

Obituary Notice.

The Methodist Church on the Pownal Circuit has recently lost one of its oldest and most esteemed members by the death of Mr. JOHN HOOD. Our deceased brother was a native of England, and emigrated to this island in the year 1812; and was one of the first trophies which Methodism gained in Charlottevill, under the ministry of the late Rev. J. Hick. A few years subsequent to his conversion, while residing in Crapaud, he professed to have obtained the blessing of entire sanctification during a revival which occurred in that place; and, having been appointed the leadership of a Class, occupied that position with acknowledged usefulness. Removing thence to Lot 48, he became the successful Superintendent of a flourishing Sabbath-school, and also acted as assistant Class-leader for several years, until severe and protracted affliction obliged him to desist from works of faith and labor of love, practiced above forty years. By the peculiar nature of his illness, Brother Hood was incapable of much conversation during his last days; nevertheless he furnished satisfactory and convincing evidence of his readiness for combat with his "latest foe." His remains lie in Clifton Grove, awaiting the dawning of the resurrection day, when our Lord Jesus Christ shall "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto himself."  
Pownal, P.E.I., Jan 5. A. M. D.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1858.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the contributor, and must be addressed to the editor, and be sent by post, unless otherwise directed. We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

The Australasian Wesleyan Church.

A copy of the "Minutes of several conversations between the Ministers of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church at their third Annual Conference, begun in Adelaide on Thursday, February 22nd, 1857," is just found upon our table. It has been nearly a year in reaching us; and most of the facts which it contains have long since been rendered familiar through the reports which have appeared in the London Watchman. It is welcome nevertheless. Something like clasp for the first time the hand of a long-loved relative, though known only through the representations of other members of the family, and tracing with curious interest the lineaments of form and face which denote our common ancestry, it is, to unroll the wrapper from this little pamphlet and discover the exact similitude it bears in appearance and arrangement to the published "Minutes" of Canada and Eastern British America.

Methodism throughout the world is one. The Wesleyan voyager may take his start from his old homestead in England, and circumnavigating the globe find at every point he touches the genial class-meeting, with its clear revelations of glowing zeal, or its candid confessions of sin against God and earnest renewals of consecration to his service; the familiar hymns and tunes that have sounded in his ears from infancy in old City Road, and which are to him, whether sung by African, Asiatic, Australian, American or English lips, the sweetest songs of Zion; the same fervent prayers for present blessing, and the same faithful proclamation of a full, free, and present salvation, which have animated and strengthened his soul through every period of his pilgrimage. He will find the same doctrine without a sliver of difference; the same discipline administered with the same regularity and resolution. He will see, to his rejoicing, that Christianity in earnest is adapted to every clime and every class of men. He will see that through its instrumentalities pagan kings have abjured their heathenish superstitions, have cast away their idols and become preachers of righteousness, and pagan queens have become the nursing mothers of the Church.

Such reflections pass naturally through the mind when one begins to think of that distant island, or continent, or of those of the position of Methodism in which these "Minutes" treat, and of what God has wrought by it in those places, once so notorious as the habitations of cruelty, now embraced in the Mission field of the Australasian Church.

This Connection comprises Australia and Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land; New Zealand; the Friendly Islands; and Feejee. It is divided into nine districts, with 106 circuits or stations. The number of members is 21,247, with 2585 on trial for membership. There are 127 Ministers, besides 18 native missionaries in the South Seas. Seven young men were received on probation at the Conference of 1857. In attendance on the Sabbath Schools there are 60,000 children. "The number of stated hearers," said Mr. Waugh, representative to the British Conference at its last session, "exceeds that of any other church, and we have at least as many communicants as all other Protestant churches taken together. We have peace and unity in all our borders, and we are gladdened by the prospects which open before us of extensive and growing success." The Missions under the care of the Conference are a source of hope and rejoicing. "Our Missions" it is said in the Annual Address of the Conference, "give us joy; a gracious revival of religion has recently taken place in Feejee, during which many have been turned from sin to holiness, and about one hundred devil-houses have been converted into houses of prayer. The numbers who in New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, and Feejee, have obtained peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ—the great consistency of their general deportment—the stability to which many of them have attained—the cheerful earnestness with which they contribute, according to their ability, to carry on the work of God, and the deep interest taken in these Missions by our Colonial Churches, as manifested by their largely increased contributions, lead us to thank God and take courage. At this Conference seven additional Missionaries have been appointed to our Mission stations, and five Native Assistant Missionaries have been received on trial."

The above statement will convey to the minds of our readers a pretty accurate idea of the present position of Methodism in Australia. By what rapid strides it has attained to numbers and influence so commanding must be evident when we say that its whole history embraces less than half a century. In New South Wales, the western portion of the island continent, we trace its earliest and very humble rise. On the 6th of March, 1812, the Rev. Robert Young tells us in his "Southern World" the first class meeting was held, and the first Love-feast on the 3rd of April following. The small Society of eighteen members had no sooner begun to meet together than they resolved themselves into a Committee of ways and means to provide for a Minister's support, and to obtain a supply. The touching appeal which they addressed to the Missions Committee is found in the volume we have quoted. "In the land which gave us birth," they wrote, "we enjoyed the privilege of the glorious Gospel; and in our union with the Methodists we had access to those blessed means of grace which are the glory of that people. Here, we may truly say, 'The people sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; around us on every hand, we see ignorance and profanity greatly abound. To our God we make our complaint, and look for help; and under Him, fathers, to you, as the instrument of bringing us from darkness to His marvellous light. We call upon you, in our own behalf: leave us not forsaken in this benighted land. We call upon you, in behalf of our children: let not them be left to perish for the lack of knowledge. We call upon you in behalf of those who have neither opportunity nor inclination to speak for themselves, perishing, dying sinners: leave them not in their blood. We call upon you in the name of the outcasts of society, sent, and daily sending hither: administer to them that word of life which will make their exile a blessing. Send us that Gospel which you have received from the Lord to preach to every creature. Send among us one of yourselves; and we send a seed to the Lord shall rise to bless you."

Their earnest request was not unheeded by the Committee, and on the 10th of August 1815 the Rev. Samuel Leigh arrived, at Sydney, the first Wesleyan Minister to the then infant colony. Mr. Leigh was followed in 1818 by the Rev. Walter Lawry, and by the Rev. B. Carozzo, and R. Mansfield in 1820. Thenceforward the work went on: the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong people. The first Wesleyan Chapel in Australia was built at Sydney at the sole cost of one noble hearted individual, Mr. James Scott. It was opened in 1819. Thirty-three years later Mr. Young could record in his journal concerning one town: "Mr. Batters drove me a few miles into the country to examine some sites he had obtained for chapels; and I ascertained that within a circle of seven miles from the centre of Melbourne 12 Wesleyan Chapels were erected. 5 were in course of construction, and 13 sites were procured for similar buildings; thus contemplating, within the circumference specified, 30 places of worship for the Wesleyan body." Referring to the Minutes before us, we find that the number of Chapels within the bounds of the Australasian Conference, a year ago, was five hundred and forty, besides upwards of 560 other preaching places: we say a year ago with the lively apprehension of the immense age which such a period—to us so small—constitutes in Australia. If any of our readers cannot make the estimate with us, let them turn to page 363 of Mr. Young's volume, and there find a clear corroboration of the now well-known maxim that "truth is stranger than fiction." "I was truly surprised," he says, "to find the rapid increase of buildings in Melbourne since my last visit. Several new streets have been formed; many substantial and even elegant buildings erected; and some large plots of ground entirely covered, on which not a house was built at the period referred to. When, six months ago, I landed from the Adelaide, I could not get a conveyance to Melbourne under 50s., but now omnibuses were running every hour and taking passengers for 2s. 6ds. each. A railroad, also, between the Bay and Melbourne, was, in a forward state, and would soon be opened."

Into Van Diemen's Land the first Methodist messenger to enter was Carozzo.—When on his way to New South Wales, the vessel in which he was, touched at Hobart town. Seeing the wickedness of the place, his spirit was moved, and mounting the steps of the Court House, he proclaimed the Gospel to the people, his wife conducting the psalmody. Some pious soldiers, who subsequently arrived, were made a blessing, though called to pass through much persecution. In 1821 the first Methodist class was formed; and a chapel completed in 1826. "The effect of the Wesleyan Missions to Van Diemen's Land upon the convict part of the population has been very beneficial. Thousands of such persons have heard our missionaries. Many have been deeply convicted of sin, and soundly converted to God, who have maintained their integrity through life, and have died well."

Could we afford the space to dwell upon the introduction and growth of Methodism in New Zealand, the Friendly Islands, and Feejee, the interest of the subject would amply compensate for any pains we might take in collecting and condensing information. The New Zealanders, whose countenances, complexion, customs, and language, indicate an Asiatic origin, are represented as a highly intelligent and intellectual race. It is to be lamented that the schismatic spirit of tractarianism should have introduced dissensions and disputings among a people who were fast becoming imbued with the expansive charity of the Gospel. He is not properly an overseer, but a divider of the flock, who, entering in among the sheep recently brought within the fold of Christ, strives to create in them aversion to the instrumentalities through whom their conversion has been effected, and stigmatises as "crooked branches," "fallen people," "not scriptural ministers," those to whose Divine authority the Spirit hath set its own inflexible seal. The intellectual characteristics of the New Zealanders—it is no violation

of charity to say—the Anglican Bishop has turned to improper use. "Instead of meeting me," Mr. Young relates "with inquiries as to the great doctrines and blessings of the Gospel, the time of both ministers and people is lavishly wasted away with useless discussions on matters of mere ecclesiastical arrangement. The spirit of the Gospel has evaporated in the form, and the mind pervertedly surrendered to the influence of foolish questions and genealogies, and contentions which are unprofitable and vain." Nevertheless the preaching of Methodist Missionaries has been, and still is, with power. Its fruit does, and will continue to, appear. THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS have been emphatically said to comprise a nation of Methodists. The King is a Wesleyan, and the whole population have in a greater or less degree experienced the benefits of Christianity; not indeed that they have universally embraced the faith to the salvation of their souls; but thousands of them have done so, and its restraining influence has been advantageously exerted upon the mass. Popery with its wiles and wickedness has been striving to subvert the work of the mission, but its labour, if not altogether, is much in vain. FEEJEE—those islets of beauty and of blood, where horrid cruelties and cannibalism have been continually celebrating their work of desolation, in the torture and deaths of untold victims, was first visited by the Wesleyan missionaries in 1835. The district now contains (or did a year ago contain) 212 Chapels and preaching places, 7 missionaries, and 7 native assistant missionaries, 119 local preachers, 153 catechists and assistant catechists, 2 English schoolmasters, 637 Day School teachers, 4,250 full and accredited church members, and 1,838 on trial for membership, 10,556 day scholars and 40,250 attendants on public worship. What hath God wrought!

Today, the Wesleyan ministers of Australasia assemble in Conference at Hobart town. Let your prayers, our readers, ascend to Heaven, mingling with those that go up from the other side of the world, that God may bless them, and continue to make them a blessing.

Canadian Letter.

Having recently stated the flourishing religious condition of the Wesleyan Church in this Province, I shall only say of it now, that other revivals have been added since, and several at places for years notorious for their sterility; and not erratic foreign evangelists, but the hearty, combined local Wesleyan Ministry and official membership is the effective agency. Where religious prosperity is, there is always a hopeful concomitant—zeal for souls. I mean what the Psalmist does: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us. Here is internal life and vigour; then comes the result, and that other—the fruit that may be known upon earth. Thy saving health among all nations." Were I asked to declare the philosophy of Wesleyan Circuit and Missionary success in Canada, I should say, the Divine countenance shone first, and made many happy, and then came the efforts of the enlightened for the untaught and unsaved. This reason, the blessing of God, has had precedence. Then, the Wesleyan creed and polity,—the system, judgment, and fairness of the Conference, and the Missionary department,—the devotedness of the Chairmen,—and the steady, connexional, and conscientious labours of the Ministerial agencies, and of a noble laity, have all conspired to give expansion to the result, and nearly augmented a large and confident body of inspired supporters.

The Thirty-second Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, has just been published, and is sent to your Conference Office: though the thirty-second, it is more than twice thirty-two years since the first was ever issued in Canada. It is an octavo of more than two hundred pages, the greater part very closely printed, and costs about £300. Leaving you to make your own extracts, I shall briefly note that the income for the year is £12,212 10s. and the outlay £12,250 12s. 6d., showing an increase in receipts to the amount of about £1,000, and an increase of £7,000 since 1852. This is pure Canadian and Hudson's Bay generosity, without the help of ever-willing England, or of a single nugget from "Ballaarat" diggings! Well for us it is, that our General Treasurer had some £25,000 balance on hand last year, to sustain the Missions during about half a year, between the time for settling the accounts in June and the next Anniversary in December, when some monies come in: but this year he has paid more than £4,000 before the returns for the year have been made, for the support of our remarkably accumulated, of 145 Domestic and 145 Foreign Missions. The latest amount—nearly £440—is from the Toronto City West Circuit, but the most handsome subscription, reckoning every thing, is £117 from the small new Circuit of Clinton; and in juvenile offerings, though other children have done well indeed, the palm of honor, for \$33 in cash, is borne away with glee by the hardy earnest sons and daughters of our faithful Ottawa Mission. Good days to the lumberers of West-meath! This is an exhilarating state of things, which (pardon me) places the Canadian Society at the head of all the Parent Society's Auxiliaries. We know you will rejoice with us, who rejoice in the Lord, for these special benefits.

A few years ago it was thought by some fearful souls that our success would be partial and fleeting; but it is more than general and abiding. Every pulpit, every society and all the funds of the Church, are affected advantageously; the graces and gifts of the Ministry are more prominent; and the Holy Spirit seems to have sent us settled influences, blessed by His name! Among the numerous men who have for years entered the Wesleyan Ministry there have been a number from other churches, who wished to extend their usefulness. Lately a Wesleyan Missionary has come to us regularly from the West Indies. The Superintendent of the largest Circuit in Canada is from the Bahamas. The Chairman of the Hudson's Bay District is from Western Africa. And President and General Superintendent of Missions came a practised Missionary from the West Indies, first to you and then to us. Is not Canada attractive?

In hardly any thing does our success more appear than in the rapid increase, larger dimensions and finish of our Churches and Parsonages (yes, churches and parsonages, for all our Ministers are clergymen here), and much of the time of our President and most popular Ministers is occupied with dedications, re-openings, or anniversaries. Very lately, another Church was opened in Toronto to East Circuit. This is the fourth Wesleyan place of worship, or "House" as

Wesley would say, erected here within five years; and I am not far from correct when I state, that in a limited time nearly £135,000 has been expended by the two City Circuits in Church edifices, Church improvements, and organs, among which edifices is the model gothic Wesleyan Church of Yorkville, which Dr. Johnson's architectural taste made him admire, though we have not yet got into the massive fashion of thorough old England.

Many are the advantages of our increase of parsonages, and among them not the least, one people now more readily undertake the expense of furnishing them; while much harassing is prevented, and expenses are saved. I must not say of some of these neat and cozy chambered brick erections what the amazed Makololo attendants of Dr. Livingston said at Loaanda of a two-story house when compared with their own wretched wigwam, "It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it!" The best Canada Wesleyan parsonage is not a "mountain" yet; but it is the commodious residence of a respected good man who cares for his fellows. It is well known what a working up of the poor there was in Mr. Wesley's first arrangements for his societies, and the Wesleyans of this colony are not forgetful of the fact, though the poor, in the broad and painful sense as then understood, are seldom seen. Still there are many more or less needy, and require the exhibition of a voluntary charity. In the cities and other populous places the Methodists have their humane societies for aiding the temporalities of individuals and families, and the last benevolent movement I have been told of, is the establishment of a Docees Society at Yorkville, the first meeting of which was held in the mansion of the President of our Conference, whom I heard with feeling remark, "The young must be trained to care for the poor."

Since I wrote, the American financial catastrophe has been producing its effect here,—not, however, to anything like the threatening extent seen in England, and on the continent. There have been bankruptcies, prices have been lowered, merchants have got to studying ledgers which formerly were only occasionally used, and customer and salesman have become more cautious; but failures are exceptions, and every bank in the Canadian has to this date bravely withstood the shock. Canada is too sound in her principles, and too systematic in her commercial management, to be whirled into the maelstrom which has engulfed so many business-firms elsewhere, and this trying providence is but a transitory check to Canada's prosperous and honorable career. As was to be expected, railway returns are reduced. Not one is in perfect working order—for extensions and improvements now in progress, are necessary to complete success; yet a great business is doing on all the lines. The Northern, from Toronto to Lake Huron, carries some 10,000 passengers a month, and has a good freight trade. The receipts of the Great Western, for six weeks ending December 11th, were \$255,000. The receipts of the Grand Trunk, for six weeks to Dec. 6th, were \$300,000.—The Port Hope and Lindsay railroad is now opened, and is exceeding the expectation of friends. The first tube has been laid of the Victoria bridge at Montreal; and when that immense work of art, two miles long, is finished, I suppose we shall add another to the world's wonders; and the best of the wonder will be, it is Canada's own bridge.

Market prices are very different from what they were a year ago. Wheat ranges from 36 to 45 6d per bushel. Flour is from 83 to 85 a barrel. Oats from 1s 3d to 1s 8d per bushel. Pork 85 and 86 a hundred pounds. Beef, from 85 to 86 per hundred. Butter, 10d to 1s 3d per pound. Potatoes 3s to 3s 9d a bushel. These and other rates are from fifty to a hundred per cent less than they were not long ago. The following shipments are for the season ending Dec. 12th: From St. Catharines, 18,296 barrels of flour, and 159,881 bushels of wheat; Hamilton, 107,113 barrels of flour, 27,884 bushels of wheat; Oakville, 36,115 barrels of flour, 48,263 bushels of wheat; Oakville, flour, 27,299 barrels, wheat, 14,429; Cobourg, flour 15,945 barrels, wheat, 26,261 bushels; Whitby, 135,868 bushels of wheat. Other noted ports shipped very largely.

A prize essay says of the number of inhabitants, "In 1811 the population of Upper Canada was 77,000, and in 1851 it was 952,000, exhibiting an increase in forty years of eleven hundred per cent." In Lower Canada the last 25 years shows an increase of 90 per cent. The present population is supposed to be about a million for Lower, and a million and a quarter for Upper Canada. The same publication states, that during the last ten years, while the increase of population in the United States has been about 40 per cent, in Upper Canada it has been 104 per cent. The Euro-

pean, as is asserted elsewhere there, setting the preference, and it is a fact that an unusual number of professors of liberalism have been elected, and that Mr. George Brown, the giant oppositionist, reached the pinnacle of the poll in cautious Toronto, to the surprise of some, and the dismay of many. It is said that the force of the Canada whig is to tighten the budget, secure representation according to population, grasp the North-west territories and keep the powers that be, and the Papists in order. When more is known of these matters, you shall hear more. Take my facts without party comment, for in your pages I shall be neither autocrat, radical, or trimmer,—though not without a wish that what Saxe says of some ancient legislators, may be said of ours:—

In virtue strong, in understanding clear, Beneath smooth features, and their mouth, smooth, serene, They stand the heralds of our day, And o'er our conduct stand as sentinels severe. / An observant man has been struck with the large number of professedly gifted candidates for legislative honours on some of the hustings. Are you able to match us for

such talent and integrity? Can Canada go down for want of a repetition of heroic, expectant law-makers? We have Chalmers to spare for a Hudson's Bay Senate—when wanted!

FORTUNATUS. Canada, Jan. 29th, 1858.

New England Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.) THE HOLIDAYS.

The holidays have passed with quite their usual activity and success. Congratulations, kind wishes, and friendly greetings, were abundant. Gifts of various kinds were interchanged as tokens of friendship. It is thought that notwithstanding the "hard times" more presents were distributed than usual. The poor were remembered, as they should be on such occasions, some of them receiving very valuable gifts from their wealthy neighbors.

WATCH MEETINGS.

New Year's eve was improved by the Methodists in this section in holding Watch Meetings, which were numerous attended, and so far as we have heard, were glorious in their results. These meetings were continued from 8 till a little past 12 o'clock, during which time two sermons were preached, and the rest of the time devoted to social exercises. We had the pleasure of attending one of these meetings, held in the "Seaman's Bethel," Boston, where Father Taylor officiated. The first sermon was by Rev. Samuel Kelly, the City Missionary in Charlestown. His subject was the parable of the talents, which was presented and applied in a manner which could not fail to produce a deep impression. At the close of the sermon Father Taylor, called on the congregation to improve the time. A large number of the seamen were present, several of whom took part in the exercises. A scene was now witnessed that beggars all description. One old tar told of forty years service in the work of the Lord; another that he was just enlisted, but was fully resolved to persevere till death; another, that he had been in peril, and in several instances during the year, had been where he expected that every moment would be the last, but his soul was happy. "O, how good religion was then," he exclaimed. We listened to those weather-beaten mariners with un-speakable delight. They spoke from the heart, and what they said reached all hearts. The Divine presence rested upon us—the place was awful, and yet glorious. Many times were we constrained to say, Surely, this is God's house—this is Heaven's gate! The second sermon was preached by the writer, and of course we are not at liberty to say much about it. We can only say, he did the best he could, and he felt greatly comforted in trying to do his duty. At a few minutes before 12 o'clock we all bowed in silent prayer, and as the clock struck 12 all hearts were united to God. "The house was full of the Divine presence, and shouts of praise and thanksgiving were heard in every direction. The old seaman's preacher and faithful friend, offered a most appropriate and characteristic prayer, and about 10 minutes past 12 o'clock we received the benediction and retired. Never shall we forget this meeting.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Congregationalist, published in Boston, has a very interesting article on Henry Ward Beecher. As it presents some of the traits of this distinguished clergyman—traits which have given him a world-wide reputation—we have ventured to furnish it for the readers of the Wesleyan. Mr. Beecher is a brother of Mrs. Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom," and preaches to one of the largest congregations in America, in Brooklyn, New York. The Congregationalist speaks of him thus:

When Henry Ward Beecher is dead, there will be a great effort made to learn just how he looked, and just how he behaved, as well as just what he said. And, perhaps, it will fall into his case, as it has in regard to many others of renown, that with much labor, and with great cost, men shall succeed in discovering nothing very definite or reliable.

To no two observers, does he present the same appearance, and to the same eye, in fact, he seldom looks twice alike. This is one of his unusual difficulties in painting him either by pen or pencil. It must be done while he yet lives, or it never will be done at all. Like the mountains, of which he delights to talk, he has numberless diverse moods and aspects. Like them he is sometimes cloudy and obscured, and sometimes stands out, like them, in the full light of day. Never was human face more variable. Of no one who ever lived, could it more emphatically be said, "on different days he looks a different man." At one time, and in one mood, his face is red, and his eyes dull, and half covered with the swollen flesh of the heavy lids. There is no brightness to be seen about him, no brightness of motion, no erectness or strength of position. The animal nature has gained a temporary ascendancy over the spiritual, and an enemy might be expected to describe him as a coarse, brutal-looking person—a plow boy or a butcher, in a minister's clothes, or, rather, in a minister's desk, for Mr. Beecher's clothes are not ministerial. But let that enemy wait until he sees our mountain in its more usual aspect. Let him wait until the rugged, and, perhaps, sometimes rough and strong intellect has stirred itself, and arisen for action—till the torpedo-like heart is on fire, till the fervid words burst forth, and till the face, but now so dull, begins to shine with a heroic ardor. Then comes the disfiguration. The material shrinks from the sight, and the spiritual beams forth, causing in his countenance a change almost inconceivable. His face assumes all the rich softness of a mezzotint engraving—round, fair and dimpled, you now perceive it to be, and its whole expression becomes pure and elevated, almost like the angel's faces we have seen in our dreams. His forehead is white and high, and shines like the brow of a sun-touched cliff; his eyes beam clear and mild, now with the strength of the man, and again, with a touching innocence, like the eyes of a babe; his close shaven chin, and the lower part of his cheeks, are shaded, as if by the brush of an artist. There is no longer a ragged line or rough look about him, his aspect is altogether noble, beautiful, serene. This, until he stands forth as Bonnerges, and then he is the mountain in a winter storm. Mingling in his tones are heard reminders of the roar of the cataract and the crash of thunder; while his flashing eyes, and changing features have upon you the effect of forked lightning, and his gestures represent the rushing wind. Then, while you are yet thrilling in the sweep of the storm, you are melted into tears by some sorrow, or some longing started into new life by the magic tenderness of tones silvery sweet.

Mr. Beecher's voice alone, is a wonderful power. It mingles in its various utterances all loud, and wild, and awful tones, with the sound of fairy harp-strings and the chime of bells. It has a high battle-call of the trumpet or the clarion, and all the soft gentleness of a mother's cradle hymn. A man whose voice combines the three classes of

power with which the three following sentences were spoken, has in his possession an engine which is fitted to move the world:—

"When they come forth from their graves from the dark waves of the sea, and up their blanched faces to their Judge, they will be speechless!"

"Butterflies—the interior spirits of rain-bows, sent down to salute the kisses of the seasons on the ground—flowers!"

"Women, who have such need of love, ought not to find it hard to come to Jesus Christ, and put their arms about his neck and tell him with gushing love, that they give themselves, body and soul, into his keeping."

The aptness of Mr. Beecher's comparisons, the acuteness of the knife which he lays to what we call cutting, the unexpected descents which he makes upon errors of thought and conduct, frequently excite irresistible laughter. From this fact, his enemies have represented him in the light of a clerical buffoon. Nothing can be more entirely or malignantly false. He is as far from irreverence and levity, as those who purposely magnify him, are from honesty—Gravity sits upon him with a native grace. Yet it must be confessed, as it freely is, that great as is this orator, and nobly as the law of truth and earnestness is stamped on all he says and does, that master as he is, of gesture and expression, and unmatched in both, there is still hovering about him, somewhat of the ludicrous. Certain motions he has which always incline one to smile. The wag of his head when he is about to clinch an argument; the shake of his elbows and his knees when he knows that he has you panned; the eagerness with which he seizes upon that devoted handkerchief, when he is about to "charge" the strength with which, as he commences his talk, he squeezes it (turning his hand-palm towards his chair, and back towards his neck, leaning on knuckles and thumb, one foot crossed over the other, and surmounted upon its toe,) the force with which he casts it from him, as he comes forward to close in the conflict he has waged; all manoeuvres certain to be repeated, almost constantly, and one cannot avoid feeling amused by seeing them so unconsciously performed.

Although Mr. Beecher himself never seems to be in any great haste, there is always an air of being in a hurry about his clothes and hair. They manifest intentions of going forward whether he goes, or stands still. His neck is so short that he never ventures a standing-up collar—this, probably, in consideration for his ears.

One very observable singularity in his face, is the entire incongruity between his front and its side views. On being told that he resembled H. W. Beecher, a cousin of that clergyman is said to have replied, laughingly, "I know that I am said to look like him, but it is such a resemblance as a sheep bears to a lion." Now the fact is, were that humble-minded relative of the famed "lion," a great deal more like a sheep than he considers himself to be. He might still bear striking resemblance to his cousin; for, though, when he turns full towards you, in the heat of discourse, Mr. Beecher frequently does present the appearance of a lion, it is next to impossible for a person of an imaginative turn of mind, to view his profile without being struck by the somewhat of a sheep's face, seen and perhaps lost in the days and the years gone by. The timidity of the sheep is not there, but its long-forgedness, its serenity, its gentleness, and modesty of expression most certainly are. His face is mobile to the last degree; and to the play of his features there appears to be no limit. There is not a feeling of the heart that he cannot strongly express, without the aid of a word. And his action, walk, and flexible frame is an engine for action, to which no mortal man need desire a better.

THE BOOK TRADE.

The book trade has revived during the holiday season, but never as it has been during a rainy day. A new book is indeed a rarity. The publishers will not venture to publish when it is impossible for them to make sales. The Methodist Book Concern is doing something in publishing, and perhaps is ahead of all other publishing houses in the country in issuing new works. The Concern has recently issued the "True Woman," by Dr. J. T. Peck. This is a most excellent work, written in the chaste, racy style of the author, and will not fail to be popular and useful. They have also published a new hymn book with tunes for congregational singing. We will do more of this book with delight. It will do much, no doubt, to interest the young people in the singing department of our public worship. Congregational singing is what we want, and many societies are ready to introduce it. The new hymn book will greatly assist them in accomplishing their object.

RELIGIOUS.

In Boston we are enjoying a very delightful religious feeling in many of the Churches. Several of the Churches are, sharing largely in a revival influence.—Professor Finney is laboring among the Congregationalists, and his labors are attended as usual with a divine power.—Many of our country Churches are much oppressed financially, but are prospering spiritually. We are looking for a general revival of God's work throughout our country.

THE WEATHER.

Not for a long time have we witnessed such a winter as the present winter is (Jan. 2nd) we have had no winter but in name. We have had no snow, and but little ice. The weather now seems like spring. If we have much winter it must be short.

Jan. 2nd.

Rev. J. R. Narraway, A. M.

(From the Stockville Border.)

Dorchester, 30th Dec. 1857.

MR. Editor.—Last week notice was given (by the Rev. J. R. Narraway, Wesleyan Minister stationed at Stockville) would deliver a lecture at the Court House on the 29th inst. (yesterday), at 6 o'clock, P. M., on "The Revolt in India, its Causes, Characteristics, and probable results," when and where I, in common with a large assemblage of the inhabitants of this place, attended, so that the house was crowded. After the meeting was organized, by High Sheriff being called to the Chair, and prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Holland, the Reverend lecturer commenced his discourse, and I only wish I could give you a faint idea of its argumentative, pathetic, and beautiful. But this cannot suffice; it is only that he is in eloquent language clearly traced the alien religion and character of the people of India, the earlier injustice done to them by their conquerors, and the proximate cause to the effect of the Russian war on Turkey, the Persian war, together with the belief by the natives that the English intended to compel them to change their religion by force. He then, in stirring and burning words, depicted the progress and history of the revolt, the atrocities committed by the sepoy, and the chivalric and heroic conduct of the English officers and soldiers in their several conflicts with the re-

bel everywhere throughout India: he then shadowed forth as the probable results of this revolt the spread of the Gospel among these now-revolted heathen, and after fixing the attention of the delighted and instructed audience for an hour and a half, the lecturer concluded what all his hearers asserted was the most able, eloquent, and interesting lecture they had ever heard on any subject. It was then moved by A. J. Palmer Esq., and passed unanimously, that the thanks of the meeting be given to the Rev. J. R. Narraway for his able, pleasing, and patriotic discourse, after which the Rev. gentleman replied appropriately, and dismissed the meeting with a benediction.

I am inclined to write the above as a small acknowledgment for the pleasure the lecturer has afforded the people here, and by inserting it in your valuable paper, you will confer a favor on all your subscribers in the place.

I am yours, &c. CENSOR.

Sir C. Campbell Victor at Lucknow.

After an infant study of all the accounts that have arrived from India since Monday last, it is not unlikely that some of our readers may find themselves in an advanced stage of bewilderment. Though the accounts have been deduced from their fortification positions, one after another, around and at Lucknow, since the case at Delhi; though troops from England are arriving more rapidly than the infant can be sent up the country, and very much faster, unhappy, though the cavalry can be provided with remounts, Lord Canning having egregiously failed to obtain a sufficient number of horses; though the cause of the mutineers is not only desperate in prospect but ruined in fact—all the war goes on, never so fiercely, prosecuted by foot soldiers, for another reason than the British at Waterloo, do not understand when they are beaten. They are shot down by platoons, they are strung up to trees in gangs of thirty, and those of them whose fate is to be are to be branded with the letter "M," this is tedious as well as sorry work, and appears to be thrown away upon a race whom many only infests with overweening confidence, and whom severely only goals into a more furious recklessness. The truth is, as the innumerable accounts which took place about the beginning of last month prove, the Rebellion has now entered upon its second stage. It has no longer the semblance of a unity of purpose, yet the war continues over an immense tract of country. The British forces are divided into movable columns, in Oude, in Rajpootana, in Malwa, Bhopal, and Bundelcund; every day they are capturing forts, burning villages, scouring the country, and destroying marauders who are sometimes our old Sepoys, (letter "M."), but very often are the wild aboriginal hill tribes, who by some yet unexplained delusion have been almost everywhere turned against us.

Now, if we leave out of view the country of the Five Rivers, and all the districts of the Bombay Presidency south of the Taptie, though both these territories require each a large body of troops to keep them in subjection, and if on the east we cut off the Province of Bahar, we are still left with a theatre of war some 600 miles from east to west, and half as many in breadth from north to south. It is a region about as large as Spain, which Napoleon invaded with an army of 130,000 men after the war of his antagonist, to General Wellington for their antagonist, to 300,000. When it comes to a guerrilla warfare, the India Peninsula may match the Iberian for difficulty of country and heroism of ardent banditti. Not a soldier too many will Sir Colin Campbell have in the East at the beginning of the New Year under those circumstances, which explain those innumerable marches and actions of isolated columns and corps whereof the late Overland Mail is full,—such as the gallant relief of Neemuch by Brigadier Stuart's column, which also cleared Mridapore, Mundesore, and the upper course of the Chumbul, of a horde of insurgents who had gathered in that quarter, and had besieged the slender garrison of Neemuch. Further north, we find Agra again in some consternation at the approach of rebels from that very country across which Col. Greville lately made his triumphant advance; and westward, but a few marches from Delhi, Col. Gerrard has with an attack upon the Chief of Narwal, a town S. W. of Kuarwar, who was aided by a number of the Jundpore legion, and stood his ground for some hours until his guns were taken, his auxiliaries dispersed, and the Rajah himself was killed. More serious than these events in the West, are those which are ripening in Central India, from the southern frontier of Oude to the northern frontier of Berar. This is a breadth of at least 200 miles of country, the greater portion of which is deluged by an inadequate force of Madras troops, and held just so much territory as their guns can command. Saugor and Jubbulpore are both infested by swarms of rebels, who occupy hill forts, crouch in the jungle to pick men off, and constantly intercept communications. On the north of this territory, there hangs like a cloud the army of Gwalior, increased by reinforcements from Bahar and from Oude, capital of Hindostan. A fortnight ago we heard of their being at Calpee on the Jumna, not quite so far from Cawnpore as the latter is from Lucknow on the other side. When Col. Rankin followed by Sir Colin Campbell had reached the capital of Oude, these heroes of the Gwalior Contingent are said to have extended themselves from Calpee across the Doak, as if they meant to attack General Windham at Cawnpore, but to have retired on their coming out and offering them battle. To what point they then bent their course is not clearly ascertained. On the south Bundelcund and Nagpore invite them; on the north, Nana Sahib, who reposes upon his laurels, beckons them to take part in the campaign of Oude—to which it is now