

den turn in the Peticodiac, than to the stirring, thriving, and even beautiful village situated near its channel. The name of this village is Moncton. Than this, few places in the Province bid so fair to become of importance. Ship building is carried on here with some considerable degree of energy.—Messrs. G. & J. SALTER, of this city have built some fine vessels there, large in tonnage, and claiming a high character for beauty of model, among the many unsurpassed specimens of naval architecture launched from the shipyards of this colony. The village of Moncton presents the unmistakable indications, of attaining to the more important title of a town, at no very distant period. For this, its situation affords forcible facilities. The main road, the great artery of communication between the City of St. John to Bay de Verte, passes through it.—The distance of fifteen miles only, connects it with the harbour of Shediac, and consequently, with another port of the gulph shore, while the noble and productive Peticodiac laves its immediate sea-board, connecting it with the serrated shores of the Bay of Fundy. The buildings belonging to our Mission here are nearly new, comprising a good parsonage, and a beautiful chapel, the largest and best religious edifice in the village. I was happy to learn from Bro. ALLEN, that the Lord was blessing his labours among the people. These auspicious beginnings have since my visits been crowned with more ample success. In a letter recently received from our devoted Missionary, is communicated the following cheering intelligence:

"The Lord is carrying on a blessed work on this Circuit. There is now a revival for forty miles in extent, with but few exceptions. In Coverdale between thirty and forty young men and women have been converted, together with a considerable number of middle aged persons. In Little River settlement the work has been going on for three months gradually, and many there have become the subjects of the grace of God. At McFarlane's Village there is also a gracious work in progress. I have baptized by pouring, eighteen adults, and there are twelve waiting to be thus consecrated to God and His Church."

Eighteen and twelve make thirty—all baptized by pouring! Enough to shatter the nerves of the very catholic Editor of *The Christian Visitor* to atoms. But had they been all babies, such rabid spirits as the *Kentuckian Recorder*, and the urbane Dr. MACLAY, would, on reading, or hearing of the event, be placed beyond all endurance. The outrageous tales told by the latter, on his late visit to these Provinces made many of his milder brethren blush—were not believed by hundreds then—are not now—and never will. Some said he was a bigot. That was true. Others said he was crazy. That was charitable. And some even said that his statements set all credulity at defiance. On this I give no opinion. But leaving, without further remark, what the above worthy representatives of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," would call a "damning heresy," the "greatest curse of Christendom," and the "invention of the wicked one," but what minds, really baptized with the baptism of Christian love, would call an interesting, heavenly scene, I shall proceed to enumerate the further events of my tour.

Arriving at the Mission House rather late, on the day of my departure from St. John, the noon of night had well nigh come ere I could retire to rest.

A journey of fifty-two miles having to be performed on the ensuing day, and a tent-meeting for the benefit of the Sabbath School to be attended on our arrival, the necessity of the case required an early start. Morpheus had no coy subject with which to deal. He could not long, however, detain his guest.—By three o'clock I had torn myself away from his fond allurements, and though thus early in preparation for a movement onward, it was found that my travelling companion of former times was my rival in promptitude. We proceeded to Shediac, a distance of fifteen miles. Arriving there, we found some difficulty in arousing "mine host" from his slumbers. The night had been frosty, a little exercise, however, kept up a genial warmth, until the landlord had

provided us with a good fire, and an equally good breakfast. The necessary preparations accomplished, we re-commenced our journey. The rising sun enabled us to disencumber ourselves of our top-coats. The morning was beautifully serene, and the promise of a pleasant day's journey cheered us onward. Less than an hour's journey brought us to Cocaigne. How we were to cross the river, was to my view a problem. The top of the bridge was off, and the current between the piers running somewhat wildly. The mode of conveyance was an unsightly gondola, managed by an old man and his boy "Willy." The craft and crew on our arrival to the ferry were on the other side of the river.—The sight of us soon set the machinery in motion. The tedious, troublesome process of the operation afforded me time to take my survey. The management of the gondola, swept round as it was between the piers by the violence of the current, seemed to require all the strength and tact of the old boatman and his boy "Willy." This forced on my mind the inference, that to take the two waggons, horses, and passengers across in safety, would be more than they would be able to accomplish. Facts, however, were destined to prove that to give opinion in this case I was totally incompetent. We were soon placed in the gondola, horses, waggons, and all. The commander-in-chief took up his station in the forepart of the craft. Billy was stationed on the string-piece of the bridge with the end of a long rope in his hand. Br. Allen had to pay special attention to his horse, which gave strong symptoms of dislike to this mode of ferrying. All things thus ready, the Captain shoved off with the issuing of orders to the second in command on the narrow string-piece of the bridge. We started fairly and smoothly, until we came in contact with the current, when round swept the hindmost part of the gondola. "Hold on, Willy, hold on, Willy," was the steersman's watchword. Thus we wormed our way along from pier to pier, until we came to the channel of the river. Here the volume of water was much greater, with no visible abatement of its rapid flow. Now had come the critical period. Pause. For a moment imagine an unwieldy scow, loaded with two waggons, two horses, the ferryman, four passengers and their luggage, tied fast to a rope, the end of which was grasped by the hand of a mere lad. The channel stream had now fairly taken us. "Hold on, Willy," was the order still, uttered with additional emphasis. The scow swept round with redoubled violence.—Br. Allen's horse evinced greater symptoms of dissatisfaction. Willy held on to the rope with a tenacity to be exceeded by no animal of his size, either biped or quadruped—the father managed his long pole with marvellous dexterity. The only doubtful point was whether the rope would hold fast to Willy with as much fidelity as Willy held fast to the rope. It was stretched to its utmost tension, the severance of its strands seemed all but inevitable, which would have left us to the mercy of the stream, and exposed us at least to the hazard of disturbing the repose of the oysters which lay in hundreds of thousands on the bed of the river. The scow in wriggling its course across the dancing current touched on the fragment of an old pier. As quick as thought, Willy took a short turn around the scantling of the uncovered bridge, the ferryman in true amphibious style, took the water, disengaged the gondola, and soon landed us in safety on the other side of the river. During my missionary life I have crossed ferries in punts, in canoes, on rafts, and well nigh to my chin on foot, but never did I cross one in such an exciting and eccentric style as the ferry at Cocaigne. RICHARD KNIGHT.
St. John, N. B., Nov. 1851.

For the Wesleyan.
Wesleyan Academy, Mount Allison, Sackville, N. B.
December 3, 1851.

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION, COMMENCEMENT OF NEXT TERM, &c., &c.

The public examination of the Students in this Institution, which is to take place at the end of the present Term, will begin on Monday, the 15th, and close on Tuesday the 16th inst. The friends of education generally are respectfully invited to attend. In addition to the usual classes in the Primary Department,

there will be presented for examination others in *Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry, Scientific Agriculture, the French, Latin, and Greek Languages, Intellectual Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity, Composition, Declamation, &c., &c.*, in all nearly thirty.

The next Term is to begin on Thursday, the 8th January next; when we hope to have the privilege of welcoming a large number of new Students.

In the course of the Term which is about to end, we have been allowed to record nearly forty new names upon our register, giving us when added to those which had been transferred from the preceding Term, a larger number than we have had at this season of the year since the year 1848. But there is yet room for others, and we would earnestly urge upon all persons who are the parents or guardians of youth to give due consideration to the paramount importance of a good education to all who would occupy a respectable position in life, in this age of wonderfully increasing mental activity and wide spreading intelligence, and we would furthermore say to them, and we may do so, we think, not forgetting the claims of modesty, that here, thanks to private munificence, supplemented by well timed public assistance, an education may be obtained under circumstances at least as favorable in all respects as it can anywhere else in British America.

H. PICKARD.

Obituary Notice.

For the Wesleyan.

At Smith's Village, Peticodiac Circuit, on the 18th of July last, Mrs. ANNE SMITH, the beloved wife of Mr. Alexander Smith, after several years of suffering from a cancerous humour in the throat, endured with exemplary patience and Christian resignation. The deceased was the daughter of the late Mr. Woodworth, of Musclev Creek, Hillsboro'.—The writer became acquainted with the deceased in the year 1847, when stationed on Peticodiac Circuit. She was then considered at the gates of death from violent hemorrhage, but was happy in the love of God, having experienced religion about seven years before. She recovered, however, contrary to human expectation. At this period, she was not connected with any branch of the Christian Church. In 1849 two of her daughters became awakened, much to her satisfaction, and began to meet in the Class, which I at that time formed in the village; and not long after Sister Smith began as far as she was able to avail herself of that precious means of grace; and in the winter following, with two of her daughters, she was baptized by the writer in her own house, as the Roman centurion was. Acts x. 47, 48.

This was to her a season of great joy; the presence of God was in our midst, and the place was literally a place of weeping. From that period her more intimate connexion with us commenced, and she went on to the close of life rejoicing in God her Saviour.

Like numbers that have sat in their youthful days under the ministry of the advocates of immersion, she had at times in her younger days the impression that immersion was the proper mode of baptism; but after her conversion, her views became changed, and particularly after hearing the scriptural arguments in favour of pouring, so much so that it is believed she never had a doubt after her baptism; the approving smile of God so evidently rested on her soul in the ordinance.

I had the privilege of visiting the deceased often after this period, and invariably found her resting on Jesus, and patiently waiting, yea, cheerfully waiting, her change. The latter part of last winter her disease assumed a more aggravated form, and finally terminated her earthly course on the day mentioned. The following particulars of her conversion and last hours were written in answer to my inquiries by her husband:

"She never could realize her acceptance with God until about eleven years ago. It was while hearing a funeral sermon preached by the Rev. W. C. BEALS on the occasion of the death of the wife of George Steeves, Esq., of Hillsboro'. She told me afterwards that it was with great difficulty that she could refrain from shouting aloud the praises of God, and declaring what he had done for

her soul. On the morning before she died when asked by a friend if she had anything to say to her children, she answered that her prayer to God was that they all would seek the Lord with true repentance, and then prayed fervently for them as long as she could speak at that time. She had a great desire that her affliction and death might be sanctified to her children, and would frequently tell us not to weep, for our loss would be her eternal gain. She spoke many times of being very happy, and said not many minutes before she expired, that she felt that her lamp was trimmed, and her light burning, and she felt that she was going 'home' to rest from her suffering."

In compliance with her request the writer preached her funeral sermon to a large and deeply affected congregation at Hillsborough on the Sabbath following her decease.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, December 6, 1851.

Religious Newspapers.

Why is it that professing Christians take so little interest in the encouragement and support of religious newspapers? There is scarcely a county in the State, in which two political papers at least are not sustained by portions of the two great political parties in our country; while, on the other hand, leaving out of view our larger cities, there is rarely a religious paper in existence. A member of the church will subscribe for a paper which contains, miscellaneous, amusing, and trifling matter, sooner than one devoted entirely to the advancement of good morals, and the religion of the gospel. Many will purchase the floating useless, and worse than useless publications with which our book markets abound, and suffer them to be read in their families to the detriment of their sons and daughters, and refuse altogether to subscribe for a weekly or monthly journal, the perusal of which would prove of lasting benefit to their children and themselves. These are truths which the religious and church-going part of the community ought to ponder well.—There is no good reason why a religious newspaper should not be supported in every county in the State. And if Christians felt as they should feel, and manifested the same interest in the cause of their Master that they do in the petty political struggles of the day, there would no longer be any cause of complaint. We would not be understood as endeavouring to make interest for ourselves in these remarks. Our paper has not been long in existence, and although we have many reasons to complain of the backwardness of the religious community in not coming out as men and Christians should, to aid us in the attempt to elevate the standard of morals and religion in our growing city; yet, we have no reason to be discouraged. It is true, that we want more subscribers, more encouragement, and more capital; and if our friends,—we regard none as our enemies—did but realize the necessity of some powerful moral and religious influence to oppose the tide of iniquity which is daily becoming stronger and stronger in its flow, ours or some more worthy and efficient journal, would be amply sustained.

The above very appropriate remarks are copied from the *Buffalo Christian Advocate*. But the evil complained of, is not confined to the city of Buffalo alone, it is universal, and the remarks of our contemporary will apply with equal force to every part of our own community, if not to every part of Christendom. It is a matter of deep regret that there is so little consideration, so little consistency, so little principle, among the great bulk of professing christians in relation to this subject. The religious publications of the day, are, with very few exceptions, of a high order, have a high moral aim, and are directly calculated to promote the best interests of all classes; yet they receive no support from a vast majority of the christian community; while those publications, which not only do not profit, but are a bane and a curse, are extensively patronized. In this is fulfilled the declaration of Christ, that "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Papers merely secular in their nature, or which are got up with the view of promoting some worldly or political scheme, find no want of support, while those publications which are labouring to disseminate sound christian knowledge, to elevate public morals, to promote virtue, piety and religion, and all that can make a people great, prosperous and happy, are neglected. We would strongly commend this matter to the serious consideration of the christian community. It is time that the wrong sentiments which prevail so extensively should be corrected, and that christians at least should be brought to view the subject in its true light.—*Canada Christian Advocate*.

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