The Provincial Wesleyan.

Ladies' Department.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Twilight Lay.

I'm sitting now beside thee,
In twilight's waning light,
My thoughts are dwelling sadly
On vanished treasures bright.
The mother who watched o'er me,
With tender holy love,
Seems whispering to my spirit
From out her home above.

She's joying that her orphan
Hath found a happy home,
In hearts that fondly guard her,
When grief and sorrow come.
She knows, she's humbly trusting
Whatever may betide,
She'll have a future shelter
Close by her Saviour's side.

They too, the cherished nurselings!
The "rosebuds" of our love,
Who are beautiously blooming
In the Garden fair above.
They seem to linger round us,
Unseen—yet very near—
Still hovering o'er the earthly home
That once to them was dear.

Oh! twilight bringeth memories,
So holy calmly bright,
They make the evening shadows
Seem gloriously light.
They bring the lost ones nearer,
E'en to our inmost heart
Sinking them so closely
Not even death can part.

And when I pass beloved one!
From earthly cares away,
Oh! think I pray upon me,
At gentle close of day.
Believe my spirit lingers
Close, close unto thine own,
That I whisper oft unto thee,
In a spirit-stirring tone.

ANNIE T. SHANE.

Baltimore, Md., U. States.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Sabbath Eve.

Sabbath evening! how sweetly its echoes fall upon the ear and heart! Many a sweet memory is wakened by the very words, memories that we loved to cherish, that are even now hovering o'er us, linking the present with its calm brightness, to the shadowy past.

Blessed Sabbath, day of rest! what would the weary, care-worn, children of toil have to sustain them in their wearisome labours, if it were not for the blessed anticipation of thy sacred repose. But with this promised rest before them, they labour on, cheered by the thought, that the hallowed day is drawing nigh, when, for a season, all toil and care can be laid aside.

And O! to some of them there is a higher boon, a promised rest more glorious than an earthly Sabbath! They may be weary and worn with care whilst here, sorrows and afflictions may come to them now, but with the eye of faith they pierce through the veil that hides the shadowy future from them, and anticipate a time when all these shall be done away,—when they shall enjoy a Sabbath that shall never close, but grow more glorious, if possible, through the endless ages of Eternity.

How very lovely all without is looking. A Sabbath stillness rests upon everything, not a sound is heard save the distant chiming of the bells, calling the wandering feet to the House of God; and now, from afar, faintly come the echoes of the songs of praise and thanksgiving, ascending, fresh incense from grateful hearts, to the Father who is above and over all.

Soothingly the strains of music fall upon my ear, and find an echo in my heart; they mind me of Sabbaths long since past, when amid *other* scenes, and from *other* lips, came forth the sounds of praise and joy, messages from hearts all overflowing with a love divine, a happiness that naught beside can equal. They wing my thoughts, too, far, far away beyond the clouds, to a home all gloriously bright, to which the loveliness of this sweet Sabbath evening is but a dim shadowing forth of brightness unrevealed,—where never-ending praises are going forth, from those who have gone up through much tribulation, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. And now, freed from all earthly cares and trials, wearing their pure white robes and glittering crowns, they are pressing close, close to the eternal throne, while music, unutterably sweet, is gushing from their golden harps, and going out from unnumbered hearts, and the theme, the glorious theme, is—Unto Him that hath loved us, and redeemed us by His own most precious blood, to Him be glory and power, and dominion forever,

LINDA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

DEAR SIR,—"Why, Flora, what a mistake! you should commence 'Sir!' I hope if the Editor is married he won't let it be seen by his wife!"

So do I! Shall I commence anew?—Well, "*Sir*,"—I am tempted to send you this piece of a letter in order to obtain information absolutely essential to the—gratification of my curiosity—and I do it with a clear conscience, from the fact that I have been besieged—by letter—to show forth all that I do know concerning "Flora Neale." Having, therefore, come to the conclusion that idle curiosity is quite as pardonable in me as in the "lords of creation," I do hereby implore you, in pathetic tones, to let me know, by *Telegraph*, the "bona fide" cognomen of some of your contributors. You can rely upon my secrecy, for "*I* would not tell a secret any more than any other woman," you believe me, don't you?

Come! now. I can't think you hard-hearted, or you would not have shown saucy "Flora" a kindness. I'll put my fingers on my lips, and not even divulge it to Grandma, (unless it's in my sleep), if you will only send me word who "Lilly Lee," is. I used to go to school with a Lillie, and I am sure there must be some connection.

There's "Bessie Beranger" too. *Somebody* else wants to know, if the lassie dwells in the Highlands!

Has "Roanoake" gone to Australia? Not that I feel interested in him, O! no, of course not!

But there's "Edith Earle," now, is she not a miser! or else she would have given more than one sketch and glimpse of her "Home, and home treasures." Dear editor, who *is* she?

And "Oria," "M.E.H." "G,"—(are you right sure there are none of them old maids?) and a galaxy of "stars"—and "Thinks I to myself," there's an end of contributors,—when "Angelina" stepped on the carpet with her "Algebra." If an algebra had ever been aimed at her unoffending head,—but it won't to do tell tales out of school.

Do send me a telegraph by the next mail—it is dreadful to be kept in suspense—won't you? Take pity on my benighted condition, for indeed "I have not seen the comet," and "I *never* hear the news."

Ingleside. FLORA NEALE.

[We have a proper degree of sympathy for our friend Flora's sufferings,—and hope she will forgive us for not gratifying her thirst for knowledge, but—it really can't be done.—ED.]

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1853.

The London Quarterly Review.

Not having seen the above named periodical ourselves, a friend who has examined it, has sent us the following notice of it for publication:—

This Review bids fair to prove a rich accession to the periodical literature of Britain. The first number is to hand, and we have risen from an eager but careful perusal of its pages satisfied that the path of usefulness which lies before it will be pursued, with prudence, vigour, and success.

The political parties of our Mother Country have long experienced the worth of periodical publications for the diffusion and defence of their peculiar principles. In the Edinburgh Review, the Whigs; in the Quarterly Review, the Tories; and the Liberals, in the London and Westminster Review—have found their most potent and available auxiliaries. Recently, religious bodies have awaked to a sense of the support which might be derived to them from similar allies, and already have Congregationalists and Free Churchmen provided for themselves respectively organs of this class. What the "North British" is to the *Free* and the "British" to the *Congregational* it is intended the LONDON QUARTERLY shall be to the *Wesleyan* Church.

It claims no *official authority*, but its promoters express the "hope that its objects and its principles will secure for it the sanction and support of the members of that community." The prospectus states that "the articles on connexional subjects, institutions, and projects, and on all matters connected with Wesleyan Methodism, will be contributed by eminent Ministers and Laymen of the body; and their main object will be to bring out, explain, and, if necessary, to defend the great principles, the peculiar features, and the external agencies of the Society, with a special reference to candid inquirers of other churches and the world at large."—From the same source we receive the explanation that "The London Quarterly Review will, in its chief features, resemble the existing publications of that class. It will contain careful reviews of New Works in the different departments of literature—Theology, Philosophy, History, Biography, Travels, and Poetry. It will notice all Scientific Publications and Discoveries of interest and importance. It will pay due attention to the various branches of the Fine Arts. It will examine all matters connected with the Social Economy of the country, such as Educational, Philanthropic, and Sanitary Movements. And it will discuss, in a thoroughly impartial and independent spirit, the political topics of the day; not agitating party politics *as such*, but only so far as may be connected with great social interests, or important economical principles."

With thus much information placed before our readers respecting the origination and objects of this new claimant upon our regard, we proceed to a brief synopsis of the number now presented us. It opens with an admirable article on the "*Christian Populations of the Turkish Empire*," abounding with information and philosophical reflection. The reviewer starts with the position that "the religion which is at the foundation of any given people's social life and political institutions is the secret of that people's strength or of its weakness. He then exhibits the 'evils which are hurrying Turkey to dissolution,' 'evils with which in other countries enlightened energy could grapple, but which being here the result of the theocratic character which has made the people what they are and is the base of all their institutions,' he pronounces incurable. "For the Mahometan despotism is the law of the universe; his God is a despot, stern and terrible, almighty *Will* without any bowels of tenderness or compassion, who seeks not for children, but for subjects, and has intrusted a military hierarchy with the apostleship of the sword." Finding no reason to hope for the salvation of Turkey, our reviewer writes,—"Another great conquering Empire is about to descend heavily into the metropolis of nations; the tenants of the grave may be summoned from beneath to meet her: the mighty dead—Pharaohs, Persian, Greek and Roman—rise from their sepulchral chambers, and hail the last of the Ottomans: 'Art thou also become weak as we are? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols. The worm is become thy couch, and the earth-worm thy coverlet.' Our descendants will speak of the time when the Turks were in the South East of Europe, as we do of the time when the Moors were in the South West; but the parallel is so far inexact, that future travellers will not find in Constantinople those monuments of Mahometan art and grandeur which we admire in Spain.—Then follows a description of the 'numbers, religious and moral state, political tendencies and relations of the Christian populations which, on the European side of the Bosphorus, at least, are preparing to supplant their masters.' The obstacles to the moral and social progress of the Eastern Christians are shown,—the material, unevangelical character of their Christianity, the ambitious purposes of Russia, and the proselytism of the Church of Rome. A brighter side of the subject is then brought to view. Elements of good are discerned in the revival of national feeling and generous aspirations, the ever increasing intercourse of nations, and the direct agency of evangelical missions. From near the close of the article we extract the following:—

"Many of the noblest remembrances of mankind, and some of its hopes, meet in those regions which served of old as the bridge between Asia and Europe, the highway of the earliest civilization, as well as of the conqueror and devastator, early and late. From the siege of Troy to the massacres of Scio, those regions have witnessed more cruelties and horrors than any other part of the world,—wars of extermination, stifling and oppressive peace, in which race after race has disappeared, and its place knoweth it no more. When shall the nations meet for mutual good and not for conflict?—When shall the happiest countries of the earth be those in which the most various tribes are brought into contact with each other? When shall Asia Minor help to carry back to the East, a higher civilization than that which travelled to Europe over its high lands, and along its coasts, three thousand years ago? When shall Christendom meet the Moslem with better weapons than the sword of the crusader, or the bayonet of the Russian grenadier? Civilization has hitherto been slowly changing its seat, travelling northeastward like the sun of a long summer's day; but, if the entire earth is to be covered with the knowledge of the Lord, the sacred fire must be kindled again upon yon ruined altar, upon yon blackened and deserted hearth. There was a time when the Hebrew Prophet stood on the Mount of Judah, looking intently to the distant West; and as he listened, he heard the noise of hymns from afar, voices from Pagan Europe, glorifying the name of Jehovah in the isles of the Ægean, and from the uttermost parts of the continent beyond, (Isaiah xxiv. 14, 16). It is now ours to take up our stand in turn, look to the East, and listen."

"*Wesley and his Critics*," is the title of the second article in the series, and one peculiarly attractive to the members of that widely-spread society of Christians raised up by the blessing of God on the faithful labours of this truly wonderful man. The biographies of Wesley which have hitherto appeared are carefully and dispassionately reviewed, their errors calmly pointed out and their excellences accurately estimated. The language employed with reference to Wesley is such as befits the theme. The following extract will we are sure be acceptable to our readers:—

"Heroes the world had often seen, fired neither with secular or ecclesiastical ambition; but Providence now destined one for nobler usefulness, and inspired him with a purer aim. In raising this great missionary Church to further His designs of mercy to the world, how largely was God pleased to honour the piety and genius of JOHN WESLEY!

"We know not whether it would be possible to find a parallel, either to the character or the career of this extraordinary man. The whole history of his life—extending through almost the entire century of his birth—has perhaps no equal, for high and varied interest. It fascinates alike philosopher and Christian, and is not without a powerful charm for the luxurious student of humanity. Apart even from the great object which knit all his purposes together, and made the fruit of his personal labours a valuable heritage to his own and to future generations, the mere thread of his biography leads the reader towards a thousand sources of curious entertainment, which in the age of folios would have found some huge and independent monument, or received copious illustration in the pages of some erudite and curious Bayle."

Over the remaining articles we must pass more rapidly than we should desire. On many of them it would gratify us to dwell. From each of them should we like to select some gems of eloquence and thought, but our inexorable limits forbid. The review of "*Forbes' Memorandums in Ireland*," and the article on "*Ultramontanism*, its threatened supremacy in Europe" bring out in bold relief the thoroughly Protestant character of the LONDON QUARTERLY.

"*Cryptogamic Vegetation*," is an article to which the student of science will turn with pleasure and which he will read with profit.

"*Spirit Rappings and Table Moving*," are treated in appropriate style.

"*Modern and Mediæval Hygiene*" deserves a careful study of both its facts and its reasonings. We trust the day is fast approaching when the minimum of mortality which the writer thinks attainable will be secured.

"*Secularism: Its Logic and Appeals*," is a paper which strips this dangerous form of infidelity of its disguises, and exposes it in all its native deformity and inherent weakness.

The subject of "*Public Education*" is treated in an enlightened and Christian spirit.

The closing article is on a subject replete with interest—"*India under the English*." The writer, after examining into the state of the people of India before British ascendancy began pronounces that "Though our rule has not benefited the mass of the people as it might have done; though it shuts out natives from high offices, and annually removes part of the nation's wealth to a distant land; though its progress has been dishonoured by crimes against princes, against the people, and against the religion we profess; though great evils now exist, and bad practices are followed by our Government, we are bound to say that, calmly reviewing the history of the last century, we can point to no such progress in any old country as that which has been witnessed in Hindustan."

He gives us a view of how our wonderful Empire rose and what it actually is; and then tracing the moral features of our reign and the progress of Missions in India, he concludes in the following words—"Never did a higher Mission invite the aspirations of Statesman or of Christian, than to confer on the teeming millions of an ancient race the temporal blessings of good government, and the eternal hopes of true religion. Our connexion with them, viewed with a careless eye, appears as the high romance of commercial history; but viewed with deeper thoughts, it stands out as the Providential plan of redeeming modern Asia. Never did Empire begin so strangely, rise so easily, and consolidate in so brief a time. Never was Empire held with physical power so disproportionate, and at a distance so great. That which it is fashionable to call an Empire of opinion, would far more truly be called an Empire of Providence. It is only to be confirmed by adopting such principles and objects of Government, as a wise and benevolent Providence can view with approval. Let our Statesmen honestly set before themselves the task of making the great nations of India happy and prosperous, and of opening the way for their mental and moral improvement. And let our Missionary Churches, with energy worthy so magnificent a conflict, reinforce the posts now scattered through Hindustan, and calmly wait, in unwavering faith, till a change comes upon the changeless, till the people who for three thousand years, have worshipped Shiva and Vishnu, shall cast them down before the name of Jesus, as Europe once cast Jupiter and Thor."

Ten articles we have in all, every one of them ably written; and encouraging us to hope the best for this new enterprize. We cannot conclude this notice without expressing the satisfaction with which we hail the appearance of the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. A periodical of the first class, avowedly designed for the elucidation to the general mind of the leading features of Methodism, and boldly assuming a place on the arena of our highest literature as the champion in that field of the doctrines we profess; one too evincing such fitness for the work; cannot we are persuaded fail in its appeal for support to the great body of Wesleyan Methodists throughout the world. Wherever is found an educated member of our Church who duly appreciates the relation of Methodism to the world and his own relation to Methodism, who estimates aright the demands and duties of the age, will be found a subscriber to the London Quarterly Review.

Bible Society Jubilee Meeting.

The Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society was celebrated by the Nova Scotia Auxiliary, on Wednesday evening, the 12th instant, at Temperance Hall—the Hon. the CHIEF JUSTICE, in the Chair.

The meeting was opened with singing, and prayer by the Rev. Alex. FORRESTER,—and the business commenced with a most pleasing and animated address by the venerable Chairman, which formed an appropriate and suitable preparation for the subsequent proceedings of the evening.

A very luminous and interesting statement was then read by the Secretary, S. L. SHANNON, Esq., exhibiting a most striking view of the rise and progress of the Society,—its extensive and successful operations within the past half century, and the objects contemplated in the observance of its Jubilee. In this statement, some most pleasing facts relative to the first operations of the Parent Society in this Province, were embodied, as also the nation and subsequent history of this Auxiliary, and the statistics connected with its Branches and Associations to the present time. We hope to lay before our readers this excellent paper in a future number.

The following resolutions were then adopted:

Moved by the Rev. George HILL, seconded by Wm. PRYOR, Jr., Esq., one of the Vice Presidents:—

That this meeting hails this year of Jubilee as a fitting occasion for commemorating the Divine goodness, so abundantly vouchsafed to the Society in its originally history, and subsequent progress.

Moved by the Rev. Dr. RICHEY, seconded by J. W. NUTTING, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents:—

That this meeting deems the celebration of the Jubilee, a suitable opportunity for bearing a renewed public testimony to the Divine character and claims of the Bible; and the right of any individual to possess and peruse the same.

Moved by the Rev. J. C. GEIKIE, seconded by the Hon. J. WOBNSTON, one of the Vice-Presidents:—

That this meeting desires to express the fullest sympathy with the Parent Society in embracing this as befitting occasion for making new and vigorous efforts for the widest possible circulation of the Scriptures both at home and abroad

Moved by Mr. Isaac SMITH, seconded by the Rev. John MITCHELL:—

That this meeting desires to express its thankfulness for the measure of success that has attended the efforts of the Jubilee Committee of this auxiliary; and cherishes the hope that the amount already realized for the Jubilee Fund will be largely increased before the termination of the Jubilee year.

The Doxology was sung, and the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. SCOTT.

In the course of the proceedings a note was handed to the Chairman, to intimate that a sailor belonging to Her Majesty's Ship Cumberland, was present—who had been engaged in distributing copies of the Scriptures in various languages, and in different parts of the world. He was called to the platform, and, before passing the third Resolution, was requested to speak. He gave a very interesting statement of the benefit he had received from reading the Scripture while very young — by the pious advice and injunction of his dying mother; and of his subsequent activity in distributing Bibles and Testaments, and Religious Tracts in the West Indies and South America. He referred to the encouragement he had received from some pious officers, and related several interesting circumstances connected with his intercourse with natives of rank and others in the places he had visited.

This meeting was the best in almost every way, it was thought by many, that had ever been held in the city, for any similar object. The assemblage was unusually large and attentive—the topics introduced, of most thrilling and momentous interest, to the church and to the world—and the speeches, at least of those who took the more prominent parts of the business of the evening,—were most rich and vivid and eloquent. The collection too was in keeping with the rest—good—taking all the circumstances into account—being over £20. Congregational collections had been taken up in almost all the Churches—subscriptions to the amount of nearly £150, had been gathered up in the City; and yet there was a readiness on this occasion to bear a fitting testimony to the importance of this great Protestant Institution—the British and Foreign Bible Society. We have great pleasure in stating that the amount already paid into the hands of the Treasurer of the Nova Scotia Auxiliary for the Jubilee Fund, in the City and from the Country, exceeds Five Hundred pounds.

Arrest of a Scottish Lady in Tuscany for Circulating the Bible.

In pursuance of the new code against the circulation of works hostile to the Roman Catholic faith, which came into existence a fortnight ago, a young Scottish lady has been arrested and conveyed to the Penitentiary at Lucca, on the charge of disseminating Protestant tracts in a village near the baths of Lucca. The lady in question is Miss Margaret Cunninghame, of Thornton, near Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, who, with her mother and sister, were about to leave Tuscany, for the purpose of continuing their travels towards Rome and Naples. Mrs. Cunninghame and her other daughter went to the office of the delegato, at the baths of Lucca, in order to have their passports *vised*, the delegato having acquainted them that their personal attendance was required. On their arrival, he demanded the reason of the absence of Miss Margaret Cunninghame, and, on being informed that she was unwell and confined to her bed, declared that come she must, as he had a communication of importance to deliver. When Miss Margaret Cunninghame reached the police office she was formally charged with the offence in question, was informed that witnesses were already summoned to Lucca to prove the crime, and that, in obedience to higher orders, she must be removed under an escort of gendarmes to Lucca, there to await the further measures which the Government might take.—Miss Cunninghame was accompanied to Lucca by two friends of her family, who took every step which friendship or patriotism could suggest in such a trying case. One of these gentlemen, a person connected with her own country—Sir Wm. Millar, of Barskimming—made an immediate but ineffectual attempt to have the whole matter quashed, by going directly to the Grand Duke, who is now staying at the baths of Lucca. His Royal Highness would not accord him an interview. Sir W. Millar and his friend, the Rev. Mr. Gordon, after accompanying Miss Cunninghame to Lucca, and again attempting to mollify the local authorities, who, however, declared that they were but instruments of a higher will, proceeded directly to Florence, and laid all the circumstances of the case before the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, now acting as Charge, d'Affaires, in the temporary absence of Sir Henry Bulwer. Mr. Scarlett set out for the baths of Lucca, in order to terminate the matter, if possible, by a direct appeal to the Grand Duke. The Grand Duke was, however, inexorable. Miss Cunninghame will be tried on the charge of having infringed the 137th article of the new criminal code. It declares, that "whoever shall circulate works hostile to the Roman Catholic faith, with the view of seducing any member from that communion, shall be condemned to the House of Correction and subjected to hard labour for a period of not less than five or greater than ten years." *Miss Cunninghame is charged with having given to some peasants an Italian Bible and an Italian translation of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and both these books fall under the criminal category.*

THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, under his Romish teachings, is making himself one grand fool in the eyes of the civilized world, by his incarceration of a British subject for such a *heinous* offence as the one alleged against Miss CUNNINGHAME! We have no patience with the little, miserable, persecuting Tuscan despot, especially when we consider, that Roman Catholics are left at perfect liberty to circulate their books and propagate their religion in our Protestant country. It is to be hoped, that the British Government will teach the "*Confectionary* Grand Duke" a lesson he will not soon forget, speaking in a voice that will make the grand-little man for once open his ears to reason, and think a thousand times before he venture to commit another such indecent and outrageous act.

An English paper, from which the preceding account of the arrest of Miss Cunninghame is taken, speaks thus manfully on the subject of the supposed right of Tuscany to enact a penal code against the religious freedom of British subjects on Tuscan soil:

It is contended that Miss Cunninghame had no right to violate the Tuscan laws.—But who will pretend that Tuscany or any other gingerbread Power has a right to make laws which are a nuisance, an offence, and an insult to another State—and that State Great Britain? If the Grand Duke of Tuscany and his councillors were to enact that every Englishman should undergo the operation of shaving on entering their territory, the first officer who attempted to put the law in force would have the lather-brush rubbed in his face, and no power upon earth would deny to England the right to defend and vindicate that proceeding. Yet such an edict would not be more offensive and insulting than that of which Margaret Cunninghame is at this moment experiencing the severity, and about which the Grand Duke is "inexorable." "It was the law of Algiers," observes a contemporary writer, "that any Algerine might seize a foreign vessel, appropriate its cargo, and sell the crew for slaves. That state of law was regulated by the destruction of Algiers; and yet, if a people have a right to enact laws as they please, the Algerines did but exercise that right." The people of Great Britain are not to be confined to their shores by the fears or the malice of any continental Power, petty or large; and when they go abroad they will not consent to burn their Bibles, or say their prayers in a whisper.—We are proud of our freedom and of our religion; and deny the right of any man or nation to silence us. There are crimes about which all nations are agreed, because they affect the well-being of all; but the Tuscan *crime* of *Bible-reading* is invented for application to British subjects alone, and British subjects will not submit to have special laws made for their coercion or humiliation. We will bow to the statute-book of nations, but we will not submit to have a dirty Tuscan hand put before our mouths when we have occasion to enter the dominions of the Grand Duke, whose Government, as a daily paper remarks, "is a mere twelfth-cake business at best, and has no more right to be treated as a European Power, than Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, who import the Lucca oil, which it is the highest privilege of the Tuscan Government to enjoy from a kindly soil." Let the Grand Duke trouble himself with his oil pressers, and be inexorable, if he pleases, among his oil jars; but let him not interpose his Little Britain wrath between subjects of Great Britain and their religious convictions. The Protestantism of this country is a mark which every continental fool and ruffian thinks himself licensed to assail; but it is high-time our Government put an end to such insolence.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

A Talk to Myself and "the National Magazine."

How insistingly the bright sun-beams look in at the window, bringing mute messages of beauty from over the sea on their golden telegraph!—But I must not be lured from the quiet precincts of home, and so content myself with smiling a pleased recognition on the privileged intruders. How shall I while away the hours by the hearth-stone? Shall I turn "copyist," and mix my brightest colours, wherewith to take the likeness, of "the last rose of summer" nestling amid geranium leaves in the vase upon my toilette? Each crimson leaf, could weave a history, for its blooming has been waited for long, bright nursling of a gentle heart, and when at last it was *almost* a a rose, transfered with the graceful cluster of "fuschia," to the keeping of one who learned, to love them first, in the far off land of flowers. I fear me, the sun-light will scarce tarry long enough for this. Shall I write a letter? The open desk half tempts me. To whom shall it be? What a host of creditors the question has called up,—from Maine, to Florida's fair shore—but that last thought is saddening. The breath of the pestilence is blighting some of its fairest flowers, its dearest, and best. Let it not come nigh to those for whom my heart sends up its prayers—send down, O God, thine angels to watch over those I love.

In a mountain dwelling—in Glenwood's Hall—and in the dwelling by the lake, loving hearts are wondering "why, a letter does not come?" Put in practice, the patient precepts, thine own lips taught sweet "Lilly." Do not despair, loved dweller near Glenwood—forgive the loiterer—yet dear "Molly Bawn" there is a good time coming," so, are the letters—I cannot write to all—just yet!

"Something for *you* Oria," and a kind hand places on my table, the last number of "the National Magazine." Ah! I know what to do now! Table of contents, no! I will not be content with that, but as the children say, "commence at the commencement."

Let me see—"Institutions for Seamen" with illustrations.—What floating home is pictured here? "Emigrant Ship,"—It tells its own story, with its freight of weary, and hoping hearts—eyes that grow brighter as a glimpse of the new world is won—where there are friends for the friendless, and homes for the homeless. In the wide forests of the west, are tracts yet unexplored—save by the free glad sunlight, but where ere long, shall be heard the quick stroke of the woodman's axe, and beneath the shadow of the trees, dwellings shall arise, in which the loved and loving shall make for themselves a *home*—for there yet is room. Turn we another leaf—"The Sailor's Home"—not the floating home, which is ever tossing on the billow—but upon shore, where his comfort is cared for—the body and the soul watched over—where thousands, from far off ports, are met for a brief time together, and upon it God's own blessing rests, for an altar is erected to Him, and prayers ascend both morn and eve, from earth to heaven. What next!—Poetry—"My Russet Gown" I must stop to read, forgive the wee bit of feminine curiosity,—it is the olden tale—the cottage maiden's reverie and regret, that ever she was won from its simplicity to be a "rich man's bride." Learning but too late, that jewels glisten above aching brows, and have no soothing for a weary heart. Many a one beside—

"Has felt how fleeting were the joys
That wealth alone can buy,
And for that humble cottage home
The bosom heaves a sigh."

"Life and Times of Johnston." A picture without a frame, giving us the "phiz" of "Roswell," one of Johnson's most assiduous flatterers—one whose share of variety, and folly, was not to be envied. Pass we lightly by for the present—there is folly, adulation, and conceit enough in the present day, to match all that the past can show, albeit in a different form.

"A New England Church, Northampton."—What a Sabbath-like air seems to linger in the surroundings of this ancient fane among the mountains, where as "a teacher sent from God" "Jonathan Edwards" taught of Jesus. His name is linked with that of "John Wesley," and in many things did he resemble the father of Methodism, for though Calvinistic, yet was he evangelical—and now it matters not to them that doctrines differ, for their work is done, and triumphantly they witnessed the power of that faith, which lays hold upon the promises, and entereth within the vail. Serving one God—they have gone up to the same reward at the right hand of the Father! "Dr Lovick Pierce" another veteran of the cross who is dwelling beneath a southern sky, in a summer land—His race too, is well nigh ended—and ere long he shall receive the welcome summons to the land, "where there is one bright summer always, and storms do not come."

"Reminiscences of the Pilgrims," how full of thrilling interest such records are. How many loving memories cluster around the "Mayflower" and its precious freight—and even the stern rock, which first the exiles trod, has a strange solemn beauty, for there seems lingering, and will perchance for ages the echo of the prayer, that went up from young, and old, "who found what there they sought: Freedom to worship God."

"Eloquence of Flowers," "Memory," magic words, and loving spells do both enshrine—and here is another that wakens many a memory for me, homely as the theme may be—"The Garret Revisited." The old lumber garret what a charmed place it was for childish feet. Oh! I remember the long room at the top of the house, which we used to designate thus. What a curiosity shop it was. Furniture, clothing, books, minerals, shells, frameless mirrors, and pictures with only half a frame. What a treat it was to steal in alone—to examine dilapidated cabinets—to peep into books, which bore our mother's name, and lay them down reverently, remembering, that now she had another, such as the angels bear in heaven—to try on some discarded finery of our grandmother's,—a world too large—and fancy ourselves some inches taller—to count over those shells and stones until we could *almost* tell their number. To linger there until the shadows fell more deeply about us, and the silence grew oppressive—and then softly closing the door upon the olden treasures, speed downwards to where the young and old were gathered at the twilight-hour.

And some still cluster there, but some are missing—and feeling this, even this "Magazine" is a loving link, between this now time and the past—for there its pages used to greet me, as a friend, but never did I welcome it so happily, as now, when it has grown a home association.

The sun-light is fading like bright hopes we have known—shadows will soon be stealing about our homes, but let them not enter in.

And after all, I have written not one letter, unless I send this thought-web to—the public. Would they look upon it kindly and forbear to criticize?—remembering how they too have sometimes mounted a run-away steed and been stopped in their career by some Gilpin-like mishap—or the waning light as just now is

Halifax, Oct. 15, 1853. ORIA.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

"The Fairy Queen."

A name that has been, and a memory now, around which thoughts must linger sadly, and tears be wept, for the dearly loved, and early lost. O! how thrillingly mournful the scene, which again and again we have pictured, and which still falls far short of the dread reality. Night upon the waters—hushed and solemn,—and in the stillness glad hearts beat hopefully, turning to the future—and the vista of coming years seemed one golden gleam to many, who were speeding homeward.

But the Death-Angel was abroad on land and sea, sending here and there, from his fatal quiver, shafts too surely aimed—then speeding away, away, to blight other hopes, and set his icy seal upon other brows. Graves are opening everywhere—in the midst of life and health, we dare not "boast ourselves of to-morrow," for God only knoweth, if the spirit shall not be called from its earthly casket to where death cannot come.

How fearful the cry breaking the stillness, seeming the death-knell of earthly hope!—"Upon the rocks." and then all is hushed again. O Hope and Fear, how struggle ye for the mastery! Pale, stern, faces gather in the darkness. Prayers, such as the dying only breathe, were winged that night to the Father's throne. Came there not, from the courts above, a messenger of mercy, in answer to those supplications?

Death, was, perchance, *most* merciful.—We cannot tell. We may not know until that day, when the Book shall be opened,—the workings of Providence, which seem to our earthly eyes so darkly mysterious.

The night wore on,—help came not,—and the boat went down—and down, far down beneath the waters, the living found a grave. He who had saved other lives in camp and hall, had no specific now,—the noble heart has throbbed its last,—strong men, and fragile women perished together. The gentle spirits, who, through many a sorrow, had kept bright that holy gem—a sister's love—were not divided,—the same hour winged their flight heavenward, and the bridal wreath that earthly hands would have twined for each fair brow, is exchanged for a crown of more glorious beauty—a crown by Jesus given.

Alas! for the homes to which returning footsteps may not come, for the eyes that have watched, and the hearts that grew weary in waiting. Joy! joy! to those who came as from the grave, restored, to linger yet a little longer in the master's service.—Let them, with thanksgiving and rejoicing, go onward, living to Him who hath delivered them. But woe! woe! to *him*, whose heart was callous, whose conscience must have been seared, on whose ear fell, coldly, pleading voices—who, in the hour of despair and death, could leave calmly to their fate fellow-mortals who had trusted to his guidance;—who could turn, coldly, from helpless women, caring only for himself.—Was there no memory of a mother's love, or sister's influence, to stay him in that hour? Had all holy emotions died out from out his heart? Was there no angel-whisper bidding him return? It might have been, but none was heeded. Alas! for thee, O cold, and heartless! Methinks, better hadst thou gone down amid prayers, with those who sleep, than to tread life's path with such a memory about thee, and shadowy forms, with pale faces, reproachful eyes bent ever upon thee, telling of lives that thou mightest have saved, but wouldst not! With God and His angels, man must leave thee, and by Him thou shalt be judged,—for "Vengeance belongeth to the Lord, and He will repay!"

Halifax, Oct. 20*th.*, 1853. ORIA.

THINK.—Thought engenders thought.—Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still another, till you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind.—There is a well of thought there which has no bottom: the more you draw from it the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps—homely and shapeless; but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write—the more you think the better you express your ideas.

"A Tempest in a Tea Pot!"

"COMPLIMENTARY—VERY.—The 'Provincial Wesleyan' published in Halifax, has devoted about as much as one square of one of its columns, to a notice of the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting, recently held in this place. Notwithstanding the interesting account thereof which had been communicated to this Journal, by one who is not to be by a Member of that Church, and who, it does not see, though not of that Church, might well worth being copied unabridged. It is particularly complimentary, therefore, to the 'Wesleyan,' been to the Members of that Body here, in the notice alluded to.'

The *Cape Breton News* must have been looking out for something to find fault with, when he penned the above paragraph against the Editor of this paper. A satisfactory explanation, to all but extremely captious persons, is easily given. Our Ministers generally send to the *Provincial Wesleyan* for publication a detailed account of Missionary and other Committee Meetings, which always receive ready admission into our columns. We had no reason to believe that the Wesleyan Minister at Sydney would deviate from the usual practice. On the day, however, of publication, just before going to press, we happened to see a copy of the *News*, containing an account of the Meeting in question. We had neither space nor time to give the statement in full, but as we are desirous of giving as early intelligence as possible, with some inconvenience to ourselves, and by the withdrawal of some items already in type, we gave a condensed account of the Meeting. This we had to do or nothing, that week; at the same time holding ourselves in readiness to publish a fuller account from the pen of the Minister in charge, should such be forwarded.

We should not have deemed the petish remarks of the *News* worthy of notice, were it not for the groundless insinuation, that we, on the occasion referred to, cast an *intentional slight* on the Wesleyans of Sydney. In the explanation we have given, our people there will see, that we were influenced by a sincere desire to give early publicity to their laudable support of the Missionary cause, which was done to the best of our ability under the circumstances in which we were placed. If the *News* has sought to damage the *Provincial Wesleyan* in the estimation of our people at Sydney, we hope he will meet with deserved disappointment.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

DEAR SIR,—On returning to this Circuit last June, after an absence of 18 years, I found many changes had taken place—several of our beloved people had sickened and died. Mr. CHAPMAN, a leader in the Society for many years, and his wife had gone to their eternal rest. Mr. JAMES JORDAN, a fine young man, and a leading singer in the choir, had been cut off in his prime, and taken to listen to the music of the skies. Others had left the place, whilst some new faces were to be seen in the congregation, &c. But a number of my old friends were left to give me a kind reception and a hearty welcome. Immediately on my entering upon the Circuit, Mrs. RUDDICK and Mrs. GILBERT JORDAN collected $60 for the purchase of articles necessary to render the Mission House comfortable. Mrs. EAGLES generously fitted up the front hall at her own expense.

We have succeeded in getting the inside of the Chapel painted—the front of the gallery grained—the tops of the pews varnished, and the pulpit handsomely trimmed. New gas-burners, &c. have been sent for. The vestry has also been whitewashed and painted throughout. Great credit is due to all who have contributed towards these improvements; especially to Mrs. BARTLETT LINGLEY, who kindly undertook to raise the necessary funds, which, when all is completed, will probably cost £100, every penny of which will be paid.

On Sunday last the Chapel was re-opened for divine service, when appropriate sermons were delivered by the Rev. W. CARDY, in the morning, and by the stationed Minister in the evening; and, on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. JAMES HENNIGAR,—accompanied by exhortation and prayer by the Rev. M. PICKLES. These were interesting and hallowed services. We have formed a good choir of singers, who took their places in the gallery the day the Chapel was re-opened. I am happy to say we have peace in all our borders—and our prospects are encouraging. Praise the Lord!

WILLIAM SMITHSON.

Portland, St. John, N. B., October 13, 1853.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN

Hopewell Circuit.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

On Sunday the 2nd inst., The Rev. James TAYLOR, from St. John South, conducted preparatory services in three of our preaching places in Shepody—a similar service was held at Salmon River in the afternoon, and a collection taken at each place in aid of the mission funds. At the last mentioned place according to previous arrangement, we commenced our subsequent meetings on the forenoon of Monday—thence returning to the Mission House; much to our gratification and the advantage of the cause, we were joined by the Rev. Albert DESBRISAY, Chaplain of the Sackville Academy, who 31 years ago travelled as a Missionary here.

On the same and two following evenings we held our meetings at the Mission Corner—the Hill—and Harvey Corner.

Our friends on this Circuit continue to evidence practically on behalf of the heathen, a disposition to evade the application of the pathetic complaint, "no man cared for my soul."

The extent of the Congregations on the Sabbath, and, all things considered, throughout, was respectable; and the monies actually realized and pledged several pounds in adv