which he says:—"It is truly a most wonderful work of grace that prevails here. I know many of the converts. I have examined some, and found as bright evidences as I ever knew. We are beset on every side. Romanists are aroused to desperation by the generosity of Protestants. We are greatly persecuted. They would destroy Mr. C. and myself, if they dared."

We could furnish many additional details of very great interest, but we trust we have stated enough to rouse the sympathies of all lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus. The extreme poverty of the inhabitants of St. Anne's is owing mainly to the fact that for two successive seasons all their crops failed, on account of drought, or of untimely frosts and rains. The people are sober and industrious; they may not need our aid long; and it may be that they are plunged into the fiery furnace of poverty and persecution now in order to strengthen their faith and expand their sympathies, and afford us an opportunity to illustrate *our* faith by works of charity and mercy.

Martin G. Black, jr. of this city has kindly consented to act as general Treasurer for this fund for the Province. He will receive and acknowledge any sums however small. Give your *pennies*—your *shillings*—if you cannot give *pounds*. Ask your friends to contribute their mite. Do something—do what you can—and the result will be such that no Nova Scotian need be ashamed of it.

Obituary Notice.

The subject of the following notice was born in Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, on the 25th Oct., 1787. Her father Mr. Peter Saunders, was a native of Bristol, England. Her mother was among the fruits of the labours of the Rev. Wm. Black on his first visit to that place. Mary Ann being favoured with a pious mother, became through her instrumentality the subject of serious impressions, and earnestly sought and freely obtained pardon through faith in a crucified Redeemer. Though early deprived of a mother's care and counsel she was compelled to take charge of three young sisters and a brother. Miss M. A. was deeply impressed with the nature of the obligation imposed upon her, and endeavoured to fill as far as possible a mother's part to her young charge, until her father's second marriage, which took place in London, G.B., to which place he had removed with his family. Soon after she was united to Mr. Jos. Alexander a truly pious young man, and shortly after their marriage they sailed for the West Indies, he having a situation in the Ordnance Department While there Mr. A. became seriously convinced that he was called to preach the everlasting Gospel. He then relinquished all pecuniary advantages and became a Wesleyan Missionary. Some time after they left for the United States of America, and after remaining there a short time they left and removed to Fredericton, N. B, in company with the Revd. Wm. Black about the year 1808, where Mr. Alexander finished his course with joy. Sometime after Mrs. Alexander became acquainted with and married Mr. John Atchison, and in the year 1823 they removed to Miramichi. The deceased through many discouragements trained up her children in the way they should go, by instilling into their minds principles of virtue and religion As there were no Sabbath schools, it was her custom to collect her family on the Sabbath and instruct them more fully in religious matters and by thus daring to be singular she verified the Scripture doctrine that all who will live godly in this world shall suffer persecution, but being endowed by nature with a mind of more than ordinary strength combined with religious principles, no consideration of a worldly nature could induce her to relax the strictness of her discipline in keeping her family from the contaminating influences of the world, and for which her children rise up and call her blessed.

Through all the varied scenes of a life more than usually chequered, and though at times she could say, "All thy billows and waves have gone over me," she realized the promise, "I will be with thee in six troubles, and in seven I will not forsake thee. Her faith and fortitude were manifested during the visitation by the great fire of Miramichi in 1825, when the flames burst forth upon the inhabitants of that devoted place at the time when she, her husband, and family were just recovering from typhus fever.—Though stripped of all they possessed, she never murmured; how, she would say, can I complain when I have my husband and children safe around me,—or why should I grieve for the loss of worldly goods? In the fall of 1835 she was called to mourn the death of her husband by drowning. Mr. A. was a man generally beloved and respected, and to his wife and family his loss was irreparable. Though her grief was poignant, she was enabled to draw consolation from the promises of Him who has said "I will be a Father to the fatherless," &c. And her large family called into active exercise all that firmness and decision of character for which she was remarkable; and there are many living who can testify to her strict integrity in all her dealings Still she never supposed herself superior to others, having at all times the humblest opinion of her own abilities and attainments, acknowledging herself to be an unprofitable servant; and being of a diffident and retiring disposition, she seldom spoke of her religious experience, but when the messenger death arrived, she was found with her lamp trimmed, still she lamented having hid as it were her light under a bushel, but all who knew her can say with what unflinching constancy she upheld her beloved, Methodism. It rejoiced her heart to see the progress and prosperity of all those associations which have for their object the spiritual and temporal benefit of mankind While on a visit to Bathurst to see her daughters, she was taken ill of the disease which terminated her mortal existence, and though painful and protracted, she bore it with great patience and resignation to the Divine will; and to her sorrowing children, who in agony witnessed her excruciating sufferings, she would say, God's will be done.

He was indeed her rock of defence, her refuge in the storm.

Her favourite hymn was, "Rock of ages cleft for me" &c., frequently repeating—

"Nothing in my hands I bring
Simply to the cross I cling."

She was visited several times by the resident minister, and by Rev. Mr. Currey, who were rejoiced to find her in so happy and peaceful frame of mind. While she had time and strength, she employed them in speaking to all who called to see her, to give themselves to God, to renounce the world, its pleasures and vanities, and prepare for death and eternity. Terribly solemn were the closing hours of her life, terrible by reason of the monster death, who seemed resolved to torture his poor victim to the utmost, but gloriously solemn, as the expiring saint with a countenance radiant with holy joy exclaimed, Christ is coming. Her Saviour was near indeed, and listening ears was ready to catch the last faint whispers of that much loved voice. They could picture to their imagination the rustling of the attendant angels' wings as they hovered round the dying couch. That chamber was quite on the verge of heaven, as calmly and sweetly she fell asleep in the arms of her Redeemer on the 26th March, 1859.

Though art gone to the Grave but we will not deplore,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the Tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.

Provincial Wesleyan

WEDNESDAY, DECR. 21, 1859.

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

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

We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of correspondents.

Happy Christmas!

Before we again greet our subscribers, the feast of Christ's nativity will have passed. May it be an occasion of purest joy to our readers,—their hearts expanding with thanksgiving to Him who came into the world to save them, their souls rejoicing in a sense of His pardoning love. In no spirit of levity would we hail the return of the day which commemorates the incarnation of our Lord, but with the earnest hope that on his own day he may be known to them in the joys of his salvation, we wish for all to whom this paper shall come a *truly* HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

On our first page will be found a most gratifying report of the success which has attended the efforts of Mr. Henderson in his tour of collection through the Annapolis District on behalf of the Fund to establish a Theological Professorship at Sackville, N. B. The ball should be kept rolling until it has grown to the required dimensions. Another document to which we would direct especial attention will also be found on the first page, the appeal to Protestants of Nova Scotia on behalf of the Reverend CHARLES CHINIQUY and his suffering flock.

We have to make room this week for the letters of both our English and Canadian Correspondents, that of the latter having reached us a fortnight after time in consequence of its visit to Newfoundland. We entreat the Post Office authorities not to afford any more of our correspondence such an extended tour.

Letter from England.

From our own Correspondent.

ENGLAND, Nov. 25th, 1859.

The opening paragraph of my letter today would have been one of gloomy cast, had it not been for intelligence which has just arrived from Paris. During the month, the invasion-panic in England has been growing to its height, and the excitement of the country has really been intense. The embodiment of large masses of Volunteer Rifles has been perhaps the least prominent expression of our national alarm. The French people must either have been very much frightened or very much amused by the magnitude of our warlike preparations, and the magniloquence of our press. This morning, however, Lord Cowley, our Ambassador in Paris, has arrived in England,—and it is announced, on authority which the newspapers call reliable, that he is charged to propose to the British government a mutual disarmament,—the Emperor engaging to suspend his military and naval preparations and reduce the numerical force of his troops, if we will do the same.

If this bit of news be true, every sane man must welcome it,—for however exciting it may be to stand on the edge of a crater, it is by no means pleasant, Nothing short of a considerable reduction in the status of the French army and navy will satisfy England,—and it is only fair that England should give a similar guarantee of the sincerity of her policy towards France. The great difficulty will be with the volunteer Rifle forces. Large sums of money have been expended in the equipment of these regiments, and a large amount of enthusiasm has been spent in their enrolment,—and thousands of our gallant young men who have had a taste of amateur soldiering will object to return to the quietude of sober citizenship. The disarmament of the volunteers would be an unpopular movement,—and one which perhaps, the Emperor would not demand. It is only right that an island like ours, exposed to the peril of invasion at any moment,—and necessitated by the vastness of its colonial and conquered territories, to scatter its regular troops the wide world over, should have a reserve force of patriotic volunteers. Such a force is almost necessary to the physical vigour of our young men. Town and business life, with the consequent limitation of athletic exercise, is doing much towards the enervating of the young men of England. The drill, the march, the use of fire-arms, the discipline associated with the Rifle force, must exert a favourable and healthful influence on all the volunteers. It is to be hoped that these amateur warriors will be able to pursue their vocation without let or hindrance.

The Italian question still remains in that state of happy complication which absolves the newspaper correspondent from all responsibility in relation to it. No newspaper reader would be willing to set himself fairly to the task of discovering where the Italian question really is. Who is who, and what is what, on this point, are riddles such as no sphynx ever propounded, and no Œdipus ever solved. One thing may be gathered very clearly,—that the Italian States are in a mess,—perhaps as great as when Louis Napoleon volunteered to set them straight. And it is equally clear that they are likely to remain in the mess for some time to come. Victor Emanuel is evidently in trammels,—his free action impeded by his Imperial ally,—who has just complicated the Sardinian's embarrassment, by sending in his "little bill." Garibaldi, to whom the world looked as the man for the crisis, has suddenly disbanded his guerilla army, and resigned his command, retaining rank simply as a General in the Sardinian service. The great congress on Italian affairs has not met yet,—perhaps never will,—and Italy must wait for her liberty.

We hear little of our American difficulty,—very much less than one might have expected under the circumstances. What we do hear, however, seems to indicate that the Americans have no notion of giving up San Juan,—and that we have no notion of fighting for it. There is a great deal of sympathy in England for poor Brown,—the hero or victim of the Harper's Ferry Emeute. If he had succeeded in his enterprise he would have been immortalized: he failed, and so he must be hanged. The Americans could find men even in their high places who better deserve to be hanged than gallant old Brown. It is not by hanging men that the great slave question of America will be solved, and set at rest.

The expedition against China creates very little excitement. We dont care very much whether we have war with China or not. The difficulty is where to stop, if we do invade the dominions of our celestial enemy. We surely dont want to conquer China as we have conquered India,—and yet we can hardly do less. It is no use making treaties with the Chinese. They will break them, and we shall have to go and batter down a lot of forts at least once a year. There is no knowing what to do in the case. Perhaps some new light may be thrown on the question ere long. A rumour has reached us within the last few days that even "stars and stripes" are not at a premium in Pekin,—and that His Majesty, or His Brilliancy, or whatever he may deign to call himself, refuses to ratify the American treaty.

According to the last advices from India, Nana Sahib died of fever last month, and his people dispersed themselves If this be true, our Indian difficulties will be modified,—but there are those who think that the report has been circulated only to blind the English who have entered Nepaul in order to hunt down this human butcher. The first division of the malcontents of the British army in India has arrived in England.

It is announced authoritatively that Her Majesty has promised that the Prince of Wales, or Prince Alfred, will visit Canada in the spring, for the purpose of inaugurating the magnificent railway bridge over the St. Lawrence. The Prince of Wales will hardly be able, as a student at Oxford, to undertake the journey. If his brother should go out in his place, the Canadians will have the pleasure of welcoming a right royal and manly prince, with about as little nonsense in his constitution, and as much frankness and manly grace, as ever falls to the lot of princes. It is proposed to make the Prince of Wales Colonel-in-Chief of all the Volunteer Rifle forces in the Kingdom. Such an appointment would be very popular and appropriate,—for who is more fitted to identify himself with a movement for the defence of the Kingdoms of our Gracious Queen, than her eldest son?

There have been great rejoicings during the month in the Palace of our Sovereign. The Princess Royal, with her husband, the Prince of Prussia, have been on a visit to the Queen. Our young Princess does not forget her English home,—and she has met with a hearty welcome. The celebration of the birthday of the Prince of Wales at Oxford was attended by one of those disgraceful exhibitions by which the city of Oxford has so often been disgraced, and the character of our national civilization disparaged. There was a regular "town and gown" row,—and it is to be feared that the gownsmen were the aggressors. Brick bats flew about, sticks were flourished, fists were thrown out in bold relief, and many an aristocratic face was made to bear the impress of plebeian knuckles. Some serious wounds were inflicted, and the excitement raged for several days. Such exhibitions are shameful,—and they were a poor inauguration for the new year of the Prince's life.

The notorious Smethurst has received from the Secretary of State, in the name of the Queen, a free pardon for the murder of his wife. No sooner was he released from custody than he was apprehended on a charge of bigamy, and duly committed for trial. For this offence, which will be proved against him, he will probably be condemned to a few years' penal servitude.—Though however he may confidently expect soon to be at large, he will never be restored to society. There is an almost universal belief in his guilt as a murderer,—the great popular objection to his execution was not that he was supposed innocent, but that the evidence brought against him did not prove his guilt. Some foolish friends of his have advised him to enter an action against the Government for false imprisonment. If he should do this, he will very soon find out his mistake.

A circular has been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, virtually abolishing flogging in the British army. Flogging is yet provided for in extreme cases; but the general order is such as to insure to the British soldier, unless his offence be very aggravated, freedom from the degrading penalty of the lash. The Duke of Cambridge has acted wisely in publishing this order; for it comes far more gracefully when volunteered than when the result of compulsion. Popular feeling had been so much roused by recent cases that the system would have been put down by general clamour, if not by gentle means.

Notwithstanding the confused and uncertain state of the political world, the Council of the Society of Arts have determined to hold another Great Exhibition in 1862, and have applied for a site on which to build.—They have determined to raise a guarantee fund of £250,000, and the first subscription on the list is one of ten thousand guineas.—A great movement of this kind would do more toward facilitating the peace question than all the congresses and conventions under the sun.

The popular taste was somewhat shocked and horrified the other day by the intelligence that two hundred and thirty-seven tons of *bones* had arrived from Sebastopol, to be used as manure, &c. The relatives of the brave fellows who fell in the Crimean war might well be excited by intelligence like this; and the many-togued press spoke out unmistakably. But it was averred that the bones were only those of horses, and that an agent had been appointed to superintend their unshipment and see that no human remains were mixed with them. And so the popular excitement has cooled down.

A meeting of influential Romanists has just been held in Dublin, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Pope. His Holiness may well pray to be saved from his friends,—for if anything could make his position more anomalous and absurb than it is, such a meeting is the one thing. The horizon of the times does not promise much for the stability and grandeur of the Papacy. The Headship of the Church may possibly be maintained a little longer among the figments of the Papal chair,—but the sovereignty of a people cannot be held long by the hand which grasps the keys. The days of the papal throne are numbered.

Letters from Dr Livingstone convey information of a novel and interesting character. The Doctor has discovered a sort of little Manchester in the centre of Africa.—Far away from the track of the traveller, and the footsteps of commerce, he has found a tribe cultivating to a large extent the growth of *cotton*,—and not only this, but spinning and weaving it too! Just think of a Central African market, and of buyers from America and Great Britain penetrating far away to the north of the Zambezi to buy goods! There is no knowing what may be the result of such a discovery.

Lord Macaulay has two new volumes of his history in the press. He is a long time in producing them, but it appears that he is very careful in their composition. The two new volumes will carry his history up to very nearly the close of the reign of Queen Anne. The literary public is looking anxiously for the work. Mr. Carlyle is hard at work on his Life of Frederic the Great, but they will not be out this season. The authorship of "Adam Bede," a work which has created great excitement and interest in England, is now no longer a secret. A Miss Evans it is who has so charmed the English public by a story which in the main is one of real life, and which conveys a more faithful picture of early English Methodism than has ever been produced by the pencil of fiction. The work has had a large sale, and the gifted authoress, encouraged by her success, has placed another work in the hands of her publishers.

The disgraceful proceedings which have won for the parish church of St. George's-in-the East, London, an unenviable notoriety, have not yet ceased. Every Sabbath day the church is beset by eager crowds, who by coughing, hissing, and uttering unearthly sounds, drown the voice of the minister, and make the Church like a bear-garden. The Puseyite rector, a man of inveterate pig-headedness, has been compelled to forego some of the beautiful vestments in which he used to garb himself,—but he yet persists in bowings and genuflections which savour of Romanism rather than of the faith of Christ. The Church is the resort of all the rabble of London,—who can now get up a glorious "lark" on a Sunday as well as on any other day in the week. It is a strange sight to see the aisles of the house of God lined with policemen, armed with staves, and ready summarily to seize the body of any disturber of the peace.

While this cause is creating scandal of one sort, all true lovers of the Church have been astonished with a paragraph in one of the Devonshire papers, to the effect that a number of gentlemen had been presenting a testimonial to the Rev. Mr. Russell, rector of Symbridge, for his efficient services as master of the North Devon fox-hounds! This in the second half of the nineteenth century! The noble Earl who presided on the occasion seems to have thought that the only social engagements of which a clergyman was capable were attending balls, and hunting. He thought the latter more consistent with the character of a clergyman, and stated that Mr. Russell's fox-hunting propensities were never allowed to interfere with his pastoral duties. This is in the diocese of Henry of Exeter, who would go almost into fits if any of his clergy should be too Methodistical: yet he can allow the rector of a parish to assume the functions of a master of the fox-hounds. So much for the consistency of Mother Church!

Contrary to general expectation, Lord Palmerston has appointed an English clergyman to the vacant see of Sierra-Leone.—It was hoped that some native clergyman would have been elevated to the bishopric—so many bishops having fallen victims to the unpropitious climate; but trial is to be made of another of the Anglican clergy, whose life it is to be hoped will be spared. Miss Burdett Coutts has endowed the See of British Columbia with the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds. A bishop, it is to be feared rather Tractarian in his views, has just left our shores, commended to his work by the very questionable sanction of Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford. At a meeting held in London on the Columbian Mission, his Oxonian Lordship, ignoring of course all other Christian labour, spoke in strong and hopeful terms of the regenerating influences of the *Church*. The Bishop of London very properly remarked upon the sentiment of his right reverend brother, and reminded him and his audience that the regenerating element was the Spirit, and not the Church. It is very doubtful whether these Colonial bishoprics are likely to do much good. A few faithful men, with no pomp of circumstance, with no worldly title, would probably do far more good than can be done by this kind of high ecclesiastical state.

A large and influential meeting of the clergy and laity has been held in London this week, to consider the question of special services for the working classes. The various points under discussion were: whether it was desirable to open additional buildings for public worship,—whether the movement should be denominational or Catholic,—whether the Litany should be used during the services,—and whether theatres should be occupied on Sundays for the worship of God. The Chairman announced that the Bishop of London fully sympathized with the movement, and would be quite satisfied to join with the Nonconformists in carrying it out. The opinion of the meeting was that the opening of additional places for public worship is desirable,—that the movement should be of a united and catholic character, under the sanction of all christian churches,—and that the use of the Litany, and the occupation of theatres on the Sabbath, should be open questions for future discussion. It is likely, therefore, that some scheme of services on a larger and more catholic basis than that of last winter will be at once devised.

The melancholy wreck of the Royal Charter still engrosses the popular mind. An inquiry has been instituted by the Government, the result of which has not yet been made known. All that has been learned goes to prove that the wreck was a pure misfortune, caused by the unprecedented violence of the storm, and not by any carelessness on the part of the officers, or any unseaworthiness of the vessel. A very handsome provision has been made for the wife and children of the Rev. Mr. Hodge, a clergyman who was one of the passengers. The divers are at work, but in consequence of the boisterous state of the weather they have been but unsuccessful in recovering the gold with which the vessel was enriched. Bodies are being washed up daily, but all of them so mutilated and decomposed as to be beyond the possibility of recognition.—All the saved speak in high terms of the Captain.

A gentleman of Somerset has bequeathed to the Wesleyan Missionary Society the princely sum of ten thousand pounds, and one thousand to the Worn-out Minister's Fund. Such benefactions as these are worthy of note. Mr. Punshon has been the victim of an annoying letter in one of the Manchester papers, charging him with plagiarizing. The writer affirms that a particular sermon has been stolen from a Dr. Greenwood, of America. Mr. Punshon, with characteristic promptness, wrote immediately to the editor of the paper, enclosing the sermon in question, and requesting him to compare it with the production of Dr. Greenwood, and then give publicity to his verdict. Such insinuations, arising from a miserable jealousy, however contemptible they may be, are yet annoying,—but Mr. Punshon can very well afford to entrust his character with the Church.

The Revival still progresses in a remarkable manner. At Sunderland it is said that two thousand have been converted to God in a month. At Belfast, the annual races—usually attended by ten thousand people—could only attract five hundred. Daily prayer-meetings are being held in most of the large towns and cities; and the promise of a shower drops from above. We are looking for a glorious winter.

Two very interesting contributions have been made during the month to the literature of Methodism. One is a memoir of Robert Carr Brackenbury, a name held in reverence by every good Methodist. It is a valuable addition to the record of Methodist heroism, liberality, and zeal. The other is the life of John Hunt, the apostle of Fiji. This book supplies a lack in our biographical literature. John Hunt's life was so *unique*, so prominent in its features, that it was worthy of a biographer. Mr. Rowe, who edited "Fiji and the Fijians" has well acquitted himself as the compiler of Mr. Hunt's memoirs. It is a book that will live,—and no man with a heart can read it without being stirred. We want such good books in these days: stories of lives worth living. Had John Hunt belonged to any other denomination than our own, his fame would have been world-wide. But his record is on high, and it may be read, too, in the fact of a regenerated people. Some men mould families and churches and towns: John Hunt won a whole nation to God.

Letter from Canada.

From our Correspondent

CANADA, November 26th, 1859.

The assiduous time for holding the Branch Missionary Anniversaries of the entire Wesleyan Connexion in Canada has arrived, and you can judge of their number when I state, that if all the notices of them were at once published in it, the greater part of the *Provincial Wesleyan* would be occupied; and there can be no doubt, such a mass of winter platform labour cannot be done except by a vigorous Ministry; and there ought to be, and always are, results which greatly gratify. What is a Church without Missions? And what would ours be without? It would not be a Christian body in the broadest sense. Its tenets, its plans, its aspirations are all *Missionary*—something for somebody else.

Very recently the newly constituted General Wesleyan Missionary Committee has met in Toronto, consisting of seventy ministers and laymen, and I am not aware that any Church has a larger or more intelligent Committee. A Sub-Committee of Finance and Consultation was selected by the General Committee, with duties very similar to those of our former Missionary Board. Great harmony prevailed; several Missions were made Circuits, and the total of appropriations was higher than last year: a difference very much owing to lay liberality. Among the resolutions passed were two,—one gratefully and heartily acknowledging the generous well-wishes and acts of the Parent Society, and the other, thanking cordially the General Superintendent of Missions for his most successful Connexional services during his late visit to England.

The recent editorial of the *Provincial Wesleyan* on the Bible Society of Nova Scotia has been read here with pleasure; and it is gratifying to know that Protestantism in British North America has its Bible rampart to repel the brigandism of infidel Rome. Can you tell me what execrations are indignant enough for a policy that makes the Bible a bad book, and burns it?

November 8th, the twenty-seventh Anniversary of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society was held in Knox's Church, Toronto, the Rev. James Richardson presiding, and the platform being occupied by Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Congregational Ministers and lay gentlemen. The commercial depression has affected this Society's interests, as it has other benevolent organizations. From the Report I learn that the suspension of the labours of some twelve useful Colporteurs last year is still continued. Mr. Nelles, the Agent of the Society, has formed some new Branches, and travelled 9,000 miles, and delivered 175 public addresses. Books sold, 38 842, tracts, 151 370; gratuitously distributed 165,612; Libraries, containing 14,428 volumes, were issued; Bibles and Testaments, 6 099; Childrens' Papers, 31,769; total 408,120. Decrease on the year, 11,131, but an increase of 131 000 over 1857. Total disbursements, £3 396. This is an agency, subsidiary to the Upper Canada Bible Society, for diffusing evangelical truth, deserving a much less limited patronage.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Convention for Canada West was lately held at Brantford. Though the scale of the society is not ample, (and we hope it is neighbourly) the Report states that never before was so much accomplished in the same annual period. It now employs 14 Missionaries, whose labours embrace 56 stations. It has 3,790 hearers, and 978 members, 212 persons having been baptized. Sermons preached, 1,738; Pastoral visits, 2,734; Miles travelled, 25,228; Sabbath schools in operation, twelve. Income, $1,761; spent, $1,275. I should like to see the number of sermons preached, and miles travelled by the Canada Wesleyan Missionaries.

A meeting of clergymen and laymen of different Churches has just been held at the Committee Room of the Upper Canada Bible Society in Toronto, over which the Revd. Dr. Green presided, the object of which was, to have submitted to it, "An invitation to United Prayer, addressed to the Church of Christ throughout the world; being an extract from the minutes of the twenty-third annual meeting of the Lodiana Mission." The document is most evangelical and arousing in its spirit and purpose, and the meeting determined that the matter should be laid before the several Protestant Churches of Toronto for their consideration. Should the Churches of the Colonies, of Great Britain, of Europe, of America, of the World, be brought to God's throne, what must be the effect be? The Prophecies require it!

Montreal has just sent out a new paper, the *Family Herald*, neat in appearance, and containing good summaries of news; but novels are it staples, and I shall be no subscriber. Maclear's well fraught and cheap Canadian Almanac is out; but for variety and fulness of useful matter, and elegance of typography, the Wesleyan "Almanac" of Halifax gives no competitor a chance. I don't know how the Book Steward does it. Its many pages (160) merit for it a higher designation than Almanac: call it the Annual Directory of Nova Scotia,

A completely restored prosperity is soon likely to be granted to the commerce and different Railways of Canada: indeed the Northern, connecting Lakes Ontario and Huron, never did the business it is now doing. Mr. Shanley is General Manager of the Grand Trunk, Mr. Brydges of the Great Western, and Mr. Grant of the Northern.

There has been a public altercation on the personal originality of the conception of our stupendous two-mile Victoria Bridge, and one writer claims the first thought for the late excellent Mr. Stephenson; but it is difficult to prove the founder of the wondrous structure is not Alexander Ross, Esquire, Chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk. Genius has its dangers; and in this case there is something worth a stubborn skirmish. The great Stevenson had fame enough: let Ross and Canada have the praise.

The triumph of Canadian science and enterprise is accomplished, the VICTORIA BRIDGE was crossed on the 24 h inst., by a locomotive and car, and opens for traffic, December 19th! I shall have other occasions for description: suffice it now, that fifty of the *elite* of Canada, ladies and gentlemen occupied the car, among whom were Directors, Engineer, Contractor, and the Honourables Cartier and Ferrier,—and the south end reached, "God save the Queen," was sung in unison, and rapturously, in English and French: loyalty and gratitude consecrating magnificence.

The loss on your coast of the superior Canada Mail steamer *Indian*, just heard of, will produce a general regret and sadness. It is a calamity to Canada, and might have been a calamity to the Wesleyan Church of Canada. It would seem that old ocean will not abate his despotic fury, and is very likely to laugh at and minify the mammoth dimensions of the *Great Eastern*. The time is come when more fervent prayer should be made for our fellow beings on every sea!

There has been in Toronto for three days what, I candidly suppose, (notwithstanding some contemptuous editorials) must be called an imposing meeting of respectable Delegates from different parts of Western Canada, called the Liberal Reform Convention, which passed six resolutions; and it must be said the debates were affable and unanimous enough. The command ing, though, problematical, object was, to decide that Upper Canada should no longer be united with Lower Canada, and the formation of two or more local governments under some sort of central headship. It ought to be conceded, that this meeting makes Upper Canada Reformers now understand themselves better, and by an immediate organization of many Western Reform Associations political facilities may be gained I cannot see any other present advantages. Had the convention consisted of an equal number of reform and ministerial delegates from Lower as well as from Upper Canada, and unanimity been then reached, success might have been expected. As it is, the nearly six hundred delegates are all Reformers, and all of Upper Canada. What criterion of power does this fact afford? Does it place Upper Canada Reformers more eligibly than the Upper Canada Liberal majority in the House of Assembly last session placed them? The Upper Canada majority there was frequently Liberal: Is the majority of this Liberal Convention in effect any thing more or better? I would that it were constitutionally. We shall see. And then, let the entire body of Parliamentary Candidates in Upper Canada next election time be Liberal, and pledged before hand to a confederation; if the past is to be a precedent, Protestant renegadism in Upper Canada will still help Lower Canada Jesuitism to maintain the evils now alleged as originating the necessity for a dissolution of an existing union, and a confederacy. There are some mischievous and sanguinary conventions in history; yet I do not think these are the characteristics of the Toronto meeting. In our House of Assembly we have about 50 Romanists and 80 Protestants: should then, the House get wrong, who is to blame? The men—the Protestants—who possess the majority. Nothing is a primary desideratum in that House just now, but an honest conscience, and when that is supreme, the Canadas obtain their mutual rights. But not yet!

The respected Mr. Justice Macauley dropped down dead in his own house this day.

I have just seen it stated in a Vancouver's paper, by a Congregational Minister, who lately went from Canada, that there is an embryo church and state system already on the British Pacific, likely to reach pretty formidable proportions; and unless I misapprehend his meaning, his object is to call forth the antipathies of the colonists there to that system. I shall not marvel; and it is only a confirmation of my fears, that a Puseyite bishop and his staff of coadjutors would make trouble for our Missionaries, and many more, and put a barrier in the way of religious and social advancement, where justice, voluntaryism, and charity should be universally predominant.

These are facts, concise and numerous for variety's sake; and I was going to give you Canadian impressions on my reading two Missionary works; but I must not satiate my friendly readers in your several intelligent British Atlantic Colonies. ANGLO-SAXON.

Rev. Mr. Chiniquy.

In connexion with the appeal to the Protestants of Nova Scotia contained on our first page we invite attention to the following notice from the Montreal *Witness*:

The London *Record* of the 9th ult, contained a letter from the Rev. Dr. Hellmuth, a clergyman of the Church of England residing at Quebec, giving some interesting particulars respecting the French Canadian settlement at St. Ann's, and also a letter of Father Chiniquy's, addressed to Dr. Hellmuth. The facts supplied in these letters are already familiar to our readers. Dr. Hellmuth, who has taken a very deep interest in Father Chiniquy, and remitted for the relief of the distressed inhabitants of St. Anne over $600, says:

"I believe him to be a really converted man, enlightened by the Spirit of God, and animated by the constraining love of Christ to rescue his dear but benighted country men from the tyranny, superstition, and idolatry of the Church of Rome Wonderful and astonishing has been the success which the Lord has granted to this noble and bold reformer. Not less than 635 families, or something over 3,000 souls, have actually left the Church of Rome, and now profess the simple truth as it is in Jesus! Father Chiniquy has six missionary stations, which he and another convert from Romanism (Mr. Gauthier, formerly a "Friar,") a most excellent Christian man, are endeavoring to supply with the means of grace. The scattered settlers will flock from distances of twelve and fifteen miles (even in week-days) to hear the pure word of God preached Mr Chiniquy is an eloquent and an attractive speaker and preacher. No one can listen to his simple but thrilling story, how God graciously led him from Romanism to the pure faith of the Gospel of Jesus, without feeling one's soul stirred up to the very inmost depth, and ready to aid him in his struggles with the hierarchy of Rome, for those precious principles involving the very life of Protestantism. One may truly say, that the same heroic firmness, the same courageous and honest pursuit after truth that distinguished the immortal Luther in his apparently single handed conflict with Rome, are reproduced in the past and present course of this French Canadian priest, who for his countrymen in Canada, as well as in the United States, has achieved as glorious a victory for Gospel truth and freedom as ever brightened the pages of history. The harassing and cruel persecutions to which he and his followers have been and still are subjected by the ever persecuting Church of Rome, have reduced them to real want and poverty. We, who profess to be Protestants, and, above all, followers of Christ, must help them."

Dr. Hellmuth, in a private letter received before the *Record* came to hand, says:—

"I think something more effectually ought to be done by the Protestant community at large to help him and his people to further their temporal and spiritual well being. Whilst we are lukewarm and suspicious, the enemy is making inroads to frustrate and destroy the work of reformation begun at St. Anne."

It appears the inhabitants of St. Anne are burdened with debt. Their lands are mortgaged to Roman Catholics at a high rate of interest. The failure of their crops not only exposes them to want, but renders them unable to meet the payment of the burden upon their lands. A Boston paper recently stated that Mr. Chiniquy's appeals were being generously responded to in New England. Mr. Kirk's congregation in Boston had contributed $1,000, and other congregations had been liberal in their gifts. The New York *Observer* acknowledges the receipt of several sums, and the New York Committee, which sent a deputation to inquire into the condition of the people, acknowledges the receipt of over $1,000.

During the absence of Mr. Chiniquy, we believe that Mr. Auger, of this city, is preaching to the congregations at St. Anne.

From all accounts, the case seems to be one to commend itself to the sympathy of Christians. The faith of the new converts is being severely tried, and they will, no doubt, have the prayers and aid of the Lord's people.

Feeling in France.

The Paris Correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot* observes:—The French Government will probably, at no distant day, make a decisive move in support of the Suez Canal: the Constitutionnel seems to hint it will be *vi et armis*. One thing is certain: Louis Napoleon is trying his best to rouse Latin Europe, indeed all Europe, against England, and wage war to the knife against her. We are unquestionably on the eve of the most terrible struggle the world has witnessed, for everything that cunning, joined with an unprincipled policy, led on by the perjured adventurer that now holds France, sword and purse, can do to overthrow the German race, in both hemispheres, is about being attempted. The result will be disastrous to France: the frog will collapse in endeavouring to distend his belly. All the theatres, all the concert rooms, all the newspapers, are preaching war on England. The consequence of this uncertain state of things is the ruin of French trade; it is completely stagnant. France is fast isolating herself as she must do from the nature of things, if she attempts to play the first part in Europe or even a leading part in Europe: it is the common interest of the world, from the prince on the throne to the peasant in the hovel, that France should be kept in an inferior rank, for the very same causes that led to the partition of Poland force Europe to band itself against her: France loves war, has talents, neither for trade nor manufactures, has no respect for law, no moral sense, a nation of idlers who are devoted to money and to pleasure. Her humiliation which lasted forty-five years, was peace and improvement in every direction to Europe, her rise has kept Europe embroiled more within the last eight years than ever before. The Holy Alliance seems to be forming again: Russia and Prussia, and, in all probability, England and Austria, are entering into a treaty which cannot but be directed solely against France.

France and England.

The *Baltimore Christian Advocate* closes a long and excellent editorial article on the state of Europe with these words:—France keeps on with her naval preparations, notwithstanding the alarm of England. As France is already much stronger at sea than any other power but Great Britain, it is not easy to suggest any other probable enemy for whom the preparations are made. Louis Napoleon would have the Mediterranean a French lake. Spain has got a quarrel with Morocco, and France urges on Spain to war. If France can, by hook or by crook, establish herself on the African side of the Straits, there will only remain Gibraltar to be captured, and then Egypt is hers, and over Syria she "may cast her shoe." But Gibraltar will not be had without considerable difficulty. John Bull knows the worth of his Mediterranean citadels, and keeps vigilant watch on Monsieur and his confederate the Don. But nations cannot remain in battle array forever. The English will not long endure war expenses without trying the conclusions of war. They may determine that the best way to increase their navy will be to capture French ships, and if so they will capture them, no matter whether made of iron or wood. The Lord will not give England to be a prey to French teeth. She has three hundred steamships afloat with fifty thousand men in them, and is daily building more ships and enlisting more men. The expense is enormous, and England has a right to know why France, by her senseless naval preparations compels her peaceful neighbour to expend her means in corresponding preparation This why? will one day be asked, and perhaps replied to by cannon.

All Europe is in a state of preparation for war, revolution, anarchy, and re-construction, but the manner of the end of the present system of things is not revealed. That it will be a violent end—with convulsion, and agony, and blood and terror—the prophets tell us. With the natural eye we see the clouds thickening and blackening, with the eye of faith we see through the gloom, a rainbow of peace sparkling in the light of the throne—and hear a voice from Heaven proclaiming the end of the evils produced by human presumption.

The predicted time is near at hand. No calculation can put the terrible but glorious consummation much more than a century from us—the probabilities favour a much nearer time.—Blessed is who shall be found watching.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic.

MARIE JOSEPH.—We observe with great satisfaction in the *Gazette* of last evening a complete vindication of the honesty of the inhabitants in the vicinity of Marie Joseph, and we see clearly that the imputation cast upon them was unsupported by evidence, and was simply a groundless slander.

The Report of the joint Commissioners, Capt. Daly and Mr. Ross, confirms the idea entertained and expressed by the Rev. Mr. Breading that the miscreants who spoiled the passengers and robbed the Ship of its plate, did not bear the title of Nova Scotians.

The Commissioners evidently spared no pains to detect the guilty, and it is a cause of great thankfulness that the crime cannot be fastened on our Colonists. They are proved perfectly innocent and their innocent injuriously declared by command of the Lieut. Governor in the following letter, which will be read with pleasure by all who were loth to believe that the hardy fishermen on our shores could degrade themselves and tarnish the name of their native land by assuming the character of heartless wreckers:—

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Halifax, 13th Dec., 1859.

Gentlemen,—I am commanded by the Lieutenant Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your Report, dated 9th December, instant, and at the same time to convey to you the thanks of His Excellency, for the manner in which you have performed the duties intrusted to you.

His Excellency rejoices to think that, by the judicious and energetic manner in which you, in conjunction with the local Magistracy, have conducted this