hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, some of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, starfish, white shark, and blue or shovel nose shark were often seen. There were also fish that resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possess was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon-fish, from four to five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protruded like those of a frog. Another fish is spotted like a leopard, and from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.—*Panama Star and Herald.*


# Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, DEC'R 23, 1868.


## The "Messenger."

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Messenger*, in last week's issue, notices our remarks of three weeks ago in reply to his statement on close communion. He would rather we would allow all that he is pleased to put forth on this question to pass in silence; and is not gratified that we devoted a column for his benefit. He does not apprehend that a full discussion of this subject is desirable at present. We are not at all sanguine that he is yet ready for a renunciation of his cherished idol, though satisfied that the way is being prepared for this, and that it requires but time, or a slight change of circumstances to bring it about. When our contemporary is inclined to take up this question, we shall not fail to do our duty, as we have "abundant material" for this purpose. Controversy is by no means an agreeable element to us. We never wish to have to do with it, except as the defence of the truth demands such service at our hands. But when necessary, we shall be found at our post. We may just remind our brother that in all he utters in support of his position, he comes in contact with all churches of the Baptist faith and order who practise open communion; and further, that in his repeated assertions as to the close communionism of Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists, he is widely, very widely astray. We strongly re affirm that these several churches welcome to the Lord's table true christians of every name. We have not the slightest desire to place our Baptist brethren in an unfavourable light before our readers. We esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake. Were we over-sensitive in regard to their dogmatism on the water question, we see enough from week to week to excite our irritibility. But we exercise Christian forbearance, and earnestly pray that they, and we, and all churches in the true faith of Jesus, may imbibe more and more of the spirit of the divine Master, and be more abundantly honoured in the work of the world's evangelization.

"ERROR CORRECTED."

The *Messenger*, in making correction of an error committed by him a fortnight since in relation to the finances of Methodism, deals with the matter rather *ingeniously*, though certainly not as *ingenuously* as we had hoped. It would surely have been the more excellent way frankly to confess his error, instead of saying "If it be an error." He was in his former article addressing Nova Scotia Baptists, and certainly his remarks were intended to leave the impression that the Methodists of the Province received aid from the Home Connexion annually to the extent of $20,000. We showed that Nova Scotia did not receive one fourth of that amount. He replies that probably the other Provinces included in the Conference received the rest of the sum named, and adds in italics, "*Were we then in error? We think not.*" Whether this is the frankness and christian candour we had reason to hope for from the *Messenger* we leave our readers to judge.

We do not wish to cherish the thought that our contemporary has committed an intentional misrepresentation. Yet we cannot account for his blundering; for with the Minutes of Conference before him he could see at a glance that the grant from the Parent Connexion for our whole work in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Labrador and the Bermudas, is not $20,000 as he stated, but simply $13,315.62; while the Methodists of these Provinces, in addition to the support given for their Ministry, and their contributions to other funds, raised for the General Missionary Society last year the sum of $11,323.35.

The application intended by the closing sentence of our contemporary's remarks, we do not clearly apprehend. He says, "We shall be glad of any further correction from our brother who is so much interested in open communion matters." What our difference on "open communion" has to do with a truthful representation of the finances of Methodism, we cannot see; unless he means to admit that if we had allowed his statements on open communion to pass unchallenged, he would not on the question of finance, have sought to place our denomination "in an unfavorable light before his readers." We shall be happy to give our brother all information as to our operations. Everything in connection with our body will bear the fullest investigation, whether it be doctrinal sentiments, ecclesiastical economy, or financial operations. All we desire for ourselves, and all we wish for other churches, is an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This will make all right.

## The Infant Redeemer.

As a Christmas Meditation we cannot present anything more suitable, or more gratifying to our readers, than the following choice selections from the writings of an eminent Scottish divine;

When Mary was at first informed that Joseph and she must go to Bethlehem, perhaps she shrank from so long a journey, lingered to the last ere she entered on it, and took it slowly. She was late at least on her arrival at the village. The inn, we may well suppose, the single one that so small a place afforded for the entertainment of strangers, was crowded. She had to take the only accommodation that the place afforded. There where the camels and the asses had their stalls; there, far away from home and friends, among strangers all too busy to care for her; amid all the rude exposures and confusion of the place, Mary brought forth her first born son, and having swathed him with her own weak hands, laid him in a manger.

A very lowly mode of entering upon human life; nothing whatever to dignify, everything to degrade. Yet the night of that wonderful birth was not to pass by without bearing upon its bosom a bright and signal witness of the greatness of the event. Sloping down from the rocky ridge on which Bethlehem stood, there lay some grassy fields, where all that night long some shepherds watched their flocks; humble, faithful, industrious men; men too, of whom we are persuaded that Simeon-like, they were waiting for the consolation of Israel; who had simple and more spiritual notions of their Messiah than most of the well taught scribes of the metropolis. They would not have understood the angel's message so well; they would not have believed it so readily; they would not have hastened so quickly to Bethlehem; would not have bent with such veneration over so humble a cradle; they would not have made it known abroad what had been told them concerning this child,—made it known as a thing in which they themselves most heartily believed,—had they not been devout, believing men. Under the starry heavens, along the lonely hill sides, these shepherds are keeping their watch, thinking perhaps of the time when these very sheepwalks were trodden by the son of Jesse, or remembering some ancient prophecy that told of the coming of one who was to be David's son and David's Lord.

Suddenly the angel of the Lord comes upon them, the glory of the Lord encompasses them with a girdle of light brighter than the midday sun could have thrown around them. They fear as they see that form, and as they are encircled by that glory, but their alarm is instantly dispelled. "Fear not," says the angel, "for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Mary had been told that her child was to be called Jesus, that he was to be great, to be the son of the Highest, the heir to his father David's throne, the head of an everlasting monarchy. Joseph had been told that he was to call the child born of Mary, Jesus, for he was to save his people from their sins, a simpler and less Jewish description of his office. The angel speaks of him to these shepherds in still broader and sublimer strains. Unto them and unto all people this child was to be born, and unto them and unto all he was to be a Saviour, Christ the Lord, the only instance in which the double epithet,—Christ the Lord, is given in this form to him. A universal, a divine Messiahship was to be his.

The shepherds ask no sign as Zacharias and Mary had done; yet they got one: "And this," said the angel, "shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." But one such child, born that night, wrapped up in such a way, lying in such a place, could so small a village as Bethlehem supply. That village lay but a mile or so from the spot they stood on; the sign could speedily be verified. But they have something more to see and hear ere their visit to the village is paid. The voice of that single angel had scarcely died away in the silence of the night—lost in wonder they are still gazing on his radiant form—when suddenly a whole multitude of the heavenly host bursts upon their astonished vision, lining the illuminated heavens Human eyes never saw before or since, so large a company of the celestial inhabitants hovering in our earthly skies; and human ears never heard before or since such a glorious burst of heavenly praise as those angels then poured forth,—couching it in Hebrew speech, their native tongue for the times foregone, that these listening shepherds may catch up at once the cradle hymn that heaven now chants over the new born Saviour; that these shepherds may repeat it to the men of their own generation; that from age to age it may be handed down, and age after age may take it up as supplying the fittest terms in which to celebarte the Redeemer's birth,—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards man."

At the moment when these words first saluted human ears, what a contrast did they open up between earth and heaven! As that babe was born in Bethlehem, this world lay around him in silence, in darkness, in ignorant unconcern. But all heaven is moved; for, large as that company of angels was which the shepherds saw, what were they to the thousands that encircle the throne of the Eternal! And the song of praise the shepherds heard, what was it to the voice, as of many waters, which rose triumphant around that throne! That little dropping of its praises committed for human use to human keeping, Heaven hastily veiled itself again from man's vision. The whole angelic manifestation passed rapidly away. The shepherds are startled in their midnight rounds; a flood of glory pours upon them; their eyes are dazzled with those forms of light; their ears are full of that thrilling song of praise; suddenly the glory is gone; the shining forms have vanished; the stars look down as before through the darkness; they are left in silent unspeakable wonder and awe. They soon, however, collect their thoughts, and promptly resolve to go at once into the village. They go in haste; the sign is verified; they find Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. They justify their intrusion by telling all they had just seen and heard: and amid the sorrows and humiliations of that night, how cheering to Mary the strange tidings that they bring! Having told these, they bend with rude yet holy reverence over the place where the infant Saviour lies, and go their way to finish their night-watch among the hills, and then for all their life long afterwards to repeat to wondering listeners the story of that birth. With those shepherds let us bend for a moment or two over the place where the infant Redeemer lay, to meditate on one or two of the lessons which it is fitted to suggest.

By the manner of his entrance into this world, Christ hath dignified the estate of infancy, has hallowed the bond which binds the mother to her new-born child. He, the great Son of God, stooped to assume our humanity. He might have done so at once; taken it on him in its manhood form. The second Adam might have stood forth like the first, no childhood passed through. Why did he become an infant before he was a man? Was it not, among other reasons which may suggest themselves, that he might consecrate that first of human ties, that earliest estate of human life? The grave, we say, has been hallowed,—has not the cradle also,—by Christ's having lain in it?

By the humiliation of his birth, he stripped the estate of poverty of all reproach. Of all who have ever been born into this world he was the only one with whom it was a matter of choice in what condition he should appear. The difference, indeed, between our highest and our lowest,—between a chamber in a palace, and a manger in a stable,—could have been but slight to him; yet he chose to be born in the stable, and to be laid in the manger. And that first stage of his earthly life was in keeping with all that followed. For thirty years he depended on his own or other's labour for his daily bread; for three years more, he was a houseless, homeless man, with no provision but that which the generosity of others supplied: "The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests; but he had not where to lay his head." And has not that life of his redeemed poverty from all disgrace; has it not lifted it to honour?

As we bend in wonder over the infant Saviour, we learn the difference between the inferior and higher forms of an earthly greatness. On that night when Christ was born, what a difference was there in all outward marks of distinction, between that child of the Hebrew mother as he lay in his lowly cradle, and the Augustus Cæsar whose edict brought Mary to Bethlehem, as he reposed in his imperial palace! And throughout the lifetimes of the two there was but little to lessen that distinction. The name of the one was known and honored over the whole civilized globe: the name of the other scarce heard of beyond the narrow bounds of Judea. And when repeated there, it was too often as a byword and a reproach. How stands it now? The throne of the Cæsars, the throne of mere human authority and power, has perished. That name, at which nations trembled, carries no power over the spirits of men. But the empire of Jesus, the empire of pure, undying, self-sacrificing love, will never perish; its sway over the conscience and hearts of men, as the world grows older becomes ever wider and stronger. His name shall be honored while the sun and moon endure; men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed. This world owes an infinite debt to Him, were it for nothing else than this, that he has so exalted the spiritual above the material; the empire of love above the empire of power.

Again we bend over this infant as he lies in that manger at Bethlehem, and as we do so, strange scenes in his after life rise upon our memory. Those little tender feet, unable to sustain the infant frame, are yet to tread upon the roughened waters of a stormy lake, as men tread the solid earth! At the touch of that little, feeble hand, the blind eye is to be open, and the tied tongue to be unloosed, and diseases of all kinds are to take wings and flee away! That soft, weak voice, whose gentle breathings in his infant slumbers can scarce be heard, is to speak to the winds and waves, and they shall obey it; is to summon the dead from the sepulchre, and they shall come forth! Who then, and what was he, whose birth the angels celebrated in such high strains? None other than he of whom Isaiah, anticipating the angels, had declared: Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." It was He, the Word, who was from the beginning with God, and who was God; who was thus made flesh, and came to dwell among us. This is, in truth, the central fact or doctrine of our religion; the mystery of mysteries; the one great miracle of divine, everlasting love. Admit it, and all the other wonders of the Saviour's life become not only easy of belief,—they appear but the natural and suitable incidents of such a history as his. Deny it, and the whole gospel narrative becomes an inexplicable enigma. The very heart of its meaning taken out of it, you may try to turn it into a myth or fable if you please; but a credible story it no longer is. No; not credible even in that part of it into which nothing of the supernatural enters. Christ was either what he claimed to be, and what all those miraculous attestations conspire to establish that he was; he was either one with the Father, knowing the Father as the Father knew him, doing whatever the Father did,—so direct and full a revelation of the Father that it could be truly said that he who had seen him had seen the Father likewise,—or his character for simplicity and honesty and truthfulness stands impeached, and the whole fabric of Christianity is overturned.

Let those angels teach us in what light we should regard the birth of Christ, the advent of the Redeemer. They counted it as glad tidings of great joy that they give forth when they announced that birth; they broke forth together in exulting praises over it, as glorifying to God in the highest, as proclaiming peace on earth, as indicating good-will towards men. In that good will of God to us in Christ let us heartily believe; into that peace with God secured to us in Christ let us humbly yet gratefully enter. Those glad tidings of great joy, let us so receive as that they shall make us joyful, that so Christ may be glorified in us on earth, and we be glorified with him throughout eternity!

## The English Elections.

A most interesting letter on this subject is found in the New York *Tribune*. From it we extract the following:—

The kingdom is divided for election purposes into counties and boroughs, and the larger counties are again subdivided into districts. The distribution of constituencies never has been made on a numerical basis, and the number of members which a town or county returns was never fixed in exact ratio to population. The anomalies and inequalities of the system are gross, and have been but little remedied by the last reform bill. Precedents, and historical claims, and the vast power of land, has a great deal to do with the arrangement of the constituencies. Popular rights exist mainly in theory. No county returns more than three members, most of them two, the smaller one. A borough is within a town or aggregation of towns, or a city, or, as in London, some convenient portion of a city. The small boroughs return one member, many have two; some of the great towns, like Birmingham, Leeds and Glasgow, three, and city of London alone four. But what the world calls London includes also the boroughs of Finsbury, Westminster, Tower Hamlets, Hackney, Marylebone, Lambeth, Southwark and Chelsea, and, perhaps, Greenwich should be named—twenty-two members in all. One may be added for the University of London, which is a constituency by itself, as are Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Universities, with two members each. Edinburgh and St. Andrews have one member between them, so have Glasgow and Aberdeen. In the counties there are two classes of franchises, property and occupation. A man votes if he owns an estate of £5 a year, or is tenant of an estate rated at £12 a year, and has paid his poor rates.

There are two franchises also in boroughs—household and lodger. A man votes if he has occupied any dwelling-house whatever in the borough, as owner or tenant, for twelve months; and paid his poor rates; or who has occupied for twelve months as lodger any part of a dwelling-house, the lodgings being worth $20 a year. There are all sorts of qualifications to these franchises; this is meant, of course, for a general statement, and is accurate enough as such. Under the old Reform act the county franchise was limited to tenants at £50 a year, the borough franchise to £10 householders—thence familiarly called Ten-pounders, and long known by that name as the depositaries of political power. There is no vote by ballot; every man's name is on a register, and he votes on his name, *viva voce*.

Once nominated, the candidate issues his address, pays for it as an advertisement as he ought to, and employs agents, committee, etc., etc., as he may think will further his election. He solicits votes as a favor, and they are conferred as a favor. Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright are honorable exceptions to this.

I confess I cannot understand how a man can bring himself to do this sort of work, but it is done in every borough in the kingdom. In the larger, it must be done to a great extent by committees of canvassers. No one man could visit personally thirty or forty thousand electors. In the small constituencies he cannot escape it—I suppose could not be elected if he refused to do it, and I don't know that an Englishman feels it in any way degrading. Custom is all-powerful. Pending an election the strongest social barriers are broken down; it seems as if classes changed places. No matter what his rank or wealth, if he is a Duke's son, and heir to three counties, a candidate must go personally into the humblest cottage, if its occupant happens to be a voter, and he solicits from the elector in person the actual pledge of his vote. He has probably been crammed by his agent before he goes, knows something of the elector's history, his troubles, the state of his crops, the health of his wife and children. He puts questions on these domestic matters which consummate gravity, and as much appearance of real interest as he can feign. Everybody remembers the scene in Pickwick, the twenty washed men for Mr. Slumkey to shake hands with, and the six children in arms to be patted on the head, when the honorable Mr. Slumkey came out. When he did come—Mr. Dickens shall tell the story:

"He has shaken hands with the men," cried the little agent.

Another cheer far more vehement.

"He has patted the babies on the head," said Mr. Perker, trembling with anxiety,

A roar of applause rent the air.

"He has kissed one of 'em," exclaimed the delighted little man.

A second roar.

"He has kissed another, gasped the excited manager.

"A third roar.

"He's kissing 'em all," screamed the enthusiastic little gentleman. And, hailed by the defening shouts of the multitude, the procession moved on."

It is supremely ridiculous, but it can scarcely be called caricature. There is a well-known story of a candidate who on his first visit to an elector's house wrote down in his note book, "Tommy has the measles." Two years after came another election; visiting the same house he refers to his note book and enchants the affectionate mother by demanding to know whether Tommy got well over his measles, and has no bad symptoms since. If you judge of the intelligence of an English elector by the average American, you may say that he is not deceived by all this fooling. Often he is not; but he enjoys the satisfaction of witnessing, once in two or three years, the humiliation of a man who on every other occasion treats him as an inferior being.

## The Secret of Successful Ministry.

The following article will be regarded as seasonable, in view of the approaching week of united and special prayer:

Presently, the Gospel harvest will be ended. The last sheaf will be gathered in. The song of the harvest-home will be raised. The house will be full. The table will be furnished with guests. Heaven will ring with the anthems of the redeemed and completed family. God will be perfectly glorified. Christ will be fully satisfied.

*Presently*, the Gospel harvest will be ended The *tares* will be bundled for burning. The enemy of souls will have his slaves. The fool shall have reaped his folly, the unbeliever his doom; and then shall the word be fulfilled, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. xx. 15. "This is the second death." Heaven will eternally rejoice. Hell will eternally mourn. The saved shall enter into the consummation of happiness. The lost will be buried in endless misery and woe. The blessed shall dwell in light inaccessible. The cursed will exist in outer and thick darkness. The redeemed shall be sealed as the servants of Christ. The condemned will be sealed in eternal remorse.

In the *meanwhile* God sends forth his ambassadors, with the message of peace through the crucified and risen Jesus; but they are as sheep in the midst of wolves. The few against the many; the small against the great; the weak against the mighty. But wherein shall they succeed? Whereby shall they overcome? From whence shall be their victory? Brother labourers! these questions are vastly important. Let us ponder them well. Everything depends upon our right understanding of the answer. Let us hear "an Elder," whose words are weighty, and whose counsel is wise.

The following "LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER ON CLOSET PRAYER," is an extract worthy of much solemn and prayerful thought. Seldom in the Laodicean days, when the sheep are scattered and the shepherds sleep, are we so faithfully addressed. Let us sit together at the feet of Jesus, and hear His servant. May God, even our Father, by the Holy Ghost, bless the reading of these pages to our souls.

Your affectionate yoke-fellow, C. R. H.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—In the self-denying' flesh-mortifying, cross-taking-up Gospel of the world's Redeemer,—may every blood-bought privilege of Jesus Christ be yours in time and eternity.

"In your last epistle, you express a strong desire that I would give you my opinion respecting your duty in the closet. You ask—'If I pray for sinners, HUMBLY, CONSTANTLY, and FAITHFULLY before God, in my closet, and confess and mourn over the sinfulness of my people before God, will a greater power and unction attend my ministry? And will souls be converted in proportion as I thus act, providing I do it in strong faith?' Do, my brother, speak out on these subjects with all plainness, as a father in the gospel to his son. I do not ask the above questions with any other design than to enable me to see my way clear in the work of God.'

"Now, all the mighty men of war in the church of God, since the foundation of the world, who have shaken hell to any amount, have been sons of the closet. *Moses* pleaded until he had power to turn aside heaven's red-hot thunderbolt of wrath, although God said, 'Let me alone that I may destroy them, and blot out their name from under heaven.' But while Justice heard him pray in faith, He could not seal the sinner's doom; so that, after a mighty struggle, he obtained power with God—spanned his strong arms of faith round six hundred thousand wicked reprobates. *Elijah*, after long and powerful pleading, shut and opened heaven. But I will not speak of what prophets apostles, and other *inspired* men have done through faith and prayer, lest Satan should take advantage, and tell you that it would be impious to expect the power with God which such holy men had. Look then, at a *Baxter*, who stained his study walls with praying breath; and after he got anointed with the holy unction of the Holy Ghost, sent a river of living water over Kidderminster, and was the means of converting hundreds. *Luther* and his coadjutors were men of such mighty pleadings with God, that they broke the spell of ages, and laid nations subdued at the foot of the cross. *John Knox* grasped in his strong arms of faith all Scotland; his prayers terrified tyrants. *Whitfield*, after much holy, faithful closet pleading, went to the devil's fair, and took more than one thousand souls out of the paw of the lion in one day. See a praying *Wesley*, a pleading *Bramwell*, *Stoner*, *Smith*, and *Carcosso*, each of whom led thousands to Jesus; *Ann Cutler* and *Mrs. Fletcher*, whose breath was prayer, and who won souls wherever they went. In 1820–21, a few plain, holy, praying Christians were instrumental in leading seventeen thousand souls from Satan unto the glorious Redeemer. *John Oxtoby* with his one talent, sighed, wept, fasted, groaned, and prayed for sinners: threw them on the atonement, and bound them there for hours by faith's strong arms—entered the pulpit and spoke words of flame, so that hundreds were saved by his means.

"It is to be deplored that there are so few regular *soul-saving Ministers* in the present day; I mean men who are blessed in the conversions of souls at every place. But let us look to ourselves. I feel ashamed of myself! My closet, bible, study, family, church, the world, all witness against me.

Oh, brother! all this is true: and will you not use the weapon which God has himself placed in your hands, and go and wrestle with him to save this people? Think of the origin, power, and value of their souls! Think of the bleeding, pleading love they are slighting! Think of the eternal damnation they are going to. Think of the heaven of increasing glory they are losing! Think of the influence they have in drawing millions with and after them to hell! Think what glory it would bring to God the Father, Son, and Spirit, if you could convert them! Think deeply, think long, and think properly, between their living in sin and drawing nations after them to hell, and being converted by God's Spirit given in answer to your prayers, and becoming themselves instruments of conversion to others. Think of Gethsemane, Calvary, Olivet, and the blood-besprinkled mercy-seat! Think what Jesus has done, is doing, and is willing to do for them! Think of what He has done for millions as bad as they, when they repented, forsook sin, and believed. Think of what he did for bloody *Manasseh*, the murderer; *David*, the wicked adulterer; mad *Saul*, wicked *Magdalen*, swearing *Bunyan*, the infidel *Rochester*, and millions of other drunkards, thieves, harlots, and the very worst of sinners, on this side of the pit. Nay, think until your soul harrows up within you, and melts into pity, or flames into burning charity. *Then*, with your full, love-stricken heart, *enter your closet*, and bewail the sins of the people before the Lord. Take up a deep lamentation, and bewail the number, the nature, the aggravation, and the consequences of their sins, with particularity. Make their sins your own, so to speak, that is, feel for them, and pray for them, as though you were in their (nearly damned) condition. Yoke yourself in with them. Be particular in confessing their sins, although it may stab your soul, and make you blush to name them. Yet do not cloke them. Like Moses, Daniel, Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Paul, and other holy ones, confess them again and again. While you are confessing and mourning over them, keep casting your soul and their sins on the atonement; recognize the infinite willingness of the Redeemer to save them; and plead with heaven to save them. Dont plead to make God willing to save them, for He is already infinitely willing. But plead because it is your duty; plead because God does and always will answer the pleadings of bold, holy faith. Never mind spending your time in studying the philosophy of the thing—*it is so*. The Book of God and every page of church history says—it is so. The success which has always attended such *closet prayers*, sets it *beyond all doubt*. As you are pleading imitate Moses. When God was about to cut off guilty Israel, he pleaded His promise, His oath, His stretched-out arm; he pleaded again and again, even after God said, 'Let me alone:' he pleaded in faith. Go thou and do likewise. Plead the power of God: plead the love of God: plead the mercy of God: plead the 'yea and 'amen' promise of God' Plead the life of Jesus. Plead His death, resurrection, ascension, and prevailing intercession. Span your strong-nerved arms of faith around sinners and bind them to the blood-stained tree. Plead heaven with its everlasting glory; hell with its darkness, fire, and adamantine chains. Plead the shortness of time: plead the length of endless *eternity*. Enter deeply and fully into their awful state. I do not want you to be a mere happy, joyful Christian; but one who *drinks with Christ the bitter cup*. But mind and *do all in faith, with a single eye to the glory of God*; and if you plead in this way for hours, you will soon learn the grand secret of shaking any town, and sending a wave of living water over the land. Christ says, 'He that believeth, out of his belly shall flow *rivers of living water*:' believe then, and flood your district, no matter what stands in the way. If, while you are pleading, you only believe, something great will be effected. Oh, for a few Moseses, Jeremiahs, or Pauls, to stand in the gap!

"My brother, play the man—*do something*. Do it—do it—do it: but do it *at once*.

"Yours, as ever,

"A LOVER OF SOULS."

## Week Day Meetings.

At the recent Christian Convention in New York, one important question considered was,—"How to make the week-day meetings of the churches effective for spiritual purposes?" The hour allotted to its discussion was entirely occupied by Henry Ward Beecher in one of his characteristic speeches, combining eloquence, deep spiritual insight, good humor, wit and devoutness. He said that many can think and sing prayers, that cannot otherwise express them. He recommended the selection of those hymns that embody prayers, such as Charles Wesley's, "Jesus lover of my soul.' The best prayers in his church were women's prayers, as possessing more of sentiment and thorough piety, than any others. He contended for the employment of all the gifts of the Church in these social meetings, by all means encouraging the feebleist to express the experiences of the opening Christian life. The best speeches were generally the worst, and the worst the best. When men stammer out genuine feeling, it is far more valuable for the life of the Church, than polished oratory and well pointed periods. Instead of the minister teaching exclusively, the whole brotherhood should teach. Crude things may be said that will offend taste, but sincerity and fervor are better than taste. Grammar is good, but something for grammar to carry is better. Get men to think what they feel, and then say it. The mistakes of a child's prattle are entertaining, so should be those of a Church brother.

To his view the Church is a family, and should be conducted upon the principle of household familiarity. There must be sociability, and the prevailing sentiment should be at each assembly, "now we are here to have a good, cheerful, religious time." He inveighed against conventional prayers, the reproduction of somebody else's prayer, a minister's, deacon's or class leader's. Be yourself in prayer, if at no other time. He said if your prayer meeting be small, have it in a small room, at least get people to sit near together; there is power in contiguity. A scattered audience is not receptive. Once when he lectured in Columbus, Ohio, it seemed that everybody had sworn not to hear him, and they all kept their oath saving about ten people. These he had to sit close together. And said he, "I never had a better time in my life." If these had been well dispersed through the house, my time would all have been taken up in hunting them. By adopting substantially this plan, his prayer meeting has grown from feeblemess to a weekly attendance of eight hundred and upward. This is a brief outline of his speech on that occasion. Many a pastor was helped to see a more excellent way of conducting these social meetings. To the writer it seemed that from the nature of the meeting, it being more particularly the people's meeting, the pastor ought in fact, if not in form, to put it into the hands of the people. Let them feel a sense of possession and responsibility, and that there must be no chiding of a minister if the meeting proves to be uninteresting. Our method of devoting a certain period to a meeting—one hour, no more, no less—is scarcely a wise measure. Some meetings are too long when projected beyond half an hour, others are too short at twice the length of time.

From the Methodist.

## Wanted—More Evenings.

BY THE REV. DR. T. M. EDDY.

I think I have clearly made out the want of the modern Church, and the great hindrance to the millennial good time coming. I see why progress halts—why we do not go up at once to possess all the land.

It is not the want of an able, earnest pulpit or a strong press; not the want of convictions; not the want of broad-hearted liberality. It is the simple want of more evenings in each week.

I will illustrate. I talked yesterday with one of my most conscientious and industrious church officers, impressing upon him the value of the class meeting as a means of grace. He said, in substance, this: "On Sunday I go early to church that I may receive and care for strangers. At the close of service, I hurry home and take dinner, and return to see to the Sunday-school, which engages me from a quarter-past two until four o'clock. Home, and early to church, with duties as in the morning. Do you see any time for class meeting on Sunday?"

I was obliged to admit that I did not. To say attend a morning-class was to require the only hour he could reserve for private religious duties and for the rest of Sabbath. I suggested a week evening class. He answered:—"Monday night is official meeting; Wednesday night is prayer-meeting; Friday night is our Sunday school teachers' meeting. Neither of these can be disturbed. One evening ought to be given at home; one surely should be reserved for social purposes; while Saturday night must be given to closing up the week's business. The Teachers' Meeting is important, not only for the study of the lesson, but the whole machinery of the school is overhauled and inspected; the Wednesday night prayer-meeting is too important to be set aside for anything. I do not see how I can take on me another church engagement."

I then thought of two others—active men, who devote their entire Sunday to the congregation and Sunday-school, and have in addition to the official meeting, prayer meeting, and teachers' meeting, the Saturday night drill and rehearsal for the singing of Sunday. What am I to do if these brethren do not attend class? I can do nothing without more evenings.

But this is not all. The interests of the City Mission occasionally demand and ought to have an evening. The Bible Society, the Bethel cause, the Temperance cause, the Freedmen's cause, the Home for the Friendless, the Orphan Asylum, the Old Ladies' Home, each wants and deserves to have an occasional evening, and if absent I am likely to hear that some sorrowful officer or orator has said: "No wonder the people take no interest when pastors—doctors in divinity—don't take interest enough to come."

Dear knight of the sorrowful visage, I will take any amount of "interest" if you will give me a few additional evenings. Neither as pastor nor doctor can I secure more than seven evenings a week.

What are we to do with lectures, concerts, sociables, and evening companies? All of these are valuable in proper measure, but they are open to the objection of requiring evenings. In twelve years the writer has attended less than that number of lectures, and not more than two or three concerts. The evenings were engrossed.

In soberness, what are we to do? "You ought to take more evenings for Sunday-school work," say our earnest, faithful Sunday-school men. They call—and there is no logic against their arguments—for evenings for Bible Class and Normal College drill, for institutes and Sunday-school prayer-meetings. How many can we give that confessedly great interest without damage to others?

"It is perfectly easy to secure good congregational singing; you only want a good leader, and then come together one evening in the week and practice." Yes, but which evening? "Why the one you now give the choir." Those who sing with the choir do not all attend all the other meetings. One brother is compelled to choose between the choir recitation and the Bible-class; another between it and the prayer-meeting. Ours is a church choir, leading, not monopolizing, the singing; but as for bringing the body of the Church to the rehearsal and drill, it can't be done without giving up something else.

The sad thing is the want of evenings at home. There are business men who are almost strangers in their own house. After an early breakfast, they are away, often without seeing a portion of the family; they "lunch down-town," are home to tea, and out to some evening engagement, returning to find that most of the family are asleep. What do such men know of home. Not much but its bills. No family readings, no quiet gatherings around the lamp or drop-light, with song, and story, and parting prayer. There is no charm, no sweetness, no sanctity in such a home-life.

The want of our cities is home evenings.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to escape the scarification my temperance friends give me; I want to help homes, and asylums, and choirs (?), and all sorts of good Sunday-school meetings; I want to "get up" my "culture" by due infusions of lecture and concert, and now that I am no longer an editor, I want to be a gentleman and call occasionally on friends; I want evenings for all this. I have thought sometimes of the French revolution week, ten days long. That would help; but it is obnoxious to the charge of impinging on the Decalogue, and its historic antecedents are hardly fragrant enough to commend it and bring it in. It must be given up; but what an improvement! Only think of ten evenings a week! I presume we should grow weary and find need of the usual Sabbath rest; but suppose one don't live so long wouldn't he know he had gizen each "cause" its evening? I must have more evenings, or some of these causes must be "final."

## Testimonial.

Martin G. Black, Esq., late leader of the choir in the Brunswick Street Wesleyan Church, with which he had been connected during the late thirty-four years, was presented on Saturday the 19th inst., with a handsome testimonial consisting of a valuable Silver Plated Tea Service and Tray, together with sixty-seven dollars in gold by several of his friends in the church and congregation. We have much pleasure in publishing below the address to Mr. Black and his reply:—

*Halifax, N. S., 19th Dec., 1868.*

MARTIN G. BLACK, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR—It is with unfeigned regret that we have heard of your resignation of the Leadership of the choir in the Brunswick St. Wesleyan Church. You have for many years given much time and attention to the important part of public worship over which you have presided. We feel that we cannot allow you to retire from your post without giving expression to our appreciation of your long continued, disinterested and valuable services; and therefore request your acceptance of the accompanying testimonial, as a tangible proof of the respect and esteem of your many friends in the church and congregation.

Trusting that you and Mrs. Black may be long spared to enjoy the pleasure it is intended to afford,

We remain with much respect,

Yours faithfully,

R. W. FRASER,
JOSEPH BELL,
PETER JACK,
D. H. STARR, } *Committee.*

On behalf of the subscribers.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—Your expression of regret at my having retired from the choir of the Brunswick Street Wesleyan Church is fully reciprocated by myself: having been so happily associated with that church and choir for many years. The time and attention given to that particular branch of the worship of God, in which I took part, was but a duty which I owed to the Great Benefactor; and it is of His mercy that I have been permitted to assist in singing His praises for the past thirty years in the Brunswick Street Church. Permit me, at this opportunity, to bear testimony to the cheerful and valuable assistance which I have always received from the members of the choir with which I have been associated.

In accepting the valuable, elegant and unexpected testimonial, which you have just presented to me, I feel that I cannot suitably express my thanks; but I assure you that I feel highly honoured by this mark of your esteem, and that it shall be carefully preserved in my family as a memento of your kindness.

Accept my acknowledgement of your good wishes toward Mrs. Black, and believe me, gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

M. G. BLACK.

To R. W. FRASER,
JOSEPH BELL,
PETER JACK,
D. H. STARR, } *Committee.*

On behalf of the subscribers.

# General Intelligence.

## Colonial.

THE LATE THOS. KILLAM, ESQ.—We deeply regret to record the demise of Thos. Killam, Esq., M.P., of Yarmouth, which took place at Digby on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Killam had recently been in this city, and by exposure on his way home he took cold, which resulted in his death. The deceased was justly held in estimation for his enterprise and public spirit. His death will be a great loss to his native township. We sincerely sympathize with his bereaved family.

DONATIONS.—Major-General Doyle, with his accustomed liberality, has sent $20 to the Deaf and Dumb Institution (annual), $20 towards the liquidation of the debt on Trinity Church (second subscription), and $10 to the Halifax Dispensary (annual).

FIRE AT SHEDIAC, N. B.—On the 9th inst. a barn at Shediac, N. B., owned by Mr. Jos. Weldon, was destroyed by fire. Loss $1,6000.

THE ST. JOHN KIDNAPPING CASE.—The trial of Mr. Marshall, Chief of Police of St. John, on Tuesday last, resulted in a verdict of "not guilty."

THE SCOVIL CASE.—The trial of Major W. B. Robinson for rescuing Mr. S. J. Scovil from the custody of the Sheriff, was concluded in the St. John Circuit Court on Wednesday, the jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man named Titus Parker, while skating on the Kennebeccasis River, N. B., on Sunday last, fell through the ice and was drowned. He was returning from a funeral at the time.

A GROWING TRADE.—Within the last two or three months Messrs. William Parks & Son have sent one hundred bales of Cotton yarn (used for warps) to Nova Scotia. These bales were of the weight of ten tons and cost about thirty cents a pound. The trade continues brisk, and but for the Nova Scotia market the New Brunswick Cotton Mills could not be fully employed.—*St John Journal.*

RAILWAY MEETING AT MONCTON, N. B.—A telegram from Moncton, on the 17th inst., to the St. John papers, says: "A large and influential meeting of the inabitants of Westmorland and Albert, called by the Sheriff in compliance with requisition, was held here to-day. Resolutions were unanimously passed, strongly urging a survey of the country between the Richibucto River and Moncton, through a natural gorge between the Steeves, Lutz and Indian Mountains. A petition praying for such services will be forthwith forwarded to the Governor-General. Members of Senate, of the House of Commons and Local Legislature and other leading men of both counties were present.

James Whalen, the D'Arcy—McGee assassin, has been respited to the 29th inst.

IN the case of Whalen, the Judges have decided adverse to the demand for a new trial set up by his counsel. A special telegram to the *Express* states that Whalen will be executed on the 29th inst.

MONTREAL, Dec. 15.—Hon. E. B. Chandler, the newly appointed Railway Commissioner has arrived at Ottawa and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Official notice that tenders for construction of sections of the Intercolonial Railroad will shortly be received, is hourly expected to be published. Several Rail