he *had felt* the declaration, "Ye must be born again." His career had not been marked by any disruption from the church, but from the day he received his note of admittance to our church as a candidate for membership, from the Rev. WILLIAM SMITHSON, now stationed in Portland, to the time of his death, he continued creditably enrolled with the Society of the St. John South Circuit. Alas! how many in connexion with various branches of the church act differently, and by their wanderings from God, involve themselves in many sorrows, and some we fear in interminable misery.

Brother Portmore's end was such as might be expected from a life thus devoted to God. He felt that his change was at hand; and a short time before he left us we commemorated with him our Redeemer's last sufferings and death—it was indeed a blessed season and will not soon be forgotten. He alluded to his departure with unhesitating confidence—no doubt, no fear. He spake of his future home as one who felt that his title to the heavenly inheritance was unquestionable.—To his much attached friend and brother, MARSHALL, who continued with him until he exchanged mortality for life, he continued to evidence his confidence in God. Commending his aged partner to a covenant-keeping God and reminding her that "she would soon follow him home," he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"Lo the prisoner is released,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd into God!"

May all who profess the name of our adorable Lord, follow him *fully*, and then in death all will be well.

The death of our late Brother was religiously improved on the sabbath evening after his interment, in the German Street Chapel, before a large and attentive congregation.

J. G. HENNIGAR.

St. John, N. B., South, Sept. 20th, 1853.

Ladies' Department.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Buffalo Correspondence.

Fierce and wild howls the autumn storm,
The night is dark and dreary;
The wind sweeps by with a dismal tone,
As of vengeance never weary:
Oh, this is a sad and fearful night
For the mariner on the sea,
Or the wretched wanderer on the land,
As desolate as he.

A wild night is this dear reader, and though quite a faithful chronicler of the weather, I have never before had just such a storm to record. Embosomed in a circlet of hills lies the beautiful queen city—my quondam home; and there securely nestled at the feet of her giant protectors, the winds of heaven never visit her too roughly, nor northren blasts pierce too cuttingly the grand old forests that are their crown and glory. Here, the broad lake shore stretches around us for miles, level as a prairie, and old Erie's thundering voice makes the very echoes ring now that the autumn storms have roused its sleeping demon. All day long have the eddying gusts swept by strewing their course with yellow leaves, and shrieking round the house top as if some revengeful spirit had come to sweep away even the footprints of the beautiful summer, who a short time since made her a wreath of blood-dyed flowers, and bade us a mournful adieu.

It is a night for us dwellers on the lake shore to think of the poor mariners stemming its fury on the treacherous wave, and of the outcast and forsaken dwellers in the city who have no fitting protection against the storm. But a moment since, my attention was attracted to a child's voice crying in the street, and opening the front door I held my breath against the blast of wind and rain. A little boy was in great distress for the loss of his cap, which he vainly sought in the darkness. Finding that he had a home and knew the way, I said to him, "never mind losing your cap, but run home, your mother will not scold you."—"Ah," said he, "but my mother has to work hard to pay for it." Touched to the heart by the thoughtfulness of that child of poverty, I sent out assistance and a consoling message that if the cap was not found there should be a new one forthcoming on the morrow, but to his great delight it was at length discovered, and the little fellow ran off comforted with both hands clasped upon the precious head gear.

How many houseless and homeless wanderers may there be, not so easily consoled as that poor little boy.

Still drives the storm without—rattling the windows and making a fearful demolishing of every thing movable within its reach. How strangely expressive seem these wierd-like voices of the wind! Some are like spirit-tones calling from the depths of the dim waters which closed over them in the wild passage of a storm like this. Others are those of mischievous little sprites bent on oversetting tree boxes and turning things in general topsy turvy;—and then in a lull of the storms fury come sweet, low voices—solemn and yet very dear, like echoes of tones long since hushed in forgetfulness or silent in the grave. As they sweep through the rattling boughs I hear the self-same music which so often soothed me into dreams when I rested in the lap of the dim old forest, where I wandered as a child. Oh, a thousand voices have they and yet all are but echoes of our own spirits to which they give an answering tone.

What a blessed contrast to the gloom without is the in-door scene where the bright gas light and genial influence of the furnace bid defiance to the storm king, and the bright faces of the home circle add to the cheerfulness. One of those faces is my little pet kitten—nay, start not dear reader at my tremendous step from the sublime, for I do assert that a good looking contented puss adds very much to the comfort and home look of an establishment. Flora Neale, the gay defender of the Ingleside would agree with me I am sure, and could I peep in on her, there would doubtless be a merry kitten playing with her work-basket. Your pardon all cat-haters should there be any such heretics among my readers, while I immortalize the affectionate eyes of my purring pet.

Little Minnie, joyous Minnie!
Merriment embodied,
Shall I see thee quiet ever?
Or thy bright eyes clouded?

Now one trick and now another,
Claims thy whole endeavour;
But in mischief's rare inventions,
Genius fails thee never.

Graceful is thy bounding form,
Loving are thy glances,
As those tiny little feet
Welcome me with dances.

Never was a brighter pet—
Never one more cheering,
And—laugh at me if you will—
Few are more endearing.

Can you name my pet dear reader?
Would you like to guess it?
Could you *see* my pretty kitten,
Surely you'd caress it.

MOLLY BAWN.

Buffalo, Oct. 23rd, 1853.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Are we not Dreamers?

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Who that gives a passing glance over the fair earth, with all its array of glories beautiful and brief, views not in its thronging multitudes, a world of dreamers? Everywhere, far o'er where the muezzin cries the hour of prayer, where the gorgeous rolling car crushes hourly its votaries, or where the traveller bends in mute idolatry of genius over the graves of classic Greece, as well as in our own land, where each priceless moment carries before the everlasting throne, its record of golden privilege, thankfully improved, or remorselessly squandered; in all climes, the dwellers on earth seem as denizens of a slumbering city. Time in its ceaseless rush, bears down before them, empire, and nation, and dynasty, yet they heed it not. Wrapt in reverie, the reverberating crash of falling thrones and towers strikes on their ear, but as the distant murmur of the sea. They know, that though now, the sounds "of blood and splendor, revelry and wo" may echo from shore to shore of the round globe, yet that on some morning when the sons of men shall go forth as ever to their toil, the clear heavens above them shall melt away, as the dim shadows of dawn, and that where now the quenchless sun pours forth his splendor, a great white throne, the glory of which no eye of flesh may view, shall stand while a clarion blast, swelling "louder yet and yet more dread," shall pierce the foundations of the hoary earth, and the everlasting hills, and the caves of the solemn-sounding sea; and from their depths shall the pale sleepers of ages come forth, to await the word of the Omnipotent. They know, that though now, life may unfold before them as dream of enchantment, and the heart throb joyously in the very consciousness of existence, yet that an hour *will* come when a grasp, more potent than the tie that binds us all to earth, shall chill the inmost spirit, when the cheek now glowing with hope, shall blanch before the fearful visions of the future, and they shall pass away to enter the shadowy palaces of the city of the dead. They know these things, they live in the clear light of realities, startling and profound, whose immeasurable sweep girds the far shores of eternity, and yet, *they dream*. No voice from the land of spirits can rouse an echo in their bosom. Marathon and Waterloo may win a name in story, but Sinai and Calvary are voiceless messengers to them. The dark legends of Eld,

"The love of vanished ages,
The trumpetings of proud humanity,"

may, perchance, wake a slumbering reponse from some lethargic loiterer on the crumbling precipice of life; but every immutable utterance of that volume

"With the eternal heraldry and signature
Of God Almighty stamped,"

which tells, that when we who are but the dust of the earth, marred and defiled by the touch of sin, were perishing; the Eternal One left the burning glory before which the seraphim veil their gaze, that he might redeem us from death; every missive from the "land which is very far off," falls unnoticed on the heedless ear.

How can these things be? Is there not a voice around and above us all, reaching from the "land of everlasting light," and from the depths of that foundationless city on which no sun has ever risen, bidding us rise from the fearful slumber which enchains us? We may heed it not, we may slumber on till earth is fading from our gaze, but when the dark forshadowings of eternity surround us, and the wrathful surges of the solemn river of death shall overwhelm the trembling spirit, *we shall wake for ever*.

BESSIE BERANGER.

November 3rd, 1853.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1853.

Thoughts on the Present State of the World.

(Continued.)

We have so far announced our views of the principles, which the Moral Governor of the universe, has been pleased to observe in His superintending Providence of the nations of our earth, derived, as we think, from his own revelation, and exemplified in his actual administration. Their applicability to the present dynasties which rule mankind, is now our task.

The majority of our race are now found existing under governments that acknowledge not the God of the Scriptures, nor recognize the mediation of His Son. So far they are idolatrous, either in a gross or in a refined sense.—Impressed with the conviction, that the favour of their divinities should be associated with their management of secular affairs, they have incorporated with their governmental administrations, religious observances, diverse as the unrenewed heart is capable of originating, but false as error, uncorrected by revealed truth, can first inspire and then sanction and enforce. Based essentially on principles evoked and sustained by human depravity, their very religion is corrupt and corrupting, a curse and not a blessing; and influencing their secular official acts, excites passions, justifies motives, and sanctions conduct, equally condemned by sound morality, and the authoritative enactments of the Supreme Legislator which are of universal obligation. Practical exemplification of this truth, meets the eye on every page of the history of every pagan and anti-christian country beneath the sun. Worldly policy may, it is true, under peculiar circumstances modify the conduct of such governments, but the root, from which spring evils so deadly, remains untouched, ready, as occasion may require, to push upward and outward into stems and branches, bearing iniquitous fruit.

The majority of nations, at this very day, are opposed to the government of the true God, and hostile to the only religion which possesses His signet of approval. They have no check to the practice of cruelty and oppression; of deception, falsehood, and fraud; or to the infliction of persecution and death,—except the moral force of opinion, or the fear of the physical resources of those nations, whose friendly intercourse it may be their interest to cultivate. Let the moral or physical pressure be removed,—and like a swollen river, which for a time confined within its banks, but at length finding outlet through crevices here and there, rushes over the surrounding country inundating and destroying,—they will overleap all bounds of former restraint and let loose the fiery tide of their corrupt passions, and in their madness, mercilessly revenge themselves on all objects of their jealousy and hate.—Under such governments there is no safety for life, property, or reputation; no guarantee for peace, commerce, or the useful arts of life; truth cannot lift its head without opposition; and religion, such as that inculcated in the sacred Scriptures, taught by Christ, and exemplified by apostles and the primitive members of the Church, cannot make its appearance and urge its claims without persecution, oftentimes of the fiercest character, and resulting not unfrequently in the torture and death of its adherents.

In this condemnation we include those kingdoms in which POPERY is dominant, as well as those in which strict PAGANISM is recognized by the State. Borrowing from paganism its characteristic rites and ceremonies, inheriting the persecuting spirit of Pagan Rome under some of its most violent emperors, popery has refined on the ancient system of barbaric torture, and in many ways, unknown to its pagan prototype, has devised and executed schemes of inflicting suffering and death on its helpless and hapless victims. No change, in this respect, has come over the spirit of the gigantic and systematic persecutor of the saints. In Protestant England and America, it has generally to be content with *showing its teeth*, indicating by anathemas from the altar, or by its threats uttered in the ears of weak women and superstitious men, and occasionally by cudgelling or horsewhipping some offender, its undying hatred to the truth of the christian religion; but in Papal countries, such as Italy and Spain, it exhibits its true character, and acts in accordance with its changeless principles—there, imprisonment or death awaits those who circulate the truth of God, or throw off the supremacy of the Pope.

Facts occurring at this day, prove the truth of this assertion. The adherents of popery in Protestant countries, would fain make us believe, that the former persecuting spirit of papal Rome is extinct, but they look at their system as modified and controlled by the benevolent and tolerant spirit pervading the land in which they dwell, and thence draw their arguments in favour of the position they assume. We direct our attention to countries where popery is in the ascendant; where it is free to express itself in language and in acts; where there is no contiguous counter public opinion to check its natural outbursts of spirit or give shape to its overt acts; and there we see proof strong and incontrovertible of its deadly hostility to pure Christianity, and of its unchangeable intolerance towards evangelical Protestantism.

We submit, that *facts*, in this argument, outweigh immeasurably the best concocted *theory*. The popish press, or the press under Romish influence, will not give currency to a barbarous act of almost yesterday, so recently has it occurred,—we refer to the characteristic conduct of Tuscany's papistical despot towards a Protestant lady,—except to justify it. She was thrown into a prison, tenanted but a short time before by the persecuted Madai, simply for giving to some peasants a copy of a Bible in the Italian language, and a copy also of the Pilgrim's Progress. There were no politics—no fostering of insurrectionary movements, concerned in her act—it was purely a religious matter—and yet, true to its native instincts, popery added that helpless but pious woman to the number of its victims. Where is the press under the influence of popery that has in its own name, or in its own independent language, denounced the conduct of the papal despot? The bare chronicling of the fact, or the quotation of the condemnatory language of a Protestant Journal, is not sufficient to invalidate our impeachment—the accusation remains in all its undisturbed truthfulness, as furnishing a true representation of the present spirit of popery, unrestrained by foreign influences. From our heart we wish it were otherwise—that what is called the papal church were reformed—that it embodied in its creed and practice nothing contradictory of the doctrines and principles contained in Paul's epistle to the Romans or of Peter's epistles addressed to the Christians scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia. But in that case, it would cease to be the Church of Rome as now characterized—its distinguishing anti-christian dogmas and pagan superstitions and ceremonies, would be discarded, and, in its reformed nature, it would be essentially Protestant in doctrine and practice.

As popery is now constituted,—being so utterly pervaded with fundamental error, so bitter and persecuting in its spirit, so opposed to pure Christianity—we take it for granted, according to the principles already avowed, that it will be destroyed. Long and dreary has been its reign, oppressing the nations, and crushing from the heart every feeling of manhood,—it may possibly revive and dominate for a season, and act out all its innate spirit of cruelty; but as sure as God is enthroned in heaven, as sure as divine Truth is to prevail against human and diabolical error, as sure as *all* enemies are to be put under the feet of Christ, popery is doomed. Reformed, in a just sense, it cannot be. Its boasted but false dogma of *infallibility* will prove its ruin. Once admit the necessity of reformation, and its proud pretensions sink into the dust. Its prestige will vanish—its glory will be tarnished—it will become as weak as any other system of human device—and mystic Babylon will fall to rise no more. By what means this destruction will be accomplished—whether by the gradual progress of evangelical truth, or by some sudden interposition of God, we presume not to decide, though the latter, of the two, seems the more probable; but that such an end assuredly awaits popery, we have not the slightest doubt. A prophecy to that effect, and accordant with the principles of God's moral government, we find on record: "And after these things," says John in his Revelation, predicting the fate of papal Rome,—"I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup she hath filled fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. THEREFORE SHALL HER PLAGUES COME IN ONE DAY, DEATH, AND MOURNING, AND FAMINE; AND SHE SHALL BE BURNED WITH FIRE: FOR STRONG IS THE LORD GOD WHO JUDGETH HER. * * * Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, THUS WITH VIOLENCE SHALL THAT GREAT CITY BABYLON BE THROWN DOWN, AND SHALL BE FOUND NO MORE AT ALL."

That prophecy remains to be fulfilled, and no one who believes in the veracity and faithfulness of Him, by whose prescient eye the doom of "Babylon the great," the apostate and persecuting Church, was *foreseen*, and by whose inspiring Spirit that doom has been *foretold*, can doubt the certainty of its accomplishment. Happy they, who in obedience to the command of Christ, *come out of her, that they be not partakers of her sins, and receive not of her plagues!*"

(To be continued.)

WHERE DID THE SEED COME FROM?—An infidel remarked, within the hearing of a girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance; and the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in the night. "I should like to know, *sir*," she asked, "where the seed came from?"

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Sackville Institution Endowment Fund.

NOVA SCOTIA WEST.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Since my former communication, in fulfilment of my Agency on behalf of the Academy Endowment Fund, I have visited the Circuits on the Western shore; and now beg, through your columns, to report progress. The result of my labours, though not all that I had anticipated, is, upon the whole, rather gratifying. On those parts of the Lunenburg Circuit where I made application, I found generally a disposition to further the object of my mission. The donations given, though not large, were presented in a spirit which showed that our German friends are true-hearted in their attachment to all that pertains to our cause. On Sabbath, the 16th of October, I preached at Dublin Shore, Petite Riviere, and Broad Cove. At Petite Riviere, by several parties uniting, two scholarships are taken; and other persons in that county who have not taken scholarships, will in a year or two send Students to the Institution.

On the 18th October I reached Liverpool, and having ascertained that our plan would be well received by our friends in that place, I proceeded to Barrington, where I spent the next Sabbath and part of the succeeding week. It was pleasing to meet with my old friends in that quarter, and thereby to call up many cherished reminiscences of bye-gone years, yet this pleasure was very much diminished by the apathy manifested in relation to our present effort. For the lowness of their religious temperature, as indicated by their indifferency toward this important connexional object, I was certainly not prepared, though disposed charitably to weigh their reasons for refusing to co-operate, and which, no doubt, in some instances, were *reasonable*. The shores and hills of Barrington presented their old familiar appearance, but the aspect of society seemed to be greatly changed, and the number of liberal minded supporters of God's cause considerably diminished. By the stern hand of death, and by emigration to the United States and to Australia, vacancies have been occasioned which may not very soon be filled. I hope those from that township now enduring hardship in the far-distant land of gold, may have their toil amply repaid, and may return to their native home, with the ability and the disposition to further every good work. It is probable that Barrington will yet take two or three scholarships, and furnish some students for Sackville.

Turning my face homeward, on the 27th I came to Shelburne, at which place one scholarship was taken. I preached in the evening, and was pleased to mark the fruits of the zeal of some of the ladies of our Society, in the respectable appearance and accommodation which their Sanctuary presents. I regret exceedingly that this neat Chapel, under the pulpit of which rest the ashes of the venerable JAMES MANN, and where so much faithful effort has been expended in years past, should now be opened for Divine Service but once in four weeks; and this is the utmost labour the Barrington Minister can give.—Shelburne ought to have a Mission House, and be the head of a Circuit. There is an ample and interesting field for a Minister in that town and its vicinity.

I preached in Liverpool on Sunday the 30th, morning and evening, also on the following Tuesday evening, and at Mill Village on Wednesday. The principal friends in town, with their wonted cheerfulness and liberality, evinced their high regard for the Sackville Institution, and their interest in behalf of the Endowment Fund, to the amount of nearly three hundred pounds; preferring to forego any privilege which their proximity to "Gorham College" might promise, rather than to subject their children to the risk of being alienated in their views and affections from the Church of their fathers, and valuing highly the advantages of the sound and thorough training which our own Academy presents.

The amount which may be relied on from the Circuits visited during my last tour is £450.—This, with £450 from Yarmouth, £520 from the central Circuits, and over £1000 from Halifax, will give for Nova Scotia West, something like our just proportion of the *ten thousand pounds*, proposed to be raised in the three Provinces.—In addition to the amounts already subscribed, considerably more may be obtained by the judicious and zealous efforts of the brethren on the several Circuits, who all, I presume, feel deeply the importance of placing our united Institution on such a basis as that its efficient operation may be secured.

The opportunity afforded in the prosecution of my work of ascertaining the feelings of our people in relation to the Academy—their estimate of the benefits of a religiously-conducted education—and their regard for the interests of Methodism, impressed my mind rather favourably. Of course I met with some whose response to our application was the utterance of the stale excuses which stingy folk have ready coined, prepared to issue when required. Some would say, "so many calls;" others, "charity begins at home." The cry of one would be, "hard times;" another, prospering in business, would reply—"can't afford it now—heavy expenses, must make up for back flaws." One favourite excuse is, "I never sign unless I can pay down," and these, of course, seldom pay out anything but what they cannot avoid.

It is amusing occasionally to meet with one of these close-fisted, narrow-hearted people, and to lay siege to him in good earnest, until he is compelled to yield. But the frequent recurrence of such hard cases is rather too trying to one's patience, and requires no small share of resolution and good nature. The instances of this kind with which I met, were happily not numerous, and were more than counterbalanced by the readiness of the greater number to co-operate with us in our movement.

The subject of education is felt by Nova Scotians to be one of increasing interest, and while a laudable desire is extending to promote the efficiency of Common Schools, the consequences involved in the sustenance of our higher Seminaries of learning are more duly appreciated.—The great importance also of *female education*—of furnishing to those who are to be the future wives and mothers of our land, such a training as will fit them to occupy, with advantage to society, the high position they are destined to fill, is becoming a subject of earnest consideration. We believe the Wesleyans of these Provinces are impressed with the conviction that no education will be likely to prove a blessing to their youth that is not conducted upon christian principles; and that their own Institution, furnishing as it is intended to do, to both their sons and daughters, a sound training upon a right basis, has the strongest possible claims upon their confidence and support; and that they so discover its prosperity to be allied with the cause of God, that their supplications will ascend on its behalf, for the copious bestowment of the Divine blessing, that it may be made, in both its branches, a valuable nursery for the Church, and proving a centre of heathful, holy influence, for ages and generations yet to come.

Yours, &c.,
J. MCMURRAY.

Halifax, November 7, 1853.

MISDIRECTED LABOUR.—The same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months.—*Hume.*

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Missionary Meetings.

MR. EDITOR,—You will, I have no doubt, be pleased to hear, and be enabled to communicate to others, through the medium of your widely extended and valuable periodical, the success with which the Great Head of the Church has crowned the Missionary efforts of His servants on the *Woodstock* and *Sheffield* Circuits.

The former Circuit is one of my old Stations, where I spent three of the happiest years of my Missionary life. I commenced my labours there under very unfavourable circumstances, but God was with me, and gave me favour in the sight of the people; and, during the latter year, God graciously revived his work, and many sinners were converted to Him, some of whom continue, unto the present, walking in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Ghost. It was to me a season of great joy to meet again, on this side the grave, those with whom I had formerly taken sweet counsel, and "walked to the house of God in company." With them, through a kind Providence, I once more enjoyed the communion of saints.

The whole face of that part of the country, as well as the town of Woodstock, present the appearance of great improvement. Woodstock has extended its borders,—the houses are of an enlarged and more tasty description,—and the business of the town has vastly increased since my residence there. And when I looked upon the extensive fields, finely cultivated,—the beautiful orchards, which have sprung up within a few years, ladened with fruit, the gardens, crops, and wealth of the county, I could not but think that God has done much for this people, whereof they ought to be glad.

But when I directed my attention to ecclesiastical matters, I was still more delighted. They who were once not a people, are now the people of God. Where one Methodist Minister had to labour, amidst multiplied difficulties, from below Woodstock to Tobisque, or the Grand Falls, now three Wesleyan Ministers are usefully and extensively labouring, and another is even earnestly requested. Where our Congregations and Societies were small, or comparatively few in numbers, now they are numerous and vastly increased. What has God wrought? To Him be all the praise!

On Sabbath morning, as announced by the excellent Superintendent of that Station, Brother MCNUTT, I preached in the Chapel at Woodstock, to a large and attentive congregation. As I cast my eyes over the people assembled, I perceived that time had made great changes. Those who occupied many of the pews were no longer worshippers in that house. Their places were now occupied by others. Some had moved away, others had fallen a-sleep in Jesus, and those who were children when I had charge of the Circuit, had grown out of my recollection.—The scene presented to my mind the force of that expression "Man never continueth in one stay!" In the afternoon I preached at Richmond, to a good congregation, in a Chapel now being erected in that locality; and, in the evening, heard Brother C. CHURCHILL declare to the people the words of eternal life.

The three following days we held Missionary Meetings at Victoria, Jacksonville, and Woodstock; and, as you have already been informed, they were of an excellent and productive character. My old friend, under whose hospitable roof I was so kindly entertained, the HON. C. CONNELL, M. P. P., presided at the latter meeting; and the addresses of the Brethren Messrs. PHINNEY and DUNKIN, as well as the Deputation, were excellent. The Superintendent, in a truly feeling or pathetic manner, brought up the rear, and God evidently was present.

The 9th of October we commenced our Missionary Meetings on the Sheffield Circuit. On that day we were favoured and highly delighted with the ministrations of the respected Deputation appointed by the District, the Rev. Messrs. MCNUTT and PICKLES. Our friends were both pleased and edified, in once more having an opportunity of seeing and hearing their old Ministers, who, years ago, had been stationed with them, and through whose instrumentality, they had received spiritual edification.

The meeting in the Sheffield Chapel, surpassed my expectation. In consequence of the death of many of our friends and supporters, and the numerous removals of others, induced me to fear that our missionary efforts would be small. I was, however, agreeably disappointed. The Congregation and the collection were good. The Chair was occupied by Mr. ISAAC TAYLOR, and the report read by the Superintendent. The speakers on the occasion were the Revs. Messrs. PICKLES, LIGHTBODY, MCNUTT, and CHURCHILL. Mr. G. MILLIGAN, also, spoke to the first Resolution. All, I believe, admit that it was one of the best meetings of a similar description, that they have had for years. The next evening we were at Oak Point. Here we had a large congregation, excellent speeches, good feeling, and the subscriptions were more than a hundred per cent in advance of last year.

The Chapels at Oak Point, Grand Lake, and Burton, are well attended; and the young converts who, a few months ago, professed to be brought to the knowledge of the truth, and united themselves to the Society, are continuing, thus far, to walk in the way to Heaven.

These, you will perceive, Mr. Editor, are encouraging circumstances. And, I do hope, when the proper time shall arrive, that we shall have a *grand Missionary Jubilee!* They have had their Bible Jubilee, and why should we not have one in honour of our Missions? But what we especially want here, at present, is a deeper baptism of the Holy Spirit, and a more extended revival of pure and undefiled religion.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Sheffield, Oct. 26th., 1853.

Fredericton Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I beg through you to acknowledge the very kind response which I have received to the appeal I made in your columns in favour of an infant cause at the Grand Falls. I have received from a noble minded and tried friend in Halifax, 50s. I have also received 20s. in a kind letter without a name. I have again received 5s.; and I notice in your paper, a Cornwallis friend has sent you 20s. on this account.—I am grateful for what has been done, and I am still hoping that many more are waiting to know that a beginning has been made. The thing can be done for it is a small amount required, and I hope the sight of this acknowledgement will call forth sufficient to accomplish the object.

I beg to remain,
Yours truly,
CHAS. CHURCHILL.

Fredericton, Nov. 2. 1853.

P. S.—I ought to add to the above a brief notice of our Jubilee Meeting of the Fredericton Auxiliary Bible Society, which was held in our new Chapel last Friday evening. Circumstances prevented our holding it on the appointed day, Oct. 12th,—but it was a good meeting and a hallowed feeling prevailed. The President Judge Wilmot was in the chair. The speakers in the order in which they addressed the meeting were: Revd. Messrs. Casewell, (Baptist); Churchill, (Methodist); Brooke, (Presbyterian); Lightbody, (Congregationalist); with James Porter, Esq., and Rev. Mr. Spurden, (Baptist). The collection was above ten pounds.

There are two incidents connected with the meeting, I wish to notice—one in connection with our own Sabbath. On the Sabbath preceding, our excellent Superintendent Judge Wilmot, mentioned the fact of a million copies of the New Testament being about to be sent to China, and took a rising vote, (unanimous,) of all the children to assist. The result was seen on Sabbath last, when the money for above 400 copies was handed in—being one for every child and teacher in the school.

The other incident occurred after the meeting. I received a note for one Dollar, and a letter, an extract from which I append—it will speak for itself—

"DEAR SIR,—I send you the enclosed to be appropriated to the Bible Society—it is the one-third of all my earthly riches, but I cannot withhold it from the Bible Society, while I believe her object is to diffuse the light of the Gospel,—which is the only instrument by which the bread of life is transmitted to the soul of man. *It was through the Bible that I, my parents, brothers, and sisters were emancipated from popish superstition and idolatry.* Therefore, when I look into the horrible pit from whence I have been taken, and see so many of my fellow men grovelling there, my bowels yearn for them. I wished to say something to this effect, and to set an example by giving my mite on the night of your Jubilee Meeting, with a hope that I might incite at least some of the congregation to put forth a benevolent hand to aid that worthy cause which you, Sir, and the other friends of Christ were advocating. Excuse, &c., &c."

The above is a noble letter, and is well worthy of publication.

C. C.

New York Correspondence.

There is much excitement here at this moment in the trading community. It is more confined to Wall street and stock buyers than to any other class. In the fluctuating of this description of property, heavy losses will doubtless be made; as many railroad bonds with "fancy stocks," as we call them, cannot soon find ready sale, at former rates. For instance the "Crystal Palace" stock in which there has been much speculation, months ago sold for $150, or 50 per cent. above par, it now will not bring over $50! This is a ruinous decline.

Still mercantile business is large, crops good, and prices very high, showing that elements of general prosperity have not been disturbed by the present difficulties in Wall street. The U. S. Treasury continues to redeem every week about *half a million* of dollars, of its stocks, on the terms recently offered by the Secretary of that department. Uncle Sam has money enough and more too, and very properly offers to pay his debts, although they are not due, and this is of great service to the public, at this moment of money difficulty.

The merchandise freighted up and down the Hudson river is immense and greater than ever this season. Not less than forty-two barges and freight boats were attached to one steamer the Oswego, and arrived last week from Albany.—This is the largest number ever towed down by a single steamer. Some large amounts of species have been shipped to Europe, still the banks are strong in this respect, having more than nine millions in their vaults, and the U. S. sub Treasurer about nine millions more in his strong box at the Custom House. $1,000,000 of the precious metals shipped last week, was in bars from the mint, so that the amount did not come from our banks.

Our City is still crowded with visitors, altho' immense numbers daily leave for their homes.—The Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church has been in session some time, and attracts many strangers. Bishop Ive's case caused the body much debate. Some say once a Bishop, always a Bishop. Still, however, it was concluded that he had gone over to the old scarlet woman at Rome; and the Rev. Dr. Atkinson, of Maryland, was consecrated in his place to the Episcopate of N. Carolina; and Davis of S. Carolina, to the same ecclesiastical station, in that State. This denomination has formed a Protestant Episcopal historical Society, and held its first triennial meeting during the present convention. Its object is to collect and preserve by a library and written communications historical information of their Church. An excellent plan, and worthy to be imitated by other denominations.

Why could you not write up such an association for our Church in Canada. You have the talent among your preachers and laity, and the Wesleyan would be an excellent deposit for their contributions.

In the U. S. we need a church history. The important work remains to be written, and he who has the talent and the perseverance to accomplish such an undertaking, would render a service to thousands born and unborn. I do not mean a common ecclesiastical work, but something like Irving, or Preston, or Bancroft would compose. Our M. E. Church, especially, wants such a compilation. Here make a note, that the "OLD RIGGING LOFT," has just been demolished, after having occupied the venerable spot since Emberry and Webb first preached there, nearly a century ago. A correct description and plate of the place, were given in the August number of the *National Magazine*. The Wesleyans first preached in Mr. Embery's workshop, *Barrack Street*, near our present City Hall. *Six* persons attended the *first* sermon. Then they removed to the Rigging house, and next to "Old *John Street*," in 1768. It is a most remarkable circumstance, that this little antiquated building has continued standing so very long, on a street and in a section of our city where property is very valuable, and the most magnificent stores have been erected. Its demolition attracted much attention, with quite a demand for canes, from its well-seasoned and fine old oaken timbers. These will be "relics" of some value, and if they cannot *awe*, they certainly may *help* some pilgrim on his journey through life. Hallowed spot! What myriads in both worlds can thank God for the spiritual comforts of those pure doctrines that were introduced to this great continent from this humble abode!

Yours, &c.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

Remarkable Rise of Land at the Bend of Petitcodiac.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will be pleased to hear of the advantageous sale of surplus Mission property at the Bend. Nine years since the Trustees purchased five acres of land situated in this village, on a part of which they erected a fine chapel and Mission house, fronting on the main street, and reserving one acre and a third for the use of the Mission premises—opened up a new street through the remaining part, called Wesley Street,—laid the land off in building lots, and in one day sold the whole for six hundred and forty pounds. Thus a piece of ground which cost thirty pounds nine years ago, now brought £640! This will put the Trustees out of debt, although they are going to nearly four hundred pounds expense, by enlarging the chapel, and building a vestry thirty-six by twenty-eight feet. The whole is to be completed in a few weeks. This is only a fair specimen of the rise of land in this place.

W. ALLEN.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

MR. EDITOR,—In your last paper I noticed a communication from Canso, stating that there was an immense school of mackarel followed by about 100 sail of U. S. fishermen, who were encroaching upon the fishery at Fox Island, and committing depredations upon the property and persons of the fishermen belonging to that place and neighbourhood. There may be some truth, respecting the school of mackarel, that has been of late in Chedabucto Bay, being a pretty large one, though the catch out of it has been very limitted,—but as respects the American fishermen committing depredations upon the property and persons of the fishermen about Fox Island and the neighbourhood thereof, I most unhesitatingly deny, fearless of any contradiction, and as United States' Consular Agent, I would not be justified, in letting such a statement so void of truth pass unnoticed. The American fishermen never interfere with our fisheries or fishermen about Canso or Fox Island, and should any accident tear a nett, by being belated in making the harbour at night, if called upon by the owner, as I am informed, honorably pay the damages.

FRANCIS COOK.

Cape Canso, November 1, 1853.

The statement to which Mr. Cook refers in the above communication was taken from the *Recorder*, and the information was supposed to be correct.—ED. WES.

Napoleon's Prophecy.

Our attention has been drawn to some remarkable passages from conversations reported to have been held by Napoleon with Mr. Barry O'Meara thirty six years ago, and published by that person in his book on the captivity at St. Helena. We do not need to make any comment upon them. What we have been writing on this question from week to week for the last six months amounts to little more than an enlarged commentary on these extraordinary expressions of the ex-Emperor of France, which (bating some exaggerations natural to the speaker and the time) contain the exact rationale of the Eastern question as it stands at this moment.—The conversation took place in May 1817. On the 22nd of May, says O'Meara, after leaving the bath, Napoleon spoke about Russia, and said that the European nations would yet find that he (Napoleon) had adopted the best possible policy, at the time when he intended to re-establish the kingdom of Poland. This, he observed, would have been the only effectual means of stopping the increasing power of Russia. It was putting a barrier, a dyke, to that formidable empire, which it was likely would yet overwhelm Europe.—"I do not think," he added, "that I shall live to see it, but you may. You are in the flower of your age, *and may expect to live thirty-five years longer.* I think that you will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe with four hundred thousand Cossacks and other inhabitants of the desert, and two hundred thousand Russians. When Paul was so violent against you, he sent to me for a plan to invade India. I sent him one with instructions in detail." The conversation was resumed on the same day. "If," pursued Napoleon, "Alexander succeeds in incorporating Poland with Russia—that is to say, in perfectly reconciling the Poles to the Russian Government, and not merely subduing the country—he has gained the greatest step towards subduing India. My opinion is that he will attempt either the one or the other of the projects I have mentioned, and I think the last to be the most probable." Hereupon Mr. O'Meara observed that the distance was great, and that the Russians had not the money necessary for such a grand undertaking. "The distance is nothing," returned Napoleon. Supplies can be easily carried upon camels, and the Cossacks will always insure a sufficiency of them. Money they will find when they arrive there. The hope of conquest would immediately unite armies of Cossacks and Calmucks without expense." On a subsequent day, the 27th of the same month, Napoleon again started the subject, and made use of the singular and most impressive statements which follow. They appear to us to approach as near to the truth and warnings of prophecy, as any political speculation we have ever known. "In the course of a few years," said Napoleon on this latter occasion, "Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattery which Alexander practised towards me, was to gain my consent to effect this object. *I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed.* In the natural course of things in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. *The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance, by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople.* THE ONLY HYPOTHESIS ON WHICH FRANCE AND ENGLAND MAY EVER BE ALLIED WITH SINCERITY WILL BE IN ORDER TO PREVENT THIS. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united cannot prevent this. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it.