

Miscellaneous.

The Infant in Heaven.

Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expression of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language:

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her—when all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it a few months, or a few opening smiles, which marked the dawn of self enjoyment; and ere it had reached, perhaps, the lap of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length to be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant, nor when carried to its early grave, what a tide of emotions it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind. There was no positive belief in its bosom—no love for the darkness rather than the light—nor had it yet fallen into that condemnation which will attach itself to all that perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this the known disposition of our great Forerunner—the love that he manifested to his children on earth, how he suffered them to approach his person, and lavishing endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem, told the disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before him—tell us if christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, we cannot think we venture too far when we say that he is only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the Gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven.

The blossom which withered here opened its stalk, has been translated there to a place of endurance; and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of affliction that has been sorely wounded; and in the name of Him who if on earth would have wept with them, do we bid all believers present, to sorrow not, even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

"And when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears—
The days of woe, the watchful night—
For all her sorrow, a l'her fear—
An over payment of delight?"

Married Yesterday.

Every day in the journal that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we read this little sentence:—"Married yesterday, So and So." Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of earth; a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the dim aisle of some holy temple; a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring flowers upon life's pathway. Each day some new marriage-crown is put on, and she who wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals away from the "dear old home," and nestles tremblingly in the fairy cot where Love's hand has trained the honey-suckle over the latticed porch, and placed Eolian lyres in all the casements.

MARRIED YESTERDAY.—There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe love's pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of Hope. There are harps tinkling now whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of amethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were wed. Life now is become beautifully the soul soars upwards from the dust, like a dove loosed from its cage; there is melody in every breeze and every place; yes, there are angels in every path, with crowns for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

MARRIED YESTERDAY.—It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come, and life loses its summer bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather's house, and little bairns cluster about his knee, they who were "married yesterday," mayhap will turn back to the records of the past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon gathering up their phoebes, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where will evermore be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.—*New York Daily Mercury.*

False shame of Silly People.

SOME people appear to be ashamed to have it known that they have to "work for a living." But, they are not ashamed of the foolish pride that originates that shame.—yet their pride is to them a greater disgrace than the greatest degree of virtuous poverty and honest labour. No greater evil could befall most young men and women, than to be relieved of the necessity for labour, as the records of criminal courts, prisons and poor houses show. The chances are much greater that young men who are from necessity compelled to toil for a living, will grow up and become respected members of society, than those who grow up in idleness with a fortune at their disposal.—While the former are engaged in earning a reputation and competency, the latter are scattering their substance in idleness and sloth.

A TASTE OF EDITORIAL LIFE.—The Rev. E. T. Baird, of the St. Louis Presbyterian, says he expects, Providence permitting to continue at his post to the first of October, and thus finish out two years of the most oppressive labor he ever underwent, and the worst remunerated. To those who have no personal experience of the responsibilities involved in the management of religious journals, and of the difficulty of sustaining them, such expressions will appear extravagant; but a very large majority of his brother editors will regard them as words of "truth and soberness."—*Wachman and Observer.*

PAPACY.—Five of the States of the Union were originally settled by Papists; viz.—Maryland, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California; the whole northern frontier from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Fond du Lac has ever been exposed to the influence of Popery from Canada, and most of the towns on that frontier were settled by Papists; and yet in Maryland there are about 800 Protestant churches to 65 papal; of 152 churches in Florida only 5 are papal; Louisiana has 123 Protestant and 55 papal churches. Texas has but 13 papal churches and 131 Protestant, while Protestant influence is greatly predominant in California. The inference to be drawn from these facts is, that however bold and confident Romanism may be, it has no principle of vitality to sustain and give it the pre-eminence it seeks.—*Exchange paper.*

FIGHTING FOR THE HOLY PLACES.—The latest news from Syria furnishes as sad commentary upon the state of religion among those who congregate around the places sacred in their historical associations to all christians.—The whole country is represented as a state of anarchy, owing to the withdrawal of the troops for the war with Russia, and the Pashas are left without the means of enforcing their authority. The Greek and Latin clergy at Jerusalem have renewed their shameful contests about the Holy Places, while the Turkish officials had not the power to prevent them coming to blows. This time the Latins claimed more than they were entitled to, and the latin Patrick and the French Consul (M. Botta) finding themselves under the necessity of yielding to the Greeks, left Jerusalem for Beyrout.

VEGETATING INSECTS.—These insects are not uncommon both in New South Wales and in New Zealand. The insect is the caterpillar of a large brown moth, and in New South Wales is sometimes found six inches long, buried in the ground a bout the same length; the top expanded like a flower, has a brown, velvet texture. In New Zealand, the plant is different, being a single stem six to ten inches high. Its apex, when in a state of fructification, resembles the club-headed rush in miniature. When newly dug up and divided longitudinally, the intestinal canal is distinctly visible, and frequently the hairs, legs and mandibles. Vegetation invariably proceeds from the nape of the neck, from which it may be inferred that the insect, in crawling to the place where it inhumes itself, prior to its metamorphosis, while burrowing in the light vegetable soil, gets some of the minute seeds of the fungus between the scales, of its neck, from which, in its sickening state, it is unable to free itself, and which, consequently being nourished by the warmth and moisture of the insect's body, then lying motionless, vegetate, and not only impede the process of change in the chrysalis, but like wise occasion the death of the insect.—*Notes and Queries.*

Eloquence and Humour of Patrick Henry

Patrick Henry was a distinguished orator and patriot of Virginia, who lent his powerful influence to the cause of the Revolution. Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distress of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an American commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal, and, on the establishment of peace, Hook on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London.

Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete controul over the passion of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook, vengeance was visible in every countenance; when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

He painted the distress of the American army exposed, almost naked, to the rigors of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where is the man," he said, "who has an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received, with open arms, the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you gentlemen, are to judge."

He then carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around New York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty" as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighbouring river. "But hark! what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamation of victory?—They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *Beef! beef! beef!*"

The whole audience were convulsed; a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the Court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court house and threw himself on the grass in the most violent paroxysm of laughter.

Here he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan get's up; he'll show him the law!"

Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligent or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The Jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the Tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear all around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef*; it was the cry of *tar and feathers*; from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

CONSCIENCE.—Bishop Taylor has this striking image: "Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another, the hands point silently to the figure, but strikes not; meantime, hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment!" There is something unspeakably appalling in this image.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT



A PERSON 30 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Works, of Rushcliffe, near Luddersfield, 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 Gas Works accompanied by severe rheumatic 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, so that at 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, Luddersfield.

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

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. 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 distressing, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medicine 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 I do not do her justice in having been so greatly alleviated the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.

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 Breach, 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 the first dose, 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 Pinner, 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 her 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	Chiefo-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore heads
Bite of Mosquitoes	Cancers	Tumours
Chenets and Sand-Flies	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Ulcers
Ristulas	Gout	Wounds
Lumbago	Piles	Glandular Swellings
Rheumatism	Elephantiasis	Sore Nipples
Coco bay		Yaws

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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.