

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. A. W. TURNER.

It was with sincere regret that I learned of the last mail of the death of my friend and brother, the Rev. A. W. Turner. By his death, the church of Christ has lost one of its most devoted ministers, and his wife and family a most devoted husband and father. In all of the three circuits on which he labored in this island his name is as a saint remembered. He was distinguished for his retiring disposition, his keen insight into men and things, his zeal for the cause of God and his unceasing efforts and activity in the service of Christ. I once heard him preach from the words, "For ye serve the Lord Christ." Col. 3, 24, and I thought and still think that while in the flesh he was a living exponent of that sacred text. He was constantly aiming to be useful both as a public exponent of the truth and in every way he could think of in advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom. His opinion of himself was of the most depreciating character. In many of his letters I have in my possession he speaks of himself in the most disparaging terms. He never seemed satisfied with the almost superhuman exertions he put forth for his fellow man and was always looking forward to the time when he trusted to realize his fondest hopes. The fact was his soul was too big for the frail tabernacle in which it resided. But now all is over, and he is gone. Gone to be with Christ which is far better. Gone to join in the service of the upper and better sanctuary. He and the sainted Rev. W. L. Thornton who ordained him to the holy office of the ministry have now met in that land where the inhabitants never say they are sick. And now another standard bearer of the cross has fallen in Newfoundland. Nearly in every part of this island can we now point to where lies deposited the dust of valuable servants of God waiting to hear the sound of the trumpet on the resurrection. Yonder in the far north at Twillingate lies the sainted Marshall. At Greens Pond that youthful soldier Bro. Dutton, at Carleton Place that zealous minister of Christ Wm. Ellis, at Old Perlican the zealous Gaetz and at St. John's Chassey and Turner men of blessed memory. Most of these were young men, several had only just buckled on the armor and prepared for the fight when called to their reward. How loud the call to those still in the field to "Labour on at God's command and offer all their works to Him." May God help us so to do, and may He comfort and support the bereaved in the sincere prayer of

JOHN GOODBOON.

Grand Bank, March 18, 1871.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1871.

Since the PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN last greeted its readers, millions of people to whom the memory of the Lord Jesus is more or less precious, have commemorated in the solemnities of Good Friday and Easter Sunday, His death and resurrection. It is most fitting that these great facts should be kept fresh in the recollection of mankind. They are of an importance that cannot be exaggerated. They concern the human family closely here and hereafter. They lie at the foundation of all well-founded human hopes of eternal blessedness.

As we mentioned some time ago, the teaching and healing Christ that appeared in the Holy Land during the fulness of time was an altogether wonderful personage—a phenomenon not to be accounted for save on the supposition that He was God manifest in the flesh. Beautiful beyond all that could be invented by human genius was the life He lived in His lowliness. Pure, spiritual, lofty, all-embracing was the wisdom that flowed from His lips. Such a life clothed with meekness and mercy, and such wisdom, were in themselves a demonstration of the truth of the religion Jesus taught. We see not how any one can study that life and ponder that heart a supreme desire to love and be loved by Jesus Christ.

Yet all the beauty of that life, and all the radiance of that wisdom, would, in turn, have utterly failed to make both plain and possible to man the pathways of everlasting safety and joy, had that life and that wisdom been supplemented by no sufficient sacrificial death. It was the cross that spanned the yawning chasm that separated man from his Maker. It was the immolation of the Divine victim that enabled Divine justice in its majesty, and with no abatement of its righteous claims, to give place to the Divine mercy. But the philosophy of the fact, like the mystery of the ministry, and the mystery of the Incarnation, is enwrapped in impenetrable darkness. We can still, through the pages of the sacred narrative, and by the aid of our imagination, accompany the Man of Sorrows through the Passion week. We can reverently lean upon His bosom at the Supper table, as His pathetic speech flows on through the sad midnight hours. We can go with Him to the Garden, and watch while His companions sleep, worn out by grief, and note the agony He endures. We may proceed side by side with Him to the hall of the High Priest, the palace of the King, and the tribunal of the Judge; and observe all the torture and the contumely inflicted on Him. From the Judgment Seat, we may pass with Him over the way of sorrow, to the Hill of Golgotha. Here we may mark with what ignominy and agony the hard old Romans do their criminals to death. But oh! within the mystery that encircles the central cross, we cannot pass. The character of the conflict there going on in the thick darkness, we cannot comprehend. All that we know is that He is dying, the just for the unjust; that He is giving Himself a ransom for all; that He is tasting death for every man; that He is taking away the sin of the world; and that He is providing for us redemption through His blood, making propitiation for our innumerable transgressions. Beyond this all is mystery. Happily this is enough. But, truly, if Jesus thus died, the fact cannot too vividly be borne in mind, or too loudly or too widely be proclaimed among the children of men.

Nor can too much stress be laid upon the thrilling, glorious, suggestive

fact that though He died, He yet saw no corruption, that He was Lord over the shadowy realm of the dead, that having freely laid down His life, He as freely took it up again, and that He was declared to be the Son of God with power by His resurrection from the dead. How cheering is this truth, and how well attested! As we follow our departing loved ones with straining, tear-dimmed vision amid the thickening gloom of the dark and silent valley, or as our own weary, faltering feet move onward to the brink of the cold, deep river, how inspiring to know that He traversed the road both ways as a glorious conqueror, that there are no perils in it to those who love Him; and that all those who in His name enter its shadows shall at the fitting time emerge from it in glory and joy! And then what an inexpressible happiness it is to those sorely needing sympathy and grace to help them in the time of need, to be assured that their great and well tried friend lies powerless and helpless in no gloomy sepulchre but lives in all the energy and splendour of His being in the very centre of light, love and life! What a bliss to know that Jesus is not a mere memory, but He never so sweet—not a dear blessedness of the past however precious—but a living loving Redeemer at the right hand of God!

J. R. N.

THE PRESENT LITERARY EPOCH.

Human tastes are astonishingly capricious. Any one who has lived in the same apartments for successive years, must have been amused and perplexed with the frequent changes to which the furniture is subjected from time to time. Your old easy-chair, which was the more luxurious because of its convenient situation, is tumbled off by nervous hands to another corner, and some forbidding Lounges or sofas are put in its place. That room is spoiled of her sex's mental tastes and habits—doffs and dons one extravagant fashion after another. In short there are fashions in everything—dress, upholstery, cookery, social habits, domestic manners, &c. &c. Styles in writing—modes of Literature—have been changing incessantly, since mankind became able servants and masters of the Press. Any one writing a gazette, or in sentence or capable of weaving words together in any trenchant or pretty way, was sure to have numbers of admirers and imitators. Thus we have had Byronese in poetry and Carlylese in prose, to nauseousness. How came we ever to deviate from the modes of expression peculiar to our forefathers?

For long generations the sons of the Angle and the Saxon, knew no language in mutual interchange of thought than that contained in those old tomes, now so rare—the Anglo-Saxon classics. Shakespeare and Bunyan have left us a style of pure, terse, vigorous language, which was as surely a characteristic of the Englishman's mind, as his robust face was an index of his habits of body. Then came the school of Addison, Steele, Johnson and others, who, by Rascals, the Tatler, the Rambler and the Guardian, laboured assiduously to elevate the literature of their country. The result was a corruption of our language; for, with all its perfection of smoothness and grace, the best English of to-day is much like the coin we nail to the counter—spurious, though pleasant to the eye. We know of no better figure to represent the result, than an old gnarled trunk, of toughest fibre and northern growth, covered with grafts of every tint from the warm tropics.

The third epoch of English literature promises to bring a baser administration. Education is spreading rapidly, and with it a love of reading. The highest class of readers we may presume will always retain pure and proper modes of expression; but the mass of mankind, especially in this western world, are exposed to the curse of being educated by a class of men who lay every power under contribution to the one purpose of becoming popular and *Hannovers* writers. We have had the curiosity to examine this latest development of literary caprice, and these are the results of our observation.

There is no little originality about these men and women—for both sexes are in the field. Shrewd practical observers and thinkers some of them are, who could make their mark anywhere, any day, by the strength of intellect they bring to bear on their subjects. They usually select as topics for discussion, men and things lying on the surface of social life, and thus gain readily the attention of the common classes. One of the most noted of these—Mark Twain—has even visited the Holy Land; and his books with their author, may be taken as an illustration of the whole present tribe. The author's name must necessarily be fetitious, with a smack of originality and humour; it is to be presumed no writer can succeed as plain John Smith or Rebecca Thomson. Then, no single page is allowed to go into the printer's hands without a pun or two, a spicy joke, behind which you can hear the author laughing in great enjoyment. Direct, honest truth will never, never do; there must be falsehoods, no matter how glaring, so that they are ingenious and well-dressed. And interlarding all, to make the repast palatable, neat and pungent profanity, nicely—rounded sentences, which fastidious people would call flat blasphemy, must be freely used. The Book thus written cannot be trusted to its own merits for attention and popularity; it must be whipped into notice by some quaint, imitative title. Thus, a visit from New York to Jerusalem by a Yankee, Galadai Company, becomes known as "The Innocent abroad," and the same journey reversed is entitled "The New Pilgrim's Progress." This latter is a capital hit! The immortal dreamer wrote a Book which is the second in point of circulation in the world. What better can any man do than adopt a title which every one knows by sound! How complimentary to the Bedford genius! The famous squaw who proposed English, sold her baskets by following a glib aboriginal vend in the basket-cry, is outdone by the modern Yankee pedlar, as he walks in the footsteps of John Bunyan with his nasal "Me too—me too."

But, seriously, what is all this leading to? This class of Books we find stuffed in all imaginable colours of flattery by the Press; sold in all the shops and show-rooms of the continent; read in street-cars, railway-cars, and behind the counters; displayed

every table, with well thumbed leaves and dog-eared at every corner, indicating how freely and eagerly travellers come to this fountain to drink. We are told such Books do well for relaxation, but if we may judge by appearance, most of the public are relaxing in literature and doing nothing else. On the principal of demand and supply, we shall doubtless have floods of this latest and worst literary trash.

A. W. N.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

Disturbance in Paris—Peril of the City—Napoleon in England—The Royal Marriage—Doings in Parliament—Gracious Revivals in Methodism—The March Quarterly Meetings.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It was out of my power to forward my accustomed letter a fortnight ago. The heavy pressure of the domestic bereavement which befell us, having now passed, it is with pleasure that I resume those hasty notes of passing events in dear old England, and the lands which lie on this side of the Atlantic.

Peace has been finally concluded between the two great powers which for seven dreary months have been engaged in deadly strife. But the gift of peace has not brought quiet and tranquillity to poor unhappy France. At present the affairs of the Government and Paris are in a most disastrous condition. The Red Republicans, fierce and unruly men, have obtained supremacy within Paris, and established a form of government which is conspicuous chiefly for its defiance of Mr. Thiers and the Assembly by which peace was concluded with the invading Germans. The spirit of wild lawlessness is just now terribly rampant in Paris. The parties loyal to the Government are in extreme danger and already the lives of two brave Generals have been sacrificed and a third is being held as a hostage by the constituted rulers of the hapless city. The national troops are unreliable, and in many instances have gone over en masse to the side of misrule and anarchy.

The elected Government is at Versailles, a few miles from Paris, and has for its protection about 60,000 troops. They trust to quiet and conciliate the stern faction in Paris, and save their loyal capital from an attack which might work greater ruin than even that disastrous work accomplished by the Germans.

It is rumored that some of the Imperial troops which were on the point of departure for their homes, have been ordered to remain, in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs, and if needed, save the Government of France from the attacks of its own people and nation.

The deposed Emperor of France has been released from his captivity in Germany and is permitted to go in any direction he might choose. He has arrived in England and joined the Empress and their son in the quiet retreat of Chiselmhurst. It is not known whether any definite plan of flight has been made, or the belief that she will form a compact with evil spirits, and that she executed preternatural influences against the excess of the tribe in their hunting expeditions. When will the church send the Gospel to all wretched Pagans who are perishing for want of it? Hasn't the happy day when they shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make them free.

Montreal contains multiplied demonstrations of the blessings imparted by the Gospel. There are seen in operation in its various religious societies. The Young Men's Christian Association has lately held another free and public meeting, in the Mechanic's Hall, which was crowded. The President, Mr. Claxton gave a view of the history and present state of the Association, that was most satisfactory. The Rev. Mr. Wells inculcated the duty of Christian young men working for the good of the toilers in the cities, the workhouses, the workshops, and on the wharves of the city. The Rev. Mr. Hunter declaimed on the relative duties of young men and their employers, urging also on his youthful hearers sustained personal effort in work for Christ. The speaking was excellent, and was received with frequent demonstrations of applause. The pleasure of the interested audience was further promoted by music and singing of the most cultivated style.

A noted event here in the month of March was the annual Exhibition of works by the Society of Canadian artists, consisting of paintings and statuary. Two former Exhibitions were liberally encouraged. The pictures on view were more than a hundred. But as other works were sold direct from the easel, the collection gave only an incomplete idea of the artists' professional diligence. Judges who have been able to compare the Exhibition of 1871 with those of former years, affirm, that the progress of the artists in general excellence is surprising.

The hope is therefore, not without reason, entertained that the artists of Canada will take a worthy place among those of other countries, and make the world as familiar with the beauty and grandeur of Canadian landscapes, as that of the scenery of other, and hitherto more classic lands. That Montreal occupies the leading place in this matter is evident from the "Canadian Illustrated News," the last number of which would be a fair companion, of its popular predecessor of the same name, of London.

During the winter, the city has abounded in concerts, lectures, and soires. But all others were eclipsed by the brilliant "Conversation" of the Natural History Society, which was held a few days since. The culture of Montreal was there fairly represented. Principal Dawson delivered an address. The Microscope Club elucidated by means of their powerful instruments some of the wonders of the microscopic world. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Societies contributed a large collection of rare coins, and medals chiefly Canadian. There were also liberal contributions from other public and private sources.

Among the objects there seen were relics from the ancient Hochelaga of Cartier, the predecessor of the Montreal of to-day, including specimens of pottery on which Indian women of the old-time bestowed skill and taste. There were ornaments from Ontario which had been hammered out of native copper. Other ornaments had been laboriously ground of large shells from Newfoundland, and the coast of New Brunswick. There were also beads found near the Tobique River in the latter Province, taken from the grave of an Indian child, buried in those forest solitudes by some bereaved Indian mother, who expressed her grief and perhaps her hope and fears as to the welfare of her darling in the spirit land, by winding around its little corpse her precious string of wampum, which to her simple faith, had perhaps some value on that unknown shore.

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Shortly before the Rev. W. M. Punshon, M. A., departed to the Pacific coast, he lectured in Toronto on "John Wesley." His Excellency Governor Howland occupied the chair. The place was densely crowded, and the audience gave signs of satisfaction which could not be mistaken. The financial proceeds (\$600), were presented to the building fund of the large church commenced last autumn.

Near the same time a meeting was held in Berkeley Street Wesleyan church, to raise funds for erecting a new and commodious church on the site of the old one. Mr. Punshon presided. The whole amount required is \$10,000, one half of which was subscribed on the spot. These facts show the elasticity, and the heart of Methodism in the capital of Ontario.

One is pleased to know that Mr. Punshon's note will be through the lands in which small pax has recently had so many victims. The accounts of the scourge by the Rev. G. McDougall, the Methodist missionary of Victoria, are mournful in the highest degree. The pestilence swept over the broad and fertile plains of the great Saskatchewan, not overlooking the settlement in which was the home of the missionary. The mortality was great among the Indians, and the French half-breeds. The disease entered Mr. McDougall's family, all of whom but Mrs. McDougall were prostrated by it. Two of their daughters, Flora, the youngest, aged eleven years, and Georgina, were carried off by it. Flora loved the Saviour, Georgina died at her post. She had laboured incessantly for the good of the suffering people, with whose language and mode of thought she had become familiar. A gracious work had been wrought in her. Her last intelligent words were those of prayer. Mr. McDougall and his son were obliged themselves to carry her mortal remains to the grave. "Piercing" it may have been to the stricken missionary's heart when his son said to him "Father, find it hard to breathe our own dead." Hard indeed, but the sire and his son were comforted by the apostle's words, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" But thanks be to God, which giveth us the triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is one scene of trial. Others are constantly occurring to missionaries and their families in every part of the world. Surely these men of God are entitled to the churches' tenderest sympathies, and they should have a constant place in the churches' fervent prayers.

Great good in the way of true evangelizing has been accomplished among the Indians in the North-West. The demand for three additional labourers is urgent. The pagans still perpetrate deeds of direct cruelty. With the recent intelligence from Norway the Rev. G. R. Young gives a terrific account of the deliberate burning to death, in the lonely wilderness of an aged Indian woman, by her own hands, and the belief that she had formed a compact with evil spirits, and that she executed preternatural influences against the excess of the tribe in their hunting expeditions. When will the church send the Gospel to all wretched Pagans who are perishing for want of it? Hasn't the happy day when they shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make them free.

I would not willingly conclude this letter without assuring you of my sorrow because of the decease of brethren Dutton, Turner, Winterbottom. Of these three men of God, the eldest might be supposed scarcely to have reached the full maturity of a minister of the word. The youngest indeed had no sooner grasped the sword and balise to learn its use, than his arm was paralyzed in death. The resounding words which break perpetually in silver spray on the Newfoundland coast where he lies, will perform the solemn music of his requiem. Whilst the other having been esteemed in all places in which he was known, for his holy meekness and unflinching industry in his vocation, has departed to the rest for which protracted and sanctified affliction had prepared him, and had induced him to welcome it. May his mantle be wisely appropriated by his survivors in our Conference. May the Spirit that was upon him be given largely to many others, that as it was written by our fathers with exultation, we may behold with gratitude and joy that "God carries his workmen but carries on his work."

Yours very truly,

E. B.

April 1871.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

GERMAIN ST. WESLEYAN CHURCH ABRAHAM SCHOOL MISSIONARY MEETING.

On Tuesday evening the 28th ult., the officers and scholars of the Germain St. Wesleyan Sabbath School met within the time honored walls of the mother church of Methodism in this Province, to celebrate their second missionary anniversary. The audience in respect of numbers and character, was highly gratifying, as evidencing the extensive hold which our Sabbath school has secured upon the sympathy of the Home and Foreign missions. A missionary meeting has been held on the first Sabbath of each month, with one or two exceptions, the exercises being recitations, dialogues and singing by the children, and addresses by the pastor and others. These meetings have been attended by several members of the congregation, whose presence in the school has always been encouraging and gratifying both to teachers and scholars. But I am sure the audience will be more interested in the performances of those by whom I am surrounded than in anything further from me—I will therefore call at once upon the singers for their first piece.

The musical department, under the able management of Mr. J. K. Schofield, assistant Superintendent of the school—supported by the efficient services of Miss Marshall, who presided at the organ with that admirable taste for music which she so remarkably—constituted an attractive feature in the arrangements of the evening. The programme consisted chiefly of choruses selected from "The Singing Annual for 1870," by Philip Phillips. These melodies were rendered by the children with fine effect. A solo, by Miss Esty, "The Little Church around the corner," was deservedly acknowledged by the audience with rousing ap-

plause. Then there were interesting recitations by the Misses Watts, Bates, Benson, McAn drew and Humbert. While all these were exceedingly judicious in selection and most commendably rendered, we may observe that Miss Watts excelled her piece "The Crucifixion" with real grace and exquisite expression. And little Miss Hume had a young lady in some instances the numerical gain has been small—yet the value of the few souls saved, has been priceless. In the greater number of cases the success attending the labors of the missionaries of Divine goodness we are by this resolution called upon to express our devout gratitude in such a manner as will best further this cause for which we meet to night and towards the support of which our scholars during the past year have contributed so noble a sum.

Christianity is aggressive, and though it has to contend with the varied forms of Atheism and Infidelity—preferred by many of highly cultured minds to the religion of the Bible—work to those whom the Bible a very good book in its way, but not at all suited to the times—and this is the very centre of National Christianity—it faithfully remembers the command of its Divine Originator. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and now we can scarcely find a land, on which the foot of man hath ever trod, but there too is being unfurled the Banner of the Cross by the Agents of some Missionary Society—earnestly self denying men who recognize the principle that, there is no land so enlightened, as not to need the Gospel—and none so degraded as to be beyond its reach. Ours is a "Common Salvation" as far as the curse extends—so universal is the remedy, for it is written "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet" and "the isles shall wait for His law." We find the missionary labouring in different parts of Europe—from the Baltic to the Mediterranean—and in countries until lately closed against Protestant influence, but now thrown open. The various Missionary Societies have availed themselves of the Providential opening in a measure, so that to-day, in the seven hills of the "eternal city" is preached a free and pure Gospel—while Spain has also been entered; but owing to the disordered state of the country, very little has been accomplished. Missionaries are scattered all over Asia—dotting the "isles of the sea"—labouring in Africa—on the Gold coast, among negro tribes and in the south among Hottentots and Kafirs—and in Australia where they have become so numerous as to need a conference of their own—On our own Continent, we find them in South America—in Demarara and the West Indies—amongst the Indians and Esquimaux—in Labrador and the Red River—and in the Wintry Greenland—among frozen seas and walls of ice—in tangled jungles beneath the burning sun—beside Mahomedan Shrines and Chinese Pagodas—in the Groves of Ceylon or amid the sands of the Desert—among tribes of Cannibals or learned Hindoos—in every zone—wherever a man who knows not God nor feels his need of Him—are found men who, away from home and all its associations are breaking to a fallen world the "Bread of life" and carrying to those to whom no light has come, the "Light of Salvation"—wearied with toil still labouring on knowing that "in due time they shall reap, if they faint not."

But before we can appreciate rightly the success which has crowned the efforts of Christian Missionaries—we must consider the difficulties to be encountered and surmounted—the trials and persecutions to be endured before they can gain a footing or a hearing. How often are they strangers in a strange land and some times in the midst of savage tribes—with a new language to acquire, speaking through an interpreter, which is, as an old Missionary termed it, "only getting the steam up to find it shut down again."

The giant forms of Idolatry they have to contend with—systems which have grown gray with age, and which time has served to tiwe closer and closer still around the people's affections—or on the other hand with a race of beings, so far sunk in the scale of civilization, as to appear but connecting links between man and beast—who have first to be raised to a knowledge of themselves—before they can understand anything about God. With Caste in India and Superstition in China—with Brahmanism and Buddhism in the East—and Fire worship and the many forms which the untrained and perverted mind of man has exalted to a God. Notwithstanding all these obstacles much has been achieved when we think what the army of nearly 1000 Wesleyan Missionaries are accomplishing year by year and what the vast number connected with other Societies must be doing, we cannot too fully express our devout gratitude to Almighty God. Commencing with Europe we find in Infidel France, and Catholic Italy and Spain Missionaries and lay-agents distributing the Scripture and preaching to the people. Passing into Asia we find them in Syria and Palestine among the Armenians and yearly we find by returns made to the Parent Societies an increase in Church membership. In India we see Christian Churches taking the place of temples dedicated to Brahma—and that some of the Priests renouncing it, and joining the Christian Church, and some of them are now preaching the Gospel. In China there are laboring 143 missionaries, 23 lay-agents, and 365 native assistants, and churches established with a membership of nearly 6000. In Madagascar and in nearly all the Islands of the Pacific—the natives have renounced their idol-worship with all their debasing rites—and in the Friendly Islands the natives contributed £5,000.00 to send the Gospel to regions beyond, besides supporting the work in their own District. From Africa and the West Indies cheering news is from time to time received, while from various quarters is heard the Macedonian cry "come over and help us." Truly all this is highly encouraging. Besides all this, we must not forget the many who, having witnessed a good confession on earth, have crossed the flood—entered within the pearly gates—passed the Jasper walls—walked through the streets of gold, up to the Crystal Throne, where before the Lamb, having cast their crowns, have taken their harps and joined in the grateful anthem of the glorified.

The contemplation of such scenes as these, should inspire us with a gratitude which will seek expression by our lips and in our lives. We may, and should, express our thankfulness by prayer believing, and importantly offered to God on behalf of this great work, in all our interests. Then waited by the breath of prayer to their distant homes, and supported by the same power—the Missionaries shall not feel alone; but be greatly encouraged and strengthened in the midst of their self-imposed toil. By liberal contribution to the fund of the Missionary Society we may, and should, express our gratitude. Some one has said, that giving is not charity, until what we give is given as some personal sacrifice.

Last year we raised for the mission cause \$60; this year we have realized \$100. At our last Annual Meeting the collection amounted to \$16, and as it is a poor rule that won't work both ways, we have no doubt that as it is to 60, so will the collection shortly be made to 100.

This Resolution was seconded by Mr. Thos. S. Weeks—who said, "I can assure you it affords me much pleasure to second this Resolution, and as the mover of it has discussed its contents so much eloquently and force there scarcely remains anything for me to say in reference to it. I may say, however, that while rejoicing in the benefit conferred upon other nations by the operations of Christian Missions, it becomes us to be especially thankful that, as a nation, we have been so highly favoured with the light of the Gospel—and are assembled to-night not to bow down to carved wood and stone—the work of men's hands—or to offer sacrifices to an unknown God, but to speak and bear more fully of God's goodness to our fellow-men through the instrumentality of the Christian Missionary. It has frequently occurred to me that the heathen set us one example worthy of our imitation, and that is—their sincere devotedness to their idols. What prompts them to pass through the ordeal of hardship and suffering—which the superstitious notion—of self-sacrificing loyalty to their God. Now I believe that an idolater will ever be accused of taking the name of his God in vain, thus putting to shame thousands of professing Christians, whose profanity is one of the crying crimes of the age.

It is, therefore, well for us to remember that charity begins at home. There are many in our own Province who are sadly destitute of the religious privileges we enjoy. While conversing with a friend lately, who has been performing Mission work in some of our back settlements, he related several incidents that took place under his own observation; illustrative of the lamentable ignorance of many far from our own doors, respecting spiritual things. One of these was the following. He called at a house in one of his journeys and after endeavoring to instruct the family on the subject of religion which they were found to be totally ignorant—he requested them to kneel down, and then prayed with and for them. Leaving the house shortly after—he passed a group of men and overheard one of their remark, "that man (pointing to himself) has just been to our house, and he is the worst swearer I ever heard." I trust that all present will adopt this resolution by doing all in their power to promote the mission cause, and commence this evening by contributing largely when the collection shall be made."

Mr. J. K. Schofield was called upon to move the second resolution, viz.—"That the continual wants of the world, the enlarging resources of the Church, the multiplying facilities for the work of evangelization, and the glowing future assured to the reign of Christ in our earth, by the word of God—constitute at once our obligation and encouragement to co-operate by the increased prayer, labor and liberality with the Wesleyan Missionary Society."

Mr. Schofield said, "While the triumph of Christianity in the past doubtless furnishes us with abundant cause for thankfulness and praise, the time has not yet come for us to unbuckle our armor and lay aside the weapons of our warfare. Rather while deriving encouragement in witnessing the abundant fruit of the labor of Christ's faithful servants in the past, should we strive to imitate their example of earnestness and zeal. In Italy, Austria, France and Spain which are now presenting open doors to Christianity we have vast fields for labor and wide scope for generous liberality. England itself, presents its claims to us for the support of those Societies which are purely evangelical. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that thousands of our fellow creatures have never heard the glad tidings of salvation and are passing into the presence of a righteous God with all their sins upon their heads. And by their united hands which men who with the Bible in their hands, and enjoying the privileges of an open sanctuary, regard religion. Christianity is however, wielding a more powerful arm to-day than she has ever done before. She has gained in her ministry—not merely in numerical strength—but also in education and intellect. We have outgrown the idea, that we do not require an educated ministry, and it is high time that we had. What we need in the ministry is men whose hearts are full of Christ, and whose heads are full of knowledge. In the Religious Press she has a valuable friend, in which almost every denomination has its representative. Although differing in minor points of doctrine they are all advocates of the grand fundamental truths of Christianity, their object and their aim are one—to extend the Redeemer's sway. Our Sabbath schools are also coming up to the help of the missionary cause, and by their united donations are rendering valuable pecuniary aid. Germain St. Sabbath school, as you have already been told has raised this year the sum of \$100.00—whom sum as noble as it is we hope to see largely supplemented by the collection about to be made, in which, we are satisfied you will, as you have always done, respond generously to our appeal. We feel confident that the efforts of these youthful laborers will prove but stepping-stones to wider and more munificent acts of Christian beneficence which will be developed with maturer years."

This Resolution was seconded by Mr. Josh. A. Clawson, who said "I congratulate this meeting that the cause which we advocate is a successful one, and one which conscience declares to be right.

It originated in the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—and its best exemplification is found in the personal ministry of Jesus and in the extensive Missionary labours of St. Paul and in other apostles. But while success has crowned the Banner of the Cross, and while the Christian Army has won many victories in heathen lands, there remains very much yet to be done.

When we look at the millions of China, India, and Africa—and think of the few missionaries scattered through those vast countries we must be powerfully impressed by the continued wants of the world.

Once, there was scarcely a foreign land where the truth could freely enter; now, almost every door is open, and "the field white to the harvest." The great want of the Church is not, fields to conquer—but men and money with