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The Provincial Wesleyan.

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Religious Miscellany.

My Daughter.

BY THOMAS MILLER, THE BASKET-MAKER.

And thou art dead! and thou wert dear to me,
The treasured idol of my fondest love;
Thou who didst seem a seraph on my knee,
That sleeping dream'd of cloudy beds above;
Unconscious of the earth that cradled thee,
But only resting like a wearied dove,
That for a moment, lighting on the green,
Just coos and looks around, then never more is seen.

And thou art dead! and one soft lock of hair
Is all I now can to my bosom press;
And many a night I've sat in mute despair,
And gazed through tears upon that braided tress;
And tried to blend death with a thing so fair,
But tried in vain; the grave's lone dreariness
With it would mingle not, nor can I now
Gaze on that lock and death—it conjures up thy brow.

But O, the night thou died'st I can recall!
Thy mother on my shoulder leaned to weep;
Her grief-bent shadow fell upon the wall;
And when death came, so noiseless did he creep,
That we heard not his muffled footsteps glide;
E'en I who held thee deemed thou didst but sleep;
Thy slow pulse ceased; but no one could tell when;
If ever silence listened breathless, it was then.

There thou didst lie, a sinless child at rest,
Hushed as the march of starry-studded night;
Mute as the dew closed in the rose's breast;
Silence as darkness stealing o'er the light;
Cold as a statue in pale marble drest;
Still as a rainbow fading from the sight;
Calm as a halcyon, that upon the deep
Folds slowly its white wings and fearless falls asleep.

And I have thought of lands beyond the grave,
Of ever-verdant fields where angels roam;
Of stream-bathed banks, where flowers eternal wave;
Of music rolling from the ethereal dome
Of the blue floor which stars resplendent pave;
Then have I turned to view thine earthly home,—
How desolate!—O may I be forgiven,
If selfish love alone hath made me sigh for heaven!

And I have heard thy voice in the low wind,
And caught thine accents in the gurgling stream;
And in the whistling grass where I reclined,
And in old woods where I was wont to dream;
I've seen thy face in clouds, and thy locks twined
In the loose silver of their skirts did seem;
Bee, bird or blossom, flower, a leaf, a sound;
There have been moods of mind, when thou in these wert found.

When the hushed footfall of the voiceless night
Pressed the dim clouds and stole down from the sky,
In the dull splendour of the stars' faint light,
Hath thy fair form in silence glided by,
Or motionless hung o'er the mind's far sight,
When dark-winged sleep sat brooding on the eye;
In visions, my lost child, I've tried to press thee,
And in long restless dreams, my lips have moved to bless thee.

The Spring brings to my mind thy growing charms—
The Summer, what thou wouldst have been in bloom—
The Autumn, all thy love to aged arms—
The dreary Winter only brings thy tomb:
And the loud wind my throbbing heart alarms,
And shadowy form fled in the gathering gloom;—
But these are fancies floating through the brain,
And catching shapes from thee which they too well retain.

Some reasons for not giving up a Religious Paper.

Everybody is retrenching; many have to, and many more make "the times" an excuse for meanness. We are sorry to say it; but it has come under our notice so often, that we know it is so. "We must economize; we must cut down the wages of our servants and work-people; we must dispute school bills; we must give up our monthly magazine and our religious newspaper. As for the dailies, we cannot get along without them; we take an evening paper now, in addition to our morning paper, and we have the Sunday issue; the news is so exciting, we cannot wait. We would not take a regular Sunday paper for the world, but in war times the thing is different."

So we plead to ourselves; and though a sore conscience makes the news of the day indigestible, we go on reading it, till the very church bell rings, to carry flying rumors, and their effect upon the money-market, into God's house with us.

Habit is a strict master. The habit of reading a newspaper every day is confirmed among American people. Here is where the religious newspaper comes in appropriately on Sabbath. A mind filled with exciting business cares until Saturday's twilight, cannot be satisfied all day with devotional volumes, though ever so useful and admirable. Take a business man in the prime of life, turn his feet suddenly into the good way; he is desirous to do right, to reverence the Sabbath; but he cannot at once find all his pleasure in what is to a mind misinformed on religious subjects, even though taught "by the grace of God," dry reading.

But in the religious newspaper what variety presents itself—the pithy essay; the eloquent sermon; the thoughtful editorial; the biographical sketch of some earnest worker; a story to gather the children of the house around your knee, with earnest little eyes looking up to yours, and hearts softened to receive the good seed thus dropped into them, and for which you shall have your reward; and above all, the news of the philanthropic and religious enterprises of the day!

Such a man does not believe in missions; "they are expensive in machinery, and bring nothing to pass." But how shall they believe in that of which they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher—an actual report of what has already been accomplished, of what is now being done? Their lack of faith is oftentimes only ignorance of results. They cannot believe the multitude will be fed, because they have not seen it done, but accepted vague rumors that it is a failure.

But the interest comes with knowledge of the efforts that are put forth; and seeing what others have done, their own duty is set before them. Thus the religious newspapers educate to earnest effort, and spread before us tidings of the advance of the kingdom for whose coming we daily pray, without a thought that it is to be brought about by the God-blessed efforts of such as we are—men of like passions and conditions and infirmities.—*Protestant Churchman.*

The Wonders of Prayer.

The Bible abounds in great historic facts, which strikingly illustrate the nature and the power of prayer, when addressed in strong faith to God, whose arm wields, at will, the resources of the universe, to accomplish his designs, and answer the requests of his people.

We quote the following from an eminent writer, richly suggestive of topics enough for twenty discourses, and ample food for private Christian meditation for many hours:

"Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles, and prays, and prevails with Christ. Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purpose he had harbored for twenty years. Moses cries to God—the sea divides. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Ahithophel hangs himself. Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehoshaphat cries to God—God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Hezekiah prays—185,000 Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays—the dream is revealed. Daniel prays—the lyons are muzzled. Daniel prays—the seventy weeks are revealed. Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays at Ahava—God answers. Nehemiah darts a prayer—the King's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elijah prays—rain descends space. Elisha prays—Jordan is divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back; for prayer reaches eternity. The Church prays ardently—Peter is delivered by an angel."—*The Prayer Meeting.*

A Beautiful Provision.

By the wisdom of God, the Creator of the universe, water is made an exception to the law which governs all bodies when contracted by cold. Other bodies continue to contract as long as the cold increases. Water does the same till it reaches the temperature of about eight degrees above the freezing-point, when it is at its greatest density, and hence its greatest weight. Additional degrees of cold expand it, and thus it becomes lighter.

Were this not the case, the specific gravity of water would continue to increase, until it arrived at the freezing-point; and ice thus being heavier than the surrounding water, would sink as fast as formed. All bodies of water, as a necessary consequence, would freeze solid from the bottom to the top, and the heat of our summers would never suffice to melt them. In short, these beautiful and fertile regions now teeming with mineral and agricultural wealth, would present but the solitary aspect of the Mer de Glace, or the eternal snows of the Arctic regions.

In this phenomenon, so common throughout the world, what Christian mind can fail to trace the evident workings of a Father's hand, thus providing in so beautiful a manner for the comfort and happiness of his sentient creation; while to the atheist, whose mind is in any degree open to conviction, this, and ten thousand analogous instances observable in the world of nature, indicating design in their creation—and hence an intelligent Author—combine to form an argument for the existence of God, at once irrefutable and unanswerable. Truly we may exclaim, with the golden-mouthed singer of Israel, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

HAST thou resolved that thou wilt, at the foot of the Cross, lay down all worldly affections, and serve the true and living God? Oh, fear not then: for *thee*, has the body of the crucified Saviour been lifted on the cross, that thou, by looking thereto, might be healed.—*Mrs. Holderness.*

Shadows and Sunshine.

Out of the sunlight, into the shade,
Move without murmuring, unaffrayed!
He, who leads thee thither,
Knows what flowers would wither
Earliest underneath the ray,
Of intensely glorious day.
Not from ridges hilly
Riseth Hope's white lily;
Glades where runnels wind and turn
Oftenest shelter Faith's low fern;
And Love's moss hath greener tint
Where the day-beams rarely glint.
Then, since gentle Christian graces
Burgeon best in shadowy places;
Grieve not if thy course be laid
Out of the sunlight—into the shade.

Out of the shadow, into the sun!
Changes the call, when once growth is won!
And no fear, lest blossoms wither,
Clouds the angels' host "Come hither."
Faith and Hope and Love blaze soon
All unarmed in Heaven's broad noon
God's own glory blending.
There, his grace unending
Streams, in radiance soft as dew,
On souls that tribulation knew;
These, in cave and dungeon's night,
Struggled, ere they soared to light—
Yet a little space, and thou,
Shivering in the gloaming now,
Will behold their martyr-faces,
Share their peace in heavenly places,
And pass forever—with Christ made one—
Out of the shadow, into the sun!

["*Songs for the Sorrowing.*"

Religious Intelligence.

Canadian Missions.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From the following letters we learn that the brethren are successfully labouring in this new and distant field: reaping some fruit to their ministry, but scattering seed which will yield plentifully in the future. The earnest plea of Dr. Evans is about to be realized,—the Rev. David V. Lucas, now at Farmersville, is about proceeding to Vancouver's Island as Dr. Evans' assistant; this arrangement will liberate the Doctor from the incessant toils of pastoral duty, and give him, what the Committee have long desired, greater freedom to visit the stations, and occasionally the mining districts, an employment for which his enterprise and talent so well qualify him to be of service to these adventurers, and to spread abroad the knowledge of the truth.

Rumours were circulated in Canada that Mr. Browning had perished in the storm which swept over that country; but Divine Providence mercifully screened him from its fury. His report of Chinese benefactors to the erection of a church will be read with interest. Much enquiry is shown by the public just at this time as to the advantages of the new colonies, and many of our people have resolved to make their future home in that fine climate. An increase to the number of missionaries is much desired.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Evans, dated Victoria, Dec. 7th, 1861.

I wish it were in my power to furnish you the highly encouraging tidings relative to our work in this district, which I know you earnestly desire. Such, however, is not my privilege at present. Yet, we are not without encouragement and progress. Each of your agents here under my jurisdiction, is breasting the difficulties of his position, and labouring in faith and hope.

By last mail from New Westminster, Brother White informs me that his "Quarterly Meeting just closed, was a time of great refreshing from above." The congregation there is increasing. The conversion of a sinner, and the reclaiming of a backslider had infused new courage and zeal into the membership of the church. The prayer-meetings are better attended than at any previous period, and a glorious revival of religion is being earnestly sought. Throughout these coasts such a scene as is so frequently presented in other fields of labour, where multitudes are found penitently crying for pardon and salvation, would be indeed an irrefragable proof of the unrevoked promise being still available, "and I am with you always, even unto the end." May

Mr. Robson's incipient efforts for the improvement of the Nanaimo Indians is exciting interest, and although there are opposing influences such as are rarely found in such intricate combination, yet I trust they will be overcome by the patient and persevering application of Divinely instructed means.

A new church is nearly completed at Yale. I expected to be there at its dedication to-morrow. But the sudden cold has temporarilly closed the Frazer River navigation, and prevented the steamers leaving for that place this week.

In Victoria we are proceeding with our regular work, and although we have no special or striking incidents to report, still we are not without indications of the Divine presence and influence. Attentive hearing of the word, and generous support of our cause are among our encouragements. In about a fortnight hence, a ladies' sale is to be held for the purpose of procuring a Harmonium or other suitable musical instrument for our church. I anticipate successful results, which will be highly creditable to the zeal and devotedness of the ladies whose industry has been devoted to getting it up.

And now, my dear brother, what can I say more than has been so frequently said, as to the great disadvantages to which we are subjected by the non-reinforcement of the mission. Nearly another year has fled since your *promise* of an assistant reached me. Here I have been an unwilling prisoner, unable to even visit some of the occupied posts, and mourning over the absence of Methodistic agency in the mining regions.—We are unable even to carry out our proposed plan for holding Missionary Meetings, nor can we render any mutual assistance, should the state of our work encourage protracted meetings or other special effort.

I say but little as to the wear and tear of mind to which I am personally subjected by my lonely position, multiplied duties and responsibilities, and anxiety worthily to represent the cause of Methodism. If it please God that I shall be rapidly urged to the close of my ministerial career, by this long continued pressure, I know I ought not to complain. But whether living or dying I must urge upon the attention of the Committee the indescribable importance of sending to the country the promised aid without another month's delay. If sent even then, he will not be here before an influx of thousands will be here on their way to the Cariboo and other diggings, where such a field of moral destitution will exist as you cannot conceive of, unless christian ministrations be increased. I trust, however, that ere now the plan is being carried into effect by which you will place an additional member in our District Meeting to be held the first week in March, 1862.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. A. Browning, dated Fort Hope, British Columbia, November 10th, 1862.

Allow me to express my sincere sympathy with you in the severe trials so mysteriously awarded you by Divine Providence. I am thankful to know that with your anguish of soul you possess loyal acquiescence in the will divine, knowing that *He* doeth *all* things well. God, my very dear sir, is teaching you that you may instruct us, and I feel that your joy in sorrow—peace in suffering—and submission in deprivation is more eloquent of Christian character than folios of wordy theses on graces, which alas, only too often are found alone in type. As a missionary I claim the right to suffer with you, and also to share your hallowed happiness—and I trust in the heaven to which we are hastening, that your position will be at least where I can behold your *perfect* happiness in the realization of an eternal re-union with those whom now you mourn.

I seem very unworthy to call the Lord my master when I contemplate your devotion to Him in trials so severe—but then I will hope on, for is not God our refuge and strength. Grace is your helper, and blessed be God this grace is free. Moses could triumphantly extol "The Rock," but lesser ones than Moses have proved its immutability. Hallelujah,—*He* is perfect through suffering.

I have very recently proved that God is good and doeth good. Few days I was reported dead at Fort Yale—drowned in the dangerous and treacherous Frazer, but I am alive and hope to shew myself to my friends at Yale as such very soon. Although not drowned I was in danger of being so.

I had left Yale in the morning, the weather being stormy, and about four miles from there was caught in the most terrific hurricane ever experienced on Fraser River. The first intimation we received of its approach was the falling of huge trees on either side of the river, the noise being very similar to the roar of artillery. Our canoe could not approach the shore for fear of being crushed, and so we were compelled to keep in the stream and prepare for the worst.—At one point we did land, and just as we made shore a whirlwind came up the river and passed alongside, which would inevitably have swamped us had we been in the stream. The journey was one I never wish to experience again, and the sensations produced were as novel as they were fearful. I feel, my dear Mr. Wood, that my life hangs on a thread, and that it is incumbent on me to live more than ever for eternity. I found hope in a state of excitement and alarm: the storm has done much damage and imperiled many lives. My dear wife was kept in peace, and gratefully did we kneel that night before our father's God.

I am building a church at Fort Yale, which I hope to get finished with but little if any encumbrance. This is the more remarkable, as the lumber will cost us $40 per thousand, and all else in proportion. Catholics, Jews, and the disciples of Confucius have alike suscribed to its erection; in fact the name of *but one* Methodist member is found on my subscription book.—There is, Kwong Lee $10, Yanloo Sang $5, See Fo Chow and See Fo Hung $5, Hie Fe $5, Quang Shong $2, Ti Sung $5, and a Doctor somebody, the amount of which I am unaware of. If experience can add weight to Paul's much questioned declaration on Mar's Hill, I can testify to its truthfulness. Physical differences there are, but the man is the same, and, praise God, one Saviour can save the entire family. This roughing it, destitute of the means of church aids or membership assistance, causes such convictions of the omnipotence of Jehovah, and the necessities of man, as I could never experience taxtes. The largest amount on my book is $100, the donor being a fortunate Cariboo miner. The people of Yale have done nobly, and if some little is needed to complete the payment for the building, there are Methodists in Canada who will honour their unselfish liberality by rendering the required assistance. Our beloved Chairman has promised to attend the opening of this Church in a town which Bishop Hills had described as deserted by Methodist ministers for want of success.

In some senses this year has been to me one of trial and doubt, often has the enemy suggested that my position here is but the waste of my most valuable time. Away from my brethren and from *all* lovers of Methodism, as expressed in the life and practice, despair is added to the former suggestion. But I fall back on the fact that my coming here was not my own seeking, but simply an acknowledgment of the demands of our Church upon my life. And, praise God, I have comparative success, and hope for much more, and I also believe that in sparing my life God has much yet for me to do.

A few days since, while communing with my own soul, the future arose before me rich in holy trial. I then felt that the happiness of heaven could not tempt me to forego the pleasure of laboring for Christ on earth. Will you pray for me? it is so cheering to know that God's chosen ones remember us at the mercy seat.

I met with a miner not long since who remembers with gratitude your praying for him in the morning Sabbath prayer on the eve of his departure for California.

VALEDICTION TO THE REV. D. V. LUCAS.

A very interesting valedictory service took place in the Sabbath-school room of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in this town, on the evening of Tuesday, the 18th inst., in connection with the departure of the Rev. D. V. Lucas—formerly a student in Victoria College—for British Columbia.

The meeting having been opened in the usual way by the Rev. W. H. Poole, the Rev. D. V. Lucas was called upon to address the meeting. He did so in a very affectionate manner, describing with the most unaffected simplicity, the reluctance which he had formerly felt in the work of preaching the Gospel, and the manner in which that reluctance had been overcome. He was now willing to leave himself in the hands of God, to do and suffer anything which he saw fit to appoint.

The following Resolutions were then successively moved and seconded in brief but interesting addresses by the young students whose names appear in connection with them:—

Moved by Mr. J. J. M'Laren, seconded by Mr. W. F. Morrison:

Resolved,—That we, the Students of Victoria College, remembering with unalloyed satisfaction, the pleasure experienced in associating with our former student, the Rev. D. V. Lucas, learn with regret that he is about bidding farewell to his native land; and express our sincere hope, that under the guidance of the Great Head of the Church, his mission may prove eminently successful.

Moved by Mr. J. B. Clarkson, and seconded by Mr. Wm. Downey.

Resolved,—That we render devout thanks to to Aimighty God, for the providence which has sustained Christian Missionaries, and graciously vouchsafed so large a measure of success to their labours; and we rejoice that the Church has in her wisdom, seen fit to set apart another from our midst for the foreign mission work.

Moved by Mr. John Salmon, and seconded by H. A. Spencer.

Resolved,—That having previously pledged ourselves to pray on behalf of the Mission to British Columbia, to one now labouring in that field, we renew the pledge to our esteemed Brother Lucas, and pray that God may long spare his life, and crown his labours with abundant success.

The Rev. S. S. Nelles, D. D., followed with an able and eloquent address on the mission work generally, and the special interest which attached itself to British Columbia as a field for missionary enterprise and the peculiar *encouragement* which it afforded to the faithful labourer.

A short time was then filled up with purely devotional exercises, and the meeting adjourned.

The meeting was succeeded at 9 o'clock on the following morning by a

FAREWELL BREAKFAST

in the dining hall of Victoria College, at which we had the privilege of being present.

After the excellent breakfast had been done ample justice to by the company, the Rev. S. S. Nelles, D. D., who presided on the occasion with his accustomed geniality, called upon the honored guest of the morning, the Rev. D. V. Lucas, for a speech. Mr. Lucas complied, but his words were very few and referred chiefly to his College days, of which he evidently entertained a grateful reminiscence.

J. H. Dumble, Esq., the most respected Bursar of the College was the next speaker. He referred to the fact that the first white man who trod the wilds of Upper Canada, and gazed upon the sublime Fall of Niagara was a Roman Catholic Missionary, the zealous and devoted "Father Henniker." He also alluded with pleasure to the fact that the Wesleyan Church had been the first to send out missionaries to the new and promising colony of British Columbia.

The Rev. W. H. Poole, also adverted to the missionary zeal which had ever characterized the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and as an apt and forcible illustration of this, referred to the interesting fact that when the Rev. Dr. Hannah went to the Theological Institution, at Richmond, for the purpose of asking who of the students were willing to supply the place of Mr. Thomas, who had been murdered in South Africa, no less than *eleven* young Christian heroes immediately volunteered to go and preach the Gospel to his murderers.

We have not space to enlarge further upon the various addresses given at this most interesting Breakfast, which we sincerely regret. The names of the speakers who succeeded Mr. Poole, were as follows:—The Rev. George C. Whitlock, L. L. D., Prof. Kingston, M. A., Prof. Harris, D. D., Prof. Wilson, M. A., Wm. Kerr, Esq., Messrs. Burns, A. Bain, Morrow, G. Wright, Gordon, Salmon, and G. Holmes, Editor of the Cobourg *Star.*

The meeting adjourned about half-past twelve.—*Cobourg Star.*

Our Mission in Germany.

(Communicated to the Methodist Recorder.)

Though only thirty-six hours' ride from London, via Paris, and though thirty years have elapsed since its commencement, the mission in Germany is less familiar to our friends at home than others which are removed by half the circumference of the globe. This arises, not for want of ample information communicated to the Mission House, but from a prudent reserve exercised by the secretaries, in the absence of which we might here be subjected to serious inconvenience. Everyone will understand this, when it is known that our monthly missionary notices are liberally circulated on the Continent; and that any letters in reference to Germany are eagerly caught up, and deemed of sufficient importance to be translated in full, for the benefit of the clergy in this country. At the same time, our work here deserves more interest and attention than it has yet received. Few fields of labor offer so ripe and rich a harvest, or promise so rapidly to repay the reaper's toil; but we want means and agencies commensurate with the task before us. The committee has done large things for us, but we are not satisfied, and we believe there are large hearts and liberal hands ready to assist us if they knew our need. Besides, the land of Luther has claims on the sympathies of England, and the land of Peter Bohler special claims upon Methodism; to say nothing of the effect which an extended and vigorous Methodist agency in the centre of Europe may possibly have in moderating and controlling a struggle which everyone feels to be imminent. To understand the peculiarities of our work in Germany, some acquaintance with the circumstances of its origin are indispensably necessary. We shall, therefore, very briefly, review its history, before adverting to the cheering prospects of success which are now beginning to dawn upon us.

About the year 1829, Gottleb Muller, at that time a tradesman in London, and a zealous Methodist, came on a visit to Winnenden, from whence he had emigrated. Filled with love to Christ and the souls of men, he embraced every opportunity of talking with his countrymen on the necessity of the new birth, and the witness of the Spirit. There was no novelty in his doctrine, no originality in his illustrations, it was simply the power of an earnest Christianity which captivated the people, and such were the remarkable effects that, on his return to London, the Missionary Committee induced him to resign his business, and appointed him as a lay agent to carry on the work he had so providentially commenced. For two or three years he proceeded without interruption. His labours were more abundant. Rising at three or four o'clock in the morning, he often walked twenty, thirty, and even forty miles in the day, preaching the Gospel wherever an open door presented itself; so that there is scarcely a town or village around Winnenden where his voice was not heard. In some instances, churches and other public buildings were thrown open to him; and everywhere the same blessed results attended his simple but earnest exposition of the truth. This could not last long without exciting the jealousy and opposition of the clergy. At length the attention of the civic authorities was directed to his extraordinary proceedings. His books and papers were seized by the police; his meetings prohibited; the money he had collected for the mission taken from him; and he himself subjected to temporary imprisonment. As his papers discovered nothing offensive to Government, he was set at liberty; but with strict orders to confine his activity within proper bounds. The class-meeting was especially interdicted, and he was thus compelled to move on with greater wariness and caution. From this time all attempts at Methodist organization appear to have been given up, with the exception that once a year a ticket was given to so many as professed the forgiveness of sins. For a period of nearly thirty years Mr. Muller continued his diligent labours with various success, assisted by a few simple-hearted men, who understood nothing of Methodism but its distinctive doctrines and earnest spirit. The result of these desultory efforts, though not all that could have been desired, has been amply sufficient to compensate the too economical, and even niggardly, expenditure, which for so long a period was observed in reference to this mission. Some thousands have been truly converted, and are now gathered home to God. Many more have been scattered as precious seed broadcast over the earth; a few have been taken up by the Basil Mission, and are now labouring in heathen lands; and, not least important, a secret but real influence, which God alone can trace and measure, has been exerted upon this country, and extended into circles where it is, perhaps, least of all suspected.

On my arrival, in 1859, I found a number of men preaching up and down, without any settled plan, or certain bond of union. To introduce something like organization was, as a first step, essentially necessary; but certainly not a very easy task with men the most of whom had grown old without knowing anything of rule and order. Indeed, some said plainly, "Wir lieben das gesetz nicht" (We don't like the law). In fact, the majority had acquired a deeply-rooted prejudice against the class-system, as an unnecessary occasion of offence to the ecclesiastical authorities, who have done, and are still doing, all in their power to repress it. Notwithstanding these difficulties, by the blessing of God upon suitable measures, we have succeeded even beyond our most sanguine expectations. The scattered fragments have been gathered into system; nothing really available has been lost; and the brethren, now convinced of the importance and advantage of rule, begin to work with increased zeal and pleasure. The following comparative statement of our numbers for the last two years affords satisfactory evidence of progress:—

	1860.	1861.
Circuits	1	4
Preaching places	65	73
Missionaries, &c.	1	6
Paid agents	5	4
Unpaid ditto	37	43
Members	303	416
Ditto on trial	40	137
Sabbath-schools	1	1
Scholars	30	30
Hearers (average attendance)	200	250

Here, as many a zealous Sabbath school teacher may look with surprise upon our one solitary school, that the establishment of an agency, so necessary and useful in England, is here, under present circumstances, impracticable, and even undesirable. We have neither suitable agents for the work, nor a time in which to perform it; for all our meetings must be conducted out of Church hours. Besides, here, all children from about eight to fourteen are required to attend catechetical instruction in the Church every Sabbath afternoon. This service is conducted by the clergyman, and is, as far as I have had the opportunity of observation, faithfully and efficiently performed. This system, which prevails generally on the Continent, as compared with Sabbath-school instruction, has its advantages and disadvantages. Could both be united—and in English I think they might—nothing more could be desired in the way of public Sabbath training.

Success is not unfrequently the occasion of difficulty, and we begin now to feel, in many places, the necessity of more commodious rooms for preaching. Had we suitable accommodation, we should soon double and treble our present numbers. Methodism, whatever some may say, is just suited to the German character; and here in Suabia, where the peasantry are worn down by incessant labour from the first streak of dawn till the shadows of night close in, with no food for the mind beyond their magnificent psalmody and the Bible, and totally ignorant of the comforts of an English cottage home, the "stund" or meeting becomes not only a means of grace, but a real relaxation—an oasis in the wilderness of life. Thus, in spite of much opposition, we have no difficulty in getting the people together, when we have a place to put them in. The experiments already made would, therefore, justify the purchase of property, or, where possible, the renting of suitable rooms in other places, if only we had sufficient means at command. Take Waiblingen as an example, where we have fitted up a commodious room, capable of holding 200 to 250 persons. This was opened about six months ago. The commencement was discouraging enough. We had only six individuals, four of whom had come from a distance. Now, we are almost crowded out every Sabbath, and sometimes on the week-day. The thirst of the people for the Word of Life is remarkable. Never have I felt so much the force of our Saviour's words. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them," or published with greater pleasure the glad tidings of salvation. One thing which greatly contributes to this feeling is the fixed attention of the people. A German congregation supplies a pattern of the propriety and decorum which becomes the house of God. There is no restlessness, or sign of weariness. Everyone, down to the youngest child, sits with clasped hands and fixed eyes till the preacher has done. All join in the song, and sing with their might; and though in the midst of prayer any audible response would be thought indecorous, so soon as the voice of the preacher ceases "all the people say 'Amen.'" As to leaving the place before the service ceases, or rushing out without a few moments of solemn silence, it is regarded, in its proper light, as an unpardonable want of propriety. Fully fortified against any outward distraction, they literally drink in the Word of Life. The inward feeling, which is seldom allowed any audible expression, is legibly expressed on the countenance, and testified by the kindling eye and the starting tear. Is it any wonder that the truth, thus received, works mightily? Already, in Waiblingen, we have a class of nearly thirty persons; many others are convinced of sin; and within the last few weeks seven or eight have obtained the assurance of pardon. This is by no means a solitary case, but unfortunately in not a few places our progress is checked for want of better accommodation. Will no one help us? About £150 or £200, is, in most instances, sufficient to provide us with a good preacher's house and a suitable meeting room; and if any one who reads this is ambitious to possess an investment in the German mission, we can readily negotiate the matter. The dividend "one hundred-fold" will be paid at "the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

With much to comfort and encourage, we have yet one source of constant annoyance. The clergy, headed by the Consistory, are, with a few honourable exceptions, doing their utmost to put us down; and, as the law leaves considerable power in their hands, they would probably succeed, but for the growing enlightenment of the people. At this present moment, I have four cases in hand, in which our meetings are prohibited, although we still continue to hold them.

Only last Sabbath, in Schorndorf, where we have just rented a more commodious room, I was greeted with an official document from the pfarrgemein-derath or parish vestry, undersigned by the executive authority, forbidding my holding any meeting. In spite of this, we proceeded as usual. The result of this peace of impertinence will probably be, as in other cases, a fine of a few shillings. This is strange, in a land that prides itself for religious liberty. True, the rights of conscience are guaranteed by the Constitution, and only a few months ago they were confirmed in the Chamber to persons of all confessions, by a vote of eighty against six; but the secret is, until we formally declare our separation from the Church, we are subject to ecclesiastical law, and must be content to endure her tender mercies. Meanwhile, our people are generally firm, and prepared to hold fast their principles. This is known, and no doubt accounts for the fact that, on the whole, we are, under the circumstances, treated with greater moderation than might be anticipated. Indeed, the Dean of Schorndorf said, "We can do nothing with these Methodists; if we punish them, they will only glory in it, and proclaim themselves martyrs, but they are not." What course matters will take we know not. It is generally expected the new Chambers will do something, and that we shall get religious liberty, not in word only, but in deed and truth. But if not, we commit ourselves into the hands of the Lord, and wait the indications of Providence. Our friends at home, too, will join their prayers with ours, that here "the Word may have free course, and be glorified even as it is with you." Be assured, we need much wisdom and moral courage, and therefore claim your earnest intercession.

General Miscellany.

Fearful Australian Tragedy—Nineteen Persons Murdered.

The following account of the murder of nineteen white people, by the aboriginals has been furnished to the Queensland *Guardian*:—

"ORION DOWNS, Oct. 27.

"About one o'clock on the morning of the 18th October, a servant in the employment of the late Mr. Wills arrived at Rainworth, with the information that Mr. Wills' station had been attacked by the blacks on the previous afternoon, and all the party so far as he knew, with the exception of another man and himself killed. From his statement it appeared that the blacks had been frequenting the station for some days previous to the attack; but as their intercourse with the whites was apparently of the most friendly character, no danger was apprehended from their presence, and no adequate precautions taken against surprise and violence. On the day of the attack the blacks had been about the station before mid-day and then left it. At this time the informant states that, feeling tired and exhausted with the heat, he had laid down in the shade of a bush to have a rest. Having fallen asleep, he was awakened by the noise of loud and violent talking on the part of the blacks; and on looking out from his hiding place, which only commanded a limited view of the scene, he saw several of the blacks attack one of the white women, who fell beneath their blows. Screams, shouts, and the dull crash of terrible blows followed, and told that the work of death had begun. In the midst of this one shot was fired, but apparently without effect, and the necessity of screening himself from observation, prevented him from seeing who fired it. Probably however, it was done by Mr. Wills, as one chamber of his revolver was afterwards found discharged. He waited in his place of concealment until a flock of sheep without their shepherd came in at sundown, when he crawled down amongst them, and crept on his hands and knees through the flock until he reached a better place both for concealment and observation. The man shepherding the ram flock then came home with his sheep, and the two went up to the tents, where they found a horse ready saddled and tied to one of the drays. Both men were eager to avail themselves of the means of escape thus presented to one of them, and the dreadful disappointment of the one and the scarcely less terrible joy of the other must have presented a contrast of human feeling but seldom equalled in intensity. The informant was the fortunate man, and started immediately for Gregson's, the other stating his intention to hide somewhere until relief should arrive. Mr. Gregson immediately sent information to his nearest neighbours, and during the day another man arrived at Rainworth from Wills. Mr. Gregson's station was named the rendezvous for those willing to give assistance; and on Friday, at sunset, seven gentlemen and two black servants started for Mr. Wills', Mr. Gregson having previously sent forward three men well armed to succor any survivors that might yet remain. The party, who put themselves under the leadership of Mr. M'Intosh, reached Wills' about half-past 12 a. m., and camped until daylight. Mr. Gregson's men had found the shepherd who was left behind, alive and well, and the bodies of seventeen persons murdered by the blacks. Two shepherds were still unaccounted for, and hopes are entertained that they might have escaped. Thirteen of the victims, including Mr. Wills, were found upon the head station; three others, the overseer (Baker,) his son, and a shepherd, about a mile and a half down the creek, where they were camping with a flock of ewes and lambs; and one shepherd, about a mile from the station, near the road to Rainworth. The party proceeded to the tents, and thirteen bodies, comprising those of five men,