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Religious Miscellany.

The Nativity.

When Jesus left his throne above
The tidings through creation rang,
Angels adored his wondrous love
And all the Sons of morning sang:
Far flowed the high exultant sound
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
From heavenly hosts assembled round
To gaze, and wonder, and adore—
"Glory to God who reigns on high
And everlasting peace to all beneath the sky!"

"He comes—He comes—the long foretold—
The light and hope of ages past,
The joy of all the saints of God,
On the sad earth appear at last;
He comes, but not in form divine,
Not in the garb that angels wear—
Oh, Son of God! what love is thine
The lowliest human form to bear—
Glory to God who reigns on high,
And everlasting peace to all beneath the sky!"

"For these no glittering pomp attends,
No palace opens its golden gates,
No loud rejoicing cry ascends,
No eager throngs in reverence wait;
There lies no pleasant place of rest,
No hand is there to push to smooth,
No power to heal thy stricken breast,
No heart to love, no voice to soothe—
Glory to God who reigns on high,
And everlasting peace to all beneath the sky!"

"But there await these want and woe,
Anguish and tears await thee there,
Till thou the depths of grief know,
And the keen pang of fierce despair.
Thy crown shall be the woven thorn,
Thy throne the cross of agony,
Till thou to wear the robe of scorn,
In grief to live, in woe to die—
Glory to God who reigns on high,
And everlasting peace to all beneath the sky!"

"But thou shalt triumph o'er them all,
Till all the lands thy power obey,
And Hell and Death shall flee away,
And every knee to thee shall bend,
And every heart thy name adore,
And evermore thy power extend—
From sea to sea, from shore to shore—
Glory to God who reigns on high,
And everlasting peace to all beneath the sky!"

Christ's Advent.

It shall be him, but not now; I shall behold him,
But not sight, there shall come a star out of Jacob,
Who shall be his star in the East, and are come to
worship him—Matt. ii.

"May we, King of Glory, our honors now bring,
For all the rich tokens to man of thy love,
In life and in death here thy praises be singing,
Thy sing noble praises above—
German Hymn.

The advent! the advent! what a glorious sight
Was the advent of the world's Redeemer! And
emotions of joy, love and gratitude shall fill
the Christian's heart upon the return of that day
which celebrates his nativity.

The incarnation of Christ is a wonder and
mercy which will be the subject of the greatest
gratitude to men and angels as well as eternity
endures. God was made man, and man was
made God, and thus was our humanity exalted to
the very highest degree by its union in the per-
son of the Eternal Word. Thus are we exalted
to the dignity of children of the most high God.
It is difficult to ascertain the true meaning of
Balaam's extraordinary prophecy; still it is well
known that from this source the Jews derived
an ancient tradition that a great king should
come, who was to rule the world. He did appear—
Immanuel was born.

What a boundless field for meditation does
the birth of our Saviour present! This infant in
the manger is the Lord of glory; this is the
eternal Son of the eternal God. He who is
"led to this humble and narrow cradle fills
heaven and earth with his incomprehensible im-
mensity. Wonderful mystery! Healer, for thy
sake Christ has humbled himself, and to redeem
them from sin and everlasting death, thus he was
made manifest in the flesh!"

Well might the celestial choirs of angels and
archangels, cherubim and seraphim, descending
from heaven, mingle in the midnight air and
adore their Lord. "Let all the angels of God
praise him." To whom did God send the joyful
tidings? Not to the illustrious, nor the wise,
the learned or the rich, but to the poor, harmless
shepherds, "keeping the night watches over
their flocks," who were probably at that silent
hour of the night uniting God's praises with the
care of their sheep. Such are often the favorites
of the Most High, for God "rejoices the proud
and gives grace to the humble."

How strong and lively must have been the
faith of the wise men who set out for Judea,
seeking the promised Saviour? "We have seen
his star in the East, and have come to adore
him," was their language. They expected to
find an infant king, surrounded with pompous
state, suitable for a monarch of the universe,
when, behold! they found poverty and humility.
Now their faith became more fully instructed in
the real character of him whom they had so dili-
gently sought, and under these humble appear-
ances they believed, adoring their King, God and
Saviour. Happy indeed are we, if not ashamed
of Christ and his cross.

Then the wise men made offerings of gold,
frankincense and myrror to the Saviour—the gold
as a tribute due to him as king, beautifully re-
presenting the offerings of our souls, which daily
we should present unto the Lord. Our souls,
stamped with his image, are the tribute of gold
which God expects from us. Incense, in scrip-
ture, is considered an emblem of prayer, ex-
pressing the sweet perfume of our devotions, or
as a heart burning with the love of Christ.
Thus may we present to the Saviour as to our
God. Daily let this ascend, as a morning and
evening sacrifice from the temple of God, which
is within our souls. To these offerings must be
added the unity of self-denial, which is no less
recognized by our Saviour than the gold and
frankincense. For he has expressly declared
that unless we deny ourselves in this world, we
cannot be his disciples. These are beautiful al-
legories on the Christmas return.

Who were these wise men (Magi in the original), whence they came, how many in number, and the nature of the star conducting them, it is difficult to determine. The fathers and commentators have labored much to solve these questions, but to little purpose. Some suppose they were kings, from an implication of scrip-
ture. "The kings of Tarshish and of the Isles, the kings of Sheba and of Seba, shall offer gifts." We rather like the opinion that they were Gen-
tile philosophers, for the word *magi*, by which they are called, is a title generally applied to magi of learning, and particularly to the curious in scanning the works of nature and observing the heavenly bodies.

Well might the angels chant joy to the earth when Immanuel was born. "Glory to God on high and on earth, peace, good will towards men." The glory of God shines most brightly in the incarnation of his Son, by the manifestation of his power, wisdom, goodness, justice and mercy. Here all these divine attributes meeting, shine forth in their most radiant light. By this means the poor sinner, fallen from God, can now be reconciled to him. Saved by the grace of Christ, he may offer unto him every moment of time and eternity, the homage of adoration, praise and love, infinitely more glorious than ten thousand worlds can offer, though they were full of angels.

By his blessed incarnation we may become his brethren, for he took our flesh and blood, a relationship conferring an honor on man not granted to the angels themselves. He became our High Priest to atone for our sins, and he is our elder brother, "the first-born among many brethren." Our never-failing friend, he will defend us from all dangers on the pilgrimage of life, until at last he presents us unblemished to his Father and our Father, in the kingdom of never-ending glory!

By the incarnation of Christ he becomes our true Melchizedek, sovereign king, and the High Priest of God and man, of whose reign there shall be no end. Immortal man, regenerated, may now "come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." In our closets we may behold the brightness of the Father's glory in the face of Jesus. Splendid as doubtless was the Ark of the Covenant, the golden mercy-seat sublime, the cherubim majestic, and the cloud of glory, crowning the whole, effulgent; but these were only "shadows of good things to come." In our closets we have the "good things" themselves. Types are now useless, and this retired place becomes preferable to the temple, if communion with God be our desire and object. God is "all in all." Here we meet God only; we speak to God alone.

Communion, and alone with God; how so-
lenn and sublime! Such access to him has no parallel in heaven itself. O, why are we ever reluctant to pray or hear in prayer? Sacred prayer becomes a private interview with God, as real as that at the bush in Midian, or that on Mount Sinai, vouchsafed to Moses and Jacob. No note on the harp of Gabriel is more welcome to Jehovah than the cry of a penitent for mercy, or the supplication of a child for grace. Hear the voice of God amidst the anthems and hal-
lelujahs of eternity. "Thus, saith the high and holy one, who inhabiteth eternity, unto that man who will look, and with that man will I dwell who of a contrite spirit, and who trembleth at my word." Truly prayer is "access to God."

Welcome again then the return of the Re-
deemer's advent. Let grateful anthems fill God's holy temples, and pious songs our hearts and dwellings, in joyful remembrance of his birth. To God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be perpetual praises for the blessings and mercies of his incarnation!

O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be forever remembered with joy,
All our voices shall raise,
Hallelujahs unto his employ!

Let echo prolong
The harmonious song—
Hallelujahs again and again
He kindles the fire
When the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

Our Young Men.

"A people robust and spoiled in the smearing of the young men of them." So runs the mar-
ginal reading of a prophetic description of na-
tional ruin. Nothing worse could happen to any
people. Its young men are its hope—the sinews
of its future strength. Its bitterest enemy could
desire for a nation no worse evil than that its
young men may be snared and corrupted. There is
no surer way of sapping the foundation of na-
tional greatness. Welcome, then, any move-
ment that prescribes a nation from the greatest evil
that can happen to it, or is our first of being the
greatest good that could befall it.

Our old men have played their part in mould-
ing our national character and history; our mil-
lions of men are playing theirs, and we know
the best and the worst of it; but what will "our
young men" do? What thoughtful man does
not look with anxiety, and sometimes, anxiously,
at any tendencies of "Young England?" Our
children will be the men and women of a future
day; but "our young men" will have their turn
first, and how deeply they may leave their mark
on their times, for good or evil, before the turn
of a younger generation comes on! For these
reasons he gives wise counsel to any young men
whom he sees, "Look to your people as you
love them."

Influenced by these convictions, we hail as a
fortunate sign of our times the growth of Young
Men's—Associations. We fear there are persons
—two classes of persons—who do not see the
importance of this movement. "One class ask,
Why should young men 'associate'?" Why not
old men and old ladies? Why not a section
of the population more than another?—and in
their own minds they set it down as only the
offspring of that rage for "associating" and doing
things by "societies" that is one of the manias
of the day. The second class admit a special
reason why young men should "associate."—
Young men are exposed to peculiar dangers;
young men have the social instinct in them pecu-
liarly strong; and, at the same time, young men,
more frequently than others, suffer from social
isolation. The second class answer the first,
and themselves give a view of these associations that
amounts only to this: they are a provision for
some peculiar dangers and wants of one section

of the population. To our mind, this is a very
inadequate statement of the importance of these
associations. We should rather state it thus:
There is a section of our population on whom
the hope of the future depends. Make them
high-principled, virtuous, and, above all, Chris-
tian, and then we may predict with certainty that
the next page of national history will be a bright
one. But let them become unprincipled, licen-
tious, and godless—then we may predict with
equal certainty the incoming of an era of decay,
in which our commerce will become disloun-
dered, our politics low-toned, our press servile,
and our churches feeble. This section of the
population, on which so much depends, is "our
young men." To improve and elevate them is
of the supreme importance to our national wel-
fare; and institutions which are doing this are
serving not sectional but national interest and
that in the highest degree. Such an institution
is the Young Men's Christian Association.
This institution, and the kindred ones which have
been formed in connexion with many of our con-
gregations in various parts of the country, we
commend to the earnest attention of our readers.
These associations are for young men only, but
they may be materially aided by all ages and
both sexes. Fathers may help by encouraging
their sons to join such associations; sisters may
help by taking a lively interest in the doings of
the associations their brothers form. There are
men, we know, who don't care a jot what men
and sisters may do or think; but young
men who are worth much do care. To young
men themselves we commend the views of their
position we have given above; not to put them
up with a sense of their own importance in the
world, but to awake, if we may be able, some
of their tremendous responsibilities.—
Young men associate, to help one another to
do battle against the special and terrible tempta-
tions of your position; ASSOCIATE, to work out
some present good, whatever it may be your
hand fitted to do; ASSOCIATE, to prepare your-
selves for the solemn responsibilities of the fu-
ture.—Methodist Recorder.

Extemporaneous Preaching.
The people prefer it. They like a man to look
them full in the face, and address them boldly
from the heart, not the manuscript. The electric
preachers have all spoken extempore. Wesley,
Whitefield, Spurgeon, Beecher, the Catholic
preachers, the Methodist, the preachers who have
produced the greatest impression, and the wisest
and longest, have all looked straight into the
eyes of the people, and giving them sermons hot
and fresh from their own souls.

It is better for the preacher. The man who
writes his sermons is the slave of the desk. A
sermon of an hour's length fills thirty or forty
pages of foolscap, equal to four or five of these
sermons. A preacher requires usually two such
sermons a week, sometimes three. The best pre-
paration of every day, therefore, must be given up
to the mere manual labour of accumulating new
knowledge for the enrichment of his own mind
and the minds of his hearers; the preacher is
giving up sentences and rounding off para-
graphs, when he ought to be in the world, en-
joying nature, observing life, gathering new
illustrations, cherishing his experience, and ex-
panding his heart; he is a prisoner in his library
and pouring over musty books, looking to books,
and depending upon books for inspiration. It is not
book-men, but out-of-door men that move the
masses. Books are good, are indispensable, but
there is such a thing as being besotted with
books. Dull preachers often are.

Of all toil done by man on this earth, literary
composition is the most exhausting. This is the
reason why so many preachers lose their health
and their lives in a vocation which, rightly
pursued, is most favorable to longevity. They
think it is the delivery of the sermon which kills
them, because their bodily weakness takes the
form of sore throat. On the contrary, it is the
writing that does the business—the six or eight
hours of daily bending over a desk. This is what
reduced Edwards to a lifeless skeleton, and that
left Channing to his present state. This is the
reason why this fills steamers with pallid preachers,
and makes clergy men and dyspeptic synagogues
sermons. Many a man preach two admirable
sermons every week, and grow fat on it; scarce
any man can write two even tolerable ones, with-
out wearing himself out. Ten or fifteen pages a
day of superior, thoughtful composition—com-
position that is to be listened to by people who read
Hickens, Irving, Thackeray, Carlyle, Macaulay,
Everett, all the week—can not be produced by
any living man, unless he disdains his heart's blood
into substance, and converts into paragraphs the
very substance of his brains.

It is a fact, too, that reading is far more
fatiguing than speaking. Take a book and read
for an hour, and you will be tired. Speak
for an hour in animated, earnest manner, and
you will find yourself cheered and refreshed. It
acts upon the body like wine, sometimes. Men
there are who have addressed great assemblies
two or three times every day for weeks, without
being pained by fatigue.

It is difficult to learn the art of extempore
speaking. It is easier to learn to speak
well than to write well. Great speaking, as we
have before said, is the mingled overflow of a
full mind and a full heart. Through study of
the subject, a sincere interest in it, and a little
practice, will enable most men to address an au-
dience so as to command and retain its attention.

There is no doubt that preaching will be one
of the vocations practiced among men to the end
of time. It is natural, it is desirable, it is neces-
sary that the wise and good should in this way
bring themselves to bear upon the masses of
mankind, to instruct, elevate, and warn them.
Many things will change, and many will pass
away. The Church of yesterday will be better
known, perhaps, a century hence, but better one
will have been devised. But preaching is eter-
nal. Man will never be able and never will be
able to do without it. It is important, therefore,
that the art of preaching should share in the
general improvement of the age, and that the
secret of holding and moving great bodies of
men should be understood.

For our part, we are convinced that the pre-
acher of the future will speak to the people, not
read.—Lodge.

O that we had spent but one day in this world
thoroughly well!—A Kempis.

A Hymn for Christmas.

The following beautiful hymn was written by the
neglected and unfortunate Chatterton, when he was
only eleven years of age.

Almighty framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made.
Till thou commandest light.

The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day.
And bid the vapors fly;
Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay.
The mark of worldly scorn,
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pangs of poverty he bore,
To glorify mankind;
To glorify mankind;
To glorify mankind;
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The indignities of man's vile tears;
Nor lacks his vengeance rise,
He saw the creature he had made
Revile his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

Religious Intelligence.

From the Watchman.

The Late Mr. James Nichols.
By the death of Mr. James Nichols, the learned
printer of Hoxton Square, we have sustained
no ordinary loss. He was a delightful friend,
an accomplished scholar, an able controversialist,
and a literary antiquarian of wide research and
great extent of knowledge.

Early in life Mr. Nichols was distinguished by
his classical acquirements; he occupied the posi-
tion of private tutor in a gentleman's family; and
from that period until within a few months of his
death, he devoted his time to the study of the
languages of Greece, equal to four or five of these
sermons a week, sometimes three. The best pre-
paration of every day, therefore, must be given up
to the mere manual labour of accumulating new
knowledge for the enrichment of his own mind
and the minds of his hearers; the preacher is
giving up sentences and rounding off para-
graphs, when he ought to be in the world, en-
joying nature, observing life, gathering new
illustrations, cherishing his experience, and ex-
panding his heart; he is a prisoner in his library
and pouring over musty books, looking to books,
and depending upon books for inspiration. It is not
book-men, but out-of-door men that move the
masses. Books are good, are indispensable, but
there is such a thing as being besotted with
books. Dull preachers often are.

ability. The late Dr. Bunting and many other
ministers of the Convention always regarded Mr.
Nichols with no ordinary measure of love and
friendship.

The remarkable cheerfulness of disposition
which ministered to the happiness of his family
throughout life did not forsake him in his last
illness. He made his ailments and their re-
medies the subjects of much innocent pleasantry.
Like the Psalmist, he had given to him "songs
in the night, and his prayer was to the God of
his life." When, at his earnest invitation, one
of his workmen came to take tea at his bed-side,
he sang aloud, "Be present at our table, Lord,"
&c. On one occasion, his memory failing him
as to the name of some person, the word *glorious*
appeared to remind him of a high and glorious
subject for praise, and he broke out in singing
"His name the sinner hears," going through the
whole verse with a loud and cheerful voice.

Throughout his last illness he loved the voice
of prayer, and was most devout in his responses.
He had unwavering confidence in the divine
mercy of Christ, and never appeared to be har-
assed by doubts and fears. One of the last to-
kens of attention to those around him, of which
we have heard, was that when his kind medical
attendant said to him, "You will soon be well
with Jesus," he smiled, and moved his head in token
of assent.

He was released from his sufferings at half
past eight on the morning of (yesterday), Tues-
day, Nov. 26th. The last words that could be
distinguished, uttered late on Monday night,
were, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Amen!
Amen!" He died, we believe, in the 77th year
of his age. This brief sketch of his character
and career, which will not supersede the more
perfect one of his memoir, is presented by one who
after more than forty years' acquaintance and
friendship, loves and reveres the memory and
honours the name of the late Mr. James Nichols.

[The above beautifully written memoir of a
very distinguished man is from the pen of the
Rev. E. Hoole, D.D.—Ed.]

**The Students' Farewell of the Rev.
Thomas Jackson.**
A collective meeting of the members of
society, congregation, and the students resident at
Richmond, was held in the Dining Hall of the
College on Friday evening last, in connexion
with the retirement of the Rev. Thomas Jack-
son, the late theological tutor of the institution.
Some 250 persons were present.

After partaking of tea, the meeting assembled,
under the presidency of the Rev. Alfred Barratt,
M.A., the governor of the college. The pro-
ceedings were opened with singing and prayer,
when the Chairman stated that the object of the
meeting was to take a final farewell of one
whom he might call his friend and father; and
who had, indeed, been to some extent a spiritual
parent, and to all a loving, faithful and
revered minister of Christ. As a colleague he
must express his warmest admiration of Mr.
Jackson's character in every relation of life; but
as there were others present anxious to bear tes-
timony to his worth, he would only now, in the
name of the ministers and students of the col-
lege, present to Mr. Jackson the pocket Commu-
nion Service which he held in his hand, and
which bore the following inscription: "From
the ministers and students of the Wesleyan Col-
lege, Richmond, to the Rev. Thomas Jackson,
on his retirement from the office of Tutor in Di-
vinity, held for nearly twenty years, in token of
their personal affection, and their veneration of
his memory. Nov. 15, 1861.

Mr. Jackson rose amidst loud applause. He
accepted the Communion Service just presented
to him with sincere pleasure, and hoped to be
spared, when removed from them, still to visit
the sick and the afflicted, and to offer the con-
solations of our holy religion to those who were
passing to another world. He could attend or
minister to any of our meetings without parti-
cular emotion, but he could not, on this occa-
sion, but be deeply affected and standing before
an assembly of papers collected to take leave of
him. A Swiss philosopher had said that child-
ren and young persons never loved old persons.
His experience to-day and recently, in visiting
and taking leave of many friends, gave the lie to
such a statement; for he had seen tears dropped
by young people whom he had known and loved,
and had dropped some himself. Alluding to his
past life, he remarked that he was born
among the working classes, and he was sure he
had not learned from that class yet. After nar-
rating several incidents of his early ministry in
Emsworth, he said that he had written or ed-
ited considerably more than one hundred vol-
umes, and had read thousands. He felt keenly
at having to leave Richmond. His connexion
for the last eighteen years with his colleagues
had been marked by a mutual affection and
esteem which had never for a moment been
interrupted. He rejoiced in the cordialness
which were taking place in the town and at
the College Chapel. He would speak a few
words once more to the students—his own tes-
timony, to whom he was always deeply attached.
Let them aim at being soul-saving preachers;
their ministry must be a converting ministry.
For sixty years, his life spent in the ministry,
though laborious, had been very happy. They,
too, if faithful to their Master's cause, would
live and die happily. Turning to the Congrega-
tion, he referred to his long connexion with them
—his ministry of eighteen years. He had told
them from the pulpit, as he believed, the whole
counsel of God. He might have wearied them
with his long sermons sometimes, but he was
aimed at fulfilling his duty. He urged upon the
young present, above all things to get religion, to
be sure and keep it, and to impart it to others.

The Chairman rose, and stated that the min-
isters and students were not the only friends of
Mr. Jackson who wished to be represented at
that meeting, and called upon P. Braimes Hall,
Esq., to address the meeting on behalf of the
Richmond Society and congregation.

Mr. Hall, after having referred to his early
connexion with Mr. Jackson, and the feelings of
love and admiration for his Christian character,
which were entertained by the Friends at Rich-
mond, presented him, on their behalf, with a
chaste and elegant silver inkstand, valued at 22
guineas, and bearing the following inscription:
"To the Rev. Thomas Jackson, from the mem-
bers of the Wesleyan Society and congregation at
Richmond, in token of their Christian affec-

tion and veneration for his character and example,
after the exercise of his ministry among them for
nearly twenty years. November 15, 1861."

Mr. Jackson, in reply, again referred to his
sorrow at having to part from his old and tried
friends at Richmond, but he hoped to be allowed
to preach from his pulpit, if he would let him;
if not, he should contentedly make one of their
congregation. The place was very dear to him;
hallowed dust of his was deposited in Richmond,
and he hoped when his work was done to lay his
own bones there, and at the great day of ac-
count to rise from thence to stand before the
judgment-seat of God.

The Chairman next called upon the Rev. Ben-
jamin Hellier. Both as an old student and col-
league, he could speak to Mr. Jackson's kind-
ness of heart, soundness of doctrine, and won-
derful extent of reading. He could not say how
much he had in his time profited by Mr. Jack-
son's lectures. He had them by him still, and it
might, perhaps, be inconvenient to acknowledge
how much his sermons were indebted to them.
They would all lose a good and a dear friend
when Mr. Jackson left.

Mr. Normington, a third year's student, was
happy upon this occasion to be the mouth-piece
for expressing the unaffected love and esteem
which the students felt for Mr. Jackson, their
honoured tutor. It would not be becoming in
him to attempt any eulogy upon Mr. Jackson;
he might, however, give utterance to the feelings
of admiration with which they regarded his sim-
plicity of character, his urbanity and consistency
of Christian life, which a daily acquaintance with
him enabled them to do. He felt indebted to
Mr. Jackson, and in his own name and in that
of his brethren acknowledged his obligation.

Mr. Hudson, who spoke on behalf of the sec-
ond year's students, said that he believed that
there was nothing in which they were more
proud than in admiration of the character of their
revered tutor. Many of them had known and
venerated his name long before they came to Rich-
mond; but he sincerely thought that no one es-
teemed him half as much as they do now. The
perfect consistency of character had made a last-
ing impression on their hearts; and, in after
years whatever they should regard as pure and
noble in the ministerial character would be con-
nected with Mr. Jackson's name. Only to look
upon his countenance, so radiant of heart and
joy, and peace, had often done their hearts
good. He wished that all on whose behalf he
spoke might be as self-denying, laborious, and
successful in their work as their beloved tutor
had been.

Mr. Spensley said: The students of the first
year, whom I have the honour to represent, have
not had the opportunity of hearing many lec-
tures from Mr. Jackson; but we have derived
much benefit from those to which we have had
the opportunity of listening. We are thank-
ful that we have had such an example as his for
our imitation. We thank you, Sir, for the
prayers you have offered up on our behalf, and
trust that they may be answered. We shall not
cease to pray that God may make your last days
your best days, and that at length the crown
of righteousness may be yours.

The Rev. T. Marzels, son-in-law to the Rev.
Thomas Jackson, addressed a few words to the
meeting, which was then concluded with prayer
by the Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A.—Methodist
Recorder.

We would probably not have referred to this
subject at present, had it not been that the ordi-
nary quiet of our city on the Lord's Day was
disturbed by a sad and painful scene. Our read-
ers might perhaps recollect our last number a
notice of the death of Mr. William Carroll, a
young man of this city who was highly respected
by his acquaintances. His funeral was appointed
to take place on last Lord's Day, and he being
one of the Charlestown Irish Volunteers, the
members of that Corps, together with a large
number of the members of the other city Com-
panies, turned out in uniform on the occasion.
The result of the display, and the music of the
Band which accompanied the procession, was to
disturb many who were enjoying the rest of the
Sabbath in their quiet homes, as well as to attract
crowds of persons on the streets along which
the procession moved. We do not hesitate to
say that military display on such a day was al-
together improper, and this we state not because
the deceased was a Roman Catholic, nor because
he was interred with military honors. We would
have said the same though he had been a Protest-
ant, and we would have rejoiced to see respect
paid to the deceased by his brother Volunteers,
had they chosen another day for the occasion.
We have never again to hear the stillness of our
Sabbath broken by the fire, particularly since
it is a more judicious as the practice of per-
mitting the Bands to play to and from Church on
the Lord's Day has been ordered to be discoun-
tenanced at Halifax, by the Major General, com-
manding in compliance with a memorial pre-
sented to him by Protestant clergymen and others
of that city. Considering that it is only an occa-
sional lining for the Volunteers to play soldiering,
we think they should confine it altogether to
work days.—P. E. I. Recorder.

**The Moving Light in the Bay Cha-
leux.**
A phenomenon of a strange nature has been
visible in the Bay Chaleux for the last 50 years;
and although every inhabitant along that exten-
sive coast is accustomed to witness from time
to time, yet we do not remember having seen
anything about it in print, or hearing of it from
any individual up to the time of our late visit,
three weeks ago. On the night of Monday, the
17th ult., while in Casquet, a fine settlement
about forty miles below Bathurst, in the County
of Gloucester, we saw this famous light, appar-
ently a short distance below Point Mizant, but
far out in the Bay. It appeared as if the ball of
some little craft was on fire, and the devouring
element it was sweeping through the raging and
consuming everything within its reach. Such of
ours were the first efforts of the imagination
in endeavouring to give outline and shape to an
indefinite something that was far beyond the
powers of closer investigation. It was pointed
out to us by John McLintock, Esq., of that place,
in whose company we were at the time of its ap-
pearance. This gentleman gave us a short sketch
of its history, which was corroborated by the
statements of many others from different locali-
ties along this extensive sea coast.—The light,
in its appearance and movements, is totally dif-
ferent from the *Ignis fatuus*, or "Will of the
wisp," and precedes a north-westerly storm, and
is a sure forerunner of it. It is not confined to
one locality, but it is seen from time to time at
different places by the inhabitants of Casquet,
Grand-Pre, New-Bathurst, Salmon-Basin, in fact
by the whole population between Miscou and
Bathurst. It is not confined to summer nor to
the open water, but is as frequently seen on the
ice during the frost of winter. In the summer
season parties have gone out to examine it in
boats, but as they approach it, it disappears, and
after they have passed through the place where
it had been, to some distance, it reappears be-
hind them, giving the curious but little chance
of a close investigation. What it really is, few
pretend to say, but that it is the result of natural
causes not many intelligent persons doubt; the
like all other strange sights and circumstances,
it has its tradition, which is not only current
among the illiterate, but is firmly believed by
many of the more intelligent inhabitants of the
Bay Chaleux.—Waldworth Times.

France.

OPENING OF A NEW BRICKS CHAPEL AT DIEU-LE-FIT (DIJON).
The new chapel which we have recently
erected in this town was formally opened on the
20th ult. The size and beauty of this edifice
place it above every other Methodist sanctuary
in France. Its exterior is marked by an elegant
simplicity which pleases every eye; and its inter-
nal fitting up is such as to deserve the highest
praise. A multitude of inconveniences met with
in many other chapels have been carefully avoid-
ed. The seats are roomy and comfortable, the
pulpit is gracefully shaped, and is surmounted
by a sounding board. A large room to serve as
a vestry, class-room, &c., has been added; and
can, in case of necessity—thanks to the system
of sliding doors—be thrown open to accommo-
date those whom the chapel cannot hold. The
body of the chapel will seat without difficulty,
200 persons. On the 20th ult., the four min-
isters of the Province Circuit, together with two
from other circuits assembled to dedicate this
new and beautiful temple to God. The first
service was held at nine o'clock a.m., under the
direction of M. Hocart, of Lausanne, President
of the French Conference, who preached one of
the most remarkable sermons we ever heard from
his lips, and which his brethren present treated
him to publish. M. Hocart also preached in the
afternoon and evening, sermons which will
not soon be forgotten. The chapel was crowd-
ed with eager listeners. We were assured that
hundreds remained without, unable to obtain ad-
mission. The population of Dieu-le-Fit appears
to be ripe for the Gospel. It is delightful to
see how prejudice has given away. The local au-
thorities have all along shown us the greatest
kindness and goodwill. God grant that by means
of this edifice, built of wood and stone, that other
edifice may be enlarged and strengthened of
which each stone is a soul, of which charity is
the living cement, and Christ the immovable
foundation.

General Miscellany.

Funerals on the Lord's Day.
Such funerals are becoming very common in
this city. Scarcely a Lord's Day passes without
a procession of two of this kind on our streets.
Were the mortality so great that it was occa-
sionally found necessary to inter the dead on
that sacred day, we would not for a moment
think of objecting to the practice; but when we
observe that there are at least twice as many
funerals on Sunday as on any other day of the
week, we consider it our duty to speak out on
the subject. Except in the case of some particu-
lar diseases, we do not regard it a work of
necessity to bury on the Sabbath, and therefore
consider it a desecration of the day. We think
but few will deny that it is in itself to have funerals
on the Lord's Day, when there is either un-
necessary delay or unnecessary haste, after the
death of a person in consigning the body to its
last resting place.

Loss of Fifteen Steamers in the Baltic.

The loss of another Baltic steamer, the *Hebe*
from Cronstadt to Hull, on the 21st inst., off
Jutland, posted on Sunday at Lloyd's, excited
surprise, it being the fifteenth Baltic steamer
which has been lost during the last twelve months.
She was laden with tallow, and about £200,000
had been done on the vessel and cargo in the
rooms. A Hull Correspondent writes:—Scarcely
has the intelligence of the loss of the *Hebe*, the
finest new steamer belonging to the port, and the
Encantress, with sixteen lives, been received
in Hull, as reported by us a few days ago, than
that news is supplemented by other telegrams
announcing the stranding of the fine new screw
steamer, the *Hebe*, belonging to Messrs. T.
Wilson, Sons, and Co., a vessel of about 1,100
tons tonnage, only launched this summer, and
which had only made two voyages. She was
built by Messrs. Earle, of Hull, her engines
worked up to 500 horse power, and she was
reckoned one of the strongest steamers con-
structed by her builders. She was made to
carry no deck cargo, and when she last left the
port was in excellent trim. She was one of the
vessels ordered out of Cronstadt a week ago last
Thursday in consequence of the accumulation of
ice, and from the news received it appears she
was overladen in the gale a few days ago, and
stranded on Falund, near Gothenburg. The
telegram received states, "The *Hebe*, Capt.
Mason, from Cronstadt, has stranded on Fal-
lund; part cargo thrown overboard, full of
water, probably go to pieces." No mention is
made of the crew, but hopes are entertained that
all are saved. The owners of the *Hebe* have
received a telegram stating that part of the cargo
has been saved. Flax, unground, and tallow
would be re-shipped. Messrs. Earle and Wood-
all's Hull and London trade, and the *Hebe*, left
the latter place on the 12th inst., and has not
since been heard of. Grave doubts begin to be
entertained as to her safety. The *Hebe* makes
a total of sixteen or seventeen Hull steamers
lost in thirteen months, and these frequent dis-
asters are causing considerable excitement in the
port.