soul, and that, when the hour of his departure came—for which he longed—he sank

"In blissful dreams away
And visions of eternal day."

In mourning therefore the loss of the late Mr. Schureman—for we feel we have sustained a loss in his death—we sorrow not as those without hope. For while to the Christian "to live is Christ, to die is gain." J. L. S.

River Philip, Nov. 12, 1864.

THOMAS READ, ESQ., OF MACCAN.

Died at Maccan, Cumberland Co., on the 22d October, 1864, Thomas Read, Esq., in the 74th year of his age.

For a number of years this devoted servant of God laboured faithfully in his Master's cause, discharging the duties of Leader with untiring diligence and deep humility. His christian deportment was such as to entitle him to great respect and went far towards recommending the Saviour to others. His house was a home for God's servants as many will remember who may read these lines. He loved Christ—he loved His ministers. His last illness was very brief. While visiting a sick friend he took a violent cold, under the influence of which he rapidly sank, and was suddenly called away to the spirit world. The Society sustains a great loss, but it was the ripe shock gathered home to the heavenly garner. One Sabbath—he was worshipping with his brethren in the sanctuary on earth—the next he was with the redeemed hosts worshipping God in his temple above. J. R.

MR. ANDREW FORSHNER OF WALLACE.

At Head of the Bay, Wallace, on 2d ult., Mr. Andrew Forshner, 2nd son of Mr. John Forshner, in the 28th year of his age, leaving a young and deeply afflicted wife, aged parents, brothers and sisters, and a large connexion, to mourn their great loss. He had been a member of the Methodist Church for several years. His illness was severe, but short, and of such a nature as to much effect his reason; but it was matter of thankfulness, that just before the vital spark took its flight, reason resumed her throne and he began most delightfully to speak of the glories of heaven, till he could be heard no longer. A sermon was preached from Phil. 1. 21, by R. E. C.

Wallace, Nov. 16, 1864.

[This, with other notices, we learn was sent some weeks since, but by some means miscarried. The duplicate came to hand a day or two ago. For the delay, no blame is to be attached, either to the writer or to ourselves. We take occasion in this connection to say to correspondents generally, that sometimes notices are overlooked by being embodied in letters with other matter.—ED.]

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, NOV'R. 23. 1864.

United British America.

The subject of the Federation of the Provinces has occupied of late, and will justly continue to occupy, a large share of public attention, associated as the question is with the very highest interests of the future of British America. The articles of Confederation agreed upon by the Quebec Conference, as published in the Canadian journals, and which in due course will be officially laid before the people of these Provinces, exhibit the labour and ability which marked the session of that body of Provincial statesmen. It is highly gratifying to find that the separate interests of each of the Provinces received due deliberation, and were dealt with so considerately and generously as not in the least to mar the unanimity of the Conference, and that the leaders of the political parties, representing the several Provinces, for the time forgot their party differences, thereby auguring, as one great advantage of confederation, that the local petty squabbles which now distract the several Provinces would in that case, to a great extent be buried, and political parties be occupied by questions of vastly higher consequence, worthy the attention of the statesmen of our country.

It would be premature to pronounce fully upon the proceedings of the Conference until the delegates for our Province have had opportunity of presenting them before the public, and of offering such explanations as may be necessary to render them entirely intelligible. But we may remark, that as far as we are able to form a judgment from the documents published, the scheme laid down is broad, and liberal,—providing for our continued connection with the British throne and government—securing efficiency and strength in the Federal Executive and Legislature, while the local governments are to be untrammelled in the management of affairs which are purely local. It is not now necessary to enlarge upon the details, further than to express in the general our gratification with the project, in the prospect which it affords that the Provinces, now isolated and weak, will be made a consolidated federation—that our present place of separate tariffs and intercolonial duties, hindering trade and commerce, our varied postal arrangements, and our different and perplexing systems of currency, will give place to one tariff, one postal arrangement, and one currency, while every facility for interchange of trade will rapidly tend to develope the resources of the whole territory, attracting in this direction a portion of the stream of emigration, and thereby filling up our country with settlers from the old world—opening before our young men prospects in their own land, quite equal, if not superior, to those by which so many now are tempted to leave the protection of the Union Jack of Britain, to seek a home under the Stars and Stripes of the Republic—and withal ensuring an early completion of lines of railway through the Provinces, as indispensable to provincial progress, the whole securing a means of safety against the danger of being grasped by the talons of the voracious Republican Eagle, and also laying the foundations of a British American Colonial Empire of which every provincialist will feel proud.

There is one aspect of the question which to politicians in general will present but little attraction, but by many thoughtful minds cannot be viewed but with great interest. We allude to the bearing of the projected Union, ecclesiastically and religiously. We cannot doubt but that a confederation would tend to bring into closer connection the ecclesiastical bodies of Canada with those of the Lower Provinces, and give thereby greater effectiveness to the several denominations. The relative strength of the Protestant and Catholic churches of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, at present is, in round numbers, Protestants 1,840,000, Catholics 1,460,000. The adherents of the Protestant churches may be thus given:—Episcopalians 515,000, Presbyterians 565,000, Methodists 500,000, Baptists 200,000, Congregationalists 18,000, Lutherans 28,000, others 14,000.

Instead of following out the train of thought which this view of the subject suggests, we present our readers with an outline of an able speech on the same topic, delivered on the 7th inst., by the Rev. George Douglas, at the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary of Great St. James Street Church, Montreal.

UNITED BRITISH AMERICA AS A MISSION FIELD.

Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends, it is recorded of Napoleon Bonaparte that upon the eve of one of his most fearful conflicts, he wandered forth from the encampment; the vesper bells were ringing in the distant village; the shadows twilight was drawing on apace; the man of destiny was seen to weep. "Sir," said his companion, "why weepest thou?" "I weep," he replied, because yon vesper bell reminds me of youthful days and times of peace. I thought I was again a child." And so by a similar law of association my surroundings on this platform and in this and the old church, have brought reminiscences of the past long faded and gone. Reminiscences of a John Sunday telling his inimitable tales with matchless wit and humour, of a sainted Harvard exhibiting his wooden gods, the trophies of his Eastern toil. Reminiscences of a cordial and manly Hitchcock (who has lately passed to the spirit land,) wrapped in the yellow vestments worn by the Brahminical priests by the genial Harvard who laughingly complimented him on his portly appearance and perfect resemblance to those eastern dignitaries. When I sit here and reflect on the freshness and interest of these occasions, I too feel as if I were again a child. But Sir, the tender recollection is rapidly dispelled; too many signs tell us that the hopes of youth have subsided into the realities of manhood; that the drama of life is passing; that vacant chairs are multiplying; that old faces and loved forms are disappearing, and that whatsoever our hand findeth to do in this great cause we must do it with our might for the night cometh.

There can be no question that from year to year there is a growing difficulty in discussing missionary topics. The great staple of missionary address is well nigh exhausted; the electric wire spans every land; the strokes of a thousand paddle wheels are welding continents together; the indefatigable press is ever on the wing, gleaning from the worlds wide field intelligence for the popular taste. Now the existence of these appliances must for ever divest our missionary gatherings of novelty, and circumscribe the sphere of the missionary advocate to that of stirring up the mind to the twofold responsibility of fulfilling the commision of God, by preaching the Gospel to every creature, and of recognizing the fact that though there is ruin in man's state, there is grandeur in man's destiny, and that the redemption of man should be our life-lasting endeavour. It has occurred to us that in many respects our Canadian Missions do not receive that consideration which their merits demand. Many suppose that our field is some pent up Utica. They regard them as destitute of that prestige and soul stirring interest which pertains to missions to the teeming millions of Eastern lands. Indeed, to such an extent has this feeling obtained, that during my residence in Toronto it was gravely proposed to open a mission to some foreign land as indispensable to the maintenance of popular interest in the missionary cause.

Now, Sir, from these views respecting our missions we beg to dissent. Instead of regarding our field as uninteresting, we are bold to assert that whether you consider the territorial extent of the field, the character of the race to be redeemed, or the brilliance of that destiny which awaits them in the future, it must be regarded as one of the most splendid heritages which God ever gave to any Church to cultivate. If we turn to the territorial grandeur of our field, and institute a comparison with those countries which for the last 800 years have well nigh made history for the world, it presents an aspect of which I confess I was ignorant, till recent investigation brought out the fact. But lately we had in our midst a number of representative men from the sister Provinces, who have been deliberating on the formation of a great National Confederacy. And who can duly estimate the massiveness of the scheme. Just pass for a moment in review the territory that God hath given to the Protestant churches of this country. Turning to the eastern sea-board we find England's oldest colony in the west, the island of Newfoundland. Now we are accustomed to regard this colony as rather insignificant, but it is worthy of note that it surpasses in its extent, the combined kingdoms of Denmark and Hanover. Its climate is rigorous, but its soil is productive. The unrivalled fisheries along 1200 miles of coast, make it an El Dorado of wealth. For the last 300 years, the diplomacies of Western Europe have been exerted for a share in its inexhaustible wealth. Passing to the continent, we have the Peninsula of Nova Scotia, remarkable for its superb bays and harbours, its coal fields and minerals. Enjoying a salubrious climate, it is rich in instances of hale longevity. Though occupying a small space in public view, yet it is equal to that Alpine country which has long been the land of the noble and the home of the free. This Peninsula and Cape Breton combined, is equal in extent to the republic of Switzerland. Adjoining to this is New Brunswick, which spreads over a territory equal to the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, grand in its forests, and fertile in its lands, with a growing population of hardy settlers, the germ of a future full of promise. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence lies a rich and beautiful island, of which we scarcely ever hear, but as an insignificant appendage to the lower colonies, yet this Prince Edward Island is as large as that famous Italian State, which has so long disturbed the diplomacies of Europe—the grand duchy of Parma. Genial in climate and prolific in soil, it is destined to sustain an influential population. Scarcely a century has elapsed since the gallant Wolfe, that noblest of all heroes who ever trod the American continent, fell wounded on the plains of Abraham, fighting for British supremacy. As his eyes were closing in death, his ear caught the battle-cry "they flee." "Who flee," asked the dying hero, "the French, the Romanists flee." "Ah, then," said he, "I die happy," And well he might, for then it was that this north star land was given to freedom, to British domination, to a free press, free speech, and a free Bible. It would, of course, be superfluous to enlarge on this land in which we dwell, and yet few of us realize its resources and grand proportions.

Canada East is as large as the Empire of France.—its water powers still make it the Lancashire of the continent, its wealth of minerals and its soil properly developed by the appliances of a scientific agriculture will yet lift it to an untold distinction. Canada West comprehends an area, large as the extent of the Kingdom of Prussia, while the Saguenay and St. Lawrence send more water to the Atlantic than the united rivers of the British isles. And now we come to that immense territory which has justly been designated on account of area and climate, the Russia of America. From the head waters of Lake Superior it stretches some 3000 miles to the snow clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and from the forty fifth parallel to the North Pole, with its noble Saccatchwan, Red and McKenzie Rivers, its mighty inland seas of Winnepeg and Great Bear lake—the future of this great land is bewildering even to imagination itself. West of the Rocky Mountains we come to British Columbia and Vancouver's Isle—the youngest born of England's Colonies. The former is greater in capacity than Spain, Portugal and Italy combined. Watered by the magnificent Frazer, salubrious in climate, and possessing fields of auriferous dust beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, it promises at no distant day to rise to wealth and splendour; while Vancouver's Isle is as large as Ireland. In the estimation of political economists it is destined to become the Great Britain of the broad Pacific. And now, say what an imperial grandeur pertains to this field? Why it comprehends two-thirds of the entire continent, and is as vast as the continent of Europe. While the ensign of liberty floats over it all.

Passing from the territorial magnitude of this field, we look at that which is invested with a profounder interest—the plenary manhood to which God has entrusted this great country. God has given this land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to whom? To the descendants of the old sea-kings—who, coming to the British Isles gave courage and fibre to the Celtic race—to the descendants of those who sung the songs of Chaucer and conned the lines of Ossian and Spencer's Fairy Queen—to the descendants of those who wrung from an unwilling King at Runnymede the glorious magna charta of their rights. The descendants of those who brow beat the Plantagenets, and dethroned the Stuarts because they entrenched upon their liberties. The descendants of those grand Cromwellian ironsides, who thundered through the British Isles, and carried the triumphal banners of victory to the base of the Pyrenees. To the descendants of those who have built up an imperishable literature that commands the homage of the world, a literature that boasts of a Shakespeare and a Bacon, before whom the Greek tragedies and Platonic philosophies fade into insignificance. To the descendants of those who have redeemed commerce from piracy and throned it high in honour, as the arbiter of national destiny, and the giver of nations law. In a word to the descendants of those who have lifted Britain the barbarous, into Britain the civilized and renowned—who have solved the problem that has puzzled despots by showing how the highest constitutional safety is compatible with the greatest personal liberty. This is the manhood to whom God hath given this glorious inheritance. And, Mr. Chairman, we may well stop and ask where in the wide sweep of history was a race placed on a theatre so pregnant with promised for the future. In this land consecrated to justice and liberty we have no musty feudal institutions, arresting the triumphal march of enterprise, no overshadowing religious establishments, no cold shade of an aristocracy monopolizing the offices of government and honour. No man claiming precedence and deference, simply because he stands high on a pile of ancestral bones; there is no bar sinister against any man, give us a man with brain, power and energy, principle and honour, and for him there is hung open the gateway leading to the highest civil and professional eminence which society can give.

The history of our country furnishes sublime evidence of the mental wealth and energies of our race. Scarcely a century has elaped since coming to this western world with nothing but a burning brain and brawny muscle, they waved aloft the wonder working wand of labor over a region uninhabited and waste, and lo, the forests begin to recede, hills and valleys smile with golden harvests, villages spring up, towns multiply, and the cities appear. The furnace blazes and the ring of industry is heard. The marts of commerce, the halls of science and the temples of religion rear high their lofty fronts, while the new born literature publishes the praise of an advancing civilization. And now, Sir, if, from the consideration of the material resources and character of the race, we turn to the destiny which awaits the land in the future, it is a subject so grand that the most prophetic soul—the most imperial imagination, bows in conscious inability before its magnitude. Why, it has been said that the Valley of the Mississippi alone could feed the world, and that the Valley of the St. Lawrence and great North-western Lakes could feed another. The child is born that will put his hand on the head of the child that will see fifty million freemen in British America alone. It is estimated by those competent to judge that in this country there is capacity to sustain a population of some six hundred millions. Already our great inland seas float more commerce than is found on the Mediterranean; and if this is the development of infancy, what is to be the plenitude of our manhood? It was only lately that a well versed English nobleman asserted, in a lecture on these Colonies, that as sure as commerce seeks out for itself the shortest route, so certain is it that the highway between Europe and the far East would yet be cast up through the Valley of the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes, and that our city will yet stand as the golden gateway to a wealth of Empire which the world has never yet beheld.

Mr. Chairman, it may well be asked why we dwell upon topics which might seem more adapted to a political assembly than a religious gathering like this. Why, Sir, because we plant ourselves on this foundation as an argument for redoubled energy in the prosecution of our great missionary work. If it be granted that in this land we have a great empire in embryo; if it be conceded that in this land we have a royal race, wealthy in stirring traditions of the past, and pregnant with mighty possibilities for the future; and if all history establishes the proposition that national weal is dependant on a nation's religion; then who can estimate the importance that is to be attached to the impregnation of the mind of this country with the principles of religion. It has been well said by one of England's choicest sons that it is not Britain's throne but Britain's bible; it is not Britain's constitution but Britain's altars that are the great, deep and strong source of her national prosperity and renown. Take if you please all the agencies that are most influential in moulding national thought and national action; take armies with their serried ranks of glistening steel, and anchored navies, with their slumbering thunders; take the elective franchise with its political significance; take the secular press that goes abroad through the land, silent as snow flakes but potent as thunder, or the common schools with its leverage power on the minds of the young. Neither one nor all of these possess the power, to influence the destinies of a people, that pertains to christianity. Seldom if ever in the roll of history has the world witnessed a more signal illustration of this truth than is presented by the neighbouring nation. The world stands appalled at the mighty baptism of blood and sorrow through which that people is passing. If you ask for the reason of this waste and bloodshed, we answer it is something deeper than an unlicensed democracy; deeper than slavery accursed as that is. It is found, says one of New England's most profound divines (Bushnell) in the very genius of the American constitution itself. This comes out in the history of the constitution. Two antagonists were at work. There was the north-east party embodying the principles of liberty; there was the Virginian wing profound in political knowledge, but endorsing the principles of French infidelity. In drafting the constitution the puritan power was subordinated, while the profound but sceptical wisdom of the Jeffersonian party was in the ascendant; the result was the framing a constitution without the christian recognition of God, a constitution which has tended to break down deferential regard for duly constituted authority, because it ignores the authority of the Great Lawgiver himself. So fully is this recognized by the religious element in that country, that an extensive organization has been formed to put that Constitution on the basis of Christianity as a glad atonement for the insult of eighty years, and with the hope that God will at length lead that great nation out of this fiery ordeal up to a regenerated order and high constitutional liberty.

Sir, in these times of political change and transition, when it is possible that the foundations of a great Empire are being laid, every patriotic instinct of our nature should lead us to ply our energies to impress the mind of this country with the principles of the Bible. That as the children of a purer civilization—the pioneers of a christian future, we may play our part in laying the foundations of a great national edifice, whose corner stone is Justice, whose top stone is Liberty, within the sacred precincts of whose holy of holies shall dwell one who hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth to serve him, and under the shelter of whose stately arches, distant generations shall find a shelter and a home. Now, Mr. Chairman, this Society, which is here represented has played no unimportant part for the last thirty years in the moral and religious culture of our country. It was the acknowledgement of the late Baronet, Chief Justice Robinson, one of the noblest Jurists which this or any country ever supplied, (himself a rigid Churchman)—that Canada owed a debt of gratitude to this Missionary Society, which it can never adequately repay. In the outlying districts, says he, I am constantly indebted for the right administration of justice to those intelligent juries which have been educated under the teachings of the Wesleyan Missionary. Mr. Chairman, in this city and in others, we have met with men who, with a supercilious hauteur and affected sneer, have spoken in contemptuous terms of our Missions, and the laborious men who are our agents. Sir, we are proud to set beside their insignificance the testimony of one of Canada's noblest sons, and in the light of that testimony fling back their contemptuous epithets with disdain. Sir, we are able to say it, that for self-sacrificing consecration to a great work—that for the endurance of hardship in a rigorous clime, and for success in the object of Missionary labour—the redemption of humanity to Christ—the agents of this Society can stand in honourable comparison with that of any other under heaven. Yes, and when the names of their revilers have perished in the dust, they shall be held in everlasting remembrance as having been instrumental in blessing many a poor settler with an imperial hope, diffusing gladness in many a sorrowing spirit, and guiding many a pilgrim by Jesu's lowly cross to a crown of royalty in heaven.

Mr. Chairman, I trust that we in this homestead Church will rise to a perception of our responsibilities, and strike a key note that will ring to the remotest parts of this country. Never were the claims of the world on the sympathies of the Church greater than at this moment; an intellectual quickening has gone forth into all lands, and a ringing cry is heard for regeneration. The cry for regeneration is ringing around the barracades of Europe, away off to the remotest regions of Russia in the north. Regeneration is the cry which comes from the polished Brahmin on the bank of the Ganges, and the millions of stolid China. Regeneration is wailed out by the torn and wasted nations on the banks of Zambese. The cry for regeneration peals high and clear amid the confused noise of battle, and garments rolled in blood on this American continent. And what is the interpretation of this cry? Some say in political amelioration and liberty. Sir, it has a grander significance than this. Yes, it is for liberty—a liberty unsung by poets, unpronounced by orators—a liberty which no flag ever secured, no republic ever gave. It is soul liberty, the liberty where with Christ maketh his people free. If the church is only faithful in responding to the world-wide cry, upon this earth there will yet dawn a day more blessed than was ever dreamed of in fabled story, when the song of a redeemed world shall be heard. Methinks to-night I hear it. You remember in that disastrous siege in India, where the Scottish girl raised her head from the pallet of the hospital, and said to the despairing company I hear the bagpipes. The Campbells are coming, and they said, Jessie it is all delirium. No, said she, I know it, I heard them afar off, and in an hour the pibroch burst upon their glad ears, and the banners of old England floated in triumph over their heads. And so by faith I seem to hear in the dim distance the first notes of the jubilee, rising from the hearts of mighty millions. In the coming time it shall sweep across the continent, and leap over the seas, and the song shall be hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. O let us cluster around the cross, and swear our fealty afresh to his cause. Amen."

"Hoboken" in the "Messenger."

The *Christian Messenger* of last week contains a letter from a Cape Breton correspondent signing himself "Hoboken," who mentions the very gratifying fact that the Baptist body of that Island, with a membership of about 400, has sent out in 30 years no less than 17 Ministers. This amount of ministerial agency raised up in so limited a sphere, speaks highly for the zeal and piety of the Baptist churches there. But "Hoboken" sees occasion to lament that while so many gospel preachers have gone forth from Cape Breton, the churches on that Island have been but poorly served with Ministers, and that some of them are now without pastoral oversight. He is pleased, however, that the little band at Ship Harbour are making laudable efforts for the completion of their place of worship, but would be much better satisfied if the Methodists were out of the way. He has evidently been but partially informed in regard to the history of Methodism in Ship Harbour, and erroneously concludes that the Methodists are intruders there, and have taken sheep that do not belong to them. He writes,

It may not be generally known that the Lord gave Ship Harbour to the Baptists in the first place. About seventeen years ago, a revival of religion took place under Mr. Rideout, and a Baptist Church formed. Afterwards a Baptist minister was sustained, and by the people generally, and the congregation was large—for one year. But the Baptists, as represented by Associations, Missionary Boards, Ministers, for "they never appeared to like to stop here," seemed to despise the gift. Then came along the Methodists with their usual zeal and success, and they have left the Baptists in the minority. Will not the President of the Conference, in the day of account, come bearing on his shoulders Ship Harbour, and other places given to the Baptists, saying, in the name of his brethren "Here are we, and not only what thou hast given us, but much also that thou hast given to the Baptists." And will not the Master say, "Well done!" Will not the Baptists be provoked—to look after weak churches, buds of promise, vantage grounds, openings by God.

Gospel rule without the Spirit of the gospel, does not seem to be very practical. Independency does not, then, seem to reach "the regions beyond." If the gospel is knocked down to the highest bidder, the rich will be filled, while the poor will be sent empty away—a sad reversal of the gospel plan. According to the centralization and generalization scheme, each gets a portion in due season. Did you ever know of a weak Methodist society left from year to year without being ministered unto?

The foregoing contains a strong testimony as to the superiority of the Connexional system of church government, as compared with the Congregational form. But we give the extract especially for the purpose of correcting a mistake into which "Hoboken" has been led. It is not correct "that the Lord gave Ship Harbour to the Baptists in the first place." Seventeen years ago a Baptist church was formed there, and the congregation was large—*for one year*. But we beg to inform "Hoboken" that more than 35 years ago the Lord gave Ship Harbour to the Methodists, and that from that time to the present we have had a chapel and a membership there—that many years of faithful labour in preaching the Gospel were given by the Methodists to that place before the Baptists had regular service there—and that instead of the Methodists having taken it from the Baptists, what the Baptists have there they have taken from us. We grudge them not the success they may have had, but we wish to set "Hoboken" right as to our having prior claim, and we think it highly probable that of the "minority" to which he refers, a good proportion might be found who in the first place were brought to a saving acquaintance with Christ through the agency of Methodism; and further that when the Baptists in the great day are called to give an account of their stewardship, they will come, bearing on their shoulders many other places in these Provinces given to the Methodists, besides Ship Harbour, saying, "Here are we, and not only those whom thou hast given us, but multitudes also thou didst give to the Methodists." And when this confession is made, will the Master express his approval of those servants who appropriated to themselves fruit for which they did not labour? Will he say to such, "Well done?" We trow not. We think we can without partiality or prejudice form a just estimate of Methodist character, and our conviction is that Methodist Ministers and Methodist people are honourable in their proceedings in relation to other churches, their failing being that they allow sometimes the fruit of their labours to be taken by others. But we hope for the period when Ephraim shall not vex Judae, nor Judah despoil Ephraim. Let us all labour and long more earnestly for the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer, "That they all may be one, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." J.

The Power of a Christian Life.

MR. EDITOR,—The following, from that very excellent publication "Evangelical Christendom," is *offered* for insertion in the Wesleyan. Yours, FNM.

It is not necessary for a man to listen to long discourses, or to understand profound theology, in order to be saved. That God is love, and will freely pardon the worst man, through the Lord Jesus Christ—this is the message; and this truth may be flashed upon the heart of a sinner by the fewest words or works. There are many Christians who have small speech, but great spiritual power. There are silent, sterling men and women, with profound natures and loving characters, whose single actions preach the Gospel of the grace of God as with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.* Their spirits, like a diamond mirror reflect upon the frozen soul the everlasting light of God. Their few sentences proclaim the glad tidings as with the silver trumpet of the Jubilee. Such a view of the facts as this holds out the highest encouragement to those who think themselves to be endued with but slender capacities for usefulness. THE CHIEF MEANS OF DOING GOOD IS BEING GOOD. If there be but genuineness of character, and the power of opportunely repeating in discourse the words of instruction or comfort heard elsewhere, it is a great power; and when received with welcome, performs a mighty work. Casual sentences govern the church and the world.

Wide then, and permanent is the influence of any soul in earnest, whether its gifts be of speech, station or property. Immense is the work which every christian may accomplish; the least talkative are often the most powerful. How many are there who, like Moses, are of a slow stammering tongue, who cannot prophecy, but who can build up tabernacles, inspire their brother Aaron, and govern the Israelites. All true and holy thought and work is ever living, and goes on in many minds. The measure in which we desire to communicate truth is usually the measure of its influence over ourselves. All genuine light radiates far and wide. The grand lesson of Providence is the honour which God puts upon a faithful few, or even on one soul found faithful unto death. Small power in earnest, a feeble spirit true to its trust, and working the works of God in faith and prayer, is often permitted to witness results of spiritual labour for which the highly gifted minister or plumed official christian has panted in vain. "Thou hast a little strength; and hast not denied my name; I will give thee the crown of life!" "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." O may our common life, and our spiritual labour, be so thoroughly animated by the life of Christ, that grace and beauty and utility on earth may bloom hereafter unto glory everlasting. W.

* Is the expression now almost technical, "pulpit power" intended to signify anything greater, or other than this?

A Dialogue

BETWEEN A METHODIST MINISTER IN THE COUNTRY AND HIS CIRCUIT STEWARD.

S. You permitted me as your Parishioner to converse with you upon our Finances and our Ministry, and this morning I should like to converse with you as your Circuit Steward.

M. I am perfectly willing and pleased to have you do so.

S. You, sir, in the quarterly meeting was pleased to put me into the honorable and responsible office of Steward, and as I wish to use the office of a Deacon well," I shall feel thankful to know all that I am required to do.

M. I should think that you would, (now having been for some time a member of our church,) know the duties of that office from observing how your predecessors performed them.

S. True, but it always appeared to me, that while they held the office, the minister did the duty.

M. Well, I must admit that that has been the case on this Circuit, and I fear the number is not singular, but plural.

S. For that very reason I wish to know what my duty is, that I may fulfill it; for if our ministers are to be Stewards, it would be better to ignore the office altogether.

M. Some of the duties of Circuit Steward must, of course, vary with circumstances.

S. How so?

M. In this Circuit for instance the quarterly meeting appoints collectors for the different parts of the Circuit, and they are required to collect for the minister's salary, not only from our members, but from the Wesleyan members of our congregation, and from strangers who are attendants, and who are in general willing to give if called upon; and you will be expected to write out all the collecting cards or lists, and send or give them to the collectors; and see also that they do their utmost to raise the required amount from every available source, whether in produce or cash, for many can give the former, when they cannot the latter.

S. Well, I must go about this business immediately, for it is high time the collectors commence, for last year they *began* when they should have *ended*.

M. It is too often left to the last pinch.

S. And the Circuit is often minus in consequence, and our collectors I know might have done more last year, for some persons told me that they would have been glad to give, altho' they did not belong to us, if they had been called upon.

M. I know that our collectors sometimes are too shame-faced, and may be they are lacking in humility, likewise, for they think that if those you refer to are willing to give, they would find a way without being called upon—that is to send it.

S. They should be both humble and bold, for they are only doing their duty to urge upon every one that attends upon our ministry, unless they have their own to support, to do their duty to God, by sustaining the Gospel among them.

M. I remember when I proposed to a collector on one of my circuits, the duty of training up our young people to do something for the cause, that in his first attempt he succeeded far beyond his expectations, for the young maidens set to knitting with all their heart, and sent in quite a lot of mitts, gloves, socks, and stockings, and that stimulated the other sex to help also in their way.

S. And it is very right they should, and when they commence young at it, they form a habit which is life-long, and the cause reaps the benefit of it.

M. Don't then forget our young men and women, for they don't like to be passed by, and they will be more likely to take a deeper interest in the church, when they help to sustain it.

S. Upon the principle, I suppose that what costs us nothing is not highly valued.

M. You have a right view of these things, we may hope that you will be a model for your successors.

S. Well, I can but try, and they say 'Try' can do a great deal, when "ready will" is the prompter.

M. It will be required of you to see when my successor arrives, that he and his family with the luggage is promptly conveyed to the Parsonage, and that, ere he comes, the pantry is provided with something to eat, and the yard with fuel to cook it.

S. It was not thus when you arrived, for you, Sir, I was told, had to get from the landing to the Parsonage the best way you could, and instead of finding something in the pantry to eat, and fuel in the yard to cook it, you had to borrow both of your neighbours.

M. We have a better opinion of our brethren than to think that that is otherwise than very seldom indeed—it must have been a forget. They are willing I know to do all this for us; albeit it may now and then be necessary to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance.

S. I intend to take the hint, however, and act upon it. There should be always something put in the pantry on such occasions, and as regards the wood, there should always be enough in the yard to last from winter to winter, as it is often hard to get, and dear to buy in summer.

M. Again the steward should look now and then into the Parsonage, &c., to see if any thing is required in the way of furniture or repairs, &c.

S. The minister generally attended to such matters himself, or his wife had to canvass the place to get up a tea-meeting, or something similar, to raise the required means.

M. But it should not be left to the minister to do these things, for if he attends to his duty—which is to "give himself to the word of God, and to prayer," and not to serve tables, he has full enough to do. Nor should it be left to the minister's wife, for the frequent removals give our wives a great deal to do in adjusting matters after we get to our new circuits, and the frequent changes, with the wear and tear therefrom, almost makes perpetual motion of the needle, and besides it is more honorable, consistent, and in every sense proper, that *they* and not *we* should be the first movers in such necessary things.

S. At all events it looks as if we loved to see our minister and his family well provided for, and comfortable, and that we were anxious to remove every burden from them we could, so that they might the better, attend to our *spiritual* concerns.

M. On some of our Circuits, our good sympathising loving sisters have formed Parsonage Aid Societies, and they ought to be universal; these we have found to be valuable aids in keeping the Parsonage comfortable.

S. We must then try to have one on this Circuit, and to get up a tea-meeting or a bazaar too if we can, but who is to be the first prompter?

M. You cannot perhaps get a better one than your own good wife, and indeed I think the wife of the Circuit Steward should be considered as *Stewardess*, especially in such matters; and we too should always be willing to aid according to our power, but we don't think our people should lay the burden upon us, if it be a burden.

S. Well, I must get Martha into the harness, and see what she can do, for dear knows our Mission House wants something, both inside and outside.

M. It would be a great comfort to have both the inside and outside attended to *between* the removals of our ministers, and not to have all these things to do *afterwards*.

S. Is there anything else that I should do?

M. Yes, you are required to keep an account of all expenses and receipts of the circuit—to draw up an account of the same for the acceptance both of the May quarterly meeting and of the District meeting.

S. That is very proper, for it prevents all unjust suspicions in reference to the finances of the circuit.

M. Dear brother, I wish you God's speed in your office.

S. May it be granted, and I shall feel thankful—good morning, Sir.

M. So be it—good morning brother.

Distinct like the Billows; but one like the Sea.

We take the following beautiful composition from the *North Western Advocate*. Our readers will appreciate its beauty, however their sympathies may flow in regard to the American war struggle. It is from the pen of B. F. Taylor, war correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, and formerly literary Editor of that paper.

The Roman knight who rode "all accoutred as he was" into the gulf, and the mouth of the hungry Forum closed upon him and was satisfied, slew in his own dying, that great Philistine, Oblivion, which sooner or later will conquer us all. We never thought, when we used to read his story, that the grand classic tragedy of patriotic devotion would be a thousand times repeated in our own day and presence; that the face of the neighbor who had walked by our side in disguise all the while, should be transfigured in the twinkling of an eye, like the face of an angel; that the old gods who thundered in Greek and lightened in Latin should stand aside, while common men of plain English speech, upon whose shoulders we had laid a familiar hand, should keep in motion the machinery of that grandest epic of the world, the War for the American Union.

But there is an old story that always charmed us more. In some strange land and time—for so the story runs—they were about to cast a bell for a mighty tower; a hollow, starless heaven of iron. It should toll for dead monarchs—"The king is dead!"—and make glad clamor for the new prince, "Long live the king!" It should proclaim so great a passion or so grand a pride that either would be worship, or, wanting these, forever hold its peace.

Now, this bell was not to be digged out of the cold mountains; it was to be made of something that had been warmed with a human touch or loved with a human love. And so the people came like pilgrims to a shrine, and cast their offerings into the furnace and went away. There were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had broken in heroes' hands; there were crosses and rings and bracelets of fine gold; trinkets of silver and toys of poor red copper. They even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongues of flame: good words they had written and flowers they had cherished; perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell.

And the fires panted like a strong man when he runs a race, and the mingled gifts flowed down together and were lost in the sand, and the dome of iron was drawn out like leviathan. And, by and by, the bell was alone in its chamber, and its four windows looked forth to the four quarters of heaven. For many a day it hung dumb; the winds came and went, but they only set it a sighing; birds came and went and sang under its eaves, but it was an iron horizon of dead melody still. All the meaner strifes and passions of men rippled on below it; they out-groped the ants and out-wrought the bees and out-watched the shepherds of Chaldea, but the chamber of the bell was as dumb as the cave of Machpelah.

At last there came a time when men grew grand for right and truth, and stood shoulder to shoulder over all the land, and went down like reapers to the harvest of death; looked into the graves of them that slept, and believed there was something grander than living; glanced on into the far future, and discerned there was something bitterer than dying; and so, standing between the quick and the dead, they "quitted themselves like men."

Then the bell woke in its chamber, and the great waves of its music rolled gloriously out, and broke along the blue walls of the world like an anthem; and every tone in it was familiar as a household word to somebody, and he heard it and knew it with solemn joy. Poured into that fiery heart together, the humblest gifts were blent in one great wealth, and accent feeble as a sparrow's song grew eloquent and strong, and lo, a people's stately soul heaved on the tenth wave of a mighty voice!

We thank God in this, our day, for the furnace and the fire; for the offerings of gold and the trinkets of silver and the broken licks of iron; for the good sword and the true word; for the great triumph and the little song. We thank God for the loyal Ruths who have taken up the words of their elder sister, and said to this Naomi of a later time, "where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!" By the memory of the Ramah into which rebellion has turned the whole land; for the love of the Rachels now lamenting within it; for the honor of Heaven and the hope of mankind, let us who stand here, Past and Present clasping hands over our heads, the broad age dwindled to a line under our feet, and ridged with the graves of dead martyrs—let us declare before God and these witnesses,

We will finish the work that the Fathers begun;
Then these to their sleeping,
And those to their weeping,
And one faith and one flag for the Federal gun!

B. F. T.

A Montreal Institution.

Our Christian friends in Montreal—all evangelical Christians uniting—hold a Sabbath afternoon meeting in the Temperance Hall, of the character and usefulness of which the following, which we take from the *Witness*, is a specimen:

On Sabbath, 16th Oct., the attendance was very full. The portion of Scripture read was the first verses of John 15. And the lessons drawn were, 1st. That if professed followers of Christ were not bringing forth fruit, they were the most useless creatures in the world. The branch of the vine was of no use for any other purpose except to bring forth fruit, just as the salt was of no use if it had lost its savor. The savorless salt was to be cast out and trodden under foot, and the fruitless branch, though of no value for fuel was to be burned. 2d. The fruitless branches were to be purged that they might bring forth more fruit. Any who had tried vine culture, knew that the vine even more than other fruit trees had a tendency if left to the freedom of its own will to run to branches and leaves, and it had to be purged of its useless buds and branches in order to bring forth rich large clusters. Many fruit trees and bushes had their fruitfulness greatly marred by useless shoots, sometimes called suckers, which sucked away the strength that should go to the fruit, and how many suckers marred the disciples of Christ. Drinking was a chief among these suckers, destroying the fruit-bearing powers wherever it was allowed to continue. Of all these injurious and noxious things the heavenly Husbandman purged the fruit-bearing branches of the true vine. 3. A fruitful branch of a vine would bear far too many clusters if left to itself, and none of them would be valuable, whereas if limited to three or four clusters, these would be large, full, beautiful and luscious, and far more valuable than the ten or dozen of small tasteless clusters that it would have brought forth if not purged. The purging or pruning process might be painful, but it was necessary, and there was a great lesson to be learned here, not to attempt too much.

A gentleman described some cases of intemperance in Montreal, in which he had attempted faithfully to warn the victims, and received their thanks for so doing. Some of them had gone on to *delirium tremens*, and the sufferers sent for him in their extremity. He described some of the cases, which were so horrible that it was dangerous to go near them; and yet the poor wives of the delirious men were there encountering patiently the horror and danger from which even strong men would fain shrink.

A soldier of the engineers said moderation was the commencement of all intemper