## Obituary Notices.

Died, at Aylesford, on the 9th of February, CAROLINE, the beloved wife of Mr. Eliakim Wallace, in the 31st year of her age: leaving an afflicted husband, and four children to mourn the loss of a truly christian wife and mother.

Mrs. Wallace had been early taught, by parents who themselves feared God, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Hence her early life had been characterized by an earnest desire to do the will of God; and to escape the punishment that she knew would be inflicted upon the wicked. But she felt, and acknowledged, that the strength of evil propensities—innate in the human heart—often paralyzed her effort, and led her astray from the paths of piety, the amiability and excellency of which, even when very young, she was led to appreciate. We believe it may be truly said, that up to the period of her conversion, the fear of God never departed from her. She was hence led to avoid the sins peculiar to her age and circumstances, and to desire a better portion than the votaries of sensual pleasure had ever realized. True Religion—a religion that changes the heart, and adorns the life with everything honest, lively, and of good report—she felt to be the "one thing needful;" and to be put in possession of this, so as to enjoy and exemplify it, in her spirit, and deportment, was worthy of her most earnest and persevering effort. Hence the "Throne of Grace" became a place of oft repeated resort; and appreciating, more and more, the privileges of the ordinances of the Lord's House—acknowledging the amiability of His Tabernacles, and the Place where His honor dwelleth; her very heart and flesh at length cried out for the Living God.

It was not possible for one whose heart the Holy Spirit was so fully subduing to his own will, and preparing to take "the mould Divine—the stamp of perfect love," should remain long a seeker. She was soon enabled to testify, "verily God hath heard me: He hath attended to the voice of my prayer." The spirit of bondage to fear was exchanged for the spirit of adoption whereby she was enabled with filial confidence to cry Abba Father. The spirit itself bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God. The conversion of our sister was a *real* change. It marked a new, and glorious era, in her history. Her whole subsequent life evinced that she was "*turned unto the Lord*;" and to the Lord her spirit henceforth cleaved. In His service she found her chief delight; and ever through all the vicissitudes of her life—in trouble and in joy—she was hurrying on to the goal. The goal, that she seemed to realize was sooner to be reached by her than by her companions in distress. The sentiment of our Poet was exemplified in her experience,—

Now on the brink of death we stand,
And if I pass before:
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.
The race we all are running now,
And if I first attain:
They too their willing heads shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.

The Lord had "chosen her in the furnace of affliction;" and He was with her, attempering the fires; and watching the process, till He saw His own reflex image enstamped upon her heart; and as the dross was purged away the pure gold was capable of sustaining severe tests. "The bush burned and the bush was not consumed." Altho' affliction succeeded affliction, till all of earthly hope was gone; yet could she say, "I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the rock of my salvation." Through the whole of her affliction, she never lost her confidence in God. "All is well," she would say. If a wish would change my circumstances, I would not exercise it." On one occasion allusion was made to her sick husband, who could not long survive; and her four dear children—soon to be left orphans—She said with deep emotion "I have given my children—my husband—my *all* to God. I have no more ties to earth. They are all broken. I long to be gone. I feel no murmuring disposition; *murmur!* O I think it would be so wicked to murmur, when he is so good! I can't repine. He keeps me in perfect peace. He gives me the victory." Such were some of her dying sayings. Often during the last few days of her illness would she break forth aloud in strains of adoration and praise to God—rejoicing with a joy that was truly unspeakable and full of glory. These bursts of joy coming through the midnight gloom of sorrow and affliction, reminded us of the sublime sentiments of our Poet, describing a similar scene.

Through nature's wreck—thro' vanquished agonies,
Like the stars struggling thro' the midnight gloom.
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.

"Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

Mr. Eliakim Wallace, late consort of our deceased sister, survived his partner in life, and his companion in tribulation, only about five weeks—leaving his children, the legitimate heirs of all that is included in that consolatory, and to their case, appropriate promise, to be claimed and inherited by them, "When my father and mother forsake me: then the Lord will take me up." While they may preserve as a sacred relic, this obituary of their revered parents, may they hold fast with infinitely greater tenacity, this precious legacy bequeathed in their Heavenly Father's Will.

The parents of Bro. Wallace are members of the Baptist Church; and taught their children to respect and observe the duties of religion; but Bro. W., like others of his companions, neglected the things that belonged to his peace, and walked according to the course of this world, with some intervals of more than ordinary seriousness and concern, for the greater part of his life. Some few years ago he became deeply impressed with the necessity of giving his heart to God; and of sitting out in earnest to lead a new life. He accordingly joined the class and "evinced his desire to flee from the wrath to come, by attending the means of grace." But a spirit of worldliness stole upon his mind, and he was hindered, till it pleased God to lay his afflicting hand upon him. About the same time the health of his wife was seen to be in a decline, and this additional affliction, tended to awaken in his mind a deep and serious concern, for his soul's salvation. Many and earnest were the prayers that were offered by his pious partner, in his behalf; and she was enabled at length to rejoice in a Divine assurance, that for her children, as well as for herself, God had heard her. After visiting and conversing closely with him upon the things that pertained to his soul, and at length with great satisfaction, he voluntarily solicited christian baptism, stating that his mind had been settled, as to the mode for some years; and that as he believed he had received the "inward and spiritual grace;" he did not see why the state of his health should preclude his receiving the "outward and visible sign," or words to this effect. He was baptized in his own house in the presence of a number of christian friends, and afterwards at his own request his children also received the same initiatory rite.

The writer frequently visited this afflicted family; and he always found Bro. W, and his wife ready and eager to converse upon the things of God. He, as well as she, had been enabled to commit his all, into the hands of his faithful Creator; and was "waiting all the days of his appointed time, till his change should come." Months of weariness, pain, and suffering, passed away—interspersed with visits of friends, relatives, ministers—prayer, praise, and the Holy Supper—and then at length—welcome as rest to the weary traveller—came "the pain, the bliss of dying." Their mortal remains repose side by side in the Wesleyan church-yard.

G. W. T.

*Aylesford, April*, 1861.

Where is heaven? is a question frequently asked, and variously answered by the human mind; and whether proposed by philosopher or peasant, Christian or Pagan, it has generally had a response, however vague and conjectural.—The true Christian believer, however schooled in the oracles of God, regards such a question as more curious than profitable: and while he busies himself not to fix the material boundaries of the "house not made with hands," he satisfies his mind by bringing it in hallowed and solemn nearness to himself. Where is heaven? is he asked: "With my Lord!" is his prompt and joyous response; or, negatively, "Absent from the body." Unlike the heathen philosopher, he places it not in some far distant and conjectural region, to which access is obtained in some mysterious way, and where shall be perpetuated, as its very essence, his favourite worldly employ. His brief, yet all-comprehending, reply is, "Where I shall see the King in his beauty: where I shall put off this tabernacle." Unlike the man of science, he says not, in some far-distant orb, where God's eternal Power and Godhead are more gloriously manifest; oh no! without travelling from world to world, and from system to system, he exultingly exclaims, Heaven is where Jesus is, and where I shall see Him as He is. Again, as friend after friend departs in the Lord, and with a natural and Christian solicitude he asks, Where are they? instructed by the sublime and cheering verities of God's revealed Word, how consoling the reply, To be with Christ which is far better. As one after another of his kindred depart in the Lord, his anxious spirit is not committed to the chilling and hazarous uncertainty of mere Philosophy, but reposing upon the revelations of the infallible Word, he learns with the severance of each earthly tie to bring heaven into still closer proximity.

Oh, into what near and sweet neigbourhood is heaven brought to the chastened believer when it becomes the home of loved ones. Is he asked, Where is heaven? he summarily and from the heart replies, "Where is my Saviour, and where are all my sainted kindred, and where soon I hope to be."

Thoughts such as these are suggested by the decease of friends—a parent, brothers and sisters—whose narrow beds are marked by six adjacent mounds of earth in the village grave-yard.

First in the train was taken away the innocent babe—nameless, save in the records that God keeps. He folded the lamb.

"Then sure we would not, though we could, awake
The little slumberer for its mother's sake,"

since—

"Faith tells her, and it tells her not in vain,
That she shall meet her infant yet again."

Again—MARY, a little girl of six summers, is torn in a moment from a mother's embrace.—Full of young life, in the morning her feet lightly pressing the sward of her play-ground, in one short hour she is in the spirit land. By what the world would call an accident, but what the Christian is taught more correctly to call a gracious providence, she fell a few feet, and striking her head upon a plank of wood, never again spoke. A lovely flower—

"Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glory wastes,
The short-lived beauty dies away."

Heaven is yet nearer.

Again—a youth of 15 years, BLISS, whose brief life was burdened with weakness, became a victim to Consumption, and passed away. His affliction proved, by God's grace, a means of spiritual discipline and growth, so that he could truthfully say, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work for me a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory." His ills had an end, and by his death, as well as his ordinary course in life, he left a spiritual legacy to sorrowing friends, and brought heaven yet nearer. Time wore on. The green sward formed over his tomb. His name became a sacred household word, identified with many happy memories, the signal for Christian and subdued sorrow, and the mournful prompter to seek a home in heaven.

Again the insatiate Destroyer aims a mortal blow at a young man.

BENJAMIN, in the healthful vigor of opening manhood, the most promising of a large family, must die. Stricken with fever, for the first and last time he writhes in excruciating pain; but too soon comes the withering apprehension of danger—then the aid of all possible friendly and professional services, accompanied by the violent effort to hope, closely followed by the blighting and sickening conviction of despair.

Christ, the great and unfailing Physician, was not forgotten in the hour of extremity; nor was He in health. A few months previously, as well as during the last struggle, His aid was invoked, and, we trust, graciously granted. Now the last conflict ends, and, at the early age of 17, Benjamin passes away.

Heaven is brought yet nearer.

Scarcely had this last work of death ceased to be a fruitful theme of daily fireside conversation, when again another and wider breach is made in the narrowing family. Again we believe we "sorrow not as those who have no hope," when we lament the death of the aged sire, the father and husband. He had filled up his three-score years and ten, when gradually and almost without pain "the weary wheels of life stood still." Thus died Benjamin Chapman, sen., and heaven is brought yet nearer. Again the remnants of the stricken family are gathered together, the circle is yet still more contracted, and the solemn question, as we gaze at each other through our tears, is—Who next must die? Ere it ceases in its mournful impressiveness to be repeated, an unmistakeable response is given, and another breach is made ere the last grave is green. This time, as if the Sovereign Disposer would show that no age is exempt from the ravages of death, the mature man is torn from his young wife and infant babe. His was a constitution frail and diseased. Liver Complaint had early marked him as his victim, and though, owing to constant care and attention, the progress of the disease was slow, it was not the less sure, until on Wednesday, the 3rd of April, he exchanged mortality for life.

About 17 years ago he was born of the Spirit, and though frequently since that time he was heard to express his sense of lukewarmness and want of a clear witness as to his acceptance, he never ceased to confess Christ before the world. Some three years ago, during the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Davies on this Circuit, he was greatly quickened, and evidently had a greater desire from that time to live and work with God. He was then appointed a Class-Leader, and in that capacity faithfully warned and exhorted those over whom he had been placed. Seldom or never was he known to absent himself from the house of prayer, when he could be present. He died in peace, leaving a wife and child to mourn his loss and rejoice in his gain. Thus lived and died, at the age of 39, James O. Chapman.

The prayer of the afflicted mother, with her sorrowing children is well expressed by the Poet—

"Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in that spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that all with Christ are there."

D. C.

*F. L., April 16th*, 1861.


# Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1861.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Connexion, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.

We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.


## Letter from England.

From our own Correspondent.

ENGLAND, April 4th, 1861.

The doings of our half of the globe just now are almost distressingly prosy. Never was there a month so barren in prominent events as the last. There has been plenty of the spray and froth of political life, but not a single breaker. No wars, no battles, no great field days of Cabinets, no run-away kings, no revolutions; nothing, indeed, out of which a newspaper editor or correspondent could make a decent living. Even the *Times* has grown prosier—has put forth heavy leaders, and, driven to its wit's end for want of news by the Parliamentary vacation—has treated us with long critiques upon books which have been before the public for months. We are drifting daily into that most undesirable crisis of political dearth when it will be necessary to feed the public with fabulous records of monstrous gooseberries, and showers of frogs.

By the way, we did almost get up a "difficulty" with France last week. At the funeral of the Duchess of Kent several of the princes of the Orleans family attended in the character of mourners, a not very unseemly thing, seeing that they belong to the kindred of her late Royal Highness. Forthwith there appeared in the semi-official organ of the French Government a rather bitter article, commenting very testily upon the insult offered to the reigning imperial family by this public and royal recognition of the exiles. The article excited the odium and contempt which it deserved; and the authorities, fearing that they had "put their foot into it," published a disclaimer of the official character of the affair. This is a very convenient arrangement of the Imperial Government. It puts out feelers, through the press, bearing the signatures of non-official persons. If the feelers take, the Government appropriates the honour; but if they excite serious objections, then it quietly repudiates them—washes its hands of the whole affair, and even reproaches the poor victim.—Such subterfuges are hardly worthy of an Imperial dynasty.

The Bishop of Poictiers, who compared Louis Napoleon to Pontius Pilate, has been reprimanded for this bold analogy, and his "pastoral" has been suppressed—a policy which, by the way, will do something considerable for its further circulation. Napoleon the First, after lying twenty one years in his tomb in the Invalides, has been taken up, and lodged in a third resting place—a magnificent mansoleum reared by the piety of his nephew. It is time now to let the Imperial bones alone; they had many a jolt in life, and have been wanderers ever since their first interment. The Empress, by way of atoning for the religious vagaries of her husband, has been observing a most rigorous Lent.—Every bite of food has passed under searching review, lest it might contain any element approximating to the carnal. Her ladies have had a somewhat hungry and lugubrious time.

Three awkward little complications have just come to light, in European policy. In the first place, when all was so nicely settled as to Victor Emmanuel's new kingdom—Prince Lucien Murat quietly steps in, and lays claim to the vacant throne of Naples, and many thousands of Neapolitans urge him by petition to maintain his claim! Verily, the Royal Highnesses of this world give us more trouble than all the nations put together. One would have thought that the fate of the first Murat would have quashed for ever the kingly aspirations of his family, but Prince Lucien evidently has a strong ambition to be shot, or exiled, or put to some considerable discomfort. He might as well put in a claim for the Celestial Empire, for Victor, King of Italy is not likely to deliver up his hard earned trophies to any aspiring Highness under the heavens. The second of these complications is the appearance of Garibaldi on the stage of public life.—All the world thought that he was diligently grinding corn in Caprera, and "going in" for the character of a gentleman farmer; but he has suddenly flashed upon the population of Turin—sought an interview with King Victor, and nobody knows what will come of it, though everybody knows this much, that when Garibaldi is abroad in the earth, all despots, and especially His Majesty of Austria, had better look out.—He is the "*bogie*" of all tyrants, and doubtless has hankerings after Venetia or Rome, or both. The third of these complications is that when all was going on smoothly, and we were beginning to think of building no more Gloires and Warriors and Black Princes, Prussia must needs stir up that most infragrant of political dustheaps, the Schelswig Holstein question. If it were only a matter of a paltry Duchy or so, more or less, the question need trouble nobody; but unfortunately a war between Prussia and Denmark means a European war, with Russia on the one side and France on the other, ready to pounce upon any available spoil. Thus is the world fermenting in these days.

Our good-for-nothing subjects in the Ionian Isles are turning most crusty. They do not appreciate the blessings of English rule. They have passed a resolution in their Parliament, in favour of annexation to Greece. Common sense says, "let them go." They have never been anything better than a drag upon England. It has cost vastly more to keep them in order and subordination than they have ever produced.—But "*red-tape*," the real ruler of English policy says: "keep them, at any price," and so Sir Henry Storks has dissolved their Parliament, and given them a good lecture; and if a statement in the *Patrie* may be trusted, the British fleet has been ordered from Malta to the Grecian Archipelago to carry matters, if need be, with a higher hand still. It is almost comforting to know that other nations are not much better off than we are. The disturbances at Warsaw are a cause of great uneasiness to the Court of St. Petersburgh. The city has by no means quieted down. Demonstrations of a very meaning character keep the official mind perpetually anxious, and lovers of liberty almost hope that the day of Poland's emancipation is drawing nigh. Victor Emmanuel has assumed the title of King of Italy, and the British Government has recognized him under that style. His Holiness has had a fit.

The famine in India is exciting deep sympathy in England. During the week, meetings have been held in London, and several provincial towns, for the purpose of stimulating benevolence. Though but a week has elapsed since the first public appeal was made, and though the generosity of the English people was most severely taxed during the winter, the noble sum of twenty thousand pounds was despatched to the Governor of Bombay by yesterdays' mail, as the first instalment of our national subscription towards the relief of the present distress. The Government has determined to wall in the well at Cawnpore, into which so many hapless victims of the late mutiny were flung; and also to raise two handsome memorials of the murdered ones close by the spot. The Duke of Newcastle is now generally looked upon as the successor of Lord Canning in the administration of India.—The last mail brings intelligence of the death of the Bishop of Madras. The Earl of Elgin is expected in England at the beginning of next week.

We have had a rational mourning for the death of the Duchess of Kent, who, by her unostentatious virtues, succeeded in winning the nation's regard. Queens' Mothers in some countries have proved a great pest, but the late Duchess never intruded into the circle of political life, but kept quietly to her own sphere, and adorned it. She was buried with that absence of pomp which characterized her life. The funeral was almost severely simple. Her body reposes for a time in the tomb of the kings in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, but will be removed in a few months to a mausoleum, not yet completed, in the grounds of Frogmore House.—The Queen, and many members of the Royal family, had the mournful satisfaction of being present with the dying Princess up to the last.

Next Sunday evening the new census of the population of England is to be taken in every house in the land. The details required this time are fewer and more simple than those of the census of 1851. There is no noxious clause as to the religious persuasion of the people. Indeed there is no objectionable feature at all in the new Schedule, save that one which the ladies are said to regard with indignation, the necessity of disclosing the age at the last birthday. There is no evading the demand; some age must be given, under a penalty of five pounds for recusants. It is to be feared that many of the fair will be the subjects of a temporary forgetfulness, and perhaps some will incur a charge of a yet heavier nature. The profoundest secrecy is enjoined upon the enumerators, and the most venerable, though would-be youthful damsels, may safely confide to the Government the entire truth.

Plans have been decided upon for the building to be used at the Great Exhibition of 1862. The design is very different from that adopted in 1851. Glass and iron will enter mainly into the construction, but will not be used entirely. It is contemplated to have a long picture gallery, the wall of which will be brick; altogether the building will be of a more solid and substantial nature than the last, though not nearly so elegant and sightly. Indeed, were it not treasonable to say so, one would be tempted to pronounce the affair decidedly ugly. Its erection causes little stir. The fact is, one exhibition in a generation is quite enough. Exhibitors are put to serious cost—a cost, in some cases, quite ruinous; and in the present depressed state of trade, they will scarcely like to involve themselves in costly undertakings, when results are at least doubtful; the general impression is, that the projected exhibition will prove a failure.

The masons and bricklayers of London are out on "strike." Many hundreds of these men were relieved from starvation during the past winter by the liberality of the public, and yet when remunerative labour may be had they strike for the most trivial sum. Blinded by the agents of the iniquitous trades unions, they are in this case standing out against their own best interests. The masters have had enough of nonsense on this matter, they have succumbed too often to the despotism of operative combinations, and they have now decided to shut up their yards and throw up their contracts rather than yield again. It is said that thousands of Belgian artisans of equal skill, are ready to come over, and gladly accept the terms which the London labourers reject. It will be long before the British public pours out its liberality as it did last winter upon such men as these. Strikes, and bad weather, and the uncertainties of the American question, and the dearness of money, combine to produce utter stagnation in trade. A few bright days will make some difference, and the Bank having lowered its rate of discount one per cent. will contribute to the general improvement.

Easter Monday was a grand day for the Volunteers. A stranger would have thought the land invaded by Riflemen. They were everywhere. At Brighton there would have been a splendid demonstration, if anybody could but have seen it. Large platforms were raised, and an eager multitude, numbering tens of thousands had turned out to see a "a sham fight" on the Downs. There were the volunteers, in all their glory, with silver bugles, and gorgeous plumes, and lordly officers tearing about on war-like steeds. The movement began, and when the troops had marched about for a time they suddenly disappeared *en masse* over the brow of a hill, and were never seen again until nightfall, when they emerged all mud-stained and weary, to the astonishment of the Brightonians who concluded that they must have tumbled bodily into the sea. This was almost literary the experience of a brigade which was reviewed on Wimbledon Common. They were drenched in a sweeping rain that never subsided for one moment during the whole day. They behaved like men, and braved an enemy more difficult to cope with than any French army—an enemy which no French army could withstand for an hour—a drenching English rain.

In matters ecclesiastical there is very little to report. The "Essays and Reviews" are yet the popular thing. Any aspirant for literary fame has only to publish a book or pamphlet professing to smash one or more of the Essayists, and he achieves the notoriety which he covets. All other books are temporarily at a discount. "Essays and Reviews" are asked for at the libraries just as "Adam Bede" used to be. There is a sort of romance in their heterodoxy, and lisping young ladies eagerly read their heavy pages because of the supposed glory of doing something naughty. The Bishop of London has issued a volume of counter-arguments, but it is whispered that his lordship is guilty of the "dodge" of snatching at popularity when the chance is high, inasmuch as the volume was published by his lordship many years ago under another title. We are looking for a valuable work, the joint composition of Dr. Mansel and others, which will deal with the errors of the Essayists. It is advertised by the Messrs. Parker.

The venerable Dr. Raffles, after an honourable pastorate of fifty years over the same congregation, has resigned his charge. The Doctor who was one of the most popular Congregational ministers of his day was once a Wesleyan Local Preacher. Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon in his new Tabernacle last Sunday evening. Though people were admitted only by ticket the magnificent building was crammed in every corner. The entire cost of its erection, more than thirty thousand pounds, has been defrayed. Mr. Binney, of the Weigh House Chapel, has hit upon a happy expedient for bringing missionary information before his people. Finding that he could not gather them together on the week-night, he devoted the ordinary services of the Lord's Day to this work, and three times last Sunday the pulpit was occupied by returned missionaries, who, instead of preaching a sermon gave interesting details of the work of God in distant lands and pleaded the cause of Christian Missions. The experiment succeded, and will doubtless be copied in other chapels. Whatever its other advantages, it possesses the charm of novelty.

The new number of the London Review is really first rate. If it always maintained it present power it would be second to no Quarterly in England. It is now under very able administration, and will probably begin to pay. A cheap edition of the life of John Hunt is advertised by Mr. Mason. But the greatest literary event of Methodist circles is the publication of a weekly penny newspaper, entitled the "Methodist Recorder." Its object is purely religious, all politcal articles are to be rigorously declined, and the aim of its editors will be to present to the world a weekly budget of Wesleyan intelligence. The paper starts under high sanction. The Committee is composed of some of the ablest of our young Ministers, a very handsome guarantee fund has been subscribed, and the profits, if any, are to be devoted to the support of Worn-out Ministers and Widows. The first number is out, and promises well. The names of the gentlemen who compose the staff guarantee the loyalty and orthodoxy of the undertaking, and though it is early to form reasonable conclusions, present appearances are certainly hopeful and promising.

The bill of fare for our forthcoming Missionary Anniversary is quite equal to the average. The sermons before the Society are to be preached by the Rev. Gervase Smith, of Manchester, Dr. McClintock, of Paris, the President of the Conference, and the Rev. Wm. Arnot, of Glasgow, well known for his two volumes on the Book of Proverbs. Mr. Robinson Kay, of Bury, is to take the chair at the annual meeting. Dr. Jobson will not reach England in time for this meeting. The last intelligence from him is cheering. It is rumoured that the present Missionary Secretaries will remain at the next Conference, and that the Rev. Wm. B. Boyce will be appointed as fourth Secretary. His business habits fit him evidently for such a position, and if there be any honor in it, his Connexional services merit it.

The general condition of English Methodism is healthy and hopeful. There is no very strong expectation of a large increase this year, but it is anticipated that cheering reports will be given from every side, concerning the work of God among us. Our Home Missionary work especially presents aspects of great encouragement.

## Wilmot Circuit.

The work of God is progressing most cheeringly on this Circuit. In the last three months, not a week has passed without witnessing the conversion of penitents.

This has been effected with but little noisy excitement, though occassonally the deep feeling has broken through all restraint and has exhibited itself in "strong crying and tears."

Several strong minded men overcome by their deep emotions have publicly attempted to apologize for their uncontrolled feeling, but generally only to prove that such feeling was beyond their control.

One poor fellow about a fortnight since in the bitterness of his soul—cried aloud for mercy, and in his fruitless efforts to suppress the overwheiming anguish of his wounded spirit, exclaimed, "I can't help it!" I don't know what ails me! I never had such feelings before!" God has since spoken peace to his troubled spirit, and his countenance is lit up with a holy joy.

Some of the profane and vicious have been pucked as "brands from the burning;" and a large number of the intelligent and moral part of the people have yielded their hearts unto God, and have been made the subjects of God's regenerating grace.

The names of eighty-five persons, who wished to unite with us have been received on trial, and many more are under serious awakenings.

We have been baptizing the converts almost every Sabbath for the last two months; the baptism of some of whom had been improperly neglected in infancy even by Wesleyan parents, and others had been brought up under Baptist influence.

Fifty willing converts have thus received the sign with water, of the outpouring of the spirit; and others are expecting soon to follow, while a few would, but are unable to obtain the consent of their parents.

The people are also cheerfully providing for the comfort of their minister. A neat and commodious brick building has been purchased for a parsonage, which is being comfortably furnished by the laudable exertions of the Ladies on the Circuit. It is most conveniently situated on the main post road, and is only a few steps from the Female Seminary now in course of erection, so that this will be a desirable Circuit, especially for such ministers as wish to educate their daughters at home.

*April* 18, 1861. A. B. BLACK.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

## Memory's Associations.

Linked and entwined with life's fondest moments are the friends and scenes of other days. Ever and anon before the walls of memory, pictures sweet and varied are seen, biding us pause and for a short time think of what so beautifully we find in lines legible and effaceless portrayed there. They may be scenes of bright childhood when life's waves knew no stormy emotion, but all was one sunbeam of happiness, or they be thoughts of later years that stealing o'er our spirits soothe its restless yearnings, bidding it be calm and think of the shadowy past. Memory with her ever watchful eye silently, and with pen dipped in fancy's glowing colors brings back the almost forgotten past. Some of these we love to dwell upon, within our hearts they kindle emotions, pure and sacred. Among these a mother's loving care stands permanent. Yes! we love to think of her whose love shed such a gentle light o'er our childhood's hours, and we almost feel the tender pressure of her lips, and and listen again to the sweet expressions of love ever flowing from the lips of a mother. We seem again to be kneeling at her feet and in childlike simplicity breathing our evening prayer to the Eternal, and involuntarily do we clasp our hands and uncalled does the same prayer tremble on our lips. Friends to engross our attention, friends loving, kind and gentle, ever ready to excuse a fault, but they have gone, some to distant lands, and others like sunsets richest hues have faded and gone to rest with Jesus whom they loved below, teaching us that not only is mortality written on the passing cloud, the tiny flowret, the summer's breeze, the ocean wave, but it is also deeply engraven on the tablets of our hearts. Sister angels we have in heaven, sisters who e'er their voices sounded in our ears, or their eye learnt to watch the varied expression of a mother's face, or give in return a smile from one so full of love and tenderness, fled to the spirit land. But gradually these disappear, noiseless were their coming footsteps, in silence they depart, and save in the holy influences which they leave on the heart's sacred shrine, we are again with the stern realities of a changeable life.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

MARIA.

*Sheffield, April 11th*, 1861.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

## Solemn Considerations.

"Oh earth! earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord!—JEREMIAH XXII.

A faithfully discharged Gospel ministry may be considered the richest benefit any people can possess, or any locality be favoured with. Experimental godliness, "having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come." In its blessings, infinite and eternal—offering salvation through Christ to all. Inseparably connected, as by Divine appointment, stand the lives and agency of the Lord's messengers: and closely interwoven a vast responsibility of the people to whom they minister. No want is so much to be dreaded, as a famine of the bread of life. It cannot be otherwise, in connexion with these views and feelings, but that sorrow of heart has been experienced, and the silent tear fallen o'er the pages of the *Wesleyan* paper to perceive how frequently is announced the death of one and another of the "messengers of the churches," who have broken to us the bread of life—the Lord's dear sent servants, by whose instrumentality our immortal souls have been fed and nourished: they rightly dividing the Word of Truth." 2 Timothy ii. 15. These—many of them—have gone to their blest reward, and the souls saved shall finally appear as stars in their crown of rejoicing. It will be readily acceded that the founder of Wesleyan Methodism was a "wise master-builder:" and that, while the "city, so holy and fair, stands immovably founded in grace," that he discerned clearly, also, the feebleness of the instrumentalities appointed in Divine Wisdom to uphold the heavenly fabric, he felt, "our sufficiency is of God," 1 Corinthians iii. 5th—and that God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; that no flesh should glory in his presence." 1. Corinthians i. 29.

At the present era the impaired health of the Lord's messengers—"ambassadors for Christ"—presents a painful aspect: their languid appearance seems to express, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up:" yet they diminish naught of their fatigues and labour on this Circuit to save immortal souls; pressing through the most intense atmosphere, and every vicisitude of weather, to fulfil appointments, and holding protracted meetings—which was done during February on the Bay Shore and at Canso, at which latter place the Lord of the harvest has been pleased in an especial manner to crown their labours by a gracious revival, in the salvation of souls through their instrumentality; so that they may now humbly exclaim, "The best of all is—*God is with us.*"

As regards the *preservation* of the health of the Lord's dear servants, the writer would fain be instrumental in "stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance." Dr. Clark observes on this subject: "As Mr. Wesley never acted from caprice—from the mere impulse of the moment—but ever from conviction, from the most mature deliberation, under the influence of Divine light, and with an eye to the glory of God, none therefore, unless entirely ignorant of the life and labours of this extraordinary man, will infer his decision (at the last Conference, held in Bristol, 1790, in which that most eminent man of God, John Wesley, presided) originated from declining zeal. No: for as his days decreased, his labours multiplied and continued to abound, until the weary wheels of life stood still." Possessing the spirit of his Divine Master, the Great Head of the Church, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end." In a private meeting with some of the principal and senior preachers, held in Mr. Wesley's study, he proposed a Rule should be made, "That no Preacher should preach three times on the same day." It was urged by the preachers to be absolutely necessary in most cases; without which the places could not be supplied. Mr. Wesley replied, "It must be given up: we shall lose our preachers by such excessive labor." They answered, "We have all done so; and you, sir, even at a very advanced age, have continued to do so." "What I have done," said he "is out of the question: my life and strength have been under an especial providence; besides I know better than they how to preach without injuring myself; and no man can preach thrice a day without killing himself sooner or later; and the custom shall not be continued." They pressed the point no further, finding he was determined. Yet they evaded its force by altering the minute thus—(when it went to the press) No Preacher shall preach three times in the same day *to the same congregation.* Mr. Wesley had said, He who preaches the Gospel as he ought, must do it with his whole strength of body and soul. He who, instead of preaching, talks to the people—merely speaks about good things, or tells a religious story—will never injure himself by such employment. Such a person does not "labour in the Word and doctrine;" (i. Timothy v. 17, last clause,) he tells his tale, and as he speaks so his congregation believe, and sinners are left as he found them. Not so, the Lord be magnified as regards this highly favored Circuit. A revenue of praise is due, that evidence is not wanting. "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul," "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: in thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted."—lxxxix. Psalm 15, 16.

C. A. N.

*Guysboro', N. S., 15th April*, 1861.

## Australian Methodism

AND THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

The Rev. Dr. Jobson, having left Melbourne on January 10th, to be present at the opening of the Australasian Conference at Sydney, arrived at the latter place very early on the morning of Sunday, the 13th. The fatigue of the voyage did not prevent his preaching twice on that Sabbath to crowded congregations in Sydney. The *Christian Advocate and Wesleyan Record*, in its next publication, observed:—

"The Rev. Dr. Jobson arrived in this Colony early on Sunday morning last, and commenced his ministerial labours amongst us at eleven o'clock of the same day, in the Surry Hills Wesleyan Church. He appeared in excellent health and spirits notwithstanding a somewhat disagreeable voyage from Victoria, and ministered in holy things to the gratification and edification of a very large congregation. His text was, "God is love." The Preacher's soul was tuned to his glorious theme, and the people felt that it was good for them to be there. We might say that the discourse was eloquent, and that it was beautiful; but its touching simplicity, and evangelical power were its most marked and admirable features. The wrapped attention, and the subdued stillness of suppressed emotion which literally reigned throughout the large audience presented obvious proof that the highest and most sublime effects of Gospel preaching were being produced. Very many shed silent tears of joyous admiration of the love of God, as the Preacher expatiated on his rich and inexhaustible theme. The evening discourse in York St. Church was founded upon the passage, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It extended much beyond an hour, and was distinguished by the Preacher's characteristic eloquence.

"On Monday evening, a public reception meeting was held. It was one of the most delightful and enthusiastic meetings that it was ever our privilege to attend. Upwards of 400 persons sat down to tea in the large School-rooms at York street, who subsequently adjourned to the Church, where they were joined by several hundreds more. The more grave and important duties of the evening were opened with praise and prayer to God. Our words of welcome, and the Doctor's reply are before our readers, but they will fail to convey any adequate idea of the beautiful spirit of the meeting. Christian fraternity, Christian truth, and Christian enterprise were the grand subjects dwelt upon during the evening, and the audience caught their glorious inspiration."—*Watchman.*

## Dr. Livingstone's Expedition.

From the Cape Monitor, February 21.

Important news of the Livingstone party on the Zambezi, has just come to hand, *via* the Transvaal. And Mr. Baldwin, who has recently returned thence to Potchefstroom, confirms the particulars of the sad death of the Rev. Mr. Helmore and family, and Mrs. Price and family in the desert. The *Oude Emigrant* of the 1st inst., is the authority from which we derive the following information:—The arrival of Mr. Baldwin, the indefatigable traveller and hunter from the Zambezi, *en route* to Natal, places much valuable information within our reach. We will premise by stating that Mr. Baldwin has the honour of being the first white man who has penetrated to the Zambezi from this coast, and is the second white man who ever saw the celebrated Victoria Falls which Dr. Livingstone discovered five years ago. Mr. Baldwin, after a most eventful and successful hunt as far as Mozelikatze's country, left his wagons on account of the fly, and his people having refused to accompany him, he gallantly started (unaccompanied) on foot. With that steadfast friend his gun, and a pocket compass, he struck for the Victoria Falls; he had no guide but a map and Dr. Livingstone's description. After much distress, owing to scarcity of water and ignorance of the country, interruption from wild animals, &c., he to his great astonishment, hit the river not three miles above the falls. He was obliged to remain by the river two days before any Kaffirs would come over in their canoes. The river was in this place at least four thousand yards wide, with an immense number of islands, some of large extent. At length a canoe crossed, and, as Mr. Baldwin had shot a rhinoceros, he regaled the Kaffirs and sent some meat to the chief. The next day other boats came to bring him over; it had been a sultry day, and Mr. Baldwin could not resist the tempting appearance of the cool water, and with the impulse plunged in; he got out again fortunately without accident. He was not aware that the river was swarming with alligators, and the natives considered it dangerous even to put their hands into the water. A few days after, Mr. Balwin saw a Kaffir in the act of taking water out of the river, when one of these monsters sprang on him, swam about 500 yards with the poor fellow, and sunk to devour him. Mr. Baldwin was introduced to the petty captain of the Batokas, who asked him who he was? Answer: An Englishman. How did you find your way here? Showed them the compass. This was considered a poor answer, so Mr. Baldwin explained to them as well as he could that Livingstone told him to come. At the name of Livingstone they showed much interest. Where had he seen him? He had never seen him. Then how could Livingstone tell him to come if he never saw him, &c., till our friend got quite bewildered soon. As soon as possible Mr. Baldwin was off to the far-famed falls, the roar of which was fearful even at three miles distance. Mr. Baldwin was lost in amazement at these wonderful works of nature, and the description of them given by Livingstone is tame and underdrawn, for the reason that words cannot describe the wild and fearful grandeur of the scene.

On his return to the Kaffir village he was taken prisoner, and the most unpleasant part of the business was, he had no idea for what offence. He describes this part of his adventures as causing him a great deal of uneasiness. With the river before him, deprived of his gun, his enthusiasm waned, but not his pluck; and he remained in this position several days, when most opportunely and unexpectedly Dr. Livingstone arrived, accompanied by his