Revelation' of St. John, not the 'Revelations. I imagine this very common mistake must have arisen from our being accustomed to speak of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, in which case the word is plural.

I cannot abstain from saying a few words on that fertile source of mistakes among our clergy, the mispronunciation of scripture proper names. This, let me remind them, is quite inexcusable. It shows a disregard and absence of pains in the matter, about the least of which no pains ought to be spared. To take it on no other ground, is it justifiable in them to allow themselves to offend by their ignorance or carelessness the ears of the most intelligent of their hearers? This was not the spirit of one who said he would not eat meat while the world lasted, if it scandalized his neighbor. But this is not all. When I hear a man flounder about among St. Paul's salutations, calling half of them wrongly, I know that man does not know his Bible. The same carelessness is sure to show itself in misappropriation of texts, wrong understanding of obsolete phrases, and the like. The man who talks of Aristo*bu*lus, in the lesson, is as likely as not to preach from St. Paul's "I know nothing by myself," to show us that the Apostle wanted divine teaching, and not to be aware that he meant he was not conscious of any fault.

"Three Sundays ago, Jan. 18th, we had the crucial chapter, Rom. xvi., for the evening lesson," a friend writes to me from a distant city in Italy. "In the afternoon a stranger officiated, but as he saluted Assyn*cr*itus and Pa*tr*obas, I knew what to expect in the sermon, and so it was." Another writes from London, that he was on that day at a fashionable London church and heard Epenetus and Pa*tr*obas introduced to the congregation. A clergyman in the west of England found on his breakfast-table one Monday morning a note from his congregation to this effect:

"Last night you said, (your words did pain us,)
Ye know the household of *Stephanus*;
*Steph*anas is a man we know,
And may we hope you'll call him so.

A friend of mine heard the following in a London church, and, strange to say, from a schoolmaster: "'*Troph*imus have I left at *Mile*tum sick." But it perhaps may be said to me, with the beautiful inconsequence of the logic of the present day, "Is a man a perfect Christian minister, because he knows how to pronounce these names? To which I fearlessly answer, No, by no means; but he is, at all events, as near to it as if he did not know how to pronounce them. Really, my friend, you put me in mind of a redoubtable preacher who used to hold forth at Cambridge, in the chapel which was afterwards Robert Hall's, and now is the debating room of the Union Society. His name was Stittle, and the tradition of him and his sayings was yet a living thing when I went up as an undergraduate, 1828. His wont was to rail at the studies of the University; and in doing so on one occasion, after having wound himself up to the requisite pitch of fervor, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "D'ye think Powl (Paul) knew Greek?"

Obituary.

MRS. MARY UPTON, OF SHEFFIELD, N. B.

After a lingering and painful illness, of consumption, died "in the Lord" Mrs. Mary Upton, of Oak Point, in the Sheffield Circuit, on the 1st of March, 1863, aged 42 years, leaving a family of five children to mourn their loss.

For several years our sister had been a consistent and devoted member of the Methodist Society, and adorned her profession with a "godly walk and conversation." Her trials during the last ten years have been of a peculiarly painful nature, but she is now "from sin and sorrow set free." It was a most delightful privilege to visit her in her humble cottage. Often in our pastoral visits have we found the place to be a "Bethel," for God was there. As long as she was able to go to the House of God, it was her delight to be there, and when others grew cold and careless, and neglected the Class-meeting, she highly prized the "communion of saints." It was her delight to take up the cross, and speak a word for Jesus. During the last few days of her suffering life she felt a deep concern for the salvation of her dear children; she wept over them, and prayed for them, and urged upon them the necessity of early in life giving their hearts to God. Her well-worn Bible and Wesley's Hymns were her daily companions. When she was very low, she repeated,—

"O, joyful sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here."

When she was nearing her Father's house above, she said to her friends—

Come sing to me of heaven,
Now I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!

She said, "I am going home to find rest in the arms of a crucified Saviour," and desired that her death might be improved from the text —"Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."—Luke x. 42.

A most delightful season of grace it was,—tears were shed, 'tis true, but they were not tears of regret. No, as her devoted class-leader said, It seemed as though we might have sung most appropriately, "There are angels hovering round," &c. She has gone to add another to the company of those who have come "out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

RICHARD WEDDALL.

Sheffield, April 21st, 1863.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1863.

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 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.

Reflections on Spring.

We love a solitary ramble now and then. Much as we delight in the society of friends, fully as we appreciate their kind companionship, there are times when, emphatically, we can say, "It is good to be alone." Nor are we singular in this respect. Few, indeed, are those who do not delight in occasional hours of solitude; and even our Great Teacher, who has left us an example that we should tread in his footsteps, was wont to withdraw from the crowds by which he was almost continually surrounded, and alone, upon the mountain top, hold high and hallowed communion with his Heavenly Father.

Surely "the disciple is not above his Lord;" and if He who is high "over all, God, blessed for ever," in his sinless humanity, thus required to withdraw from the hurry and turmoil of life, we need not shrink from feeling and expressing a similar necessity.

A short walk from our quiet homestead conducts us to the steep eminence, the defence of our city, from the summit of which a charming prospect is presented. There are pretty cottages which, in summer, are almost hidden by the thick foliage, whose young leaves are now timidly peeping forth—there are spacious fields and gardens, whose verdant appearance betokens the summer near at hand—from a pretty fountain in the centre of a flower-plot, belonging to a stately mansion, gushes forth the clear gem-like water, falling like a blessing on the thirsty plants; while still, far below, yet to which the gaze turns with ever-recurring delight, bounded by gently sloping hills of spruce and birch and pine, is our noble harbor, in whose welcome haven many a gallant ship finds safe refuge from the fierce tempest that swells and roars and battles with the waves of the great Atlantic, ever heaving and surging without.

Pleasant, most pleasant is it, as we pursue our walk, to watch the flickering clouds that dance across the sunny skies; to mark the active labors of the husbandman whistling as he ploughs; to catch, now and then, the merry chirp of some bird, doubtless busily engaged in building its humble nest, as it flits to and from the willows beneath whose shade we onward wend, seeming to sing, as it pursues its labors, "The summer is coming," and, rejoicing in its joy, we, too, exclaim, "The winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come."

In a solitary ramble such as this, what abundant food for delightful thought; for truly—

"Meditation here
May think down hours to moments."

Two months ago we trod the self-same path, but enshrouded in all directions in a glittering mantle of snow, vegetable existence lay dormant and apparently dead; now, all is life and renewed activity.

These changing seasons, as they roll, teach many a lesson, speaking loudly of the brevity of human life, and the passing away of all beautiful things.

True it is that the spring has returned, and the summer is near; but there are those whom we loved, whom spring's sweetest smiles and summer's purest bloom will fail to lure from their last narrow-resting place. As bright the sunshine as of yore, but eyes that once reflected its brightness are closed to earthly vision. Birds sing as gaily, but the ears that were wont to hail with rapture their strains have become insensate to their carol; the active step, the blooming cheek, where are they? Ask of the Conqueror who claimed them in their beauty; go down into his silent chambers and you will find their forms mouldering there,—the dear companions of childhood and youth, the hearts on which you have leaned most fondly. Death came, and, snatching them from your embrace, bore them exultingly to his treasure house.

But pause, there is One mightier than he. Hark! hear you not His triumphant voice exclaiming, "Oh, death, I will be thy destruction;" and, though our mortal foe be victor for a time over those clay tenements, he has no power over the ransomed spirits? To brighter worlds have they winged their flight; and, inspired by faith and love, we follow in their luminous track, and catch a glimpse, as the pearly gates fling open to allow the ransomed of the Lord to pass in, of the surpassing glories of that place. But we may not linger, for the thick shroud of mortality envelopes us; yet, as exiles from our Father's house, do we not sometimes pine and yearn for its unutterable felicities? *Here*, sadness mingles with earth's most joyous notes; *but there* sorrow and sighing are done away. *Here*, multitudes of our fellow-creatures languish for lack of "the bread that perisheth;" but *there* "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." *Here*, wan disease makes countless numbers mourn; but *there* the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Bowed beneath the yoke of oppression, how many drag out a miserable existence on earth; in that happier clime "the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor, and the servant is free from his master."

Are there not times,

"When thy frail form doth sink
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,
When thy heart strives, held down by many a link,
Where thy beloved are not?"

But *there*, kindred spirit shall hail kindred spirit, friend shall embrace friend; the loved, the long parted shall rejoice together,—and sweeter than the sweetest music shall come the remembrance; "they shall go no more out forever."

Hast thou an eye for beauty, and dost thou pine because that stern adversity permits thee not to enjoy the charms of nature? Bethink thee, and let the thought cheer thine heart, that "in His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures for evermore." "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." Once entered into that glorious city, whose builder and maker is God, what a vision shall burst upon our enraptured gaze! Not a Prince only, but a King; not a mere earthly monarch,—but the King of Kings; nor shall we only see him at a distance; we shall be permitted to draw near his throne, to mark

"The dear tokens of his passion
Which his dazzling body bears,"—

and shall hear from his own gracious lips the words of welcome, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." Oh, what Christian heart but will join in that soul-stirring strain,—

"I long to behold him arrayed
In glory and light from above;
The king in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love."

P. E. Island Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—Regretting the paucity of communications from this District to your widely circulated and ever-welcome journal, and unwilling to allow the impression that we are not interested in the prosperity of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, I feel strongly impelled to drop you a line or two respecting *men and things*.

THE BRETHREN

on the Island, with a slight exception or two, have been enjoying good health during the year. In view of the failing strength of a few, and the removal by death of one of our number, since last Conference, this is regarded as cause of thankfulness. Nor has this blessing been secured as the result of exemption from physical toil. The Circuits in this District are, as you are aware, both long and laborious, and the preachers as abundant in labours, perhaps, as those in any portion of our Conference.

REVIVALS,

of which, to the gratification of numerous readers you have, during the year, chronicled so many, have not, I regret to state, been as general with us as we could have desired. Albeit Bro. Coffin has been cheered with "showers of blessing," in the Margate Circuit, and Bro. Jost at Cornwall and Little York.

POLITICS,

I apprehend, have not conduced largely to the prosperity of the churches in general throughout the Island. During the sitting of the Legislature last year a bill passed making the Legislative Council elective. As the result we have had about the usual amount of excitement, religious animosity and expense, consequent upon a general election in this colony twice repeated during the space of a few months. If, however, the benefits counterbalance the evils we shall not complain.

Agreeably to arrangements made at Financial District Meeting,

MISSIONARY MEETINGS

have been held throughout this District. Many of these were seasons fraught with interest and profit, and in a majority of instances furnished ground to hope that the result financially would be in advance of last year.

One of the most interesting of this class of services is held under the auspices of the "Charlottetown Youth's Branch." The Annual Meeting of this Society is generally presided over by one of the junior Ministers of the District, at which is furnished the usual *quantum* of resolutions moved and seconded by young men resident in the Circuit, whose speeches not unfrequently reflect great credit upon themselves, while by the congregations they are well received. The meeting held a few weeks ago was pronounced "a decided success."

CHURCH ACCOMMODATION

occupies at present, the attention of our people in several Circuits.

A very large Church has been commenced in Charlottetown, the cost of which will not be less probably than £5000 currency.

In Cornwall Circuit a new one was dedicated to God during the winter, and one or two are being built.

At "Mount Herbert," in Pownal Circuit a neat little Sanctuary is in course of erection. Last year a new church was opened for divine worship in the same Circuit.

Two very comfortable houses for the worship of God were also completed in the Murray Harbour Circuit. Of the dedication of the Searltown church you have been apprised by the Chairman of the District. In Margate Circuit a substantial church is nearly or quite finished.

THE APPROACHING CONFERENCE

is anticipated with much pleasure by not a few of our people throughout the Island.

Of the manner in which Charlottetown Methodists entertain the ministers of their own church many of the members of the Conference cherish, I doubt not, pleasing memories. I am prepared to state, although not writing officially, that the good people of that Circuit will sustain their reputation for piety, hospitality, &c.

Hoping to meet you, Mr. Editor, and the brethren who may attend our annual gathering, in the enjoyment of the blessings of the Gospel of peace. I am, &c. D.

April 28, 1863.

Burin, Newfoundland.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE—SUCCESS—RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—For a long time I have intended to write for the *Provincial Wesleyan*. My desire for so doing, is to inform the numerous readers of your valuable paper of what is transpiring in this isolated part of the world:—but the winter has been so severe, that our Bays have been full of ice, cutting off all communication with other places, consequently, hitherto, I have been prevented from carrying my intention into execution. Now as Spring is opening, and we are likely to be connected with other parts of the world again, and our letters probably reach their destination, I record some of the events of the past year in Burin, which I hope will be as interesting to others as they have been, and are, profitable to us.

I shall write first upon Temperance, as it is first in order of events. About a year ago several boat's crews of our hardy fishermen of Burin went to the Western Shore of this Island to prosecute the Spring fishery; while there, they became interested in the cause of temperance, and six or seven of them joined the Division of the Sons of Temperance established in Petites. As soon as they returned home they got several more to join with them, in all fourteen, and petitioned the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Newfoundland for a charter to organize a Division in Burin. They soon received their charter, and on the seventh of June 1862 they were formed into a Division, called "the Star of the East Division, No. 7, of Newfoundland;"—with full power to do all they could to promote the cause of temperance in Burin, where, I am sorry to say, intemperance has had most awful sway; and has been the ruin of very many both spiritually and temporally. There are many persons in this locality poor and wretched, who might have been comfortable in their worldly circumstances, and useful members of the church, were it not for that accursed poison, so easily and cheaply procured from St. Pierres, and so greedily drank by very many in this part of Newfoundland. All who have seen the effects of *King Alcohol*—and who has not? know that poverty and wretchedness are not the only evils he produces; but immorality, crime, woe, and death, follow in his train; and all these have been witnessed here to an alarming extent. But I have digressed. The Division having been formed, and its beneficial effects soon seen by these discerning people, a number rallied round the standard of temperance, and from the time the Division was established until now, the cause of temperance has been most wonderfully successful. We have initiated as many as twenty-eight of an evening, and we have never met but once or twice in our weekly meetings, but that some have been initiated into our Order. We now number *One Hundred and Eighty-five members*, and still they are flocking to join our ranks. The temperance cause is at this present time exerting a mighty influence for good in this place, and so far has been the means of reclaiming many a drunkard.

The Sons of Temperance contemplate building a large Hall this season, as they have no place sufficiently large in which to hold their weekly meetings,—and they will do it too, for they are a resolute class of men, what they undertake they are bound, if possible, to accomplish. Difficulties do not deter them, and I have no doubt, if it should please Providence to send a good fishery this year; that before the year closes they will have a Hall erected which will do them honor, and be a credit to the place. May God speed them.

I now turn from temperance to write upon religion, and tell how great things the Lord has done for us. I returned from our Annual District meeting to await my appointment from Conference. I did not then know that I should remain any longer upon this circuit, but the Conference was pleased to hear the prayer of the church, and give me my fourth year's appointment upon the Burin circuit. I must say, I began my year's labor under many misgivings, and was painfully tried the first part of it. I had already laboured three years among this people, and had seen no great degree of spiritual prosperity; and I greatly feared I should end this year also without seeing the desire of my soul—the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit upon my congregations. I however, determined to continue to labour on faithfully and leave the result with Him who has said, "in the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." Thank God I have not had to sow in vain. Our watch-night service on New Year's Eve, was a most solemn and impressive one. Brother John M. Pike, our teacher and social agent at Flat Islands, came up to spend a few days with us. By request he preached the first sermon on the occasion, from Eccles. III. 15, "God requireth that which is past." The sermon was a powerful one. I followed, and preached from Gal. vi. 7, 8, "God is not mocked, &c. The preaching of that night was accompanied with Divine power in an unusual manner, and sinners began to take the alarm. New Year's Day at 2 p. m., we held a Love feast, which proved a quickening season to the members of the church. Friday, being our quarterly fast day, we held service at 12 noon in our vestry, and in the evening a prayer meeting, in which there was a shaking among the dry bones; several cried aloud for mercy, and the church began to feel that the set time to visit Zion had come. I invited all who were desirous, and were determined to labour for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon us, and also those who were resolved at once to begin to seek the Lord, to signify it by standing up, a large majority (and the place was crowded) stood up, and four persons were so deeply convinced of sin that they cried aloud for mercy, and refused to be comforted until God spoke peace to their burdened hearts. On Sunday, Bro. Pike preached in the morning, and I at 3 p. m. I took for my text 1 Chro. xxix. 5, "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord." I never preached the word when it was accompanied with such Divine power as on that occasion. The congregation melted before the word like wax before the fire. In the evening at 6.30 p. m., we held a prayer-meeting and gave an invitation to all desirous of seeking salvation to come and kneel with us at the communion rail, which was soon filled with persons deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly groaning for redemption. Several obtained the blessing of pardon that evening. We then announced for special services in our vestry, which soon proved too small, and we had to take the congregation to the chapel. For six or seven weeks we continued these special services without any interruption, and at every service sinners decided for God, and mourners found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. We have frequently seen as many as sixty and seventy of a night, at the communion rail, and in the aisles of the church, kneeling before God, begging for mercy, and the Lord was always present to heal. From three to fifteen of a night found peace with God, and could say, and did sing "My God is reconciled, &c." This blessed work continued until almost every member of our congregations was brought under its influence. Several of other congregations also have shared in this glorious outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. The old and the young have alike been made partakers of His Divine and Heavenly nature. I have seen parents and children, grand-parent and grand-children, husband and wife, brother and sister, all kneeling together, "Burdened with a guilty load, burdened with the wrath of God," crying, "what must I do to be saved?" and glory be to God, I have seen them all rejoicing together, in being made partakers of the "common salvation."

I have witnessed a number of revivals of religion; but have never seen anything like what I have witnessed the past winter. Several old gray headed persons, who have with stood the preaching of the gospel from their childhood, have been awakened, and I believe, converted to God. They are now happy in the Love of Jesus. I record this to the glory of God, and to the praise of His grace. Perhaps some old person who has neglected this "great salvation," may read this, and although almost despairing of mercy, may be encouraged to seek for mercy at the mercy seat of God, and yet find salvation may God grant it! Some very wicked and profane persons have also been brought to the Lord in this revival, and are now faithful soldiers of the cross of Christ. The fruits of this harvest are two hundred and fifty souls, who have decided to consecrate their services unto the Lord, and two hundred profess to have found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. To God be all the praise.

Yours, &c.,

Burin, April 2, 1863. JOHN S. PHINNEY.

Need of Revivals.

BY REV. D. WILLIAMS.

Of all the gifts of God to men, none exceeds in the richness and glory of its results the revival agency of his Spirit. Revivals are the legitimate mode of the growth and progress of Christ's kingdom on earth. The third person in the adorable Trinity made his sudden and glorious advent on the day of Pentecost, to inaugurate the great revival movement of the Christian scheme. The descent of the Holy Ghost was the last great act in the long drama of redemption. Its forces were now in perfect order. Salvation, as a glorious and divine process of saving man was now complete. On the day of Pentecost a young and struggling Christianity, planting a new and unknown battery of power among men, achieved such a victory as the world had never seen. From that hour the fires of a divine revival spread until old temples of classic paganism were purged of their idolatry, and the laws and customs of old and powerful empires were renewed. As the fruit of that revival the renowned cities of the East became the seat of powerful and evangelical Churches.

The Gospel has lost none of its revival power. Its object still is to conquer men and bring them to Christ. Revivals are the constant want of every age and every land. As much as we need civilization and all its crowning blessings, we need revivals more. We need the power among men that tames the passions, that exalts the intellect, and chastens and spiritualizes the soul. Revivals are not a spasmodic eruption of religious enthusiasm; they are like the grand forces of nature in spring when the world of life and beauty quickens into full and powerful growth for the joy of a world. So revivals are the bursting forth of the noblest powers of human nature, by the agency of the Holy Ghost, into all the beautiful forms of duty, holiness and love. The revival power takes hold of individual man, and in the solitude of his own inner life works out the forms of a chaste and holy manhood. Then it links holy souls together, and a brotherhood is evolved of working and courageous souls with the mind of Christ, and they go forth to win hearts like their own to Jesus.

Especially are revivals the great want of the times, now so full of strange and wonderful interest. We want patriots for our armies, but we want Christians more. We want a wide-spread loyal sentiment among the people, but we need the leaven of holiness more. We desire the return of peace with an olive branch of righteousness, but we want the channels opened for the river of peace that flows from the throne of God. Has not the martial host of God's people been looking to the armies of the republic with their unstinted numbers and munitions of war for success, while they have failed to lay hold of the lever of Omnipotence that would have prostrated the tower of the enemy upon the dust? It was the revival power of Christianity that revolutionized the Roman empire. What could not God do by the revival of the American Church? She has nobly come up to the help of her country in the use of carnal weapons of warfare, but she has not correspondingly wielded the spiritual weapons God has given her. We need a great revival of God's work to bring out that kind of patriotism that will stand the fiery contest between truth and error, between liberty and oppression. We need victory, but we need more the honesty, the religious fidelity, the stern principle that would make victory safe.

We need revivals to keep the Church intact, and this is but a narrow idea; it is a world of sinners that needs those showers of grace that restored the wastes of sin to holiness and love.

This is the work of the Church. Her mission is to lost men. Without revivals the Church will not only deteriorate in numbers but her own life will be enfeebled. In revivals believers become more holy and drink from deep fountains of experience. In revivals the Church puts on her missionary character, and brings her tears, and her money for the salvation of the world.

How can revivals be realized? We have the glorious history of the past efforts of the Church for our example. We have in full force the divine instrumentalities of the Gospel. The Holy Spirit is still the efficient and blessed source of success in winning immortal men to the truth and joy of a trust in Jesus.

The prayer of Habakkuk is still available for the Church of God, and its utterance in faith will bring the answer of fire.—*Christian Advocate.*

The Preacher's Wife.

Another little hint for young preachers. Young ladies can do as they choose about reading it. Perhaps they might as well keep their eyes off it.

The happiness and success of every man who marries depend very largely upon the kind of wife he gets. This is emphatically true of a preacher. Hence he should be exceedingly careful in selecting her—should see to it that she has all the qualifications needful for a minister's wife. What some of these are may be indicated.

SHE OUGHT TO BE OF A GOOD FAMILY. There is such a thing as family nobility. The nobility, not of wealth nor position, but of goodness—the nobility of intellectual and moral worth. Such nobility is hereditary; when found in the parents is seldom, if ever, wanting in the children. It is a household heritage. From a family thus endowed a preacher's wife ought always to come. Coming thence, she brings with her a warranty of true nobility—of possessing intellectual and moral worth rendering her worthy of the heart and hand of any man.

SHE OUGHT TO BE GOOD LOOKING. Indeed she ought. You need not smile young gentlemen. I tell you, beauty in a woman is never to be laughed at. Never. It is one of her charms—one of the things for which she has ever been admired and loved. To the true woman beauty is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Very comely indeed. She may pass at par without it, but with it she will, always and everywhere, command a premium. That premium man pays in love. Each man's wife ought, therefore, to be to him the most beautiful woman in the world. Then all comparisons with other women would be but contrasts in her favor—contrasts by which his admiration and love of her would be constantly augmented.

SHE OUGHT TO BE EDUCATED. Not superficially, but thoroughly. Both at home and in the schools. At home, to filial duties—reverence and obedience. The girl who has never been trained to these will not make a pleasant wife. The girl who disregards the feelings and authority of her parents will be likely to have her own way when married. She ought to be practically educated in domestic matters. Know how to keep house in all its departments. A young preacher ought never to think of marrying a girl whose mother has had so little sense as to raise her without training her to work. Such a girl ought never to be any man's wife. She is not fit

A preacher's wife ought to be a good scholar. Have a mind well trained, and stored with useful knowledge. This for three reasons: 1. That she may feel at home and appear to advantage in any society into which she may chance to be thrown; 2. That she may be useful; 3. That she may perform for her husband the double office of counselor and critic. It is of untold advantage to a preacher to have a wife capable of criticising his performances. She is more sensitive to his failures than any one else can be, and more anxious he should correct them. She can be perfectly frank and candid—tell him all his deficiencies.

SHE OUGHT TO BE RELIGIOUS. Last named, but first in importance. She ought to be truly religious—having not simply the form of godliness, but the power also. Thus she may be a co-laborer with her husband in the Master's vineyard. Preaching by her example continually and powerfully.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

New York Methodist Episcopal Conference.

The conference held its fourth day's session on Saturday before a large audience of spectators, who crowded the galleries. The great feature of the day was the presentation of a report of the committee on the state of the nation by its chairman, Rev. Alfred Cookman. The document, which was lengthy, recited, by a preamble and ten resolutions, that the rebellion continued to imperil the existence of the republic; that our nation is a chosen instrument to extend the kingdom of Christ; that it is the solemn duty of every citizen to rally to the support of the Union cause; that the conference renew their vows of unconditional loyalty to the United States—enjoined alike by the Bible and the Book of Discipline; that in the present critical condition of public affairs there should be exercised great prudence and caution; that there was reason for gratitude for the maintenance of the public credit; and that the members would appropriately observe the fast day ordered by the President.

The reading of the report was frequently interrupted by loud applause. The resolutions which denounced slavery, and "treason" at the North, created a scene of almost wild enthusiasm. The clergy rose, *en masse*, and marked their approval of them by cheers, clapping of hands, stamping their feet on the ground, and other modes of applause to which a council of reverends might be supposed a stranger.

The bishop seemed most disconcerted at the event, and at once declared that he disapproved of the manner in which the members indicated their approval of the report.

Rev. Mr. Foster said he supposed the bishop objected to their clapping of hands.

Rev. Mr. Wood thought they should not differ on the question. Clapping hands might be well enough, but they could give the expression of the conference by the old-fashioned word of Methodism "Amen."

Bishop Scott then rose and said he approved of the resolutions, but he did not like the mode of approbation adopted by the conference. Like many, he was led to thank God for our defeats at Bull Run and other places. God understood them, and they would lead to the settlement of the great question which caused the war. The Lord was telling them not to heal the wound of the daughter of his people slightly. He did not consider, however, that the ministers before him should forget their character or the proprieties of the occasion. Let them say "Amen" till they raise the very roof above them, but they should ever remember they were clergymen.

Rev. Mr. Foster said that although he had been a friend to the South by education and disposition, he was in favor of the war before a gun was fired. He was ready to give glory to God for our defeats at the first Bull Run and the second Bull Run, for he believed they were still able to carry on the war; but he knew that if they succeeded, slavery might be saved. The South hated the Yankees; they despised, scorned and held them in ridicule; and if a southern man should say a Yankee had no soul the Yankee would be afraid to say he had.

Rev. Mr. Foster, recently from New Orleans, said that while there the "ladies" insulted every Yankee they met in the streets, sometimes crossing on the other side to show their contempt. Their common cry was: "Look out for your pockets, here's Yankees coming."

The yeas and nays were then taken on the resolutions *seriatim*, and an animated scene followed. Nearly all the members called rose and voted in their favor; some cried "yea" in a tone which made it sound like "nay," and were re-questioned, when they cried, "yes, with all my heart."

Two clergymen who had supported the resolutions in favor of the Union said they did not approve of those introducing the slavery question. The "no," which each of them uttered, seemed to disconcert the conference considerably, and a scene of the greatest excitement followed. The names of the clergy who thus expressed themselves are Rev. Mr. Cattell, presiding elder of the Rhinebeck district, and Rev. Mr. Setleck, of West Camp, Ulster county, N. Y.

Loud cries were raised for Mr. Cattell to explain himself and show his "loyalty," and several members pressed around him.

Mr. Cattell said he had been dragged up before them to explain his views, and if they would force him to speak he would do so. He and all his family were from the Puritan stock, and were born in Massachusetts, and he loved the Union. But he would tell them that he would not swallow their resolutions on slavery. Ten years since he was a loyal man, when those who now questioned his loyalty were the reverse, and when they did all to oppose and embarrass the government. The administration was supported by the whole North; they were not embarrassed, as was said in the report. He would support the government in every just constitutional measure to carry on the war, but he would never give up his right to free speech.

Mr. Laird's Speech on the "Alabama."

The following speech, delivered lately by Mr. Laird in the British House of Commons, shows up the inconsistency of Mr. Bright and his associates in England in the noise made by them relative to the fitting out of *The Alabama*; and that, notwithstanding the sensitiveness of our neighbours, on this behalf, they themselves are indebted to John Bull to a very large extent for implements of war, and that they had actually opened a correspondence with the builder of the *Alabama* for the construction of an iron-plated ship of war with guns complete. Mr. Laird said:

After the discussion that has taken place about the *Alabama*, I need not trouble the House with many remarks. I can only say, from all I know and all I have heard, that from the day the vessel was laid down to her completion, everything was open and above board in this country. I also further say that the officers of the Government had every facility afforded them for inspecting the ship during the progress of building. When the officers came to the builders, they were shown the ship; and day after day the customs officers were on board, as they were when she finally left, and they declared there was nothing wrong. They only left her when the tug left, and they were obliged to declare that she left Liverpool a perfectly legitimate transaction. One point has been overlooked in this discussion. If a ship without guns and without arms is a dangerous article, surely rifled guns and ammunition of all sorts are equally and even more dangerous. I have referred to the bills of entry in the custom houses of London and Liverpool, and I find there have been vast shipments of war to the Northern States through the celebrated houses of Baring & Co., Brown, Shipley & Co., of Liverpool and a variety of other names, which I need not more particularly mention, but whose Northern tendencies are well known to this House. If the member for Rochdale, or the honble. member for Bradford, wishes to ascertain the extent to which the Northern States of America have had supplies of arms from this country, they have only to go to a gentleman who, I am sure, will be ready to afford them every information, and much more readily than he would to me or to any one else calling upon him—the American Consul at Liverpool. Before that gentleman the manifest of every ship is laid; he has to give an American pass to each vessel; he is consequently able to tell the exact number of rifles which have been shipped from this country for the United States—information, I doubt not, which would be very generally desired by this House.

I have obtained from the official custom-house returns some details of the sundries exported from the United Kingdom to the Northern States of America from the 1st of May, 1861, to the 31st of December, 1862. There were—Muskets, 41,500—rifles, 341—gun flints, 26,500; percussion caps, 49,982,000—and swords, 2,250. The best information I could obtain leads me to believe that from one-third to a half may be added to these numbers for items which we have shipped to the Northern States as hardware. I have very good reason for saying that a vessel of 2,000 tons was chartered six weeks ago, for the express purpose of taking out a cargo of "hardware" to the United States. The exportation has not ceased yet. From the 1st of January to the 17th of March, 1863, the customs bills of entry show that 23,870 gun barrels, 30,802 rifles, and 3,105,800 percussion caps were shipped to the United States. So that if the Southern States have got two ships unarmed, unfit for any purpose of warfare—for they procured their armaments somewhere else—the Northern States have been well supplied from this country through the agency of some influential persons. Now, it has been stated—and by way of comparison treated as matter of complaint—that during the Crimean war the Americans behaved so well that the hon. member for Bradford and the member for Birmingham both lauded their actions as compared with that of our own Government. Now, I have heard that a vessel sailed from the United States for Petropaulovski. I propose to read an extract from the *Times*, written by their correspondent at San Francisco, dated the 29th of January, 1863:—

"Now, this case of the Alabama illustrates the saying that a certain class should have a good memory. During the Crimean war, a man of war (called the America if I remember) was built in America for the Russian Government, and brought out to the Pacific, filled with arms and munitions by an officer in the United States navy. This gentleman took her to Petropaulovski, where she did service against the allied squadron, and she is still in the Russian navy. We made no such childish fuss about this act of 'hostility' by a friendly power, which we could not prevent, as our friends are now making about the Alabama, whose departure from England our Government could not stop.

The America was commanded by a Lieutenant Hudson, who—if my information be correct, and I have no doubt that it is—was then, or had been just previously a Lieutenant in the American navy; he was the son of the most distinguished officer of the same service, Captain Hudson. I am further informed that some doubts having arisen about the character of this ship, the American men of war in the different ports she called at protected her; and, on her arrival in Russia, the Captain who took her out was, I know, very handsomely rewarded for his services. I will go a step further about the Northern States. In 1861, just after the war broke out, a friend of mine, whom I have known for many years, was over here, and came to me with a view of getting vessels built in this country for the American Government—the Northern Government. His agents in this country made inquiries; plans and estimates were given to my friend, and transmitted to the Secretary of the American navy. I will read an abstract from this gentleman's letter, dated the 30th of July, 1863. It is written from Washington and states—

"Since my arrival here I have had frequent interviews with our "Department of Naval Affairs," and am happy to say that the Minister of the Navy is inclined to have an iron-plated ship built out of the country. The ship is designed for a specific purpose to accomplish a definite object I send you herewith a memorandum handed me last evening from the department, with the request that I would send it to you by steamer's mail of to-morrow, and to ask your immediate reply, stating if you will agree to build such a ship as desired, how soon, and for how much, with such plans and specifications as you may deem it best to send me."

The extract from the memorandum states that "the ship is to be finished complete, with guns and everything appertaining." On the 14th of August I received another letter from the same gentleman, from which the following is an extract:

"I have this morning a note from the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, in which he says, "I hope your friends will tender for the two iron plated steamers."

After this, the firm with which I was lately connected, having made contracts to a large extent with other persons, stated that they were not in a position to undertake any orders to be done in so short time. This was the reply:—

"I sent your letter received yesterday, to the Secretary of the Navy, who was very desirous to have you build the iron-plated of bomb-proof batteries, and I trust that he may yet decide to have you build one or more of the gunboats."

I think, perhaps, in the present state of the law in America, I shall not be asked to give my correspondence.—If any honourable member wishes, I should have no hesitation in handing the whole correspondence, with the original letters, into the hands of you, sir, or the First Minister of the Crown, in strict confidence, because there are communications in these letters respecting the views of the American Government which I certainly should not divulge, which I have not mentioned or alluded to before. But seeing that the American Government are making so much work about other parties, whom they charge with violating or invading the law, though in reality they have not done so, I think it only fair to state these facts. As I said before they are facts. I do not feel at liberty to state those points to which I have referred, as being of a confidential character, but if any honorable gentleman feels a doubt regarding the accuracy of what I have stated, I shall feel happy to place the documents in the hands of the Speaker, or of the First Lord of the Crown, when he will see that they substantiate much more than I have stated. I do not wish to occupy the house any longer; but I must say this, that to talk of freedom in a land like the Northern States of America is an absurdity, and almost every detective that can be got hold of in this country is employed. I believe there are spies in my son's works in Birkenhead, and in the great establishments of the country. A friend of mine had detectives regularly on his track in consequence of some circumstances connected with his vessels.—If that be freedom, I think we had better remain in the position in which we now are. In conclusion, I have only to say that I would rather be handed down to prosterity as the builder of a dozen Alabamas than as the man who applies himself deliberately to set class against class—and cry up the institutions of another country, which, when they come to be tested, are of no value whatever, and which reduce liberty to an utter absurdity.

"Home Wines."

"What a good man Father Nesmyth is!" said the wife of Rev. Geo. Kellog, as with his great coat and boots exchanged for gown and slippers, he sat down to a late dinner, while she, baby in arms, seated herself near by to attend to his wants. Said minister had just returned from a pulpit exchange with Father N., who lived fifteen miles away.

"Yes; he is proving himself a father, indeed, to all the young brethren in the vicinity. How was our congregation yesterday? What was the subject of his sermons?" "The congregation quite as large as usual. The subject of his forenoon sermon, 'The mysteries of Redemption.' In the afternoon,' hesitatingly said the young wife, "I suspect I afforded a subject for a sermon."

"How was that, Fanny?"

"Why, Father Nesmyth got here just before the people began to come in to our Saturday evening prayer-meeting. As he sat by the fire after it was through, I saw that he looked feeble and tired, and so I went to the cupboard and poured out a glass of the elderberry wine you made last summer when I was gone home. This I offered him, saying, 'You are tired father, and took but little supper, won't you have some elderberry?'" He started, and looked displeased at first, but on looking into my face, answered gently: 'No, thank you, I do not need stimulants.'"

"Soon after, he asked me for pens and paper, and saying that he had changed his mind in regard to his sermon on the morrow, and would like to sit up a while, he commenced writing.—He did not wish to keep me up, he said, and accordingly after telling him where he would find his room I retired."

"So Father Nesmyth calls even domestic wines stimulants, musingly said the husband?"

"Yes, George, that is what troubled me, and kept me awake for a long time. It must be these wines,—elderberry, currant, blackberry, &c., are stimulating. If they are, what can a Christian man who uses them, what can a Christian wife who makes and passes them to her visitors say, when the advocates of spirituous liquors urge their need of them? I have pondered the subject ever since, and I believe that even the limited use we have made of them is wrong."

"But about the sermon, Fanny?"

"His text, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil,' was made the foundation of a most powerful sermon on temperance. He argued that in the last