water or weak black tea. I got a good number of sermons prepared in advance of my preaching—for I had no old stock to fall back upon—and for years I kept them so. On Monday morning I began work, and on Saturday noon I laid down my pen, and on no account would I touch pen, or book, or even newspaper, till Monday morning. The whole of Saturday afternoon I devoted to recreation.

The first effect of this course was, I went through both discourses on Sunday with equal interest, and felt no exhaustion at the close. I recovered entirely from my precious attacks of dyspepsia. I was greatly relieved from incipient ministerial sore throat. I never was worried on Saturday to know what I was to preach on Sunday, and I never had a blue Monday afterwards. My best hour for commencing a new sermon was after the services of the Sabbath were over, and the freshest day of the week, except Sunday, was Monday.

Moral.—Make Saturday your day of rest, and Sunday your first day of labor for the week, instead of the last, and blue Mondays will disappear.—*Independent.*

Obituary.

THE REV. JOHN MARSHALL,

Died in Lunenburg on the 12th July, 1864. He was born in Petersborough, England, 3rd May, 1787, and commenced his ministry in 1818, when he was ordained and sent as a missionary to Tortola, in the West Indies, his papers being signed by the Rev. Richard Watson, and the Rev. Jabez Bunting. After some years his health failing in that inhospitable clime, he was sent by the missionary committee to Nova Scotia. He was in the active work of the ministry thirty-three years, and a Supernumerary thirteen, making his ministerial life forty-six years.

As a christian, his piety was uniform and consistent. He was no complainer either against his brethren in the ministry, or the church. He loved his ministerial brethren tenderly, believing them as a class, to be the best men in the world. The members of our churches he highly esteemed, and thought it an honor to labor for their edification; "he rejoiced with them that did rejoice, and wept with them that wept." Amongst the poor of our people, in the sick room, and by the bed of the dying, his sympathies flowed, his piety was manifested, and the holy unction that attended his ministrations, proved that God was with him. The poverty of the people among whom he might be called to labor, the smallness of his salary, nor the trials peculiar to his intinerant work, were not allowed to fret his spirit or to induce him to murmur, If he did not tread so elevated a path as the Apostle, yet looking at his example, he could say in desire, "We glorify in tribulation also."

As a parent he was tender-hearted, and anxiously solicitous for the best interest of his children; and as he was able, and had the opportunity, laboured for the literary and moral training of those that God had given him. O! that they may follow him, as he followed Christ.

As a minister, his talents were respectable, and by diligent reading and study, anxious and prayerful preparation for the pulpit, he was a minister that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. Hence, he occupied some of our best Circuits; his pulpit efforts and pastoral labours were no only acceptable, but highly prized by our people. He did a good work in his day in building up the walls of Zion with the most precious materials, gold, silver and precious stones. The Great Head of the Church manifested his approval of his labours, by giving him seals to his ministry, and making him useful in the edification and establishment of his church. And now his "witness is in heaven, and his record is on high." "He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

For some years previous to his decease, paralysis greatly enfeebled his mental and physical nature, so that he could not attend the house of God; but when visited by any of his brethren in the ministry, it greatly cheered and comforted him. During the past year the writer of this, two or three times, associated with his colleagues, administered the holy communion in his house; these were times of much spiritual profit to him and to ourselves. In the fall of last year, he was the subject of great temptation, he passed through deep waters, and for some days was in great heaviness, and wrote bitter things against himself, but God delivered him out of the hand of his spiritual adversaries, his mind assumed the same peaceful, happy, and confident love, that he had so long evinced. The last six months of his life were attended with increasing feebleness of mind and body, but when spoken to in regard to his religious state, Christ was always precious. Some ten days before his death, he had a fresh attack of paralysis, under which he sank rapidly, but without much suffering; as long as he was able to articulate, he testified that Christ was precious. On Tuesday it was evident the last struggle had taken place, toward the evening his breathing became more difficult, and we saw his end was drawing near; we knelt around his bed and commended him to the mercy and care of his heavenly Father, and while upon our knees the struggle ended, and his redeemed Spirit fled to be forever with the Lord.

He had much desired to see his sons, and God permitted him to see and recognize one of them before his death; he was also blessed with the unremitting attentions of his dear wife all through his affliction. May the God of the departed husband, be gracious and bountiful to the lonely widow.

On Friday the 15th inst., after singing and prayer at the house, his remains were conveyed to the Wesleyan Church in Lunenburg, accompanied by a large and respectable funeral. The Superintendent improved his death by a discourse from Job xix, 25, 27. Among those present were the Rev. Mr. Johnson of Petite Riviere, Rev. Mr. Smith of Mill Village, and the Rev. Mr. Martin of New Germany, belonging to our own denomination, who all took part in the religious services connected with the funeral; and also the Rev. Mr. Duff, Presbyterian minister of Lunenburg, and the Rev. Mr. Hodgson of the Episcopal Church.

"One family we dwell in Him;
One church above beneath;
Though now divided by the stream;
The narrow stream of death."

JAS. BUCKLEY.

MRS. LUCY ANN GESNER OF GRANVILLE.

Died at Granville, Annapolis, on the 29th of May last, aged 51 years, Mrs. Lucy Ann Gesner, wife of Mr. Delancy Gesner, and daughter of Israel and Mary Longley of Granville. Mrs. Gesner experienced the pardoning mercy of God in early life, and retained the fear of God, and a measure of his love, amidst the subsequent cares of life unto the period of her last and long protracted illness. Her faith in God, and experimental acquaintance with his faithfulness in saving the soul, were greatly increased during the months of her continued and severe illness. Her complaint was dropsy in its most inveterate form, which produced great weakness, emaciation and distress. But her faith in God was unwavering, her courage and patience, in the endurance of suffering, were strong and constant, and her triumph over death complete, through faith in Christ, the rock of her salvation. Often she longed to be gone to be at rest with her Saviour; and then when revived a little through the physician's skill, she would express a desire to remain a little longer if it were the will of God, for the benefit of her family. But long protracted affliction weakened her ties to earth, and by God's grace, strengthened her desires to leave this world for the better one of immortality,—and she meekly and fervently, resigned her soul into the hands of her Saviour, and departed, as we hope and believe, from amidst sorrowing and loving friends on earth, to meet loved relatives, and the innumerable company of the just in heaven. May her friends be fully prepared to meet her in the realms of bliss, when the journey of life is with them ended.

T. H. D.

Bridgetown, Annapolis, July 1864.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1864.

Address of the Conference

OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH OF EASTERN B. AMERICA TO THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

REV. AND BELOVED FATHERS AND BRETHREN,—At the opening of our present Conference we welcomed into our midst your honoured Representative, and our greatly esteemed President, the Rev. W. L. Thornton, A. M. We also listened with feelings of deep interest to the address with which you were pleased to favour us. The assurances thus conveyed of your undiminished affection towards us, of your regard for our peculiar toils and trials, and of your desire to afford us all practicable aid in securing the great end of our ministry, were truly refreshing to our hearts. The fact of our connexion with you is a subject of gratitude to us; and we trust that our love to the Lord Jesus, and our usefulness in his Church will be largely promoted by the councils and encouragements which from time to time we receive from you.

It is impossible for us adequately to express our estimate of your kindness, in appointing to preside over us on this occasion one, whose position and abilities, whose character and services equally challenge our admiration and our love. He has indeed come among us "in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." By his assiduous attention to business, his gentle and courteous demeanour, his eminently appropriate pulpit efforts, and his devout and hallowed spirit, we have been edified and blest. On his behalf, we thank the God of all grace; and when he takes his departure from us our earnest prayers shall be offered for his safety and happiness, for his abundant usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord, and his final glory through the merits of the Redeemer.

It occasioned us sorrow to learn that on account of domestic affliction, the Rev. W. B. Pope, the companion designate of the President, was prevented from visiting us. He shares, however, in our kindest sympathies; and we shall be glad at any time to welcome him among us.

The presence of the Rev. Robinson Scott has been hailed by us with lively satisfaction. His details of the work of God among the Irish Methodists have been profoundly interesting; and for his intercourse with us, his councils, and his prayers, we are truly grateful.

The sessions of the present Conference have been characterized by great unanimity of sentiment, and by very much of the grace of God. The Head of the Church has manifested Himself among us. We have sat together in heavenly places in Christ. Our several inquiries have been conducted in the spirit of prayer, and under a more than ordinary sense of our awful responsibilities. We have been humbled on a review of the past; but we flee for refuge to the atoning blood; and we yield ourselves anew to the Divine Master. With increasing zeal, and enlarged expectations of success, we "will pay our vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all His people."

It is cause of gratitude, however, that we have at this time to report a small increase of full and accredited members, while a considerable number are returned as on trial. Yet this increase is neither equal to our wishes nor our wants. Doubtless some account ought to be made of our growing concern to return none as members of the Church, but those who in reality are such. But this is far from satisfying us as to our present condition. We are determined to aim at nothing less than constant and general prosperity; and as we remember that our sufficiency is alone of God, that "neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase," we purpose by fervent supplications to "give Him no rest till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord!"

Two of our most venerable brethren have, during the past year exchanged immortality for life. JOHN B. BROWNELL, who laboured faithfully in the West Indies, in Malta, Canada, and these Provinces, after years of debility and months of extreme suffering, entered into rest on Easter morning; and ARTHUR MCNUTT, one of our holiest and most successful Missionaries, who in the valley of the shadow of death exclaimed, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! the best of all is that the Star of Bethlehem shines brightly upon me!"

But He who calls home his aged servants, also raises up pastors for his people, after his own heart. Five young men have this year been received on trial; and eight after completing their probation, have been solemnly ordained to the full work of the ministry. The service connected with this latter event was deeply affecting, and the charge then delivered can scarcely fail to be a lasting blessing to us all and to our Connexion.

Our Educational Institution still command our best regards. The Male department, including the College, continues to prosper; and it will doubtless, as hitherto, subserve some of the highest interests of our Church. The chair of Theology is ably filled by the Ex-President, Dr. DeWolf; and is likely to prove of essential service to our rising ministry. Much more than this, however, is essential in order to afford our Candidates a proper training for their important work; and in our season of need we turn with expectation to the wisdom and liberality of the Mother Church. In consequence of personal affliction the Rev. J. Allison and Mrs. Allison retire from the charge of the Female department; but as Dr. Pickard has consented to undertake the supervision and pastoral care of both branches of the Institution, it is confidently hoped that under the blessing of God, a season of temporal and spiritual prosperity may yet be realized there.

Our Connexional Periodical, the *Provincial Wesleyan*, continues to do us good service, under the judicious care of the Secretary of the Conference, who also as Book Steward endeavors to circulate a wholesome and scriptural literature throughout these Provinces. We are increasingly impressed with the importance of this part of our economy; and for the sake of Sabbath Scholars, and of the humbler classes of our population, we should exceedingly rejoice if some measure for supplying us with cheap editions of British Wesleyan works could be devised.

The history of your Jubilee movement has filled us with surprise and delight. We thank God for the success of the past fifty years. We praise Him that the altar-fire of Christian consecration still burns so brightly. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches," as well as "honour and glory, and blessing." His claims are being admitted. And when we contemplate the liberality of the Lord's people, and the sacred joy with which they bring their varied gifts to His footstool, we are led with our fathers again to exclaim, "What hath God wrought." Our beloved President, and the Rev. R. Scott, with the Rev. J. Allison have given us a sketch of the nature and objects of this Missionary celebration, and we have assured our President of our readiness to co-operate with you in this further effort to spread scriptural holiness throughout the world. To this we the more cheerfully accede, not only because we occupy "the earliest mission ground" of Wesleyan Methodism, but because as "the youngest of the Affiliated Conferences," we are still so dependent upon the assistance of your funds. Very few of our Circuits are as yet self-supporting, and all around us there is purely missionary work to be done. Without increased help from abroad, we cannot as we would, and as we believe it to be our Providential call, "go up and possess the land." But your past consideration will not permit us to suppose that even the more gigantic enterprises of this grand epoch in our denominational history, will exclude our necessities from your care; and therefore for the furtherance of your designs, we trust always to be found willing to contribute our prayers, our efforts, and our sacrifices.

We have requested the Rev. W. L. Thornton A.M., our President to act as our Representative in the approaching British Conference, and as one of our esteemed brethren, the Rev. John Lathern, whom we commend to your kindest notice, intends to visit his native land, he will be able to add any local information respecting our work which you may desire. We have nominated the Rev. John McMurray as President of our Conference, and Rev. Edmund Botterell as Co-Delegate for the next year.

Praying the Head of the Church to bless you in all your deliberations, and to further you in all your evangelistic labours, We remain,

Reverend and Beloved Fathers and Brethren,

Yours in the fellowship of the Spirit.

Signed on behalf and by order of the Conference.

JOHN MCMURRAY, *Secretary.*

Sackville, N. B., June 30th, 1864.

Charlottetown Bazaar.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to pay a debt of gratitude which the Wesleyans owe to the generous and catholic public of Charlottetown, for the distinguished patronage bestowed upon us in the late Bazaar. The handsome sum realized, amounting to £950 currency, $3166, N. S. currency, and the extent to which the Bazaar was patronized by all classes of the community, will be an immortal episode in the history of the present new chapel. To speak in praise of our own ladies, to whose liberality and devoted zeal, the Bazaar owes its chief excellence, would be unseemly on my part. The exchequer of the treasurer bespeaks their praise. And yet the financial success is not, in my humble opinion, their highest praise. It is due to them, and to the excellent Committee of management, to say that during the two days of business and festivity, not a scene of unhallowed mirth, nor a feature of business, unworthy either of the occasion, or the christian character, was witnessed. No lottery or scramble-bag; no love-letter post-office; no wierd-sister, wizard-brother, with fortune-telling, cards, nor any trick to obtain money under foolish or false pretences was allowed. From beginning to end the most prudish puritan could not have been offended. It was a fine combination of the true spiritual element with a proper degree of financial policy, toned down to the charming tune of $3166 Nova Scotia currency.*

It is very true that many gentlemen, not over zealous for any particular religious community, went into the Bazaar with a full purse, and came out, much to their own astonishment, minus their money, and wondered how it had been got from them. The secret of our financial success is easily told. There was the most brilliant and super-excellent display of staple and fancy articles ever witnessed in these lower, Eastern Provinces of British America. Twelve months or more had been spent in getting up these articles. The first ladies in the city had contributed most liberally. We could not in strict propriety call it a denominational Bazaar, for all classes of the community contributed. Presiding at the tables were ladies of tact and taste whose quiet and unassuming manners could not be resisted. The gentry felt themselves financially disarmed as in a charmed circle. Then there were refreshments on the most beautiful scale, and of such tempting quality that the whole pathology of the system was irresistibly tempted! The Museum was a special object of attraction. The eastern lobby and vestries of the new chapel were tastefully fitted up and filled with curiosities of art and literature. The price of admission was 12½ cents, and so interesting was this feature of the Bazaar that upwards of 800 people visited it, and expressed their greatest satisfaction. Coming out of the Museum, the visitor had to pass the Weighing Machine, one of Fairbanks patent, which had been presented to the Bazaar by a hardware merchant of the city. A young lady presided at this interesting source of physical knowledge; and, of course every attention to the Bazaar fund, was subtraction from the visitor's purse. "*Man, know thyself,*" was a poetic sentiment of the great Dr. Young, and to a certain extent the patent weighing machine gave every visitor an opportunity of obtaining this knowledge. As the weather was warm, friend Hobbs with his lemonade and prime ginger-beer must be patronized. Upwards of £12 was taken at this table. Nor was this the last source of temptation before quitting the Bazaar. The visitor must not depart without a fragrant token of our regard for him, and the fountain of Eau de Cologne attracted him. "*Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves,*" was a motto forgotten for the moment.

As the time for departure came, the tones of the dinner-bell, or tea-gong called the attention of visitors to a most delicious retreat in the basement story of the new chapel. Here was an excellent ordinary provided and a most bountiful tea with sand-wiches and cakes set out with great convenience, and relished chiefly on account of the refreshing, cool atmosphere experienced in the change from the auditory above to the lecture room below. No grotto was ever more refreshing than this basement story. It was worth a journey from the country on a hot summer's day, and all the expense of the Bazaar to sit an hour in that cool retreat. No wonder that gentlemen at the close of the day found their purse lightened. But let me assure them that the process was purely legitimate. The world has often wondered where lies the secret of Wesleyan economy. Upwards of thirty years ago a distinguished member of the British House of Parliament observed with regard to the National debt, it would be good policy to hand it over to the Wesleyans.

Among the distinguished visitors to the Bazaar was His Excellency the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Dundas who spent an hour and a half inspecting and purchasing articles. Mrs. Dundas, with characteristic kindness and attention to minute details of interest, sent to the Museum the elegant silver trowel which had been presented to her by the Trustees at the lying of the foundation stone of the new chapel. This, to all our country cousins was an object of great attraction. Time and space will not permit me to speak of the delightful harmony, the order, the calmness, the absence of every thing calculated to disturb our joy during the two days of the Bazaar festivity. It will ever live in my recollection commanding my esteem for the piety, the talents, and the liberality of the community of Charlottetown. My only regret is the painful fact that my health is not sufficiently robust to bear up under the responsibilities and duties of this prosperous and enlarging circuit. I am compelled on this ground to seek a change and to say "Farewell! May the crowning glory of the New House of God be the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, as "*floods upon the dry ground,*" and "*rivers in high places.*"

I remain yours affectionately,

JOHN BREWSTER.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 16, 1864.

*$3166 Nova Scotia currency, or £950 Island cur'y.

Newfoundland Mission and its Missionaries.

BY REV. W. WILSON.

No. 27.

WEDDINGS.—A Wedding in an out harbour was quite an affair. Neither a license or the publication of banns was required for the performance of marriage; and frequently the minister knew nothing about it, until the party arrived at the mission house. The ceremony was usually performed in the church, when the flag would be hoisted; at which signal almost the whole community would assemble to see the "couple made happy." As soon as the party came out of church, a number of guns would be fired over the heads of the bride and bridegroom, and also, over the head of Parson, as a salute, which would be occassionally repeated until we reached the house. Here the invitation would be given to dinner, which would sometimes be so general, as to include all hands. At the dinner there was great profusion and drinking, as was then the custom; but rioting or disturbance of the public peace was not known. It was not the habit of the Newfoundlanders to insult or annoy any person; much less would they do so in the presence of their minister.

FUNERALS—Were always attended by large bodies of people, and particularly was this the case if the deceased were an aged person, or much respected in the community. Spirits and sweet cake was given at the house. The corpse was always taken into the church, where two lessons and the whole funeral service were read, and the entire matter made as ceremonious and as imposing as possible. A funeral sermon must always be preached; and however the person might have lived and died, it was expected the preacher would preach him into heaven. And in order to secure this, some one would go to the Preacher just before he entered the church, and tell him what perhaps neither he or any one else ever knew before about the goodness of the deceased, what he did, and what he said while sick; and expect all this and a great deal more in praise of the dead, would be repeated from the pulpit. Sometimes the party calling upon the Preacher would have very low views of experimental religion, or what was comprehended in "dying in the Lord." Once the writer was called upon by a man to attend the obsequies of his wife, and he wished a very good character to be given of the deceased, but all the information he gave was she had been a good wife, had diligently attended to her domestic concerns, and had taken care of his property. Not feeling much disposed to repeat this in the pulpit, although he did doubt its truth, the bereaved husband in the exuberance of his conjugal affection, repeatedly, and very audibly exclaimed while the service was going on: "O she was a good wife, she never robbed me, nor plundered me, and besides she was such a fine hand for the garden."

Funeral sermons are preached all over these Provinces, as well as in Newfoundland; and the practice seems to have originated when the population was sparse, and when the preacher's visits were like Angel's visits, "few and far between." When the scattered inhabitants were collected at the funeral of a friend, it was certainly both a wise and good arrangement to preach to them the words of life and salvation. But in places where ministers are regularly stationed, the same necessity does not now exist; yet the same practice is still followed. If the deceased had been eminently pious, or died very happy, it is a delightful duty for the minister to tell the congregation how that soul was saved, and went triumphant home to God; but if the individual had notoriously lived without religion, had died in sin, or had given no satisfactory evidence of having experimental converting grace, what can the Preacher say? To tell the people he believes the deceased is gone to heaven, would be contrary to his conscientious conviction; and to point thereto as a warning to others, would be to offer an insult to the whole family connexion. When the minister does say anything about the dead, it sometimes happens that one party will complain, "the Preacher did not say as much about my friend as he might have said;" while another party will tauntingly reply, "if the Preacher had known as much as I know, he would not have said what he did." Would it not be better as a general thing to call preaching at such times, sermons at funerals, rather than funeral sermons?

In the year 1786, the very year John McGeary was appointed missionary to Newfoundland, Mr. Wesley gave the following advice to the preachers, which having been sanctioned by the Conference, is our Methodistic law: "Never preach a funeral sermon, but for an eminently holy person; nor then without consulting the Assistant. Preach none for hire. Beware of panegyric, particularly in London."*

LITERATURE.—Of this we cannot say much in reference to the times of which we are writing. The adult population in the out-harbours had not in their youth the educational advantages which are experienced by children in the present day. They had come from the rural population of England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Channel Islands; and while those countries were then, as now, the land of light and knowledge to the wealthy; yet they presented but few opportunities for the poor to acquire even the commonest branches of education. It were folly to expect anything else, than, that those uneducated British emigrants would bring with them their national peculiarities and their provincial dialects, which nothing but education could remove. But it is questionable after all, whether their ignorance was more palpable than was the ignorance of the peasantry in the Districts from whence they emigrated; and certain it is, the pronunciation of the English language by the fishermen is in no way inferior to the pronunciation as heard in many country places in their father-land. There was a fault somewhere. That fault was not in the people; they could not educate themselves, and when by their hard labour and industry they had acquired means to pay for the education of their children, the teachers were not within their reach. Neither religion nor learning are innate in the human mind, every child born into our world is both ignorant and wicked; so that both learning and religion are to be acquired. And as Newfoundland then had no teachers of her own, they must be found elsewhere; yea, they must come from the very country from whence the people themselves had emigrated.

One cause of fault was in the English merchants, who, while they gained almost boundless wealth through their Newfoundland trade, yet would not pay one penny for the moral or intellectual improvement of the people; but whose maxim seems to have been, "keep the fishermen unlettered and in ignorance, then we can rule them, and profit by our trade." The other cause of fault was, the supineness of the Christian Church in Britain, who, while the children of their land had through necessity been compelled to seek the means of gaining a living, by the toils of the Newfoundland fishery, had totally neglected to supply them with the benefits of an evangelical ministry, or send them teachers for the education of their children.

The Newfoundland mind, is the English mind, and many of the sons of our hardy fishermen; if they had the opportunity, would master the whole curriculum of university study, and matriculate with as much honour as any recluse of Oxford or Cambridge.

A fisherman in Trinity Bay, in his childhood, had been taught but little more than the alphabet;—but he taught himself to read. He read Theology, Biography, History, and Poetry. With Milton, Young, Cowper, Thompson, Pollock, and other English Poets, he was very familiar; and without a teacher, he acquired a knowledge of Arithmetic, Geography, Astronomy, Trigonometry and Navigation; and had classical books, and books on other sciences, been within his reach he would have mastered them also.

Two newspapers were then (in 1825) published in St. John, "the Royal Gazette" and "the Public Ledger." Mr. Winters the editor of the Public Ledger, was an intelligent, and a courageous man and for his courage in exposing some of the doings of the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was waylaid between Harbour Grace and Carbonear by a number of men in masks, who knocked him down and *cut off both his ears* close to his head, and left him weltering in his blood. He recovered however, and attacked the evils to which he had previously called the public attention, with more determination than he had ever done. He wore a pair of artificial ears made of velvet after this event. Several other papers have come into existence since 1825, and are generally conducted with considerable tact and talent.

As few people could then read, books were scarce, but what books were found were always of an instructive and useful character. Among our own people where books were found, we were sure to see Wesley's appeal, Wesley's journals, or his sermons; sometimes the whole of his works. Also Fletcher's appeal, his checks, or the whole of his works. Mrs. Stretton the relict of the gentleman whose name has previously occurred in this narrative, had a very excellent library. She had the whole of Wesley's works in sixteen volumes, his christian library in fifty Duodecimo volumes, his philosophical works; also Fletcher's works complete; all our magazines; with some autograph letters from Mr. Wesley, together with a choice collection of history, travels, Biography and other books of a similar character and tendency.

Newfoundland has since risen in her literary reputation, and although there is still much of ignorance remaining, yet she has made a great step in the right direction. She now has her academies, and can train her own teachers; she has her day schools established in very many places. She has her native legislators, her native lawyers, and is beginning to supply a native ministry; and we hope the time is not far distant when every inhabited cove shall have its church and its school house; and when every child shall be instructed and educated.

Our Churches were plain wooden buildings, and as to size they were generally well proportioned to the wants of the place. In many of the out-harbours the whole protestant population called themselves Wesleyans, when our congregations would be large; and in those places where Episcopalians had establishments, a goodly number always attended the Methodist church. I have mentioned the Episcopalians, because there were no other protestant bodies but them and the Wesleyans, in any out-harbour in the Island. Several of our churches were without stoves, so that in very severe weather, we would be obliged to have a very short service, or dispense with our service altogether.

The Newfoundlanders were a church going people, so that you would rarely find a person absent from church on Sabbath, unless he were unwell. It used to be a matter of regret that some people outside the church would occasionally on Sabbath morning discuss the affairs of the fishery; but when they entered the church, they were always orderly and well behaved. They loved their ministers and they received with gladness the word of life from their lips. They at all times heard with attention, and although as a general thing they had not learning, so as to examine the Bible for themselves; yet they had good memories, and were not forgetful hearers, but carefully treasured up in their minds the truths they heard from the pulpit.

Preaching the gospel is the Divinely instituted means for the illumination of the human mind, and for teaching universal man the way to happiness and heaven. Therefore, while the people come to the house of God to be instructed, and have a right to be disappointed if they are not *there* instructed; it is necessary on the one hand, that the preacher should read much, pray much, study much, and always strive so to present the truths of the Bible to his hearers, that they may at the same time rightly reach their judgment, duly affect their hearts, and lead them to Christ. On the other hand, those who hear, should remember that it is the word of God; and that while their ideas may be expanded by the erudition of the speaker, or they may be charmed by his eloquence; let them never forget, that for their reception, or rejection of the solemn verities of the gospel, they must give an account, at that "day in which he will judge the world in righteousness."

While in Newfoundland, I have often heard our more intelligent friends quote a passage from Cowper, which as it is now in point, the reader will not be displeased to see transferred to our pages:

"The pulpit, therefore (and I name it filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)—
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear;
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace."

* Minutes of Conference for 1786.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Our Conference.

SKETCHES FOR THE YOUNG.

A month ago this very day, the splendid American Steamer *New England* came foaming up the harbour of St. John, N. B., her steam-whistle screaming like a disturbed hyena, till the massive cables secured her to the densely crowded wharf. Among the numerous passengers were two distinguished divines; messengers of love, congratulation, good-will, from English and Irish Methodism to the youthful Conference of Eastern British America. They had made a tour of the continent from Philadelphia to Montreal, from the seething Niagara to the restless Bay of Fundy. We press through the crowd—the Boys and Peter Peoplepainter—till the deafening commotion of Porters, Policemen, spectators, noisy urchins, and the hoarse shoutings of the officer in command, are all left in the smoky, foggy atmosphere outside, while we, in humble boyhood and obedience confront the honoured representatives of a great church and a glorious old land. On a low couch, in the luxurious saloon of the steamboat, sits a man of medium height, fair complexion, though not distinguished by any such marked peculiarities of expression or appearance as nature sometimes leaves by impress upon her noblemen. He rises gracefully, extends, with seeming formality which induces caution on your part, his finely moulded hand, and has scarcely listened to your name in introduction when the fervent pressure of his honest grasp sends the blood tingling to the finger-tips as you involuntarily throw off all restraint, inwardly ejaculating "A good British welcome—all right!" This is President Thornton.

You turn to the left, and seated in an arm-chair is a man of large frame, placid expression, steady, searching glance. "A shewd, discerning, practical personage," you find yourself mentally concluding, as he lifts his ponderous hand and envelopes your own in its ample, muscular folds. The Rev. Robinson Scott from Ireland—and so you have survived the ordeal of introduction to two great men.

It is Sabbath morning. The bells are chiming out a soft peal of invitation, which falls on the stillness of St. John with its 45,000 human beings in repose, producing a most solemn but inspiring effect. Instantly the sidewalks are thronged with responsive worshippers, wending east, west, north and south. The old Germain street Wesleyan Church is a chief centre of attraction; for Mr. Scott is announced to preach there, and he combines the threefold recommendation of being a distinguished stranger, a good speaker and a devoted Irishman. Either fact would gain for him an audience, in a city constituted largely of families from the country of Clarke, and Arthur, and Scott himself; the three combined, brings to the most ancient Wesleyan sanctuary in the place a respectable and delighted multitude. Mr. Scott enters with the firm, slow tread of one accustomed to move with deliberation. When the introduction has been disposed of, the speaker becomes more animated, his hand is extended toward the congregation, and a moment's attention reveals a quivering, tremulous action in the arm which, ere the sermon closes, has extended to the entire system of the man. His soul *is* capable of emotion, notwithstanding the seeming inflexibility of countenance and manner. The subject—one of practical import merely—has really absorbed his thoughts, has inspired voice, and eye, and attitude, leaving that gigantic frame to be rocked and shaken by the internal throbbings, as the gale rocks the monarch of the forest. Hundreds of listeners have seen in the preacher, a son of their own loved Island, have swept back, in memory to the scenes his voice recalled, and forgot for the moment that a new, vigorous country, was now the land of their adoption. But better than this, they have admired him as a successful expounder of the Truth, a holy ambassador of the King Invisible.

At 6 o'clock, the President will occupy the Centenary pulpit, the service in Germain street to be suspended for the occasion. Such is the notice proclaimed by the superintendent as we prepare to leave the morning's public devotions. Everywhere throughout the spacious building a mass of human beings is seen, some minutes before the last echoes of the evening bells have died for the day. Some twelve or fourteen hundred persons are present—as large, intelligent and imposing an auditory as Colonial Methodism can boast of. There is grandeur in the reading of the first hymn; Watson, Clarke, Bunting are said to have excelled in this; and Thornton has evidently caught up their mantle. A solitary judgment pronounces the first prayer too lengthy; but the attentive hearer has been impressed with its beauty, its power, its pathos, its comprehensiveness. Seldom do we hear such a Litany; indeed, Mr. Thornton was caught up beyond his own ordinary power and enjoyment. From this mount he descends prepared, as only true audience with the Deity can prepare, to expound, to exhort, to edify the humbled and adoring concourse, already conscious of the Divine presence and submissive to the Divine command.

Of that most eloquent and beautiful discourse, we reserve a description to some future issue of the *Provincial Wesleyan.* Meantime, with kindest greetings to the boys, we remain

PETER PEOPLEPAINTER.

Photographville, July, 1864.

The Pulpit and Temperance.

We have placed undue reliance on *professional lecturers.* A preacher intrenched in the prayers of his church, intrenched amidst the elements of law and gospel, amidst motives drawn from time and from eternity, may wield, if he will, a power well nigh divine.

Thirty-four years ago, several sermons on the nature and effects of intoxicating liquors, were delivered in the Theological Chapel at Andover. They were delivered on the Lord's day, on consecutive Sabbaths, in the presence of Stuart Porter, Woods—men of might—and in the presence of a most fastidious audience. Now, we have gladly listened to many professional lectures since then; we have admired the dramatic genius and matchless eloquence of Gough—laughed and cried under the wit and poetry of Jewett, and thanked him for his scientific instructions; but those sermons made a deeper impression than all the lectures we ever heard. Those sermons, we dare say, still live in the minds of many clergymen now laboring wide asunder over our vast territory. The momentum they gave still "operates unspent."

The fact is, questions of Salvation and Damnation are involved in this theme. Hence, when a godly man takes the pulpit, prepared to preach on this, as on other Bible themes, the hallowed associations of prayer, time, and place, and as a prince, he prevails.

Brethren, let us do our appropriate work and give noble, worthy lecturers every encouragement to do theirs; but no longer substitute their appeals, however captivating, for the instructions of God's word. Why exchange the pulpit for the platform? Why exhaust our zeal by raising a hundred dollars for some "eloquent orator," and do nothing till he comes, and when he comes, load him with noisy applause, and do nothing afterwards?

We have given a dozen years, and more, to the Temperance cause. We have been "everywhere," preaching against Tobacco and Strong Drink. Wherever we have labored, we have seen here and there clergymen fully awake, battling the monster with Christian weapons in a fearless and successful manner. Dram-shops and the paraphernalia of drunkards have gone down under their scathing tongues. We fix no limits to the power of an honest pulpit. We have seen thirteen dram-shops demolished by a couple of sermons from a young preacher, and the plough-share of reform driven completely through pulpit for the platform? Why exhaust our zea by raising a hundred dollars for some "eloquent orator," and do nothing till he comes, and when he comes, load him with noisy applause, and do nothing afterwards?

We have seen others—fine gentlemen, fine preachers—who treat this as a vulgar cause, and who fear they may compromise their dignity if they "touch it with one of their fingers!" The subject was about to come under discussion in a clerical body of late. A member objected, and with a swell of grandiloquence, moved that it be not entertained, as it did not comport with the dignity of that body!

We see clergymen who consider their pulpits too sacred to admit this theme. They think it well enough to reason on temperance on secular occasions—to give it a slight touch on fast days and stormy days; but to preach a sermon on this mighty evil on a fair sabbath, when influential sinners are at church, would violate the sanctity of God's house and all notions of pulpit etiquette.

We ask such brethren, does not the use of intoxicating drugs and drinks transgress the laws of life, and are not such transgressions the very essence of sin? And should not pulpits preach against sin? We ask, are not such drugs and drinks obstacles to the conversion of sinners and the conversion of the world, and should not pulpits preach against that which subverts their own purpose?—*Rev. George Trask.*

Sabbath School—Queries.

The Sabbath school has beyond all question been a means of untold good to the church. Through its instrumentality thousands, who have been a great blessing to the world, have been brought at an early age to the Saviour. It is to the Sabbath school that we look for those who shall, in future years, become our ministers, teachers, missionaries, and the most active and efficient members of our churches. Since it is such an instrument of good, it becomes our duty to guard well its interests, and to see to it that it is made the most efficient possible. While we would do nothing to impair its influence, we are led to give expression to several queries which have arisen in our own mind, hoping that good will result from so doing. If you see your neighbor's house on fire and likely to be consumed, it becomes us to give timely warning.

1 Do not many parents find a pretext for neglecting home instruction in the fact that their children are taught in the Sabbath school? Is not the fact, to a great degree, lost sight of that home is the greater nursery of sound morals and correct principles? That no instruction, however good it may be, can be properly substituted for that which should be received at the fireside? Is there not a coming down, in the matter of parental instruction, from the high position occupied by our Puritan ancestors? These are questions which it becomes every father and mother to consider. Nothing can relieve them from the personal obligation that they are under to their children.

2. Is there that extensive and thorough knowledge of the Scriptures among those who have enjoyed the benefits of the Sabbath school that we have a right to expect there should be? Is not the generation now coming on the stage of action much more ignorant of biblical questions than were their parents and grandparents, who had not the numerous facilities for acquiring information which they enjoy? Is there not an alarming ignorance among many of the young respecting some of the most common place subjects in the Bible, with which the merest child should blush not to be acquainted? Are not many Sabbath school teachers incompetent for their work, and are not many who are competent too superficial in their instruction?

3. Are not many books contained in Sabbath school libraries of an improper character, such as tend to corrupt the taste instead of implanting correct principles and a love for what is good? Has not a fondness for story books and those which are simply pleasing, become excessive? In departing from Baxter, Doddridge and Edwards, have we not taken up with those that are amusing and entertaining, and nothing else? It is certainly high time that this matter should be thoroughly looked into, and that some means to make Sabbath schools more efficient be devised.—*Morning Star.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

On Sunday last a man named John Power, a resident of Ferguson's Cove, was found dead in Chocolate Lake near Hosterman's Mills. On Monday an inquest was held on the body before Coroner Jennings and upon hearing the testimony of one witness, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased was found dead in the water, but under what circumstances he got in the lake there was no evidence to determine.—*Chron.*

The favourite packet *Boston*, which for many years has plied regularly between this port and Boston, has become a total wreck. She sailed from here on the 18th inst., and the same evening went ashore high and dry on the horse shoe ledge off St. Margaret's Bay. The *Neptune* was despatched to render assistance, but owing to heavy weather was obliged to return without reaching the scene of disaster. The vessel and cargo were insured.

On Thursday of last week a resident of the neighborhood of Steep Creek was shot, at the Strait of Canso, by an American fisherman, and at last accounts it was thought the victim could not recover. It is stated that a disagreement about some trifling matter occurred between the men, whereupon the American drew a revolver and deliberately aimed and fired at the man. We have not heard the names of either of the men.—*Chron.*

The New Brunswick papers report a terrific hail storm in Elgin, Albert County. The storm extended about seven miles on the Coverdale river, and completely destroyed the crops on four farms. Some