

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

Elizabethown Circuit. Matland, Missionary Meeting, Jan. 21st, 1850. North Augusta, " " 22nd " Hill's School house, " " 23rd " Middle Branch, " " 24th " Rev. N. C. Gowau, J. Simpson and W. Robinson, are expected to attend as deputation.

TORONTO DISTRICT.

Trufolger and Caledon Circuit. Sermons by the Rev. D. D. Rolston. Bloomfield's, Jan. 26, 1851, at 1 1/2 p. m. McCann's " " " " " Sermons by Rev. C. Curry. Townline Chapel, Jan. 26, 1851, at 10, a. m. McCurdy's " " " " " Sermons by Rev. J. Hales. Amaranth, Jan. 26, 1851, at 10 a. m. Donaldson's, " " 3 p. m. Sermon by Rev. W. McClure. Davis', Jan. 31, at 11 a. m. Missionary Meetings. McCurdy's, Jan. 27, 1851, at 6 p. m. McCann's, Jan. 28, " " Freeman's, Jan. 29, " " Erin Village, Jan. 30 " " Russel's Jan. 31, " " DEPUTATION.—Rev. W. McClure, D. D., Rolston, J. Hales, C. Curry.

Owen Sound Circuit: Sermons by Rev. H. O. Crofts. Orchard's, Jan. 10th, at half-past 10 a. m. Sauggeen, " " in the evening. Collections to be made after each service. Sullivan Chapel, Jan. 11, 12, Quarterly Meeting. Sydenham, " 12, Sermon in the evening. Egremont, " 14, " " "

HAMILTON DISTRICT.

Cayuga Mission: Sermons. Seneca, Feb. 8, in the evening. " 9, " " " Wilson's Settlement, " 9, " " " " 10, " " " Aderson's, S. H., " 11, Missionary Meeting. DEPUTATION.—Rev. T. Rump, F. Haynes, D. Savage, expected. F. G. WEAVER.

Where the above blanks occur, the manuscript was illegible.—[Ed. Watchman.]

Canadian Wesleyan Methodist N. Connexion Church. Tidings from the Circuits.

PRINCE EDWARD CIRCUIT.—Rev. W. Gundy writes: " . . . We are put in possession of a most valuable property in Pictou—an excellent brick school house, which will seat about 300 persons."

ELIZABETHTOWN CIRCUIT.—Rev. A. Wright communicates as follows:—

" . . . Although we have had much to contend with, which seems to resemble what is expressed by the poet, having 'fightings without and fears within,' at almost every post, Zion's King has been in our midst. We have had a gracious manifestation of God's presence among us, in the revival of his work, at a protracted meeting held at Gowau's school house, which continued for nearly four weeks, during which many professed followers of Christ were greatly quickened and strengthened in the faith of the gospel. Many also who were destitute of the knowledge of the true God, were deeply convinced of the necessity of salvation; nine or ten professed to have obtained the pardon of their sins, through faith in Christ, eight of whom enrolled their names among the people of God.

The clear evidence which some gave of their Christian experience, was not only satisfactory, but left a deep and lasting impression, that without doubt their names are written in heaven; and I believe a deep and lasting impression has been made on the minds of many others, which I trust will be as good seed springing up unto everlasting life.

As the roads were exceedingly bad, from the great quantities of rain which fell about these times, much respect is due the brethren, both of the New Connexion and Wesleyan Societies, for the faithful and efficient manner in which they laboured for the welfare of our Zion, in the salvation of souls—labouring sometimes under almost insurmountable difficulties, in coming to the meeting, yet, not counting their own lives dear unto them, if by any means they might behold the pleasure of the Lord manifested, in bringing souls from darkness to the marvellous light of the gospel."

MASSAGUECA CIRCUIT.—Rev. C. Childs communicates respecting a chapel opening, &c., as follows:

"I am happy to state that owing to the zeal and liberality of our brethren and friends, a neat and substantial stone chapel has been erected in the village of New Hope, which was opened for the worship of God, on the first of this month. We were favoured with a pleasant day and a very large and attentive congregation, who evidenced by their liberal contributions the interest they felt in the prosperity of the cause. Gracious influences attended the opening services. We were led to protract the meeting during the week and we rejoice to state the Lord was present to awaken, reclaim, convert and save, while the people of God were made to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. May the great Head of the Church grant that the 'Bethesda Chapel' may ever be distinguished as a house of mercy—that hundreds and thousands of precious redeemed souls may there experience the renewing and saving mercy of God. I may also state that measures have been taken in order to secure (what is very much needed,) a parsonage house for this circuit, which we have reason to hope will prove successful."

CONANT CIRCUIT.—The Rev. J. Simpson informs that he "held a protracted meeting in the village of Beverly, assisted by Rev. Charles Manson, Episcopal Methodist. In the village alone twelve

or fourteen were added to the church, one half united with us, the remainder with the Episcopal Methodist. To God be all the glory."

WELLAND CANAL CIRCUIT

MY DEAR BROTHER, Could you consistently crowd into the columns of your Journal the subjoined facts, they might prove interesting to some of your readers. On the 11th ult., a series of Revival Meetings was commenced at the Union Chapel, on the 20 Mile Creek; through the serious indisposition of my much esteemed Superintendent, the officiating duties devolved on me. I felt my weakness—Methodism was, as yet, new to me; but a short time before I should have indicated the idea of a Methodist Protracted Meeting, I having only associated myself with your body during the past Spring. I felt that I was merely a novice; still I endeavored to keep my heart before my mind; that it was the prerogative of the Holy Spirit to convince of sin, righteousness, and judgment, and that neither the eloquence of a Gabriel nor the wisdom of a Solomon could bring one soul to light.

It required no very deep penetration to discover that the blessing of Jehovah was with us; unanimity, cordiality, and zeal among Christians, and a powerful awakening among the unconverted. The congregations were large, sometimes numbering, perhaps, over 300, and a deep seriousness generally pervaded the audience. For some days I met those who were enquiring the road to the heavenly Zion above. I trust our meetings were mutually profitable. Brother Rump's health failing slightly, he assisted in the services for about a week, but through physical weakness, and, perhaps, over exertion, he met with a relapse, and was, unavoidably and unwillingly obliged to retire from the field of labor. I was kindly assisted occasionally by Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Evangelist brethren. The work advanced, evening after evening numbers flocked to the Chapel, many taking a public and decided stand for the Lord: up to the present time between thirty and forty have expressed their willingness to leave the ranks of the enemy; and, many of them have, I trust, experienced a sound, enlightened, and thorough change of nature. The services have been conducted calmly: we have had no undue excitement—many thought them too quiet; still conviction seems to have been deep, and I trust time will show that it will be permanent. As yet but nineteen have united with our body; but, perhaps, it is as well that they should take this step deliberately; others will, however, I have reason to believe, associate themselves with the visible Church of Christ, though circumstances prevent many from attaching themselves to us. At the Woolen Factory, on the 20 Mile Creek Circuit, there has been a complete revolution: and where, prior to the commencement of the meeting, dancing parties were in vogue, now, in their stead, prayer meetings are held; the Superintendent of the Factory told me that he had not heard an oath in the Factory for three weeks, whilst a short time since it was impossible to avoid hearing continued blasphemy. Nine of the hands, working there, have expressed their determination to leave all and follow Christ. At the Mill, near the Factory, I trust the work is about to advance; the Spirit of God is awakening many there, and they are now deciding to come out from the world; in three families the husband and wife have staid together on their pilgrimage.

Although it is highly gratifying to see such a powerful awakening in the various neighborhoods adjoining the Chapel, such union of feeling among Christians, and so many profess their willingness to leave the world; one of the most striking features in the history of the meeting is—the interesting circumstances attending the individual histories of many who have, I trust, passed from darkness to light. One youth, of whom I hope well, was brought up under most unhappy influences, his father having been poisoned by his own mother; he was left, consequently, at an early age, worse than an orphan. Another noted for his open wickedness and coarse brutality is now, I trust, the lion turned into a lamb. A third, who, in the attitude of devotion, laughed in my face, and whom I never expected to see associating with God's people, in a few moments stepped from his seat to confess his Saviour before men; his disposition, conversation, and conduct, seem to have undergone a thorough change; I can hail him as a brother in Christ. Another, on the morning after his convictions had resolved themselves into decision, brought a large pile of cards and consumed them to ashes. A fifth, educated in a most soul-destroying heresy, and confessedly immersed in folly and vice, is, I have every reason to rest assured, the subject of sound and intelligent conversion. His case was very interesting; night after night he labored under the most powerful convictions, and though unwilling to yield to them, still could not withdraw from the means of grace; his pre-conceived opinions, clashing with the conclusion to which his conviction would naturally lead; his agony of soul was deep; endeavoring to persuade himself that his feelings were merely the result of an overwrought imagination; still he was obliged to confess those emotions were excited by the power of the Word of God. I was much affected by his intense feeling,—to yield to his convictions was virtually to condemn and unchristianize those who were very dear to him, and to confess his views through lie to have been erroneous. With deep feeling he asked me if I imagined that no one holding those views could be saved. I endeavored to adduce passages from the word of God to support his theory; but it was a sandy foundation, and the overwhelming flood of conviction which deluged his soul, swept away in its resistless fury that unsound basis, and he is now, I trust, grounded on the rock Christ Jesus. A sixth has been for seven years steeped in infamy and vice. When but ten years of age, he commenced gambling, since which time he has passed through scenes which beggar description. The narration of some facts in which he played an active part was truly horrifying. I dare not stir the pool of moral filth in which he was plunged. Some circumstances, however, I feel it my duty to bring forward, if I am not trespassing on your patience. He was associated with a gang of blacklegs of whom the community at large knows little or nothing. They were bound by the most solemn oaths to be mutually faithful: in some cases they were known

to one another by assumed names, and were not admitted to the "hell" where the deeds of darkness were accomplished, without the usual passwords. They had countersigns and could recognize one another, although total strangers. In their places, if any one of the company appeared by an assumed name, the cause of his abstraction was demanded, and if not satisfactory, he was immediately expelled from the society.

In one of the smallest villages in the county of Lincoln, not ten miles from where I now write, there is a den where a choice crew meet nightly after night, and Sabbath after Sabbath spend the hours which should be passed in rest and devotion, in proceedings which would not be called tame even by Satan's foulest minions. The den is carefully concealed, and is constructed of stout oak plank, on which an assault was once unsuccessfully made. It resisted every effort. On entering, the door is closed and not a gleam of light can be seen from the outside. There are no windows to this den; but when the air becomes suffocating, the lamp is blown out, a small lattice or shutter taken down. The fresh air admitted, the shutter is then closed, and the proceedings of the night continue—blasphemy, drinking, gambling, and the foulest passions let loose. They have here their passwords, assumed names, &c. I could make more horrible disclosures respecting this den, but I dare not. The young man to whom I refer, though in other respects intelligent and well informed, and naturally talented and of quick perception, never heard but four sermons in his life, knew nothing about baptism, could not tell me what was meant by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and had never seen it administered. His ignorance of the word of God was deplorable. Many a child of three or four years of age could have instructed him. He told me, and from the circumstances of his life, I believe him, that he imagined that death ended our existence—that there was nothing beyond it. Is it not awful to think that numbers of young men in our cities are in a similar and I fear, if possible, in a still more dreadful state of ignorance. When not fifteen years of age, he was eleven days and eleven nights in one of the foulest sinks of iniquity in the city of Toronto. One circumstance more connected with his history and I close. He was once on board a vessel on Lake Erie, a fearful gale was raging, the passengers were in the utmost consternation, the deck covered with some praying, some screaming in wildest terror, all expecting nothing but a watery grave. In his awful scene, he was aloft, jashed to the guard-rail, playing cards with one of the sailors, blaspheming at the winds each time one of his pack was carried off by the fury of the tempest. He told me much more—much which I dare not ask you to insert in the columns of your Journal; but enough to convince me that in our provincial cities, as well as in the cities of the neighbouring republic, souls are perishing for lack of knowledge, and that in the full blaze of gospel day, even where the Sun of Righteousness is shining with brilliant effulgence—the rays descending with meridian splendour and overpowering noontide brightness—there are not individuals only, but whole communities engulfed in the grossest midnight darkness. Christians, will you not put forth a hand to save? I have perhaps extended my communication to an unwarrantable length, I therefore close abruptly, with remarking that our meeting is still progressing and the prospects still encouraging. May the glory of the Lord continue to be manifested, and He whose right it is, take unto himself his great power and reign.

Yours, respectfully, DAVID SAVAGE. Welland Canal Circuit, Dec. 7, 1850.

The Watchman.

Monday Evening, Dec. 23, 1850.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.

To every age and nation, certain points of time have been rendered remarkable and interesting. The coronation of Kings, the triumph of the national arms, or the attainment of popular rights,—has often attached immense importance to a day which had else been no object of note. How often has a transaction, by no means extraordinary in itself, by its legitimate consequences or accompanying results, ruled the temporal destiny of millions, rendering its natal hour an epoch in history! Chronology records the date of the birth, the triumphs and the decease of those who have extensively revolutionized the character or institutions of Empires or Republics; and subsequent generations celebrate the natal day of the champions of their rights.—What nation has not its patron Saint! What fraternity without its commemorative festivities! Nor are those returning memorials of events which affect natural or social character and condition, destitute of influence. A nation recognizes a day as the anniversary of its deliverance from the house of bondage; and while every heart beats high with thankfulness, mingled with laudable pride, regarding its emancipation,—that nation's character becomes invested with an unity and a weight, of which it had otherwise been destitute. The frequent occurrence of national Assemblies among the Jews, while that people remained under one government, was promotive of a sympathy, an enthusiasm, a national influence, which could, in no other way be maintained.

If then "the children of this world" celebrate their national achievements and heroes; the national character thereby gathering strength,—why should Christians forget the advent of the founder of Christianity? If the sons of Abraham commu-

nicate with grateful sacrifices, their preservation, while every Egyptian family mourned the death of the first-born,—and their miraculous emancipation from the deepest bondage; why should Christians withhold libations of gratitude in memory of the nativity of the Omnipotent Redeemer?

Hail happy festive day—the day when God was manifested in the flesh, when Emmanuel was born in Bethlehem. Other days have been associated with triumphs; and in their annual return, whole nations have indulged united, joyous sympathies. But the age of triumph, ushered in by the blessed Saviour's nativity; an age, in the triumph of which every generation dawn to the pealing of the death-knell of time, is deeply interested—is destined to endure with accumulated glory, until all enemies are subdued to the Mediatorial Sceptre. Let every earth-born tribe, take up the theme, and swell the triumphal chorus of the day-spring of human hope, and liberty, and exaltation: and let them unite with the celestial choicesters in singing—"Worthy is the Lamb . . . to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength and honour, and glory and blessing." "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will to men." Let the reader imagine the everlasting snows of the Arctic Region, uninhabited; and those inhabitants enveloped in the profound darkness of protracted winter. That wintry night is wasting; and already the vague traces of returning day are shadowed forth. Many a watchful observer ascends the nearest eminence, whence he hopes to catch the first appearing of the King of day. The darkness recedes; and the twilight gathers strength. Every eye is fixed, and every heart swells with expectation. Hark! What sound peals forth from yonder summit! Hark! "THE SUN," "THE SUN," is echoed from hill, to hill; and every valley rings with the joyous exclamation, "The Sun!" "The Sun!" Human language contains no signs whereby the transport of that moment might be adequately described. A night, not of months but of centuries, scarce relieved by a single ray of moral light or glory, preceded the birth of the Saviour.—"Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people." Even prophetic vision ceased; and man, devoid of the living teacher, to lead him in the path of life, wandered in "the mazes of error, far, very far from his God. The forerunner of the Redeemer, broke the silence of ages; and by his spirit-stirring appeals, made darkness visible, from the outskirts of the Kingdom of Juda, to the very precincts of the sanctuary. But with a single torch, lighted though it was at the sun of truth, what could the Baptist do? He "prepares the way of the Lord." His is emphatically the transition state, the link between the night which terminated the dreariness of the old, and the glory of the new dispensation. Said he, "I am not" the Christ. But hark! While the powers of darkness are being summoned to the unequal conflict of partial illumination, with complete, gross darkness,—nay, while the infant Baptist, unconscious of his future mission, reclines securely in the arms of maternal tenderness,—a new era dawns. What sounds are these, wafted along the plains of Jewry. An angelic messenger, accompanied by the minstrelsy of heaven, brings strange, good tidings, to ruined man.—"Good tidings of great joy to all people. . . . A Saviour, Christ the Lord, born in the city of David." Catch that sound, ye wakeful shepherds, and bear it to Bethlehem. And you, ye wise men of the East, spread it through your native land; tell Judah's King that "the King of the Jews" is born. Simeon and Anna, re-echo the glad strain; until a sterner voice proclaims the glorious character of Him whose natal day we celebrate—"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." His Birth was the rising to our dark world, of the Sun of Righteousness: to the captive, the bondman, the slave, it was the dawn of the Jubilee of the world.

What marvel then, that although more than eighteen hundred times the anniversary of the Redeemer's birth has been celebrated, mankind still honour the memory of that day! At its dawn "the people which sat in darkness, saw a great light; and to them in the region and shadow of death, light sprang up;" and the tidings of the Saviour's birth continue to shed light and comfort and hope, wherever they are cordially received. In every zone, and in every state of civilization, or barbarism, where those tidings have received a cordial reception, the mazes of society has undergone a mighty moral renovation. The inhabitants of the inhospitable Northern wilds, and those of the Southern Seas, are striking examples of this wonderful change.

Like the dawn of the year of Jubilee, among the Jews, let us hail with transport the anniversary of the Saviour's Advent; and like them let us recount the gladsome tidings from hill to hill, from Dale to Dale, from island to island, from shore to shore,—till the universal spread of the gospel ushers in:

"The grand Sabbath year, The Jubilee of heaven." Meanwhile, gentle reader, with all sincerity, wish these a truly "happy Christmas—and many, very many happy returns of this festive season."