

very great and good thing? How can you...
pretenders and pedants to see theology,
philosophy, and history against sacred revelation...

Obituary.

ELIZA DUNLAP, PETITE RIVIERE, N. S.
The subject of the following lines, Eliza Dunlap, died at Petite Riviere, on the 3rd of August, aged 52 years.

To her mother who is left in a solitary position
to mourn the loss of her daughter and sole companion,
it may be said, yet a little while a few more transient days...

"Farewell words are uttered not,
And partings are unknown."

MRS. JOHN McLEOD, KING'S COUNTY, N. B.

At Carletonville, King's County, N. B., on the 6th of June last, Margaret, wife of Mr. John McLeod, in the 27th year of her age...

From the points we have presented it will be seen that the article in question strongly savours of Rome. The change in Sabbath services so highly recommended will answer for the Popish part of the English Church...

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY SEPT. 17, 1862.

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 Circles within the bounds of the Conference, shall be sent through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

Ritualism versus Evangelism.

Blackwood's Magazine for August contains an extraordinary article on "Sermons," representing the views of a certain Church party, happily in the minority, who, while nominally members of the Reformed Church of England, give unmistakable evidence of their Romanistic proclivities.

For our part we cannot understand the possibility of a man being called of God to the sacerdotium, and not called to preach the Gospel. We believe that Infinite Wisdom can be at no loss in selecting fitting instruments for His work...

The cross of Christ will ever be with the Church a matter of glorying. The preaching of the cross, though to them that perish foolishness, will be still to those who believe the power of God and the wisdom of God.

Letter from England.

From our own Correspondent.

ENGLAND, Sept. 6th, 1862.

We are getting tired of America. The unmeaning telegrams, the false reports with every morning's paper abounds, have not only shaken all confidence in the truth of American intelligence, but have also weakened our interest in the whole question.

A large proportion of clergymen are utterly incompetent to teach—the teaching part of their vocation being something for which neither nature nor Providence ever intended them...

It is said that the King feels bitterly the necessity to which he has been driven, though every one must give him credit for the manly and firm policy which he has pursued.

The last Sunday but one in August was celebrated all over England, by the Dissenters, as the two hundredth anniversary of the so-called ejection of non-conformist ministers from the pulpits of the Establishment.

A more interesting celebration to Methodists was the Jubilee of Woodhouse Grove School, which was commemorated on the 27th of Aug. The always beautiful scenery of the lovely Valley of Apperley was heightened by a brilliant day...

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The Queen has left us for Germany. Her visit is to be strictly private, that is as private as Queen's journey can be. She travels as the Duchess of Lancaster. The Prince of Wales goes to join her.

All loyal Britons, and particularly those of the fairer sex, will be glad to hear that the Prince of Wales is likely to take to himself a wife. The elect lady is the Princess Alexandra of Denmark...

The writer being appointed a deputation by the last District Meeting to visit our Missions on the Western Shore, he has been requested to report the same in the Provincial Wesleyan.

We left Grand Bank on Monday, August the first, being favoured with a passage by Capt. J. B. Forsey, in his schooner. There was very little wind; but by the next morning we had passed down Fortune Bay and reached Miquelon Head.

The venerable and highly respected Archbishop of Canterbury lies at the point of death, if not already dead. He is very aged, and has passed through life with less of trouble than falls to the lot of dignitaries.

The International Exhibition still keeps the country in a ferment. Excursion trains are whirling up and down at ridiculous fares, to the great profit of shareholders, but the imminent peril of Her Majesty's legs. Nevertheless the numbers do not compare with those of '51.

remain open until the end of October, but Royal Commissioners are celebrated all the world over for their inability to see as other people see, and they cannot be induced to consent to the public request.

It seems now a settled thing that the Albert Memorial shall be a statue and a Hall of Science. The scheme meets with little sanction from the country. The Prince of Wales has requested to be allowed to contribute two thousand pounds.

On the Tuesday following we left for the next Circuit, twenty miles hence—passing numerous harbours, in a few hours we came to Port aux Basques. Cape Ray raised its lofty head just beyond, on whose sides the snows of last winter are still unmelting.

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an excellent meeting we had. I was delighted to hear so many of them speak, and so well. Petites has a population of about 320, and almost exclusively Wesleyan.

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day before. First I came upon bodies in blue. Then there were those in blue mingled with others in gray and nondescript. That ground had been fought over. A little further they were all blue and nondescript. And there the bodies were thickest.

At 3 o'clock, Gen. Stevens attacked at the right, and soon after Gen. Butterfield at the left. The enemy's shells seemed equally distributed along the whole line, and at each point of attack he met us with musketry.

A quarter of an hour later, I wished he had moved a still greater proportion to the left. I have heard the musketry of the best concerted battles fought in Virginia, and I say unhesitatingly that the fire which broke out at the left and up to the centre, was by far the heaviest of any.

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words from Captain Patterson, the invalid was left alone with only a little girl—the captain's daughter—and his companion. With this little prattler he kept up a talk for half an hour or so, and then inquiring a kiss on her cheek, with the assistance of Mr. Aspinwall, and her father, he retired to his state room.

Next morning, when the Golden Gate was bounding through the Narrows, on her return to the city, at a parting collation, Rev. Dr. Wainwright paid a feeling tribute to the genius of the great man, who was unable to be with them just then. Hardly had the words fallen from his lips, when the "Great Defender" himself slowly walking into the saloon, and the whole company waiting to receive him, took a seat near the head of the table.

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After a pause of a few moments, the great man, leaning on his cane rose to his feet, and, after returning his acknowledgements to the company, proceeded to electrify all who were within range of his voice, with only such a thrilling speech as Webster on such occasions, could make.

Every spar in the Golden Gate was sound, and so, he believed, was every state in the Union. Here and there would be found, perhaps, a cross-grained beam, or a rotten plank, but it did not impair the efficient or harmonious working of the whole. There were cross-grained beams and planks in our system of government too, but the government nevertheless, with God's blessing, would move steadily, safely, triumphantly to the glorious destiny, in store for it, under the same Stars and Stripes which were then floating over their heads.

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