

vicinity of the seven churches. They are mentioned in the Testament, in order of reference, being back to their geographical position. First comes Ephesus, which, as we stand with our back to the sea, is two days' journey on our right hand; then Smyrna, and thirdly Pergamos, which is three days' ride to our left. The remainder are off from the coast, and are before us. As we look down into a beautiful valley we see the river upon whose banks Homer is said to have been born. Across it we observed an old stone bridge, called the catana bridge, as this road leads to the Asiatic interior. We saw roads of large Asiatic camels, marshalled by serious-looking drivers, laden with freight, and proceeding to the interior, and never before did we have such a vivid idea of the Asiatic continent, and of the history of its many nations. We thought of rich caravans which were the wealth of great merchants; we were reminded of those battles, compared with the mind of our people, as insignificant, that have made Asia the theatre of ever new interest and wonder; and which was less romantic of all, we wandered back on memory to our academic days, when Xenophon, Herodotus were stern readers, and the history of Asiatic wars anything but captivating to the youthful imagination.

We had passed our Christmas in Europe, we kept a happy New Year in Asia, and on the 24 day of 1856, at early dawn, were again at sea. We witnessed a sunset of "Scio's rocky isle," and the third day were alongside of the most interesting of this island world, the Isle of Patmos—a rugged-looking land, with rocky shores, and a white thatched village perched on the highest part of its inhospitable mountain ridge. With a fresh interest we read the book of Revelation, in a balmy atmosphere, with the apostle's sacred home in view. We now left Patmos, and the islands, our gentle little vessel rocked most unmercifully. For the ensuing sixty hours, my observations were confined to my coffin-like berth, and during the whole time, no sight of food or drink diversified the scene. Fortunately, on Monday morning, the 30th of January, I was enabled to crawl on deck, and I was somewhat refreshed in seeing land. A long line of low sandy shores, scores of windmills, palaces shining in the sun, a prominent tower, warned me that I was looking upon a new continent. Africa, Egypt, Alexandria were before my eyes, and at that moment I date my recovery.

An Arab in the character of pilot boarded us, we cleared the vessel, and called for the harbour of the city of Alexandria. All was joy and excitement on board; plans were made for the day on shore, the first thing of course, being a nice bath and a good breakfast in our hotel, when a most desirable Arab boarded us, and, with a complacent smile, informed us we were in quarantine for five days. No sound broke the stillness of that moment. There was no room for utterance. Eyes might have spoken to eyes, but the lips moved not; one might have thought he could detect in each countenance a prayer that the Red Sea might again do its duty to the sons of Egypt, but nothing was revealed. Not the slightest allusion was made to what had a moment before engrossed the conversation. When talk again set in, it was upon the weather, and such other subjects as all red relief in emergencies. Our passports were called for, but when we presented them to the officer, he jumped from us as if we were lepers. He finally received them in an iron box, which could not be contagious. A large, swarthy Arab accompanied my companion and myself on shore, to a stone house, walled in securely, which had served the purpose of hospital for prisoners. We were here shown our room, with no article of furniture. Our baggage was set down, and we were in Africa. After a long and anxious council of war, we resolved to send for a landlord. He came, brought us beds, two chairs, a table, and a candlestick. We were now settled. At four he brought us a generous dinner of meats, fowl, fish, bananas, oranges, apples, &c. Our spirits revived. We wished to send off a letter. A terrified-looking man received it with a pair of tongs. Our Arab watched every movement. The hour for retiring arrived. Our kind attendant sat down on the floor between our beds to keep watch during our slumbers. This was a mark of affection we could not permit. We opened the door and put him out in the hall; upon which he gave an enigmatical grunt, and remained on watch.

Our time flows peacefully between eating, reading, writing, and promsanding; and we have learned to look upon the institution of quarantine as one of the most beneficent of modern times. It gives one time for reflection and thought, and is especially well adapted to the steam-travelling of Americans abroad. It affords peace to the troubled mind, and a sedative to an over-excited state of spirits. The world is entirely without, and all is tranquillity and freedom from care. Our terrace looks out upon the sea, and we eat, read, and write in the open air. Last evening we were invited to dine on our ship, where an extra dinner was prepared by our captain and his lady. We were gratified by the prospect, but when we gave orders for our landlord to bring no dinner to our prison. At 4 P. M. we were in a boat to go to the ship, when several Arabs came after us and said it was forbidden. We appealed to the authorities. There was no redress. We wrote a note; it was taken with a pair of tongs and posted for fear of cholera; a messenger took it *post haste* to our landlord for our meal. After dark, after a long day of fasting, came a generous dinner.

I enjoyed the whole scene exceedingly. Never have I seen such a gorgeous sunset as the African. As it appeared last evening from our terrace, it repaid us for a three days' sea-sickness. The colours are softer, more rich and varied than I have seen elsewhere, and when seen through the rigging of a hundred ships, with a shore of palaces and towers on one hand, and a winding line of windmills on the other, with the clear sea rippling on the beach at our feet, reflecting all the hues of the sky, in the midst of a breathless solitude only broken in upon by the commingled noise of howling Arabs and braying donkeys in the far distance, it filled the soul with a new beauty, harmony, sublimity in nature, and a union of sea, earth, and sky, and called forth involuntary adorations of God as manifested in the external world.

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Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.—Sir, I have been requested by the Methodist Society in Laurence Town to frame the following document, to be forwarded to you for insertion in your paper, and respectfully solicit for it a place in your columns should you deem it worthy of that honour:—We, the Methodist Society in this place, Laurence Town and its proximities—feel it our duty to our present Missionary, the Rev. Wm. Wilson, the public and ourselves, to say that we have lately been treated with a series of lectures here and elsewhere, by the above-named gentleman on Baptism—The subject has been handled in a truly masterly manner. And, what adds not a little to the respectability of these lectures, they have been confined wholly to week-days, and not at all invading the sanctity of the Sabbath. We do not remember ever having had such an intellectual feast in the shape of oratorical logic. It is true, justice demands, and it is our pleasure to make honourable mention of a treatise on baptism by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Episcopal clergyman of Wilmot parish—a work of surpassing excellence, though perhaps not sufficiently stringent for these times. But to have an oral dissertation on baptism, and a feast indeed—A *persona*, has been produced which can never soon subside—an enquiry awakened which elicits its results. Nor is his Sunday elocution less vivid and engaging than the lectures which have captivated the village perched on the highest part of its inhospitable mountain ridge. With a fresh interest we read the book of Revelation, in a balmy atmosphere, with the apostle's sacred home in view. We now left Patmos, and the islands, our gentle little vessel rocked most unmercifully. For the ensuing sixty hours, my observations were confined to my coffin-like berth, and during the whole time, no sight of food or drink diversified the scene. Fortunately, on Monday morning, the 30th of January, I was enabled to crawl on deck, and I was somewhat refreshed in seeing land. A long line of low sandy shores, scores of windmills, palaces shining in the sun, a prominent tower, warned me that I was looking upon a new continent. Africa, Egypt, Alexandria were before my eyes, and at that moment I date my recovery.

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It would have been more consistent with Christian dignity, we think, had the St. James's Committee, on discovering the impracticability of union on any terms that would be agreeable to them, refrained at least from any hostile movement towards the Church which they expressed themselves desirous of seeing united with them; and they might, with great advantage to their reputation, have concealed by a prudent reserve the silly process of argumentation which conducted them to a conclusion adverse to their hopes.

We say no more. To expose the absurdity—to prove the absolute nonentity—of those exclusive claims which strike the eyes of high-bourchmen as the impassable barriers to that Christian fraternization the want of which they affect to deplore, would be at this late day no difficult task. It is indeed a task for which we may say we are *numquam non paratos*. But it would be useless now to enter upon the argument, for could we even go further than to 'convince against their will' the champions of Apostolical succession and bring them heartily to embrace the truth, there would still remain grave, we think unconquerable, objections to amalgamation.

If it be really that our Anglican proselytizers union desire, that union which is the bond of peace, and which will make the Churches of Christ perfect in one, let them sedulously seek every opportunity of joining with us on one common platform for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. The institutions, thanks to the Christian catholicity of his life be left unrebuked?

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In my judgment, this little strip of earth, as insignificant, if only its geographical dimensions are considered, as ancient Greece or Palestine, is intended to exercise immense influence in the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom; and, consequently, it is of immense importance that the Scriptural Christianity, of which we are the only representatives in Europe, should be represented here, and heaven the revival with its holy and happy influence. Its preservation is wonderful—a federal republic, surrounded by powers whose interest it seems to be that their despotism should not have its practical application placed before the eyes of their subjects, in their immediate neighbourhood; and yet they submit. The revival of religion here dates only from 1818. It has been, till very lately, confined to the French-speaking cantons, Geneva, Vaud, and Basle, if the latter can be called a French-speaking canton. The town of Geneva has only thirty thousand inhabitants; and the town of Basle not seven thousand; and the whole canton of Vaud not one hundred and eighty-four thousand, according to Rienzi's Dictionary; yet, how extensive is their influence! Bishop Gobat is a Swiss. The most successful missionaries in Africa among the French-speaking nations are from this canton. The Basle missionaries are in Africa, in the East Indies, and elsewhere. From Geneva, Italy and France have been supplied with evangelists in great numbers; and Swiss writers exert a world-wide influence, as, indeed, they did at the French Revolution, in Zengle, and Ballinger, and Ecolampadius, and Peter Martyr, were names of some weight even in that day of great men and great deeds; and Berner, and Zurich, and St. Gall, and Argovie, which, if quickened from above, do for other countries, some day, what Geneva has now done, and more abundantly, by God's grace.

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Wesleyan Intelligence.

Digby Circuit. DEAR SIR.—It becomes my pleasing duty, to inform the readers of the Provincial Wesleyan of the gracious dealings of God, with the people attending our little Church at the Head of St. Mary's Bay in this Circuit. The Lord has graciously poured out His Holy Spirit upon them and has been carrying on a blessed work.

The handful of members that have stood by the cause of Christ in the day of rebuke and calumny, have been greatly quickened; backsliders have been brought back to the fountain of living waters, and some twenty-four, or twenty-five souls have professed to have found Christ already; while a number of others are avowed Protestants.

Last Saturday eighteen souls joined the church of Christ in connection with us, and an opportunity will be given on Thursday morning next in the North Range, when a number more will doubtless cast in their lot with us. The language of the converts is in nearly every case, "this people shall be my people, and their God my God." "We will go with you, for we have heard that the Lord God is with you." The good work has extended to the Nichols or Bloodfield settlement, and "North Range," so called, and has no signs of abatement as yet.

The converts are from fifteen to fifty and sixty years of age, mostly young men and women. A sermon addressed to the young from Ecclesiastes 12th chapter seems to have been rendered especially effective by the Spirit of God.

The families of our long-tried friends here have been much blessed; but the work affects the families of all, save those who nurse their prejudices; and yet we pray for them and hope to see a day of greater christian liberality. Haste happy day!

The devil has been active to stir up the proselyting spirit, but our trust is in our blessed Lord and Saviour.

I have only to add for the information of the children of God, that the work began under the ordinary means of Grace, which encouraged me to hold extra services, and to increase their frequency; holding services every night in the week, save one, and often on week-days; until I found myself preaching as many as nine or ten sermons a week. During the second week Brother A. Ray from Bridgetown Circuit, assisted me faithfully and usefully; but since then I have been without preaching aid. Yet "hitherto the Lord hath helped me," and to Him alone belongs all glory.

We are taking needful steps to build a new Chapel in Digby, and one of larger dimensions at the Head of the Bay. In Digby our temple friends are gathering funds by a mission and Chapel Aid Society. The Chapels at Sandy Cove, and Trout Cove, are nearly finished. At Sandy Cove we held a successful Tea Meeting, and at the Chapel funds, in October last. To conclude, we have pleasing indications in our special congregation, which has increased since March last. We thank God and take courage, but have a mighty hindrance to religion here, in the shape of intemperance and its parent liquor selling. Satan roared mightily a short time since because I dared to denounce the unholly traffic in the fiery poem; but I lecture on the subject every few weeks, and now we have only the suppressed growl; while the rising generation, and more thoughtful portion of the people, come to hear in crowds. Faith in God is the motto.

Brother Le Gresley, who has succeeded Brother Rowland in the upper Calvin, writes recently as follows:—"In former letters I have enlarged on the low spiritual state of the people. I have now something better to write about. After the service at St. Veran, (Sunday) I went to Font Gillarde, where I preached in the evening to about sixty persons who were very serious and attentive. The Lord blessed me much in my preaching—never more, perhaps. After the sermon, I asked if any one would pray; but no one beginning, I closed the meeting; but no one left the room. I then exhorted anew, and seeing all the people remain, I said if any one desired to turn to God, I was ready to give him advice on that subject; and that if he would come to my room I would pray with him and for him. A dozen persons came to my room. One of them went away very soon, because he thought that if he turned to God he would have to quit all his former associates. The other eleven remained, and before eleven o'clock every one of them had found peace. What a fine beginning! To God be all the glory! In the number are two old women, who had been converted in Felix Neff's time, but who had backslidden completely. Four of the men had accompanied me from St. Veran, and had thought, when they set out with me, that they would be converted that night."

Thus, you see, that we have much to be thankful for.

friends may think proper to forward, to this MART of BENEVOLENCE. I wish the Provincial Wesleyan hereby to inform the brethren that the Ladies connected with the Bazaar, will on that occasion have a great variety of useful articles—good things—all to be sold for a good cause.

It is true that in our City numerically we are strong as a religious denomination, but still independent of our contemplated new Church; we have within the City three large Churches; we have liquidation of debts, &c., of which I draw largely upon our people—therefore, as I have stated, any proffered help will be thankfully received. During the past winter our congregations have been frequently blessed with seasons of refreshing, especially in our numerous attended prayer meetings in the Centenary Church—and we have dispensed the Word of Life to large congregations.

Our excellent Brother Stewart, who has laboured in this Circuit, with much acceptance, since the Conference, has been laid aside by severe indisposition for the last few weeks; he is now we hope on the recovery, and we trust that in answer to the continued and earnest prayers of our people, he will soon be able to resume his all important work.

We are beginning to look forward to our approaching Conference: our people here will be the coming up of so many Ministers of God with much pleasure; and we pray that the Head of the Church may abundantly bless the whole Conference.

Within the past year a few of our members have died, but they gave unquestionable evidence that they died in the Lord—and we have hundreds in our Israel here who longer and thrive for God.

The Brethren—Messrs. Knight, Smithson, Cardy, and Stewart, have continued to labour with a measure of success; and I only regret that one has to be watchful lest dislike to being separated from such faithful men of God—but, notwithstanding, can, through grace, say, with our poet,—

"John is an spirit to our friend, Where he appoints we go." JAMES G. HENNINGER. April 18th 1856.

China. One prominent feature in the labours of the Missionaries in China throughout the past twelve months has been the preparation and distribution of the holy Scriptures in the Chinese language, for which object the large sum of £29,000 have been contributed to the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The sacred books have been printed at six different stations, and have been distributed among the people by Missionaries of all Societies, on their journeys along the coast or through the interior, and by Colporteurs, who have been employed for that special object.

In this most appropriate work the Missionaries in Canton have taken an active and useful part. They have distributed that portion of the million Testaments which were committed to them for distribution; and, by the liberality of a private friend of the China Mission, they have been enabled to add 4,750 copies to the number, and have scattered far and wide the good seed of the word of God.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Samuel J. Smith, dated Canton, October 12th, 1854. The Missionary work in which I can engage at present, is the distribution of the word of life; and I am thankful for this privilege. The people, generally, are eager to obtain our books, and it is no little cross to feel unable to open up the truths of God's holy word. I have been struck, in many instances, with the attention paid to the preaching of the Gospel; and although there is that smooth assent to all you say, which is not indicative of careful inquiry, yet you cannot fail, in some cases, to observe a struggle between that which has been handed down to them for ages as most sacred, and those truths which are being brought home to the heart with Divine power. It would seem, indeed, there be an extraordinary aking among the dry bones, that a long time will elapse before the masses of these people heartily embrace Christianity. Their mental as their physical nature, is slow of movement. To set a Chinaman to think is to give him his hardest task; and as long as they remain motionless and regard our efforts to instruct as barbarian innovation, we shall feel our work to be most difficult. But, difficult as this work may be, we know the power of the truth; and it will effect a change even in the Chinese, which shall influence them to acknowledge the Lord their Creator, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. The moral wretchedness of these people supplies us with a great incentive to zealous untiring labour; while the encouraging promises of God's holy word, and the power received from on high, are the basis of our efforts.

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