w, if the . . ., the discussion of which . . . created so much . . . excitement, . . . voted by the Senate, a blow will . . . to the opinion that the clergy must . . . insulted *above all* and *by all*. Further . . . tion will be introduced as the result . . . present experience of the difficulties . . . beset the question. It cannot be . . . ed that the adoption of this measure . . . l be followed by similar modifications . . . e laws respecting *primary* instruction, . . . decided step towards religious emancipation will have been taken place in Be . . .

e are now led to inquire of your read . . . nd of the friends of the Evangelical . . . nce, what may be their sentiments on . . . ubject of the present debate, and whe . . . they do not all share the conviction . . . we ought to improve our present liber . . . establishing numerous schools regu . . . by the precepts of the Word of God . . . t fins a means of evangelisation toroll . . . eglected! It may be difficult to employ . . . here there are restrictive laws; but in . . . num, if gratuitous schools could be . . . ed which might compete with those . . . orted by the State, they would certain . . . cceed. We have seen this at Brussels, . . . ouverie, Dour, Wasmes, Nessonvaux, . . . Golliseau, where such institutions are . . . rented by pupils two thirds of whom . . . ss the Romish faith. Belgium at this . . . offers facilities of which we anxious to . . . ourselves, in order to the advancement . . . vangelical religion. To make some . . . sands of young persons acquainted with . . . New Testament, who otherwise would . . . nothing better than a miserable cate . . . n as the medium of that religious in . . . ction which is to influence their whole . . . ,—is not this an object of deep interest . . . he philanthropist and the Christian! . . . ld any person enter into these views I . . . be happy, as far as I can, to second . . . . In another article, I will with your . . . ission, inform you of what has already . . . done.—*A Correspondent, Brussels*, . . . e 1859.

Family Circle.

Gustavus and the Peasant Girl.

. . . ustavus III., King of Sweden, passing . . . morning on horseback through a village . . . e neighbourhood of his capital, observed . . . ung peasant girl, of interesting appear . . . e drawing water at a fountain by the . . . side. He went up to her and asked her . . . a draught. Without delay she lifted up . . . pitcher, and with artless simplicity put . . . the lips of the monarch. Having satis . . . his thirst, and courteously thanked his . . . efactress, he said: 'My girl, if you . . . ld accompany me to Stockholm, I would . . . eavour to fix you in a more agreeable . . . ation.' 'Ah, sir!' replied the girl, 'I . . . not accept your proposal, I am not . . . ious to rise above the state of life in . . . ch the providence of God has placed me; . . . , even if I were, I could not for an in . . . it hesitate.' 'And why?' rejoined the . . . g, somewhat surprised. 'Because,' . . . wered the girl colouring, 'my mother is . . . r and sickly, and has no one but me to . . . st or comfort her under her many afflic . . . ns; and no earthly bribe could induce . . . to leave, or to neglect the duties which . . . ction requires from me.' 'Where is . . . r mother?' asked the monarch. 'In . . . little cabin,' replied the girl, pointing to . . . retched hovel beside her. The king, . . . ose feelings were interested in favour of . . . companion, went in, and beheld, stretch . . . on a bedstead, whose only covering was . . . tle straw, an aged female weighed down . . . h years and sinking under infirmities. . . . oved at the sight, the monarch addressed . . . : 'I am sorry, my poor woman, to find . . . in so destitute and afflicted a condition.' . . . las, sir!' answered the venerable sufferer, . . . should be indeed to be pitied had I not . . . t kind and attentive girl, who labours to . . . port me, and omits nothing she thinks . . . afford me relief. May a gracious God . . . member it to her for good,' she added, . . . ing away a tear. Never, perhaps, was . . . stavus more sensible than at that moment . . . the pleasure of occupying an exalted . . . tion. The gratification arising from the . . . sciousness of having it in his power to . . .

. . . suffering fellow creature, almost . . . [illegible] and putting a purse into . . . hand of the young villager, he could . . . say: 'Continue to take care of your . . . mother; I shall soon enable you to do so . . . more effectually. Good bye my amiable . . . girl, you may depend on the promise of . . . our king.' On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with a reversion to her daughter at her death.

All can do Good.

Every one can do some good, if he is disposed. You all have circles where your influence is felt more than another's. Some . . . communicate their thoughts, whilst others can work silently. One individual . . . can influence to-day, that you may never see again. How often has a word turned the whole current of a man's life! A profane person has received a check that he never forgets. A sea captain remarked . . . a few days ago—"When I was in Nantucket, I was invited to dine with a friend. I noticed that he was very profane in his conversation.—During our interview he gave me a short sketch of his history. In my turn, I remarked that from a youth I had been taught by one of the best of parents, that profanity and vulgarity were not marks of good breeding. In all my travels I had not found a real gentleman who was in the constant habit of using profane language. After spending a pleasant interview with the gentleman, I left him. It was about ten years since. Three weeks ago I was in Philadelphia, and there I met my old acquaintance. Nearly the first words he said to me were, "I have not used a profane word since you reproved me in Nantucket." What could be more pleasant to the captain's feelings? And how much good did he accomplish by a comparatively mild reproof.

Are you not surrounded by the vicious, the profane, the impure? A word kindly spoken may save them from vice. Be always ready to exert your influence on the side of virtue.—You may work silently but surely. The good fruit may seem to pass . . . [illegible]

[illegible]

General Miscellany.

English Gardens.—England's glory is in her gardens; she is all a garden—that of gardens. They are unbounded except by the sea shore. They hang upon her precipices, they cover her hills, they spread along her valleys: they make the whole island like an ideal landscape. Not a cascade or a rivulet leaps from the rock, but it runs on its errands of irrigation; it falls in showers upon the universal flower-bed. And the sun never sets the summer long without having opened more fully some damsel's rose . . . , or heightened the tulip's glow. No traveller visits England, but he sees the garden immediately. He cannot wander far without seeing the . . . cottar and his wife, and the maiden with her . . . ; bowers and rosaries, grottoes and hedgerows, all green and flowery, captivate him wherever he journeys. Linnæus found a garden in the country common, amongst the wild furze-bushes, that wave like a sea of gold. And we lay it down as a truth that England cannot but be happy in the prosper in her gardens. The flowers and fruit, the more orchards and potatoe grounds, the more cultivated plots for vegetables and for amusements, and the more peace. Want need has a match for the sabre and the bomb when the delight of her sons is in the growing book.—*People's Journal.*

Change and Succession of the Seasons.—Days, weeks, and . . . are the . . . of Time by which we measure our progress in the journey of life; while the ceaseless succession of the seasons, like the alternations of day and night, reminds us of the ever-varying phases and changes. The early budding and blossoming of human existence, so redolent of . . . fancies and gay flowers, finds its . . . in the vernal beauty and . . . while the . . . and golden . . . beautiful . . . breath of winter . . . symbols of . . . [illegible]

[illegible]

. . . Music.—. . . Much as we believe in the . . . [illegible]

. . . Then he went to procure it, and then proceeded to his original destination, where he . . . with astonishment that his feet would . . . ever better than the measure."

Our First Lesson in Music.—An . . . gentleman called on an eminent singing master, to inquire his terms. The maestro said that he charged two guineas for the *first* lesson, but only one guinea for as many as he pleased afterwards. "O, bother the *first* lesson," said the other, "let us begin with the *second*."

Ignorance.—Those, says *Dr. Johnston*, who in consequence of . . . eccentricities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Obituary Notice.

For the Wesleyan.

Died at Pugwash on the 23rd instant, Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Collin Read, Esq. During the revival of religion at Pugwash *two* years ago, Miss Read was brought under deep conviction for sin. She saw and felt herself a sinner by nature and by practice, and that without the pardoning mercy of God she must perish forever. She earnestly sought redemption in the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sin, and while . . . , God in prayer during public service, she was enabled by faith to cast herself upon the atonement of Christ, and God set her soul at liberty. Then she could say

"My God, to know, and feel his blood flow,
. . . is heaven below."

From that time to the day of her death she adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour by a pious, devout, and Christian life.

She was seldom absent from her class, or from any of the means of grace. She truly loved God, his people, and the habitation where his honour dwelleth, and she was not ashamed to have it known that she was a member of the Wesleyan Church.

Early in the Spring she lost her health, and partially recovered it again. About ten weeks ago she was again confined to the house, and never left it until her remains were carried to the tomb. She had no expectation from the first of recovering her health, and therefore set herself to prepare for her eternal home. But happily for her, she had not neglected her salvation. The evidence of her acceptance with God was clear, her prospects were bright, and she enjoyed the presence of her adorable Lord. Death was not an unwelcome messenger to her.

In visiting her on one occasion, while speaking of her Saviour's love, she said, "no one can tell how . . . [illegible]

[illegible]

Temperance.

Awful Death of a Drunkard.

BY T. P. HUNT.

"On the next Saturday another drunkard died, and was buried on Sunday. I was sent for on Friday night, in an awful storm of rain and thunder and lightning, to see him. I found him in dreadful agonies. His throat very much swollen, the saliva flowing in streams from his mouth, his eyes prominent, inflamed, wildly staring; his nervous system greatly excited; and his mind filled with dreadful forebodings of approaching death and eternal sorrow. I endeavoured to soothe him, and partially succeeded; so that about 2 o'clock A. M., he fell into a kind of sleep, if that hard, suffocating breathing, and heaving, and twitching, and jerking, which continued during his slumber, could be called sleep. His heart-broken wife, like a ministering angel, was watching by his side. He suddenly awoke in awful horrors. His mind was wild and affrighted and wandering. Every movement in the room caused him to start with terror. He would clench his fist, grit his teeth, compress his lips, knit his brows; then seizing the bed posts, would piteously beseech us to save him from them. He was under the impression that the officers of justice were in pursuit of him, to arrest him for the commission of some infamous crime. Then he apprehended that God was gazing on him in anger. He tried in vain to avoid the gaze. Turn which way he would, close his eyes, bury his head under the clothes, still he saw those holy, piercing eyes, beaming wrath upon him. He could hear the call for judgment. It seemed to him louder than any sound mortals ever heard. Useless was the effort to stop his ears: the sound rose fearfully distinct above the roaring and bursting of the storm then raging in its violence. He was certain that a legion of devils was about to dash at him, and drag him, reluctant as he was, in all his sins, to meet God, and his doom. With unnatural strength and activity, he started from his bed to flee, and hide himself in death, and from the indescribable torments and horrors of the moment. His wife threw her arms around him to arrest his flight. He seized her by the throat, and with unyielding grasp and demon laugh, held her at arm's length, exclaiming, "off! off!" Her face turned purple, her tongue lolled out; her eyes became blood shot. But he held on, laughing and exclaiming with loud shouts, "off! off!" Violent measures had to be employed to rescue her. During this storm of elements, both without and within, the affrighted children were huddled in a corner, joining their . . . to the more . . . [illegible]

"He afterwards . . . He . . . himself . . . for his past life. His prayers for forgiveness seemed to be sounds without . . . He desired that his drinking companions should be sent for; he wished to give them a parting . . . admonition. They refused . . . [illegible] . . . "I . . . sorry for having . . . he said, 'to my . . . I desire to warn . . .' . . . [illegible] . . . They . . . From . . . —*Canada Temp. Ad.*

Correspondence.

[illegible]