

atmospheric air to their roots. Weather does not...

Ordinary Notices.

MR. EDYON.—We observed in your last number a brief notice of a man...

Richard Leander Hamilton was most beloved by those who knew him best...

On the 23rd of Feb., 1855, it pleased God through the zealous efforts of Rev. G. W. Tuttle...

On the 20th of Nov., 1859, our dear young brother received a more copious outpouring of that Spirit...

Through all the wonderful way in which by the grace of God he was led, infinite wisdom seems to have been preparing him to suffer as well as do...

of all around him, and when the rays of his extreme suffering would send him back to his bed...

"Oh may I triumph so When all my warfare's past."

Mrs. M'Kewen of Victoria. Mrs. Samuel M'Kewen (maiden name Sarah Burnett) fell asleep in Jesus...

She was in many respects a remarkable woman. Her intellectual advantages in early life were few and meagre...

Her sentiments were of the highest order. She was the soul of honesty, and unswerving in her moral and religious principles...

Having embraced the Saviour when she was a child of nine years old, and united with the people of God...

With a true mother's devotedness, she gave her time and labour to her temporal, intellectual and spiritual interests...

Her husband still lives to mourn his irreparable loss, but sustained and soothed by the consolations of a religion he has long known and felt...

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Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1855.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British Columbia...

A Short Rural Trip.

Pleasantness of country.—Promising state of the crops. Cause of the late frosts. Situation and nature of New Church in Falmonth.—Dedication of services.—Signs of progress.—Olden times.

Yielding to the importunity of the esteemed Superintendent of the Windsor Circuit we left home on Saturday last...

In this mysterious Providence it seemed hard for mother or child to understand, how all things work together for good to them that love God.

My wanted occupation was my joy with peace. And every morning I was glad to see the sun rise on a new day...

The frequent communications received from him by the writer—one of which contains the above quotation—plainly prove that his will was in subjection to the will of God...

During the last week of his life he was unable to give utterance to the thoughts which were crowding upon his mind...

The Sabbath was a shining day, such a Sabbath as we like to see, most inviting to those who love to go up to the house of the Lord...

one is still and thoughtful, but apparently anxious, as if eager to witness something in which they have a deep interest.

The building is a very neat one, in a Gothic style, well proportioned, having vestry accommodation in the basement, with appropriate tower and spire...

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He had hoped that our Sabbath labours would have been limited to one of the services, but in this our strength of resolution was not inviolable...

Nearly thirty years ago, at the commencement of our public ministry, in our happiness frequently to preach the word of life in the townships of Falmonth...

Falmonth was noted in the history of the pious Henry Allen, the New Light Revivalist, as one of the scenes of his successful labours.

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The Rev. Dr. Cooney.

The numerous friends of Dr. Cooney in these Lower Provinces will be pleased to hear of his welfare.

He was gratified to perceive that though laid aside from the active duties of the Ministry, and permitted only occasionally to engage in his loved employ of preaching the glorious Gospel of Christ...

The venerable Local Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Cooney, was present at all the examinations, and distributed the prizes, addressing the successful candidates individually, and in such happy and appropriate terms that all seemed to be both encouraged and delighted.

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parts of the two larger volumes, is that there is no more useful exposition extant. John Wesley called Bengal "that great light of the Christian world."

of the translation, it is proper to speak with commendation. The original is not in our possession, and we must therefore depend on the rendering of such passages as are within our reach.

Bengel's style doubtless loses by passing into another language, but the fidelity of the translators has not necessitated clumsiness or inelegance. The volume before us reads pleasantly and well, the text is enriched with valuable notes, critical and explanatory, and the whole work, though somewhat unwieldy from the size of the volumes, has been given to us by the publishers on clean, fair paper, with good type.

We regret to learn that an attempt is making to introduce the Edinburgh translation, published by the Messrs. Clark, to the displacement of this by Lewis and Vincent. We should regret to have our high esteem for the valuable services of the publishers of the Foreign Theological Library, lessened by the thought that they could condescend to anything but honorable competition.

No other volumes within our reach combine so many valuable excellences. If a young preacher can have but one commentary, let him, by all means, buy Bengal.—N. W. Adolante.

The Princess Alice.

Among the numerous articles which appeared in the English press on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Alice, so well-written, so breathing ardent sentiments of loyalty, and so appropriately expressed, the most valuable of these, we regard as well worthy of insertion in our columns, believing that it will be read with pleasure.

To-day a Princess of England gives her hand and heart in marriage to a man she has chosen. At any time, and under any circumstances, such an event would attract interest, but the bridegroom of the Princess Alice must not be ranked with ordinary Court ceremonies. The bond of royal love between the Queen and people has been so affected by sympathy for her great sorrow, that we may think of her to-day with reverent affection and thoughtful solicitude.

Will not the dark clouds break a little, this wedding day, and let through upon her sacred head the light of pride and hope? Will not the mingled smiles and tears of her daughter recall those tender and treasured memories of her own deep love, which comfort while they overcome the mind? Will not the magic influence of that hopefulness and affection which are the power of youth, be kindled in the Princess's own heart, and wear her to-day from grief to cheerfulness? Will her anxiety hope so much, if they may be glad to read that the sorrow of her Majesty was lightened, for a time at least, by the happiness of her child? For the Princess who will in a few hours leave her mother's roof, we have not the pleasure of knowing that the good and tender girl whom we have all learned to admire for her sweet disposition more than her comely face, is coldly sacrificed to a protocol, and like a frontier, signed away by plenipotentiaries. The Prince she weds is the Prince of her own free choice; and she marries him like an honourable English girl, because she loves him. In this, as in so many noble instances, her Royal Parent has set her subjects a bright example. It would not have been hard to find the second daughter of her Majesty of England the hand of a King and the revenues of a throne; but the Queen was better taught, and has permitted her child to choose happiness rather than the alliance of houses. Not, indeed, that the young and fortunate Prince who wins our admiration is unworthy of her hand by his line or breeding. Court authorities will tell us that the House of Hesse-Darmstadt counts the names of good and great princes upon its roll. The mother of the bridegroom was cousin of the reigning King of Prussia, and the present Emperor of Russia is connected with that princely family; so that, for those who value such things, the marriage draws together three Imperial dynasties. For our own part, we confess we hold these considerations in slight account. We like better to contemplate the happy change from the heartlessness and artificiality of old courts to the healthy and honest atmosphere which surrounds our good Sovereign. She will share to-day the pure pride and joy of all good English mothers, a joy which the grandeur of her crown can neither make more nor less. She will see all the tearful and tender hopes of her own girlhood mirrored again in the gentle face which is turned to her for blessing. She will taste the proud pleasure of surrendering to her own happiness the child who has been to her so loving and so true. A thousand praiseful hopes for pleasant days in stores, for the grace of widowhood, for the joy of motherhood, the honour and reverence of subjects, and the repose of a calm and happy heart, will rise to the trembling but smiling lip of the august lady. Her thoughts at such a time may indeed revert—as revert they will—to the noble husband to whom, so long ago, she too pledged a heart which kept its promise, and gave a hand which was faithful unto death. But can she think even of him cold in his early and regretted grave, and not comfort herself with the thought of so much private happiness and public affection resulting from his wife's instructions? His Queen is every inch a Queen; and to-day we are assured she will teach her favourite daughter the last lesson of a mother's care and anxiety—she will show her how a great heart can suppress its yearnings, and take at the hands of God, with equal gratitude, his chastenings and his mercies. Nor should it mar the pride and joy of the young Prince that he takes his bride from the house of mourning. The sorrow that sits at this wedding feast is of that solemn order which blossoms into blessings. The heart of England goes with him as he leads his wife away from the green altar of Osborne, and in-vokes upon his head and hers the blessing of a life. We should grudge him our favourite Princess. We shall cease to do so in proportion as he bears himself worthily towards the trust which the nation, no less than the Sovereign, commits to him. For we are sorry to lose the Princess Alice; her graceful form and dutiful ways have grown into our hearts, and the Court will seem bare to us without her presence. We know how tenderly she nursed her dying father—with what brave and womanly fortitude she herself sustained the anguish of the parting hour, and how faithfully and reverently she has shared with her august mother the weight of sorrow which has since made spring cheerless and the summer dull. We are proud of her as a true English girl, affectionate, strong-hearted, and fast and faithful to the duties of her house and place. We are grateful to her for setting an

example which our daughters may be glad to follow, an example which beautifies the annals of court-life with the records of a pure and gentle girlhood. She passes now in wider spheres of duty and harder ordeals; but the memories which she takes with her will be fuller of a gentle heart, fortifying it against trouble and trials, if any such there be to store for her. The horizon of her married days looks indeed clear and peaceful; if storms are to come, their threatening heralds do not yet blot the bright sky of her maidenhood, which leaves all the sorrow it has known behind it. Let us press, then, for the Princess Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, as much beloved and honoured in her new home, as she deserved and enjoyed when she was our Princess Alice, and living her among us. Let us aspirations but hopeful ones, no thoughts but such as befit a bride, be expressed upon this great morning of her gentle life, which for her sweet sake the nation marks with white. The happy Princess whom Kings may to-day envy must be mighty of the prize he bears away from us. The hand of a Princess of England would honour the proudest potentate who ever swayed a sceptre; but this graceful girl, with whom we part reluctantly, is a princess unprincipled. Let her husband as such receive her; among the precious and costly gifts which shall have more than all altogether—the prayers and good wishes of a great people, who love her for her own sake not less than for the sake of the Sovereign Lady her mother.

Notes and Gleanings.

FAITH AND REASON. In the July No. of the Methodist Quarterly there is an able article by the Rev. F. H. Newhall showing the atheistic tendencies of the "Essays and Reviews." The writer concludes his examination of the different theories with the following:

"Faith is the right and reason the left wing of the soul, as she goes flying through the universe to find her father. Let the right wing be crippled, and she veers around and falls upon the barren waste of rationalism; let the left be broken, and she plunges into the fiery floods of superstition; but let each pinion be strong and firm, and she lifts herself strongly from earth, she soars the realms of ice and fire on either hand, and soars home to the Father's bosom."

PARSON BROWLOW. Has announced his intention to secede from the Southern Church even if he has to set up for himself. He is doubtless a brave man, and a lover of freedom; but as a Minister of the gospel his leaving any church can be no very great loss. The Central Advocate gives the following notice of his Book on the South, lately issued:—

Browlow's Book.—We have read this volume with great care, and the more especially as we were personally acquainted with the author. Browlow uses strong language, and many unjustifiable expressions, altogether unfit to be uttered by any man, as they border on, or indeed are, the chosen phrases of blasphemy and profanity, with which style Mr. Browlow became familiar in his early days, which he never abandoned. Truth does not need the garb of Belligerence, of the bar-room, or the pharosology of vulgar profanity. In justice to truth we are compelled to make these declarations, and we warn all Christian people, and all civilized nations to avoid the use of such phrases and condemn them in the presence of their children.

When the son of Professor Dwight, the American theologian, visited England, he was invited to meet a number of distinguished persons. During the evening, Mrs. Hannah More said, "I presume, Mr. Dwight, that you are fast approaching to that state of things in America when you will have a monarchical Government?" "Madam," replied Mr. Dwight, "a thousands events would repeat from their scabbards to run the man through who dared to offer himself to the people." "Indeed," resumed the lady, "I always thought democracy was the best." He felt the sting, and endeavored to explain away his objection, when she quietly observed, "All you say, Sir, only convinces me the more that democracy is bloody." If any persons doubted the truth of her words then—they cannot now.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Rev. Canon Stowell, in a recent address at Exeter Hall, alluded to the distress in Lancashire, and to the influence which religion has exercised in preserving harmony and peace in a community which years ago would have been the centre of disturbance. He then gave the following touching incident:—

A self-worshiper, of prominent Christian character, was obliged one Saturday to announce to his operatives, that he felt it absolutely impossible to continue work, and that the factory must be closed from that day. The poor people received the painful intelligence with agitation manifest upon their countenances, except some thirty or forty, who received it calmly. At that moment, when all was silence, suspense and dismay, a young woman, a Sunday school teacher, stood up, with a calm, cheerful and encouraging tone, and said:—

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take. The clouds ye so much dread, are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on the clouds of our day. Fifty or sixty took up the strain, and the hymn was sung by all the assembled hands. A more signal instance of faith and hope we scarcely be imagined.

THE COLONEL AND THE GOVERNOR.

The Congregationalist says:—"The annals of the war are rich in the illustration of the Divine Spirit's power upon individual hearts. I know not whether the following has found its way to the public eye. It is an eloquent appeal to Christian faithfulness: as we have opportunity, Colonel Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, asked Governor Buckingham for an evangelist chaplain to make (as he said) his soldiers the best of troops. He was not a Christian himself—quite the reverse; but he told the governor that he had noticed that the bravest, most reliable men in danger were the religious ones. Hence his request. The governor readily promised to grant it; but before the interview closed tenderly said to the colonel: 'You seem anxious about your men that they may become Christians; do you feel no concern about yourself?' It was but a word or two of inquiry, and they separated. The blood of the Governor of Rhode was over, and Col. Russell, among the dead. He was called to the field, and he fell. But he had sought the acquaintance of a Christian officer for guidance in the way of salvation; and to that Christian friend he stated that the few short, faithful words of the general had been the means of arousing his conscience to the subject of his own salvation, as they became the instrument of the Holy Spirit in his heart, a pardoned, regenerated man. A word fully spoken—how good is it! This incident was related at the recent meeting of the General Association at New Bedford."

Rowland Hill said, "He would not give anything for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it."