

Miscellaneous.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The Praying Bankrupt.

An article entitled the "Praying Collier," in a late number of the *Reflector*, reminded us of an incident perhaps as remarkable.

Some twenty-five years since, in a New England town of some maritime importance, there resided a deacon, who was engaged in lucrative business. Although of prudent habits, his benevolence led him to endorse largely for one who had won his confidence as a Christian brother, but afterwards proved to be a designing knave. This issued in the good deacon's failure, when, with scrupulous integrity every thing that could be claimed by his creditors was given up. A winter of great severity and of general business depression followed. His wife and young children looked to him for a subsistence which he knew not how to furnish, as his most diligent efforts for employment were unsuccessful.

A debt incurred with no prospect of payment, was in his estimation, sin; and he sadly saw the little stock of provision he possessed, rapidly diminishing, with no way to obtain more. He was a man of prayer as well as action, and carried the case to Him who feedeth the ravens. Yet long weary weeks passed and no success came. At length the morning dawned when the last stick of wood was on the fire, and little Hatty told her father that the candles were all gone; "and how," asked she, "shall we take care of dear mamma, to-night?"

The question went to the father's heart with dagger-like poignancy. The vision of his suffering wife gasping her life away in the last fearful stages of consumption, her comfortless sick room, unwarmed, unlighted, and the thick darkness which he knew would enshroud her mind, when made aware of the extent of their destitution, would have driven him to distraction, were it not that he yet had hope in One mighty to save. He fled to his closet, and there in agony of prayer besought the Lord for help; and forgetting all other wants plead and plead again for the two articles now specially needed, specifying them with reiterated earnestness. He arose from his knees in full assurance of faith and with heavenly tranquility, and went forth expecting deliverance, looking for it, however, in but one way; through his own earnings. But after a fruitless day of seeking employment, gloomy he returned home.

He entered his gate, and was startled to see before him a generous pile of wood. Little Johnny opened the door, clapping his hands, exclaiming,

"O Pa! we've got some wood and some candles!"

"But where did you get them? Are you sure they were not left here by mistake?"

"O no, Pa!" interrupted Hatty, "they were not left by mistake. A man knocked at the door with his whip, and when I opened it, he asked, if you lived here. I told him, you did. Then he said, here are some candles and a load of wood for him."

"I asked him if you sent them, and he said, I rather guess your Pa don't know anything about it."

"Who did send them, then?" said I.

"O," said he, "I musn't tell, but you may say to your father that they are a present."

But to what instrumentality they were indebted for the relief was a mystery. And what particularly interested Dea. P. was the character of the anonymous presents, that the very things so much needed and no others should be sent, and he was sure he had mentioned his want of them to no human ear.

He questioned the children anew. They described the man who knocked at the door, the horse and the truck he drove. A new thought struck him.—"Why," said he, "that team belongs to my old enemy, Graff. Can it be possible he is the donor? If so, surely the finger of God has touched his heart." Dea. P. was however so convinced that he was their benefactor, that he resolved on an immediate call upon that gentleman.

But who was Mr. Graff?

Some years before, the sacredness of the Sabbath was openly violated by a brisk trade in fish. The hundreds of boatmen, sailors and their friends engaged in this desecration were so potent in influence, that nobody thought of risking interference. Dea. P., though a man of peace, was also a man of moral courage. He determined to put a stop

to the iniquity. His friends warned him that his life would be endangered, but at first alone and afterwards with a brother deacon, he would take a walk along the wharves of a Sunday morning, to ascertain who broke the laws by traffic on that day. Men swore at him like fiends, fired his dwelling at several different times, and at last "bound themselves with an oath" to kill him. Yet they feared his presence, and at his approach stores would be deserted of customers and closed with great celerity. This species of Sabbath-breaking was at length broken up, after various hair-breadth escapes on the part of Dea. P. and his compatriot, the authorities being shamed into action by his fearless zeal.

The brutal drunkenness of the sailors, and the degradation and suffering of their families, with which Dea. P. was in this enterprise, brought into contact, opened his eyes to the evils of the liquor traffic; and turning over his Sabbath reform to the legal authorities, he became known as a temperance advocate. This also brought him enemies, sometimes changing even friends into foes. Distiller Graff was among the latter, from a warm friend becoming bitterly alienated. In vain did the grieved deacon strive to conciliate by explanation and personal kindness. Even the trifling civility of a bow was rudely unnoticed by Mr. Graff.

Dea. P. entered the distillery of his old friend. For the first time for years its proprietor looked up with a nod and smile of recognition. It was evident something unusual had softened his heart.

"I have called," said the deacon, "to ask if you can tell me who sent some wood and candles to my house to-day?"

"Yes sir, I sent them."

"You are very kind; but pray tell me how you come to do so?"

"But first let me inquire if you really needed them?"

"Oh I cannot express to you how much!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must explain," said Mr. Graff. "It's all very singular, and sometimes seems very foolish. This morning, about 10 o'clock, as I was busy at my work, suddenly a voice seemed to say to me, 'Send some wood to Dea. P., he is in want!' I was astonished. I could not believe you needed it. And I could not send it to you of all others. I tried to banish the thought, and went to work again more earnestly. But the voice—it seemed with me—said again with painful distinctness, 'Send some wood to Dea. P., he is in want!' I scouted the idea as weak and silly, a mere phantasm of the brain; but it was of no use; I had to succumb; the more I ridiculed and fought it, the more vivid and irresistible was the impression, until to purchase peace, and in some awe, I confess, I bade John to load his team with wood and leave it at your door."

"For a moment I was at rest; but only for a moment. The imperative whisper came, 'Send some candles!' Said I to myself, this is too absurd. I will not gratify this whim, but again I was so beset with the mandate, and so distressed and baffled in repelling it, that as a cheap way to get out of torment, I handed John a package of candles also."

"This matter has been in my mind ever since. Sometimes I have thought it almost a freak of insanity, and then again, such was the strange character of the impression, so unexpected, so solemn and powerful, and such the singular peace following compliance with its dictates, that I almost believe it to be supernatural."

"It is indeed the doings of Him who is wonderful in working," replied Dea. P. "It was about 10 o'clock, I well remember, that I plead with God for the very articles you sent me, in an agony of wrestling I never knew before. It was then too that my soul was filled with the conviction that my prayer was heard and relief would come."

Since hearing a venerated relative relate this incident in his own life, we have often wondered how the sceptic can dispose of such occurrences. While it would be presumption for the believer to expect to live by prayer alone, to be fed without his own co-operation, as was Elijah, yet are there not events happening all along the history of the church, in the experience of individual members to be accounted for only on the ground of a special Providence regardful of the emergencies of the believing, suffering people of God. Surely, "light is sown for the righteous," and to them, "The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope."

PIERRE.

—Watchman and Reflector.

The Home Mother.

Some one, writing for the Masonic Mirror, has drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother:

We must draw a line—aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flirts from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as hollow and as heartless as herself—she who, forgetful of the task assigned her neglects those who have been given in to her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues the giddy round of her amusements.

Not so our home-mother—blessings be on her head! The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some article for use or adornment of her little flock! and how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little face dimples with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the tuppits around the necks!

There is a special charm about all she does—the precious mother! She could not sleep

—nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and, her soft hands, arrange them comfortably before she slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator as she looks on those sweet blooming faces; and when their prayers are done, she imprints a "good-night" kiss on each rosy little mouth.—It may be, too, a tear will start from one little nestling laid in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter howl rounds its head. It needs no longer her tender care.—

A mightier arm enfolds it. It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the Hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it is impossible, to those little ones who are left her to love.—How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with a strong, untiring love, she watches by her bedside when they are ill!—Angels must look with love upon her acts.—Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will unfold her as a garment.

Refusing to be Benevolent—an Incident.

A female, the head of a family in comfortable circumstances, her husband doing well in business, and all of them attending an evangelical Ministry, was waited upon for a subscription towards a Missionary Association. Before the object of the call was named, she occupied the friend with detailing how good God had been to them in giving them health, prosperity, and other mercies. After some time spent in conversation in this train, the friend named her errand, suggesting that, as so much kindness had been experienced, a trifle might be devoted as an acknowledgement to Him from whom all came.—At once the countenance fell, and the tone changed. She began an enumeration of the calls made upon them; she dwelt upon the number and the wants of her family; she could spare nothing for such a purpose. Within a day or two afterwards she was herself seized with alarming illness. Where not a few pence could be found for the service of the God in the gospel, pounds, not a few, had to be paid for the attendance of physicians. Troubles of various kinds thickened round the family. The husband became unfortunate, as we say; no business prospered with him; and at length he found himself in jail; and, ere long, they who once had plenty, found it hard to live.—I do not positively pronounce that the refusal of the subscription was the cause of their calamities; but it was at least singular that up to that time, according to their own showing, all went well with them, and, by my own knowledge, from that time, all went ill with them.

Canada Superfine Flour.

Landing this day:—

200 BRLS. ex Conquest, from Portland;
100 do. Nautilus, " New York;
50 do. Sarah, " do.;
150 bbls. Brandywine Corn Meal—in store.
For sale at market rates by

THOMAS HANFORD,

June 20, Nelson-street

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. Walch.

Margaret McConigan, nineteen years of age, residing a 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 dreful 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, Colic, 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 Petricodiac; 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 patients are affixed to each Box.

HAMS.—Just received per Steamer Eastern, City from Boston—2 Casks superior Sugar-cured HAMS—For sale by

G. M. BURNS, South Market Wharf,

August 4.