borne with uncomplaining patience. The visits of pious and praying friends were thankfully received and often proved refreshing to her mind —she anticipated her approaching end without any regret, save, that her life had not been more earnestly devoted to the service of her Redeemer. Her hope rested on the atonement of Christ,—and to her sorrowing relatives she expressed the conviction that she was going to be "for ever with the Lord."—She was a sister of late Mr. George Muttart of whose death about the same time last year a brief notice was furnished to the *Wesleyan*. S.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT CROWE OF COLCHESTER, N. S.

Died suddenly at Clifton, Colchester, May 7th, Robert Crowe, a highly respected deacon of the Presbyterian Church aged 43 years; and on the 20th day of the same month, his widow, Catherine Crowe, daughter of Mr. James Archibald, aged 36 years. She was led to Christ under the ministry of the Rev. J. R. Narraway, in the 22d year of her age, and continued a faithful member of the Wesleyan Church until she calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

Although belonging to different branches of the christian church, Mr. and Mrs. Crowe were distinguished for their mutual forbearance and love, and doubtless ere this have mingled their praises,

"Where names and sects and parties cease
And Christ is all in all."

A. B. B.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1864.

Our World, what is it?

Some supposing that, by this question, we desire to know what our world is in the great Universe of which it forms a part, will tell us, that it is a planet circling round a central orb, and daily revolving upon its own axis; a ball of matter upon whose surface summer and winter, seed time and harvest alternate in due course. Others thinking that we refer to its internal structure and composition, will answer that our world is composed of land and water, rocks stratified and unstratified, hill and valley, lake and mountain; and as their minds tend to the different geologic theories, they will inform us that its centre is in a state of fusion or solid, and will enter into elaborate arguments to establish their particular views.

But at present we are not attracted by the peculiar formation, or the position of the globe; our thoughts turn rather to the suthing mass of humanity that dwells upon it. Visions of beautiful landscapes in all the glory of their summer drapery, their dashing water-falls or sombre forests may please the senses, but the mind of man with its longing and its leanings is better suited to serious thought. Deep leafy dells through which the evening sun sends his rays in patches of golden light are beautiful; but the darkened human soul, with the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness shooting athwart its gloom is a far more profitable picture.

Look then at the world, the heathen world before the advent of Him who came in all the fullness of his Father's glory. Amid the flash and splendour of mighty cities, the clangor of the war-trumpet, and the steady tramp of armed men that arise from every quarter there are mingled other sights and sounds. The philosopher scanning with eager eye his pile of now forgotten manuscripts; the alchymist bending low over his crucible; and the sobbings and sighings of the great heart of man in its earnest yet fruitless search after truth are the things that meet eye and ear at every turn.

The mind of man, not content with the visible and apparent, seeks to know the invisible and hidden, while his soul, not satisfied with feeding upon the natural, turns with longing and craving to the supernatural. It looks up to the blue vault of heaven, and sees in imagination a world beyond; it turns its eye downward to the earth clothed in beauty, and giving its treasures with no niggard hand, and dreams of a being who framed and fashioned the wonderful machine; then for a moment it contemplates itself, with all its untold might and energy, then views the casket that contains it, and wondering at the union of such different objects as matter and spirit, is constrained by an irresistible impulse to exclaim, "The hand that made me is Divine." Not being able to comprehend how one being could make and govern all he sees and feels, man's fertile mind fashions many deities and clothes them with his own passions and attributes, making his very gods subservent to his own will and according to his own thoughts. Hence arose the multiplicity of deities which are found in heathen mythology. Yet the belief in these was not universal, the sage despised the gods he worshipped, and in his moments of rapt thought soared away toward the outward and tangible features of idolatry; until, in imagination, he almost bowed before the throne of the Great Eternal. But here he faltered. A great man has written "*Humanum est errare et nescire*;" and a greater has declared, "The world by wisdom knew not God." The philosopher of the ancient world, while he held some just ideas of a divine ruler and creator, mixed up with his theory much that was false; and while, in his better moments, he was fain to acknowledge the existence of a merciful yet just Jehovah, at other times he would doubt, nay even deny all that he had previously believed or asserted. So the heathen, wrapped in the gloom of hellish night, hoped and despaired, believed and disbelieved, theorized and re-cast his theories until he became entangled in the maze formed by his own conflicting ideas, and sunk into a darkness more profound and gloomy than before.

In the midst of this darkness, which like the Egyptian could be felt, there arose the Star in the East. The world stood still and wondered. Theories framed by master minds, and followed by the myriads of the race, seemed dreary and dark as the first flash of that Star pierced their hidden mysteries. The intellect, illuminated by "the truth as it is in Jesus," threw off the trammels of superstition and idolatry, and revelled in its new-formed day. From that time until the present, light upon light has been breaking in as the truths of God have become more apparent, and now, standing as we do beneath the full blaze of Gospel day, the spirit can be borne by faith to the throne of its Creator and Lord, and read upon the loving countenance beaming from the mercy seat the fact of its acceptance in the Beloved.

From our English Correspondent.

Results of the District meetings—small accessions —successor to John Mason—rising laymen of Methodism—the Royal Family—Cardinal Wiseman.

We now know the result of the District Returns, showing the number of members in Society to be reported to the next Conference. Without including the two districts where the Welsh language only is employed, the accounts from which have not as yet been forwarded, the net increase of members in England and Scotland is about 350. This result was in part anticipated by those best acquainted with the state it is that in a time of profound ecclesiastical peace and of general commercial prosperity, the accession to our numbers should be of so insignificant a character. The circumstance is rendered yet more perplexing inasmuch as there has been a great increase in chapel building. During the last 3 or 4 years the number of new chapels erected and opened, has exceeded anything previously known. And it is notorious that as a whole, in the matter of congregations, these new edifices have been exceedingly successful. The aggregate of our congregations has increased, without doubt, by many thousands, perhaps by scores of thousands, during the year, and still only a few hundred are added to the Society. Nor is there the drain of emigration to be taken into account, as in some former years. Again, had a decrease taken place in Lancashire, it might naturally have been ascribed to the stagnation in trade during the past year or two. But strange to say, the Manchester district exhibits an increase of 805, or more than double the total increase of the connexion.

Undoubtedly these are facts which ought to occasion deep searchings of heart amongst us. There is a growing difficulty, unquestionably, in inducing our hearers to join themselves to the Society by meeting in class. We have tens of thousands of regular hearers, whose conduct is blameless, who are cheerful and liberal supporters of the cause in its various departments, but who steadily refuse to give that proof of their attachment to it, which is implied in joining the Society. There is, moreover, a feeling which scarcely finds public expression, as to the practicability of adopting some modification of the class-meeting system. But on the other hand, it may be that considerations of this secondary kind are only calculated to distract attention from our great and primary need—the need of more true and heartfelt personal religion.

The vacancy occasioned by the death of our venerable Book Steward, the Rev. John Mason, will probably be filled by the appointment of Dr. Jobson. Such is the recommendation of the Book Committee to the Conference. It is rumoured that this recommendation will not pass unchallenged, and that the Rev. John Bedford, or the Rev. Wm. Edwards, will be proposed. It does not follow, as a matter of course, that Dr. Jobson should be appointed because he has been nominated by the London Com.; but practically there is little doubt of his election. It is understood that at first he felt a strong reluctance on account of the comparatively secular character of the duties, but that this has to some extent been overcome.

Methodism has just lost one of its noblest laymen by the death of Mr. Brock of Exeter. His funeral was the largest, it is said, ever witnessed in that ancient city. Men of all shades of politics and of all religious opinions joined in the desire to pay a last tribute of respect. We have a number of laymen rising up, some of whom it is to be hoped will soon be in Parliament. It is to be regretted that some of our best qualified laymen should have so strong a repugnance to parliamentary life, as to have refused urgent and repeated applications to offer themselves as candidates—as for example Mr. Robinson Kay and Dr. George Smith. There are signs however of another spirit among some of our laymen, as Mr. MacArthur, Mr. Lycett, and others. Mr. S. D. Waddy, son of Dr. Waddy, is already achieving marked success as a Barrister, and although he is not yet sufficiently advanced to warrant his coming forward at present, he is a very likely man to obtain a seat in Parliament, and if he once gets there, he will make his voice heard.

Considerable uneasiness is felt at the protracted retirement of the Queen. She is now in Scotland, though it is the height of the London season, and the gay and fashionable world are loud in their complaints. The Prince and Princess of Wales are doing their best to supply the deficiency, but it is said there is a great want of life, in court circles. The royal young couple are not sparing of their public appearances. They ride about freely, and visit public places; and the Princess especially, owing to the deep and earnest sympathy of our countrymen with Denmark, is universally popular. She looks thin and careworn, and (so general opinion agrees) considerably older—probably the effect of anxiety touching the affairs of her father's little kingdom. The Queen, it is believed, takes the side of Germany, and many rumours are afloat, but Earl Russel in the House of Lords last night made a few statements which will go far to dissipate any uneasy apprehensions which might have disturbed the public mind.

Cardinal Wiseman has been trying to rebuke the British nation for its reception of Garibaldi. He represents the General as an atheist and a blasphemer, but his words will not have much effect. Popery is very quiet in this country. It attracts but little attention and makes little or no progress, although it manages to hold its ground. The apathy of the nation in political matters is something wonderful. Whether it arise from the complicated excitement of foreign politics, or from any other cause, our home politicians are at a very low ebb. They cannot raise an enthusiasm about anything. The people are well fed and clothed and governed—they have plenty of liberty—and they care nothing at all about politics. This easy, full-fed condition is not favourable to religious awakening. Perhaps if we were visited with national trouble, the work of the churches would be in a more flourishing state.

The news of Grant's desperate engagements with Lee has produced a profound impression here, and has revived that interest in the American struggle which had altogether subsided. It is a sickening story of blood and slaughter; but, at the time I write, our information leaves Grant pursuing Lee towards Richmond, without any decisive result. W.

London, May 27th, 1864.

Washington Correspondence.

Washington, May 20, 1864.

Look where you will in Washington there are unmistakeable indications that this is a time of war. When leaving the railway station on my arrival here, I met the remnant of a regiment, whose "time is up," marching to the station, homeward bound. There were about 120 men remaining of a regiment, once a thousand strong. They straggled along in irregular order; knapsacks, tin cups, old blankets and boots hanging anywhere and everywhere about them. Their clothing was desperately "the worse for wear." They carried in their midst all that was left of the old flag of the regiment, covered with glory, torn into rags and ribbons.

Passing up Pennsylvania Avenue early in the morning, I met a hearse bearing a coffin, covered with the national flag. It was followed by about 50 persons, Generals, and other officers, members of Congress, &c., and two carriages. In the coffin was General Wadsworth. There was no music, no attempt at military display, and but few took any interest in the occasion, so common have such events become.

Calling at the Provost Marshall's office for a *pass* into Virginia, we found others on the same errand, woman whose husbands were in [illegible] whose sons were House, (the residence of the President,) a little farther on is the War Office. Communicative residents of Washington, are wont to point out the spot where Key was shot by Sickles, some years ago. "There," said a friend, "is where the tree stood, around which Key dodged when Sickles aimed at him. You see there's nothing left but the stump; visitors cut the bark all away, and so mutilated the tree that it had to be cut down." There is another tree of historic and tragic interest, in New York, upon which a negro was hanged during the riots of 1863; but whatever the reason may be, that New York tree has not the same attraction for the ruthless knife of the curiosity-seeking American.

You can not pass along any street of this city but you see signs of war. There is a mounted cavalry soldier on guard, with drawn sword, at every corner. There are men on crutches everywhere, here are bandaged eyes, bandaged faces, arms in slings, at every turn. There goes a train of army waggons, half a mile long or so, each waggon covered with canvas, and drawn by four or six horses, the driver mounted on one of them. A little later you see another similar train passing up another street. Thus are the supplies hourly "sent to the front." There, down 7th street, go two large waggons crowded thick with negro recruits just brought in to be enrolled in the Federal army.

At the foot of Pennsylvania Avenue, on a commanding eminence, is the Capitol. Its magnificent dome rises to a great height. Everywhere, within and without, there is beauty to charm the eye and the imagination. The Senate Chamber and Representative Hall are each lighted only from the ceiling. The building is about 750 feet in length, and covers 5½ acres of land.

A little below where the "long-bridge" crosses the Potomac, is the steamboat wharf, whence we sail for Alexandria. The trip down the Potomac is soon accomplished. From the steamer's deck, part of the line of the fortifications for the defence of Washington, may be seen. Some kind of military works crown every considerable hill. All around Washington and Alexandria, one not only looks upon the luxuriant foliage of the trees, and the tender leaves of the vine, upon the sweet shrubbery and the flowers, but here are hospitals everywhere, that tell with voices of groaning and agony, and here are wide fields of new-made mounds, that tell with the silent speech of death, of the sad havoc war doth make.

Let us enter a hospital. We pass through a gateway. Here is a row of shanties, called *wards*. Each ward about 18 feet wide, and from 16 to 200 feet long. Down the whole length on both sides are rows of wounded men. The wards are about 25 feet apart, and are marked with a letter of the alphabet. There may be 20 or more such wards in one enclosure, and these constitute a hospital. Sometimes a large hotel, or Academy or College is used as a hospital, as is the case in Alexandria, where the largest hotel in Virginia is now used for that purpose. There on a narrow iron bedstead is a man whose right leg is gone, he suffers greatly, is feverish, restless. Here is one whose lower jaw is broken. Here another whose face is bandaged up, shot through the cheek, teeth knocked out. There are four men in a row each having lost the whole or a part of the left arm,—though each had his left wing clipped, yet they seemed in good spirits; even here the poetic adage found an illustration, "birds of a feather flock together." Next is a man wounded in both legs, next to him a rebel, well attended, feverish, too sick to converse. There is one who is delirious, life is ebbing away; the nurse looks at me, shakes his head, shuts his lips tight, and says, "poor fellow, he'll soon be gone." Here one is writing a letter, there another is dictating to a young lady what to write for him. There is one whose arm is in splints, his face pallid, his eyes wild and ghastly—a wreck adrift in a very sea of suffering. These are only some of the ten thousand victims of "the battle of the wilderness," of whom five hundred at least will soon be sleeping in the grave. Here are newspapers, books, Testaments, oranges, lemons, cleanliness. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions are doing a work of immeasurable good for the soldiers, and for humanity, and for God. Verily, the attempt to prevent the rebels of 1861, from doing what their fathers did in 1776, is costing a fearful price.

In the memorable town of Fredericksburg, so often the point which both armies strove to win, every house is full of wounded men. But the luxuries, the comforts, the attendance, which are furnished in the hospitals about Washington, can not be had for the thousands of wounded and dying in Fredericksburg, and its vicinity.

When will this cruel war be over? Many here believe this campaign will end the war. "Grant has all the men he asked for." "He has plenty of supplies." "He has three times as many men as Lee has." "His men are mostly veterans." "He will crack the nut this time, or else it can't be cracked at all." Such expressions one hears at Willard's, at the Metropolitan, on steamers, in rail-cars,—everywhere. But there are different opinions expressed here. There are men who can not flatter themselves that the victory, for which many good men pray, and multitudes fight, amid blood, and agony, and death, is just about to perch upon the Federal banners. Meanwhile, the leading commercial men, are planning and scheming, as though *they* can not see that the rebellion is wasting and withering, and reeling, as others think, to an ignoble ruin.

One dollar a day is better wages now in the Eastern Provinces than three dollars a day in Washington. New England and the Middle States will never more be so attractive to Provincial merchants who wish *to buy*. Can not the merchandise which has been manufactured here for Eastern markets, be henceforth produced in the Provinces at lower rates than here? Must not your Provinces become manufacturing countries? Are they not inevitably drifting in that direction? C.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1864.

A deputation from the General Conference visited Washington last week, and presented an address, on behalf of the Conference, to the President of the United States. President Lincoln's reply is as follows:

Gentlemen:—In reference to your address, allow me to attest the accuracy of its historical statements, endorse the sentiments it expresses, and thank you, in the nation's name, for the sure promise it gives.

Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church; bless all the churches; and blessed be God, who in this our great trial, giveth us the churches.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

Shortly after the presentation of the address and the reply, Rev. Mr. Thornton, and other British subjects, called upon the President, and regretted they had not been present at the interview with their brother clergymen, and desired to consider themselves included in his reply to the address.

The General Conference has elected three new bishops, namely, Rev. Davis W. Clark, D.D., Rev. Edward Thomson, D.D., and Rev. Calvin Kingsley, D.D. These three honoured ministers have occupied the editorial chair by appointment of the General Conference for several years past. The ordination of the bishops took place yesterday afternoon, amid services the most deeply interesting, impressive and solemn.

The election of the editors of the several publications of the G. Conference is nearly completed. Part of the list of editors is as follows: *Christian Advocate and Journal*, Rev. D. Curry, D.D.; *Quarterly Review*, Rev. D. D. Wheden, D.D.; *Sunday School Books and Papers*, Rev. D. Wise, D.D.; *German Apologist*, Rev. W. Nast, D.D.; *Western Advocate*, Rev. John M. Reid; *N. W. Advocate*, Rev. T. M. Eddy; *Central Advocate*, Rev. B. F. Crary; *Pittsburg Advocate*, Rev. S. H. Nesbit; *California Advocate*, Rev. E. Thomas; *Pacific Advocate*, Rev. S. D. Brown; *Ladies Repository*, Rev. Isaac N. Wiley.

It is probable that the General Conference will close its session about the last day of this month. C.

Liverpool Circuit.

MR. EDITOR,—I am happy in being able to communicate to your readers the fact of the completion of our beautiful church in this town. About June last, the enterprise was first spoken of; in August we commenced removing the old church, in order to build on the site it occupied, and in March the new one was dedicated to the worship of God.

This church is a decided improvement on any similar effort in this town. It is the largest, and probably the finest, Wesleyan church in the province, outside of the metropolis itself. It is in the Anglo-Saxon style of architecture, presenting massive outlines; the tower is bold and imposing in appearance, and is surmounted by an exceedingly elegant spire, the entire height of tower, spire and finial is one hundred and twenty-six feet. The height of the basement, is indicated on the exterior by a band, supported by block trimmings, while finely moulded brackets, suspended from the projecting roof, add further ornament to the sides and front. I have already given a description of the basement story, the floor of which is sunk two feet below the surface of the ground, thus leaving ten feet as the height of the basement, above the surface. The entrance to the church is by front, and side doors, all opening into an ample vestibule, from which the stair-case descends into the lecture room, and from which also, the stair-cases ascend, by an easy grade, to the main audience room. This latter, occupying the entire flat, is seventy-feet long, and forty-five feet wide, but the length is further increased by a broad apsis in the rear of the pulpit, for the organ and choir, twelve feet deep; and by the extension of this room into the tower, which projects six feet beyond the main building; thus giving an entire length of eighty-eight feet, all closely pewed. An end gallery furnishes sittings for nearly one hundred persons. There are seventy pews in the body of the building, which range in length from eight and a half to eleven feet, and will hold each, from six to eight persons; so that it is computed that adding to these the pews of the orchestra, those extending into the tower, and those of the gallery, the entire church will comfortably seat five hundred and fifty persons.

The interior presents a peculiarly neat and attractive appearance. The windows—the tops of which are semi-circular in accordance with the style—are of ground glass, and in the head of each is a large medallion of stained glass, of varied colours. The pews which are curved, being formed on lines drawn from the pulpit as a centre, are stuffed, and covered, and cushioned uniformly with rose-coloured damask, the tops and scroll arms are of black walnut, as is also the communion rail. There are three lateral aisles, which, with the transverse one in front of the communion rail, are covered with suitable Kidderminster carpet, which matches with a finer quality of carpet, covering the platform within the railing. The pulpit is roomy, and comfortable, and only sufficiently elevated above the pews. It is ornamented with curved work. The communion table is a slab of white marble, resting on brackets affixed to the front of the pulpit, a most chaste and beautiful arrangement. The church is lighted by three elegant chandeliers, one of which lights the pulpit and orchestra, and by brackets, lamps attached to the side walls, and the two tower posts—the only posts, by the way, to be seen in the audience room, as the gallery is suspended by king-posts, from the plates; the light is softened by ground glass globes on the lamps.

The heat is supplied by two furnaces in the basement, of somewhat novel construction. Each one consists of an ordinary square stove, of the largest size, covered with a casing of galvanized iron, which extends to the ceiling of the basement, and as it does not to any extent radiate the heat, transmits it entire through the grating to the church above, in the ordinary way. This is much cheaper than the ordinary furnace, costing perhaps one third; it cannot from its simplicity be a failure, as is often the case with the furnace, and being supplied with wood, instead of coal, the heated air is wholly free from unpleasant smell. Mr. G. Boehner of this town, was the architect and builder, of this beautiful sanctuary.

I cannot speak too highly of the spirit of christian enterprise, the zeal, and faithfulness of the Trustees in this holy work; nor of the cordial co-operation, and generous pecuniary aid afforded by our people. The cost of church and fixtures, exclusive of the bell and organ which we previously had, is about six thousand dollars; of this though a year has not elasped since the commencement of the enterprise, the sum of five thousand dollars has been raised, of which we realized by the sale of the preference of forty-five of the pews, about two thousand eight hundred dollars. You may conceive sir, that by this effort we are pretty nearly exhausted, and are in circumstances to ask our friends abroad, for aid to a Bazaar, to be held next autumn, to assist in liquidating the remaining one thousand dollars. We appeal to the generous, who are ready to help those who help themselves. We have only to regret that though our present church, is so much larger than the old one, we have not nearly room enough; every available pew is rented, and more are called for; while on the other hand we rejoice that the church is filled, both morning and evening, with an intelligent and appreciative congregation, to whom, it is a delight to minister the word of life. And here I may just be allowed to refer to the steady increase which has obtained for months past, in the size of the week night congregations, until we have now a regular attendance at these services, of from eighty to one hundred.

A few days previous to the opening of the church, we commenced holding in the basement story, a series of religious services, believing that the time had arrived for making such special effort. On the next Sunday, came the dedicatory services. The Rev. Mr. Brettle of Barrington, and in the evening, from the former part of the 8th verse of the 3rd of Philipians. The Rev. Mr. Coffin, who had just previously come to the circuit, and who I rejoice to say is quite restored to health—preached in the afternoon, on Christian zeal. It was a festal day, which will be long remembered by the Wesleyans of Liverpool; the great enterprise which had cost them so much toil, so much care, so much anxiety, was happily consummated, and they were permitted to worship God in a sanctuary more tasteful, beautiful, and commodius than they had, until recently dared even to hope for; and, the sermons to which they listened were of a high order, richly fraught with evangelical truth, instructive and gladdening; and the people sat joyously in the presence of the Lord of Hosts. And when, on Monday, after sharp competition for the preference of pews, the sales were found to amount to about seven hundred pounds, a load of care was lifted from the hearts of the Trustees, for they saw that their church was free from the incubus of a great debt. Mr. Brettle preached for us again on Monday evening, and on Tuesday left us, followed by the best wishes of our people, to whom he had most pleasingly ministered the word of life. The services were continued thoughout the week. On the next Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Lockhart of Annapolis, preached morning and evening. He remained to our help the greater part of the week, and preached every evening during his stay. His sermons were most faithful and effective appeals to the unconverted, and very gracious Divine influence attended their delivery. The services were continued for several weeks, and with very blessed results. Previous to the commencement of this special effort, the classes had been receiving additions to the numbers of their membership, and the interest in religious matters in the congregation, was so manifestly intensifying, that we were induced to increase those means, through which souls are led by the Divine Spirit to Christ. We had not indeed in connection with this effort, that more general turning to God, which we could have wished; but from week to week, came those who had thoughtfully accepted the claims of God, and deliberately avowed themselves on the Lord's side. We have now received, as the result of this blessed work, forty persons on trial for membership, and others are contemplating a similar connection. On Sunday the 15th of this month, in the evening service, the interest was heightened by the administration of baptism to six of those probationers, who had not received the rite in infancy. In the prosperity of the various interests of our cause, in this town, we recognize the "good hand of our God," who, "only doeth wondrous things."

I must close, with the expression of my gratitude to God, for placing me in the midst of the beloved people to whom I minister, and for the comfort and happiness which I have enjoyed in my work here. Yours, &c.,

J. HART.

The District Meetings.

By general consent, Wesleyan Methodism is admitted to possess a system of ecclesiastical government more highly organised than any other Church. We are not now entering upon an inquiry how far it is desirable in the abstract for a Christian sect to possess an elaborate organisation, nor do we now inquire how far it may be desirable to leave scope for the free and unchecked action of individual zeal, without the control of a recognised system of discipline. To these questions, differently constituted minds will return different answers, and the facts of Church history are not, perhaps, so exclusively favourable as ardent partisans may suppose, either to the strict disciplinarian on the one side, or to the advocate of individual latitude on the other. Whatever may be concluded from the history of the Christian Church viewed as a whole, it is very certain that in our own country, and at the present epoch, there is no tendency towards an undue excess of Church discipline. In the Established Church the tendency is lamentably and notoriously in the opposite direction. Congregational Churches, whatever functions they may exercise within themselves, are precluded by their isolation from the control of any organised system. Our own communion affords the only example, on a large scale, of a vigorous, practical, and efficiently organised discipline—a discipline which is not left to be discovered in the musty pages of statute-books, but which is found in living and active operation amongst a community which includes a million of the population of England.

Of all the parts of this multifarious system, there is none more important, more vital, than the District Committees of the Conference, commonly called the District Meetings. Methodism had not advanced very far before it was found impossible for the Conference during its yearly assembly to transact all the public business of the Connexion. Upon the death of Wesley, the kingdom was divided into a number of districts, so that cases of emergency which might occur, such as had been referred to Wesley himself during his lifetime, might be dealt with by a competent tribunal. The meeting of the "District" soon became annual, and this usage has continued for seventy years. In most parts of the Connexion, the District Meeting is looked forward to with animated expectation, especially in the town where this Methodist synod is appointed to be held. The gathering together of Ministers from their respective Circuits (for every Minister is required to attend, unless he have leave of absence)—the renewal of old friendships and the formation of new—the generous, hearty hospitality with which the brethren are invariably greeted—the public services, at early morning and in the evenings, when selected preachers are announced—the assembling of stewards and lay officers entitled to take part in the proceedings—all these circumstances invest the occasion with a peculiar interest.

We reserve any lengthened comments upon the statistical returns. At present we will content ourselves with calling attention to the unexampled guarantees which our Church possesses for the moral purity of its Ministry, and for its theological orthodoxy. It is not merely that, in these yearly synods, it is open for any one to prefer a complaint. As much as this may be affirmed of the ecclesiastical assemblies of other Churches. The peculiarity of the discipline of our Church consists in this, that questions are asked separately and categorically with reference to every Minister, and no name is allowed to pass until a satisfactory answer has been returned. "Is there any objection against his moral and religious character?" Unless the answer "*None*" is solemnly returned, an examination must take place forthwith. "Does he believe and preach our doctrines?" To this inquiry, every man must reply for himself, renewing thus his fealty to the system of doctrinal truth which is held amongst us. The discipline is the fence of the doctrine; and it is to its strict and unswerving maintenance that the remarkable unanimity and soundness of doctrinal teaching which has characterised Wesleyan Methodism from the beginning is to a great extent to be ascribed. It imposes no insuperable obstacle in the way of a healthy independence of thought. It admits of a wide latitude in various matters of speculation and belief which do not touch the [illegible] vital points it is inflexible. A similar stringency is observed in regard to the question of moral and religious character. And whatever new developments our system may be deemed in the natural progress of events to require, we rejoice to believe that there is no disposition in any quarter to relax, in regard to these essential points, that stringency and fraternal fidelity which constitute at once the peculiarity, the glory, and the security of our ecclesiastical system.

Nevertheless, in view of the small increase which we have to report, it will be felt that the paramount feeling of the hour ought to be, not exultation, not boasting, but rather humiliation The stationary character of our numbers must lead every faithful member to the reflection that, "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." No exactitude of Church order, no perfection of ecclesiastical arrangement, no systematic or unsystematic munificence towards various funds and charities, no increase of goodly structures wherein to celebrate divine worship, will avail to raise up the spiritual temple of the Lord. Amidst countless reasons for thanksgiving, we have this occasion of grief, that the consecrated hosts are not visibly subduing the hosts of the enemy. As on a famed occasion of olden time, the shouts of our Jubilee joy will be mingled with the lamentations of the elders of our Israel and the weeping of the people.—*Methodist Recorder.*

Newfoundland Mission and its Missionaries.

BY REV. W. WILSON.

No. 22.

THE RED INDIANS OR ABORIGINES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Concluded.

Four years after Mary March was brought to St. John's, three others of the tribe were captured, and brought to the same place. These were the last of the Red Indians ever seen. As the writer himself saw these persons, shook hands with them, and tried to converse with them, he will give the account from his own journal.

St. John's, Newfoundland, June 23, 1823.—"Last week there were brought to this town, three Red Indians, so called, who are the aboriginal inhabitants of this Island. They are all females, and their capture was accomplished in the following manner.

In the month of March last, a party of men from the neighbourhood of Twillingate were in the country hunting for fur. The party went two and two in different directions. After a while one of these small parties, saw on a distant hill a man coming towards them; supposing him while in the distance to be one of their own party, they fired a powder gun to let their friend know their where-abouts. The Red Indian generally runs at the report of a musket, not so in the present instance; this man quickened his pace towards them. They know from his gait and dress, discovered that he was an Indian, but thought he was a Micmac, and therefore still felt no anxiety. Soon they found their mistake; and ascertained that the stranger was one of the Red Indians. He was approaching in a threatening attitude with a large club in his hand. They now put themselves in a posture of defence; and beckoned the Indian to surrender. This was of no use, he came on with double fury, and when nearly at the muzzle of their guns, one of the men fired, and the Indian fell dead at his feet. As they had killed a man without any design or intention, they felt deeply concerned, and resolved at once to leave the hunting-ground, and return home. In passing through a drake of woods, they came up with a wigwam, which they entered, and took three Indian females, which have since been found to be a mother, and her two daughters. These women they brought to their own home, where they kept them until they could carry them to St. John's, and receive the government reward for bringing a Red captive Indian. The parties were brought to trial for shooting a man, but as there was no evidence against them they were acquitted.

The women were first taken to Government House, and by order of His Excellency the Governor, a comfortable room in the Court House was assigned to them as a place of residence; where they were treated with every possible kindness. The mother is far advanced in life, but seems in good health. Beds were provided for them, but they did not understand their use, and they slept on their deer-skins in the corner of the room. One of the daughters was ill, yet she would take no medicine. The doctor recommended phlebotomy, and a gentleman allowed a vein to be opened in his arm, to shew her, that there was no intention to kill her; but this was to no purpose, for when she saw the lancet brought near her own arm, both she and her companions got into a state of fury,—so that the doctor had to desist. Her sister was in good health,—she seemed about twenty-two years of age. If she had ever used red ochre about her person, there was then no sign of it in her face. Her complexion was swarthy, not unlike the Micmacs; her features were handsome; she was a tall fine figure, and stood nearly six feet high; and such a beautiful set of teeth, I do not know that I ever saw in a human head. In her manners, she was bland, affable and affectionate. I showed her my watch, she put it to her ear, and was amused with its tick. A gentleman put a looking-glass before her, and her grimaces were most extraordinary; but when a black-lead pencil was put into her hand, and a piece of white paper laid upon the table; she was in raptures; she made a few marks on the paper, apparently to try the pencil; then in one flourish, she drew a deer perfectly; and what is most surprising, she began at the tip of the tail. One person, pointed to his fingers, and counted ten, which she repeated in good English; but when she had numbered all her fingers her English was exhausted, and her numeration, if numeration it were, was in the Boethick tongue. This person whose Indian name is *Shanandithit*, is thought to be the wife of the man who was shot. The old woman was morose, and had the look and action of a savage. She would sit all day on the floor with a deer-skin shawl on; and looked with dread, or hatred upon every one that entered the Court House.

When we came away, *Shanandithit* kissed all the company, shook hands with us, and distinctly repeated "good-by."

June 24. "Saw the three Indian women in the street. The ladies had dressed them in English garb, but over their dress they all had on their, to them indispensable, deer skin shawl; and 'Shanandithit,' thinking the long front of her bonnet an unnecessary appendage, had torn it off; and in its place had decorated her forehead and her arms, with tinsel and coloured paper.

They took a few trinkets, and a quantity of the fancy paper that is usually wrapped round pieces of linen; but their great selection was pots kettles, hatchets, hammers, nails, and other articles of ironmongery, with which they were loaded, so that they could scarcely walk. It was painful to see the sick woman, who, notwithstanding her debility, was determined to have her share in these valuable treasures."

After a few weeks a vessel was sent to take the women to the place from whence they came. The ship's boat took all their things ashore, then the women went with great reluctance, but when they were landed and the boat was about to leave them they cried, they screamed, and rushed into the water after the boat; they would not be left. The captain was at a loss what to do. His orders were to put them ashore and leave them. He felt that this would be cruel: he therefore determined to leave them in charge of the person who brought them away, until the pleasure of the Government was known. The orders were not repeated; so the women remained. The sick daughter soon died, and the mother did not live long with civilized people; but Shanandithit survived for about two years, during which time she learned English, and became very useful as a house servant.

From her it was understood, that her tribe was reduced to a very small number, and the reason she and her relations would not be left on the beach, was, that they would have been killed by their own people as traitors, as they had been among the white people, whom they considered as their deadly enemies.

The writer is not aware that any Boethicks have since been seen. Some suppose the whole race is extinct, others that they have escaped across the Strait of Belle Isle to the main land of Labrador. But when it is remembered, that there are thousands of square miles of land in the interior, on which no foot of any civilized man has ever trod; that there are numerous large 'ponds' some of which might almost be called inland seas; that there are large islands in those lakes, and immense forests on their margins, that we have never seen; it may be, that some sequestered spot, yet contains a few of this persecuted and injured race, who may hereafter make their appearance; which should it be so, they assuredly will be treated differently and with greater kindness than was ever shewn towards their ancestors. What a fearful thought that we who have Christianity and the Bible, and who boast of our high state of civilization, should have destroyed a whole people, who did us no harm, until we commenced to murder them, and take their property!

The labour the Red Indians performed in order to catch deer for their subsistence was very great, as is evident from the remains of the deer-fences which were standing only a few years ago. The deer is gregarious, and the herds in Newfoundland sometimes are said to contain numbers that appear fabulous. A hunter informed the writer that he once saw what he called the *main herd*, near the head of St. George's Bay, *beating to the South*. "I looked" said he, "with astonishment, as far as I could see over the barrens, it was one living moving mass of deer." Another person said, "I was in the country once, when the deer were so numerous, that four of us shot ninety-six, and contrived to get them all to tilts which were near St. George's Bay.'

During summer the deer feed on the mountains of the north, and may be found in large numbers on the highlands near White Bay, or about the latitude of 50 or 51. But in the autumn or near winter they migrate, or as the hunters say, they "Beat to the South," and go near Cape Ray or the Bay of St. George.

To catch the deer in their southern navigation, and to provide food for themselves during winter, seems to have been the motive of the Red Indians in putting up their deer-fences. Inland from Notre Dame Bay, and far to the north-west of Red Indian Pond, a double line of strong fence was put up, which at its commencement diverged many miles. The southern fence ran down to the lake, so that the deer should thus come near their own encampments; and the northern line of fence, was to prevent their escape near the shore. This northern fence ran down to the river Exploits, along the bank of which, another fence was raised, with openings at particular places for the deer to go to the river, and swim across it. These openings were called passes. A number of men now got within the fence, and from the wider enclosure they drove them to the narrower part, or to passes of the river, where others were stationed, and thus killed the deer at their leisure. These deer-fences extend thirty miles on the river Exploits, and how far in the interior, no white man can tell.

The present state of the Boethick tribe, if indeed any of that tribe is in existence, is calculated to teach us that civilization and education, abstracted from the Bible, and pure christianity, can never raise a savage people from their degradation, or place them in their proper position among the tribes or nations of the earth. However, civilization may distinguish the nation that has it, yet it does not possess the elements requisite for the amelioration of the human race. It may make a people proud and boastful, and as knowledge is power, it may subdue surrounding nations, and impose its laws upon them; but it lacks true philanthropy, and has no disposition to impart its knowledge to other nations, or place them in a position to rival themselves, in wealth, intelligence, or power.

The world has never heard of any civilized heathen nation, who founded hospitals for their own sick; free schools for the instruction of the children of their own poor; benevolently manumitting the slaves in their own land; sending teachers to instruct other people in their philosophical theories; colporteurs to circulate their sacred books; or missionaries to propagate their faith, or system of theology in distant lands. All this is peculiar to christianity.

Rome in the height of her civilization and power, conquered the savage hordes of the north; but they continued savage until the missionaries of the cross went among them, and proclaimed the verities of Gospel Salvation. The same great nation visited the coasts of Albion, first for commercial purposes; next she formed settlements there, and then subdued the country by the number and power of her legions. But it was the story of Gethsemane and Calvary, that overthrew the Druidism of our ancestors; gave us our civilization, our constitution, our laws, and our liberty. Ever since the time that Vasco de Gama found the way to India, South Africa has been constantly visited by men of education and science; and these men of science told their brethren in Europe, that Hottentots were so stupid and brutish, that you might as well think of making a turnpike to the moon, as attempt their instruction. But christian missionaries have instructed, civilized, and taught them the way to heaven. Scientific men visited the Polynesian Isles of the south, and were terrified with the cannibalism of the people; but the heralds of the cross went there with the Bible in their hands, and the love of God in their hearts; and with these they braved the club and the oven of these worst of all savages; destroyed their unnatural appetite; taught them to read; gave them a code of laws based upon the Bible; have brought them to a knowledge of the truth; and now they are saved, and in their right mind. Had the first visitors and settlers on the shores of Newfoundland carried the Bible with them, and invited the christian missionary to accompany them, instead of poisoning the natives