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WHOLE No. 651.

Religious Miscellany.

The Old Year and the New.

The sun looks over the eastern hills,
But his glance is chilling and cold;
He is weaving for the gay New Year
Of the fading threads of the Old—
Of emerald, azure and gold,
From the falling threads of the Old
The winds with many a midnight call,
Have reaped their flowers and leaves,
And blithely in the morning hours have bound
Their rustling sheaves.

The snow bird hops in the brown old hedge,
And his chirp is merry and gay;
He is calling his mate from her wintry nest,
On the rocking and snow-wreathed spray,
Little head of the cold have they,
On the rocking and snow-wreathed spray!
Their brown coats, smoothed upon their breasts,
Protect and keep them warm,
And safe as swallows in the sun, they bide
The wintry storm.

The boy looks forth, 'neath his golden curls,
For the gay and merry New Year;
He is wishing the days were soon flown away,
He is hoping for pleasure and cheer—
And joy ever promising near,
In the days that bring pleasure and cheer,
He sees the fresh spring grasses, beneath
The deepening snows,
And hears the summer's softest breath in every
blast that blows.

The old man stands with his frosty locks,
On the verge of the gay New Year,
It is taking him back to the olden time,
As he silently draws a tear—
O'er the Old Year's snow-wreathed hair,
As he silently draws a tear!

Old friends come back, and olden days, and olden
memories dim,
That long were locked in bygone time, come
throbbing back to him.
To all there cometh a new, new year,
When the days of the olden are o'er;
And it cometh to some on the verge of this,
And to some on the farther shore—
When the days of the old are o'er,
And to some on the farther shore.

When time with its unfeeling scythe, hath reaped
the flowers and leaves,
The heart is left the harvest-field, to bind its golden
sheaves.

The sun looks over the eastern hills,
But his glance is chilling and cold;
He is weaving a robe for the gay New Year
From the fading threads of the Old—
Of emerald, azure and gold,
From the fading threads of the Old!
And thus do we, as days go by that come to us
no more,
Our robes prepare where we shall stand upon the
further shore.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.
"Glorious to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men—Luce 11, 14.
Strike your harp, cherubic angel,
Lo! the promised Seed is come!
See your Lord, enthroned in glory,
Born a babe in Bethlehem,
Hallelujah! Lo! He comes, He comes to reign!

Thou Ephraim—meest village
Decking Judah's vineyard plain,
Now may'st lift thy head, for glory
Ever with this shall remain.
Shout and triumph now, Ephraim Bethlehem!
See afflicted Judah's shepherds
Tending Judah's flocks by night;
Know they whence you shining herald
Comes, approaching to their sight?
Fear not, shepherds, angel robed with heavenly
light.
"See, in yonder cloud appearing,
And illuming all the plain:
See what splendor! see them nearing!
Listen to the enrapturing strain!"
Fear not, shepherds, your Messiah comes to
reign.

Hearken to the gladsome tidings:
Hear the rejoicing angel tell—
Tell of love and peace abiding—
Love and peace unspokeable.
Glorious tidings! none but angel tongue could
tell.
Join ye, who have heard the story
Of the Lamb for sinners slain,
Swung aloft on the glory
Sung by night on Judah's plain—
"To God glory; peace on earth; good will to
men."
ASAPH.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.
Fire-side Musing on the Departing
Year.
BY M. E. H.
(Written December 19th.)
"Knell of departed years!"
Thy voice is sweet to me;
It makes me sad forlorned years,
Calls forth so sympathetic tears
Time's matrix course to see.
From hollowed ground
I hear the sound,
Distilling through the air in holy calm around.
The year is rapidly drawing to a close. As I
gazed from my window this morning, on the
murky clouds that flitted athwart the wide ex-
panse, on the faded herbage and leafless trees,
all bespoken—too well and surely—the presence
of Winter—
"Stern ruler of the inverted year!"
Yes, the spoiler has returned. The verdant
tints of Spring, the luxuriant loveliness of Sum-
mer, and the ripper charms of Autumn have given
place to desolation, decay and death.
Oh, chiding scenes of earth, how ornamented
you be! But a few months since, and the
Summer's sun looked lovingly down on an emerald
sward, on gaily tinted flowers and luxuriant
foliage, but now,
"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And forests brown and bare."
"All is well when done by Thee."

I listen in vain for the song of birds: their
melody is hushed. I search in yonder copse and
dingle for the "fair young flowers," but they,
too, have passed away; no longer is their scent
borne on the balmy breeze; and the sighing
winds, as they sweep through the leafless trees,
seem like a wail of lamentation poured above
the bier of departed beauty.
But draw the curtains closer, and shut out the
dreary scene; for deeper grows the twilight, and
night, with its mantle of mist and cloud, settles
over the gloomy landscape!

Welcome! cheerful gleam! welcome! blazing
beard—most welcome now! How like a thing
of life the fire leaps up, and glows, and sparkles,
—now burning into a brilliant flame, that per-
meates the darkest rock of the apartment, and
again sinking into ruddy embers that cast a lurid
light over the scene. How fantastically dance
these shadows over softly tinted wall and snowy
ceiling, like uncouth giants playfully wrestling,
or contending mightily for mastery.

Cherished friends of memory are ye, oh, twi-
light hours, with your flickering lights and mys-
tic shadows! See with what eagerness she
comes at your bidding, laden with treasures
from the chambers of the past, for there doth
she delight to dwell.
By what magic art has she enshrouded our most
precious things, and fresh as yesterday, in recol-
lection restores to us
"The looks and smiles of long ago!"

Sweet faces shine from out the gloom
And dust of buried years—
And silver voices, soft as clear,
Are sounding in our ears.
Where are they? In the grave concealed
Do our fond treasures sleep?
When will we see them on high
God doth our loves once keep!

And each year, as it passeth away, fails not to
bring its tribute to memory. For life—however
monotonous, however humble—can never, to a
sensitive being, become a blank; but must be a
continuation in the golden links which form the
chain of our existence—a succession of acts,
the result of which may be, in themselves, but
in their results on our real or woe, when, in the
light of eternity, the wonderful panorama of a
life shall be unrolled before our astonished gaze.

And now another year is about to join the
"mighty caravan" of departed ages.
To the most thoughtful, its close can scarcely
fail to bring a season of reflection—to the more
serious a time of deep and solemn thought.
"Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy
God led thee," was the injunction of Moses
to the children of Israel, as they were about to
enter into the promised land; and safely carried
thus far by the good hand of God upon us,
through the journey of life, it surely fits crea-
tures destined for immortality to pause for
awhile, and enquire, as the fleeting hours of
the departing year silently pass away—
"What report they bore to Heaven?"

For oh! ye vanishing seasons, months, weeks,
and days, ye never came to us but laden with
memories from a Father's hand! The fresh-
ness of Spring, the beauty of Summer, and the
bonities of Autumn, were all memories of One
who, though we may have forgotten Him, days
without number, never, for a moment, overlook-
ed us.
And Nature, Providence, and Grace, sweetly
united in proclaiming the wonders of His love,
all wooing us, with tender entreaty, to embrace
and hold fast those higher blessings which can
alone enable us to answer life's great end, and
fit us for a glorious immortality.

Happily for us if those lessons, falling as the
gentle dew and rain from heaven, have been dis-
tilled into the inmost depths of our being; hap-
pily, thrice happily for us, if our "inmost ear"
has been opened to hear the "still small voice"
of the rebuking spirit, whispering, "This is the
way, walk ye in it"; and, happiest of all, if,
guided by his gentle monitions, we have been
led into the green pastures and by the still wa-
ters of spiritual consolation.

And now, fellow-pilgrim in the pathway to
Zion, how hath sped the year with you?
Sorrow you have doubtless experienced, for
these are the days of heaven—but mercy
hath sweetly tempered judgment; and how have
these trials enlarged your experience, increased
your faith, and with what a startling interest,
vividness and beauty, they have invested the
promises, until you have been ready to conclude
with the Apostle, "They are all ye and amen
in Christ Jesus!"

Nor has it been all night with you, even
though illumined by the stars of promise. Sun-
shine has often gilded your path; many a sweet
resting-place has been yours in the wilderness,
on which you look back with grateful recollec-
tion; you have tasted the joys of communica-
tion; you have been cheered, and en-
couraged, and stimulated, by "some who have
met"—fellow-heirs of the same grace, and hav-
ing the same inheritance—and you have had
cause to exclaim,
"Oh, if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet;
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!"

Dear friends, we greet you once more! Be-
loved ones, from whom
"Mountains divide us, and the world of seas,"
Goes with you in spirit to-night!
Surrounded by a happy group of smiling faces,
or, sitting solitary in the land of your exile,
musing on the past, where'er ye wander and
where'er ye rest, may the "good will of Him
that dwelt in the bush" be your portion; the
"angel who redeemeth us from evil" be your
guide through life; and a crown, glittering with
countless stars—the reward of those who turn
and see their faces in the "many mansions in the
paradise of God!"

And now—fresh gird from Heaven—behold
the gay New Year coming swiftly towards us,
bearing in his hands a tablet, yet unmarked by
the characters of futurity. What shall be its
characters of respect for us we know not; but
one thing we do know, for the voice of Sacred
Writ hath declared it, "Surely it shall be well
with them that fear God."
Therefore, Father, we would—
"Give to the winds our fears,
And to the waves our doubts."
Hope to see ourselves and our loved
ones into Thy safe keeping; only asking for con-
tinued and more abundant supplies of grace,
that we may be enabled to pursue with greater
diligence our heaven-ward path, leaving our
parental lot in thy hands, content to know that
"All is well when done by Thee."

Salvation as a Free Gift.

Colored preachers often have a rare facility in
homey and pithy illustrations, which more cul-
tivated ministers might imitate with the best re-
sults. The simple style of the following extract
which we find in *Challen's Monthly* may be sug-
gestive to some of our clerical readers, who wish
to reach the heart of the people:
"I once found myself in company with a party
of friends in the gallery of a small village church
listening to a discourse from a colored minister,
or rather exhorter. After some preliminary
exercises, a gray-headed man, evidently quite a
patriarchal personage, arose, and announced as
his subject, 'The History of Dives and Lazzarus,'
which he proceeded to explain and enforce.

One illustration he used was so full of quaint
simplicity, and at the same time so adapted to
express the idea he meant to convey, that it
struck me forcibly. He was trying to show how
a sinner should accept the gospel offers of salva-
tion.
"Suppose," said he, "any of you wanted a
coat, and should go to a white gentleman to pur-
chase one. Well, he has one that exactly fits
you, and in all respects just what you need.
You ask the price, but when told, find you have
not enough money, and shake your head.
"No, massa, I am too poor, must go with-
out; and turn away.
"But he says, 'I know you cannot pay me,
and I have concluded to give it to you—will
you have it?'
"What would you do in that case?—step to
him and say, 'Oh, he's just laughing at me,
he won't mean it!' No such thing. There is
not one of you who would not take the coat,
and say,
"Yes, massa, and thank you too!"
"Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is of-
fered you as freely as that; why don't you take
it as freely? You are lost, undone sinners, and
feel that you need a covering from His wrath.
If you would keep His holy law, blanketed, you
might purchase it by good works; but what you
need are worthless. You are poor, indeed, and
if this is all your dependence, I don't wonder
if you are turning off in despair. But stop—
look here—God speaks now, and offers salvation,
and says that you may have it, without money
and without price." Oh, brethren, my dear
brethren, do take God's word for it, and thank-
fully accept His free gift!"

What impression the words had on the old
man's colored auditors, I cannot tell; but as our
group left the church, one of the ladies remarked
to another:
"What a strange idea that was about the coat!"
"My dear friend," was the reply, "it suited
my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it
was, better than all Dr. —'s elaborate and eloquent
arguments this morning. I am so glad that I
plainly heard the words. How simple! How
plain! Free grace alone! Yes, I will take God
at His word."
"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Remembering Christ.
A Christian man, now eighty years old, states
that for many years he was acquainted with a
devotedly pious woman, on the frontiers of New
Hampshire, who trained up her family for God,
and was accustomed to ride four miles on horse-
back, for public worship. After an absence of
several years, he visited the then aged and in-
firm woman in her armchair, and tried to recall
the mentioned name of her minister, and several
mutual friends, but she had no recollection of
them. "I sat and reflected a while," he writes,
"and then said, 'Mrs. C., do you recollect ever
hearing of Jesus Christ?' She looked at me
with astonishment, exclaiming, 'Do you think
I have forgotten my Savior?'"

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Amidst such a cheerful and glowing
scene, the sun of heaven shined brightly, and
covered the darkest places with smiles and
hopes. I asked her how she could keep such
in such discouraging circumstances. She
spoke in her Christian consolation, and said
"There's no use of letting the heart down."
I wondered at the pithy lesson I had received
in this home of poverty. As I went away my
burden somehow grew lighter, my vexations
vanished; my complaining spirit gave place to
gratitude, and I resolved to write the Christian
philosophy of the widow on my heart.

What would such a habit of holding the heart
up do for all earnest workers, as well as patient
sufferers? Only let the soul be sustained and
glorified by such faith—the confidence light-
ened by such a cheerful glow—the imagination busied
in the paths of hope, rather than of despair—
and how much stronger we should be in every
hourly service!

Tell it to the tempted minister, to the troubled
Christian, to the perplexed statesman, to the
earnest worker in every land. Be joyful in God,
for "there's no use in letting the heart down."
—*Prophetic.*

Passing Away.
Passing away! so whispers the wind,
As it trends its trackless course;
And passing away doth the bright fall sun,
As he leaps from his crystal source.
All passing away on the stream of time,
To oblivion's vale in a far off clime;
Matter and man, we make no delay,
To eternity's gulf we are passing away.

Passing away! mark the furrowed brow,
And the head bent in its crystal source.
And the furrowed cheek, how they plainly speak
That they're leaving a world of care.
Yes, passing away, even beauty's flower
Is fading fast 'neath the spoiler's power,
And fair and frail to their bed of clay,
Adown in the tomb they are passing away.

Passing away! shriek the ocean's wave,
As it breaks on the beaten shore,
And the tortured tide is left to chide
The cliff's with their hollow roar.
Aye, passing away! both from palace and cot,
The places which know us will soon know us not
Whether peasant or prince, nature's last debt
To pay.
At the fit of God, we are passing away,
Passing away, for their hour is past—
Earth's things; they're a motley crew;
The monarch's throne, and his sword and crown,
And the pen and the poet's lyre;
All passing away, e'en the pomp of art,
And the pride of the dearest must each depart,
And the names of nations be passing away.

Passing away! even Time himself
Bends under the weight of years;
His limbs are frail and his cheek grows pale
With the furrows of sorrowing tears;
With his broken sceptre, with a silent tread,
He is passing on to the home of the dead;
With a bending form, and with locks grown
gray,
Old Time himself is passing away.

Passing away! all but God's bright throne,
And his servant's home above,
And his grace divine, and the boundless mine,
Of God's eternal love.
His will to save thro' a Saviour's blood,
The child of faith who hath washed in the flood,
Even earth to its framework doth all decay,
But God in his love shall never pass away.

Religious Intelligence.
Moral Statistics: a Plea for In-
creased Energy.
The human family has been generally esti-
mated at eight or nine hundred millions; and
the number has always appeared large and
fearful to contemplate with respect to its moral
condition. It would seem, however, that the
numerical vastness of the world has been under-
estimated. By Dieterich, a Berlin statistician, give
the world's population with relation to religion as
follows—
Christians, 325,000,000 or 25.77 per cent.
Jews, 5,000,000 " 0.38 "
Asiatic religions, 600,000,000 " 46.35 "
Mol.-medians, 100,000,000 " 12.31 "
Pagans, 200,000,000 " 15.30 "
Total, 1,200,000,000—100.00

The 325,000,000 of Christians are again divided into—
Roman Catholics, 50.7 per cent. 170,000,000
Protestants, 26.6 " 89,000,000
Greek Catholics, 22.7 " 76,000,000
Total, 100.0 " 350,000,000

Deducting from the ninety or one hundred mil-
lions of Protestants the non-professor or non-posses-
sors, it has been supposed that the true follow-
ers of Christ would be, in relation to the enemies
of the truth, as one to ten. Now, supposing that
only one out of ten of the world's population is
saved, or that nine out of every ten through the
broad road which leads to destruction, it is not a
sight which should deeply affect the heart of every
Christian man and woman? To think that nine-
teen hundred years have passed away, and that
so inconceivable an aggression has been made
upon the empire of darkness, is surely a consid-
eration sufficient to excite the concern and call
forth the most determined energy of every fol-
lowing of Christ. One would progress on the part
of Christianity, one would think, could scarcely
debauch the powers of evil, and must even fill the
breasts of demons with satisfaction. Is it not the
will of God that more rapid advances should be
made? Does not Christianity supply the re-
sources for some enlarged and speedily conquest?
Is not the Church possessed of a power adequate
to the successful prosecution of the great Christian
warfare? Unquestionably the "Sword of the
Lord and of Gideon" is equal to the contest. The
conclusion to which we are brought is one, well
calculated to arouse the fears of the Church, viz.,
that to a great extent it is sleeping in the camp
instead of pushing the battle to an issue—or that
it is failing to employ a power it undoubtedly
possesses. It will be evident to any observer that
the ratio of progress in the past will never ex-

ceed the Church to overtake the world's neces-
sities. Something must be done. Now that
something which the world requires is the prom-
ised and more plentiful outpouring of the Holy
Spirit, "until the Spirit be poured upon us from
on high, and the wilderness be a plentiful field,
and the plentiful field be counted for a forest."
There is the remedy for the world's misery: "The
great and fruitful agency by which its barrenness
shall be exchanged into moral cultivation and
beauty. Now it is as certain as that the world's
conversion depends upon those copious measures
of Divine influence—that the blessing is to be
realized in answer to prayer. But when the
power, they uniformly insist upon the attribute
of holiness as essential to its success. "Lifting
up holy hands," exhorts the apostle. We are
persuaded the Church's great want is a higher
piety—a lukewarm—the worldly—the undecided
professors of religion, are a fearful drag on the
wheel, and hinder the Church's progress. If
they could be aroused, a dead weight would be
removed; and the true friends of Jesus might
prepare to celebrate the more glorious triumph
of the truth.—*Christian Cabinet.*

British Systematic Benevolence
Society.
On Sunday week sermons were preached in
Bridg-street and Wesley Chapel, Bolton, on
behalf of this society, by the Secretary, the Rev.
Dr. Cather, of Belfast. The Systematic Bene-
volence Society, was established in London and
Belfast in the spring of 1860; and its ob-
jects are to promote, by means of the press, the
platform, and the pulpit, a sound and scriptural
Public Opinion in favour of three things—First,
Conscientious giving to God; secondly, Systematic
giving to God. The society seeks the promotion
of the principle of giving a stated portion of our
income to the cause of God and the poor—not
less than a tenth, however much more it may be.
It does not collect funds or endowments, but
expresses the society being supplied by a few
Christian gentlemen who led the importance of
bringing the force of scriptural argument and ap-
peal to convince and persuade men to "Honour
the Lord with their substance, and the fruits
of all their increase." Already much good has
resulted from its teachings, which have been
adopted by thousands in all parts of the country.
The publications of the society have been very
fruitfully distributed. "Gold and the Gospel," a
pious tract, "The Duty of Giving Away a
Stated Proportion of our Income," a lecture of
extraordinary power, by the Rev. W. Arthur, A.
M., having had a circulation of more than 150,
000 copies. A beautifully written tract by a
distinguished man, entitled, "What is mine, and
what is God's?" has been presented to the clergy
of Great Britain, to the number of 20,000 copies.
Dr. Cather preached at Bridg-street Chapel in
the morning, and in the evening his sermon
focally urged that we must bring the same prin-
ciple to bear in the distribution of the charities
of the world as we do in our business transac-
tions—that is, we must reduce our giving to a
system. He argued that it was mere mockery
to talk of evangelising the world by impulse; and
that all Christians, both rich and poor, must fol-
low the example according to his ability, giving
"every man according to his ability." He urged
that the claims of the Christian Church should be
continually and that in order to meet those
claims, a system of judicious management was
required to prevent confusion in the proper dis-
charge of the Christian grace and duty of charity.

In the evening, at Wesley Chapel, the Doctor
took for his text 2 Cor. viii. 7, and after a com-
prehensive exposition, applied the subject to his
hearers; observing that he was anxious to induce
them to adopt a system of regular, conscientious
deliberate, universal, and perpetual offering up
of their substance to the Lord. There were those,
he observed, who thought the worship of God was
interfered with by the sound of money on the
plate; he contended, however, that there could
be no worship without giving; that giving always
formed part of the worship of God, and that the
most mischief would result from dividing them.
It was a test of sincerity, a mark of gratitude,
and a testimony of piety. Their giving must
not be by fits and starts; it must be perpetual
and universal; and not only universal, but prop-
portionate. If a man had 20,000 a week, should
not give five times as much as he who only had
10; and if 500, a week, then ten times as
much as he who had only 50;—for if God heaped
upon them blessings, did that not proportionately
increase their obligations? Then they were
not to be content with the bare tenth; but to
give as much more as their hearts prompted them
to out of the blessings they received. And last-
ly, their giving should not only be proportionate
but it should be dignified—"Upon the first day
of the week let every one of you lay by him in
store, as God hath prospered him; that there be
no gatherings when I come." Let there be no
scramble, no confusion, but a constant, dignified,
and grateful stream of liberality. The preacher
illustrated the great good which had accompan-
ied the adoption of the weekly offertory in instances
drawn from the personal experience of his own
friends.—*Met. Recorder.*

General Miscellany.
The Telegraph from Cape Race.
The important news from England, three days
later than that brought by the Europe at Halifax,
which came on Sunday night from Cape Race,
has led to several enquiries at the office of the
"Colonial Intelligencer," as to the mode in which
that intelligence was received. We beg there-
fore to state how, and in what manner, news is
obtained at Cape Race, and is thence sent to the
lightning flash, all over this Continent, the tele-
graphic communication being now complete be-
tween that point and San Francisco.

The general form of Newfoundland is that of
an irregular triangle, having the South coast as
its base. At its South-eastern extremity is Cape
Race, (from the Portuguese, *Cape Et Race*, the
"Captain's Cape") which all the steamers run-
ning from England to New York, Boston, or
Portland, endeavor to make, as it lies directly in
their route, or rather, in their way—as a detour
has to be made from the direct line in order to
clear it. The coast at Cape Race is bold and

rocky; the cliffs rise in precipitous out of the
water, and their strata are tossed, and torn asunder,
as by some great convulsion of nature.—A
large black rock lifts its head out of the deep
water, immediately in front of the Cape. The
eternal swell of the Atlantic has worn great hol-
lows in the cliffs; and in some places, masses of
slaty rock stand out, isolated from the huge wall
that breaks the restless ocean ever thundering
against it, and throwing its flashing spray high
up the precipices.

On the top of the cliffs, a very short distance
from the edge, stands a well built light-house,
painted white, with red vertical stripes. A little
further inland is the telegraph station, a small
new building, from which the wire can be seen
stretching away on tall poles, standing out clearly
on the moors and barrens which are the great
feature of Newfoundland.

Two whale boats, of the very best description
are employed to board the steamers which pass.
Both these boats were built at New York; one is
a "White-hall" boat, and the other, said to be
the best of the two, was built in Brooklyn.
These boats are kept in readiness of the rocks,
one on each side of the Cape, so as to take ad-
vantage of that side which may be at the moment
the most favorable for launching or landing,—
both operations being attended with considerable
danger.

The crew consists of four oarsmen, natives of
Newfoundland, and magnificent men they are,
equal to any and every emergency. The fifth
man is their steersman—Mr. Murphy, the New
England man. He is said to be a native of Sydney,
Cape Breton, and certainly, the way in which he
manages a boat in all weathers, and makes his
way on board vessels at times when the most
daring would tremble, is something quite won-
derful, and scarcely to be credited. To see him
stand up with a foot on the gunwale, swaying
with the motion of the boat in the most awful
sea, and steadying himself with the tiller ropes,
ready for his spring, in boarding, is enough to
make the blood run cold while watching him.

In the night, or in unusually stormy weather,
when the boat cannot overtake or get near the
steamer, a tin canister is thrown overboard, containing
the latest newspapers and despatches. These
canisters are cylindrical, about 18 inches in length
and six inches in diameter; they are carefully
soldered up, and have a piece of lead at one end
to make them float upright in the water, while
straps at the side carry a slight pine staff, which
serves to mark the position of the canister, and render
it more readily seen and picked up.

Having obtained the news, the men pull for
the shore with a loud and powerful stroke, and
the boat goes dashing over the waves in right
gallant style. Murphy springs on shore at any
available point; he is next seen scrambling up
the cliffs, and rushing along to the Station House
with the speed of a reindeer, for he is as active
on land as on the sea. From thence, the news
is sent off without an instant's delay, by wires
which stretch from that point 400 miles west-
wardly to Port au Basque, over one of the wild-
est countries in the world—mountains, moors,
ravines, roaring torrents and mad precipices fol-
lowing each other in quick succession.

Port au Basque is at the South Western ex-
tremity of Newfoundland, near Cape Ray—
a name also derived from the Portuguese—*Cape Et
Ray*, the "King's Cape." From this point a
cable is submerged across the main entrance to
the Gulf of St. Lawrence, here 57 miles wide,
to Aspy Bay, at the North Eastern extremity of
Cape Breton, between Cape Race and Smoky
Cape, both remarkable headlands rising directly
from the sea to the height of 1300 feet, and 550
feet respectively.

From Aspy Bay, the line is brought through
the rocks but most picturesque country which
forms the interior of Cape Breton, to the North-
ward of the massive sea-look known as the
Great Bras d'Or, and passes on to its western
extremity, at the peninsula of St. Peter's.—
Thence it follows the post-road to Plaisance Cove,
in the Strait of Canso, where communication is
maintained with the shore of Nova Scotia, (the
mainland of America) by means of a submarine
cable not much more than half-a-mile in length.
This is landed in a cove a little to the northward
of Cape Porcupine, which Cape is nearly a thou-
sand feet in height.

Thence the Cape Race line follows the Eastern
coast of Nova Scotia, by Antigonish, to Mer-
golis, (around the head of Pictou Basin), on to
Port Wallace and Pughwash, whence it strikes
off to Anvers, and there intersects the main
telegraph with the whole Western world, termi-
nating only in the Pacific!

Thus we got the last news from Cape Race,
the steamer "City of Washington" having been
boarded off that lonely mass of storm-washed
rocks, on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The
news reached here during the night, and we were
thus enabled by much exertion, to lay it before
our readers at an early hour on Monday morn-
ing.—On the same day, in all probability, it was
published at San Francisco, and doubtless caused
as much sensation there as it appears to have
done in all the towns and cities on the Atlantic
sea-board.—*Col. Empire.*

Astounding Gold Discovery.
The *Banker's Reporter* states that the follow-
ing comes from a respectable source, but it
certainly appears to be about as reliable as the
story of Alladin's Wonderful Lamp.

It has been a great mystery to English
bankers, and to the directors of the Bank of
England, how the bullion of the Bank of France
could be so greatly increased within the last
three years, while the institution has been con-
stantly sending gold to England, and Germany