

conviction of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come. But lately there have been witnesses in Cow Bay numerous conversions so sudden, so wonderfully striking and decided, as might convince even an Atheist that there is a God, or a fabled or Script of the power and truthfulness of God's word.

The convictions of many have been very deep and pungent. Some were wounded with an arrow of conviction in the house of God; some cried out for mercy—for pardoning mercy, on the road. I have heard of one who was in a "drinking saloon," and while in the act of putting the intoxicating cup to his lips his conscience was awakened, and there then he wept aloud in the bitterness of his soul, and cried out for mercy. Sinners were fully alarmed; but they thought it was only "a crazy fit." I might state that invariably souls who have been deeply distressed about their state have found corresponding joy and peace in believing.

Those who are awakened and all who have in any degree come under the influence of God's spirit, manifest great interest in the church and in the cause of God generally. It has also produced a spirit of liberality among our people. At a prayer meeting, not very long ago, a subscription list had been opened, and a sum of between \$150 and \$140 had been put down. Some may fancy this was a small collection. We think it was very good; and we praised God for the willingness of those poor, sad working people, in their endeavors to better the best of their church, which has now become the spiritual birth-place of immortal souls. Including this sum there has been over \$600 paid of the church debt this summer alone. I am quite sure that on the point of liberality toward the cause of God, the revival has been tested. I have abundant proof of the liberality of some at least of the converts in this revival. This congregation requires to exercise diligence and does exercise considerable diligence and liberality in maintaining the ordinances of religion among them, especially while the present depressed state of the coal trade continues; for we depend entirely on the coal trade for financial support. With a debt of several hundreds of pounds upon us, which is being lessened a little year by year, and maintaining the means of grace, and asking no aid from the Supplementing fund—and contributing as we are able towards the various schemes of the church this young though earnest congregation finds enough to do. But God has blessed us, and thus lightened a burden off our hearts. We were put through a considerable ordeal; but we have managed somehow to get along, and by God's grace we are to-day in a better position, temporally and spiritually, than we were ever before.

In June last a large number joined the church, being the first fruits of the revival. While we were thus highly favored, God has also visited some neighboring congregations with times of refreshing.

Dr. McLeod's large congregation has been visited with the outpouring of God's spirit. Other congregations are also being similarly blessed, but you will no doubt hear from them. I wish to speak particularly of what God has done for our own congregation.

Gabus is roused to its centre.—Framboise is enjoying the same blessed shower of grace. Prayer meetings are held in different places, on the Sabbath and on week days. The revival is spreading to the inhabitants of every settlement, village and town of this island were regaling themselves on the blessings of divine grace—blessings of a genuine revival of religion. Nearly the whole of this eastern Pictou coast is alive about the interests never dying of their souls.

On the evening of the 1st of December, 1870, it pleased God to take to his heavenly rest from the remains of the Rev. E. Evans, D.D., his brother-in-law, at Yorkville, Miss Sophia Shaw, at the ripe age of 78 years. The deceased was born on the Nalawak River, in the Province of New Brunswick. In her infancy her father, the late Hon. Major-General Evans Shaw, came with his family to York, now Toronto, being one of the Staff of Gen. Simcoe, the first Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada, where he filled several important offices, and rendered essential military service during the war of 1812-14. The death of her mother devolved upon her for some years the care of a large household, to which she brought a more than ordinary amount of wisdom and energy, conducting its affairs with matronly discretion.

In the year 1824, after much spiritual distress, she was enabled to trust in Christ for personal acceptance, and found peace with God through believing. Various and beautiful improvements in leading her into the way of truth, the devoted Methodist Society then worshipping in the original church on King Street. This was done at some sacrifice of previous associations and friendships, the relinquishment of which was amply repaid by the affectionate and profitable intercourse enjoyed, and the field of usefulness opened up. The class and prayer-meetings were seasons of great comfort and edification to her, and for years no business or other duty prevented her attendance. As a Sunday school teacher her services were of a high order, and were very efficient. After the marriage of her sister to the writer, she became and remained for twenty-six years an inmate of her house. On our removal to Halifax, in Nova Scotia in 1848, she was appointed leader of a class of young females, to whom her scriptural knowledge and consistent example were eminently advantageous. On leaving that position, the class presented her a beautiful Bible and a copy of the Wesleyan Hymn Book, with an appropriate inscription. From the latter volume, the hymn sung at her funeral was selected by the officiating minister at the house of the Rev. W. M. Puncheon, M. A.

Shortly prior to the appointment of the writer to the Mission in British Columbia, her health began to fail, and she entered the family of a widowed sister, who a few months ago, died in the Lord. During the years of her residence there, notwithstanding every appliance of domestic kindness and medical skill, she suffered greatly from physical debility and nervous depression, by which her spiritual comfort was often at a low ebb, although her long cherished religious principles and exclusive trust in her Redeemer were unshaken.

Her last half year was spent at the parsonage at Yorkville. Her sufferings were very severe, and at times she was strongly harassed by dread of the pangs of death, while her mind beyond still entered "into that within the veil." But "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The writer went to her room before she retired for the night. There was great debility, but no token of immediate change. She said, "I am passing away slowly; but, through mercy, safely." On pointing her to the stoning Lamb, she said, "He will long have been my trust, and He will not forsake me." About an hour after, she beloved soul departed, leaving a dear husband, a devoted daughter, and a large number of friends, who were united in prayer for her.

Two calamitous railway accidents have occurred, in each case involving a sad loss of life and leaving large numbers of bruised and maimed sufferers as a memento of the disasters.

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A few brief paragraphs will exhaust my budget of Home news.

The most important elections for the school Boards have taken place, and Wesleyans have cause for congratulation upon the success of nearly all their candidates. Seven have secured the seats in the London Board, one seventh of the whole number. In all the principal towns we obtain a fair representation; Birmingham alone excepted. In this stronghold of the League, they grasped at supremacy and attempted to put fifteen men of their own choosing, and the Wesleyan Minister being among the excluded ones.

Our Connexion Book Room has furnished us with specimens of two new publications for the incoming year. The "City Road Magazine" is to supersede the well known penny, or abridged Magazine, and the "Methodist Messenger" a penny will it is anticipated have a very wide circulation among the thousands of our people.

A powder magazine and factory near Birmingham exploded a few days ago, and it is the old story of heavy loss of life; and untold suffering, and misery of families.

I will pause here, Mr. Editor, for untold feelings of depression appear to rule within the just now, and impart their own hue to nearly all of this letter.

It is fitting for me to add, to your in-

creasing circle of readers, best wishes for the year which is hastening; and appropriate compliments for the season. May they share in the best blessings of the everlasting Covenant, and then, "life for evermore."
Dec. 16th 1870.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a long time since your Ontario Correspondent troubled you or your readers with any of his lucubrations. But you will favor him with a copy of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, every week, and so let he should seem to be ungrateful for such a visitor he will herewith drop you a line.

In that part of Ontario where your correspondent now takes up his abode, there has been a beautiful singing for two weeks past. Before that time, we had any quantity of music. To pass round one's Circuit, was really a difficult task. We enjoy the change most delightfully, and the merry jingling of the bells, and the crowds of young people that are to be seen at every opportunity skating, leads us to feel that we have lively times.

Our Provincial Legislature has been in session for some weeks, but no bills have yet reached the third reading. There has been any amount of talk. Some of the leaders on both sides of the House have indulged themselves in personal attacks, which to say the least, are very derogatory to the dignity of the Assembly. From one side or the other, bills of all parties indistinguishable in personal details. One might suppose, that some of them study to blacken the character of their opponents as much as possible.

This being the last session of Parliament many opinions are about as strong as ever. The Reformers are not so much as they were, and the Conservatives are not so much as they were.

The Reformers recently held a grand banquet in the largest available room in Toronto. The champion of Reform, so called, was Hon. George Brown, who occupied the chair, Messrs. Blake, A. McKenzie and others were the orators on the occasion. The gentlemen named are powerful speakers, and are doubtless, by far the most talented men of the party. Mr. Blake is often spoken of as the coming man. There was one little episode at the banquet, which is again creeping forward upon the prey which awaits him in the fated city. It is difficult to ascertain the true condition of the teeming populace of Paris. The accounts received are very contradictory, according to the sources from which they emanate.

One incident which is recorded tells its own tale of destitution. The soldiers from within Paris, when defeated and retreating, remained in spite of Prussian bullets to cut up the bodies