

appointments appeared on the conference plan, including out-door services. The following is a list of Preachers, with their texts, at the leading Chapels.—

In the First Circuit, at Oldham Street, the Rev. W. Barton, preached in the morning, from Ps. xxiii. 1, the Rev. Dr. Beaumont in the forenoon, from Hab. ii. 2, the Rev. F. J. Johnson, in the afternoon, from Luke xxiii. 42, 43, and the President in the evening, from Isa. ii. 2.

In the Second Circuit, at Irwell Street, at half-past ten, the Rev. Dr. Bunting preached from Heb. ii. 10, the Rev. John Kirk in the afternoon; and the Rev. G. B. Macdonald in the evening, from Rev. i. 5, 6.

In the Third Circuit, at Grosvenor Street, the Rev. R. Reece preached in the morning, from 2 Cor. iv. 7; the Rev. John Greaves in the afternoon, and the Rev. J. Bowers in the evening, from Luke xiv. 12.

At Oxford Road, in the forenoon, the Rev. S. D. Waddy, from Phil. ii. 9—11; in the afternoon, the Rev. W. Short, from Gal. ii. 20; and in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Hannah, from Isa. liii. 10.

In the Fourth Circuit, at Bridgewater Street, the Rev. T. Galland, in the morning, from 2 Cor. iii. 17, 18; in the afternoon, the Rev. Jabez Rought, from Zach. iii. 7, and the Rev. J. McLean in the evening, from Rom. xiv. 4.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2.

The Conference assembled at eight o'clock this morning, and was occupied in considering "What additional preachers should be granted?" The sitting was suspended at ten, in order to the performance of divine service in the Conference Chapel, which, as soon as the doors were thrown open, was filled to overflowing by a highly respectable audience.

At half past ten, the Rev. Thomas Jackson proceeded to read the morning service of the Church of England, after which, the Rev. Robert Newton, Ex-President, according to appointment, preached the Conference Sermon. His text was 1 Cor. i. 23, 24—"We preach Christ crucified," &c. We refrain from giving an outline of this appropriate and admirable discourse, as we expect it will appear in an authorised form.

There was no afternoon sitting, several important committees having to meet; and the evening was occupied with the public examination of young men, of which we shall give a detail in our account of the Ordination Services, next week.

TUESDAY, August 3.

This morning, the conference resumed the question, "What additional preachers should be granted?" Several requests were complied with, on the circuits interested giving a pledge to take an additional married man at the end of four years;—amongst those circuits were—the Third London, the sixth London, Luton, Downend, Stourbridge, Bolton, Boston, Thursk, Gainsborough, Keighley, and others. A grant of an additional preacher for one year, was made to several circuits, under special circumstances. The next question related to the alteration and division of circuits,—and occupied the conference until nearly the close of its forenoon sitting.

Several important Committees met in the afternoon.

The public examination of the Young Men was resumed in the evening.—London Watchman, of August 4th.

Miscellany.

THE DOMESTIC CONSTITUTION.

Christian families have ever been, and must be always, the very spring-head of benevolent and holy influences. Here it is that the dew of heaven are first imbibed and collected. Here the refreshing waters commence their earliest flow. Out of the bosom of such families it is, that we derive the innumerable forms of pious fellowship and of sacred beneficence. Here are those germs and seedlings which are to fill the earth with fruitfulness, and to clothe the church with beauty. Here those infant graces receive their discipline and mature their strength, which are to go forth, afterwards, to the encounter of every error and pollution. Those holy purposes are here nurtured and confirmed, which will soon reveal themselves under the commanding forms of enterprise, and patience, and heroic self-denial. If to the parent is committed the formation of the commonwealth,

then to the Christian parent is assigned the arduous but honourable task of replenishing the church,—not in earth alone but heaven;—of training up for glory that philanthropy which looks not to the body but the soul; that patriotism which embraces not an empire, but a world; that unquenchable ambition which shall pursue its conquests, and gather its rewards, beyond the boundaries of time and death; and that emanation of divine benignity, which shall shine, like its parent beam, to guide the wanderer, to cheer the exile, and to gladden the homeward path of spirits once far off, but now returning to the habitation of their Father. The missionary, the pastor, the visitor of the forgotten poor, the pious instructor of an unborn generation, the future champion of holiness and truth, and the witness for God against the scoffs and infidelity of a coming age, these and others like them, are to be mentored for their several employments, and guarded for their hardships and honours which await them, by the hand of parental instruction.—Rev. R. S. M'All, LL.D.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.—God has so framed his rational creatures that they can enjoy no solid or lasting happiness independently of himself. Hence, the more intimate our communion with God, the greater is our happiness: the less intimate our communion with God, the less is our happiness: and when there is no communion with God, neither can there be any real happiness.

A total loss of communion with God is the condition of evil spirits and of evil men. These enjoy no true happiness, or, if wicked men do enjoy a sort of false happiness in this world, the time is rapidly approaching when the cup of unhallowed pleasure will be dashed from their lips, and when they will be for ever banished from the presence of the Lord. Yet, even here, their happiness has no solidity. Their highest joys are but as the short-lived blaze of crackling thorns. He who can read the inmost soul of man hath declared and recorded their true state: however it may be disguised, by a meretricious glare, from their fellow-mortals. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."—Rev. G. S. Faber, B.D. Rector of Long-Newton.

THE WESLEYANS AND THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Out of the Establishment, there is in England no religious body to be compared in numbers, in piety, in zeal for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, with the Wesleyans. They possess about eleven hundred ministers, whose devoted labours have surrounded them with multitudes of attached adherents, full of Christian life and energy, in every city, town and village of England. They have been, to a great extent, the salt of that land. And we rejoice to add, the Wesleyans are the avowed, the cordial, the enlightened defenders of the principles contended for by the Church of Scotland. The Watchman, a London Journal connected with their body, and equally distinguished for talent and Christian principle, has, for months past, been writing vigorously and decidedly in our church's cause,—viewing it as a cause identified with vital godliness and religious liberty,—and on these grounds it has lately exhorted the members of the Wesleyan body to use their influence, as members of the commonwealth, to further its settlement in the legislature, on the principles of the Duke of Argyll's bill. At the great meeting held some time ago in London, to promote this cause, we need not remind our readers that Dr. Bunting, Mr. Beecham, and other leading Wesleyan Ministers took part. And further, to show the estimate they have formed of the worth and magnitude of the question, they have now given it a place in their great religious organ, a work which circulates throughout the whole church. In the July number of that periodical, an article on the subject has appeared, from the pen, as we understand, of its learned and accomplished Editor, which, for accuracy of statement, breadth and clearness of comprehension, force and conclusiveness of argument, will bear advantageously to be compared with most things that have been written on this subject.—Scottish Guardian.

* The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

WELLINGTON.—Seventy-one winters have shed their snows upon his honoured head, and those iron nerves which war and climate could not shake, have felt the hand of time and owned his power—but though the frame has yielded, the mind retains its vigour, and the heart beats firmly as it once did upon the battle-field. Like the oak of that proud ship which bore the flag of Nelson, decay is traced upon the surface, but the core remains intact. True to his country, that voice which turned "the heady light" to victory still gives its fearless counsels in the senate—uninfluenced by party predilection, and reckless whether its honest sentiments accord with popular opinion, or provoke the clamour of the crowd. When a century shall have passed away; when beauty fades into kindred dust, statesmen are forgotten, the rottenness of demagogues is exposed, and a new generation wonders only how a past one could be fooled—in the page of England's history one name will stand out in bold relief—and one consenting voice pronounce—that the greatest soldier Britain had produced was ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Maxwell's Life.

FLOWERS.—At a lecture lately at the Royal Institution, the fact was stated, that flowers during the day, give out oxygen gas, which supports life, and that during the night they emit carbolic acid gas, one of the most deleterious and poisonous gases known; the headaches and other aches, usually following balls, &c., where it is now the fashion for the ladies to display large bouquets, may be caused by the gases emitted: the most injurious effects to health are produced by plants blooming in sleeping apartments; and whilst they are agreeable and healthy in rooms during the day, no person should breathe the noxious gas which they emit during the night.—London Watchman.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WESLEY.—In the course of the voyage to America, Mr. Wesley, hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, (the Governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed) stepped in to enquire the cause of it; on which the General immediately addressed him: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know, the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain, Grimaldi, (his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear) has drunk up the whole of it. But I will be revenged of him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot and to be carried to the man of war, which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope Sir," (said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him,) you never sin." The general was quite confounded at the reproof; and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "There villain, take my keys and behave better for the future."—Branford Courier.

AN INFIDEL'S ADVICE.—A writer in the Western Observer, Bishop McIlvaine, we presume, relates the following remarkable anecdote:—"I have recently been in conversation with a gentleman who personally knew the noted Tom Paine, from whom I have learned some particulars which it may be useful to repeat. This gentleman states that, when a young man, he was driving his father's waggon from Sing Sing to a place in Westchester Co., N. Y., when Paine, travelling the same way, requested to be taken in. The fame and talk about Paine's Age of Reason had made a sceptical impression on the mind of the youth, and finding himself in the presence of its author he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to learn more of that sort of reason. In the conversation, Paine positively asserted that he believed the Scriptures to be the word of God, and most seriously charged his auditor not to read his book, or, if he did, not to suffer it to have any influence on his mind. He said it did not contain the truth; that he wrote it at first without the intention of publishing, merely to see what he could do; that he deeply regretted its publication, and would give anything had he never written it. Such was the serious earnestness of Paine in these remarks, and so conclusively did he reason against the principles of his Age of Reason, that he entirely re-

moved all sceptical impressions from the mind of the young man, (the present informant,) so that the latter has ever since retained a grateful recollection of the conversation, and now says, that such was Paine's earnestness to prevent his being injured by his writings, and to eradicate all such evil impressions as they had already made, that he can never lose the remembrance of it. The same gentleman says that he has heard of several persons who could relate the same observations from Paine to them.—American paper, quoted in London Watchman.

Poetry.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

From the Literary Gazette, September, 1822.

Son of the ocean isle,
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and holy pile
Is rear'd for glory's bed.
Go, stranger, track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the Pyramid o'eraway'd,
With fearful power the woody reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.
But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose fight is done;
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Gauges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar
But let the sound roll on;
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrents' floods
The western wilds among;
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strong.
But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.
But let the storm rage on;
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!
For the Rocca-stalls' field is won;
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power.
But let the ice drift on;
Let the cold, blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done;
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles!
The men of gold and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles?
The seas and shores their grave?
Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread;
Wind may not rave, nor billow sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

H.

LETTERS received up to Wednesday, September, 22d:—Rev. W. M. HARVARD (3); Rev. R. L. LUSHER (2); Rev. J. C. DAVIDSON; Rev. E. STONEY; Rev. W. STEER; Rev. W. CASE; Rev. E. SALLONS; Rev. J. MOCKRIDGE.

The Wesleyan

Is published, semi-monthly, for the COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT, at the corner of New and Newgate Streets, Toronto.

EDITORS:—Rev. Messrs. M. RICHES, A. M., and J. G. MANLY.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be limited to one page, and inserted at the usual rates.

TERMS:—Seven shillings and six pence, currency, per annum, payable yearly or half yearly, in advance.

AGENTS:—THE WESLEYAN MINISTERS, in Canada, in connexion with the British Conference; and Messrs. A. HAMILTON, Toronto, R. MOORE, Peterboro', and C. HALE, Kingston.