

# Miscellaneous.

## THE PRESENT TIME.

How important and solemn are many of the considerations connected with the *present moment* of time!

*This moment*, I who read these words am either a regenerated soul, pardoned and saved by grace, or an unrenewed sinner, exposed to the wrath of God,—a son of the Lord Most High, or a willing servant of Satan,—an heir of heaven and eternal glory, or a traveller in the broad road to hopeless perdition.

*This moment*, whatever be my character, I am in the presence and under the immediate notice of a holy God, whose all-searching eye reads my inmost thoughts.

*This moment*, the power of that God, prompted by his mercy, upholds me in conscious existence, protects and preserves me from death, while some one or more of my fellow-beings is compelled to obey the summons of the "King of Terrors," and hasten to be numbered with the dead.

*This moment*, a record is made in that book out of which I am to be judged,—a record of my present act,—a record of what I am intending to do the next moment, and at some future hour,—a record of the motives which now actuate me, and prompt me to the performance of these contemplated acts.

*The passing moment* is just now going into eternity, to witness in a case soon to be tried—a case, upon the decision of which my eternal happiness or misery depends.

*The present moment* shortens the period allotted me for preparation to stand before the great white throne of God and the Lamb, and brings me so much nearer my eternal home; for

"Every beating pulse I tell,  
Leaves but the number less."

*This moment* I am liable to be summoned before the judgment-seat of the Searcher of hearts, and give an exact account of my past life and character; for

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push me to the tomb."

*This moment*, if I am still an impenitent sinner, I am growing more hardened in sin and rebellion against God, and my future prospects are becoming more deeply and fearfully enshrouded in gloom.

*This moment*, if an unconverted soul, I am turning my back upon the bleeding, dying Saviour of sinners, and deafening my ear to all the touching accents and affectionate invitations of mercy uttered by the spotless Lamb of Calvary!

*This moment*, doubtless, some soul is, by neglect or sinful act, dropping the last drop into its cup of iniquity, previously to its being given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind for ever; and I know not, if I am still unreconciled to God, but that even now I may be passing that critical point beyond which there can be no possibility of my salvation.

*This moment*, oh, my soul! awake to action in reference to thine eternal interests; for upon the decision of *THIS MOMENT* thy future and unalterable destiny may depend!

"GOD BE MERIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

**ELIAS BOUDINOT.**—*Wonderful Preservation.* A writer in the Boston Recorder, as an illustration of the providential care which God sometimes exercises over His people, relates the following marvellous incident, and vouches for it as authentic: Eliass Boudinot, founder of the American Bible Society, was returning in his chaise to his home late in a dark night, from a court he had been attending many days. He did not know that a recent freshet had carried away all the planks from the long bridge which lay in his accustomed path. Therefore he drove right on, as though there were a bridge there, and reached home safely. His friend inquired by what road he came. "The usual road," he replied. "Impossible," said they, "there are no planks on the bridge." He persisted, and they, trembling for his veracity or his sanity, went with him next morning early, to survey. When arrived, they found the very tracks at either end of the bridge and on the sleeper. There was no more to be said—sanity and veracity were both safe. Some power had presided over the instinct of that horse, had ordained the correspondence of those wheels with the sleepers over which they passed, and kept the man in ignorance of his danger.—Was that power, fate, or chance? O my doubting friend, I turn from you and listen to

another voice, "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard that the overlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?"

If authority for the above is demanded, reference may be had to the family, particularly to Mrs. Adriana Boudinot, of Beaverwyck, N. J., a near relative of Judge Boudinot, from whose mouth she received the account. The same respected lady will pardon the writer for relating her account of a passage in the history of her own family, illustrating our point.

**BATHING CHILDREN IN COLD WATER.**—A writer in the Water Cure Journal for September, reprobates the use of cold water in bathing infants and thinks it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been in vogue, than before from this baneful practice. He also utters his disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse rough towels or horse brushes, but approves of *gentle* rubbing with soft cloths, or better with the bare hand.

**CAMP MEETING IN CANADA.**—On the first Friday of this month, a camp meeting, by the colored citizens of Canada, was commenced near Meldon, at the mouth of the Detroit river. It is estimated that fifteen thousand persons were in attendance, and that a great number were present from Michigan, Ohio, New York, Indiana and Illinois.

In a recent sitting of the Agricultural society of Saint Marcellin, Isere, a curious fact was related:—A farmer stuck a pea in a potato, and planted them together in March last. The pea produced a stalk that was covered with peacocks and the potato gave 11 healthy roots. The farmer is of opinion that, by this system, it is possible, not only to obtain a two fold crop, but to prevent the malady in potatoes.

**CROSSES.**—If God hath sent thee a cross take it up and follow him, use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable; bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable; behold it in God's anger against sin, and his love toward thee—in punishing the one and chastening the other. If it be light, slight it not—if heavy, murmur not. Not to be sensible of a Judgment is the symptom of a hardened heart; and to be displeased at his pleasure is a sign of a rebellious will.—*Quarles.*

A very singular discovery has lately been made in France, by M. Fabre, a gardener of Ayde. The herb ægilops, heretofore considered as worse than useless, grows abundantly on the shores of the Mediterranean. It produces species of grain resembling wheat in form, but much smaller. In the year 1830, M. Fabre sowed a quantity of this grain, and he found the produce bore a close affinity to wheat; that produce he sowed the next year, and the yield was still more like wheat. He went on sowing the produce of each year the succeeding year, until he has now succeeded in getting as fine a crop of wheat and of as good quality, as can be wished for.

## "NOTICE TO QUIT."

When any one is required to quit a lodging, or a dwelling-house, a notice is usually given; this notice is for a week, a month, a quarter, or a year, as the case may be, but a day's notice would certainly be considered short. I have just heard, however, of a more sudden notice than even that of a day. Often and often have I seen a portly-looking man, full of life and health, drive past my door on his way to the city, in whose merchandise he was largely interested, but a day or two ago I heard that he had received a sudden notice to quit his worldly calling. He was taken ill, and in three hours hurried off into an eternal world. Think of this for a moment! Three hours' notice to quit, not a room, a lodging, a house, a street, a neighbourhood, a country, but the world! Whatever may be the state of your health, your notice to quit may be equally sudden. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the winged arrow of death may find its way to your heart. Let then your language be that of the psalmist, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faillith; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

**CHINESE SAYING.**—A drunkard's nose is said to be a "lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath."

**THANKSGIVING-DAY IN LONDON.**—The scene presented at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, was one which those who had the gratification of witnessing it will never forget. Thousands of people thronged the church for the double purpose of offering up their thanks for an abundant harvest, and for victories achieved.—The grand and solemn service was held in the space under the dome; and many who were present were not unmindful of the fact that, while rendering their praises and thanksgivings, they were standing immediately above the remains of England's greatest warrior. When Mr. Dale, the Canon in residence, ascended the pulpit, the National Anthem was poured forth from the magnificent organ, and the whole of the vast assemblage simultaneously rose and stood while it proceeded. The preacher eloquently pointed out the horrors of war, which he said must ever be considered a judgment, although victory was doubtless a mercy in answer to a nation's prayers. He showed how terrible would have been the result if a deficient harvest had been added to the burthens of a gigantic war; for, if such had been the case, while thousands fell by the sword abroad, thousands more would have been slain by pestilence and famine at home. Not for our righteousness (the reverend gentleman remarked) had these new blessings been conferred on us; for when we looked at the social and religious aspect of the times, there was much that would fill us with the deepest regret. He proceeded to point out that in the metropolis, notwithstanding its abundant wealth, there were many special objects to which the sympathy and liberality of his auditors might well be directed. He pleaded not only for the widows and orphans of those who had fallen by the pestilence, but also for those of the brave defenders of their country, the avengers of a despot's pride, who had shed their heart's best blood in a victory which left nothing to regret but the price which had been paid for it. No collection was made at the Metropolitan Cathedral, a circumstance which is much to be regretted, for the vast congregation was so deeply impressed with the solemnity of the work in which they were engaged, and by Mr. Dale's touching appeal, that a collection on behalf of the widows and orphans of those who have fallen by the pestilence or perished by the sword would doubtless have been very considerable. "Ancient custom," which has so long stood in the way of cathedral reform, was the excuse for the neglect of an obvious duty. At Westminster Abbey a better course was taken. Lord John Thynne made an earnest appeal to his congregation, and while his Lordship afterwards read from his place at the communion-table the offertory sentences, the willing people gave their liberal alms towards the assistance of those who have suffered the saddest of all human bereavements—the loss of their husbands and fathers. It is also gratifying to be able to state that in most of the metropolitan churches similar collections were made; so that Major Powys will, in all probability, find an important addition to his resources in the course of the current week.—*Ill. Lon. News.*

**A FIRST-RATE NOTICE OF THE SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE NAVAL FORCE.**—The fleet is tolerably healthy, though cholera still lingers in some ships. Officers and men are ardently longing for an opportunity of distinction, and the crews even of such vessels as the Banshee and Caradoc, and the marines sent to Eupatoria, complain that the service on which they are employed will prevent them from joining in the expected attack on Sebastopol. The spirit, indeed, of both fleet and army is excellent. Every one feels certain of success, and long only for an advance. In the army every confidence is felt in their chiefs, and the fleet is enthusiastic in praise of Sir E. Lyons.—He has every quality which wins their admiration and respect. To him, and to him alone, is this expedition due; but for him the mightiest armament of our own or any other time might have rotted in the camps and bogs of Baltschick and Varna—or, when at last roused to action, have wasted itself in an ignoble attack upon Anapa, or Kaffa, or Soujak. To him alone must all the success which has hitherto attended the expedition be ascribed: it was he who prepared the means of landing such a force, who organized, who superintended it, and that so closely that in his eagerness he left but six inches between the keel of his noble ship and the ground below it. If he were really, as he is virtually, in command of the fleet, it would be felt that nothing was impossible. As it is, no one can tell when the Admiral may not reassert his dormant authority, and put a clog on that Nelsonic zeal and energy which rise superior to all difficulties and "impossibilities," and which, if they have only the enemy to deal with, will soon wrest from Russia the command of the Euxine.—*Corres. Times.*

**HIGH PRICE FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT.**—The New York Tribune says the sum of \$861 has been paid for one insertion of an advertisement in its weekly paper—at the rate of fifty cents a line. We think it highly probable that it was a good investment of money, even at that high price. But very few men in business compared with the whole number, have yet learned the importance of advertising.—*Telegraph.*

The advertisement was that of Dr. Fitch, and occupied seven columns. It will probably return the Doctor \$10,000.

Without frugality none can be rich; and with it we would be poor.

# The Road to Health.



## Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set in so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure. I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.

Margaret M'Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs; during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF DROPSY

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before. (Signed) HENRY COE. North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heyden, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales, dated Feb. 25th, 1851.

SIR—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a Complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless. In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first gave him considerable relief, he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required. (Signed) WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the Goulburn Herald, New South Wales

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

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

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY Provincial Agent, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patient are affixed to each Box.

**MACKAREL, SOCKS & CHEESE.**—50 Barrels Mackarel; 100 doz. Homespun SOCKS; 700 lbs. CHEESE; 30 Quintals Codfish, for sale by G. M. BURNS, South Wharf.