

whole world. He is too obstinate to yield, and yet too weak for effectual defence; and it is not improbable that his cold heart will break long before the Western Powers shall dictate to him upon his own territory the equitable laws by which Russia is henceforth to be governed.

The Marks of a Good Preacher.

He is fittest to preach that is himself most like his message, and comes forth not only with a handful of seed in his hand, but with store of it in his heart, the word "dwelling richly in him;" yet howsoever, the seed he sows, being this word of life, depends not on his qualifications in any kind, either of common gifts or special grace. People mistake this much, and it is a carnal conceit to hang on the advantage of the minister, or to eye that much. The sure way is to look up to God, and to look into thine own heart. An unchanged, unsoftened heart, as an evil soil, disappoints the fruit. What though sown by a weak hand, yea, possibly a foul one, yet if received in a clean and honest heart, it will fructify much. There is in the world a needless and prejudicial differencing of men, out of which people will not come for all we can say.

The working, or not working, of faith, doth not depend upon the difference of the external ministry and gifts of men; for what greater difference can there be that way, than between the master and the servants, between the great Prophet himself and his weak sinful messengers? And yet many of those that saw and heard him in person were not converted, believed not in him; and thousands that never saw him were converted by his apostles, and, as it seems, even some of those that were some way accessory to his death, yet were brought to repentance by the same apostle's sermon.

Learn, then, to look above the outward ministry, and any difference that in God's dispensation can be there, and know that if Jesus Christ himself were on earth, and now preaching among us, yet might his incomparable words be unprofitable to us, not being mixed with faith in the hearers. But where that is, the meanest and most despicable conveyance of his message, received with humility and affection, will work blessed effects.—*Leighton.*

Don't Pay your Minister.

Don't pay your minister. I don't now, but I used to. Learn a lesson of me, all ye generous parishioners. I paid and overpaid my minister once, and I can't begin to tell what he came to. A rusty and a humble heart always go together. Brethren, you never knew it to fail. Mean clothes, an unfilled pocket, a failing heart, and the graces of a lowly mind, are inseparable; and if you want sermons tried with fire, if you hate discourses full of the pride of great thoughts, keep your minister low; but if you love him, and can't stand it without paying him, why, then, pay him; but O, I beseech you, be careful how you do it! Let that salary come in prudent little dribbles, and don't say anything about it beforehand; if you do, your minister will know what a day or a week will bring forth, and he'll thank God and take courage before the time. Yes, he'll go a little ahead of his blessings. And his wife, too, happy soul, will give up her economy, and where then will be that beautiful embellishment of the pastor's home? If you hint that you have any idea of paying up, ten chances to one, she'll forget to make new tea of the old grounds. And that bonnet of hers, that has stood the storms of seven winters, and finally become cocked, will be walked up garret. And the little feet at the parsonage will walk into church all covered with gay morocco, and that dear little baby, three years old, will hold up her feet and look at her little red shoes when father's preaching. So, don't let father and mother, or any of the children, get an inkling of the step you are about to take. If your pale, toiling minister looks as if he'd like his salary, anticipate his petition, and tell him there is nothing like the clerical profession to abase pride and exalt humanity. Then, for fear that flesh and spirit will fail, and give out altogether in the operation, cheer him up a little by paying him a little.—*National Era.*

Pastors' Salaries.

Suppose a pastor settled three years since on a salary of \$400, which is still continued to him. That salary has actually been reduced twenty-five per cent. by the change in the cost of living. If four hundred dollars was considered a just salary at the time of his set-

tlement—what was needed by him—he should have five hundred now to meet the same necessities.—He can purchase no more with his five hundred this year than he could with his four hundred four or five years since. Some of our churches have looked at the matter, and generously added the twenty-five per cent. to the salary; and if the present state of things continues, I trust every church which has the ability will do the same. I can not doubt it would relieve many a minister and his family from very serious embarrassment.—The mechanic and the day laborer are demanding, as they should, an increased pay. In some cities physicians have increased the price of their visits. And certainly our farmers are receiving a great advance for their labor and products. It seems but simple justice that clergymen should meet a corresponding liberality. If their pay has not been heretofore extravagant—which no one will assert—it is now entirely inadequate.—*Baptist Recorder.*

How to Avoid a Bad Husband.

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.
2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers.—Beware! there is a trap.
3. Never marry a niggard, a close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.
4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire, with their eyes wide open.
5. Never marry a mope or a drone, one who dravls and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.
6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.
7. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.
8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.
9. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.
10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

LITERARY LABOR.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture, lately, in England, gave the following history of his literary habits: "Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get the time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall perhaps surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: 'I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time.' A man to get through work well, must not overwork himself—or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I begun really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college and was actually in the world, I may, perhaps, say, that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much—I have mixed much in politics and in the various business of life, and, in addition to all this I have published somewhere above sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time do you think as a general rule I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then during those hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.—It is not the smile of a pretty face, nor the tint of her complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of her person, nor the costly dress and decoration that composes woman's loveliness. Nor is it the enchanting glance of her eyes with which she darts such lustre on the man she deems worthy of friendship, that composes her beauty. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comforting and relieving the afflicted in distress, and above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitutes her true loveliness.

Beautiful Extract.

We possess a genuine fragment which Cicero has preserved to us from a lost work of Aristotle. It runs thus:—"If there are beings who live in the depths of the earth, in dwellings adorned with statues and paintings, and everything which is possessed in rich abundance by those whom we esteem fortunate, and if these beings could receive tidings of the power and might of the Gods, and could then emerge from their hidden dwellings through the open fissures of the earth, to the places which we inhabit; if they could suddenly behold the earth, and the sea and the vault of heaven; could witness the expanse of the cloudy firmament and the might of the winds of heaven, and admire the sun in its majesty, beauty and radiant effulgence; and lastly when night veiled the earth in darkness, they could behold the starry heavens, the changing moon, and stars rising and setting in the unvarying course ordained from eternity; they would surely exclaim, *there are Gods, and such great things must be the work of their hands.*"

It has been justly observed, that this passage is alone sufficient to corroborate Cicero's opinion of "the golden flow of Aristotle's eloquence," and that his works are pervaded by something of the inspired force of Plato's genius. Such a testimony to the existence of the heavenly powers, drawn from the beauty and stupendous greatness of the works of creation, is rarely to be met with in the works of antiquity.—*Humboldt's Kosmos.*

Stopping Papers.

When will men, women, and postmasters, learn that it is no use to return papers without designating the place from which they come? "Job Fickleminde wishes his paper stopped," says the marginal reading. And does this Mr. F. live in Nova Scotia, Texas, or some corner of New England? We might find out in one or two hours, if we had the time to throw away. And perhaps not then; for it is likely there are several of the above-named in our books. So the paper continues to go, and the publisher continues to get a sound scolding once a week.

Worse still; many order their paper stopped, after it has run four, six, or eight weeks over the time, and not a word said about arrears. This might be borne now and then, but such a leakage the year through would sink a bigger ship than ours. A business that depends on small sums must take care of small sums; and at the risk of being thought unfair and unaccommodating, we must conclude to send the paper until full payment is made. Those who are not willing to pay little sums, can remain on our books till the subscription amount to a sum they consider worth noticing.—*Post.*

Franklin and Wakefield.

The acquaintance commenced when the claims of the orphan house were pleaded in Philadelphia. Franklin, though he approved of the object, refused to contribute to it when applied to in private, because he disapproved of the situation. He went to hear Whitefield preach, resolved to give nothing. He had, however, in his pocket a handful of coppers, three or four dollars in silver, and five pistoles in gold. As the sermon began to kindle, Franklin began to soften, and was willing to give the coppers. The next stroke won the silver, and the finishing one was so admirable, he says, "that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."—*Whitefield's Life.*

THE MULTITUDE.—The sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause—disguise no good—but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate or the college. It is easy enough for a firm man, who knows the world, to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid as being vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage that of the people is added—when the ignorant and the poor are to be aroused—when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and howl—it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it, godlike, as a trifle of no concernment.

PROFESSOR WILSON.—He was singularly modest, and even deferential. His estimates of life were severely practical; he was not sanguine; he was not even hopeful enough. Those who approached the author of the "Noctes" in domestic life, expecting exchanges of boisterous glee, soon found out their mistake. No writing for mere money, 'dabbling in the pettiness of fame' with

this spirit, in his own negligent grandeur—modest, quiet negligent because amid all the beauty and joy of this world, it stood waiting and wondering on vaster shores than lie by the seas of time.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT



A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS. AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 79, N. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisement, and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without scars or sores, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Glass Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Glass Works, accompanied by scorbutic symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.

The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF A DANGEROUS SWELLING OF THE KNEE.

Copy of a Letter from John Forfar, an Agriculturist, residing at Newborough, near Hexham, May 15, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I was afflicted with a swelling on each side of the leg, rather above the knee, for nearly two years, which increased to a great size. I had the advice of three eminent surgeons here, and was an inmate of the Newcastle Infirmary for four weeks. After various modes of treatment had been tried, I was discharged as incurable. Having heard so much of your Pills and Ointment, I determined to try them, and in less than a month I was completely cured. What is more remarkable I was engaged twelve hours a day in the hay harvest, and although I have followed my laborious occupation throughout the winter, I have had no return whatever of my complaint. (Signed) JOHN FORFAR.

AN INFLAMMATION IN THE SIDE PERFECTLY CURED.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Francis Arnot, of Breachous Lothian Road, Edinburgh, dated April 29th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—For more than twenty years my wife has been subject, from time to time, to attacks of inflammation in the side, for which she was bled and blistered to a great extent, still the pain could not be removed. About four years ago she saw, in the papers, the wonderful cures effected by your Pills and Ointment, and thought she would give them a trial. To her great astonishment and delight she got immediate relief from their use, and after persevering for three weeks, the pain in her side was completely cured, and she has enjoyed the best of health for the last four years.

(Signed) FRANCIS ARNOT.

A DREADFUL BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner, of Penhurst, Kent, dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

DEAR SIR,—My wife had suffered from Bad Breast for more than six months, and during the whole period had the best medical attendance, but all to no use. Having before healed an awful wound in my own leg by your unrivalled medicine, I determined again to use your Pills and Ointment, and therefore gave them a trial in her case, and fortunate it was I did so, for in less than a month a perfect cure was effected, and the benefit that various other branches of my family have derived from their use is really astonishing. I now strongly recommend them to all my friends. (Signed) FREDERICK TURNER.

The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Chicgo-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Mos-	Cancers	Tumours
chetoes and	Contracted and	Ulcers
Sand-Flies	Stiff Joints	Wounds
Fistulas	Gout	Glandular Swellings
Lumbago	Piles	Rings
Rheumatism	Scalds	Sore Nipples
Coco bay	Elephantiasis	Yaws

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N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each box.