

accustomed. All are eager and anxious in the pursuit of gold. Gold is the god, and the only one, worshipped by a great majority of the inhabitants—they have no ear, no heart, for the wants and sufferings of their fellow men. On the last Sabbath afternoon we heard Mr. Taylor preach in the public square, which he does every Sabbath. The service commenced by Mr. T. and his wife (who is a very young woman), singing a very pretty piece called "All is well." This collected a number of persons who were idling in front of the "Parker" and "Empire" gambling houses. He then gave out a hymn, and commenced speaking to the multitude in a simple and affectionate manner. His text was "And when He was come near and beheld the city, He wept over it." And when in the application he spoke of the associations of bygone days I saw more than one sturdy, horror-featured man striving in vain to conceal the tears which trembled in his eye. I was much affected by the service, and trust that words were spoken in season to some. At any rate there were those present, who, if this minister of Christ had not gone forth into the highway, would not have heard that whereby they may be saved.

In the evening I attended the class-meeting. There were about thirty persons present, nearly the whole of whom, like ourselves, were strangers newly arrived. Among those who spoke was a young sailor, who had sailed for nearly four years in the mission ship "John Wesley." He and all her crew, with one exception, had been converted on board. He says she is about returning home, and he left her to come to California. It was quite affecting to hear those strangers in a strange land, advertising to the endearments of home. One in particular spoke of the last words addressed to him by his dear wife, "Clave close to the Lord, and He will protect you." In referring to my much loved home, I could not help saying—

"What peaceful hours I there enjoyed
How sweet their memory still."

For the Wesleyan.

Tea Meeting—Point De Bute Circuit.

Mr. EMMON. —On Friday evening, Sept. 13th, according to announcement, a most interesting Tea meeting was held in the upper part of Mr. Wm. Treuman's house, which he kindly allowed us to occupy. The object of the meeting was to procure a suitable library for the Wesleyan Methodist Sabbath School, in the vicinity of Point De Bute.

Precisely at five o'clock the ladies who engaged to take tables, had all things in readiness. About that time we entered the room—found it spacious—provided with a sufficient number of tables to accommodate all the guests anticipated, and these abundantly supplied with the good things of this life. The ladies had evidently done their duty. The blessing of Heaven having been invoked, through the medium of vocal music, all appeared to enjoy a good repast.

After Tea, the Rev. J. Hennigar was called to the chair. The Superintendent briefly stated the object contemplated and the necessity and desirability of carrying it into effect, and offered some remarks complimentary of those immediately connected with the Sabbath School. He also referred to the objections sometimes urged against Tea meetings, showing that they were either fallacious, or did not result from them as a necessary consequence, and concluded by complimenting the ladies for the good taste and liberality displayed in their arrangements.

The Chairman next occupied the time of the meeting, by delivering, in his accustomed felicitous manner, an excellent speech, filled with anecdote, good sense, and good feeling.

He was followed by our esteemed and tried friend, W. Chapman, Esq., of Petrolia, who, for some time, interestingly directed attention to the origin, progress, and blessed effects of Sabbath Schools. His statements of facts evidently proved that from small beginnings God produces mighty results.

The governor and chaplain of the Wesleyan Sackville Academy, now presented himself, and in a chaste, neat, suitable and truly instructive speech, interested the audience.

After a few moments intermission, and a hymn of praise to the most high God having been sung, the highly esteemed Principal of the Wesleyan Academy, the Rev. H. Pickard, delivered an excellent and useful address, abounding with sterling sense, argument, humour and feeling.

Mr. T. Pickard, junr., delivered the closing speech. This gentleman, with his wit, humour, anecdote and criticism, enlivened the meeting, and certainly evinced that he was well calculated to bring up the rear.

About two hundred persons were estimated to be present. The meeting throughout, was conducted with the utmost decorum, and all seemed delighted.

The chairman after announcing that the sum of eight pounds, or upwards, was realized as the proceeds of the Tea meeting, closed the delightful services of the evening, with singing, prayer, and the benediction.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Point De Bute, Sept. 14th, 1850.

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

Tom Baily.

This is a name unknown indeed to fame; unknown among the gay, and the fashionable; but well known among those (at least among many of them) who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Well known among those to whom He will say "I was sick and ye visited me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me," well known to those "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," well known to the Good Shepherd as one of his flock, well known to God as his child! Do any ask who is Tom Baily? I make no apology for using this familiar title because it would be almost as offensive to some ears to say, "Mr. Thomas Baily" as "Milton, Mr. John" was to Dr. Johnson—Tom Baily then is the name of a poor coloured man of this city, who has lately gone to Heaven. He lived for some years past in a garret kindly lent him by Mr. Preston, and subsisted upon the bounty of those who loved his Divine Master. The simple and lively faith with which he depended upon God to supply his daily wants is a reproach to many of us; the happy manner in which those wants were supplied, is a comfort, and an encouragement to all of us; and the gratitude which he expressed when the gifts of God, through His servants, were bestowed upon him, is an example most worthy to be imitated. But comforts for the body, though needful, were not his best things. O! no, he did "not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord." His best food was his spiritual food, and that he ate and drank abundantly. He knew well the force of the words "hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." He knew well the meaning of those strong figures by which prophets and apostles expressed their joys of Salvation; for he had bought the wine of gospel consolation, to cheer him; and the milk of gospel instruction, to nourish him; "without money and without price." (Is. 55. 1). When his friends gave him any thing for his temporal necessities, he would sometimes say "you bring me better things than these," alluding to the reading of the scriptures to him (for he could not read), conversation and prayer. And O! it was good to see his countenance lit up with love, and his eye sparkling with joy at these times. There was a reality in his happiness which even an infidel might acknowledge, and which might well be coveted, (would to God it were!) by those who seek pleasure in the gaudy and grandeur of worldly things. Dear Old Tom had forsaken the friendship of the world for the friendship of God, and when many were crying "who will shew us any good?" he was looking up with faith and praying "Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me," and feeling the gladdening beams from above falling upon his soul. He walked in the light in every sense—the light of the gospel knowledge, holiness and joy—and it shone "more and more unto the perfect day."

A visit to him was found so profitable that he had many visitors; and his room, in one sense at least, often exhibited a picture of the blessed world above; for there Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians, who were really one in heart, met on common ground, forgetting their various shades of opinion, and conversing with, and listening to the good old man; who, notwithstanding his inability to read, had a mind well stored with the scriptures, often applied it happily, and always profitably. A lady who had not visited him before and was unknown to him, after speaking of his afflictions, and the afflictions which it was often the lot of God's people to suffer, said to him "Well, then, if this be the case, it is not good to serve God." He turned to her with a look of amazement and indignation, and replied "Not serve God, ma'am, not serve God; why, I'd serve Him if he afflicted me ever so much." Not to serve God was with him an idea that could not be entertained for a moment. One said to him "I suppose you feel as if you were very near Heaven." "Near Heaven," he replied, "why it's Heaven now." Such was the joy the old man felt, shut out as he was from all those sights and scenes from which the world takes so much pleasure; and with nothing around him but the appearance of comfort, and often not knowing from what human hand his next food, or his next fuel, was to come from; but well knowing that God had promised earthly maintenance to those who sought first the kingdom of Heaven.

In conclusion let me say a word to my dear christian friends who have visited our departed brother, and who love such duty. Do not doubt that your visits are acceptable and that they are useful. One who was a long and a severe sufferer said to me, "Do not neglect to visit the afflicted, you don't know what a comfort it is to them, and how much it helps to mitigate their pains. Go to them, and tell them of Christ, of Heaven, and of Heavenly things, and seek to raise their minds above the present scene." And let me add—always read the Word of God to them, and interchange sentiments with them respecting what you read; and never leave them without praying with them. If you do this, much of the comfort of your visit will be lost to them, and much more to yourselves. But, dear brethren, suffer the word of warning from one who needs it much himself. Take care that your good be not evil spoken of. Do not go about telling how many sick and poor you have visited; what you have said to them, and how much they were comforted; what thankfulness they have expressed to you, &c. But at the same time be ready, and willing to speak of those things whenever God, and not yourselves, will be glorified by it. Speak in a natural and unaffected manner, and not as though you had done something extraordinary. If you be a true christian it is your pleasure and not your merit to do these acts of love.

But, O! take care, beloved, that all these things are done from love to Christ. Done to the saints "because they belong to Him." Done to the unconverted because you wish to bring them to Him that He may be glorified in them. "Otherwise ye have no reward of your father which is in heaven." And do not mistake to take the comfort of such passages as these—Is it not wrong to refuse the consolation which your loving Master gives you, as well as to neglect the duties which he appoints for you? Consolation is strengthening to the soul and fits you for your work.—Do not hesitate, therefore, to take the comfort of such passages as these. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work, and labour of love which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister." "Whoever shall give to drink a cup of cold water, in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward." In these things we are co-workers with the "ministering spirits,"—co-workers with God.

But, ah! what shall I say to those "who profess, and call themselves Christians," but who never, or very seldom visit Christ's suffering poor. Dear friends, what will you answer when He shall say to you, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me?" Will you say "Lord, I had not time"; other, and more important duties pressed so hard upon me that I had not time." Might he not say to you, "I have seen you in the hour of your recreation, or in some much less profitable way than in 'going about doing good,' according to His example, like those of the year, are so indistinguishably brought on in gentle progression, and so blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant sensation, that he is growing old. We have been forcibly reminded of the propriety of this remark by our recent visit to the first scene of our ministerial labour, on which we entered as a comparative youth twenty years ago. During the progress of this period of time great and marked changes have taken place among the then busy and active population. We missed many friends who then in the 'new and yellow leaf' of age have passed away into the spirit-world, whilst in some not unfrequent instances the young and the middle aged have paid the debt of nature. The silent work of Time on the appearance of the living particularly forced itself on our attention. The child has grown into the youth—the youth into the robust and middle aged man—the middle aged man into the man of venerable years—whilst a few remain, as fathers among the people, who have exceeded the ordinary limits of human life, and are now waiting for their change. Thus silently has Time been producing its effects on ourselves and our fellow-men. The changes have been gradual and comparatively insensible; and so they will continue to be marked until the youngest at the present moment, if life should be continued, shall have passed through the various gradations previously indicated, and yielding at length to the 'stern decree' which dooms him to death. It is however the prerogative of the christian to look beyond this varying scene—to contemplate the mutations of earth with a calm spirit and a relation to his ulterior state of existence—to rejoice in lively hope of the heavenly world, where change and time, in the sense in which the terms apply to the present world, are unknown—where the change will be an uninterrupted progression in knowledge, holiness and love, and in all that can conduce to the expansion of mind and the perpetuated increase of happiness—where eternity will fix the seal of permanency on every good, on every association, and on every enjoyment. Let Time then proceed in its silent transformations—let the world whirl in its restless spheres—let the companions of our youth, the friends of our ripening years, sicken, fade and die—

The painful sensations occasioned in her own mind by neglect of duty induced her to caution others to avoid that snare; and she affectionately urged one female friend in particular, who stood in the same relation to the church as herself, and who too belonged to a family who were not Methodists,—not to confer with flesh and blood, but to follow the Lord fully.

Her sickness, caused by inflammation of the brain, was short. She had been confined to her bed but eight days, when a peaceful death put an end to her sufferings.

"Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
She hath left her mates behind,
She hath all the storms outdied;
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

"And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?
Free from doubts and grief and fear,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped forever from her eyes?"

NATHAN TUPPER.

For the Wesleyan.

Died at Wentworth on the 4th instant, JANE wife of Mr. Purdy Betts and daughter of Mr. Marcus Miers, aged 40.

Mrs. Betts, was for many years an acknowledged member of the Wesleyan Church. Her attachment to Wesleyan Methodism was ardent and sincere. She took great pleasure in administering to the necessities of the servants of the Lord Jesus and in promoting to the utmost of her ability the interests of true religion. During her illness she gave satisfactory evidence that her peace was made with God and that her hope was a glorious one and full of immortality. She fell asleep in Jesus, trusting alone in His merits for salvation.

W. C. R.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, September, 21 1850.

THE SILENT TRANSFORMATIONS OF TIME.

We have seen it somewhere stated to be a blessed order of nature that the footsteps of Time are inaudible and noiseless, and that the seasons of life, like those of the year, are so indistinguishably brought on in gentle progression, and so blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant sensation, that he is growing old. We have been forcibly reminded of the propriety of this remark by our recent visit to the first scene of our ministerial labour, on which we entered as a comparative youth twenty years ago. During the progress of this period of time great and marked changes have taken place among the then busy and active population. We missed many friends who then in the 'new and yellow leaf' of age have passed away into the spirit-world, whilst in some not unfrequent instances the young and the middle aged have paid the debt of nature. The silent work of Time on the appearance of the living particularly forced itself on our attention. The child has grown into the youth—the youth into the robust and middle aged man—the middle aged man into the man of venerable years—whilst a few remain, as fathers among the people, who have exceeded the ordinary limits of human life, and are now waiting for their change. Thus silently has Time been producing its effects on ourselves and our fellow-men. The changes have been gradual and comparatively insensible; and so they will continue to be marked until the youngest at the present moment, if life should be continued, shall have passed through the various gradations previously indicated, and yielding at length to the 'stern decree' which dooms him to death. It is however the prerogative of the christian to look beyond this varying scene—to contemplate the mutations of earth with a calm spirit and a relation to his ulterior state of existence—to rejoice in lively hope of the heavenly world, where change and time, in the sense in which the terms apply to the present world, are unknown—where the change will be an uninterrupted progression in knowledge, holiness and love, and in all that can conduce to the expansion of mind and the perpetuated increase of happiness—where eternity will fix the seal of permanency on every good, on every association, and on every enjoyment. Let Time then proceed in its silent transformations—let the world whirl in its restless spheres—let the companions of our youth, the friends of our ripening years, sicken, fade and die—

only let us secure through the mercy of God and the infinite merits of our advocate Redeemer, a good hope through grace of the corruptible, undefiled, and enduring inheritance of heaven, and then when earthly sorrows past and the last change has come, we shall have a happy re-union with the friends of Jesus in regions of immortality—

Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and
Expire!

The Editor gratefully acknowledges his obligations to the kind friend who has so ably and efficiently conducted the *Wesleyan* during absence from the City; to whom also our obligations are indebted for the matter, save one contained in the present number. A more liberal co-operation on the part of Agents and correspondents in forwarding the interests of the Paper, is earnestly solicited; which, if extended will enable us greatly to augment its spiritual influence.

Maritime Courtiers.

In another column will be found an interesting extract of a letter from California. It is highly gratifying that there are found in the midst of hazardous worldly enterprise some who are mindful of the covenant-engagements made with God in other parts of the earth; and that are endeavouring to combine diligence in sea with fervour of spirit in serving the Lord. Our Nova Scotian and P. E. I. adventurer the land of gold have our best wishes for success, and above all that their conscientious demeanour may render them a blessing to the community around them. We submit following explanatory statement of our correspondent, in reference to the boarding of a ship, to which allusion is made in the above. It presents a pleasing manifestation of feeling, in the mutual interchange of kind words:

"A passenger on board the 'Fanny' very sick, it was proposed to board a ship had been in sight for some time, to endeavor some fresh meat to make broth for the man. She proved to be the 'Commodore' Glasgow—from New Zealand—with passengers and potatoes for San Francisco. Captain received them very kindly, and immediately ordered a sheep—the last of their kind to be killed, meanwhile inviting a party to 'Fanny' to dinner. He then gave a quarter of the sheep with several pots of oiled meat and soup; and one of his passengers being a medical man he lay by the 'Fanny' at night, and the next morning took him to the 'Fanny' to visit the sick man. 'Fanny' having been above seven months, the company were puzzled as to what they could make to the captain and passengers of the 'Commodore' for their kindness, thought struck some of them that a paternal would not be unacceptable to the passengers of a Glasgow ship, and was sent on board. The 'Commodore' mused not to be outdone, sent back the 'Fanny' with several bushels of potatoes. Thus did those strangers, for the first time met on the wilderness of waters, strive each other in acts of kindness. What it would be if all were like-minded with mates of the 'Commodore' and 'Fanny'!"

Hudson Bay Indian Missionary.

The subjoined paragraph is going to the press of the American and Provincial papers have been for many years acquainted with Rev. Peter Jacobs, and beg leave to state a few errors, which have crept into this to that esteemed and devoted Missionary Society.

1. He has never been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, but is an accredited Minister under the direct Wesleyan Missionary Society.

2. He has been already in England is well known to many of the friends before whom, in Exeter Hall and elsewhere, he has ably and successfully advocated the claims of the American Aborigines upon the attention and liberality of their white brethren.

3. His wife may be called a white woman, intercalary, or, according to the terms of those who think proper to do so, she is the daughter of a highly respectable Canadian resident at Rice Lake, in Canada who has been long and usefully connected with the Indian Department of the Government. Her mother is a woman of pure Indian blood, and her father a man of pure Canadian blood. In early life she entered the Church, and at a time when the great point of