The Provincial Wesleyan.

earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point: for then we are measuring Time with Eternity.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Autumn.

The summer was dying, and golden haired Autumn,
In rich changeful beauty was gorgeously dressed,
That the day-king, her lover, might catch her last greeting,
Ere he sank in his brightness and glory to rest;
His parting smile lingered as if loathe to leave her,
The forests and mountain-tops caught its glad light,
And he modestly drew a thin gossamer o'er her,
Till her blushes were hid by the favouring night.

Reader, O, mine, do you love the Autumn? Do you meditate, poetize, and yield you up to pleasing remembrances in this sweet 'Sabbath of the year?' Are the rustling of the withered leaves, and the murmuring voices of the wind, sweet yet sad monitions, and does "the scene each vision bring, of beauty in decay," but remind you "of fair and early faded things too exquisite to stay?" If so, there is at least one point of sympathy between us, and I would fain chat awhile with you, though like many another "spinner of long yarns," the pleasure may be that of melancholy benevolence to the listener. I love this gorgeous season, and would add my mite to the annual quotations of description in the newspaper market. How can we weary of such a time, when the very dust cast from the carriage wheels catches the brightness of the hour, and seems a golden halo, as we look through it towards the setting sun. When the woods are dressed as for a carnival, and the quiet waters seem as seas of "molten gold," while Nature, as if conscious of her dazzling beauty, throws over all a gossamer veil, which, with its dreamy light, gives a new enchantment to the scene. Now is the time to seek the country—to gather the dropping nuts, and to join with the farmer in his song of harvest home;—to see the rich fruits heaped about with careless prodigality, and listen to the warbling of the birds, singing their plaintive farewell to departing summer. Here busy memory most earnestly doth rear her fairy fabrics of departed joys, yet so quietly and in such calm repose, that though it be sadness, it is not gloom which she awakens. "The bread city of the Past" is clearly revealed, and its spires gleam and sparkle in the bright sunlight. The friends that walked those streets of yore, greet us with sweet familiar smiles, and their voices reach our ear like distant plaintive music. What though they have now "laid them down to pleasant dreams" in the long, long slumber of the grave, do they not whisper joyful words of encouragement and hope? Like the sighing of the autumn gale, which, while it chants the requiem of the dying leaves, yet speaks of a glorious fruition,—a spring-time all gladness and life and beauty.

I stood on the borders of a hoar old forest, where the green grass yet sprouted between the brown leaves which had newly fallen—and the gorgeous canopy of gold and crimson overhead outvied the splendid trappings of royalty. Far, far in the distance across the open country—I saw forests covering hill and dale, where the bright green of the summer foliage yet blended with the richest hues that a painter ever dreamed of.—The branches above me clasped their long arms together, and murmured a sweet yet solemn hymn;—through long, dim, vistas came the glistening sunbeams, playing with the fallen leaves, gilding the rough bark that had grown black with years, and revealing myriads of living particles who spent their brief existence in that hour of revelry. It was an hour never to be forgotten. Around and above me were the magnificent works of the great Creator—vast, wonderful, and impressive; and in their midst like a mote in the sunbeam, frail child of earth that I was, I joined in the prayer of the great universe, and with humbled spirit repeated, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that thou visitest him?"

Wonderfully does it purify and hallow our spirits, thus to hold communion with nature. There is no concealed irony in the smile of the sunbeam, no honeyed flattery in the wind's low tone,—no food for vanity in the gorgeous drapery of Autumn,—no selfishness or distrust in the loving embrace of the gracefully bending branches. We hold sweet communion with the trees and flowers, for we remember them as the friends of our childhood,—unchanged, unchanging. They taught us our first lessons in beauty and religion; they counselled us, when weary of the world and its cares and excitements we sought them again with bleeding hearts; and now they welcome us once more with their dear familiar greeting, as with souls overflowing with gratitude for all the blessings which have come to us—both in the joys and sorrows of life, we bless and praise the great Giver of all, and sanctify His holy name. May you and I dear reader, join together in spirit in the universal anthem of praise sung by the great Creation, is the prayer of

MOLLY BAWN.

Cincinnati, October 24th, 1852.

The Neglected Class Meeting.

"I stopped attending class-meeting; my heart grew cold; I gave up private prayer, and now I have no religion," said a backslider.

"O but it is a cross to speak," says another. The reason why it is a cross is because there is pride in your heart, which must be mortified and taken away, or you can never enter heaven. The quicker you mortify it and get rid of it the better. There is great danger it will grow to such a size that you cannot handle it, and then it will handle you, and throw you down to hell.

"O but I don't feel like going to class every week." But you have engaged to deny yourself, your own will, your own feelings, if you have ever become a Christian. You have engaged to live for others, not for yourself, and others need you at the class-meeting to strengthen them, to strengthen your leader, your minister, your class-mates, though you may be the youngest one in the class. What Christ our blessed Redeemer said to Peter, he says to you:—"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

But it is your duty to go to your class-meeting, not only for others' sake but for your own soul's sake, for there you receive spiritual nourishment. Your soul needs food as well as your body—Christians also strengthen each other. One stick of wood will not burn alone, but two together will. You may be sure of one thing: as soon as you have lost your taste for class-meeting, you have begun to backslide, and you need to go to class-meeting, to your closet, to every means of grace, to get back what you have lost.

O hasten, dear brother, dear sister, back to the Saviour. Run no risk of losing eternal life. Flee for thy life from the city of destruction. Let this short warning lead thee back to the neglected class-meeting.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is to be its own master, a pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it.

Surely some people must know themselves; they never think of anything else.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1852.

Editorial Notes.

The *Christian Messenger*, in commenting on the communication of "XX," in which reference is made to the conduct of "an eminent ministerial advocate of the new version of the Bible," says, "we must think that when any one prefers such a charge against a minister of the Gospel, of known and respectable standing, he ought to append his name to it. We feel certain that nothing less in the present instance than his doing so, and far better proof than we are convinced he is able to give, will satisfy the public who know the gentleman in question of the truth of his assertion."

We give the above insertion that it may meet our correspondent's eye; and we may here say, that we would greatly prefer our correspondents avoiding as much as possible all personal references, which imply a dereliction of duty, in conducting their arguments on any subject they may deem of sufficient importance to introduce into our columns. We are prepared, however, to make allowance for our correspondent, from the circumstances in which he is placed, owing to the efforts of proselytism constantly made. The *Christian Messenger* has generally pursued an honourable and Christian course when speaking of Pedo-Baptists, but we cannot say as much of the *Christian Visitor*, and, doubtless, our correspondent has been induced to write in a strain to meet the tone of writing which appears in the columns of that paper. As long as the *Visitor* pursues the course towards Pedo-Baptists which has hitherto characterized that periodical, our more honourable and Christian-minded Baptist friends will see such conduct exposed in a way not very agreeable to their feelings. The principle must be observed on both sides—*if we would be respected, we must respect others.* We have another article from the same correspondent, which shall appear next week.

The following good advice to business men we copy from a recent exchange:—"If you wish to sell more goods this year than you ever did before, advertise more. The unparalleled success of those merchants and traders, who have kept their goods before the people, is a lesson not to be disregarded by any one who depends upon the public patronage for a living. The best customers are those who find out what they want before they leave home; and those are the ones who invariably look in the newspapers to see where the article can be found."

We commend this advice to our advertising friends, and would suggest, that they would find it greatly to their advantage to advertise their goods in a paper having so wide a circulation as has the *Provincial Wesleyan.*

The Pastor-President of Nimes had a private interview with the French President during his recent visit to the South of France. In the course of the conversation, the Pastor said,—"The Protestants of the South have always been the friends of the Emperor, your uncle, for he was the friend of religious liberty; and they will be your friends likewise, *Monseigneur*, if you will befriend their religious rights and liberties. They care for little beside; but to deprive them of that is to rob them of what they esteem as their birth-right." The Prince replied,—"Assure your friends, *Monsieur le President*, that from me they have nothing to fear in that respect. And if ever you are disturbed or aggrieved in the exercise of your religious and just rights, let me know of it. You need not write to my Ministers, but address yourself to me *directly.*"

The U. S. Medical and Surgical Journal has a strong article against "Congress Boots," which, though gracefully fitting the ankles, are injurious, seriously interrupting the functions of the superficial vessels, which are kept under their unrelenting pressure through the day. The utmost freedom should be given to the vessels about the ankles, where such a variety of tubes and vessels are converged into a small space. If they are unnaturally girded, and the flow of fluids impeded, a disturbance in the system must follow; but the true cause in numberless instances has been overlooked. Pity that health should be sacrificed to appearances.

We learn from a note received from the Rev. Wm. ALLEN, that there is a gracious revival of religion at the Bend of the Petitcodiac, and at the North River. Souls, he says, are being saved every night, and the prospect of the work extending is encouraging. We hope it may abundantly spread. Such intimations, though brief, we are glad to receive, and frequent announcements of revivals will prove inspiriting to our numerous readers.

The Rev. William MCCARTY, of Guysboro, writes us favourably of the several Missionary Meetings held recently in various parts of that Circuit. In every instance, he states, there has been a respectable increase upon the subscriptions of last year. This is indeed encouraging, because it shows that the cause of Missions has a warm place in the affections of our people there.

Six hundred and forty acres of land, embracing nearly the whole of the present site of the city of Cincinnati, were purchased in the year 1787, for forty-nine dollars! A solitary front foot of any lot on that ground, it is said, can scarcely be purchased now for that sum.—Quite a change.

The work of God, in connection with the German Missions of the M. E. Church in the free cities of Bremen, and Frankfort on the Maine, are reported to be in a prosperous state. The Missionaries have extended their operations to Wirtemberg.

We have received from a respected Correspondent, "ERASMUS," an able article on an interesting subject, which we shall have great pleasure in presenting to our readers next week. We bespeak from him the frequent use of his pen, which he knows so well how to wield.

The Brazilian government has contracted a loan with the Rothschilds of one million of pounds, to pay the loan due Portugal, in 1853, which was guaranteed by Brazil when its independence was acknowledged.

Cardinal Wiseman has written to the Archbishops of the Austrian Empire, earnestly soliciting them to contribute towards the law expenses incurred by Dr. Newman in the case of Achilli.

A. FISHER, Esq., Antigonishe, has our thanks for his interesting and encouraging letter. We shall embrace the first leisure moment we can get to write to him.

The Baptist Church in the city of Chicago, was totally destroyed by fire, Oct. 2.

A treaty between the United States and Brazil has been ratified.

The following notices are designed for CORRESPONDENTS:

Wallace. R. S. You must decide what you wish to be done. We shall attend to your instructions in the matter, when they reach us.

Bridgetown. M. P. The marriage announcement appeared in number for Oct. 21st.

Digby. J. T. Obituary was overlooked till it was too late for this number. It shall certainly appear in our next.

Bathurst. J. P We have not heard of a vessel. Will it do to send to Chatham?

"D." in our next.

☞ All orders for *change of directions, discontinuances*, should be *post-paid.*

"Methodism has run its Course."

Many seemingly are taking a great interest in Methodism, but our views of their disinterestedness are considerably modified by the prognostications of evil to which they oracularly give utterance. Whilst the past of Methodism is lauded, especial care is taken to predict naught but the certainty of failure in the future—the wish being, in some instances, father to the thought. Some writers who have descanted on this fruitful topic, have affected to ground their prophecies on *philosophy*, others on the nature of religious revivals, and others, taking advantage of the numerical decrease in the parent Church, arising from one of the most reckless, unprincipled, and unchristian agitations which has ever disgraced the name of Christian, have regarded this as affording unmistakeable indications that "Methodism has run its course," and that the world will soon be delivered from the presence and operations of this hitherto aggressively-advancing religious power. ISAAC TAYLOR, in his work on Methodism, struck this key-note, which has since been taken up by writers of various pretensions to celebrity, down to the obscure scribbler, "unknown to fame," and, from one to another, the changes have been rung,—"Methodism has run its course,"—"It has fulfilled its Mission, and shall shortly pass away."

We grant, that the Almighty, who raised up Methodism, at the first, and has since sustained it in whatever efficiency it has possessed, and crowned it with whatever degree of success by which its career has been marked, can, should he be so disposed, lay it aside, and employ other instrumentalities to accomplish his gracious purposes to the world. But this is equally true of every other evangelical church on earth, and nothing can be derived from the previously admitted postulate to the real disparagement of Methodism. Is there reason, however, to believe that the God of wisdom will act thus arbitrarily towards Methodism, to the continuance of those sects whose regard for scriptural truth and evangelical doctrine, christian experience and personal holiness, the glory of God and the salvation of men, is neither stronger in principle, nor more constantly and zealously manifested by overt acts, than that of our own Church? We should like to see the *philosophy* and the *religion*, on which a person would seek to establish an argument to prove that there does exist such a reason.

One only requisite is necessary to ensure the perpetuity, vital energy, and progressive prosperity of Methodism, and that is, its unfaltering attachment to the doctrines and discipline it has received, under God, from its Founder, its maintenance, in its membership, of the fulness and power of experimental religion, its characteristic devotedness to the cause of Christ and the salvation of sinners. These are its life and security, as a Church. Fidelity to these, will, therefore, make sure a continuance of that *favour*, which the Head of the Church has been pleased to extend towards it, as a branch of that true vine which his own right hand has planted, and whilst that favour is vouchsafed, there is no ground for fear; all the surmises, insinuations, bold assertions, and dogmatic predictions of *men* will avail nothing, because they are without foundation.

In no former part of its history, has Methodism evinced a greater adherence to Christian principle and to all the essentials of revealed truth, a greater zeal for God's glory and the honour of Christ, a greater sympathy for the souls of men and the universal reclamation of the erring, than it does at this moment. Its members, faithful and true to their high and solemn trust, not only stand firm against the machinations of wicked and designing men, but are putting forth unwonted efforts in the great work of evangelizing the world. Its original *stamen* exists—vitality is everywhere apparent—everywhere there is progress. So far from having finished its course, as some fain would have it, we believe it is but girding up its loins, and preparing like a giant to run its race—that race to end only with the last knell of time. Let not the hearts, then, of the friends of this good cause, become faint, by reason of the sayings of men, who have not, apparently, faith in the power of the simplicity of the gospel, but who require philosophy, so called, to be engrafted on religion, or a particular form of ecclesiastical polity, to perpetuate a Christian Church! Let the ministers and the laity of Methodism abide in their own calling, and abandon it for no cause. Let others talk and write, if they feel so inclined, about philosophical principles and teaching, or about this or the other form of Church government—but let *them* proceed steadily on in the work of Christian teaching, insisting on religious principles, preaching, through faith in Christ, a present, a free and a full salvation, thus honouring the God of the Bible, and He who has hitherto blessed them will still bless them—He who has hitherto made them a blessing unto others, will render them more extensively useful to their fellow-men.

Point de Bute Correspondence.

OPENING OF THE NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL, UPPER CAPE.

MR. EDITOR.—I know that you will be pleased to be informed that a Wesleyan Chapel has been erected, and dedicated to Almighty God, in that part of this Circuit, which is generally designated the Upper Cape. It will bring to your remembrance the station on which you once laboured; and, as a man of God, you will rejoice in its progress and prosperity.

For several years past our friends, in this locality, have anxiously desired to erect a sanctuary for the worship of the Most High God; but until lately, they were doomed to disappointment. The late, highly esteemed, Rev. S. Busby, while on the Circuit, was the first who took any effectual steps in the right direction. He succeeded in obtaining, and securing to the connexion, land sufficient for a place of worship, and a suitable burial-ground. Soon after this the chapel frame was raised, and the building partly rough boarded. In this condition it continued for years, exposed to the influence of both wind and weather. About a year ago the friends commenced, in good earnest, with the determination of building a house for God, and this they have accomplished.

The Chapel is both neat and commodious, and calculated to reflect great credit on those immediately concerned in its erection. It is truly a pretty place of worship. The design is good; the work is well executed; the painting is excellent; and the whole premises being enclosed with a suitable fence, indicate both taste and judgment.

Great praise is due to the building committee, Messrs. Wm. Allen, Bill Raiworth, and Wm. Ward, for their management and successful perseverance.

Last Sabbath this Chapel was dedicated to God, by appropriate religious services. Part of the prayer delivered by Solomon, at the dedication of the Jewish Temple, having been read by the Superintendent, the Rev. W. C. Beals, in an excellent and useful discourse, directed the assembled worshippers to that holiness which becomes the house of God. In the afternoon, the Superintendent of the Circuit, explained and enforced the good old way, that leads to joys on high. The evening service was conducted by Bro Wood, who forcibly unfolded the salvation of the Gospel. The congregations were good; the people appeared solemn; and the results, it is hoped, will be permanent.

The next morning, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Bro. Beals again delivered an impressive and truly evangelical sermon, at the close of which the pews were sold. The purchasers appeared in high spirits, so that, in a short time, all the pews were disposed of, with two exceptions. The sums realized, by the sale of the pews, amounted to upwards of twelve or fifteen pounds more than the actual cost of the building. We may, therefore, say with the Poet,

"These walls we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise!
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace."

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here."

We also held a Missionary Meeting at the Lower Cape; and the sums subscribed exceeded those of last year, by nearly one half. It is a source of thankfulness and joy, that the Lord has disposed the hearts of the people to contribute of their substance for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom; and that for a few past years, this Circuit has gradually advanced!

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Point de Bute, November 4, 1852.

Barrington Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—We have held our Missionary Meetings at Barrington Head, West, Port LaTour, Cape Negro, N. E. Harbour, Roseway, and Shelburne. Brother Wilson came to us as usual, richly laden with Missionary Intelligence, and advocated the cause in perfect keeping with his own self,—with life and strength. Our *local* helps were Winthrop Sargent, Esq., who acted as Chairman at the first place, and Robt. Woodill, Esq., who presided at the last—these with Messrs. T. & S. West, J. & E. Atwood, Dr. Wilson, S. & J. Reynolds, J. Nickerson, J. Johnston and the fugitive slave T. Jones, rendered us effective service. While listening to the excellent speech of Mr. Jones, an African, we could not but be reminded of the falsity of the assertion of some phrenologists that "the Negro contour was pronounced as debarring all possible success." Why then did not the same cerebal law check the glorious march of civilization and learning, as well as of religion, in olden times? Herodotus and Aristotle paint the Ethiop and the Egyptian with the very features of that physiognomical variety. Is it forgotten that the woolly head, and the protruding mouth, and the elongated foot of the present race were exactly described more than two thousand years ago! That these peculiarities were attached to a people that, if surpassed by Greece, knew none other rival, that they were borne by ambassadors to the most splendid courts, and by ecclesiastics amidst the most noted synods, and by the philosophers within the most famous schools! Let Mr. Freeman and his native converts but speak, and the phrenologist will be forced to bear witness to the demonstrated fact that the African has mind, and that "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding."

At Shelburne, though the number was not an hundred, yet the average was over 2s. 6d. each; and at Cape Negro the mercury of Missionary feeling rose so high that we shall nearly double our last year's maximum. The meed of grateful and generous applause is due to all, but justice demands us to say *especially* to these. It certainly is praiseworthy to see our people learning the benevolence of addition and multiplication rather than the selfishness of substraction, when the all-important and heaven-descending cause of Missions is pleaded. Let such keep in memory "that there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty," that "he that soweth sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap in the same ratio," "that the liberal *deviseth* liberal things, and by liberal things shall he *stand*," and "that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and at the resurrection they will be rewarded according to their works, and Christ will pronounce them "Blessed," because saith He, "ye did it unto me." Let these promises nerve them "to be rich in good works,"—"ready to distribute—willing to communicate." If it be necessary let *our subscribers* understand that *paying* to and for the Missions in Nova Scotia does not help the Foreign Missions, and that our ministers in this Province are not assisted by what we *give* to those Missions, so that it is not all one whether we give to the latter or pay to the former. If you can, help both, but if not, justice requires you to support the first. But don't take out of the one pocket to put into the other. Pay out of the one to your minister, and if you have any in the other give it to the Foreign Missions, but don't take it out of the paying pocket to put it into the giving one. Add to and multiply each as much as you can, but don't substract or divide from the one for the other.

"Let such bethink them, ...
That in our *proper motion we ascend*
. . . . . descent or fall
To us is adverse."

Eridgetown Correspondence.

REV. AND DEAR DOCTOR,—Our Missionary Meetings on this Circuit have just terminated.—The esteemed brethren who kindly came to our assistance were the Rev'ds. L. Sutcliffe, F. Smallwood, and C. Lockhart. The Rev R. Williams favoured us with his valuable assistance at Bridgetown. On the 17th ult., sermons were preached for the benefit of Missions in all our chapels, and on the following evening we commenced our respective meetings. I am sorry to say the weather was extremely unfavourable, and the roads excessively bad. This of course caused most of our meetings to be thinly attended; those, however, who were present, evidently took a lively and increasing interest in the object for which they had met together. The speeches of the brethren were replete with Missionary Intelligence, and the zeal which they manifested, and the stirring appeals which they made to the understanding and affections of the people were highly creditable to their piety and to their talents. In Mr. Stephen Bent's neighbourhood, at Lawrencetown, and at Hanley Mountain, we had an advance upon the past year, and as it regards Granville, and Bridgetown, we have no fear but that before the next District Meeting they will have exceeded their former amounts.

As we proceeded up the river to Aylesford, we had finer weather, better roads, moon-light nights, larger congregations, increased interest, and the subscriptions and collections went far beyond the last year—with an account of which, I have no doubt, in due time, my respected Brother Lockhart will furnish you.

Bridgetown, Nov. 6, 1852.

Cincinnati Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—The first day of November has been ushered in like a gala day. The sun greets us with the most bland and winning of smiles, as if he would persuade us there are many bright days to come, and though the air gives a few premonitory symptoms of winter, yet its very coolness seems to infuse a new spirit of activity and cheerfulness in all who breathe it. This is the first day for a week in which fires have been necessary, although in September and the early part of October they were quite acceptable. Solitary flies—the lone remnants of summer—are yet basking themselves in the sunshine outside the window, and the scattered remnants of beleaguering hosts of mosquitoes are stretching their limbs and sharpening their lances for a last attack upon "the powers that be." For once I am tempted to turn gazer and watch the gay troops that pass my window on the fashionable thoroughfare.—What an endless array of gay silks and bright ribbons! If the ladies had combined to produce a brilliant scenic effect, they could not have succeeded better than in the glittering panorama passing before me. Now comes a dashing beau, with an alarming height of shirt collar and no hands visible—then a gay lady, with a conscious appreciation of the value of velvet and brocade, but with, methinks, a few wrinkles of care, as if life had not always been clothed in "coleur du Rose." Then comes laughing childhood, in which even the outrageous trickery of fashion cannot hide a charming innocence and a pure heart, and anon, with slow and faltering steps—withered age and helpless penury. A little child is leading a blind parent, and gazing with wistful eyes at the "proud ladye," who, shrinking, gathers up her rich dress from the pollution of its touch. Ah, well! a true picture of life is the street pantomime acting before me. We are all pilgrims in time's great high-road, and as we pass along, jostle against the great and humble—rich and poor.—We pass sad, tearful faces—and rejoice in the light of many a cheerful smile—but we know that all are going to the same goal, and sooner or later will forget their poverty or riches, gladness or sorrow, in that mysterious realm from which no traveller returns. Death, the stern conqueror of all, has gathered in some noble victims during the last few months—and our country is weeping bitterly for "those who are not." Calhoun, Clay and Webster have been successively called to take their places in "that innumerable caravan which moves towards the silent halls of death"—and we are left to mourn our idols fallen. With Webster, the greatest intellect of the nation, perhaps of the world, has ceased its workings—though the spirit remains with us—for "men may die—principles never." Henry Clay lived in the hearts of his countrymen—while Webster was their pride and glory. He was the nation's great defender—the proud supporter of its dignity—the head and front of the great republic. One of our former citizens, T. Buchanen Read, has beautifully expressed the feelings of every heart with regard to the nation's loss.—Mr. Read has been awarded the first place in American poetry by English reviews, and though we do not yet withdraw allegiance from Longfellow or Bryant, we most willingly would help to place the laurel crown on the brow of this true poet of nature. We are very proud of our artist-poet, and it may be interesting to those who have never seen him to know that he not only is, but *looks* the poet. With a slender, yet finely proportioned form—Saxon complexion and hair,

"Large blue eyes,
Like the warm, wet skies,
Brim-full of water and light,"

no one could see him repeating his own verses with the inspiration of an improvisatoire, without acknowledging that he had sipped from the waters of the true Helicon:—

The Great are Falling from Us.

BY T. BUCHANEN READ.

The great are falling from us—to the dust
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;
A nation's glory and a people's trust
Lie in the ample pall where Webster lies.

The great are falling from us—one by one,
As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees;
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo! Carolina mourns her steadfast Pine,
Which, like a mainmast, towered above her realm;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine,
From out the branches of her stately Elm.

And Marshfield's giant Oak, whose stormy brow
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now
Our startled Eagle knows not where to rest!

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

With this appropriate and beautiful anthem still sounding in your ear, I shall bid you good bye, sure of a favourable memory.

Yours truly, MOLLY BAWN.

Cincinnati, November 1.

New York Correspondence.

Mr Webster's Death—Traits of his great Character and Mind—His Funeral at Marshfield—Respect for him in New York—Meeting of English Residents to honour the memory of Lord Wellington.

Mr Webster's death, at this moment, is the all absorbing topic in our city, and throughout the Union. He was the foremost man in our land, and among the most illustrious of the world. At the head of the Department of State, for which high post, he was most signally qualified, he was stricken down by death, in the arduous service of his country. His age was three-score, ten years, nine months, and a few days. Yesterday his name was enrolled as the highest on the scroll of our nation's history, to-day he sleeps in death. A nation of thirty millions of freemen mourn his loss.

As the great Commentator of the American Constitution, he was best known and most honoured; and upon this distinguished trait of his illustrious character he reared a monument to his fame, enduring as time, and of imperishable glory. Yet was he profoundly skilled in the laws, and in all the branches of political economy—accurate with the sciences—a rich classical scholar—possessed of a splendid imagination, and deeply read in the HOLY SCRIPTURES. He was a prince among orators.

This eminent American statesman is no more. "I STILL LIVE," were among his last dying words, uttered on the Sabbath, and ere the morning sun shed forth upon the world his glorious beams, the spirit of this illustrious man had winged its way to the spirit land. How cheering to know that such an intellect desired to lean upon the "rod" and the "staff" of the Almighty, in humble faith, as he was passing through the valley and the shadow of death!

Thus has the American Republic recently lost Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, men who were the glory of their land—they are now fulfilling their destiny in the world beyond the stars. For forty years, they had mingled their voices and efforts in the great councils of the nation; and each one of them has left his indelible mark upon our nation's history. But now, how changed!—These eloquent voices are hushed upon earth, and these patriotic bosoms have ceased to beat! Oh, life, how art thou like a tale that is told!

Like your own Pitt, Fox and Wellington, these great American Statesmen now sleep in the grave, and may we not all take the divine exhortation,—"Put not thy strength in the great man or in princes, for their breath goeth forth and then ceaseth."

Yesterday, Mr. Webster was buried at Marshfield, on his own farm, and in his own vault wherein no man had ever before lain. At least 10,000 people attended, but without any pomp or parade, according to his own dying request. The services were simple, solemn and imposing, comprising a short address and prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Alden, the Orthodox clergyman of the parish. The crowd stood uncovered on the melancholy occasion.

In our own city business was suspended at the same moment. The Custom House and Banks were closed, the ships of all nations and public houses hoisted their flags to half-mast, and minute guns of his age were fired. Every thing was done here that could be done, to show the sympathy that our great city felt in the national loss. In a fortnight the public funeral honours will be paid in New York to his memory.

While we thus honour the memory of our greatest statesman, your citizens among us are taking measures to pay proper respect to the late Duke of Wellington. A meeting for this purpose has recently been held at the British Consulate, and a Committee appointed, to make the proper arrangements.

How beautifully impressive at this time are the lines of Gray, upon the common lot to which the great and small are destined, and extracted from the same ELEGY which the immortal Webster seemed to dwell upon, among the last flashes of his soaring intellect!

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

New York, October 8, 1852.

Halifax Sabbath School Report.

At the Anniversary of the Halifax Wesleyan Sabbath School Society, held recently in Grafton Street Church, the Rev. Dr. Richey in the chair, the following Report of the operations of the Society for the past year was adopted, and ordered to be published:—

The Committee of the Halifax Wesleyan Sabbath School Society, in presenting their Annual Report, would express with devout gratitude their obligations to the God of all grace, for the measure of favour manifested toward the Society during the past year, in the successful operation of the Schools under its control.

The Committee have the satisfaction to report, that the removal of the Argyle Street School to the new Church in Grafton Street, has already been attended with pleasing results, and affords promise of enlarged interest and usefulness.

The following is a statement of the number of Teachers and Scholars, &c., connected with the Schools:—

Brunswick Street School, 1 Superintendent, 1 Secretary, 2 Librarians.

Teachers—15 male and 20 female.

Scholars—121 Boys and 159 Girls.

Grafton Street School, 1 Superintendent, 1 Secretary, 2 Librarians.

Teachers—11 male and 15 female.

Scholars—65 Boys and 112 Girls.

Being in both Schools a total of 457 Scholars, and 61 Teachers, besides an adult Bible Class in each School not included in the foregoing. This statement shows a large increase in the number of Teachers and Scholars as compared with last year's report.

It is believed that the Teachers in these Schools are mentally and religiously qualified for the duties of their office, and faithfully discharging those duties, influenced by an ardent zeal for the spiritual profit of the souls committed to their charge, and feeling deeply the solemn responsibility of their position as religious instructors of the young. Nor have evidences been wanting during the year, of a marked and encouraging nature, that the blessing of the Most High accompanies their devoted labours to the spiritual enlightenment of the children, many of whom, it is strongly hoped, are living in the fear of the Lord; but the Committee feel assured that the full result of the religious influence and Christian instruction with which the children of the Schools are favoured, cannot now be estimated, and will only be known in the great day of the Lord.

The Society's income for the past year has been £31 16s. 10d., to which must be added a balance in the hands of the Treasurer at date of last Report, £6 17s. 2d.;—in all, £38 14s.

The expenditure has been £29 3s. 9d., in addition to £20 for debt of the year previous, due at date of last Report; amounting in all to £49 3s 9d.; leaving a balance due to the Treasurer of £10 9s. 9d.

The Committee, while expressing their grateful acknowledgments to the friends of Wesleyan Sunday Schools in this City for past support, would confidently appeal to the same Christian generosity for the continuance of necessary funds to conduct efficiently the operations of the Society; and would respectfully intimate that enlarging prospects of usefulness opening before the Society, call for a proportionate increase of contributions. The Committee would commend anew these Schools to the liberal support, and fervent prayers of the lovers of our Zion; believing that the Christian instruction of the young involves interests the most solemn and momentous, and that the Sabbath School Institution is an important instrumentality for the spread of the truth as it is in Jesus,—one which is accelerating the period of a world's conversion to the faith of Christ.

Methodism Annihilated.

The Richmond *Christian Advocate* in noticing an article in the Church *Review*, which prophesies that Methodism will soon be annihilated, relates the following incident as expressive of the progressive spirit of this branch of the Christian Church:—Some years since the Methodists in one of the towns in Virginia, pulled down their old house of worship to build a larger one. When the new one was pretty well under way, the Episcopal minister of the place, passing by one day, stopped and asked an elderly gentleman who was very much interested in the enterprise, though not a member of the Church, if he supposed the Methodists would ever find people enough to fill so large a house. "To be sure they will," was the reply, "why, don't you know this is the people's line. The crowd always go in the people's line. The crowd always go in the people's line, sir!" Sure enough. Large as the house was they filled it; and have built a second one since, nearly as large: besides a very neat one for the coloured people. It is the people's line. And you must destroy the people before you annihilate Methodism.

Religious Items.

FRENCH POPISH PERSECUTION AND BLASPHEMY.—The following is extracted from a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *New York Spectator*, who, under date of October 7th, says:

A religious question has been brought before the correctional tribunal of Troyes. A number of persons having abandoned the Roman Catholic for the Protestant faith, invited a party belonging to the consistory of Meaux, to come and preach among them. They held their meetings under a covered shed. A few days after, they were broken up by the police, under the pretext that the late decree upon assemblages forbids any unauthorised re-unions. They pleaded, in defence, that the decree did not apply to religious meetings, and that even if it did, they considered themselves as authorised, as forming a branch of the consistory of Meaux. The Court did not accept this defence; but fined the proprietor of the shed and two pastors, three dollars and twenty-five cents a-piece! They appealed at once, and the case will be heard before a Court of Appeal in this city.

I abbreviate the following horrible paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, delivered by the Mayor of Villencette, to the President:—

"Our Prince who art in power, by the acclamation of the people and the right of birth, glorified be thy name: thy kingdom come by the immediate acceptance of the imperial crown of Napoleon; thy will be done in France as it is in foreign countries. Give us this day our daily bread, by so arranging the tariff as to permit the entry of things which are necessary and the exit of those which are superfluous. Forgive us our trespasses, when thou art sure we have repented. Lead us not into the temptation of office seeking, but deliver us from the evils of secret societies, newspapers and elections of all sorts. Amen."

A KING'S LETTER.—A week or two since we mentioned that a mission ship had left Honolulu for Micronesia. The King having been requested to lend his authority to this mission, addressed a letter to the natives of which the following is a translation:

Kamehameha, III., of the Hawaiian Islands, Hawaii Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau, King, sends greeting to all the chiefs of the Islands in this great ocean to the westward, called Caroline Islands, Kingsmill group, &c. Peace and happiness to you all, now and for ever.

Here is my friendly message to you. There are about to sail for your islands some teachers of the Most High God, Jehovah, to make known unto you his word, for your eternal salvation. A part of them are white men, from the United States of America; and a part of them belong to my Island. Their names are as follows: B. G. Snow and wife, A. A. Sturgis and wife, L. H. Gulick and wife, E. W. Clarke, J. T. Gulick, Opunui and wife, Kanikaiaa and wife, and Kekela. H. Holdsworth is captain of the vessel.

I, therefore, take the liberty to commend these good teachers to your care and friendship, to exhort you to listen to their instructions, and to seek their acquaintance. I have seen the value of such teachers. We here on my Islands once lived in ignorance and idolatry. We were given to war, and we were very poor. Now my people are enlightened. We live in peace, and some have acquired property. Our condition is very greatly improved on what it once was; and the Word of God has been the great cause of our improvement. Many of my people regard the word of God Jehovah, and pray to him; and he has greatly blessed us. I advise you to throw away your idols, take the Lord Jehovah for your God, worship and love him, and he will bless and save you. May he make these new teachers a great blessing to you and your people, and withhold from you no good thing.

KAMEHAMEHA.

In an article on PROTRACTED MEETINGS, the *Southern Baptist* says:—"Let us not be afraid of revivals and protracted meetings. They have already accomplished much in the advancement of the cause of Christ. They are destined to accomplish more. They are not justly chargeable with the obstinate impenitency of those who have resisted their influence. And the Christian minister who engages in them is not responsible for the result, when the gospel which he preaches, and which to some of his hearers has been a savor of life unto life, becomes to others a savor of death unto death. Let him conduct these exercises with ordinary Christian prudence, with prayers for the aid of the Spirit, and with ascriptions of all their glorious results to the infinite mercies of God, and he cannot go astray."

INTERESTING RELICS.—The pulpit in which George Whitfield preached in England, was brought to this country a few days ago, and is now deposited at the Tract House, in the rooms of the City Tract Society. It is about six feet high, nearly square at the top, and is a light framework of hard wood, so as to be easily removed from one place to another, and stationed in the open air. It is easily put in a compact form by the operation of hinges, and held together by iron hooks. It was sent here by Mr. Geo. C. Smith, of England. In another part of the Tract Society's building, is the chair once occupied by the "Dairyman's Daughter," and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," who form the subject of interesting narratives, widely known.—*New York Paper.*

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held its monthly meeting on Wednesday, Vice President Bangs in the chair. Letters were read from various mission stations, but none excited greater interest than those from Germany. Some little embarrassment had been experienced, at the date of previous advices, by the interference of local authorities, but these, in a great measure, had been removed, and the work was in a prosperous condition, especially in the free cities of Bremen and Frankfort on the Maine. In Saxony freedom is not enjoyed to that extent that is found in some other parts, yet the missionaries, who are of native origin, are permitted to labour in the missionary cause. The missionaries have extended their operations to Wirtemberg.—*New York Spectator, Oct.* 28.

RESIGNATION OF THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.—The venerable pastor of Argyle Chapel, who, as our readers are aware, has lately been prevented by a severe and dangerous malady from attending to his ministerial duties