

The Provincial Wesleyan

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Number 2.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

"Work, for the night is coming"
Pray, for the day's at hand;
Watch, for the Master's call;
Strive, it is God's command.
Now is the time to labor,
Then is the judgment hour;
Work for the soul's salvation,
Pray for the Spirit's power.

Work for the souls around you;
Weep for sinners—your own;
Fight for the cross upon you;
Wait for the victor's crown.
Watch, while you work for others;
Pray, while you wait for power;
Watching—Working—Praying,
Fill each golden hour.

"Work, for the night is coming"
Death stands at the door;
Pray, for the day is dawning—
Day of Jesus' power.
Sleep, when your labor's ended;
Wake for your Christ-blessed tomb;
Rest, faithful Christian Soldier—
Jesus calls you home.

Kirkwood, Ohio.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON

BY BISHOP SIMPSON.

Now, Christ places us in this way. We are in Christ's stead. We stand before the world to exhibit Christ's loveliness; to live Christ's life on and on, into the world. That Spirit dwells in Christian hearts, and works out through Christian agencies to accomplish the great good that is accomplished. It is true that Spirit works on the hearts of the children of disobedience; but it is to convince them of righteousness and of judgment to come. The Spirit works through the hearts, through the lips, through the hands, through the minds of Christian men and women. They are carrying out Christ's spirit. And it is because Christ lived that these agencies live, that these agencies flourish. And while we are doing this work, it is Christ that is working in us and will and to do for his own glory; so that Christ does live in us and does work in us; and we work out before the world in Christ's stead, and we stand before the world to represent Christ's person in the world.

Sometimes I think Christians are a little confused on this matter, because they say: "Why, Christ's mission was to die for sin, to make an atonement." That, I admit, was the great end for which he came into the world; but Christ's vicarious mission was ended when he died. He came back into the world, he arose from the grave, he had made an atonement for the sins of the world, he had risen again for our justification, though he had not yet ascended to set abroad the Holy Spirit. And now, suppose that, after his death, Christ had risen from the grave and had never ascended to heaven, what would have been his mission? Not to die for sin; not to suffer for humanity—that was over; but to be a teacher and laborer—to help every living person to live better, to become purer, to become holier, to become happier; that would have been all Christ could have lived for. He would have lived to whisper down the winds of doctrine, to give bread to the hungry; to give eyesight to the blind; to take the lame by the hand; to go to the couch of sickness and raise the sufferer up; to step into the house and say "Peace be unto this house"; to take the little ones in his arms, and stand by the couch of old age, and the dying, and sweetly point out the pathway of everlasting life. Oh! what would Christ have been could he have lived right on this world, walking over his hills, passing through its valleys, going into its crowded markets, sitting down by the wayside, at the mouth of the well, to meet the lonely one that came forth to draw water? What would Christ's mission have been, but simply a life of doing good, an exemplification of all that is beautiful and holy, and a putting forth of all possible efforts to ameliorate and elevate the condition of humanity? That would have been Christ's life. And you and I are in this world just to carry out Christ's great purposes. And hence for us to live in Christ; to be like Christ—may, I speak with reverence, to be Christ. "For me to live is Christ." You are to be Christ to your fellow men in this sense; you are appointed of God for this grand mission, and you are to perform it.

Christian men, Christian women, you have been as much sent of God into the world as Christ was sent into the world. As he was sent into the world on a mission of mercy, so you have been sent into the world on a mission of mercy. As he was sent to raise the world near to heaven, so you have been sent; and your mission has been a mission of mercy and love. But I look at society and see the multitudes sent from God here to be angels, and oh! how many of them have turned to be demons. Sent of God to bless the world, how many curse the world! Sent of God to smile brightly over the vast creation, and they cause frowns and anguish in the midst of God's works. Oh! what would this earth be if every human being was to feel the grandeur of his mission, and would set out at once and forever to work simply the works of God, to try to do good!

I think I hear some of my audience in mind saying: "We would like to engage in such a work as this. We would like to be as Christ in the world. It would be a glorious mission. But, oh! we are so weak, how can we represent the Master—how can we represent Christ? Well, now, my dear friends, Christ has made plans for you. He has given you that strength, and that stature, and that temperament, just those circumstances, and that location, and those opportunities that you have, and he only requires you, under those circumstances, to be like him.

If you think Christ would do it if he were here upon earth, do you do it. Go forward in Christ's name. Be sure the work is one that he would approve, and then, in Christ's strength, go forward. Just in proportion as you attempt to work for Christ will he approve your work, and you will grow stronger and

stronger. And now, if there is one here this morning who is not religious, a struggling soul that has tried an hundred times to conquer himself, and failed; if there is one here that feels that it is almost impossible for him to be religious because of his temptations and trials, let me say to you, my friend, while you are trying to conquer your own heart, set about some work of mercy for others. It will do you good. If you will select some miserable victim that ought to be saved, and undertake his salvation, while attempting to save him, God will save you. Just try to do good to some other person, and you will find that while you are trying to be Christ to them, Christ tries to draw near to your heart.

And now, dear friends, will you set out to be like Christ? Will you try? I would find if I could, help some one this morning. I am thankful God has helped me to climb up a few steps. I have been going up a little—faith, hope, charity—step by step, degree by degree—little purer air than when I first set out—a little stronger in Christ, a little more victorious over temptation, a little clearer view of the future. I can see a little further towards the promised land. I sometimes have visions of the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off, and sometimes the curtain seems to grow very thin around me. Oh! let me take you by the hand. Come with me. Try Christ's power. Try Christ's strength. Try Christ's grace to get over your temptations, and set out with me this morning in trying to do good.

METHODISM.

At a recent State Convention held in Illinois—the Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., read a paper on "The Claims of the Educational Institutions of Methodism." The doctor said: "My first proposition is that the Church has done right in establishing schools. Science and religion are sisters, and they have had their quarrels, they have assailed each other. Their spheres touch but do not conflict. Religion teaches little concerning the body save its resurrection. In this she teaches the immortality of matter, but does not claim that this depends upon bodily purity. Her offices and teachings are spiritual—as regeneration, conversion and sanctification. With the apostle she says, 'add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge,' that is knowledge of God's revelation of himself in Bible and nature. Science is God's temple, though wicked hands help to build it up. Voluntary ignorance is death, and it has often brought the Church to the verge of ruin. God's worshippers are not to be idiots. When a man is renewed by the Spirit and then educated, he is renewed in God's image. As a minister, I therefore plead for education. Our schools and our teachers cost us hundreds of thousands of dollars, and our youth are educated. But the Church has a problem in harmonizing her educational aims with those of the State. In a list of schools and colleges now preparing, it is shown that in a list of 311 American educational institutions all but ninety-two belong to some of the denominations. Many of these are passing into non-denominational control. Hence the problems to which I allude. Religion and thought must not be divorced, and our people will not permit it. The best investigation cannot be Godlessly made. Christianity is positive, not apologetically negative. Godless schools will ruin a nation, and mere secular education will not be accepted by the people for they are religious. The nation is religious as witness our national Thanksgiving Day. Church colleges and schools must be continued, because of their influence upon their pupils and upon the residue of State schools. They will furnish to the public educated Christian who will in turn influence the professions and give tone to them. Another argument is their supply of educational facilities to the poor. Still another is their agency in maintaining the solid, and not the flimsy in education. We look to Church schools for the very highest culture, and for that independence of changing public opinion. These will give a channel to the Church's benevolence. Men love to give to good causes, and thus to erect the most durable monuments. What monument is equal to 'Harvard' or 'Yale'? Our Church colleges have been the bulwark of Methodism. Without them the Church would have been disintegrated. John Wesley was a statesman and our first American Conference caught his spirit and illustrated it when they established schools. Thousands of students have been educated and afterwards entered the service of the Church. The permanency of our ministry because with the permanency of our schools. Nearly all our Church editors, our defenders and champions, have come from our schools. Annual revivals in them are the rule and not the exception, and the results have strengthened nearly all departments of our Church work. Illinois has more than many schools; she ought to have none; every conference ought to have one. Under Fisk, Wesleyan University at Middletown, began her work. She has graduated 500 ministers, two graduates are bishops, and, on an average, each class has given one hundred years of ministerial labor to the Church. The work of Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Asbury University and others are equally honorable. Illinois has three, McKendree at Lebanon, Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, and the Northwestern University at Evanston.

England is but one-eighth larger than Illinois. We have two million of the best fed, prosperous people in the world. Population and power will gravitate to us, but I contemplate our coming millions not without anxiety. Christ wept over Jerusalem, and so must any Christian weep over the ignorant, depraved classes in heathen or so-called Christian cities. Prosperity does not consist in mere population, unless that population is educated and Christian. If we cannot educate the millions who promise to come to our shores, we had better turn the stream aside, and away from us. The problem is a great one. Let not religion be relegated to the Sabbath and the Church, but let her place her hand upon these questions. Time does not permit me to touch these questions as to the degree in which the Church should regulate the character of teachers. Every teacher who is a minister belongs to the regular work, and is in the line of duty to the Church and God. Our

people ought to be called upon for regular contributions to education, and the Church must continue to regard Christ as the true wisdom, and to remember that all true wisdom leads directly to Christ.

CHRISTIAN CULTURE.

In a Christian life, as in an ordinary life, there are two principles at work—first, the force of nature in the steady growth and unfolding of our normal powers; and secondly, the voluntary drill which, working in harmony with nature, we call education. A child, even if he received no instruction, would, by a natural progress, grow taller and broader and stronger. His bones, by the law of nature, become better bones; his muscles become better muscles; and the brain develops itself, by the mere operation of things upon him, with-out school-house or instructor. And every man, woman, and child, by the mere unfolding of his natural powers in this world, that, however, is not considered enough. We hold that what may be called involuntary development must be supplemented by voluntary development, or drill. Every person, in order to grow to true manhood, besides what nature is doing for him, is to do a good deal for himself. He has to educate his eye, his ear, his tongue, his hand. He has to learn the trade that shall support him, or the profession which will follow. It is astonishing to see what an amount of drill and spontaneous intellectual power we store up in ourselves, to attain education, as we call it.

It is precisely the same in the Christian life. As we are drilled in learning, in art, in virtue, in mechanic skill, in husbandry, in war, in commerce—as we are drilled to be, as it were, apprentices in those things in which we would excel in natural life, so precisely we need to be drilled in the Christian life. All men in Christ Jesus would have a certain growth and development, involuntarily, by the mere progress and development of life and nature in them; but if any one is to have more than the ideal of Sabbath worship in that old and young, as well as rich and poor, meet together to hear the same truths, to sing the same songs, and join in the same prayers. We do not expect the children to understand all that is said, for much is above their capacity, but there are points which they can understand, and where instruction should be directed to them.

WHEN SHALL I GIVE?

Give when you have it; when God gives it to you to give. This power is precious and may be brief, and should not be perilled by the hazards of future business success. Certain portions or proportions of your gains belong to God's charities. Have you a right to risk them in the chances of your business any more than any other deposit? As a trustee, have you a right to use them for your own benefit? Are you not bound to deal with them as with any other ordinary moneys in your hands, committed to you for use for definite uses, or collected for remittance?

Give early. The gifts bear moral interest. The withholding is a curtailment of good. What is given, works, propagates, multiplies itself in its results immediate, or in establishing agencies of future beneficence, and acquires power for good often in a geometrical ratio of time. This gift loses by withholding, and for this the withholder is liable. The misery he might relieve is all the while passing beyond his reach. What an income is thus forfeited by delay, never to be recovered, yet strictly to be accounted for, which might have gladdened the days and years as they passed, but which, lost, turns for time and eternity to a regret and remorse! This is true if the ability of giving is still continued, and with late or dead hand it is still permitted to bestow what was due years earlier. Of this usufruct you rob yourself; you rob the poor, you rob God. But there is, moreover, grave peril that you will lose the power. You are jeopardizing the capital—another's capital—all the while, in the risks of business, and also in risks of your own disposition to give.

Give concurrently—*pari passu*—with your gains, according as God prospers you, and when he prospers you; laying by in store from his gifts from week to week, or at frequent periods in this measure. Do this or you may never give at all. Not only that which you retain in your business ventures or incidents be lost; you are also likely to lose the will to give. If you retain what is due to be bestowed, you will be likely to build on it in business enterprises, or in your scale of expenditure for living, as though it were your own. It will enlarge your wants. They will grow on the mind like the greed of the horse-leech. Moreover this giving systematically and synchronously with your gains, is your only guard against covetousness, that meanest of mean passions, a miserable miserliness, that rusts through the entire moral nature; a fatuity, a snake charm, a diabolic possession of the soul.

By giving frequently and as God hath prospered you, you will in the end give more and with less disturbance to any other interest. On the margin of each year's budget of expenditures are a multitude of optional or dispensable items, which perpetually solicit all moneys not immediately required in livelihood or business. Secure your charities against encroachment by these, through prompt giving, and you will be astonished at the amount secured from mere worthless or frivolous or luxurious expenditure. Give with a system of times as well as amounts. Thus you will not only increase amounts, but values; meeting the necessities of plan and system which must attach to all extensive and permanent charities. Give on the Sabbath, in the sanctuary, as a fitting part of worship in the Lord's house; as a practical culture and expression of Christian consecration and love. Give while you live that you may be certain of giving, and not be baffled and thwarted by executors, administrators, courts or heirs. Be your own executor. So shall your benefactions be more fully subjected to your intelligence and your purposes, and become more fully effective, and they shall bring you pleasure in the vision of their results.

But if by anything you are precluded from previous giving, give by will. Let charities blossom and fructify from your grave. Work on through your property in after times. Convert it

into voices and influences for good through the ages. In the foundation or endowment of mansions, charities, and educational institutions, what a glorious power is offered you beyond this brief mortal life. What a field for grand and lasting fruitage is opened in our New World, where there is so much need, and where a germ planted now, will expand to an *aghray!*—a world's life tree—for the future. Rescue all you can from the grave.

A LAY SERMON TO MINISTERS.

Dr. Hart in his recent work, "The Sunday School Idea," asks, "Will not our clerical brethren listen for once to a short sermon from a lay brother?" The aim of this "Short Sermon" is to urge ministers to put something in every sermon that shall be "level to the capacity of the child part" of their audiences. They are entitled to something more than the crumbs that fall from the table of an elaborate discourse, and others will not be robbed or left to starve while they are fed.

We trust that those who preach to others will listen to this sermon preached to them. It is short and yet weighty, and it bears upon a neglect of things which many will confess themselves guilty. Sabbath after Sabbath, in many of our congregations, one might listen closely without imagining that half the audience was composed of children. Their presence seems to be ignored, and yet they constitute that element of the congregation whose training and instruction are in some respects the most important. How frequently are the few sentences especially designed for and addressed to them, which now and then occur in the preacher's discourse? They rivet the attention, and they are stored up in the memory. They are the seed for future harvests. The child that hears them goes away feeling that there have been words spoken to him, and for him, and that the services are not a desert of learned discussion which he cannot comprehend.

How often have our hearts been pained in approaching the sanctuary to see the children leaving it, and leaving it in crowds! Our ideal of Sabbath worship is that old and young, as well as rich and poor, meet together to hear the same truths, to sing the same songs, and join in the same prayers. We do not expect the children to understand all that is said, for much is above their capacity, but there are points which they can understand, and where instruction should be directed to them.

Let such an opportunity be improved. It may prove "a word in season," not to them only, but to those who are older. It may break the monotony of the sermon, and excite the attention of the listless. Looking to practical results, we feel that the want of our congregations is not so much finished argument or devotional essays, as familiar presentations of the great truths of the Gospel. The thing and stones will often do more execution than the giant's spear. Luther always aimed to speak so that children and servants could understand him, and here was one secret of his power. If the plain and unadorned comprehended his words, he felt sure that they would not be lost upon others. We trust that ministers will listen to Dr. Hart's short "Lay Sermon," and profit by its suggestions.—*New York Evangelist.*

WHAT IS LIFE?

Some writer—we know not who—says: "The three lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the faculties still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart the tears which freshen the dry wastes within; the music which brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with its mystery; the hardships that force us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—these are the true nourishments of our natural being."

KEEP TO THE TRUTH—A HINT TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALKERS.

We often impress the teachings of Scripture much more forcibly on the minds of children by a vivid description of places and circumstances. The story seems more real to them in our own words. But we cannot be too careful to have our statements all correspond strictly with the facts.

A gentleman relates that he actually heard a public speaker, addressing the children, describe pathetically the poverty of Jesus and Mary, stating that when they went up to Jerusalem "they were obliged to beg their way along, with a few cents they had to pay their tax tied up in the corner of a handkerchief."

The little ones, of course, would accept such a statement as fact, and those who know better would naturally listen with little respect to any further remarks from the speaker.

When one allows his fancy too great license, he is soon apt to lose his strict conscientiousness with regard to the truth, and it is surprising to what lengths speakers, who sometimes go in this sort of romancing.

I know a gentleman, who is held in great esteem by some as a "famous Sunday-School man," who is chiefly famous for his Munchausen stories with which he delights the children. He once owned to a clergyman that he made them up as he went along. Very often he "did not know how he was going to come out when he began one." These stories, too, very often purport to be personal adventures, which were told with snakes, bears, and the like, in the western wilds. Often, too, they were so improbable that even a child's credulity would be severely taxed by them.

Now such children's addresses are a folly in Israel. Better ten words of serious, earnest instruction, that would fasten itself on the child's heart and soul, than hours of such idle

entertainment. Everything that will give children false impressions of the truth, or tend to lower their standard of truth, cannot be too scrupulously avoided. And if we turn to the word of truth we shall learn how displeasing they are in God's sight.—*Sunday School Times.*

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

"And a certain scribe came, and said unto him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Do all the disciples and servants of the Master at the present day say this from the heart, and with a full understanding of how much it means? Having said it, are they doing it? Some, we are sure, have kept the promise made at their first coming; and they are able with joy to repeat:

Anywhere with Jesus, says the Christian heart;
Let him take me where he will, so we do not part;
Always sitting at his feet, there's no cause for
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears!

Anywhere with Jesus! though he leadeth me
Where the path is rough and long, where the
dangers be;
Though he take me from me all I love below,
Anywhere with Jesus, will we gladly go.

Anywhere with Jesus, in the summer heat,
Anywhere with Jesus, through the winter
sleet;
Anywhere with Jesus, where the bright sun
shines,
Anywhere with Jesus, when the day declines.

Anywhere with Jesus, though he please to
bring
Into the fire, into the suffering;
Though he bid me work or wait, or only bear
for him,
Anywhere with Jesus still shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb,
With its frightful terror, with its dreared
gloom;
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn
life,
Fainting with the constant toil, drooping in the
strife.

Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate where he is with
us;
He will love me always, every need supply;
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

INFLUENCE OF THE HIDDEN LIFE.

The coast of Cornwall, particularly in and near Mount's Bay, is visited by the warm Gulf Stream, which is the secret of the healthy temperate climate of the coast. There is little variation in the atmosphere by day or night. There is not much information to be obtained concerning this interesting phenomenon, but the influence is felt and seen, through the Gulf Stream itself flows unseen in the deep waters, separated in a manner from the deep waters through which it passes without mingling. The lands in vicinity are warmed by it; the air above and in the vicinity is soft and balmy. Exotics seen nowhere else in England flourish in its neighborhood, and many an early blossom is put forth before the winter elsewhere has departed. In the caves of the rocks, and occasionally in some places of the coast, its presence is known by the rare and beautiful shells which, carried safely by the current through the ocean, are left as the production of a distant shore and tell whence the stream flows.

As I felt the soft influence of this genial stream in the month of early spring it never failed to remind me of the hidden life of Christ—the positive blessing flowing from the fullness of the spirit in the soul of a child of light dwelling in the ungodly world—a continual contrast to that Christianity which lives only on the lips of formal professors, bringing neither warmth to themselves nor light and gladness to others.—*The Secret of the Lord.*

AFRAID OF GOD.

Some years ago, a band of missionaries in the Fiji Islands found their house surrounded by a troop of savages armed for battle. Being both unable and unwilling to fight, they shut their door, and began to pray.

Presently the howling of the savages ceased. Then one of the missionaries went out, and found only one savage there. Said the missionary: "Where are your chiefs?" "They are gone to your God; and they know your God is a strong God; and they are gone."

The savages were right at last. God is a strong God; strong to help those who love him; strong to punish his enemies. This strong God is the friend of loving little children.—*What God needs this is for the weak and helpless.*—*S. S. Advocate.*

AND PARADISE. Paradise lost, is awaiting you, and stands before you, with unfolded gates; and time hasteneth past, and eternity prepares itself to roll on forever. And the body itself its strength for labor; and its relief for sensual things; and both haste to an end; and rest cometh, and refreshment in the presence of God; and every blessing of our first parents, with every superadded blessing which arises from the sense of dangers past, from the glorious knowledge of redeeming love, and from the certainty of salvation, and deliverance, and eternal security.—*Irving.*

WORLIDLY ENJOYMENT.—Often, when in the full enjoyment of all this world could bestow, my conscience told me that, in the true sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me, "What madman is all this, to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery?"

Prov. xiv. 10.—A good man lying on his bed of sickness, and being asked—which were the most comfortable days he ever knew? cried out—"O give me my mourning days; give me my mourning days again, for they were the joyfulest days that ever I had."—*Brooks's Works.*

The memory of good actions is the starlight of the soul.

From the Wesleyan Missionary Notices, December, 1870.

Frequent allusions have been made in these "Notices" to providential openings for the introduction of Methodism into Portugal. Mr. Cassels, by his zeal and liberality, has succeeded in building a chapel and forming a Society at Oporto. The members, although by no means in affluence, have raised considerable sums for local objects and have forwarded handsome contributions to the Committee. Mr. Cassels guarantees £100 per annum towards the support of a Mission. The Government have of late indicated a more favorable leaning to the side of religious liberty. Under these circumstances it is much to be hoped that the Committee will be able to plant a Missionary at Oporto with as little delay as possible. Such a centre might prove of service in carrying the Gospel into the north of Spain.

The stability of the young converts in Ceylon is an encouraging proof of the genuineness of the revival with which the Sinhalese District was recently visited, and which we are glad to learn, continues quietly to spread. On the continent of India the Missionaries are doing a great work by street and especially by out-door village preaching. A spirit of enquiry is awakened in the hearers, a large amount of truth is lodged in their minds, and many are brought into fellowship with the Christian Church.

Every mail confirms the rumour of growing unchristianity in China, and of a wide-spread determination among the Mandarins to annoy, harass, injure, and drive away foreigners. The Missionaries and native Christians are the special objects of their suspicions and attacks. It is impossible to foresee what the end will be. In the meantime the Churches at home must sustain, by their earnest and unceasing prayers, the honored and heroic men who are prepared to "speak the word of God as he is prepared to be bound or loosed." Great excitement prevails on the banks of the Vaal, in South Africa, owing to the discovery of the diamond fields. Mr. Thorne, of Bloemfontein, has visited the spot, and his letter will be read with interest. Post experience has taught us how necessary it is that a Missionary should be found amongst the diggers.

From various parts of the West Indies interesting tidings reach us. The erection of sanctuaries free from debt, the spread of scriptural education, the circulation of Christian literature, and the conversion of souls, are some of the signs of progress which our brief extracts report.

EUROPEAN MISSIONS.

From James Cassels, Oporto, Portugal, Greenwich, November 7th, 1870.

Since last writing to you, I am very thankful that it has pleased the Lord to open the way for Missionary work at Oporto to an extent we could hardly have anticipated a year or two ago. Our services at the chapel, which was only open for preaching in the Portuguese language about six months ago, have never been interfered with. About five months ago a large mob assembled at a hall we had rented as a preaching place, and for a short time our services were suspended. But good came out of this: the police authorities to protect the Protestants from insults in the streets, and to protect and tolerate their religious services, so long as they did not obstruct their meetings in any way, but met with closed doors. About four months ago, the chaplain of a public cemetery refused burial to the body of a child, because it had been baptized in our chapel; and he (the chaplain) had the body removed from the cemetery, and it remained three more days without burial; until the civil governor, hearing of it, ordered the body to be immediately interred, and a portion of the public cemetery to be set apart for the burial of Protestants. The priests and their friends persecute our regular attendants more than ever, but the authorities generally protect and tolerate us. I preach three times each week. About two hundred persons usually attend our services; and if it were possible for me to preach in any part of the city of Oporto (on Sunday afternoons, as well as in the chapel which is out of the town,) I feel confident that many more would flock to hear the Gospel. Indeed during a short time while Mr. Mattos preached at the hall on Sabbath afternoons, considerable numbers attended.

We have four class-meetings for Portuguese. Every morning two members and four on trial. Sunday afternoon, three members and one on trial. Monday evening, ten members, and four on trial. Friday evening, ten members, and two on trial. Souls have been converted; to God be all the praise. Their sincerity has been testified by the persecutions they have endured; and it would do any Methodist good to hear their earnest prayers, for always some, and occasionally all, offer up prayer at every class-meeting. I usually commence each public service with a small portion of the Liturgy; all join heartily in the responses. The use of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, confession, chants, and occasionally the Litany, prove to the Romanists that we have some things in common with them, and are not such heretics as the priests would have them believe. The singing, also, is very hearty. We feel very grateful to the Missionary Society for having occasionally sent Mr. Richmond and Mr. Lyle to visit us, and it is a great comfort to our members to unite round the Lord's table, and to bring their children to be baptized; but while these occasional visits are a great service to the Missionary Society, they are soon over, and in a few days we are left again alone. I earnestly hope the Committee will be able to send a resident Minister. The field is large, the authorities have lately protected us, a chapel is built, a society formed, our members attached to Methodist doctrine and discipline, and a small day and Sunday as well as night school commenced.

I do not ask the Society to go to the great expense they have been put to in Italy, or even in Spain, but only to send us a Minister; and to aid in supporting him during the first few years. I guarantee that at least £100 per annum will be collected at Oporto. I confidently expect that this sum will considerably increase. As an additional reason why I am so anxious that a minister should be appointed, I may add that my health is not good, as I suffer from a weak chest; and although I shall ever esteem it a great privilege to work in the Lord's vineyard, I fear that I should succumb altogether, if I continue to do as much as I have hitherto done.

Oporto is only about sixty miles from Tey, and eighty from Vigo, two Spanish towns; so if the Committee should have any intention of establishing a Mission in the north of Spain, it might be easily included in the Oporto Circuit.

The American Presbyterian Church has several churches in the Brazil, and are sending a Missionary to Lisbon, and I have more than once been asked if I would join them; but while I wish well to all Evangelical Churches, it is impossible for two to walk together unless they are agreed. Our members would be perplexed at the change; and the dread with which Presbyterians look upon class-meetings, and even the use of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and especially their mode of partaking the Lord's Supper, prove to me that Presbyterianism would not suit the little church at Oporto.

SOUTH AFRICA.

From the Rev. J. Thorne, Diamond Fields August 29th, 1870.

These fields, the centre of attraction to the whole of South Africa, and likely to become the point of influence for multitudes from every portion of the globe, are situated on the Banks of the Vaal, rather more than one hundred miles northwest of Bloemfontein.

At the request of our General Superintendent, I have visited the place, and, notwithstanding all that I had heard, was taken by surprise at the scene which I witnessed on my arrival. The main camp is a wide-spreading collection of tents, extending from the hills on either side of the river to its banks. One passes up the rugged steeps, lined with hotels, billiard-rooms, shops, portrait-salons, and private dwellings, all constructed of canvas, and supplemented by bullock-waggons, sheds made of reeds, &c. The streets and spaces between and around the tents are thronged with a busy multitude, some picking and digging, others sifting the soil, and others again carting it away for washing at the river. Some of the hills have been completely terraced over; all the soil has been carried away, and nothing left but heaps of boulders, whilst from several of them respectively it is computed that £100,000 worth of diamonds have been realized. One goes down to the river, and half-a-dozen men accost him, "Want a boat, Sir?" making him wonder whether, all at once, he has been transported to a seaport town. For miles on both sides of the river there are the washing and sorting apparatus, consisting of pumps, long tents, cradles, and tables. And all day long one can hear the uncanny "rock, rock," of the cradles, and long before dawn the rumbling of carts and waggons conveying the matrix to the water.

Vast numbers of diamonds have been found, and still are being found. Some persons have made a fortune, many have gained sufficient to remunerate their labor, and, of course, many have been unsuccessful; though from the general experience of the diggers, one would judge that industry and patience are almost invariably rewarded. During the last few days, diamonds to the amount of £50,000 have been reported, to say nothing of those which have been kept secret, and, for various reasons, these are doubtless many. I have seen many beautiful diamonds whose value is beyond estimation. Some of special value. I have just crossed the river, and met a man whose face I at once recognized. He had been my school-fellow in Cape Town, and I had not seen him since. He had just found a diamond of fifty-fifty carats, worth thousands of pounds, and, "for joy thereof," was running about with excitement, showing the stone to every one he met. The next morning another diamond was unearthed, weighing fifty-six carats. I have met men whom I have known as struggling with poverty for years, and diving into the depths of old stockings, they have shown me bright gems which may some day flash forth the light in some dual or royal coronet. And this enthusiasm keeps up, and men who have dug in vain for weeks, or even months, still have faith in the future, as well they may.

One is overwhelmed, with the sight of, such a multitude in the desert, and such energy in slow going Africa. You are accosted every few yards with some one you have known in Cape Town, or Port Elizabeth, or Graham's Town, or some other Town in the Eastern or Western Provinces. Here is a man from the Free State; there one from the Transvaal Republic. There, again, one from Natal. Here is a man whom you have known as a local preacher in one of the old centres of religious life in the colony, and he has brought his "plan" with him. Here one whom you saw last as Superintendent in a large Sabbath-School. There is a Class Leader; there is an old member whom you have long admired for his consistency; and among and around these there is the worldly, noisy, and vicious, strong, who care little for either God or law. You have here the best and the worst. Men of high intelligence meet you in navy's garb, their speech betrays them. Doctors, lawyers, land-surveyors, men of gentle birth and good breeding, are lightning the fire, or handling the spade, or sorting the pebbles at the table.

At present it is estimated that there are three thousand on the "fields," (English and Dutch, besides a large number of natives), and every day there are new comers from every quarter of South Africa; and, unless this case of treasure-finding be different to those of California and Australia, there will shortly be an influx from Europe and America.

Hitherto there has been no resident Minister, but the place has been frequently visited by Ministers of the Church of England and the Dutch Reformed Church, and now by myself. All these Clergymen come a distance of at least a hundred miles; but they have good congregations, and many a pious man, by his radiant face and a warm grasp of the hand, fully compensates them for whatever trouble their visits may cost them.

Last Sunday we had large congregations in the Committee's tent, characterized by true Methodist earnestness. The responses to the prayers and the singing were as hearty as ever I have heard them; the attention marked, and the collections liberal. On Monday evening a number of the diggers came to the tent, some of them men of social or political importance in the Colony, and many of them members of old Methodist families. They subscribed on the spot for the purchase of a commodious tent for public worship, for the use of all Nonconformist bodies; and they are following this with a petition for the appointment of a resident Minister.