

uninhabited these hundreds of years—and finds that they were built by giants, with walls from five to eight feet in thickness, with rooms of corresponding size and height. The houses he describes to be just such as giants would build. The walls, the roofs, but especially the ponderous gates, doors, and bars, are in every way characteristic of a period when architecture was in its infancy—when giants were man—when strength and security were the grand requisites.—*Christian Times.*

Obituary.

MR. W. H. PEARCE, WILMOT.

(Circumstances which could not well be controlled prevented the earlier appearance of the following notice.)
Died at "Fort Glen," Wilmot, Sept. 23rd, 1867, aged 41. Mr. Wm. H. Pearce son of the late Henry Pearce, Esq., of Middleton, Annapolis County, leaving an affectionate wife and five children, together with brothers and sisters and numerous friends to mourn their loss.

The affliction of Bro. Pearce was of such a character, as to give him at times, much pain, and distress, which for a year or two he has had to bear, but bore all with remarkable patience and resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. Bro. P. was brought to God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, by the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Barratt, about 19 or 20 years ago, since which time it is believed, his Christian life has been generally consistent, as a member of the Wesleyan Church in the Annapolis Circuit. May the Lord graciously sustain the lonely widow, who has now a second time been called to suffer so heavy a blow of the Father's hand. Bro. P. was her second husband—the first having been killed by a kick from a horse when only a few months married—How true, "in the midst of life we are in death!"

May God bless both widow and fatherless children, and fulfill his blessed promise to them. *Jeremiah xlii: 11.*

Bro. Pearce was much and deservedly esteemed by all who knew him, evidence of which was given, on the day of his interment, for his funeral was attended by a very large concourse of sympathizing friends and neighbors.

"Oh what need of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our Churches and congregations, that while our dear people are joining the Church triumphant the ranks may be filled in the Church militant!"

R. E. C.

Ayleford, Feb. 1868.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19, 1868.

Notes on the Missionary Anniversary.

The Missionary Anniversary is over, and we can now look back upon its proceedings with a measure of satisfaction. Once more good sermons have been preached, and good speeches made in behalf of the great work of sending Christ's blessed Gospel to the ends of the earth. Once more, as members of the Methodist Church, we have indicated by our offerings the degree of interest which we take in the grand Christian enterprise.

The attendance at the Sabbath services was interfered with by the storm, which, as many witnesses attest, generally marks the Halifax Missionary Anniversary. At night the rain descended in torrents, and the furious blast hurried those who ventured out on the slippery surface of the wet ice which glazed the streets, much faster than they would. The strong and vigorous found it as much as they could do to keep their feet, and in some cases failed to do it, while for others the attempt to reach the churches was out of the question. Hence many empty pews, and somewhat diminished collections. For the meetings the weather was, happily, propitious. The attendance at these, though respectable, was not such as to indicate any great amount of enthusiasm. It was no doubt considerably affected by the fact that in the city scarcely a week passes without two or three public meetings; and, though the cause of missions is as dear as ever to all who love the Saviour, it has no longer that charm of novelty which it once possessed. Moreover, one attraction which has marked some such occasions is now, generally speaking, wanting. The witness, which elicited H. Hall's growl, "Always so, lions first and then monkeys," which "brought down the house" with roars of laughter and rounds of stamping and cheering, are thank God, far from being common these days have been in the past, and, of course, those who appreciate nothing else, miss these, and find the meetings comparatively uninteresting. It must also be admitted, in connection with this particular case, that, though our Halifax friends deserve credit for a long catalogue of virtues and good works, too many are chargeable with a degree of negligence with reference to the week-night services of religion.

As to the speaking, it becomes us to say but little. The attention which it uniformly commanded is its best commendation. It was varied in character, interesting, impressive, and we venture to think, at times most eloquent. So much for its quality. With reference to quantity, we may perhaps be pardoned if we make a further remark. How was it that at one meeting, and that the most protracted of three, the speakers to the third resolution were almost crowded out, the second altogether so? Such an occurrence mars the symmetry of a meeting, and must often, as in this case, be of some slight annoyance to the audience, and of some slight embarrassment to a speaker who has probably been taking his part in the advocacy of the claims of missions. Who was to blame? We think—no one. Were it otherwise, our natural aversion to hot water would prevent our referring to the matter at this time. But it affords us an opportunity of inviting those whom it may concern to consider whether, in the ordering of our meetings generally, too much, as regards time, is not left to chance.

We venture to suggest to the energetic and efficient Secretary of the Auxiliary, that should he be spared to see another anniversary—and we hope he may see many, for should he live till we find a more business-like official, he will have the honour of helping to close the Society's books at the Millennium—might it not be some little reform. Would it not be practicable to fix not only the time of commencing, but also that of closing the collection, and of closing? Might not the time be divided among the speakers according to circumstances, so that each might be notified of the space allotted to him, and thus be sure that he was not trespassing on that of another? The difficulty has been felt, and some such remedy as that suggested, desired on both sides of the Atlantic.

But one must go through his resolution. Not at all. The connection between speech and resolution is sometimes, even with our most eminent speakers, a matter of pure imagination, and the reading of the document in question

serves only to clear a man's throat, and to try at what pitch his voice must be used to fill the house; or to talk off his deliverance neatly and promptly, with some notice to his hearers, and they may not be startled by his subsiding too abruptly. Then some could, with perfect ease to themselves, speak a "ducesimo pro 300" or each of the six clauses of a resolution. There are two ways of remedying the evil. We might clip the resolutions, or, as they did in New York the other day, throw them overboard altogether. The uncertainty as to time prevents some from attending the meetings; and some cannot divest themselves of the idea that they will have to listen to five or six speeches in succession each half an hour long. No matter how good these may be, they find it too much for them. It is, doubtless their infirmity, but their infirmity must be considered if we would have their company on such occasions.

Most grateful to our feelings, and to those of every one who has the welfare of Methodism at heart, was the part taken by our laymen. They were few, but they did their work nobly. They confessed some of their infirmities, and the state of lay-agency amongst us, as a Congregation. While other churches which have long professed against this are learning to avail themselves of it, we seem to be making a retrograde movement. Were we able to give a return of the number of laymen employed as local preachers and exhorters in Great Britain, the States, and Eastern British America, respectively, we think it would be a great extent account for the fact that we do not witness that consolidation of our interests which marks the Methodism of the former, or the impetuous aggression and glorious progress which attend our brethren of the U. S. Methodism, with her chief lay-agency sacrificed to circumstances or to prejudice, like a labourer with one arm cut off. She can never do the work God has given her to do. It will be a happy day for us when this truth is once more universally and practically recognized; when sacred is made for the talents which are now hidden, and their possessors are pressed to use them for the conversion of the masses and the edification of the church.

We were not sorry to observe that the custom of naming a formal note of thanks to the Chairman flickered in the socket at Brunswick Street, and expired before the meeting at Grafton Street was held, with full consent and approbation of all concerned. We devoutly hope we have heard the last of it. It is an honour to any Christian gentleman to preside on such an occasion, and last week the honour was well and worthily bestowed.

Did space permit, we should be tempted to dwell on two or three of the many excellent ideas which struck us forcibly at the time of their delivery. We can only hint at them, and leave them for the consideration of our thoughtful readers. Is there any reason why the income of the Society should not be increasing, year by year, in as large a ratio as ever? Is not the wealth of the Methodist body, as a whole, greater than before? Are we not in danger of being betrayed, by a contemplation of rapid advance and success in the past, into a self-complacency most inimical to hearty and earnest exertion for improvement and extension? Would not a little more prayerful thought as to the claims of Jesus, and of the world He died to save, lead more—or, at all events, very many—of the subscribers to double their contributions? Is it not strange that, with so vast a machinery, working for twelve months throughout so extensive a field, the number of converts reported does not much exceed that of those who in one day were brought to God by the preaching of the Galilean apostles?

God will not honour us as He did our Fathers when we show any zeal in His work. Our numbers, our wealth, our opportunities far exceed theirs; and it would be but an idle boast to say that we do more for them. To us, as a people, much is given; and from us God expects much. We must labour and pray, and speak, and give, and beg, as those who have their heart in the cause of Christ, and then we shall feel, and the world will know, that we are indeed "workers together" with Him. Our feeble efforts will be made effective by the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Lord will make bare His holy arm in the sight of all nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God.

PROCEEDS OF MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

BUNSWICK STREET CHURCH.

Collected after Missionary Sermons.....	\$30.00
Collected at Anniversary Meeting, including \$100 as a "thank offering for success in business," and \$50 from "Nemo" as continued fruits of obedience to the apostolic injunction, "lay by in store as God hath prospered you.".....	262.20
Collected by the children of the Sabbath School, including \$20, the proceeds of Miss Annie Sampson's Bazaar.....	165.27
Total.....	\$457.47

GRAFTON STREET CHURCH.

Collected after Missionary Sermons.....	\$40.50
Collected at Anniversary Meeting, including \$20 from a female friend in gratitude to God for mercies received.....	213.00
Collected by the children of the Sabbath School.....	45.00
Total.....	298.50

DARTMOUTH.

Collected after Missionary Sermons.....	\$53.66
Collected at Anniversary Meeting.....	49.60
Total.....	103.26

Public Speaking.

ART. III.

I have two objects in writing these few hints to induce young men to speak, and to induce those who do speak, to make effort to render their speaking more acceptable, and so, more useful. But, perhaps, you will be discouraged, may at first think, "O," says the "man of letters," "the so particular about exact meanings, and pronunciation and all such matters?" Yes, you must if you wish to be a correct speaker; if you wish to avoid occupying the attention that many of your hearers would give to the matter of your speech, with the mistakes made in uttering them. You see clear glass, do you not? especially for a spy glass? If there are blurs and spots, they prevent you from seeing as clearly as you wish. You say, "I will not mind these blurs. I will look steadily at the object." Yes, you cannot help minding them. They take up attention. They, slightly or considerably intercept the view. You wish they were not there. These things we speak of are blurs and spots on your speaking. Many may not notice them. Many do. They wish they were not there. They interfere with the transparency and so with the good influence of the speech. There is a good deal of soul-stirring speech in which there are blurs of various kinds. It sits in spite of these. But it would be more useful without

them. If you have natural eloquence, you need not be so particular about these things. You may succeed without a "spelling book." Even then, it would be vastly better to cure them. You are only an ordinary speaker, the great secret of curing them. If you have two strong notes and a light carriage, you can do with out oil on your axles, perhaps still it would be better to oil them. There would be greater ease, less friction, less danger. An ordinary speaker is only a single horse attached to a carriage. Then, O, driver! oil the wheels.

"But if one has his mind occupied, while speaking, with pronunciation and provincialisms, and shades of meaning and other things, you are going to mention before you get through, will not it hamper him and prevent freedom of thought and utterance?" Yes, and as we say, train yourself in private and in the family circle, and when good habits are formed, you will have the mind free, in public, for your subject. You have heard of the Athenian orator who used pebbles to cure stammering. You take an A as he took a pebble, and "roll it as a sweet morsel under your tongue," and get it under control, or get your tongue to control it, that it will always go where it is wanted, but never where it is not. Practice this when you are walking, or working, or riding—"Up a high hill, he leaves a heavy stone," or "O! how often comes a word to the bill!"

Take the three words, *stance, stature, statue*, so fix the meaning of each, make yourself so familiar with it by private thinking, writing, or reading, that you could make a speech in which all should occur many times, and yet not hesitate at the right word. And so with other things—"You cannot be perfect and you will not try." But you ought to try. God holds you responsible for your speaking in its place, as well as for giving, or praying, in its place. You will never be perfect but in trying to become so, you will make great advancement. If, by attending to these minor matters, you must lose your life and earnestness, in speaking, we had rather hear you as you are. But it is not, in the least, necessary that you should be perfect in your grammar, or in your diction. But first, let me quote a part of a speech I heard a few evenings ago, from an intelligent, zealous brother.

"There is so many loss to the Christian, that we had ought to be watchful everywhere. The number should be shook from the soul. Our Captain does great things for us when upon earth, and is now ready to do for us. We must fight in his strength, till the last enemy lays at our feet, and we set down on the throne of victory."

It was a telling speech. Many speeches are powerful and good with even greater errors. Yet it would have been more enjoyable, to say the least, if it had been different in some small particulars, and if not to Christians, it would to the educated, unconverted hearers, have been decidedly more useful.

Of course, my educated readers see the errors. But I am not writing for them; but for those who have had little or no schooling. So, grammarians, just turn over to some other column, and let us talk of things that are waiting on a grammar. Let me recommend you to get a grammar. You have not much time, you have to work hard. Yes, but you can get an hour every evening, can you not? If so, you can, by persevering, become a grammatical speaker, and make advancement in pronunciation and other things. Do you not know that Andrew Johnson learned to read after he was forty. Some think it would have been better, if he had never learned. But that will not be the case with your reading grammar. If you can get some one to help you, do it; a teacher, an advanced scholar in some school, some friend who has been at Sakville and taken a diploma, get him if you can. Perhaps the minister would help you, especially if he should want you to fill an appointment in the country occasionally. But if there is no one, go it all yourself.

And the quotation made above will serve to direct attention to a few common errors. Just look back and observe the words in italics—(And just as I marked them. You make us say things sometimes that we do not mean, and make blunders for us. In the fault of the bad penmanship, is it? Well so let it be, only see the italics are right, like a good fellow.)

One of the most frequent errors is the use of a singular verb with a plural noun. "There is a foe, does that sound right to you? No. There are foes. Study your nouns and verbs thoroughly. And as you are studying verbs you will find marked as a defective verb the word *ought*. You can only express present and past time with it, and past time very imperfectly. You ought to do a thing to-day. You ought to have done it yesterday. Past time is expressed by *have*. But you should never say *had ought*. "The slumber should be shaken" &c. not "*shook*" the past tense used for the past participle. This is a very common error. "I have broke my carriage." "*I have wrote a letter*." Then comes the past participle for the past tense. "Our Captain done a great work," instead of "*did*," "*I seen him*," "*for I love him*."

You will find some verbs among those called irregular, that require care in distinguishing them. To *lie*, down, is to put yourself down; you lie on the couch. To put any other person or thing down, is to lay. You lay your coat on the chair; then you lie on the bed. An enemy lies at your feet; but he lays his weapons there. When you come to past time, lay is the past for lie. You lay too late, yesterday. You lie too low, now. You lay your watch on the table when you go to bed. You laid it there last night. So with *sit* and *set*. You sit down, yourself. You set a child on a high chair. You set a table; then you sit at it. The bird sits on her egg. There is no such thing as a *setting* hen. Though we do say the *setting* sun. It is strictly wrong. But universal usage justifies it. I have given these specimens, because I think they will make you feel like getting a grammar and commencing it. You really can learn much much difficulty. And it is a very important matter as you do learn, to practice what you learn. Many speakers are in the constant habit of making such blunders as I have just mentioned and others. And if you can ever study grammar, they would look with surprise.

"Why, sir, do you take me for an ignoramus?" "Well, sir, I did in the matter of grammatical knowledge. But if you say you have studied, I will take your word for it." They know, but they do not practice. One ought to train the ear, as well as learn grammatical rules. A great deal can be done at the table and about the house. One who would speak correctly in public ought never to allow himself to speak incorrectly in private, if he knows it, and that he may know, he ought to study.

MONITOR.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.—In what direction—what line—may I so place myself as to find omnipotence coming forth to draw me to the Lord? In the line of the cross. In your looking unto Jesus. "I when I am lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Through the blood of the dying saviour, Almighty Power came forth on all them that believe.

Letter from the United States.

CENTENARY—WONDERFUL RESULTS.

The footing up of our Centenary contributions, are truly surprising, and astonish the nation. The Centenary Committee are now able to complete their report of the sum total raised for Centenary offerings—excepting what was raised in a few Centenaries—the grand total amount is \$8,241,435.17. These figures, we say, are surprising—nothing like this amount has ever been raised before by any one branch of the Christian Church for a similar mission \$986,380.30; for the American Bible Society \$107,238.84; for the Tract Society \$23,949.36; for the Sunday School Union \$19,850.89; and Centenary Claims \$107,892.30—making a grand total for the above objects of \$9,487,436.65. Besides, we raised considerable amounts for the Church Extension Society, Freedman's Aid, and for various other objects created by the war—and added the value of our church property \$2,966,726. In addition to the salaries of ministers, &c., were largely increased in amount, by the high prices of all articles of living, one of the results of the war. Such are our financial results for 1866—our centenary year—wonderful are they, indeed! In 1766, we were nothing—the first Methodist class organized that year of four or five members. We had no houses of worship—no seminaries—no wealth, no friends; we were opposed at every step—and now at the close of our first centenary we number—including all the Methodists in the United States—nearly two million of people, and we are now a year for educational, charitable, benevolent, and for church building purposes—besides meeting our increased current expenses for supporting the Societies—about \$13,000,000. Do the records of the Christian Church show anything like such results in any other branch or department of the church? They are indeed wonderful and marvelous in our eyes. It is the Lord's doing—let him have all the praise!

MISSIONARY.

The Anniversary of our Missionary Society recently held in Albany, New York, was a meeting of great interest. Great crowds attended, and the speaking was excellent—eloquent—and I am happy to add, one of your own ministers delivered one of the most able and eloquent addresses of the occasion. Rev. George Douglas, of Montreal. The following closing sentences of his most excellent address, as reported in one of our church papers, will be read with interest:

"Christianity, thou angel of the morning, I see thee skipping along the hills and peeping upon the mountains, and from thy sunlit pinnares, thou dost breathe forth the spirit of love, up humanity, to clasp it to thy heart of love. Advance! run! fly over all the earth, till the language of the good old Methodist hymn is repeated:—

"When Christ shall all the nations bless That see the light that hee has sent,
Seven miles from my native village, in the south of Scotland, is located the celebrated Abbotston, and let that gentleman whom I mention. When that great Wizard of the North lay dying, turning to his well-beloved looker, he said:—'Lockhart, my dear, look [read] me the Bible.'"

"What book?" said the dear friend.
"Ah," said the dying genius, that had flung out his wander working wand, the spell of whose sorcery had made millions weep over his *Head of Mid Lothian*, and millions shudder at his *Stretcher*, and millions rise to ecstasy with the noble tenacity of his *Fair Maid of Perth*—Ah! said the dying Sir Walter, "there is but one theme and one book for a dying man, and that is Christianity and the Bible!"

And so this weary, waiting, surging world—the world uncounted millions are waiting on the cry: "Max us the Bible!"

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Ontario Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.

Ontario, Feb. 8, 1868.

MR. EDITOR.—Perhaps you have been wondering what has become of your "Ontario Correspondence." It is a long time since we have seen it, and I am glad to hear that it is still in existence. We have been again, during the winter, without it, and you may be sure, we feel glad that our Missionary campaigns are over for this season, and that a few days rest in our beloved home, enables us to make up a few letters to absent friends, some of whom are across the Atlantic, and others, like your yourself, are in our own Dominion.

But by the way, what means all this idle year's part of the Confederation? Are you really resolved to do nothing for some time past? Well, here we are again, stirring comfortably in our sanctum, while the storm is raging fearfully without, and you may be sure, we feel glad that our Missionary campaigns are over for this season, and that a few days rest in our beloved home, enables us to make up a few letters to absent friends, some of whom are across the Atlantic, and others, like your yourself, are in our own Dominion.

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