordiums. Abandon the common phrases of general confession and request and come at once to the particular circumstances and minute wants and trials of the day. Describe all particulars. Feel that you are alone, that the restaints of publicity are removed from you; that you may safely abandon the phraseology and the form which a proper respect for the customs of men retain in the pulpit and at the family altar, and come to converse with your great protector as a man converses with his friend; and remember that if you fasten upon one word which you have spoken with an improper spirit, and confess your guilt in that one sin, mentioning all the circumstances which attended it, and exposing the wicked emotions which dictated it, you make more truly a *confession* than by repeating solemnly the best expression of the doctrine of human depravity that creed or catechism or system of theology ever gave.—*Abbott.*

Death of Neander.

No more striking illustration was ever given of the ruling passion strong in death, than in the last hours of the beloved Neander. His thoughts, even when reason wandered, were on his work. Mrs. Conant gives the following sketch:

A wine bath had been prepared for him, as a last resort. Refreshed and strengthened by it, he was borne from the darkened room where he had lain hitherto into his study, that cheerful little apartment opening to the sun, which had been so long the workshop and the paradise of the man of thought. Here for nearly twenty years he had studied and written. From this spot had gone fourth those great works which have delighted and instructed Christendom.—Ere long he murmured, dreamily, as if at the close of a long, fatiguing walk with his sister, "I am weary; let us now make ready to go home."

Just then the rich sunset glow, pouring through the window, lighted up the shelves from which looked down upon him the masters of thought with whom for so many years he had held silent but high and enduring communion. Raising himself by a sudden effort from his pillow, he commenced a regular lecture upon New Testament exegesis. Soon a new image passed before his restless fancy. Imagining himself at the weekly meeting of his beloved *Seminarium*, surrounded by his fondly attached theological pupils, he called for the reading of a dissertation, shortly before assigned on the material and formal principle of the Reformation. He then dictated the titles of the different courses of lectures to be delivered by him during the next session; among them, "The Gospel of John, from its true historical point of view."

His last thoughts amid the struggles of death were devoted to the great labor of his life.—Beginning at the very passage of his Church History where sickness had arrested his progress he resumed the thread of thought, and in spite of interruptions, continued to dictate in regular periods for some time. At the close of each sentence he paused, as if his amanuensis were taking down his words, and asked, "Are you ready?" Having closed a division of his subject, he inquired the time. Being told that it was half-past nine, the patient sufferer repeated once more, "I am weary; I will now go to sleep!" Having by the aid of friendly hands stretched himself in bed for his last slumber, he whispered, in a tone of inexpressible tenderness which sent a strange thrill through every heart, "Good-night!" It was his last word. He immediately fell into a sleep, which continued four hours, when his great spirit, in the quiet of a Sabbath morning, passed gently into the land of peace.

Character of a True Christian.

He is,

1. A sincere man.
2. A pure-minded man.
3. A heavenly-minded man.
4. An affectionate man.
5. A man lowly esteeming his spiritual attainments.
6. A diligent man.
7. A zealous man.
8. A godly man.
9. A cheerful man.
10. A patient man.
11. A prayerful man.
12. A benevolent man.
13. A hospitable man.
14. A forbearing and forgiving man,
15. A sympathizing man.
16. A man placing a low estimate on earthly distinctions.
17. A man modest in his opinions.
18. A man regardful of the esteem of others, and of his own reputation.
19. A peaceable man.
20. A good citizen.
21. A man upright in his business.
22. A man mindful of the flight of time.
23. A man of daily growth in grace.
24. A man of sobriety.
25. A man clothed with the Spirit of Christ

S. S. Times.

The Day of Rest.

No great man has left a more decided testimony to his appreciation of the value of the Christian Sabbath than did Wilberforce.

"Oh! what a blessed day is the Sabbath!" he writes: "give us a precious interval wherein to come out from the thickets of worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects. What a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan. I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable."

Who has not often felt, when Saturday night came, what a blessing to the weary world was a day of rest? But in order to secure its blessing in its highest form, we need something more than to spend it in idleness and recreation. Such an abuse of its sacred hours will call down upon us God's displeasure instead of his favor. As a general rule, we shall find that we are prospered through the week about in proportion as we hallow the Sabbath day. A distinguished member of the bar said he could pretty nearly estimate the successes or failures of the week by noting the manner in which the Sabbath that began it had been spent. The little rhyme we learned in our nursery is full of meaning:

"The Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

Sunday gains are almost invariably counterbalanced by week-day losses.

"If it had not been for the Sabbath," remarked a distinguished merchant to Dr. Edwards, "I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago."

Mr. G. was a great importer, and he used to say that "the Sabbath was the best day of the week to plan successful voyages." He ended his career in the insane asylum, where, for many years, he was a marked example of the truth that "the way of the transgressors is hard."

A lawyer who was accustomed, when much pressed, to prepare for Monday's pleading on the Sabbath, found that he uniformly failed in his Monday's efforts. He became convinced at last that Sabbath-breaking was unprofitable, and so left it off. After that his Mondays were as successful as any other days, and God's blessing followed him, leading him at last to a high position as a preacher of the gospel.

If we desire the highest success in our lawful pursuits, let us "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If we wish to fit ourselves for an eternal Sabbath of praise in heaven, let us honor God in his sanctuary and in our homes upon his holy day.—*Sunday School Times.*

Religious Intelligence.

A Declaration

OF CERTAIN CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

The subscribers of the following Declaration, deeply moved by what they believe to be the present dangers of our beloved Church, in the open and secret tendencies which exist in it to conformity with the Church of Rome, and humbly trusting in the guidance and blessing of the Holy Spirit, would make this statement of their views and feelings, for the purpose of mutual encouragement and support.

The essential principle of these tendencies is an entire subversion of the Protestant and Evangelical character of our Reformed Church. It transforms the ministry of the Gospel into a Priesthood; Baptism into a magical rite; the Lord's Supper into the Sacrifice of the Mass; evangelical liberty into bondage to manifold observances and ceremonies: and the One Church of Christ, "the blessed company of the faithful people," into the body of those who recognize and conform to a mere sacerdotal system.

These tendencies already far advanced in England and this country, are materially aided by a subtler and less clearly pronounced sacerdotalism, which finds expression among us in exclusive view of the Episcopal Church; in unscriptural conceptions of the sacraments in superstitious ideas of the power of the ministry; and in a legal rather than evangelical view of the Christian life.

The influence of these tendencies we believe to be eminently injurious to our Church, by the reasonable prejudice which they excite; fatal to the performance of the great mission to our Church in this land, by their contrariety to true liberty and the true progress of the age; dangerous to souls by their hiding of the free grace of the Gospel; and dishonorable to Christ by their substitution of human mediatorship in the place of the "one Mediator, Christ Jesus."

Under a deep sense of responsibility, we ask ourselves what, in this crisis, it is our duty to do?

In the first place, we feel compelled to affirm that in many pulpits of our Church another Gospel is preached which is not the Gospel of Christ. The Church needs to be awakened to its peril. A paramount duty is imposed upon our clergy and our missionary organizations, to see that, so far as they are able, the pure word of God shall be preached everywhere in our land. We cannot yield this liberty and obligation to any claim of territorial jurisdiction, and we hereby express our sympathy with the resistance which is made, in this respect, to the attempted enforcement of false constructions of canonical law.

We believe also, that the present crisis of Protestantism demands a higher degree of sympathy and co-operation among the various evangelical bodies into which we are divided. An exclusive position, in this respect, we hold to be injurious to our own Church, and inconsistent with our history and standards, as well as with the spirit of the Gospel. In the case of those "chosen and called" to the work of the ministry by those "who have public authority given unto them in the congregation," and manifestly blessed in their labors by the Holy Ghost, we believe that we cannot withhold our recognition of the validity of their ministry without imperilling the interests of evangelical religion, "despising the brethren," and doing "despite unto the spirit of grace." In this matter also, we express our earnest sympathy with the resistance which is made to those false interpretations of canonical law by which this recognition and fellowship would be restrained.

This statement of our views is made under a full sense of any responsibility which it may involve. The love and devotion which we bear to our Church, and the allegiance which we owe to Christ, will not allow us to hesitate. With kindness and charity for all who differ from us, imposing no burden upon the consciences of others, as we are unwilling to submit to any imposed upon our own, we claim only that in the Church of our dearest affection it is our inalienable privege to be true, in these respects, to our sense of duty to God. Signed by

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D. D.
REV. JOHN COTTON SMITH, D. D.
REV. JOHN S. STONE, D. D.
REV. S. H. TYNG, D. D.
REV. C. M. BUTLER, D. D.
REV. L. W. BANCROFT, D. D.
REV. H. DYER, D. D.
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REV. SAMUEL CUTLER, D. D.
REV. CHARLES W. QUICK, D. D.
REV. MARSHALL B. SMITH, D. D.
REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR., D. D.
MR. STEWART BROWN.
MR. FOSTER WATERMAN.

and many others whose names will be hereafter published.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Progress of Protestant Christianity

Notwithstanding the intolerant legislation which still prevails in the Papal States, in Spain, and in some of the republics of South America, Protestantism is rooting itself in every Roman Catholic country of the world. The fiercest persecution in Spain has not been able to reduce the number of the native converts who continue to meet secretly for divine worship. The English residents in Spain obtained permission from the Government to receive a pastoral visit from one of the English bishops. The efforts for giving to young Spaniards an evangelical education are actively continued in Switzerland and Southern France, and some progress toward organizing Protestant Spanish congregations has been made in Algeria and in the United States. The last census of the Papal States shows a Protestant population of about 1000. In Latin America, regular services in the Spanish and Portuguese languages are now in Chili, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and the United States of Columbia, and the formation of native churches makes satisfactory progress. In consequence of the steady immigration of Protestants from Europe and America, the Protestant population of Latin America is already considerable, being estimated in 1867, at about 120,000. In Portugal, a Protestant congregation has been organized in the Azores, and another, consisting of sixty members in Lisbon. They cannnot yet meet openly; but public opinion seems to become favorable to religious toleration. In Italy, all the large cities have now Protestant congregations. In Austria, the principal grievances of the Protestants have been redressed.

In the pagan counties, the numerous Protestant missionary societies labor with unflagging zeal and with cheering success. There are now, as far as known, 86 different Protestant societies, which sustain missionaries in non-Christian countries. In China, the Government continues to protect the Christians; and several remarkable awakenings have largely added to the number of converts. In 1867, the 26 missionary societies which labor in China had together 97 ordained, 14 lay, and 93 female—in all, 204 missionaries, 202 native assistants, 508 communicants, and 3142 members in the congregations. On India, we have the important testimony of Miss Carpenter, who made the influence of missionaries upon the education of the natives the subject of a very careful study, and who reports, as the result of her observations, that the progress of Christian education is remarkable.—Twenty-five Protestant missionary societies labor in India, of which 3 are in Scotland, 8 in England, 1 in Ireland, 4 on the continent of Europe and 9 in America. There are also 7 societies for literature and education.

The societies maintain over 550 missionaries, and, with the Bible and Tract Societies, expend about £250,000. In India, Government expends on secular education over £700,000 annually. There are in British India, including Burmah and Ceylon, upward of 190 native Missionaries, 1800 native catechists, 1550 native churches, 50,000 native communicants, and probably 100,000 boys and girls receiving Christian instruction. The present number of church members connected with all the missions in Burmah is 15,623. The operations in Japan have still to be secret; but the missionaries report that the results which have been obtained are most satisfactory. The opening of two more ports in January, 1868, will increase the influence of the Christian nations upon Japan, and thus, indirectly, the influence of Christianity. Turkey has now two Protestant colleges in successful operation; and the American missionaries have begun to train the native congregations in the principle of self-support. In Madagascar there are 4374 persons in church-fellowship, who represent a total Christian population, old and young, of more than 16,000. This island continues to be one of the most promising missionary fields of the Protestant churches.—*Methodist.*

Signs in India.

A missionary writes:—The Gospel has been preached almost every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, in the city and surrounding villages during the year. And as "the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, "so we wait for the Lord to water the seed of the word, that it may, indeed, bring forth precious fruit. We think, however, that the signs of the coming harvest are visible. First. The numbers are rapidly increasing who have no confidence in their own religion; especially is this the case with the more enlightened part of the Hindoos. Second. The numbers are increasing who admit the sufficiency and superiority of Christianity, and in secret love to inquire concerning the way of life. Third. The greatly increased crowds of attentive hearers during the recent visitation of cholera, when all ranks and classes were being cut down by it. The Bazar congregations were more than doubled, while discussion and dispute, which before often ran very high, were almost unknown. Fourth. There are few who appear to be real inquirers after the truth. We are sorry that we have to confine ourselves so closely to the mere enumeration of signs. "Thy kingdom come."

THE MISSION CAUSE.—The circular from the New York Mission Rooms gives an affecting view of missions: 'We were just listening to a beloved pastor while he told of another pastor who had, by persistently visiting three most miserable culprits in a prison thirty miles distant, succeeded in winning them to Christ, and after the period of incarceration had closed, received them into his Church. This story charmed our dear pastor, and so it did a great company of others to whom it had been told. Hear now another: There is a letter before us from the wife of a missionary who, with her husband, has gone more than 10,000 miles to 30,000,000 *of imprisoned souls*, a few have been snatched from the jaws of destruction, and some for joy are hastening to tell to the multitude, "I was lost, but now am found!" The good woman cries out in her letter again and again, with an apparently intense agony for more laborers to come and help them! But few, too few, alas! hear and heed the cry of this woman and the other missionaries. They cry on, and the millions perish! O, Lord how long!"

General Miscellany.

The Burning Star.

The following account of an event more awful and sublime than the most vivid imagination can fully conceive is given by Edwin Dunkin, of the royal Observatory, England. It is only one of several similar cases on record. In May last a star blazed forth in the Northern Crown and was of the second magnitude. The astronomers gave it immediate scientific observation and recorded the results in technical terms which need not be repeated:

"There can be little doubt that, from some cause unknown to us, it must have been the subject of a terrible catastrophe at a period perhaps distant; for it must be borne in mind that, *owing to its immense distance from us, we may be only witnessing the calamity of a past age.* From the sudden blazing forth of this star, and then its rapid fading away, Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have suggested that, in consequence of a great internal convulsion, probably a large quantity of hydrogen and other gases were emitted from it."

During a discussion on this star, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, on June 8th the astronomer royal expressed his firm belief that this wonderful object was actually in flames.

If we were inclined to speculate on this unique astronomical phenomenon, or the probable consequences arising from such a sudden outburst of fiery gas, what an extensive subject of contemplation is open to us! Astronomically we have known this minute star for years without suspicion; it has been classified with others of similar magnitude; it has been one of many millions of such; while now it will be remembered by all future generations as one of the most extraordinary among the most celebrated stars of the universe. Or, let our speculation be carried on a little further, and let us reasonably suppose this small and hitherto nearly invisible object to be an immense globe like our own sun, and surrounded probably with planets and satellites depending on their centre for light and heat; what would be the effect of this sudden conflagration on them? It makes one almost shudder at the idea of a system of worlds being annihilated at once without warning. But such must doubtless be the fact. We, however, in this quiet world of ours, can scarcely, perhaps, realize such a catastrophe; but were our sun which is only a star analogous to those in the heavens around us, to be suddenly ignited in a similar manner to this distant and unknown sun, all its attendant planets and satellites, the earth included, would be destroyed.

The Angel of Sleep.

He droops his plumy, snow-soft wings,
He waves his balmy hand,
And wide the gate of silence swings
That guards the shadowy land.
Forgot is Time, the sentinel
That stands outside the door;
The gloomy train of cares as well,
That clogged our steps before:
O river of oblivion!
Thy draughts are sweet and deep,
For Memory slumbers on her throne,
Rocked by the angel, sleep.

There is a face whose loveliness
Is marred by hues of care;
But Sleep hath swept it with his kiss,
And made it smooth and fair.
There is a worn and weary brain,
That rests until the morn;
There is a heart which beats with pain,
That feels no more forlorn.
O Death's fair brother! how divine
Must be that slumber deep,
More sweet, more calm, more free than thine,
When His beloved sleep.

—*Leslie Walter.*

Honor your Business.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comfort in the work; or they change their business, and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another, till the grave or the poor-house gives them a fast grip. But, while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is not a profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected, like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wontonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding then, only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imagination, not alone to make some poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop, an honest pride.—*Irish Evangelist.*

Brain Work.

The "Health and Longevity of Brain Workers," by Dr. George M. Beard, an article in *Harper's Monthly*, presents some curious statistics with regard to the physical effects of intellectual labor, showing that constant activity of mind forms the most favorable condition for the attainment of old age. It is true that many whose names shines brightest in the galaxy of the world's thinkers walked all their lives in sorrow and pain, and sunk into premature graves. But on the other hand it is just as true that the logical cause of the suffering and early decease of these men is to be found, in most instances, not in their intellectual activity as authors so much as in their native feebleness of constitution, in their dissipated habits or in their external circumstances. Many delicate, finely strung natures are irresistibly impelled to authorship by the force of their genius, and, if such are doomed to a life-long battle with disease, surely their calling should not be held responsible for their misfortunes. Some worry themselves to death, others hasten it by over-indulgence of the passions, and others die simply because nature does not allow them sufficient capital to sustain life; but very few die simply from over-exertion of the mind.

Contemplate what wonders of toil, as well as of suffering, have been endured by many authors who have yet attained a good old age. Sir Walter Scott, overwhelmed with debt, lonely through bereavement, persistently writing and planning until he was past sixty; Dante, fighting with poverty and his own weaknesses plunging into all mysteries and sciences for three score years and ten; Edwards establishing a reputation as a theologian and philosopher that shall stand for ever, while he was obliged to measure out his plain food according to the caprices of his delicate stomach; Irving, working at his desk for ten and even fifteen hours a day, rising often at midnight to resume his task, and yet not compelled to lay aside his pen until he was seventy-six. Besides these, scores of names are at once suggested of men of genius and letters who have struggled with poverty and various forms of ill, and yet have thought on and written until past the allotted term of human life.

College students are referred to as affording examples of vigorous and bounding health, not inferior to that of any other body of young men in the country. Intelligent farmers form an important class of brain-workers, and it is generally known that they reach a high average of longevity. "But this green old age is not due to their muscular exercise alone, for mechanics and laborers, who work even harder than farmers do not live as long by many years; it is not due to the pure air they breathe, for many out of door laborers are much lower in the scale of longevity than they; nor lastly, is it due to the calmness of rural life, for the farmer, if a freeholder, is burdened with grave responsibilities and oppressed by weightier cares than the butcher in the market, the teamster on the highway, or the workman he employs by the day—all of whom die much younger than he.

"Farmers are long-lived not only because of pure air, moderate exercise and country quiet, but more especially effects of merely physical labor varied by activity of mind. Of nearly twenty thousand of this class who died in Massachusetts, the average was over sixty."

In our large cities, also, the best physical development is found in the most highly favored classes as regards material prosperity, and whose habitual pursuits demand constant activity of mind. Merchants and manufacturers live longer than artisans and laborers, but not so long as professional men. Reasoning from analogy and from the facts of biography, it would seem that those who are endowed with unusual intellectual powers can work harder and longer, all things being equal, than the rank and file of humanity.

Hints to Skaters.

The following timely and excellent advice is given in *Hall's Journal of Health*, a periodica devoted to the preservation of the human body from the attacks of disease, and acknowledged as a competent authority in such matters. Our friends, young and old, and of both sexes who delight in the exhilirating pastime of skating would do well to take heed of the precautions here laid down:

1. Avoid skates which are strapped on the feet, as they prevent the circulation, and the foot becomes frozen before the skater is aware of it, because the tight strapping benumbs the foot and deprives it of feeling. A young lady in Boston lost a foot in this way; another in New York, her life, by endeavoring to thaw her feet in warm water after taking off her skates. The safest kind are those which receive the forepart of the foot in a kind of a toe, and stout leather around the heel, buckling in front of the ankle only, thus keeping the heel in place without spikes or screws, and aiding greatly in supporting the ankle.

2. It is not the object so much to skate fast as to skate gracefully; and this is sooner and more easily learned by skating with deliberation; while it prevents overheating, and diminishes the chances of taking cold by cooling off too soon afterwards.

3. If the wind is blowing, a veil should be worn over the face, at least by ladies and by children, otherwise, fatal inflammation of the lungs (pneumonis) may occur.

4. Do not sit down for a single half minute, nor stand still if there is any wind; nor stop a moment after the skates are taken off; but walk about so as to restore the circulation about the feet and toes, and to prevent being chilled.

5. It is safer to walk home than to ride; the latter is almost certain to give a cold.

6. Never carry anything in the mouth while skating, nor any hard substance in the hand, nor throw anything on the ice; none but a careless, reckless fellow would thus endanger a fellow skater a fall.

7. If the thermometer is below thirty, and the wind is blowing, no lady or child should be skating.

8. Always keep your eyes about you, looking ahead and upward, not on the ice that you may not run against some lady, child or learner.

9. Arrange to have an extra garment, thick and heavy, to throw over your shoulders the moment you cease skating, and then walk home, or at least a half a mile, with your mouth closed so that the lungs may not be chilled by the cold air dashing upon them through the open mouth; if it passes through the nose and head, it is warmed before it gets to the lungs.

10. It would be a safe rule for no lady or child to be on skates longer than an hour at a time.

Christian Experience.

Hold up the Light.

Early in my Christian life I was taught that I must come out from the world, and be willing to be singular; "that this vile world was no friend to grace to help me on to God;" that I must bear the cross in praying in prayer meetings; that I must bear testimony for Jesus when the opportunity was given; that I must be active in praying for and trying to persuade sinners to come to Christ. I must lay aside every weight and be willing to be singular in dress, and my conversation must be such as becometh godliness. But I found in me a heart that was prone to leave God. Often I mourned in secret before the Lord for departures from the narrow way, and the language of my heart was:

"Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above."

A few months after my conversion, a friend gave me that precious little book, "The Christian's Manual," by Timothy Merritt. How it magnified the promises and set my soul athirst for God. My conscience was quick and tender to the least approach of sin. But when I would do good, evil was present. Oh how I felt its cruel power and cried out in the language of the apostle, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death." Often as I retired to rest these lines were in my heart:

"With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Every act of my life seemed so full of self that I abhorred myself as infinitely unworthy of such forbearance on the part of God. Yet in all this I was not in that state of condemnation as when seeking pardon. But the light of the Holy Spirit was shining on my naked heart, and I could not bear the sight. I abhorred myself as in dust and ashes. "As the heart panteth for the cooling water brooks, so panteth my soul for the living God." Months passed in this frame of mind because I did not comprehend the way of faith. I often consecrated my *entire all*; and somehow expected that Jesus would meet me in the act and witness to my inmost soul that He accepted my offering. Then, and not till then, could I accept Him as my complete Savior from sin. I would plead the promises; and this "I will receive you," and yet He does not: and why? Then I would go over the ground again and lay all on the altar and wait in expectation of a glorious manifestation. The

thought was presented, perhaps, by this thirsting for God, and this abandoning all hope in anything but the blood of Jesus the work is being done for my soul. My faith took hold on Jesus, and by looking to Him I let go of self, or rather stopped looking at my offering. I seemed to sink into a depth of love unknown before The Saviour was so infinitely near that I felt what He meant when He said "My peace I give unto you." His presence was a living reality and I feared the least omission or commission that would grieve the loving, tender Spirit away. Now I could not say "Prone to wander," for Jesus was the sun of my existence. By night and day I reposed on the bosom of infinite love. Twenty-eight years have passed since that solemn transaction in which I let go of self and everything, and by faith took hold of Jesus as my all in all. God set his seal upon me when I took hold on Him. As I received the Lord Jesus, so I retain him, viz: by entire consecration and faith.

I have ever found that He blesses me in my efforts to hold up the light. To confess the whole truth that Jesus can and will save his people from their sins. That there is no middle ground. After we see our privilege, we must come up to it, or wander back in the wilderness of sin, and doubt, and darkness. God is dishonored by this course. Wounded in the house of his friends: and, oh, the loss eternally to ourselves and others. May the light of the Spirit shine on the work, until none shall be in doubt on this important subject.

Last night we gathered around our lonely table and altar, our head had fallen; that voice was silent in death. Never did I so fully realize the Divine protection, the sheltering wing of the Almighty, thy Maker is thy husband. look to God in every minute circumstance in life as well as in this crushing bereavement, for strength and wisdom, and know that I have the things I desire of Him. Still my soul cries.

"Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee."

"Not as the world give I unto you." No, dear Saviour, since I put my hand in thine, to be led as thou wilt, and the cry of my heart has been, "Choose thou for me," Thy presence has shone in darkest hours, and alone with the angel of the covenant I still stay.—Praise God for light in darkness.—*Corr Pitts Advocate.*

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22, 1868.

Missionary Society Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada.

We acknowledge the fraternal kindness of our Canadian brethren, in forwarding us the forty-cond annual report of the operations of this society. A more than usual press of matter prevented us from bestowing at an earlier period upon this official document, the notice to which its importance so justly entitles it.

In pecuniary resources—in the number of agents—in the vast extent of the sphere of its operations—in the number of Church members and regular hearers under its pastoral care—and in the extent and efficiency of its Sabbath schools—in all these respects, this organization fills a commanding and prominent position among the religious institutions of Canada.

The following is a summary of the Society's Missions for 1866–'67.

Domestic Missions,		148
Indian	"	27
French	"	3
German	"	4
		182
Missionaries on Domestic missions,		150
On Indian	"	26
French	"	3
German	"	5
		184
Members on Domestic missions,		14,734
On Indian	"	1,755
French	"	75
German	"	176
		16,740

We are not aware how many pupils are in the Mission Sabbath schools; but it affords us pleasure to be able to say, that an Industrial school has been lately opened under very auspicious circumstances; that there are 17 day schools well attended; and that the objects of these schools, and that of the missionary work generally, are greatly promoted by the labours of 17 Teachers and 14 Interpreters.

The Missionaries and other agents of this Society are labouring in HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY—on the SHORES OF THE PACIFIC—in EASTERN CANADA, from GASPE, to the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS; and through the FRANCO-CANADIAN SETTLEMENTS; and in WESTERN CANADA, *from the foot of* LAKE ONTARIO, *to the head waters of* LAKE ERIE, and LAKE HURON.

The Evangelical character of this Missionary Institution—the catholic spirit for which it has always been distinguished—the magnitude of its operations—and the success it has achieved, appeal to our sympathies, excite our emulation, and constrain us in the language of the Royal Psalmist, to invoke the divine blessing upon every such Christian Missionary Society throughout the world, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us; that thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations." Psalm lxvii. 1-2.

The income of this society amounts to about $70,000 per annum, but although the most rigid economy is adopted in every department of the work, it is deeply in debt, which must of course impair its energy, and retard its progress; but this incubus will soon be liquidated, if not entirely cancelled by an appropriation from "The Jubilee Fund;" and then it will go on its way, with renewed strength, and with augmented prosperity, owing no man anything but love; laboring to extend the borders of SION, and to promote the glory of God in the salvation of the souls of men.

"Arise, O God, maintain thy cause"
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of thy cross.
And all shall own thou diedst for all."

Death of Rev. Dr. Hannah.

By the last English mail we have the painful tidings of the removal by the hand of death of another of the fathers of our Israel. The hope was entertained that Dr. Hannah, though in comparative retirement, might yet be spared to the Church for many years. But a severe cold, taken early in December, induced congestion of the lungs, under which he gradually sank, and on Sunday, Dec. 29th, he passed from an earthly to a heavenly Sabbath. The *Watchman* in a communicated article gives the information, that on Saturday, 28th ult., the President of the Conference and Mr. John Napier, of Manchester, visited Dr. Hannah, and found him in a prostrate state. When the President prayed at his bed-side, the venerable sufferer's utterances were feeble and indistinct, but calm and joyous Perceiving Mr. Napier near the bed, he took his hand and said, "My dear friend, Mr. Napier, all is well, I shall soon be where the weary are for ever at rest."

The Methodist Recorder in noticing his death speaks of him as one of "the most learned, estimable, and faithful of men, whose name has for half a century been an ornament to the Methodist ministry, and whose abilities and virtues will be remembered with admiration and love so long as the present generation exists."

Dr. Hannah's full services as a Methodist Minister had been continued for fifty-three years, from 1814, when he received his first appointment, until the Conference of 1867, when he resigned his trust as Theological Professor, which post he had honorably and successfully occupied since 1834. On two occasions, in 1842 and 1851, he was honoured by his brethren by being elected to the highest position of our Church, that of President of the Conference, and twice was he chosen to represent British Methodism at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

From a sketch given in the *Recorder* we make an extract:—

"Throughout all our churches, and particularly with the hundreds of ministers at home and abroad whom his professional instructions have laid under a felt and enduring obligation, there will be mourning as for the loss of a father. Beyond our own ecclesiastical boundaries, among members of other sections of the universal fold, by whom his catholic and gentle spirit was not unknown or unappreciated, the lament will pass from one to another, 'Know ye not that a prince and a great man has this day fallen in Israel?'

"Dr. Hannah was a native of the city of Lincoln. From his boyhood he was distinguished for his love of study; and when he entered the ministry, being then about twenty-one years of age, confident expectation was entertained, notwithstanding his extreme and embarrassing timidity as a youth, that he would rise to distinction in the service of the Church. In 1834 he was appointed Theological Tutor in the Wesleyan Theological Institution, then newly commenced. It was a remarkable circumstance that a man so young should have been selected for a post of such delicacy and responsibility; for the establishment of a Theological Institution had been strenuously opposed, and it was well known that all the proceedings of the new college, and particularly the instructions given by the tutors, and the doctrine, style, and deportment of the students, would have to undergo the closest and keenest scrutiny on the part of the public. The result completely justified the choice which had been made; and when, after the first two or three years of labour, Dr. Hannah was enabled to turn out such men as John Hunt, James Calvert, and William Arthur, it was felt that his position was established, and that further opposition to the institution would be nugatory.

"It is difficult to estimate how much our Church owes to the venerable man who has just ceased to be amongst us. It is no light matter to have been engaged for thirty-three years in forming the theology and in guiding the early studies of the rising ministry. Nor is it too much to say that the remarkable steadiness, clearness, simplicity, and evangelical orthodoxy of the Wesleyan pulpit during the last quarter of a century, when conflicting theories and doctrines unknown to the Gospel have rent and agitated other Churches, are owing in great measure to Dr. Hannah, and to his colleague at the southern college, Mr. Jackson. Reverence for the Inspired Word, and respect for the ancient landmarks, pervaded all Dr. Hannah's productions, whether in the lecture-room or in the pulpit."

"The Methodist Temperance Magazine."

A new Methodist monthly for the advocacy of Total Abstinence, has made its appearance, under the editorial management of three Ministers of the British Conference—the Revds. Geo. Maunder, Chas. Garrett and T. B. Stephenson. Abstainers, we are happy to learn, are on the increase among our fathers and brethren in the parent land; there being now two hundred and fifty practical temperance men in the Wesleyan Ministry of Great Britain. The editors take the ground of Christian expediency, as a warrant for making Total Abstinence a part of their religion, and hope to succeed in their enterprise by the exercise of gentleness, charity and truth. The *Methodist Recorder* remarks, "This is the true, and indeed the only way to permanently advance the cause—on the ground of Christian expediency, and in charitable good-temper. The names of the editors are a sufficient guarantee, both for the ability with which the publication will be conducted, and for the spirit of temperance and patience toward conflicting opinions which we are assured will distinguish each successive issue. They believe that they have something to say, and that now is the time to say it; and were any advocacy of ours necessary, it should be forthcoming, to bespeak for them a kind and candid reception from that great Church to which they more especially address themselves."

A supply of the January number of this valuable auxiliary in the Temperance cause has been received at the Wesleyan Book Room, and will be mailed to subscribers in the Provinces regularly every month, at the low rate of 40 cents per annum.

Timidity of Pastors.

A year since, two friends of a pastor were discussing the liberality of his people in providing for his comfort. "Why is it," said one, "that they are so much more generous toward their pastor than other churches, in proportion to their means?" "Because," said the other, "he has schooled them to such liberality toward the various benevolent causes of the day, that they have come to apply the same scale of giving to himself and his family." The answer was correct, and the principle is one of universal application.

Another pastor, at a meeting held in his own church and with many of his people present *gave a timid apology* for having neglected an important collection in which other churches had joined. His people were indignant. "It is not true" said his leading men after the meeting. "It is not true that the money could not have been raised. Our pastor knows that he had but to ask for it, and it would have been cheerfully contributed. We never knew of this matter, and are ashamed that such an impression of us should go abroad." The principle here involved is also of universal application.

Will it not be found to be true that one of the greatest obstacles to the beneficence of the churches is the timidity of pastors? Ministers are afraid to ask them to give. It is to be hoped that the instances are few in which a mercenary spirit lies at the bottom of this reluctance—a fear perhaps that less will be done for the support of the Gospel at home. More frequently it is mere timidity. The pastor does really do his people injustice. He thinks they are miserly and parsimonious, when really their hearts are large and full of sympathy, and they are ready to give if only they know what they are giving for, and satisfied that their contributions will do good. Now we believe that a minister too often underrates both the intelligence and the liberality of his people—he places too low an estimate upon their character, and makes them more selfish and sordid than they are. At least he underrates their capability of *becoming* generous and large-hearted under a proper training. And worse than all he actually misrepresents that Christianity which in its very nature breaks open the heart hardened with selfishness, and expands it into all benevolent giving and doing, and which at its outset not only taught its disciples to contribute regularly *every week*, but in many cases let them to share "all things in common."

That great truth of the Gospel that "It is better to give than to receive," is nowhere more signally verified than in the history of pastors and churches. The people who are taught to give liberally to all the great benevolent objects of the Church, will invariably show a corresponding enlargement in every other respect.—They will rise to a more intelligent type of piety, and enjoy a broader horizon of interest and sympathy towards Christ's whole Kingdom.—They will be more earnest and more united in all home efforts. Church debts will be paid, and timely improvements made in all the conveniences of worship. The Sabbath-school will keep pace with the quickened spirit of the times, the pastor will be more generously supported, more deeply rooted in the affections of his people, more highly respected, and therefore more influential for good in the community in which he lives. On the other hand who has ever known an instance in which a shrinking and timid policy has not more and more belittled the whole spirit of a congregation; narrowed its sympathies, dwarfed all its energies, cut short its self-development—in a word, shrunken and withered up the church and pastor together? The process may be gradual and slow, but it is sure.

When charity is dead, debts also remain unpaid, needed improvements will pass in neglect, salaries will be paid only with difficulty or not at all, and ere many months or years the pulpit will be written a vacant, and a despairing minister will be left to the sole occupation of writing letters of inquiry *for a place.*

Ministers' Wives.

The English *Independent* has the following sensible remarks, which are just as true on this side of the Atlantic as the other.

It is one of the commonest practical heresies in our Congregational Churches that a minister's wife sustains a semi-official relation to her husband's people, and that they have certain claims upon her time and strength which she cannot overlook without incurring blame. A doctor's wife owes no duties to her husband's patients; a lawyer's wife no duties to her husband's clients; but a minister's wife is regarded as a kind of lady-bishop, or at least an unordained curate, who, by virtue of her position, is bound to discharge innumerable services to the congregation. She may be a young girl, with no experience of human life and church business, but is expected to become the active president of all the benevolent institutions supported by the ladies of her husband's charge. She may have three or four little children whom she has to teach herself, and whose dresses must be made and mended by her own hands, but she is expected to visit all the sick and the poor. She has her natural sympathies, and however warm her heart may be towards every one who likes her husband's preaching, she cannot be the intimate and confidential friend of every lady that belongs to the church; and people, who themselves are far from being distinguished for a universal charity, are indignant if she finds one house pleasanter than another and if she naturally associates with ladies of her own age and with kindred tastes.

All this is unreasonable and absurd. Her husband may have been a "candidate" for the pulpit when it was vacant, but she did not come to the people on "probation." Her husband receives an income in acknowledgement of his services, but she receives none. She may be a good and wise Christian woman, and yet have no faculty for presiding at committees, and may even be too sensitive and shy to pray with the sick.

Must a minister never lose his heart to a bright-eyed woman whose goodness, and sense, and humor, and grace take his fancy? Must he always inquire, first, whether she is clever at managing a Dorcas Society and can hold her own in a committee? Must he ask her to spend a month on trial among his people, and get, "a majority of two thirds," of the ladies in her favor, before he ventures to propose? He may cordially admire and honor women who have the special faculty, as well as the religious earnestness, for taking the lead in every kind of Christian work; but is he unfaithful to the church and to his Master if he thinks good to take for a wife a woman of a shy and timid spirit, who would be ill for a month if she had to "take the chair" at a ladies' meeting, but who knows how to charm him into oblivion of his anxieties, can win his wearied mind away from incessant thought about his work, and can wander with him in the pleasant paths of reading and speculation, which refresh and regenerate the exhausted strength?

Useless Things that are Useful.

There is a class of people wholly absorbed in the idea of work and profit. Their test of everything is found in the question: Will it pay? They see only the hard and solid side of life, and believe in nothing so profoundly as hard work. The earth is useful for its mines of iron, of silver of gold, and for its capacity of producing grain, cotton or tobacco. The sea is of great value because it is the highway between the nations and is rich in fisheries. The sky is not to be overlooked, for it pours out fruitful rains, and yields the needful heat for the teeming crops, while at the same time it furnishes the lamps by which the mariner carries on the world's enriching commerce. Such people believe in no carriages except carts and drays; they hold to no painting except of houses and farming utensils as a means of preserving the wood; dress with them has no relations to pleasure or taste, but is a mere protection against cold and heat. In a word, they are lost in the idea of labor and its uses. They have never dreamed that anything is of real, solid value except work and its results.

These men are found even in the Church, and their favourite idea rules them there just as it does in business. They see no use in a carpet on the church-floor, or in a cushion on the benches; and to them it is worse than folly to have either the one or the other handsome. The organ spoils the music; science in singing must destroy devotion; a tower on a church is an unmeaning addition to a building after it is completed, and an architectural portico is as useless an expense as it would be for the same head to wear two hats. They believe in hard knocks, without poetry or rhetoric. Human nature is to be converted by compass and square, or rather by hammer and anvil, and not by humoring its æsthetic caprices.

Another class, the antipodes of these, see even the useful things of the world mostly, if not solely, on their æsthetical side. These, in matters of dress, are intent only on the display of their persons and the admiration of fools. Their very stables and other outhouses, to say nothing of their dwellings, tell the story of their exaggerated tastes. In the beauty of the world they forget the munificence of the Creator, and in the Church they incline to run into surplices, wax candles, and dainty responses and genuflexions. The solid food of the Gospel revolts them without a lisp, and even tears are voted coarse, unless artistically shed. Use is nothing. It is almost a pity that the coarser wants of the body require to be met by eating and drinking: the beauty of the table and its furniture shows the mouth and cheeks in ugly contrast; prose ought to be poetry, speech ought to be music, music ought to be angelic, the Church ought to be a sacred show, and men and women are at fault for not being angels.

Both of these classes are extremes gone to seed. The men of mere use would strip off the blossoms from the peach and apple trees; they would level the world to a vast plain; they would have the grass grow up already hay, to save the trouble of drying it; they would destroy fragrance, and reduce the infinite variety of flavor to the dead level of utter insipidity. All life would come to consist in a monotonous oscillation between deep, dreamless sleep and hard and productive labor. Such a world is not at all akin to the one we behold around us, and the tendency which it represents is the spirit of old "King Log"—a dumb and futile reproach to the truth of nature. The man of mere taste, on the other hand, would never allow the trees to drop their blossoms: the fruit might perish, if only flower and fragrance might endure He would almost have the landscape painted on the earth's surface, instead of growing, so that foliage and grass might never become ugly in decay. Such a spirit we sometimes see represented in cases where dainty culture is further attenuated by extreme vanity; what nature meant for a man or woman has become a butterfly.

For this class there is but little hope. It is of no use to argue when there is no longer a soul. They are refined into mere nonentities, and the best aimed exhortation must fail to strike an object of such extreme thinness. But is there not some hope for the other class? Surely the men who dig the world's wealth out of its bosom, who make the earth's great crops of corn and wheat, and other forms of vegetable riches; who invent the machinery of the world, and spin its cotton, wool and silk; who build its barns and factories, and wharves, and railroads—surely the great workers of the world, who understand so much, can be brought to see that many of the things which are useless in their sense are, in another sense of the highest utility. The great factories are built, frequently, in sight of terrestial magnificence; railroads take their way through the glory of mountains and the gentle beauty of valleys. The wool and silk which they spin take colors which vie in brilliancy with the stars. In the trees which fall before their axes lie hidden the beauty of the finest grain and the most varied tints; while in the quarries slumber all the perfection of a thousand statues. Upon all their toil and its vast accumulation of results shines down the witchery and enchantment of the blue sky. The coarsest utilities of nature are like the well-blacked shoe, which, from its humble position, sends up its sable glitter. Surely it is worth while to see the beauty of things—to cultivate that upon which the Creator has spent such a wealth of loving ingenuity. This beauty, let into our souls, and ordering and arranging, and presenting all our utilities, must make them still more useful. We were not made to be either boors or butterflies. The polish of utility by beauty is another use, whether in manners or morals, in church or in the house, Heaven will be the consummate flower of beauty; but holiness, truth and love will be the eternal substance out of which it shall bloom.—*Methodist.*

The Offensive Plate.

The *Examiner and Chronicle* gives the following letter, received from the Baptist Home Mission Rooms:

I have in my Church a member who cannot "bear sound words," or words that have in them the *sound* of benevolence. I really think the presence of an agent is more offensive to him than the presence of a Sabbath-breaker or a profane swearer.

It was because of his determined opposition to all "subscription papers," contribution plates, etc., that I failed to send you anything for home missions during my first year of labor here as your missionary.

You will never know how mortified I was all the year to be sending my reports and receiving your drafts for my support, and not a single expression of appreciation from my people in the form of a contribution to your treasury. They were willing to do, but they were all afraid of Brother Little. At the beginning of the present year I told them plainly that I could no longer receive support from you unless they would do more for themselves, and make a quarterly contribution to your treasury. Some said that would be too often. I replied, that would be but making up lost time, as we did nothing last year. Others said that we should drive Brother Little away if we went to talking about money or passed the plates for a collection. I replied that I did not wish to drive any one away; but if Brother Little would leave them if they passed the plate, and their pastor and the Home Mission Society would leave them if they did not pass it, they had only to choose between the two. I had asked God's forgiveness, and now I asked theirs, that I had labored with them for a whole year, while they did only the praying, and let the Home Mission Society do the giving. If I remained longer it must be with the express understanding that *their prayers and their alms were to go "up together before God."* It was accordingly agreed that the plate should be passed on every Lord's day, to receive the offerings of those who had it in their heart to give. Brother Little was not present, but he soon heard of the decision of the Church, and was loud in condemning it. He stopped me in the street to condemn it, and to warn me of the consequences. He said, "The man who put a plate under his nose on the Sabbath insulted him and desecrated the holy day." The Sabbath came. The Church and congregation had assembled. I read the eighth and ninth chapters of 2d Corinthians. I never before saw so much in these chapters, and do not think the people ever did. All united in prayer and songs of praise.

I preached from the words of the Lord Jesus, "how he said, *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

No man seemed more interested than Brother Little; but as soon as the sermon was closed, and the brethren who had been selected for the service started with the plates, he left the house. As he was leaving, some one was heard to say, "Brother Little is a hearer, but not a doer of the word." The collection amounted to $20, which I enclose to you. It is the first fruit of ——. The Lord willing you shall hear from us again, and often. God bless you! But I must tell you that on his way home, after leaving the church, Brother Little stopped at the house of neighbour Sabin where he freed his mind. Among other things he repeated what he had said to me, that, "any person who put a plate under his nose on the Sabbath insulted him and desecrated the day." Meantime Mrs. Sabin had returned from church. Dinner was ready. Brother Little was invited to dine with the family. All were seated at the table. Brother Little had asked a blessing. Others had been served with full plates: then neighbor Sabin turning to Brother Little, said, "We have gathered from your conversation that you *hated the sight of a plate*, consequently my wife and I have not thought best to *insult* you by placing one before you. You will please help yourself." Never did one leave a table more angry, or leave a house in greater haste. Heaven pity him! I think the Church can live as long and be as happy without him, as he can be without the Church.

Lecture in Windsor.

It was our privilege last evening to listen to a lecture of the most choice kind, delivered by the Rev. H. McKeown. The subject was,—"Ireland and the Irish." We have on former occasions been interested and delighted by the wit and vivid illustrations of this gentleman, who can compel an audience to laugh or weep as he may will; but last evening he seemed to be endowed with more than his ordinary power.

His discourse gave us a complete sketch of the history of Ireland, from her infancy to the disturbances of her lawless Fenian band. Rolling back the tide of time for centuries, he presented to our view the Emerald Isle as visited by the eastern explorer, hundreds of years before the laws of Moses had yielded to the milder dispensation of the world's Redeemer; how, even then, the turf was as green and beautiful in her smiling valles as it now is. We heard how this wonderful island grew from infancy to vigorous manhood, enjoying all the privileges of a free-born people; powerful, as a nation, in war; hospitable, and pure in morals, as citizens; devoted and zealous, as religious worshippers; and commanding the highest position, as a civilized and educated people. Happy was the peaceful home, in the green isle, besieged by the ocean, until the cupidity of the ruthless warrior tempted him to plant upon her shores the invader's standard, making her hills and vales re-echo with the shrill blast of the trumpet, and the clash of hostile arms. Many a poor son of Erin, who never before had wielded a more offensive weapon than the cudgel used at the fair to bid *good morning* to his friend, was called upon to defend his freedom, his religion, and all the sacred rights of home.

The lecturer then directed our attention to "Fair Erin" as a conquered nation, the scene of bloodshed and tragedy. While England is changing monarchs, Ireland is often the land afflicted by sanguinary contest. It was over her fair fields that Cromwell marched with his iron legions; while by generous Englishmen her misfortunes are termed crimes; but we are happy to state, that the Revd. gentleman, in his faithful description, failed not to present her merits in their true light, telling of her ancient literary fame; how, in *her* institutions and monasteries, letters were cultivated, and preserved from the rude hands of the spoiler. We heard from him the tale, that shall never grow old, of Irish blood commingled with English on that field of battle that decided the fate of the world, and sent into exile a warrior who had bathed Europe in blood, and at whose bidding monarchs resigned their thrones.

Irish eloquence was not forgotten; Burke and Sheridan, with many others of renowned talent, that have shone like stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of ancient and modern fame, had their place justly assigned, as second to none in all the powers that can thrill an audience, or sway the human mind.

Fenianism, which has convulsed Ireland with commotion, and has rolled its restless waves to one side of the Atlantic, formed part of the speaker's discourse. He set forth the follies of the whole scheme, and recommended as a cure for the Irishman's ills, the enlightenment which education brings, and the sweet peace of the Gospel.

We understand that there is to be a series of lectures in this village, of which this is the second, the first having been given by the Hon. Joseph Howe; and from such a happy commencement we hope much for the future.

PRÆSENS.

King's College, Jan. 15, 1868.

The Missionary Hens.

Parson Warburton had been settled over a small church in a farming community long enough to become experimentally familiar with the peculiar parochial trials incident to a scattered population.

The heart of the good parson was largely interested in his people's welfare. Being well aware of the healthful and expensive effects of benevolence, he had sought to enlist their sympathies in the cause of missions, and induce them to exert themselves for its support beyond the small and ceremonious droppings of the monthly collection. He had preached missionary sermons full of inevitable logic. He had secured subscriptions to quite a goodly number of copies of a small missionary paper. He had contrived to work the subject into the Sunday-school; and finally, by strenuous efforts, he had raised money enough to buy a set of missionary maps, which, on the recurrence of every "monthly concert," he took care to refer to and explain.

But though in all this variety of labor the worthy minister undoubtedly sowed much good seed, he had the mortification of seeing his congregation marvelously ready to forget sermon, and paper, and story, and map, so soon as they were out of sight and hearing, and totally unable to fathom the good man's strange theory that they could be liberal without being rich.

Still Deacons Spicer and Knox continued periodically to travel up and down the aisles, greeted with the smothered chink of "fourpences" and half-dimes, and still at the close of each "financial year" the stolid church treasurer reported, without winking, the fatal pittance "for missions" of *seven dollars and forty cents.*

Parson Warburton was not the man to say fail, however. He studied and prayed over the matter, and kept watch for new suggestions.

At last a thought occurred to him which was speedily made practical in the measure designated in the title of our article.

One day, while out on one of his pastoral rides, he stopped to see Aunt Janeway, and, as he had done before, to take dinner with her. He found the good lady busy at her hen-coop.

"Ha," quoth he to himself, "here's a good hint; who shall say I may not make profit by it to the cause of Christ?"

The scene of the housewife among her fowls had furnished him with something better than a sermon.

"Well aunty," said he, after exchanging greetings with his parishioner, "you have a fine lot of poultry here. How many in all?"

"Twenty," said she, "and a hundred chickens."

"And you'll realize a handsome sum for them in the fall, as is proper and right you should," concluded the parson, and the two went into the house.

"She is not the only sister in my Church whose pride is in her poultry," thought the parson, as he followed Aunt Janeway in by the front door.

He made this triumphant generalization with all the satisfaction of a philosopher who has discovered the working principle of a great social problem.

"Aunty," said he, after he had listened patiently to quite a lengthy disquisition upon her poultry affairs by the good lady while she laid the dinner table, "I want to make a proposition to you."

"What is it?" inquired Aunt Janeway, very simply.

"You know it is very right and Christian-like to lay by something according as the Lord has prospered us, for the support and extension of his Gospel. I want you to promise to give this year *the proceeds of one hen* to the cause of missions."

"Why, I never thought of that," said Aunt Janeway; "I supposed it was money they wanted."

"To be sure, aunty," returned the minister, "nothing is easier than to make it money. I said the *proceeds*, you understand."

"O yes, yes. Well, I don't know but I will, I'll see. But come; sit up and have dinner."

They talked the matter over at the meal, and when at length Parson Warburton took his leave he carried with him Aunt Janeway's promise of a year's profit of one of her hens.

Full of his new idea, and stimulated by the success of his first experiment with it, he now called, at his earliest convenience, on every one of his parishioners, and skillfully varying his approaches according to the peculiarities of each case, introduced the subject of the "one hen" contribution.

His effort prospered famously. He was shrewd enough to make his first trials in the likeliest quarters, so that by the time he reached the more stubborn cases he had a long list of subscribers to back his arguments.

To recount the particulars of all his personal interviews with the donors would be too long a story for our limits. Suffice it to say, that after several weeks of indefatigable exertion he secured the pledge of every housewife in his parish to devote to the cause of missions the proceeds of one hen for the current year.

Of course this novel expedient of the minister provoked an unlimited amount of talk. He meant it should, or, at least, he knew it *would*, and rather encouraged than repressed the loquacity that seemed to advertise his innocent plan.

When the list was full, or rather after every adult name had been secured, he told the Sunday School, with quiet exultation, and a pleasant twinkle in his eye, how many subscribers he had obtained. After an apt story or two about child benevolence, he assured the young scholars that neither he nor their parents had any notion of leaving *them* out of the good enterprise. He then drove the nail in the sure place by proposing that every boy and girl should take stock in the missonary fund by contributing *a chicken.*

The plan pleased the children mightily, and before Monday had passed nearly every coop in the parish had at least one marked missionary chicken in it.

The stir caused by the playfully practical turn given to its benevolence by the inventive parson, was beyond all that had happened to that quiet Church for unremembered years. It was amusing (considering its cause) to witness the growing enthusiasm for the cause of missions—unprecedented numbers came to the monthly concert to hear the *Missionary Herald* read and the maps explained. The sewing society began to feel the healthful influence.—Gossip forgot her small slander and quoted poultry. The sleepy parish had found just what it needed—a way to do its duty and get wholesome fun out of it. On the whole, Parson Warburton, as he went his rounds and saw what a "hen fever" he had excited, felt not at all reluctant to take the responsibility of it.

Time rolled on. The fowls grew—as everything must when fed in the regular way—magnifying, week by week, the promise of their "proceeds," until the child contributors to the heathen fund, who had graded their philanthropic generosity by the size of a four ounce chicken, supposed to represent a cash value of about one cent, opened their eyes wide to find themselves, each one, the self-sacrificing proprietor of a four pound cockerel or pullet worth a dollar. The older subscribers, watching the increase of their broods began, (some of them) to think the Lord's mortgage a pretty large one. We are afraid that two or three of the good housewives who had not pledged a particular hen in the spring, failed to select the *most successful* one in the fall.—Be that as it may, at any rate, an unusual "run of luck" in the poultry line signalized that year among the farmers of Parson Warburton's parish. Jacob's fortune seemed to have come to their barns and left the "pilled rods" in their hen's nests and feed troughs.

The worthy minister, of course, took care to assure them that the thrift in their feathered stock was all owing to the fact of its having been tithed.

At last the time came for harvesting the results.

It was November, and the consecrated fowls were all fat and ready for the sacrifice—night after night the various roosts of the neighbourhood resounded with the familiar "squall" that told of a farm-slaughter, and very early one morning the capacious and significant looking wagon of deacon Spicer drove soberly through the parish, and stopped at nearly every house "taking in cargo." Matrons and spinsters, brought out, each one, her yellow-footed sheaf of "proceeds," securely tied and labeled, to add to the load, and expectant youngsters watched *en dishabille* from frosted windows to see that their single offerings were put upon the sacred pile.

Busily from door to door travelled the deacon's team, till the last "batch" was stowed away, and with a clean white sheet tucked down over the marrowy merchandize, the stout vehicle rumbled off to the market town. The conscientious old farmer felt all the importance of his load and his errand, and resolved that not a wing of the precious lot in his wagon should be "fooled away"—not if he knew it.

Arrived at the market, the sharpness with which he drove his bargains with the poulterers did full credit to his resolution. He was in good season at the buyer's stand, and disposed of his load to good advantage. He came home at night with the money in his great wallet. To add *eclat* to the enterprise, and create occasion among the younger portion of his people to remember its returns, Parson Warburton had proposed to fix a day for all the parish to meet in the meeting-house and hear the report of the hen "proceeds." The day appointed was the day following Deacon Spicer's sale of the poultry at the market. At any other time such a meeting would have been voted entirely out of order, and not to be thought of at all; but now, with the spell of a new benevolence upon their hearts, and a tempting secret before their curiosity, the good people not only endorsed the meeting with their consent, but *went to it*; thronged it as they never had thronged even a donation party.

The choir had made special preparations, and really the affair opened like another dedication. Men and women looked happy; youths and maidens in all their best dress, looked bright and proud. Children—of course they were all there—looked radiant with importance and expectation.

But none looked more happy, more proud more radiant than parson Warburton. He stood up before his congregation, (it seemed as if they never had been so attentive,) and after giving a humourous account of the inception and progress of the enterprise whose success had called them together, his adventures in the prosecution of it, etc, he proceeded to read the names of the contributors, old and young, with the amount in money realized from each one's poultry pledge, and carried out in the margin.

And what do you think it footed up? *Four hundred and thirty dollars!*

The simple auditory could hardly believe their ears. For a moment all stared in breathless amazement, their faces written all over with exclamation points. There could be no mistake about it, however. They had the items. But when it was announced that a full list of the names of the donors would be sent to the room of the "Board," with the money, and *published in the missionary paper*, the children could scarcely restrain their exultant enthusiasm.

At just the right time 'Coronation' was struck up, and the congregation, joining the choir with right good will, sung their triumph into tolerable control by the aid of music and meter.

A short prayer, full of eloquent thanksgiving, closed the exercises, and the delighted assembly dispersed to their homes.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

A gentleman belonging to this city has disposed of a large coal claim in Pictou County, to a Canadian Company, for $70,000.

A young man named Wm. Kaulback, of La Have, while chopping wood one day last week had his left thigh dislocated by the falling of a tree.

Rev. J. A. Rogers, of Dartmouth, will deliver a lecture to-morrow evening in the hall of the Howard Lodge of British Templars, basement of Salem Church. Subject:—"The Egypt of the Bible; the Egypt of history."

A St. John N. B. paper says that the Eastern Express brought on Tuesday night one hundred thousand dollars of the half million of Dominion Government paper intended for circulation in New Brunswick. The remainder of the amount will probably reach here by next steamer.

MYSTERIOUS.—A coloured man named Smith died in Preston last week. Before his death he sent for a woman also resident there, and asked her if she was not going to confess. He then made a statement to the effect that some years ago a pedlar was murdered on the premises occupied by this woman, robbed of £72, and buried in the cellar of said premises.—*Rec.*

Hon.bles. A. G. Archibald, Thomas Archibald, Edward Kenny and Dr. Tupper took passage in the *Etna* for New York on their way to Ottawa.

The P. E. Island Legislature is to meet on the 4th March.

The Anniversary of the Mic-Mac Mission was held on Thursday evening in Poplar Grove Church. The devoted Missionary, Rev. Mr. Rand, recounted the trials, labors, encouragements and success of the year, with a simple pathos that commanded the rapt attention of the audience for an hour or more. We are glad to learn that financially and spiritually the Mission is prospering.—*Witness.*

REV. G. W. HILL'S LECTURE.—On Tuesday evening of last week the Rev. Mr. Hill lectured in Temperance Hall to a very large audience for the benefit of the Halifax Industrial School, his subject being "Six Weeks in Paris and London." The Revd. lecturer entered into a minute and interesting description of what he had seen in Paris, and the mistakes he had fallen into through his mispronunciation of French. The Exposition and its features were vividly and eloquently described. This part of his lecture was intensely interesting. He then returned to London, and entered into a minute description of the places he there visited. London was the place for noble institutions—Infirmaries and Hospitals and Asylums—noble institutions greeted the eye in every direction. Mr. Hill then spoke more particularly of the Industrial Schools. Turning from Schools to Churches, as the two things of most interest to him as a clergyman, he took his audience with him into several churches; showed that in both the churches worshipping after a puritanic fashion, and those worshipping after a Ritualistic plan, the congregations all joined in the singing. He said nothing appeared to him so different as the singing. Everybody heartily joined. The churches where ritualism put on its most gorgeous appearance, were small and incapable of holding large congregations. St. Albans, of which we have heard so much was a very small church. He then described at length Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle—what crowds attended—how difficult he had found it to get in till he announced himself as *a clergyman from Canada* which announcement acted as an *open sesame* and admitted him by the side door before the great doors in front were opened. He declared Mr. Spurgeon one of the most remarkable men of the age, and gave one or two passages of the sermons he had himself heard, as illustrations of his power as a speaker.

HALIFAX YOUNG MEN'S WESLEYAN INSTITUTE.—A public meeting of this Institute was held on Friday evening 17th inst., in the basement of Brunswick St. Church, when Thomas F. Knight, Esq. read an admirable lecture, entitled "The Intellectual System." Under this caption the lecturer treated of the philosophy of human knowledge. He referred to the various systems of philosophy from Socrates to Bacon: extolled the syllogism, and maintained its universal applicability; his views of which were ingeniously illustrated on the black-board. He closed his lecture, which comprised but the first part of his extensive subject, with an eloquent appeal to his young hearers to enter the open doors of the temple of learning—and while "intermeddling with all knowledge" to "prove all things—hold fast that which is good."

The choir of the church kindly responded to the request of the committee, and contributed greatly to the interest and pleasure of the meeting by the performance, at intervals, of several pieces of sacred music; which it is needless to say were rendered with their accustomed excellence.

After the passage of a vote of thanks to the lecturer and the choir the meeting separated.—COM.

The Annual Meeting of the Y. M. C. Association will be held (D.V.) on Saturday Evening next, Jan. 25th, in the Rooms of the Association.—Chair to be taken at ½ past 7 o'clock.

Members are requested to attend.

On Thursday evening the Mission Sabbath School, under Mr. Grierson's management, held its anniversary in the Acadian Hall. There were about 300 present—a motly gathering from Albermarle, Grafton and Barrack streets. After a most comfortable Tea, the children were addressed by Rev. G. M. Grant, Mr. Grierson, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. W. Silver and Mr. R. Murray. Hymns were sung with great spirit by the children. Indeed we have never heard better singing in any Sabbath School. Large as was the gathering good order was preserved throughout and the children were attentive to the speakers. Miss Cogswell and other benevolent ladies were present to give their countenance and aid.—*Wit.*

ST. JOHN, N. B., MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—The Missionary Meeting held in the Germain street Wesleyan Church on Tuesday evening was a peculiarly interesting and successful one. The audience was large and appreciative, and with but few exceptions remained till the close of the service at ten o'clock. R. Robertson, Esq., occupied the chair, and

dress full of reminiscences of early Methodism in St. John. A short report of the Society's operations was given by Rev. C. Stewart; and short but animated and excellent addresses were afterwards given by the Revs. J. England, W. W. Perkins, D. Chapman, (of Fairville,) W. H. Heartz, J. R. Narraway, A. M., J. B. Strong, and by Messrs. Jas Sullivan, T. Stubbs, Geo E. King, M. P. P., and T. C. Humbert. Some of the oldest members of the congregation affirm that the occasion was never surpassed in the variety and interest of the addresses, or in the hallowed tone of the service, by any similar meeting held in the same place. The collection, was, for these times, good; and it is hoped that the subscriptions will be augmented by the delightful anniversary meeting which has just been held.

This, Thursday, evening, at 7 o'clock, the second public meeting of the series will be held in the Centenary Church, and on Friday evening at the same hour a similar meeting will be held in the Portland Wesleyan Church. The same speakers will be present. A public collection will be made at the close of each service.—*St. John Paper.*

Mr. Theriault has been returned for the seat in the representation of Victoria County in the Local Legislature of N. B., rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Hibbert, beating three opponents.—*News.*

FIRE.—The residence of Mr. Joshua Hillman, together with his farm produce—potatoes, turnips, flour, pork, etc, etc., and most of the furniture, was burned on Wednesday evening, 1st inst. There was no insurance on the property. The loss is estimated at $1,400. Mr. H's friends and neighbors have generously contributed towards repairing his losses.—*Fredericton paper.*

A most miraculous escape from death occurred on the Railway on Thursday week. A man named Hamilton was carrying or handling a keg of gunpowder when it exploded, fearfully shattering him, and injuring very severely a Mr. McKay, who was near by. Strange to relate, both the injured men are now in a fair way of recovery, but the positive amount of lasting injuries cannot yet be known. Hamilton will entirely lose one of his eyes. Dr. Campbell was in attendance, promptly rendering every assistance.—*Sentinel.*

Mr. Moses Austin, a man well known in this town and neighborhood, dropped dead at Mr. James Gallagher's door on Tuesday morning. Cause, disease of the heart. A Coroner's inquest was held by Dr. Connell, and a verdict in accordance with the facts rendered.—*Ib.*

DISCOVERY OF A LEAD MINE.—We were shown yesterday, by Mr. John H. Harding, specimens of ore found a short distance to the west of Quispamsis Station on the railway to Shediac. One of the samples is almost pure Lead—such as is used in the "sheet lead" with which tea chests are lined, and for an hundred other purposes; the other samples were smaller, but scarcely inferior in purity. A quantity of the ore has already been taken out. The seams—four in number—give some eight feet in thickness of the lead. It is not improbable that Silver will be found in the ore.—*Telegraph.*

THE POSTAL BILL (says the Quebec *Chronicle*) "has raised a very pretty hornet's nest in the Lower Provinces. The Antis are calling down the vengeance of the people on the heads of the Union Party—and they are obliged to eat the leak with as good grace as possible. The people down that way believe that the free circulation of the newspaper is one of the best school-masters they can have. Time and again they have defeated every project for taxing the news. Was it worth while to give the Antis party this whip over our Union friends, for such a miserable, contemptible tax as this Postal Bill seeks to impose? We think not."

The new Stamp Act will come into operation on 1st February.

United States.

The Senate has refused to sustain the action of President Johnson in suspending Stanton. The report of the Military Committee, disapproving of Mr. Stanton's suspension, has been followed by a resolution of thanks from the House to Genl. Grant for his protest against the action of the President, and a resolution condemning the President for the removal of General Sherman.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—An Havana letter of the 11th says:—"The city is full of startling rumors, which I have been unable to trace to any authentic source. There is a report that the garrison of Puerto Prince, P. R., have revolted because they have not received their pay. Another report is that the Spanish Minister at Washington had sent a telegram to the Captain General, directing that officer to hold the troops in readiness as the American fleet would pass by the island to take possession of St. Thomas, and would try to excite a revolt in Porto Rico, and that the people will vote for annexation to the United States as soon as St. Thomas shall have been transferred."

Gold 138 3 8.

European.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—It is reported that Lord Bloomfield, British Minister to Austria, and Lord Clarendon, have gone to Rome, to request the Pope to use his influence with the inhabitants of Ireland for the suppression of Fenian agitation.

The preliminary examination of the prisoner Lennox was concluded. Evidence was given to the effect that he was the leader of the attack on the Police at Stephinny last spring. He was held for trial on the charge of high treason.

The aggressive policy of the Russian Government causes much alarm in Turkey. The *Northern Post* of St. Petersburg has a noticeable letter on the subject. The writer declares that Russia does not desire an extension of territory, and her only aim to secure the safety of the subjects of the Porte.

The St. Petersburg Gazette asserts that both England and France have urged the Sultan to make extensive military and naval preparations in the Mediterranean.

The intelligence of the death of Maximilian was for the first time communicated to Carlotta four days ago. The effect of the announcement on the mind and health of the Archduchess is not known.

The remains of Maximilian were landed at Trieste, from the *Novara* this morning, with the most solemn ceremonies and in the presence of immense crowds of silent people gathered on buildings, piers and shipping. The cortege was escorted by a body of cavalry and consisted of the municipal government of Trieste, the Clergy in their vestments, and the hearse decked with flowers. The Dukes of the Empire, Admiral Tegethoff, Ambassadors of Foreign Nations, Austrian officials of high rank, Foreign Consuls, the various Corporations of the City and the people generally. A division of Infantry bringing up the rear. Profound respect was shown everywhere by the vast multitude who lined the streets and thronged the houses along the route of procession.

LONDON, Jan. 16th.—Considerable excitement was occasioned in this city to-day by the announcement that Fenian Deasey, who, with Kelly, was rescued from the custody of the police at Manchester some weeks ago, had been captured, The police late yesterday afternoon overhauled a man near Waterford, Ireland, who answers completely the description of Deasey. There are other strong circumstances with these which warrant the belief that the authorities have not been mistaken. The prisoner, under a strong guard, started for Manchester this morning, where he will be confined with the fellow-prisoners of Deasey for recognition. The Government officials are very vigilant. Yesterday p. m. two Americans, named Barrett and O'Neill, were arrested at Glasgow and imprisoned.—Papers found on their person indicate beyond doubt that they belong to Fenian organizations the motion recently made in the Court of Queens Bench for a change in the place of the trials of the Fenians Burke, Casey, Shaw, and Mulloney from Warwick to London is likely to be granted.

LONDON, Jan. 17th.—Information has been received here that a very violent hurricane recently prevailed at Teneriffe and vicinity. Ships were driven to sea, houses unroofed and blown down, and damage very great, though no mention of loss of life.

FLORENCE, Jan. 17.—The sales of the ecclesiastical estates, requested by the Italian Government, have so far been very productive; the sums realized at these sales show an average proportion of 43 per cent. in the value of the property since it was placed in the market.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Consols 92 3 8; markets unchanged.

LONDON, Jan. 17th.—The Turkish Government is seeking to raise a loan in the English market, the proceeds of which are to be applied to improving navigation at the mouth of the Danube.

Advices from Hong Kong and Shanghai have been received, which state that another battle had been fought between the rebels and Imperialists at Shangtum. The Imperialist army, which was under the command of Footal, was again defeated.

CORK, Jan. 17.—A viol of explosive fluid known as Greek fire, was thrown yesterday at one of the witnesses for the Government in the Fenian trials; but the material failed to ignite, and no injury was done. No clue has been obtained to the perpetrator.

DUBLIN, Jan. 17, eve'g.—At the examination of Lennon yesterday, sergeant Kelly, the survivor of the two policemen who were shot at Cheapside, and a woman both swore that they fully recognized the prisoner as the man who fired the pistol shot which wounded one policeman and killed another.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—When the Cunard steamer *Scotia*, from New York for Liverpool, entered the port of Queenstown late last night for the usual transfer of the London and Irish passengers and mails, a strong police force quietly went aboard and arrested Messrs. George Francis Train, Grinnell and Gee, three of the passengers who sailed from New York. It is understood that these *gentlemen* were taken into custody on the charge of being active members of the American branch, of the Fenian organization. The proceedings, naturally enough, cause considerable excitement here, and elsewhere throughout the Kingdom, and especially among the American residents.

The Prussian Diet has passed a bill for a railway loan of forty millions.

The party of the left has been defeated in the Italian Parliament on a motion to adjourn the debate on the budget for this year.

A strict search of the person and baggage of George Francis Train disclosed no proofs of complicity with the Fenians, or justifying his arrest by the British police on suspicion. Train asserts that he came over to England as the special correspondent in Ireland of the New York *World*. He has personally protested through the United States Consul against his detention.

LONDON, Jan 19, (evening.)—The police of Limerick have made a seizure of guns and ammunition found in the shops of that city, to put it out of the reach of the Fenians.

Dr. Waters, another editor of the Dublin *Irishman*, has been arrested, but the particular charge is not stated. It is supposed, however, to be complicity in the Fenian movements.

Mike Larratte, who, it is now claimed, is positively known to be the party who fired the fuse at Clerkenwall explosion, has been arrested at Glasgow and brought to London in irons.

A man named Clancy has been arrested in this city charged with firing upon the police.

A Fenian manifesto was found this morning posted on the wall of the Mansion House, where it had been put despite the vigilance of the police, who have no clue to the perpetrators of this daring act.

The boldness and audacity of the Fenians in face of the vigorous measures of repression which have been adopted excites much uneasiness.

VIENNA, Jan. 19.—Kulm has been appointed Austrian Minister of War.

The remains of the late Emperor Maximilian arrived at Vienna on the 18th by special train from Trieste, in charge of a military escort. The train was met upon its arrival by the Austrian officials, a large body of troops, and a large crowd of people, who had assembled to give expression to their respect for the dead and their sympathy with the living. The remains were formally received by the Imperial family at the palace. The manifestation of popular feeling was intense.

A NEW AND GRAND EPOCH IN MEDICINE.

Dr. Maggiel is the founder of a new Medical System! The quantitarians, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach, and paralyze the bowels, must give precedence to the man who restores health and appetite with from one to two of his extraordinary Pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of wonderful and all-healing Salve.

These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superceding all the sterotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggiel's Pills and Salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the (so-called) remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggiel's Pills are not of the class that are swallowed by the dose, and of which every box full taken creates an absolute necesity for another. One or two of Maggiel's Pills suffices to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, create an appetite, and render the spirits lights and buoyant! There is no griping, and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected its functions are restored and if the nervous system Is feeble it is invigoratitg. This last quality makes tne medicine very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfecting power of Maggiel's Salve. In fact, it is here announced that Eaggiel's Billious, Dyapetic and Diarrhœa Pills cure when all others fail. Waile for burns, sealds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all Abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Haydock, 11 Pine street, New York, and all druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Jan 1 6m.

Acrostic.

G ently it penetrates through every pore,
R elieving sufferers from each *angry sore*;
A ll *wounds its heals* with certainty and speed;
C *uts, Burns*, from Inflammation soon are freed;
E ruptions, at its presence disappear;
S kins lose each stain, and the complexion's clear!

S ALVE such as GRACE'S every one should buy,
A ll to its wondrous merits testify.
L et those who doubt, *a single box but try*,—
V erily, *then* its true deserts 'twould have;
E ven unbelievers would laud GRACE'S SALVE!

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—It has been said by a few unfortunate mortals, who have striven in vain to gain a position of honor and distinction, that they were not sufficiently appreciated. While such may sometimes be the case, it is generally to be observed that *true* deserving worth is cordially accepted and honored, whether applied to religion, politics, the arts, or invention. Next to religion, invention or discovery has the highest position, for it wields a mighty influence; through its channels nations have overleaped, as if by magic, the bonds of separation, and, united by electric wires, can converse together at momentary will.

Indeed, the diversified efforts of man's genius in these respects are a soruce of admiration and gratitude to the whole human race. In medicine, science has revealed during the last quarter of a century, many hidden truths, which had before been considered to be impossibilities. The malignity of pestilential disease is now in a great measure beref- of its terror, and even the "invisible archer," consumption, is arrested in its satadly march, and oftentimes overthrown. Undoubtedly the great rallying power in the treatment of this and other pulmonary disease, is the WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY; and the ongoregoing allusions are applicable to the merit and of its illustrious discoverer. The proof of the efficacy of this great remedy is in its undying reputation. It has stood the test of time, and its fame is a curative of Throat and Lung, Complaints has extended to all climes.—*Canada Christian Advocate.*

Dec. 25 1m.

Sarsaparilla in itself, it is generally conceded does not possess that power over disease which at one time it was credited with, but combined with other and more powerful remedial agents its use is often followed by astonishing results.—It is acknowledged by the medical faculty that Dr. Larookah's Sarsaparilla Compound is not only the best but the cheapest combination of Sarsaparilla ever made available to the public. As a remedial for Scrofula and kindred complaints we *know* one bottle of this to equal two of any rival preparation in the market.—*Monthly Journal of Science.*

Dec. 18. 1m.

Special Notice.

We have received some encouraging accessions to our List of Subscribers, but are looking for very many more, and in this expectation have had an additional number of copies struck off, so as to supply new Subscribers from the beginning of the year. We shall be gratified to receive additional names with as little delay as possible; and in cases of discontinuance it is most desirable that we should be informed forthwith.

We have up to this time sent to all of last year's Subscribers not ordered to be stopt, and shall do so for *another number*; but hope *previous to our next issue*, to receive from all our Agents who have not yet reported, such information as will enable us to make reliable our Lists for the present year.

We are authorized to send after the 1st of February *to those only* who have made the advance payment, or whose subscriptions are certified by our Agents as payable at an early period.

☞ The offer from this office of the payment of postage on the *Provincial Wesleyan*, is in regard to those only for which the advance payment is made by the first week of February.

Fancy Sale at Newport.

The Ladies of the Newport Wesleyan congregation acquaint the public that they will, (D. V.) open a Sewing-circle sale of Fancy ornamental work, and Childrens' useful apparel on Wednesday, 5th Feb'y. at Brooklyn. They will be also prepared to furnish, at moderate charge, a good warm Dinner, and Tea, to all who may favor them with a call. Doors open at noon.

Letters and Monies.

Remittances by Mail at risk of this Office, must be by P. O. Money Order or Letter Registered

Jas. Hewson $2; Robt. Robertson $2; Rev. Jas. Taylor (B R. $4); Rev. H. Daniel (P.W., G. Allen $3, T. Allen $3, J. G. Allen $2, G.W. Brown $3, W. S. Brown $4, Jas. Burtel $2, L. Cann $4, G. L. Cook $2, D. Churchill $2, W. K Dudman $2, Jas. Goldfinch $2, F. Gardner $2, Richd. Harris $1, Mrs. Killam $1, Thos. Killam $3, B. Murphy $2, Jno. Young $1, Wm. Law, new sub, $2, charged in Aug. $1—$40—short $2); Wm. Avard $2; Jos. Avard, Esq, $2; Rev. P. Prestwood (P.W., G. E. Burchell $2, Jos. Dobson $1, M. Bradley $1, Miss Brookman $1, G. Cann $1, J. C. Bethune $2, Wm. Nisbett $2, Geo. Moffatt $2, Jno. Giddings $2—$14—Mr. G. paid to Sep. next); Rev. R. E. Crane, (P W., Silas Bishop $2, L. P. Jacques $2—$4); Rev. Jas. Taylor (one new sub, Posters sent to-day); Rev. A. W. Nicolson (one new sub., parcel sent); Rev. D. Cunpman; Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite (book sent $3 50, to your credit 50 cts.); Rev. J. J. Teasdale (one new sub.); Rev. H. Pope 2nd; Rev. J. L. Sponagle; Rev. Jas. R. Hart (P.W. out of former cr., Jas. Anderson $1, Jno. Bennett $3 A. Taylor $2—$6); Rev. J. G. Bigney (P. W., Rich. Bruce $2, Richd. Irvin $2 E. W. Randall $2, Mrs. A. McGuire $2, Robt. Torey $2, Thos. Ferguson $2, Jas. Ferguson $2, J. B McGuire $2, Jas. Black $2, L. Borden $1, A. Morris $1, E. Piers, new sub. $1, Andw. Angevine, new sub. 50 cents—$16.50—also E. Brown $1, Jno. Bergman $1—$2) Rev. E. Evans (P. W., R. McNamara $2.50, Geo Mutch $3, Miss Copp $2, R. Jackson $1, A. Clarke, new subr., $1, Mrs. Bell $2, Wm Anslow $1 50, C Butcher $2, H A Johnson $2, Mrs Shaddick $1, Jas Tweedy, jr. $1—paid by G. S M. $6, Cairn. $1, now remitted $12—$19), Rev J W Howie (P.W. Jno Bagnell $2, Jas Nicoll $2, Capt Ormiston $1, Josiah Hooper, Esq $2, I Bagnell $2, Jos Townsend $2, Epn Bagnell $2, W Ayles Sr. $1, C Grant $2, Z. Townsend $2—$18), Rev J R Narraway (P.W. acct $24), Rev Jos Gaetz.

AN EFFECTUAL WORM MEDICINE.

Brown's Vermifuge Comfits,

OR WORM LOZENGES. MUCH SICKNESS, undoubtedly, with children and adults, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. The "VERMIFUGE COMFITS," although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worm, so hurtful to children.

Children having Worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

Symptoms of Worms in Children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making BROWN'S "VERMIFUGE COMFITS" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

Curtis & Brown, Proprietors, New York. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines, at 25 cents a box.

August 14 1y

Letter from Hon. D. W. Gooch, Member o Congress from Massachusetts.

Melrose, July 19th, 1865.

Dr. E. R. KNIGHTS—Dear Sir:

I have used Dr. Larookah's Syrup in my family for six years, and have found in an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, and all consumptive complaints, &c. I have recommended it to several friends, who have received great benefit from its use.

Dec. 25. 1m.

A spoonful of Blood's Rheumatic Compound mixed with half a cup of molasses makes an excellent cough syrup. Try it.

They do not cramp or rack the delicate frame or weak constitution, but will be found particularly useful in stimulating the weakened and distempered parts into healthy action. Use Parson's Purgative Pills.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.—The other day a man running at a break neck speed through the streets was mistaken for a thief, and arrested by the police. Explanations followed, and it appeared that he was after a box of Grace's Salve, to use on a burned child. Moral: always keep Grace's Salve in the family, that it may be at hand for immediate use.

Marriages

On the 31st Dec., at the Firs, Lancaster, residence of E. Sutton, Esq, brother-in-law of the bride, by the Rev. D. Chapman, Mr. William Roxtorough, merchant, to Miss Hannah Kincaid, both of Lancaster, St. John.

At the Wesleyan Parsonage, Fairvile, on the 8th inst., by the same, Mr. Oliver Matthews, of Norton, Kings Co., N. B., to Miss Susan Smullin, of Lancaster, St. John.

At the Wesleyan, Parsonage, Florenceville, Octr 3rd, by the Rev. Jas R. Hart, Mr. Marshall A. Smith, to Miss Elsie L. Green, both of Summerfield.

At Williamston, Jan 1st, by the same, Mr. William Jamieson, to Miss Mary Ferris Hughes.

Deaths.

At Melvern Square, Annapolis Co., on Sunday, 22d ult, Zebulon Phinney, Esq., aged 78 years. He was a member of the Methodist Church for many years. His sickness was short, and his sufferings great, but he bore all with pious resignation to the Divine will, and we trust has now entered into *rest*, leaving a sorrowing wife, and several children, together with a large number of relatives to mourn their loss. His funeral was very large, attended by a number of Masonic bretnren, who interred him with all the honors of that Order. The funeral sermon was preached by the resident Methodist Minister from Matt. xxiv. 44—"Therefore be ye also ready," &c.

At Tay Creek, York Co. N. B., in the 83rd year of her age, Jane, relict of the late James Reid, of the same place, a native of Bally Kelly, County Londonderry, Ireland, leaving a large family to mourn the loss of an affectionate parent. Her end was peace.

Suddenly, at Westfield, Kings Co., N. B., Dec 15th, Mrs. Miles, beloved wife of Mr. James Miles.

At Williamston, Carleton Co., N. B., 7th inst., Mr Oliver Anderson.

On the 15th inst., after a short illness, James B. Knowlan, Esq., of the firm of Geo. H. Starr & Co., and only surviving son of the late Rev. James Knowlan, Wesleyan Minister, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 10th inst., Martha Maria, widow of the late John Earle, formerly of H. M. Dockyard, in the 91st year of her age.

At Dartmouth, Jan 16th, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Capt Caleb Walker, in the 74th year of her age.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

THE REV. A. WILSON'S Prepared Prescription for the cure of CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA Bronchitis, Coughs COLDS, and all Throat and Lung Affections, has now been in use over ten years, with the most marked success.

This Remedy is prepared from the original Recipe chemically pure, by the Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, 165 South 2d Street, Williamsburgh, Kings Co., New York.

The Remedy Price $3.00 with a pamphlet containing the original Prescription with full and explicit directions for preparation and use, together with a short history of his case, with symptoms, experience and cure, can be obtained [free of charge] of Mr. Wilson, as above, or by calling on or addressing

MR. HENRY A. TAYLOR—Druggist.

Jan 15 26 Sackville St., Halifax.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

THURSDAY, Jan 16

Schrs Arctic, Stewart, St Johns, Nfld.

FRIDAY, Jan 17

Steamer Etna, Liverpool; schr Christopher, St John's.

SATURDAY, Jan 18

Schr Prince of Wales, McNab, Baltimore.

MONDAY, Jan 20

Steamer Chase, Portland; brigts Ruby, Foley, New York; Mirella, Mundy, Porto Rico; schr Hector, Hackett, Sydney.

CLEARED.

Jan 18—Steamer City of Cork, Philips, Liverpool; schrs Frank, McKinnon, Demerara; Maria, Lassen, Porto Rico.

Jan 20—Brigt Golden Rule, Patterson, Porto Rico

THE

Provincial Almanack

FOR

1868,

Will be found in all respects complete and accurate, affording the fullest information on the numerous topics usually presented in such a serial.

The calculations have been made with the utmost care, and are fully reliable; and the local and general information furnished has been carefully compiled.

The delay in publication, rendered necessary by the changes which have recently transpired in relation to the Provinces of B. N. America, have afforded opportunity of furnishing intelligence not only upon matters concerning our own Province but also in regard to the General Government including the

Tariff of Duties

as enacted by the Parliament of the Dominion

Orders sent to the Wesleyan Book Room, or to Messrs. R. T. Muir, M. A. Buckley, Z. S. Hall, or other Booksellers, will recive prompt attention.

dec 18

99 Granville Street 99

Horrock's Shirtings.

We are now offering a very full assortment of above, embracing all the qualities usually imported, as well as some extra qualities.

Also a well assorted stock of

WHITE COTTON SHEETINGS,
GREY COTTON SHEETINGS,
LINEN SHEETINGS,
LINEN DAMASK CLOTHES,

Damask Table Napkins,
D'Oyler's Tray Cloths,
Damask and Glass Towellings,

CLARK'S BEST

SEWING COTTON,

ORR & McNAUGHT'S

Machine Cotton.

N B—We are offering all the above at the OLD PRICES. Our stock not yet having been advanced on account of the tariff

SMITH BROS.

Ja 15.

R. B. SALISBURY,

Shipwright, Spar Maker,

—AND—

SHIPSMITH,

Horseferry Dry Dock,

Rotherhithe,

nov 20 **LONDON, ENGLAND.**

GABRIEL & TROKE

Wholesale and Export Druggists,

2 & 3 White Street,
Moorfields. E. C.
London.

oct 6

THE GREAT

Musical Establishment.

481 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES M. TREMAINE,

Successor to Horace Waters in the Music Department.

New Music issued daily. The following are new and very popular:

Whispering Hope; Lith., by E Hoffman, 75c.
Do not heed her Warning; Var., by Geo Russe 60c.
Romeo and Juliet; Potporri, by Theo Moelling, 60c.
The Smile whose sweetness, song by Graham, 30c.
Girls wait for a Temperance Man, by Mrs. Parkhurst, 30c.
News Boy's Song, by W C Baker, 35c.
Annie Arden, by W C Baker, 35c.
Do you miss my coming Darling, by W C Baker, 35c.
Where have the Beautiful Gone, by Jas G Clark, 35c.
Jersey Blue, by Burton, 30c.
Henrietta Gallop, by L Containe, Illustration of the Ocean Race, 40c.
Subito (Sudden) Mazurka, by I De Jasecinski, 50c

A lot of soiled music at 1½ cts per page.

CHAS M. TREMAINE, Publisher,

oct 16 481 Broadway, N. Y.

The Subscriber

Offers for sale several valuable properties, namely,

A First Class Dwelling House

n Victoria Terrace (Hollis Street.) The interior has been put in thorough order—painted and papered throughout.

Also several *DWELLING HOUSES*, Spring Garden Road.

Also several HOUSES, Maitland and Gottingen Streets.

Also several COTTAGES, Brunswick Court.

Also a valuable property in Brunswick Street.

DARTMOUTH.

57 Building Lots, opposite the Windmill; also several Water Lots.

H. G. HILL.

Feb 13.

Langley's Cordial Rhubarb.

This beautiful preparation from Turkey Rhubarb, has the approval and sanction of some of our best Physicians, as a valuable and favorite Family Medicine, and preferable to any other form in which Rhubarb is administered, either Adults or Children, it being combined with Aromatics to make it at once palatable to the taste and efficient in its operation. Prepared from the original receipt and sold by

J. LOCKHART DAVIS, Druggist,

125 Barrington street.

August 21.

New Advertisements.

A Great Reduction in Prices

—ON THE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS,

NOW SELLING OFF

AT THE

'COMMERCE HOUSE,'

144 GRANVILLE STREET.

The whole of his large stock of Valuable Goods is now offered AT COST without any reserve.

In the Dress Department are a number of large lots of Fashionable Goods, Poplins, Reps, Sultanas, Puritans, All Wool Serges, Winceys, Coburgs, French Merinoes and Delaines, Barathcas, Striped Checked and Fancy Lustres.

BLACK AND GOLORED SILKS.

500 Ladies and Childrens' Mantles & Jackets, Blk Cloth, Satarrah, Astrican, Porcupine, Velvet Pile, Whitney and Waterproof—Great Bargains in this Lot.

Mantle Cloths, Waterproof Cloakings, and Silk Mantle Velvets.

Bonnnts and Hats, a few very handsome London made, to be sold at half-price, and a large variety of cheaper styles.

Furs, Muffs, Collarettes and Boas,

Paisley and Cloth Shawls, Hosiery and Gloves Fancy Goods and Trimmings, Shirtings and Sheetings of the best make, Plain and Fancy

Flannels.

Carpets and Curtain Damasks, Broad Cloths, Beavers and Coatings.

Ready Made Clothing,

and Mens' Outfittings, Doeskins and Tweeds

An immense variety of the above Goods and a large lot of Remnants. Customers are invited to call and examine the prices.

Please remember it is a Cash Sale.

jan 22 R McMURRAY & CO.

CARD.

DR. MACALLASTER, in retiring from the practice of his profession in this city, would announce that he has disposed of his office and practice, at 120 GRANVILLE STREET, to

Drs. MULLOWNEY & HALEY

whom he has much pleasure in introducing to his friends and patients as gentlemen of much professional and private worth. They have both studied under men eminent in the profession; and Dr. Haley has the honour of being the first graduate of a Dental College to practice in this province.

jan 22—1y

Mullowney & Haley

DENTISTS,

120 Granville Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

J. E. MULLOWNEY. ALLAN HALEY. D. D. S., Member of the Alumni of the Philadelphia Dental College.

jan 22—1y

AGENTS WANTED

TO CANVASS FOR

Caughey's

Two new Works.

Arrows from my Quiver,

Glimpses of Life in Soul Saving.

Sold by subscription only.

About 100,000 volumes of Caughey's previous works were sold in less than six years. Now is the time to engage Territory, and commence the canvass. The Books are ready for delivery to Agents. Terms liberal. Apply to

W. C. PALMER, Jr.,

Successor to Foster & Palmer, JR.

14 Bible House, New York.

jan 22.

Summerside Bazaar

THE Ladies of the Summerside Wesleyan Church and congregation are now preparing for a BAZAAR, to be held next July. Liquidation of the Church debt is the object. They solicit the kind assistance of well-wishers in every part of the Provinces.

Contributions of material, &c., may be sent to any of the under-mentioned ladies.

Mrs. Robt A. Strong, President Sewing Circle
Mrs. McRae, Secretary; Mrs. Chas. W. Strong
Mrs. Asher Black, or to Rev Albert S. Desbrisay

"Remember us tho' far disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same."

Nov 1

NOW READY.

The PROVINCIAL MELODIST

A NEW COLLECTION OF

Hymns and Tunes.

FOR Sabbath Schools, Prayer Meetings, and the Social Circle. Published by A. F. Porter, and for sale at the International Book Store, 92 Granville Street; the Wesleyan Book Room; Christian Messenger Office; M. J. Katzman's; Z. S. Hall's; M. A. Buckley's, and at the Music Store of J. P. Hagarty & Co.

Price 25 cents, postpaid to any part of the country 30 cents. $2.40 per dozen. $20 per 100.

For neatness, cheapness, and real merit this book has no equal. It is intended for all Evangelical Denominations. It contains 82 tunes, all good, with 202 appropriate Hymns and Chants. No pains or expence have been spared to render this work acceptable to Sabbath Schools of every denomination

It is unlike any other Sabbath School Singing Book that has heretofore been introduced to these Provinces, in that it contains no tunes that have any secular associations.

A. F PORTER.

Halifax, April 30th, 1867. may

Sabbath School Paper.

The best paper for Sabbath Schools is the Canadian

SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

Published in Toronto. There is no other paper published so suitable or so well adapted to our youth. The superiority of the paper on which the *Advocate* is printed, the beauty of the illustrations, and the admirable taste displayed in the writing and selections, renders this little semi-monthly almost a necessity in every family which it has previously visited. The terms of subscription are as follows:—

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For 1 copy and under 5, to 1 address,				40 c. p. vol.	
5	"	10	"	38	"
10	"	20	"	35	"
20	"	30	"	33	"
30	"	40	"	30	"
40	"	50	"	28	"
50	"	75	"	27	"
75	"	100	"	26	"
100 and upwards,				25	"

Subscriptions to be paid invariably in advance.

☞ No Postage on this Paper.

Order from the Wesleyan Book Room.

Dec. 5.

"Come unto Me, when Shadows Darkly Gather."

A SACRED SONG.

Set to music with piano forte accompaniment by Arnold Doane, Royal Academy of Music.

For sale at the

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

☞ See Notice in *Provincial Wesleyan* of Oct. 30th. nov 6

99—Granville Street.—99

Gents White Cotton Shirts

Made in a very neat and improved plan at the above address.

☞ Gentlemen wishing a really good and neat fitting SHIRT are invited to call and examine the pattern and material at

ja 5 SMITH BROTHERS,

PUBLIC BENEFACTRESS.

Mrs. S. A. Allen,

A LADY OF WORLDWIDE REPUTATION.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S Hair Restorer is suited to both old and young. It strengthens the Hair, prevents it falling or turning grey, and imparts to it a beautiful glossy appearance. It never fails to RESTORE GREY HAIR

TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.

It is not a Dye, but acts directly upon the roots of the hair, giving them the natural nourishment required, producing the same vitality and luxurious quantity as in youth. It will restore it on bald places, requires no previous preparation of the hair and is easily applied by one's self. One bottle will usually last for a year, as after the hair is once restored, occasional applications once in three months will insure against grey hairs to the most advanced age.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S Hair Dressing, or Zylobalsamum, is essential to use with the Restorer, but the Hair Dressing alone often restores and never fails to invigorate, beautify and refresh the Hair, rendering it soft, silky and glossy, and disposing it to remain in any desired position.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

whose hair requires frequent dressing, it has no equal. No lady's toilet is complete without it. The rich glossy appearance imparted is truly wonderful. It cleanses the hair, removes all dandruff and imparts to it a most delightful fragrance. It will prevent the hair from falling out, and is the most economical and valuable Hair Dressing known. Millions of bottles sold every year.

THE RESTORER REPRODUCES AND THE HAIR DRESSING CULTIVATES AND BEAUTIFIES.

Sold by all Druggists throughout the World.

Principal Sales Office, 198 Greenwich Street, New York City.

Aug 14

THE STANDARD

Life Assurance Company,

ESTABLISHED IN 1825.

With which is now united the

Colonial Life Assurance Company.

Colonial and Foreign Assurances.

AN amalgamation having been formed between the Standard Life Assurance Company and the Colonial Life Assurance Company, the business of the United Companies will henceforth be conducted under the title of the

Standard Life Assurance Company.

The Annual Revenue of the Standard Company is now upwards of £650,000, and the Accumulated Funds amount to upwards of £3,500,000, Stg. The New Business transacted during the past year amounted to the large sum of £1,375,000 stg., the corresponding Premiums amounting to £45,387 per annum.

Moderate Rates charged for residence in the Colonies, India and other places abroad.

Local Boards and Agencies in all the British Colonies, where every facility will be afforded in the transaction of business, and where premiums may be received and claims paid.

PROFITS divided every five years.

The New Colonial and Foreign Prospectus may be had on application at the Chief Offices of the Company, or to the Agents at home and abroad.

WM. THOS. THOMSON,
Manager and Actuary.
D. CLUNIE GREGOR,
Colonial and Foreign Secretary.

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Board of Management:

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Charles Twining, Esq., Barrister.
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Secretary and General Agent for Nova Scotia and P. E. Island—MATTHEW H. RICHEY.

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no 6 6m

UNION MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company, of Maine.

Directors' Office: 80 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HENRY CROCKER, President; W H. HOLLISTER, Secretary; ROBERT AYRES, General Manager.

ASSETTS DECEMBER 31st, 1866	$2,188,429 20
LOSSES PAID TO DATE	1,074,393 00
DIVIDENS PAID IN CASH TO DATE	439,615 00
AMOUNT INSURED ON 9073 POLICIES	20,987,095 00

Special Provision for Women and Minor Children.

The Charter of this Company provides that—"The said Company may issue Policies of Insurance upon the life of any person, expressed to be for the benefit of any Married Woman, Widow, Minor or Minors, and the same shall insure to the sole use and benefit of such person or persons so expressed as aforesaid, independently of the one whose life may be thus insured, as well as of his or her creditors and of the creditors of such married woman, widow, minor or minors."

This Company offers **Peculiar Advantages** to persons intending to insure their lives:—In **Its Safety and Stability**, acquired in its seventeen years' experience.—In **Its Assets**, which (without its Capital of $100,000) amount to over TWO MILLION DOLLARS, being more than Half a Million Dollars in excess of its liabilities for the Re-insurance of all its outstanding risks.—In **The Facilities** presented in its accommodating system of payments of Premiums.—In **The Division of Profits** annually apportioning to each Policy its own contribution thereto—In **The Prompt Payment** of all Losses, this Company being subject to no contested or expedndo claims.

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The Family.

Jamie.

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night?
Jamie, so bold and gay?
The twilight shadows are falling now,
Why does he stay away?
Jamie is handsome, and manly too,
And he will be good and great;
But father, why is our darling boy
A-staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more,
He has grown to a man's estate?
He has gone a-courting Minnie Gray,
The reason he stays so late;
For her golden hair and eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away,
And he goes in the holy twilight hour
A-wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away,
Now we are growing so old?
And we have shielded him all his life,
Our love has never grown cold;
The maid can never love him as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life,
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But, Millie, remember long years ago,
When I was handsome and gay,
And you a maiden so fair and sweet,
That you stole my heart away,
I had a father old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me fondly all my life—
But my heart went out to you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild;
No longer she chided the lovely maid
For winning away her child;
She thought of the long ago, when she
Stood close by lover's side
In the little church, and the man of God
Made her a happy bride.

A Dream of Heaven.

"Oh dear! oh dear! I don't like anything! Mean old house—ugly, woodshed;—cross baby!" Tommy ran as if the house, the woodshed and the baby were all after him like many bears.—Ran, till he came to the little brook down under the hill, where he could only see the chimneys of the "mean old house; and there he sat on a large stone and thought over all his troubles.

Poor Tommy! everything had gone crossways with him that morning; he was looking at the world through the most ugly colored spectacles that ever covered a boy's eyes. No wonder, then, that he did not enjoy the beautiful sunlight, the bright autumn leaves and the clear blue sky! I veribly believe that something was wrong with his ears too; for he did not seem to hear the singing of the birds, nor the soft rippling of the water over the stones. Was it Tommy's *self*, or was it somebody else, that kept saying such unpleasant things in his ears all the time that he could not hear those sweet sounds?

"It's awful mean, anyhow! I hate to be poor! People have to do such disagreeable things, when they're poor! Chop wood! ugh! Saturdays, too! There's Harry Brown, *his* father's rich; and he doesn't have to do anything but what he likes. *His* sister don't have to take care of the baby; she's awful proud, and she isn't half so pretty as Nell, either.—Dick Rice, too, *he* can go to his father's office and keep accounts; *that's* nice kind of work; I wouldn't mind that! Might as well not have any Saturdays! the fellows all went off without me; they knew I wanted to play ball, and they might have waited an hour for me, who wants to go when the game is half over!"

Tommy leaned his elbows on the stone, rested head in his hand, and looked over into the brook. What a pouting, discontented face was reflected there! But he did not notice that; he did not see the little white pebbles at the bottom, nor the green moss, nor the tiny fishes gliding along; he just looked straight on through those ugly spectacles. And by and by, things began to grow dim, the water looked misty, and the disagreeable sounds began to get so mixed that they seemed like one *buzz* in his ear. Then his elbows slipped off the stone, his head went down, till it found a resting-place, his hat fell over his eyes, and Tommy was asleep.

Then he had a dream,—a queer sort of a dream,—so strange and so beautiful, that Tommy hasn't forgotten it yet; and I hope he never will, as long as he lives. Tommy dreamed that he was by the door of the most beautiful place he had ever seen,—and looking in, he beheld such beautiful things as dazzled his eyes, and puzzled his mind. Beautiful beings were going back and forth, with white wings and lovely faces; and their feet made no sound on the golden floor. Afar off from the door where Tommy stood, there flowed a clear stream of water; and trees and beautiful flowers grew by the side of it.

And over all there was the most glorious light shining; not like the sun-light of earth, but composed of the richest colors, and far more of them than ever Tommy had counted in any rainbow. Then Tommy heard, in his dream, the sound of sweet music; and he looked to see where it came from. And he saw a great company of people who had harps in their hands and crowns on their heads; and they were singing and playing, while their faces shone with happiness. As Tommy looked, he saw first one, then another, and another, whom he knew, among that company. He started as if he would have gone in to speak to them; but something held him back, and he could not step over the threshold of the door.

Then Tommy said to himself, in his dream, "It must be heaven!" and, looking over all that great company who had harps and crowns, he began to wonder at things which seemed strange to him.

"There is old Uncle Nat, who used so sell apples at the school house, sitting by Doctor Deane; and they have got crowns exactly alike, too; that is queer. Why, I used to think the doctor would have the brightest crown in all heaven, for he used to give such heaps of money to do good with, and Uncle Nat never put more than a penny in the plate on Sunday. Why, Dr. Deane built that orphan asylum, and started that new church just before he died, and—" Tommy stopped, for he heard a voice just beside him, and it said softly, "Not what we do; but how we do it!" Then he saw white wings moving away from him, and he began thinking what the voice meant. And while he was thinking, his eye fell upon little Alice Lee among the company: little Alice who had died last spring: and oh, what a shining crown she had, and how glad and beautiful her face was! "Poor Alice who never did anything but scrub, and take care of people's children, up there among that great shining throng of men and women!—how queer!

"It is not what God gives us to do; but how we do it for Him!" spoke the voice at Tommy's side again. Then he remembered how he had never known Alice to complain; how she had scrubbed, or tended cross children, or waited on her blind grandmother, always with the same pleasant, cheerful face. And Tommy began to understand what the angel meant. Next, he saw among the happy company his old schoolmate Charley Green; who only came to school part of the time, because his father would get drunk and Charley must stay at home and work for mother. None of the boys had ever paid much attention to Charley; and he scarcely ever went to play on Saturday, because there were always so many little chores to be done at home to keep mother and sister comfortable. "And who'd ever have thought of Charley's being up there so high!" said Tommy, wonderingly. Then came the voice again; "God puts into all our lives something to be done for Him; it matters not whether it be small work or great: doing it cheerfully and well, makes the bright crown!" And this time, the voice ended in a loud burst of music; and the door of that beautiful place seemed to close suddenly.

Tommy rolled over from the stone and woke up. There was the brook, and the sunlight and trees, and all just the same as before: but how different they looked to Tommy! I guess he must have dropped those ugly spectacles into the brook as he turned over in his dream. Then he got up and went home, thinking over that beautiful dream. And Tommy knew what it meant. He went up to the house; but it did not seem a "mean old house" any more; it was the home God had given him. The woodshed did not look so "ugly;" cutting wood was a little thing, but God had sent it for him to do. He heard the "cross baby" crying as he went in and he took her out of Nellie's tired arms and frolicked her into a good humor. Harry Brown didn't have such things to do; but what of that? And if his sister Nell was pretty, Tommy thought it wasn't because she wore gay dresses like Harry's sister, but because she was doing God's work with a cheerful spirit, which makes always a pleasant face.

And children, don't you think that God sent that beautiful dream to Tommy to teach him a great lesson? And will you all, who have read the dream, try to learn the same lesson?

'Cause they Killed Him.'

A gentleman in London once told the story of the Savior's suffering to a crowd of little dirty boot-blacks, who had been rude to him, and distributing a little money to them, promised to see them again. Some time afterward he met one of them in the street, but did not recognize him. The following is the dialogue that ensued, and the story of the result of a good man's word in time:

'Please, sir, I'm Jack.'

'Jack—Jack who?'

'Old Jack, if—please sir.'

All at once it came across him who the lad was. 'I remember you now,' he said, 'Have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love Him by obeying Him?'

'Yes, sir, I have; indeed I have,' he answered earnestly.

Inexpressibly delighted, the gentleman stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by letting him clean his shoes.

'Can you read, Jack?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; not over well, but I can make shift to spell out a page.'

'Would you like a Testament of your own, where you would read for yourself the story you heard the other night?'

There was no answer, but half a chuckle of happiness at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenward.

'I see you would like it, Jack,' added his friend. Come to my rooms at ——, to-morrow, and you shall have one. Good-by.'

Exactly at the appointed time on the morrow, came one modest, eager tap at the door. In walked Jack. He had been to some neighboring pump, poor fellow, and washed himself—not clean, but streaky. He had plastered his hair down meekly in honor of his visit. There was nothing 'taking' with him. He was very ugly; and had it not been for an humble, repentant look, would have been repulsive. That, however, he was not. The gentleman shook hands with him, and made him sit by him.

'Jack, why do you want a Testament?'

'To read about Him you told us of,' said he, shortly.

'Why do you want to read about Him? Because you love Him?'

Jack nodded once, shortly and decisively. There was no doubt about the matter, not a whit.

'Why do you love Him?'

Jack was quite silent. His little, orderly features moved in a singular way; his eyes twinkled; his breast heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table, sobbed as if his heart would break. 'Cause they killed him,' gasped poor Jack. It was with some difficulty the gentlemen restrained his own tears. The fervent belief in the Lord's death—the clear view which he had of it, that it was for him, and that he did in no way deserve it—had melted his poor little wandering heart as it had never been melted before.

Temperance.

The Bar-Keeper.

He looks badly. Poor fellow. Must be in feeble health. Indications of pulmonary disease. How trying his position. Constantly pelted by men, enslaved to the most brutal passions. He needs sympathy. Sympathy! whoever felt any sympathy for a bar-keeper? Is he in possession of an internal spiritual principal, which keeps the soul in peace? No indeed. The fruits of the spirit don't grow on such soil. His words and actions, indicate the soul, that priceless jewel redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, "is like the troubled sea which cannot rest." I must speak to him. Who knows but the Holy Spirit may use an imperfect instrument to accomplish the purposes of God. Paul could boast of converts in Cæsar's household; and I may help a deceived sinner to break the snare of Satan, and assist him to put on the armor of God, and fight the battles of the Lord. I can try. May the Holy Spirit help. O, how much wisdom is needed to save a soul from death, "out of season, and in the devil's synagogue." All is quiet. The most suitable time has arrived. We are alone in the bar-room. I said to him—Mr. D—— you have a hard time of it." "Yes," he replied, "I am compelled to be at it, in this miserable place, night and day. It is a slavish life. No comfort on earth, and no heaven in eternity. I tell you, sir, if a man stops to think, it is enough to make him commit suicide." "I sympathize with you my friend," I replied. "But there is something better for *us*." This expression touch'd his heart. His lips quivered, and he exclaimed, "Not for me." "Why not for you?" "Because I sin against light and knowledge. I know it is wrong to deal out alcohol to my fellow man. I see that the poison is producing wretchedness, misery, degradation, and hurrying thousands down to an untimely grave." "Why do you continue in the business?" "I can't help said he. I can't get anything else to do. My poor family would starve if I should give it up. Find me some better employment, and I will not remain here another day. I detest the business." Do you think," said I, "a liquor seller cannot go to heaven.—Why sir, you have seen enough to convince you that a man in my situation cannot be a Christian. Another thing I believe; if a man will sell the 'stuff' merely to make money, he stands a poor chance of receiving the welcome plaudit, 'well done.'" "You seem to know your duty," said I. "Yes, sir, I was nursed in the lap of piety—trained in the Methodist Church. My old father and mother still live to adorn their Christian profession; and they would rejoice to see me released from this cursed business. Yes, I am miserable, because I know I am doing wrong. I wish I could get out of it." Have you made this matter a subject of prayer?" said I. The poor fellow smiled. "Prayer! What a bar-keeper pray? Why it would be blasphemy. It would be mocking God. No indeed. It would be an insult to Deity." "Don't you think you are in this miserable fix, because you have failed to pray? You have trusted in an arm of flesh instead of the living God. The command is, 'in all things let your requests be made known unto God. Once you loved prayer. You recollect when with a child-like simplicity you went to your heavenly Father with all your trials, and asked Him to guide you in all things." "Yes I remember it. Those were happy days." A tear started in his eye, when he remarked "I wish I was in the same fix again." "Well you can be, if you will. I doubt not, providentally, I have been sent here to help you out of this horrible pit. Don't despair my friend. There is indeed, something better for you. You have not fallen so low as the prodigal son. All you have to do is to say I will arise then, then take the first step toward your father's house." "Indeed, sir," said the bar-keeper, I wish I could, "I can't live long, and if something is not done for me preetty soon, I am lost forever. We separated for the night. I retired to my room to fell down in the presence of God, to pray that grace might triumph over the works of the devil, and my friend returned to his home. The next morning the bar-keeper called me and remarked, "On my way home I thought of the conversation—especially your kindness in manifesting so much interest in my salvation. You are the first one, sir," he remarked, "that has spoken to me about my soul. Why, sir, I hated professed Christians for their indifference about my salvation. When I got home and was about to retire for the night, my wife said our Willey, a boy about six years old, as I put him in bed, commenced crying as though his heart would break. After he was pacified, I said to him. What is the matter Willey? His answer was, I haven't prayed for papa, and he would not be quieted until he could get down on his knees and pray for his father. This was too much for me. I could not stand it. Conscience condemned me. I never felt so keenly before how shamefully I had neglected my duty to my family. Here was my little boy, only six years old, could not go to bed without praying for his unnatural father, and I would curse and swear, and take the name of God in vain in the presence of my children. I tell you, sir, I spent a miserable night. Now, I have determined, God being my helper, to lead a new life. I will take your advece. I will look to Jesus, my mediator, and feel confident that grace will be imparted to the soul to enable me to carry in my life the solemn resolutions made, I trust, in the fear of God" "There is joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth; and my poor heart overflowed with gratitude and praise to God for the triumphs of his grace. The following day we seperated. As the barkeeper took me by the hand, the tear started in his eye as he said, "Sir, I shall never forget your kindness. God bless you!" Glory be to Jesus! Did the votary of pleasure, riches, honor or glory, ever feel half as happy as I did at that moment?—Never. Dear friend, do you desire to be happy? Then labor to save a soul from eternal death.—Speak kindly to those who *feel* they are despised by the virtuous. One word may lead a sinner to Christ, and eternal glory! Some months since a Temperance meeting was held in London. A pious nobleman presided. At the close of the exercises, an invitation was given for individuals to sign the pledge. An aged couple, man and wife, were noticed working their way through the crowd, up to the stand. The poor inebriate had wasted a fortune and beggared his wife and family. Yet this noble woman clung to her unfortunate husband; unged him to sign the pledge, assisted his trembling hand to do so. With great difficulty he succeeds. About to leave the stand, the nobleman takes the poor creature by the hand, and with a pleasant smile remarked, "You are one of us, now sir, you are one of us.' This startled the old man. It seemed to be life from the dead. Turning to his wife, he said, "Old woman, did you hear that? One of us! Old woman did you hear that?' One of us!" and as he passed down to his seat, he turns to his wife, "Old woman, did you hear that?' One of us!" And as he passed out of the hall, he was heard to exclaim, Old woman, one of us!" The nobleman's kind words saved the poor inebriate from a drunkard's grave! O, it was like the precious words of Jasus to the wretched, deceived woman, "*Neither do I condemn thee.*" "Go thou and do likewise.

Two Witnesses.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, says:—

"In the five months I have been absent, I have never seen in Great Britain or Europe, four men or a single woman intoxicated. There is more drunkenness in the United States than is to be found among the same number of people anywhere else on the face of the earth.

On the other hand, Rev. Newman Hall says:

"In America he had seen three or four drunken men; in England he saw as many nightly. He blushed and grieved over the drunkenness and vice of Great Britain, and he should be grieved to see any nation brought down to the level of England in this respect."

The integrity and candor of both these witnesses is unquestionable. How then does it happen that their testimony is so conflicting? It happens thus: viz., that Bishop Clark, as a stranger in Europe, associated chiefly with moral and religious people, saw very little drunkenness, and hastily inferred that there was but little there; and Mr. Hall, associating almost exclusively with the same classes here, drew a similar inference in relation to the United States. We shall come nearer the truth if we take each as a competent witness in regard to his own country, but incompetent, from lack of thorough observation, as respects the country in which he was only a visitor. The amount of drunkenness both in Europe and the United States is enough to alarm every one who has at heart the welfare of the race.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS SPENT FOR LIQUORS.—A gentleman well known to the literary world, a few days ago stated that he had spent over $50,000 for liquor in New York city for himself and friends; but now he had just united with the Sons of Temperance, determined never again to touch the intoxicating cup. He commenced his career with fashionable wine drinking, and never was a common drunkard.

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Dr. Maggiel, your pill has rid me of all billiousness.

No more noxious doses for me in five or ten pills taken at one time. One of your pills cured me

Thanks, Doctor. My headache has left me. Send another box to keep in the house

After suffering torture from billious cholic, two of your pills cured me, and I have no return of the malady.

Our doctors treated me for Chronic Constipation as they called it, and at last said I was incurable. Your Maggiel's Pills cured me.

I had no appetite; Maggiel's Pills gave me a hearty one.

Your pills are marvellous.

I Send for another box, and keep them in the house

Dr Maggiel has cured my headache that was chronic.

I gave half of one of your pills to my babe for Cholera Morbus. The dear young thing got well in a day.

My nausea of a morning is now cured.

Your box of Maggiel's Salve cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some Salve behind my ears and the noise left

Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family

I enclose a dollar; your price is twenty-five cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar

Send me five boxes of your Salve and Pills by return mail

For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Retention of Urine, &c., &c.

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SOOTHING SYRUP,

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Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

Depend upon it mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

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Griping in the Bowels,

AND WIND COLIC,

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DR. RADWAY & CO.: I send you for publication the result of my treatment with your Pills in the following cases:

1st CASE.—Inflammation of the Bowels. John Chapman, aged thirty-four, was seized on the night of the 22nd of October with inflammation of the bowels was called at 10 P.M.; he had then been suffering five three hours; had not a passage for six days. I gave him six of your Pills, and applied the Ready Relief to the abdomen; in a few minutes the pain ceased, he fell into a calm sleep; at 4 A.M. he had a free evacuation; at 9 A.M. ate his breakfast; at 11 A.M., gave him six more pills, and for five days gave him three pills a day: he is now well and hearty. In all cases of inflammation of the bowels, I succeed in removing all danger by a single dose of from six to eight in six hours. In lead cholic, I give the pills in large doses, six to eight, and a teaspoonful of Relief to a wineglass of water every three hours—it always cures.

2nd CASE.—David Bruce, aged twenty-six, called at 3 P.M. on Nov. 25th; found that he had been attacked with bilious fever for twenty-two hours. I gave him six of your pills every four hours, and gave him warm drinks of boneset tea. In twenty-four hours he was convalescent; is now at work and perfectly healthy.

3d CASE.—Sarah Burns, aged six years, seized with scarlet fever; gave her two pills every four hours for twenty-four hours; applied the Ready Relief to her throat, gave her lemonade with half a teaspoonful of Relief as a drink. In thirty-six hours she was playing with her brothers and sisters. I have prescribed your Pills in cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Sluggishness of the Liver, or Torpidity, and I have witnessed the most astonishing cures. I believe it is the only true purgative in use; they are invaluable having a greater controlling influence in Liver and Spleen derangements than calomel or blue pill. Your Pills are the only purgative that can be administered with safety in Erysipelas, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, and all Eruptive Fevers; their soothing, tonic, and mild aperient properties render them invaluable,

Yours, etc.,
SYDNY STEVENS, M.D.

Suppression of the Menses, Headache, Hysterics, Nervousness Cured.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10th, 1859.

DR. RADWAY: Your Pills and Ready Relief have saved my daughter's life. In June last she was eighteen years of age, and for three months her menses were suppressed. She would frequently vomit blood, suffer terribly from headache and pain in the small of the back and thighs, and had frequent fits of hysterics. We commenced by giving her six of your Pills one night, and rubbed the Ready Relief on her spine, loins and hips. We continued this treatment one week, when to our joy she was relieved of her difficulty. She is now well and regular, and has been to every dance.

Yours very truly,
J. G. HODGSON.

Your Pills cured me of Piles that I feel assured was caused by over-dosing with drastic pills.

Loss of Appetite—Melancholy—Nervousness—Bad Dreams—Sleeplessness Cured By Dr. RADWAY'S Pills.

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AS A DINNER PILL,

To promote digestion, sweeten and strengthen the stomachs of the weak and distressed Dyspeptics, they are invaluable. Six days' use of Radway's Regulating Pills will enable those, who, from their utter stomach weakness and indigestion, are obliged to sacrifice their appetites, to enjoy the most savory meats and hearty food. No such powers were ever possessed by medicine as these Pills exercise over the weak stomachs of the Dyspeptics, for in six days they so prepare the stomach to receive, relish, and digest such food as it requires. No Heartburn, no Palpitation, no Distress, no Vomiting follow the use of these excellent Pills.

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Feb 13

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That eighteen months ago, Ephraim Mack, of Mill Village, Queens Co. N. S., discovered and prepared and is now manufacturing and circulating as fast as possible, a Combination of 13 ingredients, nown as E. Mack's WATER PROOF BLACKING, which is warranted to accomplish all the above objects, or money refunded, as agents and venders are instructed to return the money in every case of failure, when satisfactory evidence is given.

That this is true, who will doubt when they read the following Certificate?

We the undersigned having used E. Mack's Water Proof Blacking on our harness, boots, shoes, coach tops, &c., and having proved it to be superior to any preparation of the kind we ever used, cheerfully recommend it to all who require a Leather Dressing as a convenient, safe and valuable combination.

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sept 26

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Aug 28

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