

part of her presents. We had now got alongside of what I may term a high and almost perpendicular wall of smooth iron, broken only by a single row of comparatively small ports, showing the muzzles of the "Armstrongs," bidding defiance to every assailant.

I was fortunate in meeting an old acquaintance on board—Dr. R. D. Wells, who is Surgeon of the Warrent. Bermuda may justly be proud of one of her sons being so well qualified to fill such a distinguished post, one that I have no doubt half the Surgeons in the Navy might well covet. Dr. Wells very kindly went over the ship with me, explaining everything as we went along; and to him am I indebted for most of the details which I will presently lay before you. I pause for a moment to look at the crowd on deck—for in addition to our party there were three other small steamers alongside, each having discharged its living freight on board, presenting a multitude of people such as one seldom sees congregated together at one time and in one place. Here we have almost every class of society represented, from live Lords and Ladies of "high degree," down to the hard-working mechanic with his wife and daughter, all come to pay homage to this triumph of man's skill and ingenuity.

As a matter of course every corner of the ship is minutely examined down to the engine—those Titanic that face on fire and water—not only by the male portion of the crew, but by the gender sex as well. The immense amplitude of skirt worn by the ladies in these days, was sadly out of place in the lower regions, and some of the fair dames who ran the gauntlet of the Engine-room, had to pay the penalty of their indiscretion by getting their dresses very much besmeared with paint, notwithstanding that every precaution had been taken by the officers to avert such a dire calamity, by placing men at different points to give warning that painting was going on. It was only emerging from these depths to the deck that the extent of the damage done could be ascertained. The ladies were not the only sufferers on the occasion, however, and they had the satisfaction of seeing that some of the sternest sex would not get off scot-free. One very fashionably dressed young fellow came up with the contents of an oil lamp upon his white hat and coat. His looks on making the discovery were certainly anything but pleasing, and I dare say he was mentally cursing his folly for being so rash as to venture down into the nasty place; an engine-room you know at the best of times, being no very desirable locality for "exquisites."—On the whole, however, the people went away seemingly well pleased with their visit and with the kindness and civility they met with from the officers of this noble ship.

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Who shall a feeble worm redeem?  
My only hope thou art,  
My only refuge, thou art,  
Strength of my falling flesh and heart;  
O could I catch a smile from thee,  
How glad I should be!"

As she entered the cold, dark waters of the Jordan, she said to her sorrowing husband, "Weep not for me, I am going home! I am going home! Again, she exclaimed, "The door is wide open to receive my happy soul! Thus the divine strength was made perfect in weakness; and she proved, as all the followers of Christ have proved in all their trials and afflictions—"When I am weak then am I strong."

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Moncton Missionary Anniversary

On Saturday, 11th inst., being one of our most beautiful days, our excellent and worthy Principal of the Ladies' Mount Allison Academy, Wellington-le-Val, faithful to his engagements, entered our snug and pretty little city, Moncton, driving a splendid team as ever stood in our Academies' stalls, and perhaps as ever graced the County of Westmorland. You must know Mr. Editor, that it would mark a little the symmetrical and intellectual perfection and beauty of the Mount Allison Academies to see its Principal, a distinguished and devoted man, and one of our most successful and energetic Missionary Amateurs, half dead and alive animals, that would require inspiration from "outs in the whiplash," or from "goods in their saddles," to enable their masters to get to those meetings at the appointed hour; and moreover it would be a poor specimen of physico-ecological talent to behold our good Principal driving bad subjects, in the shape of horse-flesh, especially in this golden age of scientific and artistic perfection and rivalry. On Monday our beloved Apollo, whose praise is in all the Churches, and Theological Professor, after a circuitous travel and laborious journey, was conveyed to our city in a beautiful carriage, and arrived in the evening, so that we had to attend our meeting in the evening in these two good Brothers' team, a team of Classical and Missionary talent as ever adorned our Eastern British American Conference, or graced a Missionary platform, and, as a natural sequence, with such able help, we anticipated, by God's blessing, a good and effective meeting. Although the severity of the North wind was not so much as that of Saturday, a goodly number of young men and maidens, old men and children, were seen wending their way on our Anniversary—dishes and rollers, and the fair and sweet beams of the moon of night. The gallery was filled with our juvenile collectors of the Sabbath School, who, with their sweet and charming school-own speaking voices, accompanied by the Melodion, skillfully fingered by the voluntary and cheerful kindness of Miss Stedman, unitedly and harmoniously discoursed good music, permeating the whole platform and audience with spirit and life. As several of our speakers on these occasions were unavoidably absent we had to depend upon our Anticipation, who in my view proved to be a whole and all sufficient team in themselves, for the most part of our speaking, although delivered upon a cramped stage, between two almost insufferable stove-fires, with heart and hand stirring effect upon the meeting, resulting we hope not minus of last year, albeit the hue and color of hard times. While writing this I receive our city's Westmorland Times, in which the editor kindly and ably notices all our meetings, so that I forbear writing any further particulars and beg your insertion of the editor's and oblige yours truly, J. V. JOY.

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Mrs. JOHN ADY, the subject of the following notice, died in Hillsborough, County Antrim, N. B., on the 18th of November, 1862. She had been a member of the Methodist Church for a number of years; she cordially approved of its doctrines and discipline, and felt a deep interest in its stability and prosperity in the community in which she lived. In regard to her Christian experience, she often spoke of the time—many years previous to her decease, when she received such a glorious manifestation of the Divine Presence as assured her of her acceptance with God, and her adoption into the family of heaven. There she could exclaim with her poet,

"O love thee bottomless abyss,  
My sins are swallowed up in thee,  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
The way of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
New mercy bestows on mercies' cries."

But though she was thus favoured, her experience was often attended with doubts and fears. Indeed, for some years previous to her death, the disease under which she laboured, occasioned general physical debility and depression of mind, so that her experience was far from being exalting, joyous, or even confident. But notwithstanding her affliction, as she was able she steadily attended the means of grace, and in her general deportment, maintained the sanctity and dignity of the Christian character. She was naturally amiable and sociable in her disposition, she had many friends, and she was mindful of the Apostle's injunction—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." Her kindness to our ministers who have travelled in the Hopewell Circuit, is gratefully remembered, for three years

the writer shared her hospitality and motherly attentions. My intimate acquaintance with her religious state—her weakness and suffering, was no doubt the reason why her benevolent husband requested me to write this obituary. As the day of life drew to a close, and the shades of evening gathered around her, the Divine Spirit prevailed her heart with holy, quickening and comforting influences. The veil to the eyes of her faith was drawn aside, and she had views of the "Better country," most delightful and consoling. Christ, in view of her faithful and her appearance in the presence of an infinitely holy God, became precious beyond description. Now the language of the Rev. Chas. Wesley, when on the bed of death was expressive of her feelings and sentiments.

As she entered the cold, dark waters of the Jordan, she said to her sorrowing husband, "Weep not for me, I am going home! I am going home! Again, she exclaimed, "The door is wide open to receive my happy soul! Thus the divine strength was made perfect in weakness; and she proved, as all the followers of Christ have proved in all their trials and afflictions—"When I am weak then am I strong."

MR. Wm. TILL, OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

The following obituary notice has been communicated by the one who was long and intimately acquainted with Mr. Till. It is his duty to record the death of Mr. Wm. Till, a native of New Brunswick, and from early life a resident of St. John, who, in consequence of falling down a flight of stairs leading from his son's Printing Office, on Friday, the 3rd inst., was suddenly called into eternity, at the age of 75 years.

Under the ministry of the Rev. Joshua Marsden, Wesleyan Missionary, Mr. Till, then a young man, experienced the converting grace of God, and from that time until the day of his death, a period of more than fifty years, he continued a consistent Christian, and closely attached to the Wesleyan Church. For many years, after his conversion he was one of the most active laborers of Methodism in this city, always abounding in the work of the Lord. He was an acceptable local preacher, and a useful class-leader, and in this latter office he continued profitably employed to the close of his life. There are many in this city who well remember his faithful and affectionate exhortations delivered years ago in German Street Church. He was fully favored by his Divine Master with a full assurance of his acceptance through the atonement, and he rejoiced to recommend to others that grace which enabled him to say "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Shortly after he had experienced Divine mercy the impression was strong upon his mind that he ought to give up his secular calling and devote himself to the Christian Ministry; but this conviction of duty, which followed him day and night for a long season, he resisted, under a deep sense of his unworthiness to fill that sacred office, a period of more than fifty years, he continued a consistent Christian, and closely attached to the Wesleyan Church. For many years, after his conversion he was one of the most active laborers of Methodism in this city, always abounding in the work of the Lord. He was an acceptable local preacher, and a useful class-leader, and in this latter office he continued profitably employed to the close of his life. There are many in this city who well remember his faithful and affectionate exhortations delivered years ago in German Street Church. He was fully favored by his Divine Master with a full assurance of his acceptance through the atonement, and he rejoiced to recommend to others that grace which enabled him to say "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Although Mr. Till's departure was very sudden—as it were in a moment of time—yet there is every reason to believe he was found ready. He had frequently expressed the wish that, if he were the Lord's will, he should prefer a sudden death to a long languishing one—that death he longed to have, and he was prepared to give up all to follow Christ, and to die with him. The Lord granted the request of his servant, removing him suddenly from a world in which he had realized himself to be only a sojourner, waiting for his master, and for the inheritance promised to all who love the appearing of Christ.

Our dear Brother has gone. We shall no more see him in the flesh, yet we shall not soon forget him. His amiable manners endeared him to his many friends, and his edifying conversations will be long remembered. May we so live, that we may meet him in heaven. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord—from hence forth; they shall depart from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Apologising for occupying so much of your space with this rambling letter,

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