Provincial Wesleyan

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The death of Nicholas, the accession of Alexander, the probable influence of these events upon the present war,—are the topics that now engage so much as nearly to engross the public attention of Europe. A mighty potentate whom Heaven had surrounded with all earthly advantages,—a figure and countenance more handsome and commanding perhaps than those of any man of the age in which he lived, a vigorous, comprehensive, and controlling mind, dominions vast,—almost unlimited; whose will was law to seventy million subjects, and whose boundless ambition spurred him forward to universal empire, such an one seized by the arm of death, and stretched in his ancestral halls a cold and powerless lump of clay, is suggestive of salutary reflections to the moralist, and to the statesman philosopher of speculations innumerable.

When the announcement first was made that the giant despot was no more, it was attended by circumstances which induced in many minds the suspicion that some foul means had been employed to accelerate his end. It was remembered that his father, grandfather, and greatgrandfather, each had died a violent death, that in fact the history of Russia through the last two centuries is soiled in every page by the record of inhuman butcheries and vile intrigues for the throne. No marvel then had the insatiable Czar been hurried by human hands to his great account. But these doubts are dissipated. It is believed to be true that the Emperor breathed his last in the presence of a household sedulous in the performance of every act that might give him ease, and surrounded by the sorrows and sobs of an affectionate family. One incident connected with his closing moments affords a beautiful relief to the repulsive picture which the last years of the Emperor's public life present. It is related that when all hope was past, and he had received from his medical attendant the communication that he was dangerously ill, and liable to a paralysis of the lungs, he calmly and collectedly took the sacrament, took leave of the Empress, their children and grandchildren, kissed each, and blessed each one with a firm voice.

Subsequently he said to the Empress, "Do go now and take a little rest, I beg of you." She answered, "Let me remain with you; I would I could depart with you, if it were only possible." To this the Emperor replied, "No; you must remain here on earth. Take care of your health, so that you may be the centre of the whole family. Go now; I will send for you when the moment approaches."

Nicholas was born at St. Petersburg, on the 7th of July, 1796. He was the third son of the Emperor Paul, by his second wife, Mary of Wirtenberg.

"In July, 1817, he married Charlotte Louisa, the eldest daughter of Frederick William of Prussia, and sister of the present King. Four sons and three daughters are the issue of this marriage, the eldest son, Alexander Nicolaiwitch, having been born in the year 1818. At this time Nicholas had little expectation of obtaining the Imperial Crown; but in the year 1825, his eldest brother, the Emperor Alexander, died at Taganrog, in the Crimea, it is supposed by poison. The next heir to the throne was the Grand Duke Constantine, who was then at Warsaw, and Nicholas hastened to take the oath of fidelity. But his brother had already renounced the Crown in a paper which he had secretly signed on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of a private Polish gentleman. Nicholas, with expressions of regret, then ascended the throne; and now came a terrible struggle.

"A vast conspiracy, composed of two classes—the enthusiastic lovers of liberty and the old Russian party, the supporters of Constantine—was formed; but elements so discordant could not long act together. The troops were called upon to swear allegiance to the new Emperor; but they had previously sworn fidelity to Constantine, and not understanding the reason for the change of masters, they remained faithful to the oath which they had taken. When the ceremony commenced, the officers stepped out of their ranks, and denounced Nicholas as an usurper, and declared that he held Constantine in confinement. The soldiers followed their officers, with cries of "Constantine and the constitution." Milarodovitch, the Governor of St. Petersburg, and the veteran favourites of the army, were sent to parley with them. The archbishop appeared in his ecclesiastical robes; but all in vain. The populance began to sympathise with the troops, and the scene which followed has thus been described:—"The tide and tumult of death swept on to the imperial palace. The Emperor and the Empress had proceeded alone to their chapel, and on their knees upon the altar steps, had mutually sworn to die as Sovereigns. Then placing himself at the head of the guard, that yet remained loyal, the Czar rode out and confronted the rebels. Standing before them with haughty bearing, he cried in a firm tone, 'Return to your ranks—obey—down upon your knees!' The energy of his voice—his countenance calm, though pale—and the veneration with which every Russ regards the person of his Sovereign—prevailed. Most of the soldiers kneeled before their master, and grounded their arms in token of submission. They say in St. Petersburg that while he harangued them, one of the conspirators four times came forward to kill him, and four times shrunk back in fear. One thing is certain, that to the intrepid self-possession of that hour, he is indebted for the continuance of his authority. Victory was now easy. He retired from the spot; wherever resistance was made, the artillery played upon the gathering crowds, and the fire of musketry completed the work of destruction."

"The hopes of the Liberal and old Russian party having been thus quenched, Nicholas found himself the sole and absolute master of the gigantic Russian Empire.

"The two ruling passions of the Emperor's life appear to have been to consolidate and extend despotic institutions, not only within his own dominions, but in neighbouring countries, and to acquire, at all sacrifices, Constantinople as the seat of his great empire. His claim to exercise a protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte may be contrasted with his persecution of Christians differing from the orthodox Greek Church in Russia, and his prohibition of the sacred Scriptures. He never recognized the sovereignty of Louis Philippe; and by that astute policy for which Russian diplomacy is distinguished, in 1840, in reference to the Egyptian question, he endeavoured to detach England from the alliance of France. Of his private character it is difficult to form a correct opinion.—He has been placed in a situation of terrible responsibility; he has now gone to his account, and his opponents can well afford to draw the veil over his errors, his failings, his insatiable ambition, and his iron despotism. Can it be said of his melancholy fate—

His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
He steals to death from anguish and from shame."

The successor to the throne of the Czars is Alexander, the eldest son of Nicholas. He appears to have reached the crown without encountering those obstacles which it was thought his aspiring brother Constantine would cast in his way. A few hours after the death of Nicholas, the officers of the Imperial House took the oaths of allegiance, and the whole garrison performed the same ceremony on the following day. Alexander is thus described by one who saw him in 1839:—"His manner is agreeable, his gait noble, and without the stiffness of the soldier; and the peculiar grace that distinguishes him recalls the singular charm belonging to the Slavonic race. Notwithstanding his youth, the prince's face is not so agreeable as his figure. His complexion has lost its freshness; it is visible that he is a sufferer. The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pleasing mouth is not without sweetness, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique or the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but beneath that air of kindness, almost always conferred by beauty, youth, and German blood, it is impossible not to recognize a force of dissimulation that terrifies one in so young a man. This trait is doubtless the seal of destiny, and makes me believe that the prince is fated to ascend the throne. His voice has a melodious tone, a rare thing in his family, and a gift he has received from his mother."

The accession of Alexander Nicolaivitch has been hailed with jubilant acclaim by many who regarded it as the sure precursor of peace. Mild and pacific in his principles, and all along opposed to the monster aggression which has marked the close of his father's reign, it has been generally supposed that the new Emperor would signalise his own inauguration by a reversal of the policy of his ancestors. The dying advice of his father, too, as reported to the *Times* by its Paris correspondent, would seem sufficient to strengthen such predilections. It is stated that the Czar, on his death-bed, and in presence of the Empress said to the heir to his crown that it was necessary to make peace, even at the cost of reducing their power in the Black Sea.

We give but little credence to such a statement, and we place but little confidence in the disposition of Alexander, once seated on the throne of Russia, to abandon the designs of aggrandizement which have proved hereditary in the family of the Romanoffs. And however pacific his own intentions might be, we very much fear that the necessity of his position would force him to a continuance of hostilities while any dream of ultimate success remained. Peace restored, how is the fiery ambition of Constantine to be assuaged? Dazzled by the prospect of wearing one day a crown at Constantinople, he may consent to relinquish the hope of mounting the ancestral throne at St. Petersburg, but that glittering object once hopelessly placed beyond his grasp, it requires no uncommon powers of vaticination to predict for Russia a period of intestine tumult. Glance at the state of parties as depicted in the following extract:—

"The events of the last two years would seem to indicate that at present the Muscovite, or Sclavonic party, is in the ascendant. Constantine, it is pretty well ascertained, is the favorite of this faction. At this moment more than one of the most important offices of the state are held by intelligent and energetic members of the party. Siniavin, who, under the instructions of Nesselrode, has acquired much of the knowledge and tact of his master, has long been at the head of the Asiatic department of foreign affairs, the most numerously and effectively manned of all the departments of the state. This man, who never mingles with society, and whose name may be unknown to many who have for years moved in the courtly circles of St. Petersburg, possesses, in virtue of his office, and of his having generally filled the place of Count Nesselrode during the occasional absences of that statesman, an unequalled knowledge of all the foreign relations of Russia, and a mastery over the minds of the *employes*. Another important member of the Sclavonic party is Count Pratasoff, who is at the head of the Synod. Not less influential, from character and position, is Count Bloudoff, who, besides being President of the Department of Laws, and a member of the Council for the Affairs of Poland, presided over the second section of the late Emperor's *Chancellerie Privee*. Menschikoff too, is Minister of Marine. This brief and imperfect *resume* may suffice to indicate to what an extent the reins of Government at St. Petersburg are in the hands of the Sclavonic faction. Should Alexander evince any disposition to deviate from the policy latterly pursued by his father, the partisans of Constantine command the garrison of the Cabinet. Nor will it be difficult to find a pretext for superseding the elder brother in favour of the younger. Though it is certain that Nicholas was averse to trench on the rights of his eldest born, the idea has been broached in Russia that the son of the Emperor—the son born after his father's accession to the throne—has a better claim to the succession than the son born to Nicholas while yet a subject. Moreover, should Constantine or his partisans be disposed to try to dispute the claims of Alexander, they would have the countenance of the clergy with Philaret, the Metropolitan of Moscow, at their head; and however cavalierly the Russian may treat his priest personally, he bows before him with servile and superstitious dread when in discharge of his ecclesiastical functions. The religion of the Russian is, in fact, more nearly akin to a timid belief in witchcraft than to a rational faith. It is Fetichism, not religion."

New Brunswick.

LETTER FROM REV. R. KNIGHT.

MR. EDITOR,—Among the many excellent articles which have recently enriched the columns of your admirably conducted journal, none can contain more of local interest than those which present to view the prosperity of the cause of Christianity in these Districts, and the deep hold which the cause of Foreign Missions has on the minds of our friends, and the members of our Societies.

With this conviction, I now take the opportunity of accomplishing what I have for some time purposed,—to give you an account of the success which has attended our efforts in the New Brunswick District; but more specially those Circuits where I have been personally engaged.

From the frequent communications received through the Ministers on the several stations, I find there has been no one exception to a respectable advance on the sums raised for the Mission cause. At the last District meeting, Brother Johnson and myself were appointed as the deputation to assist the Ministers on the Woodstock and Andover Circuits. The *month of September*, decidedly the most pleasant for an excursion in these Provinces,—when the grain crops are yellowing for the harvest—the Indian corn and buck-wheat have well nigh arrived to their maturity—the sun's rays are less oppressive—and the shrubbery and trees of the forest are clothing themselves in gaiety and grandeur,—*this* was the season allotted for the performance of our deputed services. At this time of the year especially, the journey from St. John to the Grand Falls—the extreme point of my mission—is such as might well delight the admirers of what is rich, varied, and picturesque in nature. The noble river itself, receiving its fifteen hundred miles of tributary streams—*now* hemmed in by craggy and resistless eminencies, forcing onward its ample volume with rapid and turbulent speed, as it impinges on the stubborn barriers which interrupt its more placid flow, thereby throwing itself into whirling eddies, dancing, dashing, foaming through its narrowed pass, and over its rocky bed, impatient to disenthral itself from all restriction—and *then* widening away, quietly, smoothly, and for a time entirely relieved of all its fretful impulses, is an object of imposing grandeur. *Here* the eye can trace its channel at some considerable distance; but *there*, some jutting point of land, adorned with nature's many colored coat, rendered additionally striking and beautiful by the *symmetrical maple tree* and the *graceful elm*, with apparent ease and carelessness, hanging out her branches in rich festooning, the one representing the *geometry*, and the other the *poetry* of the North American forests—bounds for some short time the sight of its course. But hereby an additional form of grandeur is created. The river thrown aside from its wonted flow, makes a graceful curve, and hence, ever and again, the noble stream excites the admiration of the traveller, by the serpentine channel which forms its bed. Hereby, too, is formed an almost endless variety of landscape—the scenery changing every few minutes. While the St. John is the great highway through which the hundreds of thousands worth of productions annually pass, it has been from the earliest period of its existence bearing along in its bosom an *earthly treasure*, leaving it *here*, and *there*, and *all* but *everywhere*, and hence, from time immemorial, forming its alluvial deposits. Thousands of acres of this productive kind of vegetative soil may be seen on its margin, and that of its tributary streams. On the main channel these deposits are formed into many islands of varied extent, the richness and value of which are seen by the almost countless stacks of hay which meet the eye of the traveller, in the autumn of every year. Somewhat resembling the annual overflow of the Egyptian Nile, the St. John bears along in the spring season of every year, and leaves behind it, the proofs of its liberality. In the sunnier months of March and April the wintry snow dissolves, filling every channel with water. The frost unlooses its hold, detaching from the rocks, and the surrounding soil, portions of their substance—committing them to the streams which now flow along, while these, in their onward and increasing course, *beg, borrow, or steal*, which you please, from the rocks, earth, and decayed vegetable matter *over* which, and *through* which, they pass. These spoils are committed to the main stream, where, held for a time in solution, they are deposited on the intervale or alluvium, of the Islands, and marginal formations, as the river from its overflow retires to pursue its way with more sobriety in its natural course. But it has left its blessing behind it, as the farmer well knows, when he gathers in his crop of hay and other productions. Owing to the long drought, on our arrival at Fredericton we found that the Steamers could not run above this City. The next morning we had to take the stage, and ramble along more slowly and less romantically—but through the blessing of God we reached the *village* of Woodstock, almost arrived to the dignity of a *town*, in safety, and found from our *friends* there what *proverbially* obtains,—a most cordial reception.

On our arrival here, we found that the fearful disease which had taken away its hundreds in the City of St. John, had commenced its ravages. Several had died on the day of our coming hither—and others, were becoming its victims. A deep solemnity was resting on the minds of the people. As meetings, had to be held in nine different places, it was deemed advisable to divide our forces. Hence it was decided that Bro. Allen and myself should proceed to the Andover Circuits, to assist Bro Gaskin, in holding the meetings at Gages, Tobique, and the Grand Falls. And Bro. Johnson remained to assist Bro. Duncan, to attend in the meantime, at Northhampton, and Williamstown,—and subsequently to concentrate our forces at Woodstock, Victoria Corner, and Jacksontown. The next morning Bro. Allen, and myself started for Gages. Here we were to hold our first meeting. As the hour drew near, the sky was clothed with blackness, and such a thunder storm ensued, as I have but seldom, if ever, witnessed. The flashes of lightning, were peculiarly vivid, and quick in their succession—while the rain at short intervals came down in torrents. Consequently, as but few persons could attend, we had to defer our object to some future occasion. We held a religious service, rendered specially solemn by the pealing thunder which literally shook the building when we had assembled, while the bright and continuous flashes of electric fire, made of our artificial lights a mere mockery. The storm still raged with unabated fury. Some had to return the distance of three miles. And after remaining for a time, and seeing no immediate appearance of its discontinuance, the horses too, manifesting much uneasiness, it was thought best to face the storm. Fortunately for Bro. Allen and myself, a kind friend, whose house was close by, offered us a shelter and a home for the night. This we gladly accepted, when wearied by the journeying and labour of the day, we peacefully fell asleep, leaving the contending elements to end their strife, at nature's bidding. The next morning, (which is generally the case after such an elementary commotion,) was bright, and beautifully serene. At an early hour we left Gages, for Tobique. There we tarried for refreshments and then pursued our way to the Grand Falls; which place we reached about five o'clock in the evening.—Some seven years before I had reached as far as Tobique, on a mission, such as the present; but never till now had travelled the road leading to the Falls. About five or six miles above Tobique, we crossed the Aristook. This is a fine river, emptying its large supply into the St. John. The bridge which spans this noble stream is a fine structure—and the immediate scenery, peculiarly, picturesque. Flour and saw mills are erected here, seemingly well calculated to accomplish large results. This river has acquired some fame, owing to its proximity to the disputed line, between this Province and the United States, known by the name of the disputed territory. Things for a time wore a warlike aspect. The line of demarcation was drawn at last—and now exists, as a living evidence, that *trickery* sometimes, gets the ascendant over *honesty*—and though, *honesty* is always the best *policy*, it is sometimes *destined* to sustain its *integrity* at a costly price.

The road leading from the Aristook to the grand falls, sustains its hilly character, while the quality of the land on either side, not only maintains it adaptation amply to reward the toils of the agriculturist, but progresses in excellence. With one peculiarity, the observing traveller, can scarcely fail to have his attention arrested—that is, the more than comfortable appearance of the houses, erected on the oft-occurring clearances, by the road sides. There may be seen not only comfort, and convenience; but generally a display of taste in the construction of the edifices. On my arrival to the grand falls the site now of a rising town, in the County of Victoria, already endowed with the dignity of the *County town*, the *seat of Administrative justice*, where County differences will be decided—I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard, of the growing population at the falls, but my expectation—though I know not for what reason—had not been raised beyond the beholding a collection of erections of the humble class—Meeting the eye however, on an elevated site, was a building of imposing form, seemingly saying: I am placed here for more than ordinary purposes—I am here for something more than a mere object of vision—I am destined to be the arena of stirring events. This I was informed is the Court house. In the distance, environed by evergreens, indigenous to the soil, was an erection, whose spire pointing heavenward, waived the necessity of further enquiry as to its *use*. That building is an Episcopal Church. Nearer to view, a plain erection stood, whose wooden cross, proclaimed itself the Mass House. From this, in local distance but a little way, still in purpose, and intention very far, stood a building, yet in progress; this is a Wesleyan Methodist Church, to which hope is pointing its finger, as the place where the evangelical doctrines of the Wesleyan creed will be successfully proclaimed, and her scriptural form of wholesome discipline carried out. Here, and there too, were buildings which, would induce the question who—and who, lives there.

I *was indeed most agreeably disappointed.*—For a Town of large dimensions, a better site can hardly be conceived. The large sheet of water leading from the falls to the Madawaska; all the way, as I am informed, bordered by a tract of country combining strong upland, with a large portion of alluvial soil, forming an easy, collecting link with the Canadas,—*seems, nay*, but in *reality promises*, to make the at present, little Town of Victoria, a *place*, largely deserving, he *Briton stirring* name, which has been given it. The now low, and then loud, murmurings of the Falls had already reached my ear. I have been informed that a visitor to the far-famed Falls of Niagara, no sooner catches their hoarse and deep rumbling sound, than he looses all desire for everything besides. To stand close by the side of the mighty cataract, amid its foaming spray, and stunning roar, absorbs all his passion. This I can readily believe, in view of the effect produced upon my mind, on my arrival to the vicintiy of the Grand Falls.

The house of the kind friend with whom we had to stay was fully a mile beyond the spot where this young Niagara holds his acquatic sway. So desirous were we, that ere we could consent to take any refreshment, Brother Allen and myself resolved we would walk back to the falls, and feast our vision on this watery wonder. The hoarse and ceaseless sound was our guide. Following this, it becoming louder and louder, we were soon brought to this scene of one of nature's phenomena. Transfixed, for all the time we had at our disposal, to the spot, we regaled our senses at the sight. I have heard no mean judge say, that these Falls, in some few of their aspects, are equal to those at Niagara. He has seen both. Be this as it may, I was filled with admiration and astonishment, commingling with soul-subduing emotion, as in the presence of nature's God, while I beheld (to me.) this novel display of His power! I have been preceded by my brethren Cooney and Churchill, who, with powers of description far outreaching mine, have placed their views of these Falls, in graphically expressive phrase, already on the paper now under your editorial management. I shall not, therefore, make any labored attempt to describe a scene with which I was so much delighted. All I shall say is, that I have seen the Grand Falls; and that I saw the waters, at some distance beyond the rocky, craggy, channelled precipice which forms the falls, gently undulating, but rising gradually higher and higher—becoming wilder and wilder, until, maddened into foaming fury, they danced, they leaped, they dashed;—and while dancing, leaping, dashing, they threw themselves into many fanciful forms—running forward, bounding backward, seemingly to acquire accelerated force, then sideling away, as if in pursuit of easier egress—and then one portion, in deep and curve-like form, passing over the smoother sections of the precipice—another taking a frenzied leap over some serrated projection. *Here* may be seen a graceful stream, passing through a serpentine channel, and *there*, one serene and undisturbed, gliding down with ease on an inclined plane—but all meeting in the deep dark basin, formed by nature for the general gathering. The eye of the visitor from above looks down on the boiling confluence of the water beneath, sending forth their spray and vapour, stunning the ear with their din. Over these falls pass a considerable portion of the proceeds of the lumberer's wintry toil. Hence, imprisoned in this turbulent abyss, are countless numbers of pine and spruce logs, as well as other woody substances. There some of these have been beyond memorial time—and there seemingly destined to remain, in restless and resistless motion. These are the spoil of the gathered waters, ceaselessly passing off, but as continuously supplied from the cataract above. These logs are thrown into every position, as the result of every variety of motion—some standing erect, others obliquely and horizontally placed—made to change figure and location at the will of the powerful agency, within whose watery domain they have been placed. Professor Lyell, the far-famed geologist, is of opinion that the Niagara Falls were in some time past at Queenstown, some seven miles or more below their present location. This is but the principle announced by the wise man, on a large scale, that the "waters wear away the stones." There is room for the application of a similar opinion as regards the falls at Victoria; evidently the rushing waters have been, and still are, carrying on the slow but not less certain work of abrasion. The evidence of this is plainly seen from the form of the sides of the channel through which, after they have spent their rage, the retiring waters flow, in more placid current, to the St. John River. Delighted, however, as I was to see the falls, this must be deemed as merely a pleasing incidence. My object in going there was not to see one of nature's wonders, but to further the spread of the gospel of the Son of God, by holding a meeting for Missionary purposes. We were, however, met by an unexpected disappointment. Owing to some misunderstanding as to the place of meeting, we were painfully compelled to return without being able then to accomplish our object. By the kindness, however, of a female friend, we were accommodated with a room, in which I had the opportunity and privilege to hold a religious service.—Early the next morning we started on our homeward journey, and in good time reached Tobique.

Here we held our first Missionary meeting.—The attendance, owing to a public meeting being held near at the same hour, was not large. We had, however, an excellent spirit of liberality on the occasion; and in this place, where last year there was no effort of the kind made, we had of collection and subscription the sum of nine pounds. Having to preach one of the Missionary sermons on the Sabbath, we had to make an early start; and after having called by the way to baptize some children, I arrived, through mercy, at my home for the occasion, the proverbially hospitable mansion of Mrs. Jeremiah Connell.

In the morning I had the privilege of preaching to a large congregation, in the chapel at Woodstock. At three o'clock, taken by my highly-esteemed friend Chas. H. Connell, Jr., I preached to an overflowing congregation in our new chapel at Northampton, and was blessed with an unusual degree of liberty, in setting before the people "the things belonging to their peace"—baptized some children and returned to Woodstock—at six in the evening, walked about two miles to the upper village, and addressed a full house, on the subject of "regeneration by the Lord, the Spirit"—then returned, and found that "the rest of a laboring man" is never more sweet than when he has laboured in the promotion of God's glory among his fellow men.

The next evening, in company with the brethren Allen, Johnson, and Duncan, we proceeded to Victoria corner. This is a place of some note. The labours of the Rev. J. Allison, while on the Woodstock Circuit, were greatly blessed here, together with those of his colleague; and at the present time it is the scene of cheering revival. The house was crowded to excess—the interest was deep—the liberality of the people free and bounteous. The proceeds were over nine pounds.

The next day we held the anniversary of the branch Society at Woodstock. Never was the attendance so good; while the collection in amount exceeded that of any former year.—The Hon. C. Connell, with his usual readiness, presided on the occasion. The next day we proceeded to Jacksontown. The day was fine, and the continued dry weather had rather prematurely ripened the crops of grain. *Hence* we expected but few present, the people being busily and generally engaged in gathering in the harvest. We had more present than we had expected, and some seven pounds were subscribed.

The Meetings held at Northampton and Williamstown were also considerably in advance of the proceeds of the former year; and thus prosperously terminated our labours, as deputed to this service, by the late District Meeting.

Woodstock is a rapidly-growing place, and everything around intimates still more rapid growth. The cause of Methodism is taking deep hold of the affections of the community. Revivals of the work of God there are events of comparatively frequent occurrence. Our place of worship is too small, and by no means in a right location. To take it into the village, on the other side of the Creek, has been long an object of desire on the part of our friends, as well as the residing minister. This we hope soon to see accomplished. The site is fixed. The plan is in contemplation. The form and dimensions are decided on. Large and noble-hearted sums are promised to effect its erection: and soon we may hope to see a sacred edifice in that rising place consecrated to the worship and service of God, worthy the desires of the people, and the extent and exigencies of our Mission.

The next day I returned in company with Brother Johnson to Fredericton, and from thence, the day ensuing, to Carleton, the place of my more permanent abode. Thus ends my September Missionary tour, and, for the present, my communication.

R. KNIGHT.

Horton and Cornwallis Circuit.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

MR. EDITOR,—The Missionary Meetings for this Circuit closed at an early date of the present month, and I now lay before your readers, as far as ascertained, the result of these services. We have six Chapels, placed at suitable distances, within the thirty miles which is likely the extent of country over which we have to travel in preaching Christ,—and ministers therefore feel some little anxiety about weather, state of roads, and probable financial success on such occasions. In each of these respects we had during our late meetings to submit to some disappointment: on two, out of the six evenings we could not expect a large attendance, because of the unpropitious character of the weather; but the congregations at the other meeting were discouragingly small, and the subscription lists, made out at the close of each service, not in advance of those of last year. The Agricultural interest in this part of the Province was never, it is presumed, in such a prosperous condition as now; and for this, together with other reasons, we were expecting an improvement in the Missionary receipts, when compared with those of last year. It seems however that worldly prosperity does not always induce large auditories or augmented income, even when the cause advocated is of high importance; and I had to wonder in some of the meetings at the small attendance, and consequent absence of names from the subscription list upon which names I had fully calculated; what the result will be from the private appeals which we shall have to make before District Meeting, I cannot say; but, altho' I expect to see some improvement upon the receipts of previous years, I must think, that for Wesleyans to absent themselves from these meetings, and thus deprive themselves and families of the information which the ministers of the Circuit have assembled to afford, must be discouraging to such agents, while it goes to show that the hearts of some of the people are not in the right place upon the subject of Christian Missions.

Hoping that my successors on this Circuit will reap the advantage of this protest against the apathy of some, I now record with much satisfaction, the hearty concurrence of many of our people with those endeavours to collect the means of continuing the war which is now waging against idolatry, superstition, and sin, in the high places of the foreign field.

Some of our old friends have augmented their gifts, and others have volunteered for the first time their christian offerings;—while we have to accord to Mr. Joseph Vincent the credit of presenting the sum of £50, which I believe is the largest sum in aid of our foreign agencies that was ever given at one time upon this Circuit. The brethren, England, Lockhart, Sponagle and Harris, as well as some of our lay friends, delivered excellent and stirring addresses, upon the subject, which would have done good to our usual congregations had they been present upon these occasions, and which, if published, would grace the columns of your excellent and popular periodical.

But to prevent the possibility of friends at a distance supposing that the Wesleyans of this Circuit have lost heart, upon the subject of Missions; I ought to state that during my residence among them, there has been a very respectable increase in the amount of sustentation annually offered to this fund; and independent of the £50 from one person, I hope to be able to report in the proper place, an increase of the year also. If I find fault at all, it is on account of the small attendance at our public meetings:—the Committee that have placed beneath their control and general management our extended Missions, want not only the money but sympathies and prayers of *all* our people, and unless they come to hear described, by the ministers invited for the occasion, the fallen state, and the moral wants of man everywhere, their prayers may lack the necessary energy, *supposing* them to be presented to God for the speedy introduction of the latter day glory.

Our Missionary Anniversary in Lower Horton, was held at the close of some extra evening services which had been continued for near four weeks; in these meetings much good was obtained to some of our Church Members, and a number of penitents were brought into the glorious liberty of the Gospel;—and perhaps the frequent attendance upon the previous means was regarded by some as a sufficient justification for not being in their places on the other occasion.

We have also been engaged in a general effort to repair, improve, and adorn our Chapel, on this part of the Circuit; within and around the one in the neighbourhood of the Mission House, more than £100 have been recently expended, so that in addition to a new arrangement in the interior of the building, by which the comfort of the congregation is materially encreased, we have a melodeon for the use of our choir, which has tended to improve the singing part of our Sabbath services; while lamps, carpeting for the isles, and pulpit adornments within the chapel, and painting both within and without it, together with the good fence around the burying ground, and another in front of the ministers residence, have given an air of additional respectability to this home-stead of Methodism for this part of the Province.

Much praise is due to the Ladies of Horton, for their timely exertions upon this subject, for they by their indomitable perseverance provoked the stouter sex to "good works," and now all parties seem pleased with the change that has been effected. The improvement that has lately taken place in our Chapel at Lockhartville, is creditable to all those who gave their money for that purpose; a sum offered by Jos. R. Hea, Esq., whose generous gifts materially helped to the attainment of the former object, and which was nearly equal to one half of the outlay, was the originating course of this movement. The chapel is now finished, well painted within and without, and is an ornament to the place. The Greenwich Chapel is now undergoing repairs, and when finished will not only present a more pleasing appearance, but will offer advantages to both minister and hearer, which ought to be sought in the erection of houses for public worship. From the Kentville Chapel all the old fittings have been removed, and the erection of new and convenient pulpit and pews, has made it a pretty and comfortable place; and if the trustees of many of our chapels, especially those of the country parts, would only cast of out their several places of worship their present pulpits, or lower them nearer to the floors of the building in which they stand, I am persuaded that very few of our ministers would be troubled with throat diseases, or have their usefulness destroyed by a failure of the vocal powers;—This the Kentville friends did as soon as it was requested, and I can now conduct the third service of the Sabbath in their improved chapel, with less than a tithe of the pain and fatigue which I formerly experienced in the performance of the same duties.

The old chapel at Habitant, together with its high pulpit and galleries for which it has long been famous, is happily condemned at last; and we are now just commencing a new building in the village of Canning, which is a little more than a mile north-east of the old site, it will be sixty feet in length and forty wide, will have one gallery, and a low pulpit. The Mission House near the old chapel, which was commenced by my predecessor, has been sold and we are engaged in the erection of another one in the neighbourhood of the new chapel; the friends in Cornwallis have subscribed nobly and at once for these objects, they intend to have both buildings free of debt, and the ministers of the future will find them, I have no doubt, what they have been to myself and colleagues, a generous and willing people.

What we now want on this Circuit more than ought besides, is a speedy, general and continual outpouring of the Holy Spirit, for this we now wait in the use of the appointed means, and hope, while thankful for recent tokens of Divine approval, to be soon in a position to report its actual descent.

Yours, F. S.

Lower Horton, March 28, 1855.

Revival on the Woodstock Circuit.

DEAR SIR,—Believing that any intelligence respecting the progress of the cause of God will prove interesting to the numerous readers of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, I send you the following notice of a gracious work now in progress at Victoria Corner, about eleven miles from this place.

Judging from the signs of the times, and the attention which marked the hearing of God's Word, as well as the impressions which seemed to be produced, that the time to favour our Zion in that locality had come, we commenced a series of meetings for the purpose of seeking more fully the divine blessing. The interest which the members of our Church, as well as the community generally, felt in the meetings, gave us ground to hope that the pleasure of the Lord was about to prosper in our hands; and the result has proved that it is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man. On the second day, in the afternoon, we appointed a meeting for special prayer to God for his blessing upon our labours.

Accompanied by Brother Allen, my worthy Superintendent, conscious that it was not by might or by power, but by the spirit of God, we repaired to the place of prayer. It was indeed a solemn season,—the influences imparted led us to hope, as has been the case, that these were only the droppings before a more plentiful shower.

Subsequent gatherings have been marked by the outpouring of God's spirit. Many have tasted that the Lord is gracious. It was indeed a pleasant sight to behold not only the young, but the middle aged and gray headed unitedly seeking the mercy of God; and yet more delightful is it to hear many of them declare the wonderous works of God in bringing them from darkness into light, and turning their hearts from the power of Satan unto God.

Some whose lives were fast ebbing out in the service of sin, have at length had their feet turned into the way of God's testimonies, and they now feel by happy experience that religion brings peace to the soul, and gives rest to the conscience. The work continues to progress—the interest in the meetings appears unabated—and we hope that many more will ere long be brought into the liberty wherewith Christ makes them free who receive his Gospel in the love thereof.

The interest felt throughout the Circuit generally in the means of grace, encourages us to labour on in this good work, although sometimes weary in it; but *never* weary of it. For past tokens of the divine approval, we thank God and take conrage. May his work prosper yet more and more.

WILLIAM TWEEDY.

Woodstock, March 19*th*, 1855.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND THE JEWS OF GERMANY.—While Lord John Russell was passing through Magdeburgh, Dr. Philippson, editor of the *Gazette des Israelites*, sent an address to him, signed by several of his co-religionists, thanking his lordship for his efforts in favour of the complete emancipation of the Jews in England, and their admission into Parliament. The address at the same time expresses a hope that in the conferences of Vienna no distinction will be admitted among the races of the Ottoman Empire, as to divide in principle would be to weaken it. Lord John Russel, in a letter to Dr. Philipson, announces the firm resolution of the English Government to see that the Jewish and Christian subjects of the Sultan shall be admitted to the enjoyment of the same rights and the same impartial administration.

Latest European Intelligence.

BY R. M. S. ASIA.

Our latest dates are to the 17th ult, we make the following extracts:

The last advices from the Crimea inform us of very decided progress with the siege. All that portion of the city which abuts on the French position has been destroyed, and the more thickly inhabited quarter which, from its position, occupies the artillery of the assailants most fully, had been set on fire to a very great extent, by means of a new French rocket. While the work of the besiegers must be more and more dangerous as they approach, it is clear they are making steady advances. It must now be certain to the Russian authorities, and probably well known at St. Petersburg, that the great fortress is doomed, and this above all other convictions will hasten the conclusion of negotiations for peace. We have all along seen that Sebastopol was the real difficulty in the way of such negotiations, while Russia could maintain the hope of saving it. That hope must now be feeble, if it has not expired.

A letter from before Sebastopol, of the 17th ult., in the Courier de Marseilles, says—

'At this moment the attention of the Generals is turned towards Balaklava, on which the Russians appear disposed to attempt a *coup de main*. It appears from a reconnaissance made in the environs of the place, that a Russian corps, about 20,000 strong, is encamped to the east of the plains of Balaklava, and all around the village of Tchourgoum. These measures of the enemy cause the English to reflect, and they are most actively strengthening the fortifications of Balaklava. The French are doing the same at Kamiescha, in order to be tranquil at the south side, and in order afterwards to carry on their siege operations towards the north side, so as to intercept all communications with Sebastopol, and thereby completely invest it. The Russians continue to lavish their balls and shells. Night and day their guns fire on us but without much effect. On the 10th they threw 400 shells into our works in the space of two hours. The Allies scarcely fire in return. Since their sortie on the day the Grand Dukes arrived, no attack of decided importance has been made.

In the early part of the week a telegraphic message stated that the Grand Duke Michael had been blown up with the Malakoff Battery. This has not been confirmed.

A Malta letter of 28th February states that at a council of war, at which Omer Pasha was present, it was agreed to attack Liprandi's army, and in the event of success, to invest Sebastopol before attacking it.

Menschikoff has sent the following despatch to his Government:—On the night between the 21st and 22nd February we erected a redoubt on the left flank of the fortifications of Sebastopol. This was done so promptly and unexpectedly that we received no annoyance from the Allies. On the night of the 24th and 25th the Allies attacked the redoubt with considerable force. Two regiments repulsed them. The enemy lost 600 men. The mining operations of the Allies have been suspended. Up to the 26th February nothing new had occurred at Eupatoria.

With reference to the above, a despatch from the French Admiral Bruat, of Feb. 24th, states, that on the previous day the French had destroyed the works round the Malakoff Tower but with great loss.

The second edition of the Times contains the following version of a portion of the despatch published in the Moniteur:—During the night between the 23rd and 24th February, the second corps of the French army carried the important works of the counter approach established by the garrison of Sebastopol opposite the French works. The loss of the French consisted in some hundreds wounded.

We have a later despatch from Lord Raglan, dated the 24th Feb., in which, after his usual notice of the variablenes of the weather, &c., he describes the severe brush between the French and Russians, in which General Monet was wounded. He also mentions with great satisfaction the resumption of his command by Sir George Brown, the gallant General being restored to 'perfect health.' The despatch concludes with the following:—The railway is getting on remarkably well, and the exertions of Mr. Beattie, who is superintending the works, are unremitting, and entitled to great praise. The casualties from 17th to 24th are one killed and seven wounded.

Letters from Eupatoria, received at Constantinople on the 18th ult., state that Omer Pasha was then at the head of 42,000 excellent troops. The remainder were shortly expected. It was hoped that on the first of March the entire Ottoman army would be assembled at Eupatoria.

A letter from Vienna says—'Odessa has been transformed into a fortified place. All the warehouses have been made into military depots, and Odessa, which was the centre of maritime commerce, has become the pivot of the operations of Prince Gortschakoff and Prince Manschikoff.—If the Russians do not evacuate it voluntarily—which is scarcely probable—Admiral Lyons will immediately proceed to effect its destruction. The Allies also intend to bombard Theodosia, an undertaking with which Admiral Bruat will be charged.

The Post's correspondent, under date the