on as if they were interested, and could not but feel that the friends at Lucknow had at least done something to honor their visit. On Friday morning there was a grand review of troops by Lords Canning and Clyde—late General Campbell, and now Commander-in-chief. On Saturday morning his excellency took his departure, *en route* for Delhi. I have said that his visit here is one of great political significance; of this there can be no doubt when the true state of things is understood. Though peace has been restored to this recently revolted province, there has still existed an unsettled state of things. The people of this country have little idea of an authority they cannot see and come in contact with. You might tell millions of them they were now under the rule of Queen Victoria, and you might just about as well tell them they are ruled by the man in the moon; indeed the latter would be more effectual with millions of them, as they would assure themselves that they could at least get an occasional glimpse of their veritable sovereign. They have now seen at least a visible representation of the Christian sovereign whose subjects they now are. I might add other reasons, but my letter is already too long, and the mail closes in a few minutes. In 1847 a governor-general visited Lucknow to warn the kings of Oudh of the consequences of their misgovernment. Twelve years have passed, and another governor-general has come on another errand. Retribution has overtaken the dynasty of Oudh, and its moral place and power they have just read in terms they could not mistake—"The kingdom has been taken away, and given to another stronger and mightier than they. May it soon become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ. Amen.

JAMES BAUME.

Obituary Notices.

MRS RISTEEN, OF CARLTON, ST. JOHN, N. B

The memory of the just is blessed. There is a sort of God's servants, who shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Among the blessings which result from the due remembrance of the happy dead, may be reckoned, the hope which their experience in life and in death produces in the yet surviving followers of the Lord, who sorely feel that the time of their departure draws nigh—the salutary lessons afforded to the careless and impenitent, who are thus taught that faith in Jesus, and love to God, are essential requisites for a serene and safe death—and, the fervent thanksgiving which is thus excited towards the God of all grace. For as the primitive churches glorified God in the character, labours, deliverances, and success of the apostle Paul, so does each generation of Christians glorify God, for the sustaining and triumphing grace given to *every one* of his people, who departs from this life in holy, joyful assurance of life eternal.

The deceased disciple of whom we here speak,—Elizabeth A. Risteen, was a native of Lower Horton, Nova Scotia, being a daughter of the late Mr. Eli Perkins, who for many years resided in that place; where he acquired the reputation of being a good citizen, and a sincere Christian. She was married first to Mr. Wm. Clarke, who was engaged in mercantile business in her native township, and died in early manhood, leaving one daughter to the care of her widowed mother. This child's name was Sarah. Never very robust in person, she nevertheless possessed superior mental capacities Sarah Clarke was converted to God in her youth; and of consumption died in great peace in her year, of which an account with some of her poetry was published in the *Provincial Wesleyan*, in August last. The young widow of Mr. Wm. Clarke was married in 1838 to Mr. John Risteen, whom she afterwards accompanied to Carleton, where she finished her course on Jany. 31st, 1860.

Mrs. Risteen, being favoured with Christian example, counsels and services of worship, was the subject of gracious awakenings, and convictions of sin in childhood, which however did not ripen into dutiful decision, repentance, faith and regeneration, until she had attained the age of twenty years Then she was led to comply with the great demand of our Creator and Redeemer "give me thine heart." Her being accepted of God, was satisfactorily evinced to her own spirit; whereby she was enabled to go on her way rejoicing. The reality of her conversion was attested by her Christian consistency and zeal As her parents belonged to the Baptist communion, she very properly sought and found edifying fellowship with that branch of the *one Church* of Him who is Lord over all.

How many of the hopeful sons, and lovely and loving daughters of the adult members of the churches are even now like our deceased sister at their age habitually the subjects of the gentle, yet strong drawings of the Father; they fear God, they daily call upon his name they are persuaded of the great duty and privilege of becoming such disciples of the Lord, as follow him whithersoever he goeth. They hope, and desire to become such before life is ended. Let them be tenderly reminded by parents, teachers, pastors, that *youth is the time* in which they should exemplify the decision, the earnestness that are indispensible to their salvation. Perhaps, the very next effort for this purpose of which they shall be the objects, may be divinely sanctioned by complete success. Thus souls shall be saved; joy shall be in the presence of the angels of God; the voice of rejoicing shall be heard in praying households; and gladness shall be put in the hearts of many who wait for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The Providence which led Mrs Risteen to a second marriage—and brought her to New Brunswick, led her also into communion of the Methodist church, of which Mr. Risteen was an esteemed member. She had no reason to regret this, for her new associates were sound in the faith; their means of religious improvement were fully equal to those of the Baptist church; and she found true and constant sympathy amongst the Wesleyan people and their ministers, until she was translated to the church above, where the unity of the family of God is as manifest, as it is perfect. She was a person of much prayer, as indeed every Christian must be who would closely walk with God. Did not the Psalmist of Israel say "I give myself unto prayer;" and, a greater than he teach, "that men ought always to pray and not to faint?" Happy are those, to whom the spirit of prayer is largely given. She had known, and loved many children of God among the Baptists, she found others among the Methodists, whom also she was enabled to take to her heart. This prepared her to exemplify an enlightened catholicity; and often to declare her belief that other folds than those to which she had belonged comprised also the sheep of the good Shepherd, for his sake, and for their own, she loved them every one. And is not this the proper spirit of a disciple; is it not most agreeable to the authoritative, the perfect will of the great Master? True charity is at present more largely exemplified, than in some past periods of the church's history. May divine charity grow to maturity in every church, and in every member of each. What power would thus be added to the Gospel! How rapidly then would the subjects of the King of Saints be multiplied! Then how soon would both parts of the Redeemer's prayer be accomplished, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou Father art in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." John xvii. 20, 21.

The disease which brought Mrs. Risteen to the house appointed for all living was of the most painful character—it was *cancer in the left jaw*. From the first it was accompanied by great external swelling, and acute pain, these symptoms, and others equally alarming and distressing, continued without abatement for the last eight weary months of her life Though nothing was left untried, which affection and skill could hopefully suggest, and she could bear, yet her sufferings were often extreme, bordering on agony. Sleep could only be obtained latterly by the use of opiates. Her inability to eat greatly reduced her strength, months before her decease. The bodily weakness which followed, occasioned proportioned effects on her mental state, and her feeling of Christian comfort. She needed the support derived from the kind assiduities of friends—and the assuring promises of her heavenly Father. Prayer and singing elevated her sinking heart, and often revived her excusably drooping faith. The whole process of pain, prayer, patience, hope was obviously accomplishing its end. She rose above anxious fears, and, as the last, long expected trial approached, she avowed a gracious confidence that the Saviour in whom alone she trusted, whom she strongly loved, whom it had long been her desire to glorify, would never leave her, nor forsake her, and that when the time of her departure should come, she should be with him, which she had been taught was better beyond all comparison and expression than the highest joys, or the deepest love of the believer in his militant state. She was still and quiet, saying but little during the last days of her pilgrimage. But that little was all that her sorrowing husband could desire, for she spoke of her unabated attachment to the people of Christ—of her unclouded confidence in Him—and of her assurance that his presence and smile awaited her after death. Blessed privilege. These were among her last words shortly before her exit; "I am almost *home*." "I *do* love my Jesus. I DO *love Him*" and then without convulsion or any sign of terror, as a summer wave gently ripples to the shore; as a leaf in autumn silently falls to the ground; she fell asleep in Jesus at the age of fifty eight years.

"Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain:
Sister, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to me, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy;
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return."

E. BOTTERELL.

Sister SARAH GRANNELL on the 3rd inst., aged 53 years, left this world of change for a changeless home in the imperial city of the King of kings.

She was one of thirteen children, twelve of whom were members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in New Brunswick. Favoured with the labours of Father Black, with whom her family were connected by marriage, she embraced religion at the age of 14 years. Her father and grandfather were converted in Yorkshire, England, under the personal labours of Rev. John Wesley. She was the mother of thirteen children, early dedicated to God by their pious parents. The father passed to his heavenly rest about six years ago. Sister Grannell was a consistent Christian. Seldom was her place vacant at class or the public worship of God During a painful sickness of several weeks she exhibited all the graces of a Christian ripe for heaven. She who for nearly forty years was not heard to shout, breathed forth the praises of God with angelic strains, being refreshed with breezes from the celestial shore as she drew nigh the shore of eternity. She called her two youngest (twin) girls of eleven summers, and said, "I have great consolation that I have given all my children to the Almighty in their infancy; I can only say, go to Him in prayer; he will converse with you, and will guide you to heaven." Her desire was granted in receiving the eucharist just before leaving us. "Her last words were, "I am going home to be with be Jesus. Glory, glory.

JOHN PERRIN.

Isle Chebeague, Me., May 18.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you have the kindness to insert the following short obituary, with an extract of a letter which I received from Mr. Wallace, a gentleman who frequently visited him during his illness for the purpose of administering medical aid:

Died, at the Gore, Douglass, on the 20th of January, DOUGALD, second son of Mr. Oliver Blois, in the 20th year of his age.

Mr Wallace writes:—"Having been called by his family to visit him in his sickness, to administer such medical assistance as I could, I had frequent opportunities of conversation with the young man—and was highly pleased with the spirit of mind always manifested in every particular throughout his sickness, and this not the momentary or arbitrary effect of a diseased brain; but the lasting impression of a Saviour's love, deeply rooted and long cherished—so that much of the time of his illness communion with his God in prayer, became his only pastime, through that part of his tiresome pilgrimage, until it became his passport from woe to bliss. Rarely indeed have I ever met with so promising a youth, and only sorry that I had not sooner formed an extensive acquaintance with and enjoyed more of his society. Having made no minutes upon our conversation, would not dare presume in giving his own words, though most desirable. But such are the impressions made upon my own heart from our acquaintance that I leave him among those who are taken away from the evil to come—to sleep in Jesus—not to be wept for—with him death seemed to be disarmed of his terror, and perfect resignation reigned. The only apparent desire after this life to be prolonged, and health to be restored seemed to arise from a feeling of sympathy and benevolence towards his youthful associates, and the world lying in wickedness—that he might be the means of leading them to God through Jesus Christ. I have compared him to some of those beautiful flowers which come forth in the solitary wilderness, unseen by mortal eyes, and pass away unknown.

M. WALLACE.

The occasion of his death was improved by the *Superintendent* of the Circuit, to a deeply attentive congregation, from Job xiv. 1, 2. Only a few weeks since poor Bro. Blois was called to part with his eldest son David, a promising young man, and respecting him to it is believed that he died "*in the Lord*." May the Lord sanctify the trials of this much afflicted family.

I am, &c.

R. E. CRANE.

Maitland, March 2nd, 1860.

FRANKNESS is not rashness, nor is it vehemence. It is not petulent nor dictatorial. It is modest as it is undistinguished. It is not obstreperous. Yet it dares to lift up the veil and show unpleasant truth.

Provincial Wesleyan

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1860.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Connexion, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.

We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

Missionary Anniversaries.

Within the past week two Missionary Meetings have been held, one at the Grafton Street Church on Wednesday evening last; the other on Thursday evening at Dartmouth. The attendance at the former was good; but few were present at the latter, the weather being unpropitious.

In consequence of the absence of the honored layman who had been invited to preside at the Grafton Street meeting, the Rev. Charles Churchill was called to the Chair. His opening address was short, but pertinent and impressive. The Rev. S. W. Sprague occupied but a few minutes in reading some extracts from the Report. The first resolution was moved by the Rev. J. G. Hennigar, of Newport. Though labouring under a severe cold the reverend gentleman ably discharged the duty which devolved upon him. The resolution was seconded without remark by the Rev. G. Payson. The Rev. John Cassidy moved, and the Rev. C. Stewart seconded, the next resolution. We regret that we are not in a position to give even a summary report of their speeches. Mr. Cassidy's abounded with important facts and Mr. Stewart's was full of powerful and stirring appeal. Often as Halifax audiences have derived pleasure and profit from listening to his addresses, never we believe was one more affected than by the earnest utterances which, notwithstanding very feeble health, he poured forth on Wednesday night. The third resolution was moved by the Rev. Mr. Pratt, in an address very happily conceived and delivered. He was followed by the Rev. Robert Sedgwick, whose genial sentiment and vigorous eloquence, and hearty catholicity charmed once more a Wesleyan assembly. We are quite sure that in future years the Missionary platform will not be considered complete without his presence.

The collection amounted to upwards of £69, including two anonymous donations of £25 each.

The Dartmouth Missionary Meeting was held on Thursday evening. The collection was upwards of £5.

Letter from Bermuda.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Gladly would I seize my pen to convey to the numerous readers of your excellent paper the tidings of a gracious revival, but, as yet, the great Head of the Church, who is so gloriously baring His arm in the sight of the nations, has not favoured our charge with any special reviving influence We are still labouring on, however, earnestly praying that at least some scattering drops of the widely expanded cloud, now pouring its fertilizing shower upon God's heritage, may visit us. But though we cannot gladden the hearts of your readers with revival intelligence, it may not be uninteresting to them to know that a Bazaar has been successfully held under the auspices of the "Ladies' Chapel Aid Society." The necessity of a detailed history of the formation and subsequent operations of this society is superseded by the correspondence of my predecessor, the Rev. Mr Cassidy, (see his letter of the 25th of Feb., 1859) it is sufficient to say here that it was organized in 1856, in view of the enormous debt—£560—then hanging upon the St. George's Chapel.

Through the kindness of the Mayor, Dr. Hunter, the Town Hall was thrown open for our use on Thursday and Friday, the 16 h and 17th inst At an early hour on Thursday the several stalls were amply supplied with fancy and useful articles in great variety; indeed, when we remember the frequent recurrence of such exhibitions, we confess to no ordinary surprise at the evidence of artistic skill displayed: it was evident to the most accomplished connoisseurs in such matters that no common tax had been levied upon the inventive genius of our female friends. I have no doubt that many of the articles owed their embryo existence to nightly cogitations. Two long and somewhat gloomy days rolled sluggishly along. Many a long contested argument upon the merits and demerits of their wares was brought to a successful issue by our eloquent female champions, causing the bystander to conclude that if it were not a departure from woman's sphere, he would like to see them at the bar. I know the legal profession would be the *forte* of more than one member of this society. At length the time came for the summing up of the whole matter: when the treasurer—more careful about the pounds, shillings, and pence than about logical sequence—announced £75 as the amount of the proceeds. This sum, though by no means inconsiderable, is a falling off from the preceeding two years. We hope to expand it to £80. To ourselves this is the maximum of reasonable expectation. The cause of the falling off we think is found in the frequency of Bazaars during the current year, as well as the general financial depression of the country.—The debt is now reduced to the moderate sum of £180, causing our friends to indulge the hopeful expectation that, by the blessing of God, 1862 will open upon the removal of the entire debt. Who will say, in view of these exertions, that our ladies are engaged in the profitless diversions of fashionable life, or that there is anything in Bermuda skies fatal to the growth of that steadfast purpose and persevering effort that are too often unjustly withheld from our fair neighbours. Under the blessing of God we owe our past success to the union and well-nigh matchless perseverance of our lady friends. And while in these we still confide, we would not forget to avow our grateful sense of Divine co-operation. Indeed the astonishing success of the enterprises is to be accounted for only by a reference to the aid of the Giver of all good. Avowing their dependence upon the Hearer of prayer, it has been the undeviating practice of this society to associate all its operations with prayer. "Union and Prayer," has been their watchword from the beginning, and upon these they still rely. We would here give expression to our sense of obligations to the Mayor for the use of the Hall; and to our friends in general who have so freely accorded their assistance and patronage.—Praying God's blessing upon the society, that every member of it may finally be found polished stones in the Temple of God, allow me, dear sir, to subscribe myself.

Truly Yours, D. C.

St. George's, Bermuda, Feb. 24, 1860.

Letter from Lunenburg.

MR EDITOR.—While we cherish a lively remembrance of the kindness of valued friends in circuits which we have formerly occupied, we feel that we are fortunate in being surrounded in this circuit by many whose active efforts to promote the comfort of their minister, and the extension of the cause of God, are worthy of the highest commendation.

Strenuous efforts have been, and are still being made on behalf of our various local interests. In new Germany a neat church, erected through the indefatigable efforts of the Rev. Mr. Morton, while yet this community was visited by the Wesleyan minister but once a quarter, having remained unfinished inside for several years, a spirited bazaar held last autumn yielded the sum of £40 towards its completion, which we shall now soon realize. While the members of our town-congregation were engaged in raising some £70 by subscription on behalf of their chapel, the friends at Rose Bay, held just after Christmas, a bazaar for the parsonage, by which they realized £20; so that now, in little more than one year, about £150 have been raised for the parsonage and chapel in town.

Our friends in Bridgewater, having determined on the erection of a chapel in their village, are preparing to hold a large bazaar next year in aid thereof. A small sale was held this winter to assist in preparing for a bazaar. Contributions from benevolent friends towards this enterprize will be most thankfully received. As our religious services are held at present in a school house, we greatly need a church here.

Nor are we destitute of spiritual prosperity. A series of services held in Lunenburg town, in which we were kindly aided by Rev. Messrs. DeWolf and Black, whose labours were very highly appreciated by our congregation, resulted in leading some to consecrate themselves to the service of God their Saviour; so that we have been enabled to form an interesting class here. At my last visit to New Germany I found that in Ohio, a settlement five miles therefrom, a gracious revival was in progress. The labours of Brother DeLong, our esteemed local preacher, had been very greatly blessed here; and I received the names of several persons who were taken on trial for membership in our society. And now in Ritcy's Cove we are enjoying a most blessed revival of the work of God: numbers have publicly announced their determination to live henceforth for God The almost insupportable anguish of some, groaning under the burden of sin, reminds one of the accounts of scenes in connection with recent revivals in Ireland. Several are rejoicing in the possession of the newly found peace of God. We are, we trust, but in the beginning of this blessed work, as our special services have been held but a short time, and the interest is evidently deepening rapidly in the community.

Yours, &c.,

J. HART.

Lunenburg, Feb. 28th, 1860.

Wesleyan Relations—Catholic Feeling.

If you are neither Churchman nor Dissenter, what are you, "The Free Church of England" sustaining the same relation to the English Church as the Free Church of Scotland does to the Scotch Kirk? Did Mr. Wesley originally contemplate even so much as this? He died as he lived, a true son of the Church. No wonder—his father was one of her distinguished ministers, his mother one of her devoted members, and he himself a graduate of her noblest seat of orthodoxy. The descendants of his brother Charles are members of the Establishment, and would gladly ignore Methodism. One of them is, I learn, a chaplain to the Queen; two others—maiden ladies—in reduced circumstances have been kindly remembered by the Methodists, who have raised means for them without inquiring into their ecclesiastical preferences.

The kind feeling of the Wesleyans toward the Church is not properly reciprocated. The Methodist dead have often been denied burial in consecrated ground. It is a significant fact that the room of John Wesley at Lincoln College is not known. I was anxious to enter his study or dormitory, or the apartment where the original group of Methodists held their first meetings, but was told that nobody could point them out. Several rooms contend for these honors, as Grecian cities for Homer's birthplace. Had the College properly cherished the memory of he most distinguished clerical son, no such uncertainty would exist I could, however, without mistake follow his footsteps through the beautiful walks in the meadows of Christ Church, beneath the shade of its lofty elms, and on the banks of the Isis, where he and Charles so often communed. The friendship of a Church toward her alienated branches—paradoxical as it may appear—is usually measured by their distance from her. The philosophy of this fact is not obscure—the nearer Churches approach each other the more likely they are to be brought into conflict and to regard each other as rivals. The Methodist Church, for example, more readily affiliates with the most Calvinistic Church in the country than with any of her own off-shoots.

Some of the Wesleyans, and among them eminent ministers—as Mr. Farrar, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Hannah, Dr. Jackson—anxious to secure an elevated status for their sons, have educated them at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Of course to do this is to transfer them to the Church. Such sons, however, can not be expected to retain any favor toward the Wesleyans. It is said that Dr. Jackson's son does not recognize his distinguished father as a minister, and will not prefix reverend to his name. It is worthy of note that their unnatural zeal does not meet with any signal reward.

Why does not the Wesleyan body reciprocate the jealousy of the Church toward her? We pay her a high compliment when we say that she is not conscious of the ambition or rivalship with which the Church charges her, and that she not only follows the example but breathes the gentle spirit of her founder. The remark concerning the Church of England, it should be observed, is less applicable to its evangelical sections, and there is much reason to hope that all the Churches of Great Britain are cultivating kinder feelings toward each other than formerly. The age of fraternal warfare is passing away. Ephraim is beginnning to cease vexing Judah, and Judah Ephraim, and both begin to feel that they dwell in the same land of promise and belong to the household of faith. The age is opening when a deadly struggle with a common foe shall obliterate all the domestic strifes of our common Israel. In respect of catholicity the American Churches are in advance of the European. One is proud to say how the recent revival fused the hearts of God's people, and how from the Atlantic to the Pacific all Protestant denominations bowed knee to knee before the mercy-seat. England may soon emulate us, if the revival already commenced in Ireland and Scotland, and for the visitation of which the sister island is now lifting up her hands to God, should be brought within her limits.

It is my pleasure to record many indications of a true catholicism which I witnessed during my late visit. One of the happiest evenings of my life was spent at a tea meeting at Beasley, given by the Wesleyans to pay a debt upon the church at that place. All that sylvan beauty and summer sunbeams, and soft showers, and fresh perfumes—all that maiden loveliness and patriarchal grace and kindness—all that good cheer, and cordial greetings, and pleasant table talk, and innocent mirth could do to render one happy, were there combined. After refreshments and a promenade in surrounding gardens and orchards, the company reassembled in the church for a richer treat. Here, holy prayer and heavenly song, from sweet instruments and sweeter voices, blended all hearts in one. Then came speeches from two Wesleyan clergymen, the Baptist clergyman of Beasley, the Independent minister of the same place, a Methodist minister of Ohio, and a Baptist minister of Chalford. Nothing could exceed the kind and catholic feeling feeling breathed on the occasion. One of the speakers illustrated the influence of a good state of religious feeling in obliterating religious distinctions by the rising of the tide, which brings the fish that during the ebb are confined within their little ponds into one great ocean

At Cirencester, where I spent a week examining the Roman and other antiquities of the place, I found the Wesleyan minister was absent at conference; the pastor of the Baptist Church, who, I ought to observe, is a remote relative of mine, invited me to preach the day after my arrival, and also engaged me to fill his pulpit on the following Sabbath. It is enough to say that I felt as much among his people as I should have felt in Wesleyan Chapel, Cincinnati, having received from them such extra marks of Christian affection and thankfulness as forbade the recollection that they are not Methodists. While seated in the parlor of their minister on Saturday afternoon, the Wesleyan preacher, who had come from Stroud to preach here, called upon me, accompanied by one of his leading members, to invite me to fill his place the next day, but his Baptist brother would not relinquish his claim upon me, even in part. He, however, proposed, as a matter of compromise, that I should preach in the Methodist church on the following Tuesday evening, and offered to give up his service on that occasion that both congregations might hear me. At this moment in came the Independent minister of the city, who, hearing of the negotiation, generously offered to give up his Tuesday evening service also, that all three congregations might unite in a compliment to the American stranger. If this is not Christian liberality, what is?

I need not say that Wesleyans often call upon distinguished gentlemen connected with the Established Church to preside at their public meetings, and often place representatives of all the leading Churches upon their platforms.

At Semley I found the Baptist clergyman connected by affinity with one of my cousins, and there I was captured and confined to a Baptist pulpit as long as I remained. At the close of a most delightful day, during which I had said, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" after the evening service the pastor announced the immediate administration of the sacrament of the Lord's supper. I can not but love my Baptist brethren, and the more I love them the more does the bar of their communion grieve me. On a visit to my mother in her declining years, I supported her tottering footsteps to the Church and seated her at the table of our Lord, from which I mournfully retired. I can never forget the expression of countenance of that loving but dying mother as she looked back upon her son seated near the door. When after service she took my arm to retire, with tearful eye and tremulous voice she said, "O, my child, this is not right!" You may suppose that I dreaded a repetition of a similar scene. Imagine my feelings when the pastor instead of barring me from the table placed me at its head to assist. You know how the storms that delay and the accidents that imperil the wandering husband deepen the emotions of the wife's embrace. You may judge how I felt when breaking bread in the Church of my fathers, and from which I had been so long and hopelessly debarred. But why should I have been so much surprised? We have heard of Hall and Spurgeon, and had been told that among British Baptists free communion is the rule—close communion the exception. Let no one suppose that I censure Baptists; with their views they cannot do otherwise. There is a difference between blaming and deploring.

May we all learn to add to other graces brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity! may each say to the other, "If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand;" and thus force an admiring world to say, "See how these Christians love one another!" This is Wesleyan spirit; see the sermon of Mr Wesley on the subject.—*Rev. Dr. Thomson, Western Church Advocate.*

From the American Presbyterian.

The Jesuits in the Tyrol.

A correspondent of the New Evangelical *Kirchenzeitung* writes from *Feld-Kirche*, a town in the mountainous province of *Vorarlberg*, (which is a part of the Austrian Tyrol,) a letter of such interest that we give a free translation of the most of it for our readers

Besides a number of industrial establishments which fill up the rocky gorge of the Ill, there is one of recent construction which excels all the rest in size, namely, the *Pensionate of the Jesuits*. In earlier times, Feld-Kirche could boast of a gymnasium of great and well deserved celebrity. But under the absolutism introduced by the Austrian Concordat, both the higher and lower gymnasia have been surrendered to the Jesuits. They arrange the method of instruction exclusively to suit themselves, without reference to the general plan of instruction ordained by the State, and they are independent of all control or inspection on the part of the latter. They have also an educational institute outside of the town, for which they have purchased, enlarged, and remodelled, a new and unused hotel. Here are assembled children from every quarter of Germany, and from other countries, to the number, as I was told, of 350 to 450. The terms are high, and payments must be made in silver. I met with Catholics belonging to the higher nobility of Prussia, who had committed sons and nephews to this establishment, and who spoke of it, and especially of the Rector, Father Faller, in the highest terms The political events of the past year have brought hither many refugees of the Order from Lombardy, and the Italian Duchies. Hence, an evening walk around the valley or upon the woody heights surrounding it, will bring one in contact with numerous groups of members of the order, who go by in their black mantles, three and three together, enjoying the cool of the evening. Often one meets a company of children, under the guidance of a father, joyfully at play, some of them hanging on his arm, and joking with him, in the most unrestrained manner. It is a pretty view which one has into the grounds of the Pensionate, when the youth are enjoying themselves with plays and gymnastic exercises, and cheerful walks and talks; yet one cannot but lament that under this attractive exterior, the fathers are binding the youth to themselves, and bringing them up under the influence of an ecclesiastical superstition.

I was convinced of this by a sermon I heard in the village church which is near the Pensionate; and where the services are performed by members of the Order. It was half-past seven in the morning; the church was half-filled by students, and the town people occupied the other half. High mass was over, and the acting priests and deacons stood at the altar like pillars, with their backs to the audience, and so remained through the entire remaining part of the service. A father (the name given me was father Lanter.) ascended the pulpit and read the gospel for the day, Matt v. 20, &c. Protestant hearers would have expected a discourse on brotherly love or forgiveness from such a text. But the Jesuit, leaving his text on one side, sprung, as it were, with a bound to his theme, of whose importance he could not say enough, and hence he had made it the topic of frequent discourses; he referred to the queen of heaven, Mary. "A prominent trait in the lives of all saints," he began, "has been their peculiar veneration of the Virgin Mary. We know in regard to St. Aloysius, that at Florence he gave himself up to be hers, soul and body, and devoted himself to her service." The speaker found a reason for speaking of her at this time, in the fact that the day before, July 16 h, was the festival of the holy virgin of Mt. Carmel; hence, too, the *Scapulary* suggested it to him as the material for edifying his hearers. The Scapulary is a charm which the Carmelite monks boast was given in 1246 to the sixth General of their order, by the Virgin Mary, and which she told him would protect the wearer from eternal destruction. Though it has has been satisfactorily proved by a French Catholic theologian that the story is a fabrication of the fourteenth century, the Jesuit preacher took it for granted as true. "Whoever wears the Scapulary," he said, "acknowledges the Virgin Mary to be his mistress and himself her servant, for he wears her livery; he promises to serve her not only with word and deed, but with all his thoughts, feelings, desires, inclinations; with his entire affections; and who would not joyfully serve her? For there is nothing to be found in heaven or upon the earth, besides God, more glorious than Mary—she is the fairest, sweetest, purest, richest, most liberal, most powerful in defending her friends." Each of these epithets was discussed at length. Especial prominence was given to the protecting influence extended by Mary to such as wore this garment in sickness, fires, inundations, storms, perils of war, and the like. To remove every doubt from his hearers' minds of the reality of this protection, the speaker referred to a recent railroad accident, in which all who wore the Scapulary escaped unharmed, and only those suffered injury who were unprovided with this talisman. "That is a fact; it cannot be questioned, it stands fast." A far-fetched allegory, based upon the colors of the Scapulary, formed the conclusion of his discourse; because it is dark, the wearer should be penitent; because it is not of a lively appearance, the wearer should be humble, &c. The name of Jesus was not once mentioned in the discourse All our hope and all our need centred exclusively upon Mary.

One effect of this Jesuit sermon was to decide a patient to remove his son from the establishment to Innspruck, where there is a State institution. Another result to be dreaded is an infidel reaction among the common people of the valley, which it is to be wished that the Evangelical Church of Germany could anticipate by establishing a mission among them.

How the Pope Regards America.

The Boston *Pilot* says the Holy Father has peculiar feelings of affection for the United States. "His fond eye takes in the entire bounds of our magnificent nation." What a "take in" that is! No doubt his holiness regards us with the "peculiar feelings" with which he regarded the Mortara boy, and would fain manifest them in a similar way if possible. The heart of the Pope is no doubt large enough to contain a "holy" covetousness of all our "magnificence"—Who can doubt this "affection" for our gold and silver, our houses and lands, our bones and muscles? Who doubts his willingness to put our boys into monkeries and our daughters into convents, and our necks under his sacred feet? No lean and hungry wolf ever eyed a magnificent mutton with more "peculiar feelings of affection" than his hollow holiness feels towards this great, fresh, fat, and marvellously tempting nation. Fain would he bring it into the "folds" of the old serpent, the Devil, and suck the marrow from every bone that should crack under the pressure of the deadly coils! To be sure the Pope has feelings—strong feelings towards us! Sharks have feelings too, and goggle piteously, with their great, greedy eyes, at a ship full of men—full of fat and blood. Very peculiar feelings have sharks! and, like the Pope, "take in" with a look all the magnificence of forbidden luxuries, which they would gladly "take in" after a more satisfactory fashion. Blessed St. Peter! what was the vision of the populous sheet to the vision of the United States, swarming with fish and flesh and fowl, and full of money! Was ever such a tantalizing vision laid under priestly eyes! Every square mile may keep a priest—every country maintain a bishop—every township might have its convent, and furnish its tithe of nuns to the "holy affections" of the Church.—Every wedding would send its gifts to Rome. Every baptism sprinkle its silvery dews on the choking dust of the Vatican, and keep down the rising retribution of trodden ages every dead child would give out a stream of life—and every burial help to keep the soul and body of—a monk together! "We will make a Paraguay of Missouri," said an old Jesuit to a friend of ours. But the United States—what a Paraguay they would make! How many steaks could be cut from the living sides of the great Republic, before it would sink and die, like the old exhausted beasts of the scarlet rider! Truly the Pope has "peculiar feelings" towards us! The old withered vampyre!—*Baltimore Chris. Advocate*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic.

LOSS OF STEAMSHIP HUNGARIAN, WITH EVERY SOUL ON BOARD.—Seldom has it been our province to record the particulars of a more appalling disaster than the loss of the Steamship *Hungarian*, with the whole of her passengers and crew, which occurred in the vicinity of Cape Sable Ledges, on the night of Sunday the 19 h inst. Instances there have been, as in the case of the *President* and the *Pacific*, where a steamship has gone down in mid-ocean with her living freight, and not a soul has been spared to tell the tale. Frequent too have been the instances in which a frightful sacrifice of human life has resulted from accidental collision at sea or from the breaking out of fire on board a crowded ship.—But a case where, within sight of land, hundreds of our fellow-beings have been whelmed in one common destruction, from which not a survivor has escaped, is fortunately of rare occurrence.

The particulars of the mournful disaster, so far as we have been able to gather from the lips of residents in the vicinity of the scene, and from the best available sources, are as follows The ill fated steamship is reported to have been seen by a coasting vessel, off Liverpool, about 6 p.m. on Sunday, apparently steering W N.W., which, unless she were at a distance of at least 25 miles from the coast, must have been nearly four points off her true course. At 2 o'clock on the following morning, a man named Barry Nickerson, residing on Cape Sable, descried, exactly in the direction of the reef known as the "Horse Race," what he took to be the lights of a steamer.—These lights when first seen were stationary, and remained immovably in the same position for rather more than half an hour, when they appeared to move very swiftly in a north-westerly direction, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes became once more stationary. Mr Henry Nickerson, who resides on Fish Island, says that he saw the light in the position which the wreck now occupies, at 4 o'clock, and comprehending that some unknown vessel was in distress roused his son and a neighbour, crossed in a fishing skiff the inlet which divides the island from Cape Sable, and, in the hope of attracting the attention of the crew, exhibited a lighted lantern from the highest point of land that could be found.

The lights of the unknown vessel continued to be visible until daybreak, when they disappeared, probably in consequence of the fall of the mast to which they were attached. As day dawned, the hull of a large steamship was plainly discernible on the "Great Rip" (a dangerous ledge about two miles S. W. of Cape Sable,) the foremast gone, the mainmast, mizzen mast, and smoke-pipe only standing, and the sea making a constant breach over the ship. The rigging of the mainmast had the appearance, according to the statements of our informants, of being crowded with human beings, to the number of between 50 and 60—a supposition we see no reason to discredit. About half an hour after sunrise, the mainmast was seen to go overboard, the smoke-pipe disappeared soon afterwards, and the mizzen mast followed about 10 A. M. The spectacle is described by those who witnessed it as one of terrific grandeur—the sea around white with breakers, the doomed ship rolling heavily, as surge after surge broke against her iron sides, the spray dashing in volumes to the height of her mast head, and the billows pouring in ceaseless cataracts over her decks.

The violence of the sea during the morning and the early part of the day was so great that no attempt could be made to reach the ship.—Not even a life boat, it is affirmed, could have been got with safety through the line of breakers which environed the coast

About 9 o'clock, A.M., the wreck began to break up, and the surface of the deep was soon strewn with packages of light goods, the lading of her upper decks. The ebb tide, aided by a strong westerly wind, carried these articles for the first few hours in the direction of Baccaro, and into the bays and inlets beyond. The flood tide for the next few hours carried whatever was washed from the wreck in an opposite direction. On Tuesday, the wind having moderated and the sea being comparatively smooth, a great number of boats, and several small vessels put off in search of the drifting merchandize. Between four and five hundred boats, it is computed, were for the first three or four days engaged in this manner. The bales being generally of a size which precluded their being taken into a boat, were broken open with a few blows of an axe, the contents lifted on board, and the box allowed to go adrift. The quantity of goods thus saved must have been immense; but their wide dispersion will render the task of collecting them for sale rather a formidable undertaking.

Several of the mail bags of the *Hungarian* were picked up on Tuesday, and one or two others on the following day. These were taken charge of by the magistrates, and have ere now been forwarded to Halifax. A boat of about 15 feet keel, with the oars lashed, drifted into Port Latour, bottom up. Other boats, shattered to pieces, have been seen floating in the vicinity.—The gunwale of one of them was picked up by Capt. Cook, of schooner Melrose, on Saturday. One of the masts came ashore at Shag Harbor, and another at Fish Island. The latter spar has still attached to it a portion of the plate iron by which it was connected with the decks. The only bodies yet found, were that of a man supposed to have been one of the firemen of the ship, which was found at Shag Harbour, and that of a female child, about two years old, which was washed ashore at Stony Island. Inquests were held on both these bodies, and both were decently interred. The report that the body of a man had been discovered at Cat Point, near Baccaro, is without foundation; as is also, we hope, the statement that the corpse of an infant, picked up at sea, was consigned again to the deep by the owner of the boat, in his eagerness to secure the tempting prizes with which the surface of the water at the time was covered.

The intelligence of the disaster was made public in Yarmouth about midday on Wednesday, and excited a profound and general sensation. Anxious to lay before our readers and the public, the fullest particulars that could be gathered of a catastrophe which is almost without a parallel in the annals of steam navigation, we determined to proceed at once to the scene of the wreck, and gather them from the lips of the immediate witnesses. Accordingly, on Thursday morning, we took passage in the mail coach for Barrington, where we arrived a little after 9 the same evening The following morning we proceeded to the "Passage," crossed over to Cape Island, and reached the residence of Nehemiah Crowell, at Clark's Harbour, a little before sundown. Here we occupied the evening in listening to the varied statements of the neighbours, as they successively dropped in, and in obtaining something like an accurate idea of the geography of the neighbouring coast. With the aid of a glass, the wreck is distinctly visible from the windows of Mr. Crowell's house The evidences of a wreck in the vicinity had begun to increase in frequency from the time we set foot on Cape Island. At the wharf where we landed a box had just been picked up, containing half a dozen morocco wallets, and along the beach children were searching, not unsuccessfully for cotton reels. Three miles farther on, we heard of a person who had found several pieces of goods at a little distance from the shore