

olate. For this there is a moral necessity ; since, according to her ability, she is responsible to God for the protection of her subjects.

Leave her colonies defenceless, and let lawless hordes invade, and what would be the consequence ? Think of the miseries that must result from the transfer of our commercial establishments, and agricultural interests, to a foreign power, that would probably reward its soldiery with the fruits of our honest labours. Think too of the fearful tragedies that have recently been enacted in Canada, when villainy, under the masque of patriotism, traversed the abodes of the defenceless, revelling in the blood of our kindred. Think again of a ruthless mobocracy, whose death-organ is lynch-law, and whose jury the rude clamours of popular excitement.

War is indeed a fearful calamity ; but it is the offspring of invasion, and not of defence. Let us still pray that its dire thunders may never reverberate through our fruitful vales, nor its red blaze be seen and heard, like serpent tongues, hissing among our cities, towns, and villages. But if the Americans do persist in their unholy resolve for war, their pride will be humbled, their union dissolved, and their nation, already quivering with the guilt of the slave-traffic, be chastized with peculiar and memorable judgments from on high !

Wesleyan Methodism is not only characterized by a spirit of devotion to our God, but also by a spirit of loyalty to our Sovereign. Our clergy studiously inculcate the duty of practical obedience to the crown, as essential to true godliness ; and our lay-brethren cordially respond to the same.

What I have said in reference to the sentiments of the writer alluded to, is not to be construed into a suspicion of his disloyalty. I believe him to be sincere in what he writes ; and am sorry that he has chosen such an exigency as the present to descant so freely on the subject.

A LETTER FROM S. P. TO H. B.

AYLESFORD, ———, ———.

DEAR BROTHER,—

I EMBRACE this opportunity of acquainting you of a few of the scenes of sorrow, intermingled with joy, which I have been called to pass through since I last saw you.

When I returned home, I found my son-in-law, N., fast hastening to a world of spirits. But, blessed be God, while his body was decaying, his soul was being clothed with the righteousness of Jesus Christ. Until about three months previous to his dissolution, he appeared insensible and even easy concerning his future state ; when God was pleased to awaken him from his lethargy, by threatening his immediate dissolution. At a midnight hour he threw himself from his bed, and then foaming in all the agonies of a fit, some hours elapsed before any hope of his recovery was entertained. When he came to himself, he saw evidently that his body was near, very near, the confines of the tomb ; he looked around and saw the vanity of all created

good—he looked above, and there he beheld an angry and most justly offended God ; and in bitterness of soul he cried out, “ Lord save or I perish.” After this, he never slumbered nor slept until he found his soul was washed in the all-atoning blood of Jesus. His distress was so great, that we were frequently obliged to send for his pious friends in the dead hour of the night, to pray and converse him ; but at last the balm of Gilead was applied to his soul, and from five at night until five in the morning he sang praises to God. From this time his strength failed fast ; but his soul was ripening for glory. He would at times lose sight of the blessing, and doubt his acceptance : then would he wrestle in mighty prayer, until he found Jesus to be precious to his soul. But his most earnest prayer was, that, in his last extremity, he might visibly behold some token of his acceptance, which would enable him to pass through the valley and shadow of death without yielding to fear. And so fully was his request granted, that about dusk, the night of his departure, he saw a bright light pass through the room, which seemed to hover around his bed, and he cried out,—“ Rejoice—rejoice—rejoice !” His brother immediately sung—

“ Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free, &c.”

at the conclusion of which he exclaimed,—“ O, brother, why did you not sing until I had got quite through ?” Four of his brothers then commenced singing suitable hymns ; and in this manner he continued until about ten o'clock ; when, we have every reason to believe, his glorified spirit was escorted by angels to the Paradise of God, there to bask in the beams of one eternal day.

His wife appeared to entertain hopes of his recovery until about ten days before his death. She then saw that the idol of her bosom must, ere long, be numbered with the clods of the valley ; and, having never learned to trust in God, the thoughts of this separation drove her almost to despair. Her shrieks and groans pierced my widowed heart, and brought such bitterness as none but a mother's breast can feel. Her husband begged of me to join my prayers with his, that he might see her happy in the Saviour's love before his eyes were closed in death. Our prayers were answered, to the joy of our souls. God revealed himself to her, as her reconciled father and friend. And when she was called upon to see his spirit take its everlasting flight, a gentle sigh was all that was heard from her, while she appeared wholly resigned to the bereavement.

We have had a glorious outpouring of the Spirit of God in this place ; and many have been turned from the evil of their ways. My widowed heart has been made to sing for joy, while my children have partook of the unspeakable blessing. Several of them have been enabled to praise God in public ; and I believe, all that have come to years of maturity have tasted the joys of redeeming love.

Your affectionate Sister,

S. P.