ati on of the world. It is not therefore Utopian to expect a great increase of population and development of resources in the new Dominion; so that, at no distant date antiquaries may look back with amazement to the time when Montreal had *only* one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and the whole Dominion of Canada only about four millions.

The same train of thought may likewise be applied to moral enterprises. The Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations which assembled here last fall, was a great advance, both in respect of numbers and interest, upon previous Conventions; but the next generation of young men will look back with a feeling of complacent contrast on the year 1867, when only six hundred delegates assembled in Montreal. One of the speakers at the Convention said that the time foretold by the prophet had, he thought, arrived when young men should see visions of enterprise and of success in the work of the Lord which have not heretofore entered into the heart of man to conceive, and many will agree with him in this opinion.

This train of thought should lead us—whether in material or moral enterprises—to pray for great things, to labor for great things, and to expect great things.—*Montreal Witness.*

Obituary.

MRS. ALEX S. TUTTLE.

Rebecca Jane, the beloved wife of the Revd. Alexander S. Tuttle, was the daughter of the the late Asher Black, Esq., of Amherst, N. S. She was blessed with pious parents who were anxious to promote the spiritual welfare of their children, and endeavoured to set before them a good example. Those desires were realized in Rebecca's early conversion to God. When about fifteen years of age, she was convinced of sin at a prayer meeting, while her brother was relating his experience. That night at the family altar she was the subject of special prayer, that God would have mercy upon her and set her soul at liberty. After she had returned to her room, while lifting up her heart to God in prayer, the Lord spoke peace to her soul. With hasty step, and with tears of joy, she at once went to her mother to make known the cheering news,—"Jesus is my Saviour! O, I am happy now! Jesus loves me and I love him!" Mother and child rejoiced together. There was joy on earth and joy in heaven. She united with the people of God, and henceforth had great pleasure in attending the means of grace, public and private. She frequently spoke of the comfort she experienced in attending class meeting. She was never known to be absent from that important means of grace, when it was in her power to attend.

On the 17th of July, 1862, she became the wife of the Rev. A. S. Tuttle. She united with her husbbrd in seeking to promote the prosperity of the Church. Her great aim appeared to be, to live to the glory of God, and for the good of souls; and, while on the Gagetown Circuit, she was made very useful, during a time of special services.

Her illness was protracted, and at times painfully severe, stretching over a period of more than three years. Our departed sister manifested great patience, and resignation to the will of God at all times. She was frequently the subject of sore temptation from the great adversary; at other times she was deeply depressed in mind, from a consciousness of her own unworthiness and shortcomings. In her distress occasioned by these causes, and her feeble state of body, her mind sympathizing with it, she would be heard to say with David, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him."

Towards the close of life, her joy in the Lord became more abiding; and at times ecstatic. Her sayings were far too many to record, more especially her strong expressions of confidence in the Divine faithfulness, that he would give her the "victory" over her final foe; and enable her to "overcome through the blood of the Lamb." And as if listening already to celestial voices, hymning the songs which will be ever new and everlasting, she begged her weeping friends to unite with her, and with emphasis repeated the stanza:

"There is a land of pure delight, &c"

The hymn beginning with

"Come let us join our friends above"

was frequently on her lips, and she would sing it with holy delight.

As the hour of her departure drew near she evinced the utmost calmness and recollectedness; selected the subject for her funeral sermon, and gave other directions as minutely as if in health. She urged upon her friends to live to God, and meet her in *heaven.*

On the 16th of Dec., 1867, in the 27th year of her age, our dear sister died in the Lord.

Her remains were taken to Amherst, and the next day, from her mother's house to the resting place of the dead. A sermon was preached in the church, to a large and attentive congregation, from Zec. iii, 2, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"—words selected by our sister for the solemn occasion.

Let us "be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

INGHAM SUTCLIFFE.

Amherst, Jan. 2nd, 1868.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8, 1868.

Circular from the Executive Book Committee

TO THE MINISTERS OF THE CONFERENCE AND THE READERS OF THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

BRETHREN:—Shall we have an addition to the subscription list of our paper? An affirmative and practical answer to this question depends, at least, in a great measure, upon yourselves—the interest *you* feel, and the efforts *you* make in the matter. What *can* and what *will* you do on your various circuits towards this object?

We respectfully and earnestly solicit your cordial sympathy with us in our anxiety and effort to extend its circulation. Will you not—one and all—make personal appeal to the members of your congregations on its behalf?

Please at once see the old subscribers, and get their renewal of subscriptions, with the advance payment for the year 1868.

The paper will be sent to them for a few weeks, that time may be given for ascertaining the number of those who wish it continued, when we hope you will put the Book Steward in possession of their names.

The Committee cannot but entertain the opinion, that, if a well-directed and personal effort were made, the paper would have a much wider circulation, and the receipts remove all embarrassment in the way of meeting the expenditure incurred in its publication.

Brethren! we look to you, and cherish the conviction that your hearty co-operation will result in renewal of the old subscriptions and the addition of many new names to the list.

The Committee directs that as soon as payments made to you shall amount to $8, the money be sent to the Publisher by mail, or other reliable conveyance.

POSTAGE ON PAPERS.

Subscribers! We do not wish to lose one name from our list—we would not have you withhold from your families the weekly visits of the *Provincial Wesleyan.* As the payment of postage may operate against the efforts the ministers may make to obtain subscribers, we have concluded that *the office shall pay the Provincial postage* on all the papers upon which the advance payment of subscriptions shall be made to the ministers *within one month from this date.* This rule will apply to all subscribers, old and new.

E. BRETTLE,
GEO. S. MILLIGAN,
ALFRED W. TURNER,
JAS. TAYLOR,
} *Executive Committee.*

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 2nd, 1868.

From our English Correspondent.

Fenianism; the Irish Press, Public Demonstrations, Seditious Speeches—Government Action—Terrible Outrage in London—Fresh Conspiracies—Anglican Epistle to the Greek Church—Death of the Earl of Rosse—French Papal Policy—Romish Persecutions in the Pacific—Valedictory Service at the Westminster Normal Institution—State of the Education Question.

"What! Fenianism again!" some may be ready to exclaim as they look at the heading of this letter. The fact is that is impossible to understand the state of things in this country without a prominent reference to this strange development of political fanaticism. Ever since the execution of the three Fenians at Manchester a month ago, for the murder of Serjeant Brett, demonstrations have been taking place in honor of their memory, particularly in Ireland; and every effort has been put forth to rouse into yet fiercer hatred of England the passions of the Irish people. The Irish newspaper press has been actively employed in administering powerful stimulants to the disaffected portion of the population. The other week one of these papers had a cartoon in which Britannia was represented as a hideous fury, brandishing a dagger with which she had slain the patriots of Ireland, over whose bleeding forms Hibernia was weeping bitterly. In the next week's issue of the same paper there was another cartoon designed as a sequel to the former, and entitled "The Angel of Justice." In this Britannia was seen flying in terror from the avenging angel who was descending from heaven with a naked sword in one hand and an hour glass in the other. In the distance is a gallows, from which three ropes are dangling, and in mid-air, over the gibbet, were *three crowns of martyrdom.* Erin was represented below appealing to heaven for justice. In various cities and towns of Ireland immense processions have marched through the streets on a Sunday in honor of the three "martyr patriots." Take as a specimen, which will describe several similar instances the procession of the last Sunday week in the city of Dublin. At the lowest computation 20,000 persons, men, women and children, marched six miles under drenching rain, which fell without intermission throughout the day, to testify their sympathy with the men recently executed. Everything was done to render the display pompous and impressive. Three hearses, adorned with white plumes, and each drawn by four black horses, bore the names of "William P. Allen," "Michael O'Brien," and "Michael Larkin." Ten bands distributed at intervals in the line of procession played "The Dead March in Saul." The drums were enveloped in crape, and on some of them were painted a death's-head and cross-bones. Mourning coaches, carriages, cabs, and cars brought up the rear. The immense multitude having reached the appointed place of rendezvous, an open space in front of a suburban cemetery, an inflamatory harangue was delivered by a man named Martin, in which the execution of the Fenians was denounced as a legal murder; and England was accused of wantonly inflicting upon down-trodden Ire and "sad years of insult, robbery, suffering, impoverishment and extermination, beyond what any other people have ever endured from a foreign master." These processions and seditious addresses were, as fanning the flame of discontent, and exciting such general alarm that the Government at length, too tardily as many think, began to take action. The processions were forbidden, and several persons have been summoned to take their trial as fomenters of sedition.

Only about a week had elapsed when a Fenian outrage occurred in London far exceeding in atrocity any thing on record for very many years. In the north-west of London is a prison called the House of Detention where persons are confined while under examination before our police courts. Here, among other prisoners, were two men named Burke and Casey, both of them Fenian agents, awaiting their final examination on a charge of treason-felony. About 4 o'clock last Friday afternoon, three men and a woman conveyed a barrel, containing some 500 lbs. of gunpowder, or some other yet more explosive material, into a street along one side of which is one of the prison walls, while on the opposite side was a row of houses containing a closely packed population. The barrel was placed close to the prison wall, the bung was quickly taken out, a fuse inserted in the hole, and a lighted match applied. The men then hurried away in different directions, and almost immediately an explosion took place the tremendous force of which can scarcely be described. It blew down about forty feet of the prison wall, which is 20 feet in height, and two bricks in length in thickness. It tore down a house opposite leaving neither stick nor stone standing. It made a complete wreck of several houses besides leaving little more than the bare walls. At the time of the explosion there houses were crammed with women and children, most of the men being away at work. The awful disaster was the work of a few seconds. The noise of the report was heard for miles. Crowds of people rushed to the spot, and began to drag out of the appalling mass of ruins helpless sufferers covered with terrible wounds, and streaming with blood. Three persons were killed on the spot. More than forty were conveyed to neighboring hospitals frightfully mutilated, and of these some have since died. Three out of the four persons who committed this horrible deed were arrested in their flight, and it is thought that they will supply a clue to the detection of other Fenian plots.

Since the crime of last Friday, various other indications have been given that Fenianism is a most reckless and wide-spread conspiracy, and the greatest alarm prevails. Among other causes of excitement and fear, a quantity of gunpowder has been discovered in a sewer communicating with another prison, and evidently placed there with the intention of blowing up the building. Had this infernal design been carried into effect, the extent to which human life and valuable property would have been sacrificed it is impossible to estimate. Another sign of the energetic and determined enemy's presence among us was discovered two or three days ago in the shape of a Fenian document found in the town of Wolverhampton and containing an account of a plan which had been formed for the simultaneous attack of all the military armories throughout England. It will be easily believed that Fenianism is just new the all-absorbing subject of public attention. Everybody is waiting with keen interest the arrival of each successive daily newspaper to ascertain whether there are any tidings of any new outrage, or the discovery of any new conspiracy.

A letter, written in Greek, has been forwarded by the Archbishop of Canterbury to all the patriarchs and bishops of the "Orthodox Greek Church," together with a copy of the Encyclical recently issued by the Synod of Anglican bishops, held at Lambeth Palace. It is truly a sad and humiliating, and withal a most glaringly inconsistent thing, that the bishops of the "Reformed Church of England" should thus express this desire to hold intimate communion with the corrupt Churches of the East, and proudly hold themselves aloof from noncomformist Churches at home, which hold the pure faith of Christ. The fact is, ultra-episcopalianism will sacrifice almost anything to the miserable dogma of what it idly calls "Apostolical Succession." An ex-member of Parliament, who, when occupying a seat in the Legislature, took a conspicuous part in the debates on religious questions, has addressed a letter to the archbishop on the proceedings at the Pan-Anglican Synod. He tells his grace, that the conference at Lambeth has not been at all calculated to win the confidence of the lay members of the Church of England. The truth seems to be that the laity have realy paid very little attention to it.

Our recent obituary of great men contains the name of the Earl of Rosse, a nobleman occupying a distinguished place in the scientific world, on account of the eminent service which he rendered to astronomical discoveries. He was celebrated as the constructor of the largest telescope in existence. This gigantic instrument was 52 feet in length, and 7 feet in diameter, with a 6 feet speculum. The cost of this telescope was about £30,000, and its completion was a work of patient skill, extending over seventeen years. The deceased nobleman was a member of many learned societies on the Continent, and held some distinguished orders. It is but seldom that scientific genius has resources such as enabled the Earl of Rosse to carry on his noble pursuits. His magnificent telescope is not likely soon to be surpassed.

The French Minister M. Rouher has just indicated in the French Chambers a line of policy which has put the Papal party in very high spirits. In a long and able speech he declared it to be the intention of Government to uphold the temporal power of the Holy See. He warned Italy against cherishing any longer the idea that the possession of Rome was at all essential to the unity of the Italian kingdom.

There has been nothing yet half so outspoken. What the French Emperor really means the wisest heads fail to divine. Certainly it looks as if Napoleon means to vindicate the ancient title bestowed upon the French King "Eldest Son of the Church." One French paper the *Opinion Nationale* does not hesitate to say that according to the recent political programme, "When he wants France the Pope has only now to ring his bell, and France will rush to his side.

Some time ago the Directors of the London Missionary Society presented to the Emperor of the French a memorial on behalf of some native converts who were enduring severe persecutions from Papists at Lifu. The favourable reply which His Majesty gave to the memorialists led to the hope that the native Christians of the Loyalty group of Islands would obtain some protection from persecuting Romish priests, but no such good results have followed.

True to the unvarying practice of Popery, when Popery is in power, a relentless persecution has been carried on against the Protestants. They have been driven from their chapels. The Missionaries have been insulted and there has been property stolen. The native Protestants have had their plantations destroyed; and some of the chapels have been pulled down, and the materials thrown into the sea. We need not comment on this; it tells its own tale, and reads its own lesson. Would that our own statesmen could see what Romanism really is. At home we try to conciliate it, and truckle to it; a policy equally silly and pernicious.

On Saturday last the Annual valedictory service, preparatory to a number of the students leaving for their appointed work in various parts of the country, was held at our Westminster Normal Institution. The usual address was given by the President of the Conference, and contained an able and comprehensive view of various aspects of Education. Several of our leading ministers also addressed the meeting, and took the opportunity of calling attention to the question of Education as it is at present regarded. The Rev. William Arthur expressing himself with his usual force and clearness, among other remarks, truly observed, that for "the future well-being of religion in this country, there was scarcely anything more desirable than the extension of Methodist Day-Schools."

Mr. Arthur referring to the term which he had just used, added, "If I could, I would say Protestant schools, not confining myself to the Methodists. But at this hour there are many schools in England nominally Protestant, but so conducted as to teach the smallest amount of Protestanism as possible, and as much of what is favourable to Popery as they dare amongst a Protestant population."

It is generally thought that when Parliament re-assembles in February next, the subject of National Education will form a prominent topic of debate. There is a rapidly growing disposition by a public rate, or in some other way to provide a secular education.

December 20th.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Public Speaking.

ARTICLE I.

WORDS, PROVINCIALISMS, H'S, &C.

Public speaking is one of the chief agencies in doing good. He who can *speak*, is every where in demand. Now, why do not more learn to speak? Orators must, perhaps, be endowed with gifts by nature; but almost every one can, by practice, become an agreeable and useful speaker. And why do not many who *do* speak, try to improve their speaking? Strange, that while singers try to improve their singing; military men drill continually, to improve their military skill; workmen try to improve the quality of their work, that speakers do not make such effort to improve their speaking, as to render it easier, more acceptable, more influential and useful. "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." Now this is pre-eminently worth doing. It is for one's own sake. It will give him pleasure, position, friends. For the sake of others. It may do a vast amount of good. It is worth doing, in the Methodist denomination; for in so many connections the power to speak may be used with advantage in the class room and love feast; in Sunday school, as exhorter, local preacher, minister. Speakers are needed every where. Why will not our young men, and some of our older ones, learn to do this well? Why not as well as possible? What do you say, Mr. Editor, if I offer a few hints—having thought of this matter somewhat—that may be useful; not so much to those who are educated, as to others who have but little time for study; not so much upon the cultivation of the mind, as upon smaller matters.

I will begin by recommending every such person to learn to pronounce words. Do not say, it matters not, if the ideas are good, how the words are pronounced. You are a merchant, perhaps. Does it not matter how your parcels are done up if the articles are only good? You may please or greatly displease customers, gain or lose them, by your method of putting up goods. You may spoil the effect of a whole speech by some blunder in pronunciation. I remember an eloquent sermon I heard years ago. It was captivating the audience, till a ridiculous pronunciation of a proper name set people smiling and marred the whole effect.

Take your dictionary. See how words are pronounced. Be sure about some you are now doubtful about. Learn how to pronounce three words every day and you will be master of nine hundred a year—leaving Sunday out—and soon be accurate in the whole language.

Get rid of your provincialisms. You are in British America, where people speak as good English as any where in the world. Scotchman, or Irishman, or Englishman, Yorkshire-man, or Cornish-man, get rid of your dialect and speak *correctly.* You have no good reason for not doing it. If you have married a blue-nose wife, get her to help you. Get some judicious friend to help you. Help yourself.

I have heard an excellent man quoting a beautiful hymn like this:

Could we but climb where Mawses stood,
And view the landscape orr,
Not Jardan's tream nor death's cawld flood
Could frieght us from the shawr.

Now that is too bad. It is not *Mawses*, but *Moses.* Can't you pronounce *Mo* and *o'er* and *cold* and *shore?* An Englishman thinks he has a right to mis-use his *h's.* O, you know, an Englishman calls "hill," "'ill;" and when he is ill, says "I am hill" I beg your pardon. Not every Englishman; not every Londoner. Did Dr. Scott do it. I did not hear him, but I am confident he did not. Did Wm. L. Thornton use an *h* in sound when there was none in spelling? No. But I heard a brother, in announcing a sermon by him, say, "the Rev. Wm. Hell Thornton will preach this evening" "Mercy!" I thought, "what a blessing his name is not 'Fire' instead of 'Thornton'!" Some very ridiculous mistakes arise from this useless habit. Many have heard of him, who called a trustee meeting "to consider the best method of *'eating* a new chapel." I heard a long discussion between a cockney and a blue-nose, on the comparative excellence of air pillows and hair pillows. In the matter they seemed to agree; but when cockney said "air" he meant "hair," and when he said "hair" he meant "air," and blue-nosey said it kept up the debate. I do think that men who speak in Christian assemblies ought to make it a matter of conscience to cure the habit. "It can't be done." Yes it can. If you go to St. John they can tell you of a minister—now eminent and eloquent—who, when he arrived, invited the people forward to the halter at first communion. A young lady present, heard it. And though he afterwards adjusted the silken noose of wedlock upon her, he did not even ask her to go with him to a haltar. She meanwhile taught him to drop his useless *h*, and they went together to the altar. What (English) man has done, (English) man can do with help or without it.

I would like to give the Scotchman and the Irishman a thrust; but, perhaps, I have said enough; and may be they would not be so good natured as the Englishman. Let every young man, every beginner, especially, resolve to have a correct pronunciation, breaking up all provincialisms, learning how to sound and accent every syllable of the words he must use in speaking, and he will have one of the chief attractions and excellences of a good, acceptable, influential speaker. Eloquence, oratory, all cannot command; but correct pronunciation can, by moderate effort, be secured by all.

MONITOR.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

Is Singing really a part of Public Worship?

Every one answers, Yes; a very important, a delightful part. "Not a mere exercise of the choir or congregation?" "No!" "Not something to give variety, to gratify the audience?" "No; but a part of the *worship of God.*" Think of such words as—

Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing, &c.

The singing is designed to stir the feelings more thoroughly, so that there may be more devotion, more heart. Strong efforts are made to engage the largest possible number of the congregation in the act. "This is not," it is said, "a performance of the choir, but an exercise, into which *all that can* should enter. And even if the tune is not familiar, or you know not how to sing, you should let the feelings of the heart go up while others sing. At least, make melody in your heart to God. Sometimes the minister says, as he announces the hymn, "let us sing to the praise of God;" or, "let us all sing;" or, "let all the congregation join in singing unto God."

Now let all this be accepted as perfectly correct. Singing is worship—worship of God; an important, solemn, holy exercise; quite as much so as prayer. *It is* prayer or praise, adoration, celebration of God's goodness, the glories of his gospel or kingdom; with poetry and melody employed, more fully to draw out the soul; designed to engage *many* voices and *all* hearts; and without the heart it is empty—a mere mockery. I want to ask, why is the time of such an engagement chosen as the time to regulate the temperature of the place, to adjust lights, to whisper to neighbors, to carry notices to the pulpit, to do the general business of the congregation? Why do ministers take that time to talk to each other in the pulpit? to consult about the services? to look up Scripture passages? to arrange their notes? to study their manuscript? If *hearts* should be engaged, why not theirs? If they wish to engage others, what will be most influential, precept or example? If they *preach*, "bring no more vain oblations," why do they not *practice* and help others to do so?

"Let us sing or close with the doxology," is often proposed. And every child may know from the words—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,—

that doxology means, a rendering of praise or glory to God. I know of no words more solemn, more majestic. And when the triune God, invoked to listen to his praise, looks down upon the congregation, what does he behold? Some putting on their gloves; others stowing away books, or dressing children, getting every thing ready for an immediate rush on the utterance of the last words, "Holy Ghost," or rushing out of the house, and the minister, the leader and exemplar, the man who proposes the doxology, getting on his over-coat, or putting away his sermon. Doxology!! indeed!!! It is a hollow form, a farce, an insult to our Maker.

It is amazing what may be seen in Christian assemblies, even among the most zealous advocates of all we assumed at the beginning. Here is a large congregation singing one of the most glorious hymns of praise ever written; near me, an active minister and a Sunday-school superintendent, busy in conversation; and that, not upon any deep things of God, but upon affairs that should have been left outside the door. I wonder if they will talk all through prayer? No, they stop. But why then and not before?

Now we are in a public religious meeting, and it is "concluding with the doxology." See the chairman—venerable man—how carefully he is putting away his spectacles into their case. There is the secretary, a prominent minister, down on his knees putting the Society's books into a tin box so as to *lose* (?) no time. Here, in Sunday School, the teachers are piling Bibles and question books; librarians are finishing their work in their book cases, officers and teachers and scholars are winding up their little matters of business, so as to have all done when they (who?) have done rendering glory to God. It would be disrespectful to God to close religious meeting or Sunday school without some offering of praise; and this is the praise, the respect his children render!

A. B.

Military Tea Meeting St. John, N.B.

On Wednesday evening 18th ult., the Ladies of the Germain Street Methodist Church, of St. John, prepared a social tea for the military men of the gallant 15th Regt. regularly worshipping in that house. The wives of the married men accompanied their husbands. The pew-holders and heads of families of the Church joined their military friends at the festive board, and intermingled freely with them. An invitation was extended to all the resident ministers of our city and vicinity, to which most of them responded. The trustees and class-leaders connected with the Germain St. Church but worshipping in the Centenary and Exmouth Church were also present. The ladies confined themselves to a plain bill of fare, yet abundant and substantial. The School room was tastefully decorated with scenes from distant India and Africa, and well executed illustrations from that world renowned and well read book "Pilgrim's Progress" together with other suitable devices. Conspicuous at the upper end of the room was the British Coat-of-Arms, entwining around which were several of the red cross flags of England.

Addresses both clerical and lay were delivered, most Voluntee r and Impromtu, all having a bearing on the spiritual interest felt and manifested by Methodism from its first inception by its venerable founder John Wesley, to the present day, by all her pastors towards those who wear the uniform of a British soldier and sailor, embracinn the red white and blue.

The Rev. Chas. Stewart, Pastor of the Germain street congregation, has taken a very warm and lively interest in military men. Every Wednesday evening he holds a Bible class in the school room at the Barracks. It is well attended, and much interest is taken by the soldiers themselves. A large amount of scriptural information is communicated, and much spiritual good has resulted therefrom. Rev. J. R. Narraway having to leave early in the evening addressed the meeting first; his remarks were patriotic, spiritual and stirring; warming alike both the heart of the soldier and christian friends present. After returning thanks, our beloved pastor Rev. Chas. Stewart, at some length referred to many of the early Methodist christian soldiers and officers, converted under the preaching of the early ministers, also to some brought into the church at a later date; his remarks were well timed, and told upon his appreciative audience. He woke up quite a strong religious feeling in the hearts of all, which was well sustained by subsequent speakers. The venerable Father Strong sprang to his feet at the close of the former speaker's observations, and expatiated at some length in a warm pathetic style with much unction, following up the train of thought introduced by Messrs. Narraway and Stewart. He dwelt in glowing terms on the military ardour displayed for ages past in field, flood and church. He intimated that early in life he was full of military aspiration, so much so that he thought of joining the British army. Rev Mr. Stewart in giving a gentle hint to Rev. Jas. England to improve the occasion, said humorously, it is reported that a celebrated naval officer said on one occasion, "England expects every man to do his duty;" to-night he would reverse the expression, and say,—every man, woman, and soldier expects Eng (Rev.) land to do his duty. Mr. England in the course of his remarks, referred to the father (Richard Vicars) of the esteemed and pious Hedley Vicars, who fell while gallantly leading the brave 97th Regt. in the deadly breach before the bloody trenches of Sebastopol. His father attended the Methodist church while stationed in Newfoundland, under the preaching of the Rev. George Cubitt he became awakened to his condition as a sinner in the sight of God; he sought and found salvation by faith in our Lord and Saviour, and became a useful and successful Local preacher among the Methodists during his stay upon the Island. The speaker took from his pocket a small music book, the writing on the fly leaf of which was, "presented to the choir of the St. John's Wesleyan Methodist church, Newfoundland, by Richard Vicars." The presentsl and autograph were in his own hand writing. Rev. Mr. Pickles gave expression to a few practical and appropriate thoughts. George A. Lockhart, Esq., after making some good remarks, referred more particularly to the life and labours of the devoted Rev. Stephen Bamford, who in the early years of his ministry preached in the old Methodist church in Halifax in full uniform. He was usually known by the familiar and endearing name of Father Bamford. Robt. Robertson, Esq, confined his observations to reminiscences of early Methodism in St. John; he spoke very touchingly and was listened to with marked attention. He is a brother well up in years, taking a deep interest in Methodism generally, but especially everything that is connected with the old Cathedral of Methodism.—A few years ago, in the Rev. Mr. McMurray's time, he took a very active part with others in renovating the old church; was one of the worshippers in the old house at its first opening, which memorable event, he said, took place on Christmas morning at 6 o'clock, in the year 1808. The devotional exercises on that important occasion were conducted by Rev. Joshua Marsden.

Towards the close of the meeting, for the information of the pew holders and members of the church and congregation; the efficient circuit Steward, T. C. Humbert, Esq., gave a luminous financial statement, showing the monetary position of the church to be very satisfactory; that at the last quarterly meeting we had a surplus of nearly $50, Sunday and class collection much increased, especially the former. Congregations increasing weekly, and felt spiritual influence attending all the services. Good signs of a coming revival are showing themselves in the prayer meetings, class meetings, and under the preaching of the word. At the close of the quarterly meeting it was moved and seconded and carried unanimously, that $100 be added to our beloved Bro. Stewart's salary this year.

At intervals during the evening, sweet and appropriate music was discoursed by the excellent choir belonging to the congregation; it is lent choir belonging to the congregation; it is the most zealous advocates of all we assumed at the beginning. Here is a large congregation singing one of the most glorious hymns of praise ever written; near me, an active minister and a Sunday-school superintendent, busy in conversation; and that, not upon any deep things of God, but upon affairs that should have been left outside the door. I wonder if they will talk all through prayer? No, they stop. But why then and not before?

Now we are in a public religious meeting, and it is "concluding with the doxology." See the chairman—venerable man—how carefully he is putting away his spectacles into their case. There is the secretary, a prominent minister, down on his knees putting the Society's books into a tin box so as to *lose* (?) no time. Here, in Sunday School, the teachers are piling Bibles and question books; librarians are finishing their work in their book cases, officers and teachers and scholars are winding up their little matters of business, so as to have all done when they (who?) have done rendering glory to God. It would be disrespectful to God to close religious meeting or Sunday school without some offering of praise; and this is the praise, the respect his children render!

A. B.

The Winter Campaign.

For weeks past we have felt an earnest desire for a general revival of religion. We plead for those who are wandering from God, and most earnestly beg for an early persistent effort to induce men to seek our Lord Jesus Christ. We hope to be able to chronicle many revivals. Let not the precious moments be wasted.

The best way to promote a revival is, *First*, to arouse the church to prayer and to diligence in the work of the Lord. When all work seriously for the cause it will advance.

Second, to preach faithfully the law as well as the gospel. Show the people their sins. Warn men to flee from the wrath to come. Present the solemn realities of the judgment, the dreadful perils to which sinners are exposed. The terrors of God's law should be presented truthfully, faithfully, as a means of awakening men from the lethargy of sin. The ethics of Christianity must be insisted upon, the injustice and wickedness of rejecting Christ fully shown. Men can not be awakened by any other means so effectually. Preach the law affectionately but earnestly.

Third, Preach Christ crucified as the only hope of salvation. Dwell upon the loving kindness of God, who would save the soul of the penitent on condition of faith in our Lord Jesus. Call men, entreat them, urge them immediately to seek Christ. Pray for sinners, visit them, warn and encourage them.

Fourth, Hold protracted meetings with the special design of saving men. Press the matter as far as you can prudently and never give up as long as there is any hope of good.

We make these suggestions to ministers with the prayer that God may visit all of their charges, and that their people may become so holy, so earnest and dilligent that many may be induced to turn away from sin. It is high time to begin the work if not already begun. We hope no minister will be influenced by the miserable objection of dead professors to revivals of religion. We must have revivals or go backward. We heartly believe in old fasnioned Methodist revivals, and hope to see many and hear of many more.—*Central Ad.*

A Missionary Dream.

I am disposed for a moment to tell you of a dream I have had. We are not responsible for dreams; and if the fantasies of sleep are wild, the dreamer may be forgiven; but this dream of mine had a startling realness about it, and it haunts me yet. I dreamed of a beautiful island, or perhaps a group of islands, which I thought had arisen from the sea. Tradition said that some three hundred years ago, they were all overflowed with water. Indeed, one of them was very largely under water still, and the others bore traces of the flood. The sea roared angrily in the distance, and there was danger I thought, that it might encroach again; and the inhabitants of the island seemed to think so, for as the land was on a low level they built dikes, as in Holland, and appointed warders, and gave them charge to watch the approach of the waves.

For a while all went well. Harvests grew and were gathered upon the reclaimed ground, and there was the hum of industry and the hymn of praise. By and by a rumor arose that the sea was getting nearer and higher, and here and there a warder called attention to it; but he was laughed at by his fellows for his pains, and the people took no heed of his words; but I saw with the dreamer's insight, which seas the end from the beginning, the steady onward creeping of the water. At last there could be no doubt about it, the sea was higher and nearer than the oldest islanders had ever known; but still it was the summer time, and skies were blue, and winds were calm, and men talked a little about the progress of the ocean, but that was all; and though certain churches, which the old men remembered to have been many miles inland, were now standing by the very verge of the cliff, and were almost undermined, still men felt no fear. Were not the warders there, and were they not doing their duty? Were not the dikes up, and were they not all secure?

By and by years rolled away, for dreams, you know, take no note of time, and presently there were tidings that some of the warders had been caught slumbering at their posts; still men felt no fear. Then there was one part of the embankment which was known to be confessedly insecure, but that part was mainly inhabited by ladies, who did not like the warders to intrude upon their privacy, and it was deemed ungallant to go there. But I saw in my dream, oozing through that part of the enbankment, the treacherous water. And then, by and by, from that island, which was almost submerged, it was thought necessary to bring skilled mariners in to teach the people the habit of the sea, and they were paid by the authorities, I thought—I must have been mistaken—with that intent; but I thought in my dream that these men were stealthily opening the flood-gates and letting in the water. Then there were many rough and violent kinsmen of these skilled mariners, who by breaking the law had been confined in prison; and the mariners claimed that, although they were shut up there, their education must not be stopped; and as nobody could teach them but themselves, they got admittance there, and by and by outside the walls of the prison there were the splashing waves, and through the chinks of the masonry the damp, cold cruel water. And so the sea rose and swelled, until the islanders got accustomed to it, and talked about taking the warders from their posts, and throwing down the dikes altogether.

Then there came a change upon my dream, and in place of northern latitudes, and in the place of people living a long way from the sea, fenced from it by a rock-bound coast and strong defences, the sea was all round; for the island like another Venice, had married the sea, and the sea had hidden the ring, and was a jealous and cruel bride. Still it was [illegible] people felt no fear. There was [illegible] of the sea where the waters had a strange life, and moved with sluggish course, and [illegible] like under their breath, and said it was because it was stained with blood and choked with corpses but it was deemed bad manners to refer to this in company, and it was forbidden for the fishermen to cast their nets in there. Then there were gay bridges here and there, and palaces rose up, and men ate and drank and married, and went about their business, careless as the old world while the ark was preparing; and all around and all about, at the doors of the palaces on the steps of the churches, wriggling into every by-way, creeping in many coils about the city's heart, there was the same silent, black, deceitful, treacherous water. And it grieved me in my dream to see how foolish men were to let it get so near them, and to compass them so thoroughly round. For I saw that the water was coming, and that it needed only the summons of the storm to swell the turbid waters until the devoted country was engulfed in another deluge.

Now, I should like to know if there is any interpreter here who can read me the moral of my dream. I have wondered whether it were possible that it had any reference to England. I have wondered whether there is anything in the midst of us at this moment like that stealthy, snake-like, rising, creeping water. I have wondered whether you know, any of you, anything like it, whether there is a system in the midst of us, which for years has always been clear and which has always obtained what it clamored for, which has secured its own close houses from inspection, while it has wormed itself into yours, which has got into your work-houses, into your prisons, which has granted an indulgence for twelve months to people who will only pray for you, pray that you may be converted to what they consider to be the true faith; and which yet is a system which has been a curse and a mildew to every country where it has prevailed. And so wondering, when I was privileged once more to stand on this missionary platform, one of whose duties, I humbly think, is to bear testimony to the truth, I have wondered whether it was not my duty to tell this dream to you.—And waking out of it, as men do from unsightly visions, with a sense of shuddering and of fear, I have wondered whether I ought not to summon you, though my words be of the feeblest, to arouse yourselves as the heart of one man, and to let your manifesto ring out upon the world. Away with gags, and jails, and proscriptions, and penalties, our sufferings have taught us charity, and we will not steal the sword of persecution from her to whom it of right belongs; but to us has been committed a stewardship of truth and freedom, and we will not be faithless to our trust. In sight of the rising tide and of the fatuous warders, we will do our duty, and speaking with a voice too stern for trifling, and too sad for passion, we announce our resolve to-day. In the name of our martyred forefathers, and in the name of the country that we love, and in the name of the sanctities which are habitually violated, and of the liberties which are put in peril, and in the name of the slaves who are enthralled, in the name of the souls that are deluded, and in the name of the Gospel of Jesus which is hindered, and in the holy name of God, "A barred door to Popery, and no peace with Rome!"—*Speech of Rev. W. M. Punshon, A. M., Exeter Hall, London.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

The watch night services on the last evening of the old year, in the Methodist churches of this city, and the covenant services on Sabbath last, were deeply solemn and profitable occasions.

UNION MEETINGS.—The meetings in observance of the week of prayer in this city, have, so far, been well attended, and give promise of good. On Monday they were held in Chalmers' Church; yesterday in Grafton St. Church; to-day they are in St. John's Church; to-morrow they will be in Granville St. Church; on Friday in Brunswick St. Church, and on Saturday in St. Matthew's.

INCENDIARY.—The old chapel at Lower Horton was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning last.

TEMPERANCE.—The Rev. Canon Cochran is about to form a Temperance Society in connection with his Church. We wish great success to this and all similar efforts.

We learn that a young girl, in Truro, was last week knocked down by a runaway horse and killed.

A child on South Mountain, King's Co., was scalded a few days since by the upsetting of a pot, and died within a few hours.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The schooner *Susan*, McKean Master, from Grace Bay, with a cargo of coal, was wrecked at Louisburg, on the night of Saturday, 28th ult., and six of her late, all hands, being six persons, perished. On the same night schr. *Julian*, from Sydney, was wrecked at Liscomb, Guysboro' Co., crew saved.

BOTTLE SMASHING.—A writer in the *Witness* gives an account of summary proceedings being taken to break up the illegal liquor business at Goldenville Gold Diggings, by seizing a carriage, emptying and breaking packages of liquor, &c. The writer justifies the proceedings on the ground of this being the only mode of abating what was proving a grievous nuisance.

In the Police Court on Saturday, a soldier named James Calahan was fined $20 or 90 days in the City Prison, for removing a lantern from an open trench, and for destroying ornamental trees in the north end of the city.

Belyea, the notorious robber of the Western counties, has been re-captured. He is now, with the two others who escaped at the same time from the Annapolis jail, safely lodged in that institution.

A number of citizens have presented the handsome sum of eleven hundred dollars to the Union Fire Protection Company, as a token of their appreciation of the Company's services in saving property at fires. This well-merited donation was forwarded to the Company through W. T. Townsend and W. Neil Esq'rs. The last English mail brought this Company, from Her Majesty Queen Victoria, two beautifully executed portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert. This valuable gift is in fulfillment of a promise made by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when he visited this city.—*Col.*

SUICIDE.—A Mr. Bigelow, of Canning, Cornwallis, recently committed suicide by hanging himself in his bedroom with a silk pocket handkerchief. A young man, Mr. H. S. Barnaby, Kentville, committed suicide by drinking laudanum.—*Witness.*

ACCIDENT.—Wm. Forsythe, 20 years of age, was crushed to death at the Lawrencetown Gold Diggings on Tuesday, while excavating in a sand bank. It appears that while filling his barrow, some distance within the narrow tunnel, the arch or top suddenly gave way and precipated about twenty tons of sand immediately upon him. Prompt assistance was on hand, but three quarters of an hour elapsed before the body could be extricated and life was extinct.

The receipts of the