down the loftier lunar mountain-sides present at certain seasons a green colour, which they lose at the end of a few months. Thence he concludes that there exists a vegetation in the moon, coming at a season corresponding to our earthly spring, and going at a season corresponding to our autumn. Should this interesting fact receive final authenticity, it will certainly overthrow the commonly-received opinion that there is no water on the surface of the moon; for, since the vegetation seen by Schwabe is green, would not analogy suggest that it is the result of chemical combinations similar to those which produce the phenomena of our earthly vegetation?

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1861.

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 our correspondents.

Gold in Nova Scotia.

The recent discoveries of gold, in various parts of this Province, may probably lead to consequences of which, at present, we can form but little conception. This metal, in its intrinsic value, and in its history, reflects, like all His other works, the wisdom and goodness of the ever blessed God. Its known worth has stimulated the industry of men of all ages, conditions and climes. And though it may be charged with creating a "cursed thirst" on behalf of itself, and with leading more or less directly to every species of vice and iniquity, yet its evils are but accidents, and no more inherent in the thing or become necessarily associated with it, than they formed part of the design of its Author, when for our benefit He was laying it up in the bowels of the earth, thousands of years ago. Avarice and fraud are not essential in order to procure it; pride and prodigality need not be its accompaniments. God Himself puts forth the claim, "the silver and the gold are mine;" He declares that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and as a proof both that grace shall subdue the selfishness of human nature, and that the richest talents shall be used as instrumental causes of Messiah's universal reign, it is predicted that "to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba."

What a change has taken place in the arts and sciences, the literature, the polity, and the religion of the various nations of the world, during the last twenty years! And yet, of this, how much must be justly attributed, under Providence, to the discovery of the gold mines of California, Australia, and British Columbia. The overcrowded population of the old world has found an outlet into wilderness lands; where it has tilled the neglected soil, built cities, laid the foundations of future empires, extended the blessings of civilization, and carried the gospel to the ends of the earth. Reflex advantages equally great have resulted at home. An impetus has been given to manufactures, to education, to christian philanthropy. The world is greatly improved, as well as enriched, by the gold-fields, whose opening immortalized the middle of the nineteenth century.

The history of South America may convince us of the infinite wisdom which kept these treasures concealed, till the world was in a condition to require and to use them as capital, and not disposed, as the old Spaniards and Portuguese, to become indolent by wealth, and poor by indolence. Christianity is now such a power in the earth, leading to economy and diligence, by its law of entire consecration to the glory of God, that, whatever may occur in individual cases, the great result of all rich endowments, whether in mineral, or territorial, or intellectual wealth, must be to promote the divine ends—the reign of Jehovah and the happiness of man.

We congratulate our fellow-countrymen therefore, on the discovery of gold in several of the quartz rocks of Nova Scotia. The yield hitherto has been such, we believe, as will warrant the hope of at least remunerative labour, and that, in these dull times, is quite a consideration. We cannot tell however, whether it is wise in so many to push along with such celerity to Tangier, Lawrencetown, Lunenburg or elsewhere. Some will probably succeed in their designs; others will likely be disappointed. Nevertheless they who go must take things as they find them.

While we may safely leave it to the secular papers to inform us of the progress of events at the "diggings," we may perhaps be permitted to express the hope, that those of our readers and friends who enter upon this undertaking, will not fail to carry their religion with them, or to maintain it at all hazards while away from home. Their temptations will be new and numerous. Yet so, correspondingly, will be their opportunities for usefulness. Everywhere, the christian is to be the light of the world, and the salt of the earth. The very reason why he should let his light shine, is what people often think is an excuse for putting it under cover—the prevalence of moral darkness. To drop the metaphor, the christian ought to be distinguished for his purity, his love, and devotion, because there are so many around him that are unholy, mean, and wicked. A man may dig for gold, and yet show that he "seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." But then he must be a man of prayer, one who meditates in the law of God day and night, who remembers the Sabbath day to keep it holy, who, in a word, denies himself daily, taking up the cross, and following the example of the meek and lowly Jesus. All this may be done amidst the mammon worshippers of the gold mines; but it will require great decision and earnest prayer.

But after all the great point is to know and fulfil the course which divine Providence has assigned to us. The majority of men cannot be gold diggers, much less to any great extent gold holders, "They which are gorgeously apparelled and live delicately, are in kings' courts." But if the same industry with which the precious metal is sought after, be applied to the ordinary duties of life, and especially to the working out of our salvation, we shall surely obtain not only all of earthly good which it is best for us to have, but the pearl of great price besides. And "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Letter from England.

BRITISH CONFERENCE INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Conference elections have placed the Rev. John Rattenbury in the President's chair, and the Rev. John Farrar in the Secretaryship. Mr. Rattenbury had a majority of only twenty-three votes over Mr. Prest, the latter receiving the suffrages of one hundred and twenty-two members of the Conference, and the former having the suffrages of one hundred and forty-five. Mr. Prest was the favourite candidate of the younger members of the ministry, and will if his health and life be preserved, succeed at the next Conference to the honour which he so well deserves, and which he will wear with so much credit.

The new President cannot be much less than sixty years of age. In person he is tall and commanding. His voice is deep and full of pathos. His expression is somewhat sad, and to a stranger the first aspect would be that of asceticism. Mr. Rattenbury has been very successful as a Circuit Superintendent, and possesses very considerable financial and administrative ability. During the earlier years of his ministry he was distinguished as a Revivalist, and was one of the most powerful and popular preachers in Methodism. He was specially successful in the direction of penitent prayer meetings, and has been honoured of God for many years in this department of service. Latterly he has paid less attention to this class of work, advancing years, and the increasing pressure of Circuit and Connexional responsibilities having necessitated a more careful husbanding of his strength. Though he now enters upon the functions of the Presidency with the knowledge that well-nigh half the Conference voted for another candidate, he may be assured that he will receive the support and well-wishes of all, for it is notorious that the Wesleyan Conference, however divided in its opinions on minor questions, is one on the great question of a loyal respect to the chair.

The functions of the President of Conference are becoming year by year more arduous and important. The Wesleyan President is, in fact, the greatest spiritual chief in the world, so far as a direct identity with his flock is concerned. The headship of an Anglican Archbishop or even of a Romish Pope is not so immediate and personal. Such is the organization, such the wonderful independence of Methodism that every member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society throughout the world lives, in a sense, under the eye of the President of Conference. The political responsibilities of the President are growing year by year. He is the organ of communication betwixt the Wesleyan body and the Government of the country, and as such must be a man of great intelligence and weight. Doubtless, however, whatever may be requirements of the position, we shall always have men equal to the emergency.

Mr. Farrar, who, without disparagement to the abilities of his predecessors in office, is the ablest Secretary which the Conference has had, was re-elected by a majority of two hundred and seventeen votes. The vacancies in the Legal Hundred caused by death and superannuation were five, four of which were filled up by seniority, and one by nomination. The most popular nominees were the Rev. Samuel R. Hall, and John H. James, the former of whom was elected by a small majority. Mr. Hall is a youngish man, all men being *young* in the Conference who have not passed their fiftieth year, and is one of the ablest debaters in the body. No question of importance is mooted during the session which does not secure his attention. He is profoundly versed in Methodist history and usage, and has delivered some very able speeches. His strong metallic voice is never listened to without respect.

The sittings of the Conference this year are being held in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the metropolis of the north of England. The Newcastle Conference is generally thin, in consequence of the distance of the town from the southern and western districts. Brunswick Chapel, a plain but beautiful structure, is admirably adapted for holding the Conference. Standing back from the thoroughfare it is comparatively quiet, and the business is not disturbed as in some towns, by the din of trade and the sound of wheels. The platform presents about the same appearance as it did last year. On the right of the platform is the Ex-President, looking none the worse for a year of office, and on his right are the Presidents of former years, profanely called by some Conference jokers, double X and trebie X! Among them is Dr. Waddy, wearing his new doctorate with quiet grace, but always looking somewhat quizzical when any orator gives the "handle" to his name; Mr. Principal Scott, imperturbable as ever, a perfect mine of wisdom and goodness too; Mr. Governor West, keenly attentive to every question before the house, and every now and then whispering some bright sally to his friend Dr. Waddy; Dr. Hannah, with the modest dignity which has distinguished his bearing in the Conference and everywhere else for many a year; Thomas Jackson, with silvery hair and almost angelic face, with eye undimmed and heart glowing with the warmth of youth, often brushing away a tear when reference is made to one of the great dead, or when a speaker kindles with his subject; John Bowers, the model of courtesy and grace; John Lomas, who sits as though his thoughts were everywhere rather than in the Conference, but who starts up now and then, and with one brilliant and flashing sentence indicates how well he is "up" with all that is going on. On the President's left sits Mr. Farrar, the Secretary, who seems as though no weight of business or of years can make him look one hour older. Mr. Farrar must really be in possession of some wondrous life-pill, or some secret recipe for securing perpetual youth, for all who know him declare that he has looked for the last twenty years just as he looks now. Perhaps the true secret is a contented, well-balanced mind, under the influence of a hallowing and simple devotion.

On Mr. Farrar's left sit the Presidents of the future, who now occupy the subordinate but highly important offices of sub-secretaries and letter writers. Among these are W. L. Thornton, John Bedford, John H. James, Dr. Osborn, William Arthur, Dr. Jobson, William M. Punshon, (who figures in the Watchman of yesterday as a Master of Arts,) and others. Below the platform, in all sorts of attitudes and groups, and occasionally in very considerable disorder, sit, stand, and loll the Ministers of the Conference at large. The front seats are generally occupied by the old men, many of whom are somewhat deaf. Here and there, wherever specially comfortable pews are to be found, are the Secretaries of the various Connexional Funds, almost buried in Schedules and red tape. Hovering on the extreme edge of the crowd, often unable to hear what is going on, and possibly dreaming of future eminence, are the younger ministers. Such is the picture of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1861 in solemn session assembled.

The preliminary Committees have been remarkably well attended. Though many leading and influential members of by-gone years have passed away. The attendance of the laity this year has been far above the ordinary average. This is partly owing to the growth of our organization and the consequent multiplication of official positions,—but mainly to the new plan of holding the Conference Committees. An arrangement has been made for limiting the time allotted to Committees, and compressing several into one day. This new arrangement has interfered considerably with the oratory on these occasions, but it has led to a closer regard to the business, and has induced more laymen to attend, as thus a few days suffice to give them an insight into the working of each Fund and Institution.

It will be impossible for me to give your readers anything like an adequate report of this year's Committees,—in truth the most interesting features of the Conference, inasmuch as they present in detail the sum of our Connexional work. The Educational Committee met on Monday morning,—and though the day and the hour were both inopportune the attendance was large. The Secretary presented a cheering report of the financial department,—the collections and subscriptions having advanced nearly two hundred and fifty pounds,—and there being a balance in hand of forty-six pounds,—a very unusual phenomenon in the history of a Methodist Fund. Several interesting statistics were given by the Secretary:—The number of Day Schools under the Committee's control is 560,—the total number of Day Scholars is 73,163. Both these items show a large increase. The sum expended in the stipends of Teachers was £32,626. The total expenditure over Day Schools was £45,649. The weekly pence of the scholars furnished towards this expenditure the sum of £27,707. The Report of the Sunday Schools was equally gratifying. There are 4617 such schools connected with the Wesleyan Conference,—494,489 scholars are receiving instruction from Sabbath to Sabbath—and 89,418 Teachers are being employed in this work. A most encouraging fact in the Report is that the increase of Scholars who are members of Society is 3525,—the present number of Teachers who are members being 64,291.

A great deal was said in the Committee on the new government proposals for Education,—proposals which evidently do not quite please the heads of our Educational department. Resolutions of thanks to the officers &c. were passed as usual,—and the Committee in their Report acknowledged with gratitude the benevolence and faithful services of two of the most earnest supporters of the Educational scheme,—who have died during the year,—Mr. Farmer, and Mr. Lidgett. Both these gentlemen established flourishing Schools at their own expense,—and their loss will be long and deeply felt.

The Committee on Chapel Affairs met on Monday afternoon. The Report was read by the Rev. John Bedford, who has gifts enough to make a first-rate Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many of the details of his Report may seem dry, but they are the representatives of life in the Church, and intimately associated with the spread of religion. Since the Conference of 1860, the Committee has sanctioned plans for the erection of 100 new chapels, at the estimated cost of £87,206: 28 new school-houses, at a cost of £17,584; and enlargements, &c., at a cost of £24,000. Such is the programme of the new year. During the year, 213 erections, enlargements, &c., have been completed, with an outlay of £96,844. The sum of £44,899 has been expended in the reduction and extinction of debts. Thus the total sum spent on Wesleyan Trust property during the year has been £141,743. Or if the temporary debts remaining on property built during the year, and the Committees' loans, and Government grants be deducted, *the net amount actually raised and paid* for Wesleyan Chapel and School purposes during the year 1860-1 is £113,484.

The Home Mission Committee assembled on Tuesday morning. The Committee recorded their deep sense of loss in the death of the Rev. Thomas Dicken, one of the Secretaries, and passed a resolution of sympathy with the widow and children of the deceased. Mr. Prest's statement of the working of the Mission was most thrilling. Thirty-three Home Missionary Ministers were appointed by the last Conference to various stations in England and Scotland.—These young men, during the nine months of their work have paid more than forty thousand visits to the dwellings of the poor and the depraved. The work of the Mission has been prosecuted with great vigor, and many chapels and temporary buildings have been erected in spiritually destitute neighbourhoods. 162 cottage services are held in connection with the Mission every week, and 670 persons are regularly engaged under its direction in the spreading of religion. 86 Society classes have been established, and 13 Bible classes formed. An increase of 1,194 members has been gathered this year in the Circuits on which Home Missionary Ministers are stationed.

Twenty additional applications for Home Missionary Ministers have been sanctioned by the District Meetings. A newly formed Circuit in London, comprising some of the lowest population in the marshes and by the Victoria docks, is to be supported by the Home Mission Fund, and two Ministers are to be appointed forthwith.

The meeting of the Theological Institution Committee was marked by a very affecting episode, the retirement of the venerable Theological Tutor, Thomas Jackson. A resolution of thanks having been passed with great feeling, Mr. Jackson, who could scarcely speak through emotion, rose to reply, the whole meeting standing reverently to listen to his utterances. After alluding to his service of 57 years, and recording his undeviating attachment to Methodism, the venerable man concluded by saying: "Let me say, as if I were in the midst of a Methodist Love-feast, I am happy in God, I have known my sins forgiven for sixty years. I enjoy the sweetness of the Saviour's love, and it is as sweet now, in my old age, as it was in my teens, when I first found peace with God. Oh, for an increase of spiritual religion in our Societies! Oh, for a ministry thoroughly converted in its character, its tendencies, its desires! I wish I were better entitled to the kind expressions which my friends present have given utterance to; but at the close of a long and laborious life, my language is: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I trust to go to Heaven as a sinner saved by grace, as all genuine Methodists have done from the beginning."

I must postpone the detail of the proceedings of the other Committees until my next. On Thursday evening the Conference was open. The Newcastle people availed themselves well of the privilege, and the deputations from affiliated Conferences were received. Dr. Jobson who has recently returned from Australia fairly outstripped himself, and carried the vast audience away in a burst of feeling.

I will send you further particulars by the next mail.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.

DEAR SIR:—On Wednesday evening last we had a very interesting Leaders' meeting in Brunswick Street Vestry.—The Rev. Mr. Addy in the Chair.—The Master was there and I trust we all felt encouraged by his experience and advice to seek a larger baptism of the Holy Spirit, that thus being prepared, we might labour more earnestly and successfully in the Church of Christ. Since then I have read the following excellent remarks in a religious periodical, which I send you, hoping you will give them a place in the Provincial Wesleyan as early as convenient, that my brethren may be profited by their perusal—as I trust I have been.

Yours truly, A. M.

Halifax, August 10.

Be Thorough.

If you are making efforts to promote revivals, as we trust you are, let your work be done *thoroughly*. A surgeon who cuts out a cancer, but, for fear of hurting the patient, leaves enough of the roots remaining to keep the disease alive, until it finally proves fatal, would be severely censured. If your own beloved child were the sufferer, you would say, "Never mind the screams, doctor, make a perfect cure." But few men have sufficient nerve to make skilful surgeons,—none without a mighty baptism of the Spirit of God, have enough to deal faithfully with souls. It requires courage, and a large degree of disinterested love to say to those whose outward life is in the main correct, and who are making a creditable profession of religion, and yet who, as you have every reason to believe, have "lost their first love," and now have a name to live while they are dead, that they are in danger of being lost. But deal faithfully with them. Be kind, but firm. Tell them, weeping, that they are the "enemies of the cross of Christ." If saved, they will love you. They will be your truest and firmest friends. If they reject your warning and turn away in anger, the smiles of Jesus upon your well-meant endeavors will more than compensate you for the losses you incur. Unswerving fidelity is the price which every one must pay for his friendship.

BE THOROUGH WITH PENITENTS.

Do not deal slightly. One of the most critical periods in the history of an immortal soul, is when it is under the awakening of the Holy Spirit. Under such circumstances one needs help. The convicted Saul is sent for instruction to the converted Ananias. If the penitent be not dealt faithfully with, he will, in all probability, soon be in a more hopeless condition than he was before. A few years will find him either a confirmed sceptic, a Pharisee, a sectarian and a bigot. He will be too far off to be reached, or too strongly fortified to be wounded by the sword of the Spirit. As then, you love souls, and would not be held responsible for their eternal damnation, deal faithfully with them. Insist upon a repentance that goes to the very bottom, that leads the sinner to the abandonment of every sin, and that prompts to restitution to every human being that has been wronged, no matter how long ago, or to how small an extent.

"In the court of heaven,
One may not be pardoned
And retain the offence."

Confession is one of God's conditions of forgiveness. And the confession must be as broad as the offence. If we have transgressed against our fellow men as well as against our Maker, confession to God alone will not answer. Humbling as it may be, we must acknowledge our fault to the persons we have wronged, and make all the reparation in our power. Insist upon it. Bring God's truth upon this point to bear upon the conscience.

Tell the penitent what God says about nonconformity to the world,—how pride will just as certainly exclude one from the kingdom of heaven, as any other sin. Ask those who evidence a desire for salvation if they are willing, in dress, as in all other things to conform themselves to the requirements of God. The issues of life and death are often suspended on very small matters. A little spark, escaping through a little opening in a chimney may kindle a large fire. A small breach in the wall may admit the enemy that destroys a large and powerful city. So a little sin may bring to nought the most promising beginnings in religion.

DEAL FAITHFULLY WITH BACKSLIDERS.

They may be pardoned. But they must seek forgiveness like other sinners. It is a common and fatal mistake to encourage backsliders to hope that they may, by discharging religious duties, "grow up" into the enjoyment of religion. They commence praying, attending upon the ordinances and supporting the church, and soon mistake the self-complacency they feel in the discharge of a duty, for the favor of God; and the greater fluency with which, from practice, they are enabled to speak and pray, as an evidence of "growth in grace." They feel quite proud of the dead uniformity in their religious experience which results from their destitution of the Holy Spirit, and congratulate themselves, that they do not have such "ups and downs" as others do. Their want of feeling they call "living by principle," and as the Devil does not tempt them as he did when they were really in the way to heaven, they conclude that they are more pious than they were in former years, when the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts, "by the Holy Ghost given unto them." They become confirmed Pharisees, self-complacent bigots, determined opponents of the real work of God. Deal faithfully then with backsliders. The command of Jesus to one who had lost his first love was, "*Remember* therefore from whence thou art fallen—AND REPENT AND DO THE FIRST WORKS."

Be thorough with your own heart, and with your most devoted backsliders. If the revival influence begins to subside before the congregation generally, except such as persistently resist the Spirit of God, are saved, persuade the labourers to humble themselves a little lower at the foot of the cross, and get a deeper baptism of the Holy Spirit. Set them the example. Just as long as that result can be secured the work of God will go on. *There is nothing that convicts sinners like a thorough breathing down among professors.* Be thorough then. Work for eternity! God help us!—*Earnest Christian.*

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

The Bazaar and Tea-Meeting at Sambro.

There were anxious eyes that, early awake, gazed with apprehension on the heavy clouds that skirted the horizon, and cast a gloom o'er the early dawn that ushered in the Sambro festival.

A bazaar and Tea-Meeting had never been known there within the memory of the oldest inhabitant: and what wonder then that they should be looked forward to with almost childish eagerness by those who, unsophisticated by the conventionalities of city life, were prepared to enter with the utmost enthusiasm into the innocent amusements that were to characterize this festal day.

The early dawn was, as we have intimated, cloudy, giving promise of abundance of showers,—but the doubts of some, and the prognostications of others, were speedily put to flight, as the sun, arising in all its splendour, diffused its cheerful light o'er the scene; its sparkling rays, reflected back in the magnificent sheet of water, touching with their glory the white-sailed boats that dotted here and there the wide expanse, and bathing in softest hues the distant wood-crowned heights, clad in all the verdant tints of summer.

At an early hour the hamlet was astir, the scene of the festivity being at some distance from the principal dwellings. Some in their boats, with oars quickly cleaving the blue waters of the harbour, sooner arrived at their destination; while others preferred the shady road, gay with wild flowers, and musical with the song of birds; until, arrived at length, a gate surmounted by a pretty arch of spruce intwined with flowers, led to the appointed place. On an eminence, shaded by trees and commanding a fine view of the harbour, was fixed a large tent, where, on tables decorated with flowers, were arranged a number of useful and fancy articles, most of them the products of Sambro industry, while the tempting array of refreshments provided, in quality and abundance vied with similar occasions in the city—and far surpassed them in the very reasonable prices affixed to their purchase.

Our city bazaars, from their too frequent repetition, have been for the most part weary and monotonous scenes; and it was worth a dozen such as these to mark the eagerness and delight with which the people entered into this, to them novel amusement—the cheerfulness and generosity which characterized the purchasers; some, lading themselves with refreshments, would call to their comrades to partake with them—and away the merry party would fly to the welcome shade of trees, and beneath their spreading boughs enjoy, with appetites unspoiled by luxurious fare, and stimulated by the delicious sea-breeze that kindly tempered the sun's rays—the good things that had been provided for them.

Genial gladness beamed from every countenance, and the only regret we heard expressed was from the lips of a sturdy fisherman, who declared the day was going all too fast, and he only wished it could be lengthened out to three or four weeks.

About two o'clock many eyes were anxiously turned in the direction of the harbour, awaiting the appearance of the steamer Neptune, that had been engaged for the occasion, and after a little trial of patience, the cry was heard, "It is coming!" and away sped the crowd, eager to see and welcome the strangers from the city, who, glad of respite from its dust and turmoil, had resolved to spend a few hours among the scenes of nature.

After a short interval, accompanied by many new faces, the crowd flocked back to the tent, and the business of selling proceeded with smiling rapidity, until the announcement of tea being ready sent numbers in the direction of the school-house, which had been decorated for the occasion, and where a most plentiful meal awaited the hungry and wearied guests.

But the slowly declining sun warned those who were at a distance from their homes that the day was wearing apace, and after a somewhat hurried sale, one of our citizens kindly volunteering as auctioneer, the active little steamer again bore its living freight back to the city, all of them, we might venture to say, well pleased with their novel trip.

Slowly passed the steamer, watched by eager eyes, until lost in the distance; and then a goodly group gathered around the school-house: some, whose many duties had hitherto prevented them, now partaking of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and others merrily discussing the events of the day, and congratulating each other that it passed off so harmoniously, and with such profitable results.

But just as the group were on the eve of dispersing, a request was made by a member of the party for the recitation of some verses taught (by a kind American lady, who, together with her relations, had been chiefly instrumental in planning and carrying forward the Bazaar), to a little girl, native of Sambro.

They were addressed to the minister, who expected to leave almost immediately for a distant circuit, and were exceedingly appropriate, though not original, having been composed for a similar occasion. We gathered around the stand on which the little girl was elevated, and a breathless silence reigned, while, in childish yet touching accents, she repeated the following pathetic stanzas:

"Our pastor is going away, friends,
To the stranger's shadowy hearth,—
Though our love and sympathy still are his,
Adieus are his lot on earth;
He has led us on with a gentle hand,
Ever seeking the good of our little band.

Since he came as our teacher here friends,—
Only one short year agone,—
He has cheered us on with his heavenly smile,
With his manner grave and firm;
He has won our love and trust forever,
We may lose his happy counsels never.

Pray God we may meet him again, friends—
His time with us now is o'er;
To a stranger flock he will go friends,
Travelling on to the sunny shore.
When we all have passed the chilling river,
We shall meet at last in joy forever.

We may look to God through the change, friends,
Our loss will be other's gain—
'Tis a low, sweet song that lures to heaven,
Though oft' time sad the refrain;
We'll stay our tears while we say good-bye,
For we'll meet in joy beyond the sky."

There was a pause for a few moments, as the closing words died on the ear, rendered more impressive by the shadows of night stealing o'er the landscape. Both pastor and people were evidently affected by the sentiments to which they had been listening. At length, with a gentle and kind "Thank you, thank you, dear!" from the lips of the Minister, the happy group silently and slowly dispersed, thankful we trust for the innocent enjoyment of the day, yet not indisposed for reflection on the superior joys of that happy abode, where once safely entered, "the parting word shall pass our lips no more."

—*Communicated.*

New York Young Men's Christian Association.

Last Sabbath evening a meeting was held at the Rev. Dr. Hague's Church, Madison Avenue, corner of 31st street, to consider what can be done to advance the spiritual interests of the sick and wounded soldiers at Washington. The elegant and spacious edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity by an intellectual and fashionable assembly.

Rev. Dr. Hague, presiding, opened the service by giving out the 17th Psalm, and delivered an impressive prayer.

Mr. Nash, Secretary, made some pertinent remarks in reference to the doings of the Association. He read a telegram from the Army Committee at Washington, stating the great need of supplies for the material and spiritual wants of the soldiers in the hospitals. For promoting the objects of the Association, religious books and papers were circulated, twenty-five thousand of *The Soldiers' Hymn Book* had been given away, and more would be forwarded as fast as the press could supply them.

Prayer-meetings were held in the barracks of New York and vicinity with marked success. A member of the Army Committee had conducted a correspondence with most of the chaplains of the army, in which they applauded the work of the Association. Letters were read urging that none but ordained ministers should be appointed as chaplains; also stating that the delegation of the Association was warmly greeted by the wounded and dying soldiers in the hospitals.

Rev. Dr. Tyng followed with an eloquent address, and an earnest appeal in behalf of the noble efforts of the Association. He alluded to a remark he had made on a similar occasion on the previous Sunday evening, that at the moment he was then speaking, possibly many were giving up their lives as a sacrifice for their country. It proved a terrible reality. But victory could never fly to the banners of those who broke that holy day of God; and he for one, could not stand by a man or a government that disdained the will and command of God. There were numerous instances of the curse of God upon such desecration. Napoleon commenced the battle of Waterloo on Sunday; the British troops advanced upon New Orleans on Sunday. Through all history the assailing party upon God's day has always been defeated.

Rev. Everett Purse, chaplain of the 71st Regiment, who was in the battle of Bull's Run, delivered an impressive address, stating his experience. In opening he said:—"It seems to me, my friends, that I am in a dream, so strange and vivid is the contrast between the scene which presents itself before me, and that which I looked upon on that dark Sunday night one week ago. On that Sabbath morning the long lines of our army, as daylight broke upon it, went with resolute and quick steps, and in excellent spirits along the dusty roads through the winding path of the forest; and with a singing cheer, charged up the hill to the attack. Notwithstanding they had marched fourteen miles, and the last half-mile had been on the double-quick, and they had had nothing to eat since Saturday at six o'clock P. M., I saw them sappers and heard their volley as they met the troops of Alabama and the Zouaves of Louisiana, and then in a few hours how changed was that scene. The time that Sabbath night, dispirited, wounded, limping, halting, straggling, that army was pressing its way to Washington. I agree with my friend and brother, and with the remarks made by eminent men in Washington, that the battle ought never to have been fought on the Sabbath day. But I shall say of that battle, and shall write against it in my book of dates—'Sunday July 21st, 1861; a politicians' battle was fought at Bull's Run, and we were defeated.' Scott alone resisted the surges until compelled finally to give way. And the soldiers say:—'Place him in front and we will attack the jaws of death, but we will not attack a regiment of cows with a political general.'" He concluded with an earnest and touching appeal for the wounded and dying soldiers.

Rev. Dr. Hague on the Sunday previous was at Albany, and in conversation said:—"I earnestly hope our troops on the field will rest; and if they do not, they will be beaten." It was a sort of prophecy; but as college says: "Principle is the germ of prophecy." This has been a great lesson, and let New York speak in tones of thunder in condemnation of fighting on such a day as that. A benediction was then pronounced.

—*Methodist.*

Missouri.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

Our religious services all over the State are mostly suspended. Some preachers have, for the time being, left the State; others are stopping in Union settlements, and a few are preaching regularly, though some preach in one or two places on a circuit. No Quarterly Meetings are now held. Three of our Presiding Elders are chaplains, and doing good service. One preacher is chaplain, and with three men and a boy, took twenty-five prisoners, and marched them to the boat. A secessionist who refused to let his team go to haul the wounded, he brought to terms at once by presenting his pistol to his head, which produced conviction; this was Bro. Pile. Gen. Lion presented him with a fine horse, as an expression of high regard. Bro. Pile is a devout Christian, but he is also a good soldier and a good preacher. Bro. Brooks, of this city, will, I presume, take a chaplaincy within a few days. If so, I will step into this pulpit for the present, to meet the want.

As to the poor Central, we have now nearly 11,000 subscribers, which would support us, for we aim never to draw the money General Conference appropriated to assist us. But the times may press us, and next year will be to us a hard one. Our Missouri work must be reconstructed. But when the rebellion is crushed out, the State will be before us, with encouraging prospect of success. The body of the Southern Methodists go for the rebellion. Yet there are many exceptions. A number of the laymen in this city have ceased to be members with them, and are anxious to form a congregation under the old banner. So I hear of like events elsewhere. Our cause is of God, and I believe will succeed in this State.

On severals occasions, it did seem that our city must be drenched in blood. About the first week in January the secessionists, under the Governor, had arranged to seize the arms in the Arsenal, and some $350,000 in the sub-treasury, put them in a boat, and ship them to New Orleans. This was detected and prevented. On Saturday, 16th of February, a resolution was passed in our Senate, for the Governor to take charge of our city on the 18th, and control the elections for the Convention; this failed in the House. All the Union men in the city supplied themselves with arms to protect themselves from the organized Minute men, who were armed to sustain the Governor in his treason, and conquer the Union men. When Mr. Lyon came into command, and on the 10th of May took Gen. Frost and his rebel prisoners, there was no small stir in the city. The Democrat office was threatened. Our little depository of books, and our office, would be next to suffer. A good deal of gossip was current, whether the agents would not move the books, and distribute the Central between the Western and Northwestern. I had no fears, yet I was ready. I and one of the printers slept in my office all winter; not however, to keep guard, but for other reasons. My family remained, and remains at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. When I received this appointment, the Central was pronounced and believed by many to be irrevocably dead, &c. I did not want to move until there were good signs of life, if that ever would be. When our subscriptions in January indicated life, the war was on us, and families here were in terror. I did not want my family here until times changed, so my office was my bedroom. All our printers were armed, and every one else. I had none, and indeed knew not how to use them. But the boys could use pistols, rifles and other weapons. Our friends here, hearing the gossip about the Central and the books, thought no indication of retreat should be manifested, as this might be a prelude to a total desertion of our cause in the State. So I thought; and to assure them, no one, not even the agents should be allowed to touch the books or the Central, unless this was done under the fire of our pistols and rifles, for there was a body of men ready to defend our office, if necessary. But there was no demand for this, and I had no fear there would be, though I used such language as the above. I would however, assure the readers of the Herald, that I had no fear, or reason for fear, that the agents would take such steps. They have done their utmost to assist me in sustaining the Central, and I am sure they will continue to do so to the last. I make these explanations lest the readers of the Herald might think, from Bro. Cobleigh's account of the matter, in repeating my defiant expressions, that the Book Agents were not cordial in this cause. No men, I assure the public, could be more cordial than they are. Yet Bro. Cobleigh reported as he heard the matter.

Such now is the state of affairs in Missouri that no half-way measures are of any avail. We must here stand for our rights, with sword and pistol and cannon in hand, if need be. And it is now a settled judgment with us here, that secession, *alias* rebellion, or treason to the best government in the world, has a moral malignity in it that no one can be adequately aware of, unless he is a personal witness of it, by living in the midst of it. The common bloody murders occasionally occurring, are innocent compared to the acts of leading rebels. The newspapers cannot describe the moral abyss of their more than Judaic treachery. It must be seen in its act, heard in its moral blasphemies, and felt in its diabolic cruelty, in order to be known as it is. Happy is New England to be far from it. We live or die here at our posts. Life itself would seem to be no boon from heaven, if the stripes and stars of the Union are trampled on never to rise. CHARLES ELLIOTT.

St. Louis, Mo. July 22, 1861.

Mr. Farmer's Will.

This distinguished layman of the Wesleyan Church, whose death we notice some time since, among numerous others in the following bequests: To the Wesleyan Missionary Society, $2000; British and Foreign Bible Society, $2000; Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, $2000, to be appropriated by a committee of the said conference at its first meeting after the testator's decease, in whatever manner it may deem best; Strangers' Friend Society, of which he was treasurer, $2000; London City Mission, $1,250; Wesleyan Home Mission and Contingent Fund, $1,250; Wesleyan Ministers and their Widows' Auxiliary Fund, $1,250; the College Chapel, to which he has already given $1,250 (a legacy of $1,250; Wesleyan Normal School, Westminster, $500, having previously given $2,500 to the Wesleyan Theological Institution.) All legacies are to be free of legacy duty."

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic.

GOLD.—Tangier has almost lost its attractions from the extraordinary richness of the new "Diggins" discovered at Five Ovens, Lunenburg. Parties digging or rather washing the sand there have each found about an ounce of gold in a day—and an ounce is worth £4 17s 6d. This is making good wages.

A quarrel arose between those first on the ground and parties arriving subsequently. The *Chronicle* says:—

"The Government adopted the promptest measures to rectify and disputes occurring, by obtaining from Admiral Milne the use of the steamer *Nimble*, which, with his usual civility, was immediately placed by his Excellency at the disposal of the Executive.

"The Hon. Mr. Howe, the Attorney General, the Receiver General, and the Hon. Mr. Locke, with the Commissioner of Crown Lands, left by this steamer early on Saturday morning for Lunenburg, and returned on Sunday evening. The difficulties had been greatly magnified and order was restored forthwith; regulations were prepared and issued, and all parties were left harmoniously engaged in their new occupation.

"Among others, W. Cunard, Esq., visited the "Ovens" by the *Nimble*, and returned with the party. The beach washings are yielding very abundantly. One man, by the crudest machinery, washes an ounce of gold a day out of the sand on the sea-side.

"Lots are laid of 33 x 30 feet. Mr. Cunard took up 70 lots, mostly in the rear, paying at the rate of £5 for each as a yearly rental. He returned home with the party on Sunday evening, bringing some beautiful specimens, about the size of what is commonly called *duck shot* only flatted, and all kinds of shapes, more resembling slugs than shot. We saw a small vial of these, heavy as so much quicksilver, in Mr. Cunard's possession, gathered by himself, though somewhat intermixed with dust and gravel.

"Last evening, Mr. Cunard left again with one of his own steamers fully equipped for operations. A house frame, 20 feet square, all fitted, had been prepared on Monday. A picked set of men, a dredging machine, and every imaginable appliance, all on board, left yesterday the 5th, for the Washings, Mr. Cunard personally in charge. About 150 men are busy at these diggings and washings, and 200 lots have been already disposed of. From the lay of the land, it is supposed that these rich washings and deposits extend for fully a couple of miles along the coast.

"We learn that hundreds of men have gone to Lunenburg from Hants and Kings Counties. We would not be surprised if there were two thousand people at the "Ovens" by the first of next week. The Southern coasts of our province promise to make up for their proverbial unproductiveness.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

A NOVA SCOTIAN AT THE BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN.—The Eastern Chronicle publishes a very interesting letter from a young Nova Scotian, formerly a member of the Halifax Scottish Volunteer Rifle Company, who joined the N. Y. 79 Highland Regiment some time ago, and was present throughout the battle of Bull's Run on the 21st ult.

In the course of his letter he says:—"I received a copy of the *Reporter* which you were kind enough to send me. Only think of the *Reporter* being read in the back woods of Virginia."

We may also mention that we notice by the original letter, which we have now under our hand, that it was intended for insertion in this paper; for he expresses this wish:—"Get it printed in the Halifax paper; I would prefer the Reporter." The writer is now in Boston, having obtained his discharge. In a letter dated Aug. 2nd—a week latter than the one before referred to—he speaks in these terms:—"The attack at Bull's Run, on the part of the Federal army, was made in a most disgraceful manner; no Generalship at all was displayed. Every brigade apparently fought on its own hook. Ours consisting of the 69th, 79th and 13th N. Y., and 2nd Wisconsin Regiment was completely cut up, as you, doubtless, know by this time. Our brigade lost about 900 men; but of the actual losses you will never get a true account. I am quite positive. Although I am willing to fight, I feel little inclination to be butchered by political generals who do not know order arms from shoulder arms, and yet have been placed in command by the U.S. "Government." He possesses some relics of the fight, in the shape of a knife and a Railroad check which he took from the body of one of the Virginia Rebel