his employer's office neat and clean, and was soon admitted into the office as clerk. He studied, became proficient in law, kept up his habits of strict integrity and honour, was finally made a partner in the business of his employer, and in this year of grace, 1859, is one of the most popular judges in Western New York.

This little incident, dear children, shows us that integrity wins its reward even in this world.

Jack was detected in his wickedness and sent to a place of confinement, to learn that "the way of transgressors is hard."—*Children's Magazine.*

Obituary Notices.

On Monday, Nov. 21, 1859, departed this life, in dependence on the promises of the Redeemer, ELIZA EVENING, aged 60 years, relict of the late Captain Joseph Evening, of Halifax—deeply deplored by these persons who formed the circle of her acquaintance, to whose affections she had recommended herself by her humble and amiable habits during her residence amongst them.

The deceased was a member of the Wesleyan Church. In that connexion her walk was blameless and consistent. Every duty of an external character was discharged with fidelity; but her hopes of salvation depended not on this, but on the sacrifice of the Son of God, in whom she believed, as in Him who "came into the world to save sinners." Up to the day of her death, there is every reason to believe that her dependence on that Redeemer wavered not. And though God, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to permit her intellectual perceptions to be partially obscured prior to her departure, yet by no word or action did she betray other than a mind at peace with God and sanctified by the Holy Spirit of truth.

Her disease was an affection of the brain, her sufferings, at times acute and protracted. But very seldom did expressions of impatience escape her, during that time, but rather her illness was characterized by exemplary resignation to the Divine will.

The place she occupied in the affections of friends and relatives cannot be filled. They mourn over a kind mother, a warm friend—"a widow indeed." But their loss is her gain—and in a world of sinless joy and unbounded glory, her happy spirit doubtless has learned to recognize those blessed spirits who welcome her freed soul to the skies. *Resquiescat in pace.* There shall dawn the morning of the Resurrection, there shall return to a weeping creation the Lord of life—and then, with all the bloodwashed multitude, she too, will be raised to glory incorruptible and life unceasing.

Solemly are we admonished by the rapid succession of deaths in this place of our mortality. Earnestly are we reminded to "work whilst it is called to-day," and "to do with our might whatever our hands find to do; for there is neither wisdom, nor work, nor knowledge, nor device in the grave whither we go."

All have sinned—all shall die—yet all, through God's exhaustless grace, may be forgiven.

W. C. MCKINNON.

Musquodoboit, Nov. 22, 1859.

Died, at Truro, N. S, on the 14th of November, of putrid sore throat, aged four years and 7 months, BRADLEY, son of Wm. and Phœbe Archibald. This little boy manifested remarkable patience in his sickness, and evidenced by his conduct and pious remarks, a work of the good Spirit of God on his heart, preparing him for admittance into a world of blessedness. His parents and relatives have reason to rejoice in the gracious manifestations made to him in his illness, and have increased motives to prepare for that heavenly home, to which Bradley said he was going, to sing the praises of God forever. T. H. D.

Truro, 2nd Decr., 1859.

Provincial Wesleyan

WEDNESDAY, DECR. 7, 1859.

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

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

We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of correspondents.

THERE has never, we presume, within the memory of the generation now in active existence upon the earth, been a period when the Spirit of God appeared to move with so mighty an influence among the churches of the Redeemer as at the present day. That Holy Spirit indeed has never been absent, His power has never been unfelt; He hath been in all ages as dew unto Israel; but at sundry times He has come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth; and is it not our joyful privilege to be now the witnesses of His descending thus in copious, comforting, and enriching influences? A comprehensive survey of the globe, with a view to ascertaining the progress which has been made, within a few past years, in releasing the soul of man from the grasp of anti-Christian error, removing the rubbish of superstition and making a way for the dews of Heaven to distil upon the thirsty soil and the genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness to warm it into fruitfulness, would, we are sure, result in an exhibition of facts impressive and significant to every mind capable of appreciating their grandeur and design. God has been marvellously and conspicuously levelling obstacles in the way of the soldiers of the cross. He has been casting down every high thing that exalted itself against His Son; and now that the gates of the kingdoms of this world are open, that the armies of the Redeemer may enter in and make them to become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ, what is this baptism of the Spirit which Christendom receives but the preparation of the hosts of our Emmanuel for the last and crowning conflict, a complete and glorious triumph over Anti-Christ? The churches are becoming knit together in love for this great purpose. The cohorts of our Redeemer which have long been estranged from each other, and, when they have met in presence of the enemy, instead of concentrating their attacks upon the firm phalanx which he opposed to them, have turned their arms upon one another, are now drawing close together, determined to act in harmony and to march in serried column against the common foe. These appeasances are omens of good. They inspire us with the belief that the day will not be long delayed when the "righteous shall flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth," when Christ "shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth;" when "they that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him and his enemies shall lick the dust."

But let us not deceive ourselves. The portraiture we have drawn is a general one, and the hearts of God's people will rejoicingly confess its truth. Yet it cannot be made to embrace the universal Church. There are divisions of the great army, above whom floats the banner of our religion and who wear its uniform, that do not seem to be animated by this spirit of brotherly attachment, this love of union. For these, importunate prayer must be made, that they may be one with us, one in Christ our Head.

While our thoughts have been elevated and directed to the contemplation of the spread of the Gospel of our salvation, and the universal sway of Him who must reign until his enemies are made his footstool, they have presented themselves in military phrase. The Church must be increasingly militant before it can be triumphant. We shall not be borne on to the haven of rest over a smooth and sparkling sea propitiously impelled by gentle gales, but amid the raging storm, the dash of the tempest, the fury of the thunderbolt, and the artillery of Hell. Through much tribulation shall the soldiers of Jesus pass, before they behold Him crowned the Lord of all, and lay their arms, no longer needed, at his feet.

If there are at this moment encouraging symptoms in the Church, there are also portentous signs among the nations. The synchronizing of the two has led us to regard the predicted and decisive conflict of Christ and Belial in the Earth as drawing on, and it does not occasion us surprise to find that "Prophecy and Political History" attract anew the attention of the learned. We have not space to dwell upon the points set forth in the "Horæ Apocalypticæ" of the Rev. Mr. Elliot "The Great Tribulation" of Dr. Cumming, or the elaborate notes and opinions of Lord Carlisle appended to his recent metrical rendering of a chapter in Daniel. They are the subject of an article in the London *Times* from which we draw the following paragraphs:

"In a chapter in "The Great Tribulation," headed, "1867," it is attempted to show, and with some success, that, however much our best interpreters of prophecy differ in details, they all agree that 1867—if their views be correct—must prove a great determining crisis in the world's history. There are certain dates in the Books of Daniel and the Apocalypse expressed in various formulas One is "Time, times, and half a time"—that is, a prophetic year, two prophetic years, and half a prophetic year, or 1,260 literal years. Another form of the same period is 42 months. This is a governing period, but its commencement is the difficulty. It describes the dominant duration and tyranny of a great apostacy in Chistendom within the ten kingdoms, and at the running out of these 1,260 years that apostacy is steadily to begin its decay. The authors of the "Horæ Apocalypticæ," and "The Great Tribulation" incline to date the beginning at this period, in A.D. 532, when Justinian gave his vast prerogatives to the Bishop of Rome. On this hypothesis the 1,260 years run out in 1792, and certainly at that date Romanism began its decadence in a baptism of blood. One remarkable proof is the following: Sixty years ago there were 5,000 priests in Paris. The population has doubled since that time. There ought, therefore, to be now 10,000 priests in Paris. The actual number is 800.

"To this period of 1,260, ending, as we assume, in 1792, Daniel adds a period of thirty years. This would bring us down to 1822. Then, also, and that very year, was the beginning of a great change in Eastern Christendom, "The drying up of Euphrates," or progressive decay of Mohammedanism at its fountain. What goes far to confirm this is the fact that another period given by Daniel, called 2,300 years, on the end of which the "cleansing of the sanctuary," i. e., the preparation of Palestine for its people, was to begin. Dating this period at what has been, it not clearly, at least probably assigned, before Christ 478, we find its termination in A.D. 1822. To the period Daniel adds another of forty-five years. This brings us down to 1867. Daniel says he is specially "blessed" who arrives at 1867. Supposing this correct, 1867 would be in the words of Lord Carlisle "the close of this dispensation," and, according to others, the restoration of all things, the baptism of the earth, and the regenesis of nature.

"Another class of interpreters date the 1,260 years at the decree of Phocas in 607, which they think was the real transformation of the western Church into a corporate apostacy. If so, they would end in 1867. The same writers also hold that Daniel's great epoch, ending in the restoration of the Jews began before Christ, 433, and ends therefore in A.D. 1867, and that then, as they believe, the crescent in the east and the crucifix in the west will both disappear, and Christianity, the light of a few, be then the glory and the gladness of all mankind.

"What casts some light on this subject is the ancient, and, as Bishop Russell has shown, almost universal belief that the week of Creation was in brief the type of the great week of the world—that is, that the six working days of the Creation-week correspond to the 6,000 working years of the world, and that, as the former ended in the Sabbath day rest, the latter will culminate in the Sabbath of 6,000 years,—what St. Paul calls "Σαββατισμος the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

"Now, the question occurs—have these 6,000 years nearly run out? According to the vulgar chronology they are short of their end by at least 140 years. But Fynes Clinton, followed by others, has proved to demonstration that there is a mistake in the vulgar era, and that the birth of Christ must consequently be put forward to the year of the world, or Anno Mundi 4132. This is really brought out with immense force, and in all likelihood it is correct. If so, we are again brought down to 1867, as the close of the world's long working week, and the eve of its magnificent and long-predicted Millennial Rest. Dr. Cumming quotes, in his chapter of "The Great Tribulation," headed 1867, an array of names who concur with him in looking forward to 1867 (not, as ignorantly charged, prophesying the end of the world) as a great crisis—a testing crisis—intersected by the various lines of prophetic dates.

"It appears from all this that these writers on prophecy have handled this branch of investigation as others treat geology, chemistry, or astronomy. It is a legitimate subject of research. The errors of geologists and chemists do not fairly militate against their respective fields, and we do not see why the errors of interpreters of prophecy should be adduced as a reason for ignoring what is difficult, but divinely commended to our study. We do not discover any fanaticism in the works on prophecy referred to. The writers constantly guard themselves against misapprehension, repudiating the claims of the prophet, and accepting only the relation of the student. Some of their works are very learned. The "Horæ" of Mr. Elliott does credit to the theology of the age. Others are very popular It is not, therefore, fair in rash and reckless writers to confound the sober, even if mistaken, students of a grand text with fanatics and enthusiasts.

"But, whether these interpretations be right or wrong, there is no doubt that the barometer of Europe singularly—it may be accidentally—corresponds with their deductions from prophecy."

☞ We regret to find recorded in the columns of the *Christian Messenger*, the decease of the Rev. S. N. Bentley, late Pastor of the North Baptist Church in this city, but more recently acting as the General Agent of the N. S Home Missionary Society. It was hoped that travelling might conduce to the recovery of his health which has for some time past been seriously impaired. The *Messenger* says that the Baptist Ministry of Nova Scotia has lost in Mr. Bentley one of its most pious, able, laborious and efficient members, and one whose loss will be severely felt and deeply deplored by the Denomination at large.

Rumours of War.

The political atmosphere of the Old World seems surcharged with the elements of strife. The war-cloud gathers blackness. And if the press of Britain correctly interpret the feeling of the nation it is that of men who resign themselves to the perils of a storm which they cannot avert with the calm determination to meet and mitigate its terrors as manfully as they may. A feeling of hostility,—the *Times* asserts "upon the authority of information denied from a vast number of independent sources,"—more bitter than has existed in France since the peace of 1815 is at this moment entertained towards England. "The French press" it says, "so guarded on all other subjects, is on this outspoken. The moderate and reasonable *Journal des Debats* contains attacks upon England such as never before, in moments of the greatest irritation, have appeared in its decorous columns. The *Gazette de France* lacks language to express the bitterness of its detestation, and the *Univers* is still more virulent than the organ of the Legitimists The talk of the army and navy is of revenge for victories 45 and 55 years old, and their firm belief, as well as their ardent wish, is that in a few months the signal will be given for the invasion of this country. The inhabitants of the departments from Brest to Calais experience a revival of the hostility of 50 years since, and, strange to say, burn with ardour for a war of which they must bear the brunt." All this irritation is charged by the *Times* upon the Emperor of France. The people, it is said, have been adroitly and powerfully operated upon thro' those means which in France the press and the centralized authority supply. The press which cannot insert what the government condemns, and must insert whatever it commands, pur-nes with unrestricted vehemence its course of denunciation against England. And if this patent instrument for engendering dislike is plied with such unprecedented pertinacity, is it not fair to infer that the engine of official influence, at once so potent and so secret, must be employed with equal energy? It cannot be denied that on the part of England the newspaper press has been equally active and bitter with that of France. It has doubtless been more personal and unreserved in its tone of disparagement. But speculation upon the causes which have conduced to the present unpleasant aspect of affairs between England and France is of far less importance than the fact that the dissolution of their peaceful relations is regarded by well informed periodicals in Britain as imminent. We still trust that the ominous appearances may be dissipated, though there would be no reason to congratulate our parent country upon the alternative which the *Times* suggests may be engaging the thoughts of the subtle ruler of France—"It does not necessarily follow, that Journal remarks, that the French government has resolved to go to war with this country. It may well be that a profound politician like the Emperor of the French is not unwilling to have it believed that his people are burning to avenge the misfortunes of the last war upon England, and if peace be preserved it is entirely owing to his good sense and moderation It may be that the Emperor Napoleon, while exciting the national spirit of his subjects against us, and making such preparations as would be required if a war were really in contemplation, only means to place himself in so commanding a position that England, which desires peace above all things, may be intimidated into following whatever impulse he may please to give to the affairs of Europe; or lastly, it may be that these things really mean what those who are politically opposed to the Emperor declare they mean, and that we have a danger to confront in the existence of which we cannot yet persuade ourselves to believe. Unhappily, we cannot afford to speculate on the alternative. The hatreds and passions of mankind are more easily stimulated than allayed, and it is not our fault if we are forced to act in a time of profound peace as if the camp of Boulogne was already formed again, and another flotilla awaited the orders of its imperial master."

We transfer two paragraphs upon this subject from the *Watchman*, to remind our readers that enmity to England lurks not alone in the bosom of France, and append an extract from the *Dublin University Magazine*, which contains statements furnished by our eminent countryman, Mr Justice Haliburton, which are of immediate interest to ourselves and except in a minor point or two may be deemed well founded.

"At the very moment, says the *Watchman*, when we are preparing to brigade our troops with those of the French in China, we are still daily reminded that we ought to hasten our defensive measures against an invasion. Sometimes it is Count Montalembert, sometimes the "leading Journal," sometimes it is Dr. Cullen, and sometimes Dr. Cumming, that this warning comes from, either directly or indirectly, either as an exhortation or a menace. The Catholic hierarchy in Ireland attempt to alarm us by hinting the question, What if France should retort upon us our own maxims, and, at a fitting opportunity, should propose that the sister country be allowed, at its own discretion, to reconstitute its Government, or to unite itself with another Monarchy, just as Lord John Russell desires Tuscany with other Italian States, and perhaps Hungary also, to have permission to dispose of themselves at their sole pleasure? The answer to this implied threat is manifold: as that Ireland is already as free as England, and is making rapid progress under her representative institutions, though oftentimes abusing them; that another of our maxims is to protest against foreign intervention, whether in respect of Italy or of Austria, how much more in respect of Ireland? in the absence of which, as directed against ourselves, we can have no fear of the dismemberment of this Empire. But, above all, the practical reply to the spirit and intent which dictate such menaces is that we cannot do wrong in order to preserve our own right, and that if we could and did, it would be of no lasting avail. If we succumbed to the dictation of the Irish hierarchy, on every question of domestic, of colonial, or of foreign policy, the alienation would not be removed so long as we remained a Protestant people. A Roman Catholic population, ignorant, or instructed only by its priests, cannot be fully reconciled to its connection with a heretic nation, except by the prospect of reconverting it to Popery.

"The most persevering and patriotic of our alarmists is the organ of the money power, which last week pressed into its service a three-fold testimony from "the school of the prophets."—Its article, which condenses some of the conclusions of the author of the *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, of Lord Carlisle, and of Dr. Cumming, will be found in substance transferred to one of our pages. Dr. Cumming's opinion is that the era of the "great tribulation" is now passing over us, and that the grand catastrophe will take place in A.D. 1867. A late truly learned and pious clergymen, the Rev. G. S. Faber, brought the crisis still nearer, by fixing the commencement of the prophetic period 1,260 years in A. D 604 and its close in A. D. 1864. We read these things with a conviction that calculations from Apocalyptic numbers are not likely consciously to affect the purposes of nations or statesmen. The *data* from which they profess to be deduced were given to the Church, together with far clearer promises of her own eventual purification, deliverance and victory. But for the State, those incidental advices of our prophetic interpreters, which are founded on the common and evident principles of morality and religion, appear to us the most salutary as they are the least disputable. It is vain to tell the government or the people to increase its armies and reinforce its squadrons, if truth, righteousness and piety are forgotten. Supposing "*the Time of the End*" to be so near as 1864 or 1867, how can we hope to meet it by our volunteers and rifle-clubs or Armstrong's guns or steel-plated men-of-war? The most valuable passages of Faber's latest publication—that on the revival of the French Emperorship—were, to the nation at large, those in which he pointed out the retribution certain, on general as well as apocalyptic principles, to overtake us if we pursue a course of faithless and impious expediency, false to our Providential position, and to our Christian and Protestant principles. We fear that it is only desecrating as well as vulgarising prophetic studies to give them a political meaning apart from their moral and religious lessons. The duty of preparing to defend our national liberties against the tremendous power of Napoleonic France is otherwise clear enough from obvious facts. Her navy is not unequal to cope with our own, and is kept concentrated in proximity to us, while ours is dispersed over the world. Every year, however, by which the so much expected and dreaded rupture can be delayed, is a gain to this country, enabling it to collect its majestic strength, and to make up for the careless self-abandonment of years before the commencement of Dr. Cumming's era of the "great tribulation," and before the "revival of the French Emperorship," which professed itself to be pesace, but which has already been war in three continents and quarters of the globe."

Judge Haliburton's language is as follows:—"Louis Napoleon's preparations for war are not confined to France—be has a greater military force at Martinique and Guadaloupe than we have in all our West India Islands put together. He has fortified St. Pierre and Michelon, which lie between Newfoundland and Canada, contrary to the express terms of the treaty, and, under pretence of meeting at Cape Breton the French mails conveyed by the Cunard steamers, he sends men-of-war thither, who return to those places heavily laden with coal from the Sydney mines. This is pretended to be for the use of the ships themselves, but every now and then a sailing vessel takes a cargo on account, it is said, of the merchants there, but in reality for the Government. He has an immense store of coal there, and every vessel laden with fish, that sails thence to the French West India Islands I have named, quietly conveys a certain portion of this fuel to form a depot there also, for his Atlantic fleet.

"The island of Cape Breton is one vast coal field, and was conquered from the French. Its capital, Louisburg, was taken by General Wolfe. Most of the inhabitants of that country remained there after its formal cession to England, and their descendants are to this day a separate race, speaking the language of their forefathers; they are mainly occupied with the fisheries, and are excellent pilots. Their descent, their religion, their traditions, and their sympathies naturally incline them to think favourably and kindly of their mother country; and though not actually disloyal to England, they are not unfavourably disposed towards the French. It has been observed of late that their friendship has been systematically courted by the latter. * * * The coal mines are wholly unprotected, and could be either held or rendered useless at the pleasure of an aggressor. What renders this more alarming is that Halifax, and the whole of our squadron at that station, are entirely dependent upon these very mines for their supply of coal; so that in six and thirty hours sail from St. Pierre one ship of war could reach Sydney, and render the English fleet utterly powerless to move from their moorings. On every foreign station, whether on the Atlantic or Pacific side of America, or in the East, the French naval force has been quietly and unostentatiously increased, so that if war were to break out they would be in the ascendant in every quarter. In these days of telegraphic communication, when news of hostility can be transmitted with the rapidity of lightning, it is not too much to say that the Emperor, by his foresight, judicious preparations, and well-concealed plans, could sweep the commerce of England from the seas in six weeks."

Letter from Newfoundland,

From our Correspondent.

November has again brought to us its usual kindly greetings and congratulations of ministers and people, met under favourable auspices to celebrate, on our own miniature scale, the Missionary anniversaries. Not meagre in the estimation of our people, is the treat afforded by the ever eloquent, because ever-earnest, speechifying of the men whom, next to their Lord, they hold in the highest reverence. Nor is the social commingling of soul and sentiment thus annually participated by the ministers themselves less animating or welcome. The smile of gladness which plays upon each countenance surrounding the Missionary dinner, gives a zest to the annual meal which gloomy misanthropists never dream of. There are lively but allowable sallies, too, which prevent the imagination from slumbering, and compel the most diffident to shake off all reserve for the nonce. Then follows the devout and inspiring *finale*—those heavenly old English tunes, sung with such rich melody by well-trained English voices. O Methodism! God hath given thee no mean expression of his superintending, saving regard in thy living, loving ministry.

Next to the hallowing and harmonious influences which pervaded the meetings generally, we are indebted to the very effective character of the deputation for our enlarged success. Foremost in the rank was one whose mildness and urbanity have secured for him from the entire District repeated expressions of its confidence and love in his appointment to important trusts; and whose single voice would at any moment of the annual session, rally the influences and energies of every associate in the work. His form on the Missionary platform is in itself a host; and his appeals usually sink far down into the hearts and pockets of his admiring auditory. Near him stood a portly good-natured personage, whose playful smile is familiar to well-nigh every Wesleyan in the Colony, for *the District* has been his parish. Every shade and feature of *the work* within the bounds of this ocean-skirted branch of the Conference is as well known to him as the path to his own pulpit: while all the rules of cambistry and decimals are arranged to order at his finger-ends The boys smile approvingly as he arises, and resolve to cash at sight his order on their purses. Next we have the untiring missionary whose summer's voyagings in the cause of truth bear at least a faint resemblance to the apocalyptic angels' flight. No other minister has ever accomplished what has this year been a portion of his toil. In the short space of three months, he has preached at various places from Cape Ray to a distant point on the coast of Labrador; feeling equally comfortable whether addressing the rural crowd or the fastidious company; whether plodding onward in his duties by land, or plunging through the surging waves of the sea to his destination. Conspicuous among the speakers was our modern Hercules, with the voice and expression of a son of thunder. English in his accent, in his aspect, and in his ardor, he could not fail to interest a people of English extraction and openheartedness His labours amongst us have been auspiciously begun These, with some yet minor in their abilities, though acceptable in their own spheres—apprentices to the good and holy occupation—formed the deputation at the past delightful anniversaries.

Blackhead has ever claimed the prerogative of striking the key-note in missionary contributions—at least in the portion of the District of which it is itself the Capital. As we entered the capacious building which has there long and successfully been devoted to sacred purposes, and gazed upon the multitudes of living, anxious beings, whose countenances alone were visibly smiling upon us a gladsome welcome from amid the dense, deep mass by which they were surrounded, we felt a sensation of pleasing astonishment. God had swept that vicinity as with holy fire, consuming old prejudices, annihilating old passions, and purging hundreds of souls in a brief but eventful period; and now the hour of practical thanksgiving had arrived. Surely, we thought, future meetings must prove amazingly sonorous if they would at all harmonize with the tune which is to be started here to-night. The preliminary devotions were accompanied by a few truly primitive amens and Hailelujahs: Pa Curtis, the venerated pedagogue, and indefatigable Local preacher of the village, was called to the chair; and speaker followed speaker in apology, description and appeal, until the Superintendent's timepiece reminded him that time was flying. A collection followed in every way worthy of the evening's hallowed proceedings, and highly creditable to the Blackhead congregation.

We have not here the body-saving, comfort-giving facilities which your high-mettled horses and carefully cushioned carriages in Nova Scotia present; simply because the major portion of the Brethren would require to transport them to lands more propitious, or less rocky, if they would enjoy them. Our journey to Island Cove, therefore, was prosecuted on equestrian principles; and our steeds were certainly not so mischievously inclined as was that which John Gilpin rode on the anniversary of his wedding day. Yet we arrived in good time to enjoy the savoriness of a repast which our travel had rendered especially grateful, though of itself sufficient to tempt the most fastidious epicurean appetite. The meeting and the collection were good.

On the following day we visited Grates Cove; but owing the absence of many of our people the meeting was postponed. The Rev. E Brettle preached with his wonted ability and fervor from Hebrews iv. 16. On Thursday evening a large audience in the Perlican Chapel listened with deep attention till late in the night to the several speakers, and contributed with their accustomed liberality at the close of the service. This ended the business of the week.

Hants Harbour came next in order. The elegant new Chapel at this place was occupied on the occasion. A more respectable and comfortable building of the kind cannot be boasted of by any other out-harbour community on the Island; and the most cheering feature connected with it is that it is entirely free from debt. A collection exceeding that of any previous year was realized. On the following night the first Missionary meeting was held at Scilly Cove, when the noble sum of 8£ was contributed—making the Hants Harbour Circuit nearly ten pounds in advance of last year. The kindness of our people throughout the Circuit here described, cannot be too highly praised.

Our election is ended, the government being still secure in the hands of its old votaries. The bantering and sparring of our local press is about to exhibit something more practical than a mere show of words. Dr. Mullock, the Roman Catholic Bishop, has notified the Editor of one of the weekly journals through his attorney, that he intends to take an action against him for libel. The Editor, however, rather professes to jubilate over the threat, challenging the Rt. Rev. Prelate to *name* the individual who occupies the position from which the obnoxious statements have proceeded We may expect a breeze, if not a storm, to follow this disturbed state of the political atmosphere.

ALEPH.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Bazaar at River John.

DEAR BROTHER,—A variety of causes having prevented me hitherto from sending you a brief notice of our bazaar, I encourage the hope that the following may yet be not wholly unacceptable to those of your numerous readers acquainted with this Circuit, and indeed to all who have any knowledge from experience of the perplexing problems that are wont to arise to a small society from that very general, yet greatly and justly to be dreaded, thing called *debt*.

Early in the current Methodistical year it was resolved by some of the few ladies connected with our Church in River John, that an effective effort be made to raise, as soon as possible, the balance due upon our Mission House, which, I may say, is a neat, commodious, and well furnished cottage, reflecting much credit upon the superintendency of my late predecessor, Brother A. B. Black. The annual Tea-Meeting, with all its trouble and anxiety, bringing in on an average only about twelve pounds, was deemed too slow a method of liquidating a debt of upwards of seventy-five pounds, the more especially as the comfort of our congregation and the interests of our cause here urgently demand the erection of a new chapel. Many discouragements seemed to lie in the way of doing anything, arising from the unprecedented hardness of the times, but such was the determined zeal of our lady friends, as a sex proverbial for being promoters of good works, that they organized themselves into a "sewing circle," in view of preparing for a bazaar, to be held here as soon as practicable. Having determined upon this, no obstacle was permitted to stand in the way—such things as would have been discouragements to many, arising from the removal of some, and the family affliction of others, who would have rendered important help, were construed by those on whom the work devolved as calls for greater exertions on their part; indeed from the beginning throughout, it was obvious to all interested in the matter that so far as our ladies were concerned, success was a *fixed fact*.

As the time approached as advertized for the bazaar, contributions were received from Charlottetown, Pownal, Pugwash, River Philip, Wallace and Truro, all of which on behalf of the committee are hereby gratefully acknowledged. The kindness of our friends on these Circuits will not be soon forgotten. In due time also the gentlemen here gave their well merited co-operation; hence on Thursday, 3rd inst., as the public were admitted into Temperance Hall, lately fitted up with arched ceiling, and kindly loaned us for the occasion, they had the satisfaction of finding it decorated most tastefully with evergreens, and presenting a fine display of the *useful* and *fancy*, such as both in quality and quantity is rarely to be witnessed in any rural community. The weather in the morning was somewhat unpropitious, so that many, we understand, from a distance who had intended to patronize our Bazaar were prevented from being with us; still the Hall was well filled through the day, and sales respectable. All who took dinner, the varieties and courses of which were perhaps never before offered for a quarter of a dollar, could not fail to discover the management and skill of a sister among us *professionally* widely known for her *good table*

In the evening the number of persons present was as great as the comfort of our friends could lead us to wish. The tes-tables presented such a variety of good things so handsomely got up as showed clearly the ladies had determined this time to outdo themselves, all their past efforts of the kind being now by them cast entirely into the shade The music, which was partly vocal and partly instrumental, was highly creditable, and the speeches of two Reverend gentlemen who favoured us with their presence, very appropriate and excellent. An original poem, from our esteemed Chairman, who was disappointed in not being with us, which was read on the occasion, added not a little to the evening's entertainment. Altogether this was one of the best social gatherings the writer has ever been permitted to attend. The proceeds of bazaar, &c., clear of all expenses are £45 7d, a sum which to some of your readers will appear insignificant, but which by all who know what it is for a small cause to struggle with the necessary expenses of a Circuit will be viewed as one not to be despised.—At all events, situated as we are in River John, we feel disposed to thank God for what to us is quite a *success*, this being the largest amount ever obtained here by any public effort of benevolence. The Committee have yet on hand a large balance of stock from the bazaar, and anticipate ere long having another sale, in view of completing the annihilation of our Mission House debt.

Apologizing for occupying so much space in your valuable paper,

I remain, dear brother,
Very respectfully yours,
GEORGE S. MILLIGAN.

River John, Nov. 25th, 1858.

England and America.

From the London Times.

War between England and America is impossible. Such is the secure conviction of every rational man in America, and of everybody of every age and station in England. Perhaps it is also the conviction of the wild banditti who swarm upon our frontiers, and of their unprincipled sympathisers, who habitually write up war in the newspapers and spout war speeches in the towns. War is impossible, not only by reason of the strong sympathies which bind us together, not only by reason of our common origin and our closely interwined interests, but also by reason of the terrific character which every one knows that such a contest must assume. A war between England and America would be almost a civil war—the most bitter, the most relentless, and the most cruel of all wars It could be produced only by exasperation on both sides arisen to a pitch of a national madness. As it went on it would certainly be marked by an intensity of passion which would, as has happened in all civil wars, carry the combatants beyond the influence of the ordinary courtesies and moderations of a mere national contest. Notwithstanding any stipulations that may have been made in calm moments, the commerce of both countries would be the prey of rovers and pirates upon every sea; England's strength and England's treasure would be wasted in distant expeditions to destroy those glorious and peaceful achievements of her own children which are now her pride; our factories would be closed, and the million and a half of mouths dependent upon them would be without bread; putting forth in our anger all our strength, we should be defenceless among our European neighbours, and we should fall, at least for that time, from our place as equal among the greatest of the great Powers of the world. On the other side of the Atlantic the spectacle would be one of at least equal horror,—the fair cities of the Atlantic in flames, their commerce gone, and their somewhat inflated system of commercial credit rent; the swift strides of that genius of improvement which wanders so restlessly up and down arrested; population destroyed; a ruthless war between slaves and masters raging through half the land; bloodshed on the seas, and bloodshed on the land, and nothing growing but fierce and unnatural hatred. Europe and Asia would look on with surprise and exultation, watching the paroxysms of frenzy among that terrible Anglo-Saxon race which had seemed to monopolise the Almighty's permission to go forth and people the earth; wondering to see that vast family, whose expansion they had envied, whose industrial energy they had found it vain to emulate, whose free thoughts, wafted over the world, were ever sowing themselves in uncongenial soils, now engaging in the mad enterprise of destroying their common property and shedding their own blood These thoughts, although unspoken, are present to every mind. It is they which produce that universal conviction which pervades both countries, that an event so disastrous and so purposeless could never be worked out by reasoning beings.

This common belief, however, has hitherto been followed by very different effects in the two countries. It has made England careful of offence, long suffering, prone to put the best interpretation on every act, eager always to believe that offensive words and offensive pretensions occur from any other motive rather than from a motive to give offence. We have taken everything from America, as the lawyers say, *mitiori sensu*. As it was once held in our law courts, in obedience to this maxim, that to call a man "a thief" was not slanderous, because the word might have been intended only to mean that the gentleman "was a stealer of fair ladies' hearts," so we in our political and diplomatic interpretations have twisted and distorted everything which looked offensive into some less obvious but innocent meaning. We have said to ourselves, "War is impossible; and therefore we will not suppose that our cousins intended to do anything which could force it upon us."—On the other hand, the Americans have but too often arrived at the opposite conclusion from the same axiom. They seem to have said, "War is impossible, therefore we may deal with our old mother as some not well-famed folks deal with women and clergymen—insult her and extort from her with impunity." This is far, we cheerfully admit, from being the feeling of the respectable portion of the great American people, which has sentiments as civilised as those of the same classes in Europe; but the misfortune is that this is the feeling which sometimes prompts the national action—The American nation in its moments of excitements is like a snake marking its prey; the middle part of the body is curved up out of action, and in the spring the head is forced forward entirely by the action of the tail.

The other day a General Harney made himself immortal by sending a party to invade a British island, or at any rate, an island in British possession, and regulated by an English justice of the peace. We, however, were, as usual, pacific and civil and put the best construction on the act and asked for reasons Reasons were given, but as they were based upon the invention of a fact that had never happened, we, through our local Governor, most civilly intimated that they were not conclusive.—General Harney replied, in effect, that he accepted our apology, and would continue his occupation. Every mail now brings us tidings of the enthusiasm of the American call for General Harney; and now it has been shown that the reason assigned by him was a mere fabrication, all excuses are thrown aside, and the cry is, "The Island of San Juan is the key of the Gulf of Georgia; we want it, and we were bound to have it."

There are some convictions which work out their own truth in practice, but there are others which tend to their own practical refutation We, sincerely hope that the different readings of the axiom that "War between Europe and America is impossible" may not be an illustration of this truth. The Island of San Juan is not, like preceding extortions, a small extortion. It lies in a channel down the middle of which the treaty declares that the frontier line shall pass. It is six miles from the British shore of Vancouver's Island, and thirty from the American mainland. It is within full view of our city of Victoria, and a fort erected on San Juan would command the channel through which our ships must pass to all British Columbia. It is therefore obviously a British island, and it is as obviously most important to us that it should remain so. Unless some very different title can be brought forward from any that we have seen, we can no more surrender it to America than we could surrender the Isle of Wight, or the Isle of Dogs. It is with great satisfaction, then, we hear that the question has not been left to be fought out between General Harney and Governor Douglas, but that the *status quo* will be maintained at San Juan, and the right to the island solemnly and coolly discussed either in London or at Washington.

Franklin Relics—Affecting Memorials.

The articles brought by Captain M'Clintock, in the Fox, have been placed in the United Service Museum for public exhibition. The London News of the 17th ult. says:

In the first case if the "ensign" of one of the ships, reduced almost to shreds, but still preserving its colors, and reminding the spectators of the many cheerless days upon which it must have fluttered sadly, but still proudly, from the mast of the ice bound vessel. In a corner of the same case is also a thin tin cylinder, stained and timeworn. The casual spectator would hardly notice it, but it stands first in importance of all that has been recovered, for it contains the record of the death of Sir John Franklin—that happy death which saved our brave veteran all the subsequent horrors of the journey to the Fish river. Further on are the rude spear-heads into which the Esquimaux had fastened the iron they obtained from the wreck; and a box-wood two-foot rule, whitened with exposure, but with the figures on it all as bright as the first day. This was, of course, the property of the carpenter, who it would appear had when starting on his dread journey not forgotten the implement of his trade. In the same case is a relic which will arrest the eye of many a passer-by. It is the remains of a silk neck-tie, including the bow as carefully and elaborately tied as if the poor wearer had been making a wedding toilet. This, which was taken from the naked bones of a ghastly skeleton which was discovered some miles distant from the main track of the poor pilgrims, is supposed to have belonged to the ship's steward, as this class of men are generally neat in their dress, and a sailor would have adopted a much more simple arrangement. There are also various articles of plate, the greater portion of which is marked with Sir John Franklin's device, and two pocket chronometers in excellent preservation. A small silver watch, maker's name "A. Myers, London," probably belonged to some young mate or midshipman, and a worm-eaten roll of paper upon which the single word "Majesty" remains, was possibly the much prized warrant of some stout boatswain or quartermaster. There is a little amethyst seal in perfect preservation, and goggles and snow vails to protect the eyes from the dazzling whiteness of the polar snow. Two double-barreled guns, covered with rust, are placed far in on the table. They still contain the charges which were placed in them by hands which have long since lost their cunning. They are labeled "Loaded" in large letters, but still we should not be surprised to hear some day of an accident caused by the morbid curiosity of some foolish visitor. The books recovered are very few—they would, of course, succumb early to the rigors of exposure, but there is still well preserved a small edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," some religious poetry, and a French Testament, in the fly-leaf of which is written, in a delicate female hand, "From your attached—the appellation is obliterated—S. M. P." The open medicine chest contains all its bottles and preparations very little injured, and a little cooking machine has the fuel arranged, the sticks thrust thro' the bars ready for ignition, and lucifer matches at the side, as it might have been prepared over night for the morning cooking. It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest and importance of all these simple memorials; they tell a tale that will find its way to every heart, and many a painful, no doubt, will be the scenes to which they must give rise, when surviving friends behold in them the property of those whom they mourned in blank uncertainty. Lady Franklin has, we understand, already paid the collection frequent visits, and a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of London has identified in one of the scientic instruments the property of his long lost son.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic.

OUR LOCAL FORCES.—We are glad to see in the Royal Gazette signs that the Volunteer movement is not to be allowed to die out:—If any credit can be attached to the feeling manifested in all our English exchanges received yesterday, the sooner the Corps are equipped and drilled the better, for the voice of the English Press sounds unusually like the old cry, to arms, to arms.

The dock