to be derived from the work," I observed "by thus making it the principal aim."

"Yes; and besides, it ceases to be work for Christ when we do it for ourselves; and it narrows down the number of the true labourers in the vineyard, where, bad or good, the laborers are so few."

"Yet we must not forget," I replied, "that God, in his great mercy, sends his saving message by such unworthy ambassadors, else St. Paul would not have rejoiced as he did that Christ was preached even of envy and strife. If these base passions did not hinder the good work entirely, this self-seeking may not."

"True," he said: I have not sufficiently considered that."

After a pause I added, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." How constantly have we seen this promise fulfilled! We did not go to school for a Sabbath pastime; but we found most delightful occupation. We did not aim at social pleasure; but we have met with true friends.

"Yes, God bless them!" said the superintendent earnestly. "Nothing draws hearts nearer than working for Christ together. And the mental and spiritual improvement is given too. How many times I have noticed this in the case of our foreign missionaries, spending years away from all the advantages and opportunities for culture which abound in the midst of our christian civilization, yet making progress far beyond their most self-indulgent brethren at home, and returning to surprise us with the elevation to which they have attained!"

"The Master promised," I replied, "a hundredfold more in this life, specifying that the reward would be often given in the very thing renounced for his sake; and however little the faithful servant thinks to claim or even to look for it, some angel will come unawares with the Heaven-sent gift."

"And to some of us," the superintendent said, "the gracious rewards of labor come so soon and so abundantly as to take away all sense of renunciation, of self-denial and of weary effort, so that the work is easy and pleasant. Yet so perverse are we, that we sometimes wish the labor were more difficult and less delightful."

"Nay," I remonstrated, "not perverse. It is the very spirit of love."

"Thanks," he said with a cheery smile, as he rose to go. "You see the silver side of things. Good-night!"—*Chris Banner.*

Obituary.

MISS GIBSON OF MARYSVILLE, YORK CO., N. B.

Died, at Marysville, on the 3rd of October, in the eighteenth year of her age, Mary, eldest daughter of Alexander Gibson, Esq.

Rarely has the removal of one so youthful cast such a gloom over an entire community; for by amiable and affectionate disposition combined with gentleness and unselfishness of spirit, Miss Gibson had won the esteem of all within the circle of her acquaintance. Heavily, too, has the stroke fallen upon bereaved hearts, keenly sensative to such sorrow, for again and again has their circle been broken,—

"Insatiate archer, could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice their peace was slain."

The sorrow of bereavement has however been chastened and alleviated by the remembrance of a life which, though brief, was beautiful in singleness of purpose and unwearied efforts of usefulness.

At an early age, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Wm. Wilson, she was engaged as a Missionary collector. Her solicitude for appropriate and impressive worship in which all might thankfully and reverently join, was not only satisfactory evidence of deep personal interest, but was highly salutary in its influence and pervasive spirit. The Sabbath school was peculiarly her sphere; and, even when her strength was insufficient for visits of social intercourse, there was no interruption of effort, amongst the children of her charge, until within a Sabbath or two of her death.

Miss Gibson had recently been subjected to one of those changes in social life, which often prove a searching test to character, and a severe ordeal to the spirit of piety. Removing with her parents to an elegant and spacious mansion, with all that wealth could secure and every worldly gratification within her reach, and easy *entree* into the widest and highest circles of society; but unchanged—ever manifesting the same meekness of spirit and sweetness of deportment,—she pursued the even, noiseless tenor of her way.

Of a meditative cast of mind, Mary's thoughts were often occupied with the most solemn themes. Even in the silent hours of the night, she would remain awake thinking of death. The good Spirit of God was thus preparing her mind for early removal, and the *secret of the Lord* was her strength as she calmly said, "I am going home."

"Her poor fluttering heart was strong in faith assured
For, behold, she prayed."

To a large concourse of people assembled at her funeral, with the autumnal wind sighing forth its mournful moan, scattering the blighted leaves thickly over the ground, the monitory words of Inspiration suggested by the surroundings of the occasion, were the ground of appeal, and never perhaps was there a more vivid realization of the fact, *we all do fade as a leaf.*

At Marysville a beautiful site for a cemetery had been fixed upon, but not yet prepared, and as we stood by that first grave and committed dust to dust, we felt that the ground had been hallowed and consecrated by that simple, but solemn and impressive burial service. No longer we heard the sigh of the autumnal wind, for a voice from heaven uttered as in strains of celestial minstrelsy, the blessedness of the *dead in Christ.* No longer we heeded the sere leaves, for our thoughts were of *the Resurrection and the Life*—of a world where leaves do not fade, where flowers do not droop or die.

As the epitaph of the departed one, and a record of sure and certain hope," we might justly inscribe over that grave, "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

J. L.

Fredericton, Oct. 10th, 1867.

JOHN NICHOLLS, CORNWALLIS WEST.

On the 8th of Sept. Bro. Nicholls was called to his reward in heaven, after having honourably spent the days allotted him on earth. His connection with the Methodist Church for upwards of thirty years had greatly endeared it to him—for it had been most emphatically the Church of his choice.

He could say of it in the language of David, "All my springs are in thee." For several years he had filled the office of Class Leader with credit. His liberal giving to support the gospel showed how he prized the blessings of religion. He endeavoured to serve God from principle, and did not wish to rob Him. After 65 years had been given him—in which he saw his children grow up around him—and all of them brought under the influence of religion—it seemed that his work on earth was done—and the Master called him to dwell with Him above.

J. R.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, OCT'R. 16, 1867.

"As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be."

Great is the disquietude of the heart when in care and sorrow, if we cannot confide in a Power above ourselves; but, oh, how delightful the peacefulness and satisfaction, in such seasons of sore trial, of having the Lord for our God, and of thereby being able to cast all our care on Him who careth for us. Amid the perplexities and anxieties of life, to enjoy the privilege of leaning upon the divine Arm, and of placing in divine Hands our every burden, is comfort unspeakable; it is human feebleness allying itself to almightiness, and at a time when divine succour is specially needed; it is man, in his felt and acknowledged ignorance, committing himself to unerring wisdom, and saying, "Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me; Thou hast said, I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." Sustained by such a promise, the tried follower of the Lord goes forward in the darkest Providences, placing his hand in the Hand of his Heavenly Father, and confiding in Infinite faithfulness and love.

Care, in this state of being, is inevitable. It comes in varied forms, but in some form or other on every heart. Change of circumstances may not relieve us, for if one description of care is removed, another will occupy its place. It is for us then to be prepared for all we may have to meet, by yielding up ourselves to fulfil the will of our Father in Heaven. How many are the occurrences of life which bring anxiety, and sometimes overwhelming grief; and when the heart cannot stay itself upon its God, what bitterness is endured! We are so situated in this state of discipline, that our very successes and prosperity, and the realization of our cherished expectations, serve to burden us. Then on the other hand, we have heavy care because of the disappointment of our hopes, and the failure of our schemes and efforts. Passing through such an ordeal, our spirits are weighed down, and our souls cleave unto the dust; thereby distracting our hearts, and dimming our perceptions of the unseen and spiritual world. To render the Christian superior to the sordid and distressing influences of such anxiety, the words of apostolic counsel are given, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Under such teaching we have seen the Christian able to pass through duties and responsibilities of great magnitude, "Careful, without care;" and his heart kept in perfect peace

Our afflictions and bereavements in life have a great tendency to bring the soul into heaviness. But the Chritsian sorrows not as those without hope; "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." We have seen parents with bleeding hearts, resigning their household treasures to the greedy grave, and yet submissive to their Heavenly Father's will. We have seen the fond husband yielding up at the call of God the wife of his youth, the companion of his joys and sorrows,—and the loving wife surrendering the *one* who was far dearer to her than life itself, alike able to say from the heart, "The will of the Lord be done."

But it is not always an easy matter to look above our sorrows, and to repose assured confidence in God. We know that the Lord reigneth; that He doeth all things well; and that all things work together for good to them that love God. But in our weakness, our earthliness, our many infirmities, it is not always the case that even good people can repose a full acquiescence in divine dispensations, and feel that "all is well." This however should be our aim, and if the burdened soul "continue in prayer" the peaceful issue shall be attained in due season. Yet even while the load presses upon our heart, we may have large support from Him whose promise is, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." He fulfils His faithful word of promise to His weak and trembling, yet trusting ones, who commit their grief and care into His hands. He who offers to sustain our burden, is not only able to save to the uttermost, but is also the faithful and the gracious Lord. He watches over us with a Father's loving eye, and it is His good pleasure that we should repose unlimited trust in His guardianship and guidance. Are we in perplexity as to our providential path? Are we bowed down through worldly disappointment? Do the anxieties and sorrows of life appress us? Let us not forget that the Lord is near; that in all our affliction He is afflicted, and He careth for us. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

The Psalmist's reference to "the valley of the shadow of death," though often taken as applying to the last conflict, was certainly intended to represent the season of deep providential darkness; and of that season he says, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." This last is the interpretation given by the immortal dreamer in his Pilgrim's Progress." We quote an extract: "When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of man as going before him, saying, *Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no ill, for Thou art with me.*" Then was he glad, because he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself, and because he perceived that God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke. Then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into morning."

As appropriate to this theme, and descriptive of Christian in the valley of humiliation, we transcribe from the *Singing Pilgrim* the following stanzas:—

I'm walking in the shadow, How lonely is my way;
The night has gather'd o'er me, Nor left one cheering ray.

No guiding star to light me, Along this dreary vale;
My steps are weak and trembling. I feel my courage fail.

I'm walking in the shadow, Of darkness, gloom, and woe;
Be with me, O my Saviour, And show me where to go.

I'm walking in the shadow; But whither will it lead?
My Father, deign to help me, Thy gentle hand I need.
I fear to venture onward, Nor would I turn aside;
Thou only canst direct me, My Shepherd and my Guide.

I'm walking in the shadow; But, hark! methinks I hear,
The voice of one before me, That tells a friend is near.
A Pilgrim in the valley, And yet he fears no ill.
For God, the Lord, is with him, His staff a comfort still.

I'm walking in the shadow; But, lo, the morning breaks;
And with its glad returning, My hope renewed awakes.
The Lord from every danger, Has cleared my tangled way,
He brought deep things from darkness. And turned my night to day!

When walking in the shadow, Of darkness, gloom, and woe,
Be with me, O my Saviour, And show me where to go.

From our Ontario Correspondent.

To the Editor of the Prov. Wesleyan:

MY DEAR SIR,—For several years past, the latter part of the month of September, has been a busy season in Canada, now, Ontario, as the time of holding the Provincial Exhibition.—Toronto, Hamilton, London, and Kingston, are the places at which it is held in rotation. This year, the good old City of Kingston, was the place chosen for the FAIR, and from all we can gather, it has been a decided success. There were, however, many counteracting influences to contend with. The counties adjacent to Kingston have been the most visited with drought, so that in respect to agricultural pursuits, the least productions were necessarily poor, and upon these, much dependence is always placed. Then too, as an agricultural district, Kingston is not to compared with any of the other places where the Exhibition is held. Much of the land is very poor, and abounds with rocks, so that while there are to be found a few rich farmers, you must go further West, if you want to see the finest agricultural parts of Ontario. For the same cause, the attendance at Kingston is not equal to the other cities. One of the days at the late Exhibition, there were 9,000 tickets of admission sold, on the corresponding day last year, there were 19,000. There were some fine horses, and some good specimens of cattle. Our farmers are taking great pride in their stock, and to all appearance, they will, in a few years, have a goodly number of what they call *thorough* breeds. The young men pay great attention to horses, and for weeks, indeed months past, as we have been travelling, we have seen them training their "spans," for *trotting* purposes. Some of the old gentlemen think, the boys spend too much time in this way, but, poor fellows, their work is hard, and if they take pleasure in having a fine horse or two, I think, they should be indulged. There was not such demand for horses at the late Exhibition, as formerly, so that prices did not range so high, though large sums were paid for the finest specimens. We hear that the merchants in this city did not have such a good run of business as they anticipated. This was accounted for, from the fact, that the number of Americans, who are usually heavy buyers, was smaller than usual. Several of Uncle Sam's detectives were on the alert, in order that all purchasers on this side, might be known as they returned home, to "the land of the free." Owing to the heavy taxes on the other side of the line, the amount of smuggling was anticipated to be great during the time of the Fair, hence the precaution.

You will have heard of the atrocious murder that took place at Morton's Distillery, Kingston. The watchman was on duty near midnight on the 21st ult., when four miscreants went to the office for plunder, as they could not effect their purpose without being seen, one of them struck the poor fellow a blow, which ended his career. He had been a faithful servant for more than 20 years. The parties then make their way with their booty, but, they were soon pursued and as "murder will out," they have been caught much quicker, than doubtless, they anticipated. They were taken near Watertown, U. S., and brought to Kingston, where they await their trial. All of them are young men of respectable connections, and two of them, at least, have not been long in the career of vice. It is the old tale, of bad company, and strong drink, working the ruin of some, who would otherwise be creditable members in society. The United States authorities are highly commended for the aid they rendered in pursuing the prisoners.

Our Elections are now over, and as you are aware, there will be a large majority in favor of the Ministry. One of the members of the Local government of Ontario has failed to secure a seat, S. Richards, Esq., Crown Land Department. We have not heard who is to be his successor. The Hon. G. Brown has been defeated. Report says, that he is about to go home to Scotland and spend the rest of his days in private life. We hope the report is unfounded. There can be no doubt, but, that the most unblushing and open bribery has been practised, and though the law wisely provides that taverns are to be closed during elections, yet it is lamentable, that tavern influence secured many votes. Some good men have been left at home. Scenes have transpired disgraceful to civilization. How far we are from perfection.

Parliament is soon to meet, and what the Ministry proposes, they can have no trouble of carrying, at least so far as Ontario and Quebec are concerned, but, how about your part of "the Dominion!" Surely your representatives being returned on the Anti-Union ticket, will not go for upsetting the Confederation scheme! Let us hope that Canada will present one GRAND WHOLE, and that the details of the Confederation business, may be amicably settled. Doubtless, every means should be adopted, to conduct the affairs of government in the most economical manner. The number of Ministers looks large, and the bill of expenses, for which an indemnity will be wanted in Parliament, will doubtless, be heavy. Let all your good men and true, unite with ours for economy in all departments.

The Rev. Newman Hall, Surrey Chapel, London, England, is at present visiting our shores. He has been in some of the cities of the United States, and has also been at Hamilton, London, and Toronto. Last Sabbath he was in Montreal, thence he goes to Quebec, and so on to Boston. He is accompanied by Rev. R. Balgarnie, Scarborough. They have preached and lectured to great crowds in all the places they have visited. We have not had the pleasure of seeing them, but, we understand, that the impression they have made, was very favorable. For gentlemen, on a tour, they are working very hard. Mr. Hall preached four times in one day in Hamilton, and on Saturday evening at Montreal, when speaking, he said that was the *ninth* service he had held that week. He is taking up funds towards the erection of his new Church, which is shortly to be built. It is believed, that the visit of the illustrious gentlemen, will be the means of doing much good.

In our Methodist circles, we are glad to find, that conversions are taking place. A few Camp Meetings have been held, which have been characterized by scenes of signal power and marked success. Those famous Evangelists, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have been at some, and their soul stirring addresses, have aroused many to seek holiness. O that scriptural holiness may spread through the land.

Our indefatigable, and versatile brother, Rev. John Carroll, who has been in the Methodist Itinerancy, some forty years, has been devoting his spare hours for some time past, to preparing a Book called "Case and his Contemporaries," designed to be a sort of Biographical emporium of all the Preachers who have labored in the Methodist ministry in Canada from the days of Wm. Losee to the present time. The Book Steward, Rev. S. Rose, has published the first volume, which is a decent 12mo. of near 400 pages. All true Methodists should possess a copy. Our young people should be made acquainted with the illustrious sires, who laid the foundation of the Church in these lands; and to whom the country owes a debt of obligation, and which can never be discharged. Bro. Carroll has performed an amount of labor, that is truly prodigious, and we fear, he will never be repaid. He has however done the church good service, and we hope his life will be spared to finish the work upon which he has set his heart.

Next week a Sabbath school Convention is to be held in Toronto. It is expected to surpass all the others which have been previously held. It is anticipated that there will be more than a thousand Delegates present. Some distinguished friends of Sabbath schools in the United States are expected to attend. No doubt it will be an interesting gathering, and as we hope, Providence permitting, to be able to attend, we may give you some account of it in our next.

October 3, 1867. ONTARIO.

The Circuit Preacher.

The last *Harper's Weekly* contains a striking illustration of the old-fashioned Methodist itinerant, mounted on his nag, with the usual saddle-bags, braving the pitiless storm, sheltered only by his umbrella, yet looking as cheerful as though in the bright sunshine. The sketch is accompanied by the following:—

We give this week a picture of "The Circuit Preacher," the spirited design of which can hardly fail to arrest attention.

The title is synonymous with "Methodist Chivalry." Individually the character is most interesting, but historically it is of much more importance, for the historians of Methodism vindicate its mission in America chiefly by the fact of its "Itinerancy," its "Circuit System." The denomination, they tell us, began in this country when the Revolution was beginning; it fought its first battles contemporaneously with the Revolutionary battles, and it was constitutionally organized just before the organization of the Republic by the Federal Constitution. The Revolution opened the whole continent for the ingress of population. No Protestant prelate had hitherto lived upon the continent; it now presented not merely a church without a bishop, and a state without a king, but a state territorially larger than any other in the civilized world without an ecclesiastical establishment. The State separated from the Church, enfranchising it by divorcing it. Religion was to expect no more legal support, except temporarily in a few localities where the old system might linger in expiring. The novel example was contrary to the traditional training of all Christian states, and might well excite the anxiety of Christian thinkers for the moral fate of the New World. How were Christian education, churches, and pastors to be provided for this boundless territory and its multiplying millions of souls? If the "voluntary principle" were as legitimate as its advocates believed, yet could it possibly be adequate to the moral wants of the ever-coming armies of population, which, under the attractions of the new country, were about to pour into and overspread its immense regions; armies far surpassing the northern hordes, whose surging migrations swept away the Roman Empire, and with which was to be transferred to the New World much of the worst barbarism of the Old?

Evidently the usual provision of stated pastors, with long preparatory training could not meet the religious necessities of the country. Methodism entered the great arena at the emergent moment. It was to be literally the founder of the Church in several of the most important new States, individually as large as some leading kingdoms of the Old World. It was to become at last the dominant popular faith of the country, with its standard planted in every city, town, and almost every village of the land. Moving in the van of emigration, it was to supply, with the ministrations of religion, the frontiers from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, from Puget's Sound to the gulf of California. It was to do this indispensable work by means peculiar to itself; by districting the land into circuits which, from one hundred to five hundred miles in extent, could each be statedly supplied with religious instruction by but one or two travelling evangelists, who, preaching daily, could thus have charge of parishes comprizing hundreds of miles and tens of thousands of souls. It was to raise up, without delay for preparatory training, and thrust out upon these circuits thousands of such itinerants, tens of thousands of local or lay preachers and exhorters, as auxiliary and unpaid labourers, with many thousands of class-leaders who could maintain pastoral supervision over the infant societies in the absence of the itinerant preachers, the latter not having time to delay in any locality for much else than the public services of the pulpit. Over all these circuits it was to maintain the watchful jurisdiction of traveling presiding elders, and over the whole system the superintendence of traveling bishops, to whom the entire nation was to be a common diocese. It was to govern the whole field by quarterly Conferences for each circuit, Annual Conferences for groups of Circuits, Quadrennial Conferences for all the Annual Conferences. It was to preach night and day, in churches where it could command them, in private houses, school-houses, court-houses, barns, in the fields, on the highways. It was to succeed, until one of the best authorities in the statistics of the country, himself of another denomination (Dr. Baird), was at last to "recognize in the Methodist economy, as well as in the zeal, the devoted piety, and the efficiency of its ministry, one of the most powerful elements in the religious prosperity of the United States, as well as one of the firmest pillars of their civil and political institutions." The historian of the Republic (Bancroft) records that it has welcomed the Methodist itinerants "as the pioneers of religion;" that "the breath of liberty has wafted their messages to the masses of the people; encouraged them to collect the white and negro, slave and master, in the greenwood, for counsel on divine love and the full assurance of grace; and carried their consolation, and songs and prayers to the furthest cabins in the wilderness."

We have said that individually the circuit preacher is a most interesting character. He is the impersonation of religious romance and ministerial chivalry in Methodist history—the most spirit-stirring of ecclesiastical annals. Most of the early Methodist bishops and itinerants remained unmarried through life, that they might give themselves with entire devotion to their travels and labours. They had no homes but the homes of their people, among whom they were ever welcome, not only as pastors but as the most companionable of men, abounding in anecdotes of their own strange adventures, in news of the brethren and churches of their far-reaching circuits, and particularly in harmless humour; for their acquaintance with the world, their contact with all classes of men, gave them a facility, a bonhomie, an aptness for repartee which became quite generally characteristic of them as a class, notwithstanding their religious earnestness. They have been pronounced the best humourists of our Revolutionary period. They were mighty workers; they usually preached two, often three sermons daily—at one place or "appointment" in the morning, at another in the afternoon, at another in the evening. They kept the whole Western frontier resounding with their evangelic trumpets when few other clergymen could be found there. They kept pace with emigration—kept in its very front. Many of them were the prized companions of Boone, from Kentucky to Missouri. Their salary was but seventy dollars a-year, and they seldom received half of it. The people fed them, often clothed them, cheerfully; and all they seemed to need besides, was for occasional traveling expenses, books, etc. Our artist has not forgotten the "saddle-bags." That article was the very symbol—the invariable accompaniment—of the "Old Itinerancy." In it the circuit preacher carried his slight wardrobe, his Bible and Hymn-book, and what room remained was usually crammed with Methodist books for sale; for Methodist preachers were all practical "colporteurs"—the best "diffusers" of religious knowledge this country ever knew. Their Discipline expressly enjoined upon them this duty: they were all agents for their "Book Concern," and have made it the greatest religious publishing house in the world. "Scatter the books everywhere," said Wesley to them; "leave not a stone unturned in this work."

In the West, every where, indeed, they became real heroes. Nothing could turn them aside. The hardest field was the field of greatest honour; persecution and mobs only inspirited them. They confronted fearlessly the perils of Indian hostility from the Lakes to the Gulf; their people often convoyed them with arms from "appointment" to "appointment" singing hymns on the way, but "keeping their powder dry," and a wary look-out. Their great bishop, Asbury, the greatest of itinerants, was usually accompanied, on the other side of the mountains, like a captain at the head of a troop. To the early Methodists of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio he was the greatest hero of the nation next to Washington.

Richard Nolley was one of the most famous circuit heroes of the south, and is now venerated as a martyr. He laboured sturdily against fierce persecution. Fire-crackers were often thrown upon him in the pulpit, and while he was upon his knees praying; but he would shut his eyes, that he might not be distracted by menaces, and preach and pray on with overwhelming power, a habit which, it is said, lasted through his life. His voice was as a trumpet, and no man of the Southwest proclaimed the Gospel with greatest energy. He penetrated to the newest settlements on the Tombigbee, Alabama, where he was beset with Indian perils. For three years he ranged there over a vast extent of country, preaching daily, stopping for no obstructions of flood or weather. When his horse could not go on he shouldered his saddle-bags and pressed forward on foot. When the settlers flew from the Indians into isolated forts and stockades, Nolley kept abroad, hastening from post to post, preaching continually, comforting the refugees. He "kept the Gospel sounding through all the country." It was in this wild region that happened the fact often cited as an illustration of the energy of the primitive circuit preacher. Nolley came to a fresh wagon track in the woods and soon found an emigrant family, which had just pitched on the ground of its new home. The man was unlimbering his team and the wife was busy about the fire. "What," exclaimed the settler, on hearing the salutation of the preacher, and glancing at his unmistakable appearance, "have you found me already?—Another Methodist preacher! I left Virginia to get out of their reach; I went to Georgia and thought to have got a long whet, but they got my wife and daughter into the church; then in this purchase (Choctaw Corner) I found a piece of land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers, and here is one before my wagon is unloaded!" Nolley gave him small comfort. "My friend," he said, "if you go to heaven you will find Methodist preachers there; if you go to hell you will find some there, I fear; and you see how it is in this world, so you had better make terms with us and be at pesce."

Nolley made his way at last quite into the interior of Louisiana, and there, after wading one day a flooded stream, he fell exhausted to the earth in the heart of a forest. He crept to the shelter of some favorable trees, got upon his knees, prayed, and, lying down to die, composed his limbs, closed his eyes, and was found the next day by a traveller, who bore him away and had him buried. His knees were muddy, and their prints upon the ground showed that he had been praying in this last scene of his heroic life.

The circuit preacher has disappeared, almost, from our Atlantic regions, but he is still abroad in the Valley of the Mississippi and on the Pacific coast, doing brave battle for his Church.

The Effects of Tobacco.

Dr. Dixon, editor of the *Scalpel*, has very decided opinions with reference to tobacco, and indeed all stimulants.

"What, then," he asks, "is tobacco? Why, simply, a narcotic—that is (see the dictionary) 'a stupifier—a deadener of nervous and muscular energy! If any man disputes this, and asserts that he finds himself more capable of intellectual or muscular effort when he has a quid in his mouth, we congratulate him on his improved astuteness. We may betray our own want of the precious intellectual quickener, but we will venture the question: How much did it sharpen your logic chopper when you took the first quid? And how majestically did you stand on your legs when you first felt its full effect? . . .

"Our remarks apply in a much more forcible manner to smoking than to chewing. Some people are so silly as to suppose, because they do not spit while smoking, that no harm can ensue; but they should remember that the oil of tobacco, which contains the deadly nicotine (equally deadly and almost as rapid in its action as strychnine), is volatilized, and circulates with the smoke through the delicate lining membrane of the mouth at each whiff of the cigar, and is absorbed by the extensive continuation of this membrane that lines the nostrils, and acts upon the whole body. The smoke of tobacco is indeed much more rapid in its stupefying effect, as every professed smoker knows. It is usually called 'soothing' by its votaries; but this is, of course, only the first stage of stupefaction; it acts precisely as opium or other narcotics do.

"If we have used a moderate share of intellect and very extensive observation aright, we can find no cause of sufficient power except to tobacco capable of producing the wrecks of manhood that often come under our professional notice. The dull, leaden eye, the trembling hand, and insecure and unmanly step, the vacillating purpose and incapacity to reason correctly on the most simple subjects are too often seen connected with the aroma of the deadly weed, as the victim unfolds in trembling accents his tale of blighted prospects and chilled affections.

"So far are we from doubting its power over the moral and physical welfare of the race, that we have not a doubt that it has infinitely more to do with the physical imperfection and early death of the children of its votaries, than its great associate, drunkenness itself. The deficiency of virile power in many instances of long-continued smokers is very marked. Every surgeon of experience must have observed it. The local surgical and medical treatment most effective in these cases proves conclusively that it is to the debilitating and exhausting influence of tobacco that these sad consequences are due.

"One would think that a man's—more especially a young man's—natural instincts would awaken him to the discovery that some horrid vampire was fanning him from mental sleep to physical death; he has before him every day the bright eye, the elastic step, and the lithe limbs of his companions; he sees, but seems not to understand, the quickly averted eye, the expressive and scornful face of insulted woman, as she refuses to take his offered but defiled seat in the omnibus or rail; he permits her to open the window and expose her health to the chill air, to get a little air untainted with the loathsome aroma. . . .

A person who is saturated with tobacco, or tobacco poisoned, acquires a sodden or dirty yellow hue; two whiffs of his breath will scent a large room; you may nose him before he takes his seat. Of this he is entirely unconscious; he will give you the full force of his lungs, and for the most part such people have a great desire to approach and annoy you. We have been followed round a large office table by them, backing continually to escape the nuisance, till we had made a revolution or two before our motive was perceived. . . .

"If there be a vice more prostrating to the body or mind, and more crucifying to all the sympathies of man's spiritual nature, we have yet to be convinced of it."

Spiritualism.

This latest manifestation of devilism cannot be held in too great abhorrence. The following testimony is from Dr. Randolph who was for years a prominent spirtualist medium, and travelled extensively both on this continent and in Europe for its propagation. He has publicly denounced it, and speaks as follows concerning its character.

For nearly ten years I have sought rest for my weary soul. But rest came not until I found it at the family altar, surrounded by those whom, in the delirium of mad philosophy, I thought were not for me, but whom I subsequently found dearer, nearer, truer than all the world beside.

Spiritualism is all eye and head; no soul and heart; all neglect, no emotion; all philosophy, and no religion; all spirit, no God! And even the social, reformatory movement has dwindled down into prostitutional nurseries!

I enter the arena as the champion of common sense against what, in my soul, I believe to be the most tremendous enemy of God, morals and religion that ever found foothold on the earth—the most seductive, hence the most dangerous form of sensualism that ever cursed a nation, age or people.

I was a medium about eight years, during which time I made three thousand speeches, and travelled over several different countries, proclaiming the new Gospel. I now regret that so much excellent breath was wasted, and that my health of mind and body was well nigh ruined I have only begun to regain both since I totally abandoned it, and to-day had rather see the cholera in my house than be a spiritual medium.

After embracing Harmonial Philosophy, (and my experience is that of thousands,) I sought to be a medium, made experiments, and obtained my wish. Better had I found my grave! The rapping and other phenomena followed me, produced, as I then thought, by good human spirits. These were soon succeeded by the trance condition, to which I became subject, and the moment I yielded to that seductive influence, I ceased to be a man, and became a mere automaton, at the mercy of a power I believe to be demoniac, but which others accept as progressive-spiritual, but which they cannot prove to be such, try as they may. Mind, I do not say it is not so, but aver that not the faintest proof can be adduced that it is so! As a trance-speaker I became widely known; and aver that during the entire eight years of my mediumship, I firmly and sacredly confess that I had not the control of my own mind, as I now have, one twentieth of the time; and before man and high Heaven I most solemnly declare that I do not now believe that during the whole eight years I was sane for thirty-six consecutive hours, in consequence of the trance and susceptibility thereto, I would have lucid intervals an hour or so at a time, until the next circle. During these rational periods I would, in words, assert myself, my manhood, and not unfrequently denounce the spirits, and then in the very next circle, in the trance retract it all; and for this I obtained the reputation of inconstancy, and having no "balance-wheel." I frequently resolved to break my fetters, but some good-natured miracle-seeker would persuade me to sit in a circle just once more, in order that some great defunct, Napoleon, Cæsar, Franklin, or Mahommed might, through my lips, give his opinion on the subject, and edify some dozen or so with metaphysical moonshine and transcendental twaddle. I would consent "just to oblige," and then good-bye reason, sanity adieu, common sense farewell. Like the reformed inebriate, who, so long as he tastes not, is safe from the destroyer, but who is plunged into deep misery the instant he yields to the tempting "one-glass more," so the medium. Nothing can rescue him or her but the hand of God, who is "mighty to save." It pleased him to reduce me to the zero of human woe, that I might be snatched as a brand from the burning Had he not vouchsafed this great mercy, the probability is, that instead of trying to serve him, and atone for the mistakes of a life time, I should still be wandering up and down the capitals of Europe and Asia in the accomplishment of my spiritual destiny and mission, desperately intent on converting Ferdinand, Louis Napoleon, the King of Delhi, Nasr-oo-deen, and the Grand Turk; for I believed that I was heavensent to save humanity in general, and crowned heads in particular. Disease cut short my labor in that line; I was kindly cared for. This demoniacal phase of Spiritualism deprived me of reason, led me from home and duties, caused me to squander, in world-roving, a sum more than sufficient to have rendered my family comfortable for life. Now all my efforts can scarcely furnish the homeliest fare, and the second act of this drama concluded with a fearful crime. In a moment of despair, during that terrible madness, with dreadful intent, I severed the blood-vessels of both arms in four places. Chance led a man to approach me ere the lamp of life had quite gone out, and by superhuman exertions I was saved. All this I charge to demonism and the infernal doctrines taught by many invisibles, be they spirits or devils. During my greatest illness I was attended by a physician who understood my case, who forbade me to think or act of or in spiritualism, but to look to God for that aid and comfort which He alone can give, and attend the preaching of His Gospel by God's preachers in the woods and fields. I followed his advice, gradually regaining my health of mind and body, for which His name be praised. The result of my illness was, that I became convinced that however scientific Spiritualism, as operative on my own soul, might do to live by, it would never do to die by. The anti-Bible, anti-God, anti-Christian Spiritualism, I had perfectly demonstrated to be subversive, unrighteous, destructive, disorderly and irreligious; consequently to be shunned by every true follower of God and holiness. I had not, for ten years, seen a happy day prior to my conversion. In the extremity of my woe I called on spirits for aid, but no spirits came to my assistance. Reduced to the verge of horror and despair, I called on God whom I had, in the insolent pride of intellect, so often derided. I believe my prayer was answered, my understanding opened, my body healed, reason restored, mind comforted, and my trembling feet set, as I believe on the Eternal Rock of Ages.

For seven years I held daily intercourse with what purported to be my mother's spirit. I am now fully persuaded that it was nothing but an evil spirit an infernal demon, who in that guise gained my confidence and led me to the very brink of ruin.

A. J. Davis and his clique of Harmonialists say there are no evil spirits. I emphatically deny the statement. Five of my friends destroyed themselves, and I attempted it, by direct spiritual influences. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by mortal movers of viewless beings! Adultery, fornication, suicides, desertions, unjust divorces, prostitution, abortion insanity, are not evil, I suppose! I charge all these to this scientific Spiritualism. It has banished peace from happy families, separated husbands and wives, and shattered the intellects of thousands. Harmonialism robs God of personality, converts him into a rarified gas, "many millions times finer than electricity," [!!] according to Davis, and elevates Reason to the throne of the universe, by deifying the human intellect. God, Nature, Love, Pantheа, rarafied gas, sublimate oxygen and ether are by this lexicon convertible terms—and essences. Let me briefly recapitulate my estimate of Pantheistic, radical, popular Harmonialism. It is godless, non-religious, opposed to the Bible, all ecclesiastical organizations. It is subversive of human dignity and public morals; is destructive of all we hold most dear and cherish most sacredly. It robs us of faith in Christ without giving us a substitute. It robs us of our refuge of religion, cultivates the intellect at the expense of the heart. It is a masked monster—all brain and no body. You will be led on, step by step, on and on, and only stop at—ruin. Resist its dreadful magnetism, for your very susceptibility proves you incompetent to deal with it with safety to yourselves. Resist them with all your strength, relying on God for perfect salvation never forgetting that He helps those who help themselves. Rely on him—earnest Christian—*Local Preacher's Advocate.*

Belfast Wesleyan College.

As might be expected, the designation by the last Conference of the Rev. William Arthur to the Presidency of the new Wesleyan College in Belfast has given immense satisfaction to the Wesleyans of Ireland. Our excellent contemporary the *Irish Evangelist*, in an article entitled, "The Belfast College and its President," refers to this subject in terms which cannot but be gratifying both to Mr. Arthur himself and to those who advocated this costly sacrifice on the part of British Methodism for the gratification and the advantage of the Irish Connexion. Those who, at the last Conference—Dr. Rigg, Mr. Budgett, Mr. Punshon, Mr. Corderoy and others—opposed the removal of Mr. Arthur from the position he has so long adorned in the metropolis, although they may remain unconvinced of the expediency of such removal, will at least have the satisfaction of finding that the sacrifice which has been made is appreciated at its proper value by those whom it has been designed to benefit. We subjoin an extract from the editorial colemn of the *Irish Evangelist* relating to this subject:

Seldom has any intelligence given more general satisfaction than the announcement that the British Conference had yielded to the request of the late Conference in Belfast, and had given Mr. Arthur to the Irish Conference for three years as President of our New College in Belfast. The announcement did not take us by surprise, as we think that Ireland has a fair claim upon the services of Mr. Arthur. Nor were we in the least surprised to find that the proposal to remove Mr. Arthur from London to Belfast awoke a strong feeling of opposition on the part of Dr. Rigg, Mr. Punshon and other prominent members of the British Conference. We do not think a whit the less of them for it, but the contrary. They look at the matter from their own point of view, and cannot see how the interests of Methodism in England can be promoted by the transfer. But they must excuse us for looking at the matter at the Irish stand point. We presume that it is natural and right that we should do so, and cannot see why the fact of doing so lays us open to any charge that will not equally apply to our brethren across the water. From our point of view, we greatly rejoice in the appointment, and believe that any measure which will tend to unite English and Irish Methodism, and to increase the power and influence of Methodism in Ireland is well worth any temporary sacrifice it may involve. Methodism in Ireland was never before in the same promising circumstances, never commanded the same amount of public attention and respect, and never had a brighter future than at present. The opening of the Belfast College under the presidency of the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M. A., and under the educational management of the Rev. Rbt. Crook, LLD., will prove another important step in its career, and, we doubt not, will exert a most important influence in favour of the general interests of our Church, not merely in the commercial metropolis of Ireland, but throughout the land.—*Meth Rec.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

BUSINESS REFERENCE.—We call attention to the card of Messrs. Gabriel & Troke, wholesale Druggists, London, a firm of good standing, and in every way reliable. The references furnished to us are in the highest degree satisfactory.

We direct the attention of country merchants and others, visiting the city, to an advertisement in another column, of a conveniently situated and comfortable Bo