tion lists of their respective localities, and every attempt to evade conscription is punished by an imprisonment of from one month to one year, while any one aiding or abetting a fugitive from the dreaded ballot, is liable to the same penalty.

The scene which takes place at the drawing is one of much picturesque animation. Groups of the finest youths of a wide neighborhood, with generally their fathers and mothers, relatives and friends, are assembled in the spacious hall of the town house. The mayors, prefects, and sub-prefects, are there to receive them, with usually several officers quartered in the district. On every face there is an expression of hope and fear, anxiety and excitement; and as each advances towards the fatal urn, and draws the paper deciding his future destiny, all the spectators, as well as the parties immediately concerned, feel the most lively interest. Those who draw a higher number than the number of recruits required, are exempt, while those who draw a lower are condemned to serve their country, as *militaires*, for the space of seven years. Some are exempted. These exceptions include all below the height of five feet five inches; all criminals; all who are the subject of any physical incapacity; the eldest of orphans; the only son, or eldest son, or grandson of a widow, or of a father of seventy years of age; certain classes of students in the public schools; including all those who have carried off the great prizes of the institute, or of the university. None, however, are exempt from the ballot; all must appear, and draw their lots; and this over, such as have objections to urge send them in to the *council of revision*, which is appointed for the purpose. Were it not for this close examination, many would evade the common national responsibility, and some would intrude themselves into the service, whom the service would otherwise reject. As it is, the instances are numerous of persons who mutilate themselves by chopping off a finger, or, who raise sores on their bodies by piercing their flesh, and drawing strings through the wound, that they may be reported by the medical inspectors infirm, and unfit for military life."


# Provincial Wesleyan

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1860.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other Notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Connexion, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.

We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of correspondents.


## The Week of Prayer.

This is the week of prayer. A multitude which no man could number are daily prostrate before the God of all the earth, moved by a common impulse, and supplicating with a common purpose. What a sight for angels to behold! What joy in Heaven! Do not the spirits that surround the Throne suspend their song, and bend their seraphic eyes to behold the thing that is being done upon our globe; and then, exultant at the glorious sight, renew the chorus of their praise, and swell with higher notes their hallelujahs unto Shiloh, to whom the gathering of the people is? Amid the snows of the North and the sands of the South; from the farthest East to the extremest West; wherever the name of Christ is known, the suppliant knee is bowed, and the voice of prayer is heard, while every worshipper is conscious that his supplication ascends supported by the cry of the great Company of Christ's expectant, faithful followers.

For what do the people pray? "That God would NOW pour out His Spirit upon all flesh, so that all the ends of the earth might see his salvation." Long have believers in the Word of God looked forward with joyful anticipation to that predicted period when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. They have recognized the Father's promise to the Son, "I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." But they have placed the set time afar off. Age after age has swept away, and the expectation has been of still future, and not of present, fulfilment of God's designs. They are so glorious that no generation has dared to deem their complete development appropriate to its time. And thus, well nigh two thousand years have passed away since Christ suffered in the flesh to ransom all mankind, and yet how small a portion have known and loved his name! In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty, it may be said that nearly thirteen hundred millions of human inhabitants are found upon the earth, and of these but little more than a fourth can be nominally ranked as Christians, while over more than half the number of those who thus name the name of Christ, the superstition of Rome is dominant, and nearly one half of the remainder belong to the apostate Eastern Church. Protestant Christendom embraces less than a fourteenth of the population of the Globe; and what an abatement must be made from this proportion to give us the number of those attached, even nominally, to churches in which the Gospel is preached in its purity; and, again, how must our process of reduction be prolonged to reach the number of those, connected by birth and education with evangelical churches, who profess to love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity! It is a dark picture which statistics paint of the spiritual condition of the world at the close of the first decade of the last half of the nineteenth century. It is time to wake up out of sleep. It is time to arise and go to God in prayer with the universal voice of Evangelical Christendom. It is time to consider whether there be anything to deter us from looking for the accomplishment of God's great promise in our own day. "Ask of me," Jehovah says, "and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." There is but one condition, "Ask of me." There is none that postpones the time. But has Jesus delegated to his disciples the right to prefer this request, assuring them that whatsoever they ask of the Father in his name it shall be done? Then how great the responsibility, and how obvious is the duty, of those whom he has placed in trust of this peerless prerogative of approach in believing prayer to God! May it now be exercised with an energy, an unction, and a universality, which will bring down the blessing, make the clouds drop fatness, cause *the Spirit of God to be poured out upon all flesh, so that all the ends of the earth may see His salvation.*

We regret that we were unable to hear the lecture delivered last Tuesday evening before the Young Men's Christian Association by the Rev. Mr. Welton, from Windsor. By gentlemen who were there it is described as one of the most chaste, classical, and able lectures that has ever been delivered in this city. We hope that the talented lecturer will be induced to allow it to appear in print. It was upon an appropriate theme—"The pleasure and advantages to be derived from the study of the Holy Scriptures.—*Colonist.*

## Letter from Rev. Dr. Knight.

SHEFFIELD, Dec. 8, 1859.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan:

SIR,—It has been repeatedly the purpose of my mind, to collect some of the incidents of along missionary life, for insertion in the pages of your journal; but hi herto, there, the matter has been allowed to rest. In the opinion of some, probably, it may be deemed as still the wiser measure there to let them lie in undisturbed repose.

To myself notwithstanding, there is no room for doubt but that the recollection of the past (especially the early years of my toil) might fetch forth into vivid and grateful remembrance, the way in which the Lord has been pleased to lead me,—while *certainly*, and I trust not less profitably—a sense of manifold defections would lead to a deeply self-abasing recognition of the *forbearance* of *Him* in whose service, I have been for nearly half a century engaged.—The above purpose I may *possibly* yet redeem.

But in the meantime, while perusing the letter of Rev. H. Daniel, in your journal of the 26th Oct., my spirit was unusually stirred within me; and had physical infirmity reduced me to dependence on a *crutch*, under the magical buoyancy of my youthful days, probably, it would have been placed against my shoulder, as indicative of desire, like "*Old Richard*" in Bloomfield's farmer's boy" to "fight my battles o'er again."

Believe me, Sir, could I have subjected circumstances to my control, it would have afforded me no ordinary degree of delight, to have complied with the wishes of those of my Brethren who requested me to accompany our beloved President on his late mission, along the scene of my early ministerial labours—*especially*, as his visit extended so far north as the *Cape of good view*, where, among manifold objects, well calculated to please the eye, and gratify the mind, was found by me one of peculiar interest, whose worth has but become the more estimable as the last two score years have gone by with all their cares, toils, and joys, to mingle with the past.

There will be no difficulty however in putting my imagination in the stead of my personal presence, and thereby to accompany my respected Brethren along their northern route.

Having so frequently gone over the same line of distance, both by sea and land, which forms the recorded direction of the President, and his official companion, there is no peculiarity of cape, creek, light, bay, or island but reproduces some reminiscence of facts and circumstances made familiar to my mind, many years ago,—and which leaves, and ever will leave, while memory endures, some trace behind.

Mentally embarking with my brethren from one of the metropolitan wharves, we pass the Cove whose name we *omit to mention;* and so pass on to the narrows. Fort Townsend in the rear—Signal-hill with its hanging batteries on the left. Fort Amherst on the right. The undulating waves of the wide Atlantic ahead.

Three and forty years ago I, for the first time, passed out through this cliff-bound, narrow inlet from the ocean. Had an event similar to that which then occurred happened to my brethren on the occasion of their recent egress, very likely there would have been some disturbance of the nervous system.

What the order of things is now, I am not prepared to say. Then every coasting vessel had to hoist the colours. The vessel was hailed from the Fort, and the place of destination demanded. The Captain of the schooner in which I had taken my passage, omitted compliance with this regulation. Presently one of the artillery men rushes to the extreme point of the Fort, places the speaking trumpet to his mouth and bellows out the order to send the boat ashore. The Captain knowing that to heave the schooner to, and put out the boat in so critical a situation, would be to imperil both life and property, resolved to give them the run.—His purpose being perceived, instantly the match was applied to one of the pieces of ordnance, which sent its pealing thunder athwart the narrows.—Still the old coaster was bent on going ahead.—Again the thunder bursted out, sending forth a something more solid than the simple cartridge. The sound, as the shot cut the air over our heads, fell somewhat strangely on my ear. The old Captain's plan became hereby disconcerted. The next shot, said he, will be *into us.* Amid much confusion the schooner was hove to, and the boat, the only one we had, sent on shore. Unfortunately, under the excitement of the occasion, the two best men we had were sent off in the boat, leaving only one hand and the Captain to manage the schooner. A heavy swell coming in from sea, soon stopped the vessel's headway, nearing us by its motion to the northern headland, against whose lofty and overhanging front, in less than fifteen minutes, we should have been thrown, had not a pilot boat, already in the narrows, whose crew saw our danger, come opportunely to our relief.

This somewhat exciting scene was wound up by the Captain having to pay a half guinea as a consideration for the consumption of His Majesty's powder and ball.

May I not presume, Sir, that my respected Brethren were allowed to make their egress through the narrows, without the necessity of paying ten shillings and sixpence sterling for being shot at—and also exposed to the peril of a watery grave.

Brother Daniel informs us in his letter that the little vessel which bore them along in "*gallant style*," proving as she pranced onward from wave to wave her "*excellent sailing properties*," is owned by James Saint, Esq. The name falls familiarly on my ear—and awakens in my soul a sweet response. His venerated father was in the early years of my mission one of my most *endeared* and *valued* friends.—A *class leader*—a *local preacher*—a *lover* of our *doctrine* and *discipline*—and a *warm* and *generous supporter* of *Methodism*, in proportion to the measure of his means.

As was his *name*, so the power of divine grace had moulded his *nature*. He was a *Saint indeed!* I have in my possession, a long letter, received from him more than a quarter of a century ago, which on account of its piety and sound sense, I have oft thought, of sending for insertion in the *Provincial Wesleyan.* Squire James, was at the time of my residence in Bonavista, of course quite a youth; but glad I am that worldly prosperity has crowned his manhood's prime—and above all that the Chairman of the District speaks of him thus honorably—that he has for years evinced a lively interest in the work of God—and is also the most liberal supporter of the funds of our church. Our travellers to the north having run the guantlet of the narrows, are now fairly at sea. Passing the sinuous entry to Quidi-Vidi cove, they come soon to the land elevation known by the name of the Sugar Loaf; from whose conical top the wind frequently falls strong and fitfully on the canvass of the vessels as they sail beneath, thereby often endangering life and property, and sometimes effecting the destruction of both.

In connection with the memory of the past we may be allowed for a moment here to pause.—I know but of one instance, though our Missionaries are so much exposed on the island of Newfoundland to the dangers of the sea, in which any who have laboured there have had the destiny of a watery grave.

This melancholy occurrence took place in the person of the Rev. John Ward, in passing this dangerous portion of the coast—an event this which brings to mind other circumstances than the loss of the person above named.

The schooner was the property of Mr. Giles Hosier, a merchant then residing in Bonavista, the father of my wife. His eldest son was on board. The schooner was seen off this land, struggling with wind and wave. A signal of distress was flying from the mast head. No relief could be rendered, and therefore the vessel, laden with supplies for the fishery, with all the hands on board were soon submerged beneath the angry billows.

Leaving this solemn event, the loss of a Christian Missionary—an eldest son the endeared object of a family's love and hope—a member of the Church of Christ—the loss of other lives, as well as property—in the hands of *Him* whose providence permitted it,—we pursue our northern course.

Passing Torbay, and places of lesser note, we soon come to Cape St. Francis.

Recollections of the past compel me here to pause. In the coves immediately adjacent to the Cape I have on several occasions had the privilege of performing religious service during the period of my appointment to the Black Head Circuit.

The extensive revival with which the Lord was pleased to visit that Circuit in 1829 extended up the Bay as far as Harbour Grace, and across the Bay also, to these Coves—a circumstance which led to the visits above alluded to. Passing in imagination this Cape, with my respected Brethren, we cross the Bay of Conception, containing it is supposed from 26 to 30 thousand of the Island's population. Flamborough head as we pass over, looms its lofty head on the northern shore, near which, in time past, nature must have indulged in some fitful passion of displeasure, threatening apparently to submerge that lofty eminence headlong in the waters of the Bay. The evidence of this the traveller has oft perceived, as he used in olden time to track his uneven and wearying way from Island Cove to Old Perlican.

Then leaving Bay DeVert in its quiet nook, taking the inside passage, we glide through the narrow straits dividing off the Island of Baccaloo from Grates Cove point.

Two events connected with my Missionary life here rush on my recollection.

The narrative of these, I must leave for my next communication.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Yours, sincerely
R. KNIGHT.

## The Theological Professorship.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to trouble you with another list of subscribers to the Divinity Professorship, which will very nearly complete the very successful efforts of Brother Stewart in his district. I enclose to you, also, a subscription from a beloved sister which I am certain will be received by our wide spread connexion in these Provinces as a most appropriate tribute paid to the memory of a devoted and honoured minister, and, secondly, of our worthy friend whose name the Professorship bears.

How truly has it been said that "the widow's mite opened a mine of inexhaustible wealth to the Church."

How many hearts will pulsate with grateful joy at the re-production of our sainted Brother Busby's name among those of his brethren in a work which would undoubtedly have drawn largely on his sympathies had he lived to see it in progress. The recollection of his zeal and labours is pleasing to his brethren, and to his numerous friends; may the offering be as "bread cast upon the waters!" J. ALLISON.

*Mount Allison, Jan. 4th*, 1860.

Will you add the following names to the Annapolis list:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In memory of the late Rev. S. Busby, | £1 | 0 | 0 |
| Avery B. Piper, (Bridgetown) | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Andrew Henderson, Esq., (Annapolis) | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| NEWPORT CIRCUIT. | | | |
| Nicholas Mosher, sen., | £2 | 0 | 0 |
| John J. Colter, | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Nicholas Mosher, jr., | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Hugh Mosher, | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| William Mounce, | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| J. W. Allison, jr., | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| George Allison, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Robert W. Allison, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Elder, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| George A. Johnston, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| James B. Johnston, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| James Sterling, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| James Chambers, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| George Forest, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Arcanus Forest, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| James L Sterling, | | 10 | 0 |
| Samuel Masters, | | 10 | 0 |
| Andrew Cox, | | 10 | 0 |
| Small Sums, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | £24 | 15 | 0 |
| KEMPT CIRCUIT. | | | |
| Capt. George Armstrong, | £2 | 0 | 0 |
| George F Salter, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| George Allen, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Ezek. N. Masters, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Charles Hayward, | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| John G. Burgess, | | 12 | 6 |
| Wilcox Mosher, | | 10 | 0 |
| George A. Burgess, | | 10 | 0 |
| Frederick N. Burgess, | | 10 | 0 |
| Joseph A. Mosher, | | 10 | 0 |
| Robert H. Burgess, | | 10 | 0 |
| Isaac B. Harvey, | | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. Cath. Mann, | | 10 | 0 |
| Small Sums, | 1 | 9 | 4½ |
| | £11 | 11 | 10½ |
| HALIFAX | | | |
| Friend, (per Rev. Charles Churchill, A.M., | £1 | 0 | 0 |
| WINDSOR CIRCUIT. | | | |
| Mr. J. Elderkin, (Falmouth) | £5 | 0 | 0 |
| Capt. T. McDonald, (Mount Denson,) | 1 | 0 | 0 |

## Letter from Wallace.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

MR. EDITOR,—The year which has just closed has been one of unprecedented spiritual prosperity to the Church of Christ.—God has been displaying His wonder working power throughout Christendom. That cloud of Divine influence which, a few months ago, rested on the United States, is now hovering over Europe; and the effects prove the presence and regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost. Those walls which have long separated Christ's Church, are either crumbling to the ground, or the minds of God's people are being elevated by true love, so that they can look over and recognize each other as brethren.

The glorious results which have followed the united efforts of Christians in other lands, have stimulated God's people in some parts of Nova Scotia to adopt similar means. A Union Prayer Meeting has been very auspiciously commenced in the village of Wallace; and I am happy to say that all the resident ministers have heartily united in the good work.

The first meeting was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Munro (Free Church). On the platform were Rev. Mr. Allen, (Wesleyan), and Rev. Mr. McCurdy (Presbyterian).—These ministers manifested towards each other the kindliest feelings of brotherly love. Each in his address ascribed it to Divine influence that they had thus been brought together, and hoped that a brighter day was beginning to dawn upon the Church. They expressed themselves as exceedingly sorry that the Rev. Mr. Christie (Presbyterian) who had co-operated in the movement, was unavoidably absent. At the close of the meeting, all felt that "it was good for brethren to dwell together in unity."

At the first meeting of the new year, the President (Rev. Mr. McCurdy) read a circular, the first part of which was a voice from the East to all Christians; and the second part a request from the Halifax Union Prayer Meeting to Nova Scotians, to unite in earnest prayer for the conversion of sinners throughout the world. After reading the above it was resolved, on motion of Rev. Mr. Allen, that all the denominations in connection with the Meeting be requested to meet in the Wesleyan Church on Monday the 9th January, at 11 o'clock, and that the Rev. Mr. McCurdy, being the oldest Minister in Wallace, be requested to preach a sermon on the occasion.

In conclusion I may say, if the congregation be any criterion to judge by, we may conclude that the interest felt in our Union Prayer Meeting is increasing. Persons come from a distance of six or eight miles, and at an early hour the Temperance Hall is filled; and should the congregations continue to increase, it will be necessary to remove to a larger building.

*Wallace, 5th Jan.* 1860.

## Union Prayer Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, 4th Jan., 1860.

The Committee having on a previous day issued a circular, requesting Ministers of the various Evangelical Protestant Churches to meet with them on this occasion for the purpose of making arrangements for conducting during the ensuing week, in concert with Christians in other parts of the world, special religious services, and especially united prayer for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, the committee now met and was constituted by prayer from the Rev. R. F. Uniacke.

The Chairman having stated the object of the meeting, it was, after consultation, agreed—

*First.* That the ministers of the various Protestant denominations, be respectfully invited to open their places of worship for Divine Service on Monday next, 9th Jan., and to institute in their congregations such other special public religious services throughout the week as they may deem advisable, and to impress upon their people the propriety of setting apart Monday first as a day of fasting and humiliation, and of offering fervent prayer suitable to the occasion throughout the week, in their families and in private. And further, that the ministers be requested to make the next ensuing Sabbath (January 15th) as far as possible a day of united thanksgiving to God in relation to the same object.

*Secondly.* That a general union prayer meeting be held, instead of the usual daily prayer meeting, at Temperance Hall, on Friday, the 14th inst., at 11 o'clock, a. m., and a general meeting at the same place for addresses and devotional exercises on the evening of the same day, at 7½ o'clock; and that T. A. S. DeWolf and Richard McLearn, Esquires, and the Rev R. F. Uniacke be a committee to arrange respecting such Meeting.

*Thirdly.* That the morning prayer meetings be continued as usual at the Argyle street Chapel, at 9 o'clock, a. m., throughout the week, except on Friday. And that there be an additional prayer meeting at the same place on Monday first, at three o'clock, p. m.

T. A. S. DEWOLF, Chairman.
A. JAMES, Secretary.

From the Christian Guardian.

## Letter from a British Columbian Missionary.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—The son, the only son, of our dear friend and brother, Dr. Evans, is no more. He left us on Saturday afternoon last for the purpose of duck-shooting, and on Sabbath morning was brought home a corpse. In leaving on Saturday, he told me of his having previously shot two ducks, which the receding tide prevented his obtaining. His non-return at dinner time caused us a little uneasiness, and later in the evening we became seriously alarmed. Many of our Canadian friends spent the night in searching for the lost one, but until half-past 8 on Sabbath morning were unsuccessful. At that time his clothes were discovered lying on a rock below high water mark, his gun (discharged) resting on them. Procuring a boat and grapnels, we obtained his body a few yards from the shore, lying on its face, the hands resting across the heart, as if placed there under the influence of devotion. A dead duck lying inshore, seems to prove that in endeavouring to secure his prize he lost his life.

You can well conceive the sorrowing state of the dear family who have thus suddenly lost an only son and brother. By the last mail came to them news of the death of a beloved mother and grandmother. Acknowledgments of this fact to friends in Canada will be coupled with a declaration sadder still. This foundation work, my dear brother, is testing work; and when with it are mingled bereavements of no common order, it would but for the grace of God, be intolerable.

The deceased was my dear friend. I saw him first at Ebenezer Camp Meeting, and then commenced a friendship broken off now but to be renewed in eternity. I knew he was pious and pure, and I loved him for his simplicity and guilelessness. From almost the first hour of his missing I felt convinced of his death, and only searched for his body. From the bow, of the boat I caught sight of his dear remains, and as I held his head on our return home, I thought will not our dear friends in Canada weep with us in our deep sorrow. The same boat that conveyed us from the vessel's side when first we came here, conveyed his lifeless body to the same harbour and the same pier. We could not see this then; had it been so, we should have sunk beneath it.

His death was sudden, and we were unprepared to sustain it. He died young—the youthful and promising are ever beloved. We are in a strange land; he was one of us; with him we left Canada, and met the perils of our long journey; and to lose him so soon and so suddenly is a great grief. But mercy is mingled with bereavement. We *know* he is gone to be with God, and that He who brought us here hath taken him home. We have his body; suspense as to his fate would have been ruinous. Although far from home we have sympathizing friends; and above all these we have the sweet presence of a precious Saviour. His funeral takes place to-morrow afternoon, his funeral sermon will be preached next Sunday evening, (D. V) In his capacity as treasury clerk, our deceased brother was much valued. The Colonial Treasurer has written an autograph letter of condolence to the father, and the Treasury of these colonies will be closed on the afternoon of his interment.

It is now drawing towards midnight, the house is still, and the corpse of my dear brother is resting in an adjoining room. I feel that our mission circle has been broken in upon. Who will be the next? Perhaps the writer. Well, heaven is our home, and is no farther away from Vancouver's Island than from Canada. We came here to suffer as well as to do, and God helping us we hope to conquer.

I do sincerely trust that some of our monied friends in Canada will save us from pecuniary anxiety in carrying on our work, and erecting houses for the Lord. I speak truthfully when I say that our anxieties on these points are neither few nor small. God's dispensations we can bear without reproach, even while suffering the most; but we cannot silently behold his cause suffering without appealing for redress to those who have the means of helping it forward. May the Lord imbue us all with the spirit of our Master.

Yours faithfully,
A BROWNING.

Victoria, Nov. 7, 1859.

## The Volunteer Movement.

It appears to go bravely on in this and the adjoining province. A large concourse of persons from the parishes of Dorchester, Sackville, and Westmoreland, were lately assembled and addressed by Lt. Colonel F. E. Botsford and others. The *Borderer* says:—After repeated calls from the audience, the Rev. J. R. Narraway rose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN—I have no apology to offer for my presence here to-day—none for the cordial sympathy I cherish toward the patriotic movement so happily, I trust I may add, successfully, by you begun. I heartily approve of your purpose, and shall be delighted if aught I can say or rightfully do shall aid you in its accomplishment. I cannot permit myself to think that uniting with my fellow-subjects in the endeavor to arouse the slumbering energies and the unquestioned loyalty of my countrymen, to that point of patriotic fervour which shall impel them to such military organization as may be within their reach, and which the mighty interests they have at stake demand—is passing beyond the sphere of professional duty, or is in any measure inconsistent with its just performance. I do not so read the records of our holy religion as to believe that war in defence of all that a good man upon earth holds dear, is at variance with the letter or spirit of Christianity. On the contrary, I hold that when the independence of a country is wantonly assailed, or its great interests jeopardised by the violence of a foreign foe, all honourable means having been exhausted to prevent the aggression, then, to christian men, the fierce arbitrament of war becomes a terrible but an imperative necessity. And the blood red register of warlike achievement abundantly demonstrates that more fearless, death-defying heroism, never ennobled the dread carnage of the field of death than that displayed by christian soldiers, so profoundly penetrated by fear of God as to leave no place for fear of man. Among the many thousands of England's chivalry, whose remains lie entombed beneath the scanty soil of bleak Crimean hills, there were none, whether they kept watch through the long night in the deadly trench, exposed to the biting blast and the benumbing cold—in hunger and thirst, in nakedness and peril, or with a woman's tenderness soothed the last moments of a dying comrade, or breasted the dark waves that came surging up the rocks of Inkerman, or stood dauntlessly in the thin red line of Balaclava—there were none more worthy than Hedley Vicars, of the country that gave him birth, or the cause that sent him forth.

Fertile of great men as India has lately been—men who worthily upheld their country's name, and avenged her slaughtered dead—not forgetful of that glorious old Scotchman, Lord Clyde, who, prodigal of his own life, hoarded the lives of his soldiers with a miser's care—not forgetful of the other great men whom the hour created, at least, revealed—yet prominent, if not preeminent, among all these, was Henry Lawrence, in whom genius, and statesmanship, and courage, were so finely blended; and Henry Havelock, of passionless intrepidity, of stern devotion to duty, and simple, fervid piety, redolent of the times and the men of the Puritan commonwealth, braver, truer men than whom England never named among her sons; and John Lawrence, of the Punjaub, to whose promptitude, sagacity, comprehensive combinations, strange mastery over alien peoples, and moral courage, England owes so much—these wonderful brothers, and that wonderful "*Old Phlos*," have again proved that among Britain's christian soldiers will ever be found some of her ablest and most heroic defenders.

Gentlemen, were the sad hour to overtake you, when your cities should be sacked, your hamlets given up to plunder or to flame, your liberties imperilled, the altars of your God desecrated, and the light upon your hearthstone quenched in the blood of your best beloved—the man among you who would shrink from his country's defence in the time of her extremity, would be a craven or a traitor unfit in a land of liberty to live, and doomed unwept to die.

Are there rumors of war? Do the signs of the times portend such an hour of trouble? Is there reasonable probability that France, with whom England has dwelt in amity for nearly half a century, with whom she desires to dwell in peace—that France, forgetful of Alma, of Inkerman, and Sebastopol, remembering only Waterloo, intends to renew the struggle with England, sustained, with brief intervals of rest, through eight hundred years? Does the inscrutable being who sits upon the throne of France, finding his Italian laurels already withering on his brow, intend seeking greener ones in the moister clime of the sea-girt Isle? Does he think a wreath gathered on British soil more worth the wearing than the sickly growth of the land of the cypress and myrtle? Will he find courage to lay the axe at the root of the venerable trunk that, lifting its spreading limbs protectingly aloft, throws grateful shadow around British homes?

Gentlemen, that theme is too comprehensive—the facts connected therewith too numerous, to be treated exhaustively here. I must give you convictions and impressions, instead of lengthened argument. I believe that if a favourable opportunity offer, Napoleon will make war with Britain. He can at any time invent a cause of strife, if he needs one. When such a time shall come, I know not. It may be postponed for a season. Recently perhaps, the crowing of the cock on the Gallic dunghill and the screaming of the tame eagle have been rather more threatening than incomplete preparations would render it safe to indulge in just now. The venerable British Lion, recumbent somewhat too long, and reposing somewhat too confidently on achieved greatness, gives unmistakeable proof of displeasure at the clamour which disturbed his slumbers, and begins to disclose an array of teeth in a remarkably fine state of preservation, and which have been felt at well remembered epochs in the past, from Cressy and Agincourt, interpolated through the centuries down to the Nile and Trafalgar. Hence the word goes forth to the thunderers of the French press to soften down their most sweet voices, and speak with bated breath of perfidious Albion, the dear Ally of France. Obedience prompt and unhesitating ensues, such as a government of bayonets can alone ensure. But, gentlemen, though the French press has changed its tone, the French dockyards are constructing frigates, and floating batteries, and steel-clad ships, and steam-rams, with unremitting energy—the French coasts bristle weekly with increased armaments—new war posts are designed along the British channel—old ones rendered impregnable—the French arsenals are being gorged with inexhaustible materials of war—vast depots of coal for the French war ships are being formed throughout the world, wherever France has foothold, from which, when the hour comes, to launch the red thunderbolt of war.

The French policy is to attach to her the Latin nations throughout Europe; and Spain, by adroit management, may furnish for France on the Mauritanian coast a counterpoise for Gibraltar. Very many are the indications which warrant the belief that Napoleon III. intends or anticipates war with Britain, and is most energetically preparing for the emergency. Yet, it may be, that if Spain can forget the cruel perfidy of the first Napoleon, and Italy the faithlessness of the third, Russia, Prussia and Austria may be sufficiently sensitive to the memories of earlier wars, and sufficiently alive to the danger of a revived Napoleonism to all Europe, as to combine in a demonstration of force so imposing and irresistible as to compel the French Emperor to forego the attack. But it is not to be overlooked that the war might assume a character so peculiar as to leave Britain unaided to bear the brunt of the tremendous assault. In such a crisis she must look to the justice of her cause, to the valour and genius of her sons, and, above all, to the favor of her God.

And, after all, no considerations would weigh more heavily with the French Ruler than the fact that Britain and her Colonies were armed from head to foot—that the unconquerable vigor of the Anglo-Saxon race swept at full tide through the national heart. He will pause long before he delivers the blow, if it be almost certain that retribution sure and certain awaits the aggressor. Depend upon it, Gentlemen, he knew the defenceless state of London, of Liverpool, of Portsmouth, of Plymouth—of England's dockyards, and arsenals, and marts of commerce—he knows what resistance the fortifications of Quebec would offer to rifled cannon—what forts guard Halifax—what guns arm its citadel, what their calibre and range—what a helpless prey St. John would prove, and in what parts of England's Colonial Empire he might hope to find British subjects eager to welcome the eagles of France. Nor less he knows how rapidly all the great strategetical points on the English coast are being fortified—how ceaselessly blaze the fires that weld the iron bars for the Armstrong guns—how enthusiastically progresses the volunteer rifle movement in Great Britain—how thoroughly the national spirit is aroused. And when Volunteer Rifle Companies spring up in all parts of our land, animated by the true British spirit, that fact will be known to him, and will aid to trouble the head that dreams of undoing the work of Wolfe, so bravely fought on the plains of Abraham.

And if the strife must come, why,

"We have more of the blood that formed Inkerman's flood,
When it poured in the whirlpool of death,
And the foemen will find neither coward nor slave
'Neath the red cross of England—the flag of the brave."

Fiercer blasts may chill your blood, and more rigorous climes spread their snows around your dwellings, than the men of England know; yet, I doubt not, when the crisis comes, you will act worthy of the stock from whence you sprung. New Bunker Hills and Lexington's will illustrate Colonial History, not as mementoes of defeat and suffering to our motherland, but as monuments of Colonial loyalty and Colonial valor. You must see to it that to the native manliness of your race you add the skill, the discipline, and the organization without which, in these times, valor must succumb.

But the French press were graciously promising to us Colonists liberation from the tyranny of England. Frenchmen, who voted away their own liberties to the keeping of a military despot, promise liberty to us! to us, the freest people on earth, whose heritage is an unfettered Bible—to us, who make our government and unmake it, who make our own laws, raise our own taxes, and appropriate them, who enjoy to the fullest extent the civil and religious liberty which our fathers won by patriotic and martyr blood—to us who think as we please, speak and write what we please, go and stay where we please; French liberty to us, who speak the language of Milton and Burke, of Hampden and Locke—who are the countrymen of Sydney and Russell, of Nelson, and Wellington, and Peel! Never! Never, at least, for me. These Colonies may contain the ashes of my father, my mother, and my child, and of all dear to me—mine shall find a resting place, if God permit, on some other shore, where the liberties of my race shall defy the despot's power. But I have no fear such liberty will be imposed on these Colonies or the Motherland, none whatever. The struggle may be long and bloody, but in the end, it needful for the repose of Europe, an English ship might again be found freighted with the fallen fortunes of another disturber of nations—and another Buonaparte might find a home and a grave at St. Helena.

## Colonial Life Assurance Company.

The *Colonial*, although originally formed under the prolific 7th and 8th Victoria, cap 110, has ceased for some years passed to be a Company under the Joint Stock Companies Act; the special nature of the business of the Office and the magnitude of the interests involved, having rendered it desirable that a separate Act of Parliament should be obtained for the regulation of the affairs of the institution; which Act received the Royal Assent on the 2nd July, 1855.

In a note in the POST MAGAZINE ALMANACK for 1847, relating to the Insurance operations of the succeeding year, it was stated that "the promoters of the *Colonial* (ninety in number,) consist of the leading nobility, gentry, and merchants of Scotland; among whom will be found several who are connected with the old established Offices." In fact, although registered as a new Association, the *Colonial* might almost be regarded as a Branch of a number of old Companies, that were obliged to decline a large amount of business in consequence of its being offered on the lives of persons about to proceed to India or the Colonies, and on the lives of Military and Naval Officers, or sea-faring persons. This was a class of business which the Offices generally were very chary of entering upon; and which many Companies never attempted to touch. The consequence in many instances was, that if the Policy-holder had occasion to leave the kingdom for some distant part of the world, the additional premium demanded by some of the offices was so high as to be almost prohibitory, or to occasion the abandonment of the Policy at whatever terms a Company might think fit to offer for it.

It was with a view to remedy this very serious evil that the *Colonial* Life Assurance Company was founded, and its Management entrusted to Mr. Wm. Thomas Thomson, a gentleman whose name has long occupied a distinguished place among the Actuaries of this kingdom.

The undertaking was a bold one; for as observed by Mr. Moir, who presided in the General Meeting of the Members, reported in our present number, "although before the formation of the Company the Directors had endeavoured to obtain the best statistical and medical information for its guidance, until that period, [the first investigation of the Company's affairs which took place in 1854,] was approached with considerable anxiety, in consequence of the wide and untried field of business on which the company had entered, and the uncertainty whether some element seriously affecting the results might not accidentally, or unobservedly, have been overlooked in the calculations." It was, we may suppose, in order to guard against such contingencies in the great experiment upon which they were entering, that the Directors determined upon starting with a subscribed capital of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, divided into Ten Thousand Shares of Fifty Pounds each,—subsequently increased to ONE MILLION, on a like principle of division.

Under the plan laid down. Policies issued by the Company were divided into classes, according to the degree of risk supposed to arise from unhealthiness of climate, or from Military or Naval employment. The higher rates required for these climate and war risks only come into force from the time the Insurant quits Great Britain or Ireland; and cease on his return. Assurances effected on the lives of persons who have not previously resided in a Tropical climate bear also a supplementary rate for the first year, gradually ascending in amount to the fourth annual payment when the individual becomes *free of the Tropics*; and the supplementary rate ceases.

The great advantage of this plan, for persons who have views of going abroad, is, that an Assurance on their lives can be effected in the *Colonial* Office, at the ordinary rates, with an absolute right to proceed at any time to any part of the world, on the payment of a specified extra rate, without trusting to the favour, or caprice of a Board possessing the power to impose whatever terms they please for the additional risk incurred.

From what has been stated, the inference might be drawn that these additional charges for foreign residence would bring the rates of Premium up to a very high figure. That this, however, is not the case will be seen by a very cursory inspection of the following Tabular statement of the Company's transactions for the last five years.

| Year ending May 25th. | Amount of new Business effected | New Premiums. |
|---|---|---|
| 1855 | £319,371 | £12 425 |
| 1856 | 339,623 | 13,061 |
| 1857 | 304,190 | 11 057 |
| 1858 | 316 809 | 11,507 |
| 1859 | 347,006 | 12,763 |

These figures shew that the average rate of premium upon the whole of the Policies issued by the Office during the last five years is about three and three-quarters per cent. It might be supposed that a large amount of business must be transacted by the Office in the Home department in order to reduce the average rate to so low a per centage, considering the nature of the risks; but we find by the annual report for the year 1854, that its new business was thus distributed:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Great Britain (principally parties going abroad,) | £85,809 | 14 | 0 |
| North America, | 82 542 | 14 | 10 |
| West Indies, | 41,184 | 17 | 0 |
| East Indies, including Ceylon and China, | 80,931 | 12 | 0 |
| Cape of Good Hope and Mauritius | 17,900 | 0 | 0 |
| | £308,368 | 17 | 10 |

If the Home business and the Foreign business should still maintain the same relation, in respect of amount, the rate of Premium charged by the office for Foreign risks must be much less than people generally suppose; and it is worthy of remark that the average rate of premium has steadily become lessened in amount from the commencement of business in 1846 to the present time.

A very good test, we believe, of the position of a Life Assurance Company whose business has been at all uniform is to take its accumulated Fund at different periods, and compare it with the receipts for the three, or four preceding years; and upon adopting this test in respect of the *Colonial*, we find that the results are quite as satisfactory as those arising from a like comparison of the annual receipts and accumulated assets of Companies enjoying a high reputation for prudence in management and the extent of their transactions.

The Company, during the period to which the recent Quinquennial Investigation applies, has been exposed to two severe trials, the Crimean war and the Indian Mutinies. With respect to the former the report records the remarkable fact