eyes that was marvellous. He could in an instant make men quail or smile, as he listed. Similar accounts we have in reference to other ministers and public speakers, and yet how little use most men make of their eyes, we mean those who are public speakers! Some of them look from the pulpit straight down to the floor, as though there was a hole there by which the other side of the world could be seen; others look straight over the heads of their congregation to the further end of the house, at nothing,—and at nothing they keep looking all the time.—A third class will look for a moment at some body else's eye, and then begin looking in the direction of the windows, as though they saw stars shooting. A fourth look most of the time at the ceiling, as though their ideas were to be dropped down by some invisible genii from the attic above. But are any of these classes in the right use of their eyes? When a man comes to your house to tell you that a terrible conflagration has occurred, or that there is a magnificent chance for you to make money, does he look at you, or does he look out of doors, or through the floor, or in the fireplace? He most likely puts his chair close beside yours, takes your hand in his, and views you "square in the face" all the time he is conversing with you. Precisely so direct must the preacher be with his people, if he expects to make any positive or decided impression on them.—"*Stray Paragraphs*" *in Western Christian Advocate.*

Correspondence.

The Late Charles Wilson.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan:

Our Heavenly Father has been pleased to take away my son Charles by death, after an illness of one week. He was the eldest of my family, and his whole life was exemplary. As a child, he was always obedient; as a student in the Sackville Institution he was highly respected by all his teachers; as a friend, he was faithful and intelligent; as a husband and a father he was kind and affectionate; but above all, he enjoyed the pardoning mercy of God, and died triumphing in the blood of the Redeemer.

I was informed of his illness by telegraph, and hastened to Mill Village, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, accompanied by my youngest daughter. But alas! we arrived only to gaze upon his lifeless corpse, and follow him to the silent grave.

The stroke is severe, but we bow with submission, because He who has done it "does all things well."

Brother Black has already published an obituary notice of him, which appeared in your last issue, and for your personal sympathy please accept my thanks.

The following lines have been composed on the occasion by my second daughter, under the signature of "ELLA," part of her name; and although they are now before the public in the columns of one of the Bridgetown Papers of this day's date, yet I hope you will not object to their publication in the pages of your more widely extended periodical. WM. WILSON.

Bridgetown, Dec. 24.

TO MY BROTHER IN HEAVEN.

And is it so, that thou art gone forever from our sight?—
That thou hast left this weary world of sorrow, pain and tear,
Hast joined the angel throng, in yonder blessed Home,
Thine own forever—loved brother.
Brief has been thine earthly span, yet nobly hast thou filled it—
Thy youth, thy manhood, given to thy God,
And in His service spent.
The tears of feeling shed on thy cold grave
Attest thy worth, and say how thou wert loved.
'Tis hard to part with thee,
To know that ne'er again we'll hear thy voice,
Nor see thy kind and happy smile,
Again in sacred chorus join our songs,
Nor bow together at the mercy seat.
Calmly and gently thy freed spirit passed
Through Death's dark vale—so calm, so gentle,
They who stood beside thy couch, and watched with anxious eyes
And aching hearts each changing movement of thy loved form,
Knew not the moment when the summons came
Deep was the anguish of thy parent's heart,
When gazing on thy cold remains he knew that all was o'er,
That thou, his own, his eldest born, wert his no longer—
He must yield his lov'd to the stern tyrant's power.
That noble brow, and manly form, he hid
'Neath the dark grave's cold sod—
And thy young sister too—the only one allowed by Providence
To see thy marble features, ere the grave
Shut them forever from our sight;
How deep the agony that swell'd within her breast
As all the memories of the past came rushing o'er her mind—
The days long passed, when thy kind hand and soothing accents
Had so often calmed her childish griefs to peace;
And later still, when opening years had dawn'd,
Thy many acts of kindest care and brotherly affection:
And who can tell the sorrows of that widow'd heart—
Thine own by sacred, tenderest ties—
The eye grown dim with watching—
The heart o'erpowered, o'erfilled, with keenest agony—
Ah! there are sorrows far to great for utterance.
Dear one, our hearts are stricken low—
Had it been ours to stand around thy bed,
To catch the murmur of thy parting breath,
To hear thy voice, already tuned to Seraph strains,
Rising in Heavenly cadence,
Methinks it would have been a sacred privilege:
But he, who nothing does unkind, has taken thee,
And though our hearts with anguish fill,
And grief o'erpowers each feeling, still we know
He doeth all things well.
Thou'rt happy now; we know that this must be,
Thou'st met thy cherub one, thy angel babe; *
There "Bright as day" together ye do join
In praises sweet to Heaven's Eternal King.
Dear brother, thou art blest.
No more shall sorrow weigh thy spirit down,
Nor care, nor grief oppress thee,
Safe from the storms of earth, its weariness and pain—
Forever Home. ELLA.

* His infant died last summer.

From the Rev. R. Sedgewick.

[We readily give insertion to the following letter. Our own recorded opinion of the Lecture to which it refers remains unchanged: yet, while differing from the Rev. author upon an important point, we cheerfully acknowledge high respect for the motive which impelled him to a course that in itself we felt it a duty to denounce.]

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.

MANSE, MUSQUODOBOIT, Dec. 25, 1857.

SIR,—I hope you will not deem it an improper interference with your Editorial province if I venture a few strictures on your remarks concerning a portion of my Lecture recently delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association.

I was struck with the remark that you would not wish a word I had said unsaid, if only it had been said in the hearing of young men exclusively. I know I am not giving the precise language, but I am giving the precise sense. So that it is not with the truth of my statements you quarrel, but with their taste, or rather with the taste of their author. The standard of taste has not yet been definitely fixed, and where there is no definite and acknowledged standard moderation and charity should characterize the critic, and in a paper conducted as the *Wesleyan* is I had a right to expect this at your hands. And is it not a strange and an ominous fact, that while the cognate sin of Drunkenness is suffered to be anatomized, and all its disgusting details spread out and illustrated before a mixed audience with approbation, not a word is to be said of its sad product, either obliquely or directly, in the hearing of females, else the person who does so is attempted to be written down as a coarse violator of all decency. St. Paul, in the hearing of a mixed company, more distinguished than the audience which heard me at Temperance Hall, reasoned on the same subject; and if I sinned against the principles of good taste, I am content to think that I followed an authority who was as well acquainted with the principles of rhetoric as he was with the principle of holiness. Is not the platform of the Young Men's Christian Association just the pulpit *in extenso*? And if you put a gag on the mouth of the Lecturer on the one, must you not, to be consistent, put a gag in the mouth of the preacher. Such advice I am sure you would be far from recommending to the Wesleyan Ministry. The likelihood is, that had there been no reference to the sin in question the Lecture would have been pronounced seriously defective.

I have only to say further that I am persuaded you would have written differently had you waited till you had read the Lecture, as on a careful revision of the passage in question, I challenge any one to extract a sentiment as to meaning, or a sentence as to style, that can or ought, when fairly judged, to offend the delicacy of man or maiden, whether read or heard.

As to the *squeamishness* with which you twit me, in consequence probably of my incidental use of the word, I beg to refer you to such authorities as President Dwight, Dr. Guthrie in his last work, and P. Bayne, author of "The Christian Life," and Editor of the *Edinburgh Witness*.

Trusting you will find room in a corner of of your paper for this,

I am, yours faithfully,
ROBERT SEDGEWICK.

MR. EDITOR,—Can you inform the Ministers in this Conference whether "*The Methodist Magazine*" is wholly discontinued in its circulation in this part of the Mission field. There was a time when we hailed its arrival with great pleasure. It formed a most valuable addition to the *compelled-to-be-small* library of the itinerant Missionary. Cannot our Committee in London afford to send us the books as usual? Enquire into the matter. You will also do your brethren good service by publishing in the Wesleyan portions selected from the best articles in "*The London Quarterly*."

Yours, AN OLD MISSONARY.

☞ One subject presented by the Representatives to the late British Conference, was, the restoration of the annual gifts of the Magazine to the different Mission Stations—there is little doubt but that the request will be complied with.

Obituary Notice.

Died at North Range, Digby, on the 26th Nov., in the 32nd year of his age, FRANCIS, son of Joseph Cook, Senr., leaving a wife and seven children, to mourn the loss of a kind husband and an affectionate parent. Mr. Cook was converted to God under the Ministry of the late Rev. R. A. Chesley, but did not unite himself with the Church till the arrival of his successor; when with his wife, who had been for thirteen years a member of the Baptist Church, he joined the Wesleyans, now the people of their mutual choice. Little however did either of them think at that time, that his connexion with the Militant Church, would have been of so transient a character; and that so soon *he* would have been called to join the triumphant Church above. But we are very near at all times to blessed and glorified beings. "Ye are come," says the Apostle "to the general assembly and Church of the first born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Doubtless they often hover around us sympathising in our labors and trials, and then the partition that separates their local position from ours is no more than these fleshly tabernacles. The moment they are dissolved *we are one;* united in indissoluble friendship, and have one abode forever: so easy, so short the transition from the militant to the triumphant Church. But notwithstanding

We, timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Shortly after the event above alluded to, a severe illness prostrated his physical energies from which he partially recovered; but consumption had marked him as its victim, and his health gradually declined, till having caught the prevailing epidemic of the season, he rapidly sank under it, and at length bade a last adieu to his weeping friends and relations.

From the time of his conversion, till his last illness, his walk and conversation evinced that he was seeking those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; and was endeavouring to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour.—He was exceedingly punctual and regular in his attendance upon the public and social means of grace. Often have we seen him worshipping with the congregation, and occupying his place in the Church when his emaciated countenance but too plainly indicated the rapid termination of his earthly career. But realizing himself how short his time was, he gave the greater diligence to make his calling and election sure.—When attacked with his last sickness his mind was evidently sustained by an animated hope of immortality and eternal life, through the infinite merits of his Redeemer. He would frequently request his wife to read, and would repeat himself stanzas of our Hymns expressive of his hope and joy in Christ. The following lines in particular were often on his lips, with the Hymn in which they occur.

Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

And while the name of his Redeemer was yet lingering on his lips, his spirit escaped from its clay tabernacle, to mingle with the spirits of the just. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours."

This is the second of his children Mr. Cook has been called to yield up to the destroyer, within a few months. Over his once happy and healthful family, the waves of sorrow and bereavement have swept in quick succession, first taking the desire of his eye with a stroke, and then bearing forever away two of his beloved children.—Mrs. Cook died about two years since, leaving delightful evidence that she was departing to be with Christ. Jane his youngest daughter, died on the 24th of May last.—She had been united in marriage, by the writer, to Mr. C. Specht, of St. Mary's, a little more than six months prior to her disease. Jane had experienced the converting grace of God, at the same time with her now diseased brother, and united herself with the Church. The minister who will claim them as the seals of his ministry and apostleship, has been called to his reward, his spiritual children have quickly followed him, and all are now doubtless rejoicing together before the throne, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are awaiting a joyful resurrection to consummate their bliss, when "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3.

G. W. TUTTLE.

Digby, Dec. 22nd. 1857.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1857.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.
We do not undertake to return rejected articles.
We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of correspondents.

Provincial Wesleyan for 1858.

The ninth volume of the PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN is now complete. It enters next week upon the *tenth* year of its existence. It it has hitherto answered to some good extent the purposes for which it was originated, it will in the future, we trust, be found more abundantly useful. The forthcoming volume we intend shall be better than its predecessors. Correspondence from *England*, from *Canada*, from the *United States*, occasionally from *Australia*, and we are led to hope from INDIA, will form an important and highly interesting feature of the *Wesleyan* in the year about to dawn upon us. May we not confidently anticipate that a large accession to the list of our subscribers will reward us for the pains we have taken to increase the value of our paper, and that all our old subscribers will evince their appreciation of our efforts to please them by an immediate remittance of the amounts due from them to this office? Every additional means for rendering this sheet attractive and profitable to its patrons must necessarily involve a corresponding outlay. Let our friends then make a determined effort to support us in the work in which we are engaged! Let every old subscriber see whether he cannot procure a new one, and let every minister try to double the number of names from his Circuit. If this interest is now taken in the paper, we doubt not it will be attended with success, and the effects of the work done now will be felt in all future time. Cheer us onward by the tangible evidence of your approbation, in the augmentation of our list, and we will faithfully strive to make you a full return.

Since the above was written we have received the following letter. It is one of the right stamp. May it excite to emulation where such excitation is needed. It will prove, we trust, to be but the first of a long series of hearty responses to our appeal for a subscription list of at least *three thousand*.

DEAR BROTHER,—You will see below a slight evidence of the esteem in which your admirably conducted paper is held in this place. *Twelve* new subscribers herewith send their names, part of them paying in advance.

* * * * * * * *

A. B. B.

Ordination Service,

IN ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ON Monday evening, Dec. 7th, the day following the close of the dedicatory services of our new Church in St. John's, Newfoundland,—of which a detailed account appeared in our columns two weeks since from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Daniel, the respected Chairman of that District,—the Rev. Thomas Fox was set apart to the office and work of the Ministry, with the accustomed solemnities. Through the kindness of one who took part in the impressive service we have been furnished with the subjoined statements.

Mr. Fox has for many years laboured faithfully, and with unequivocal tokens of the Divine favour, in Newfoundland. Prevented by circumstances from entering the ranks of the regular Ministry at an earlier period, his name does not appear on our Minutes before last year. Two years must, therefore, elapse from the ensuing Conference before his reception, as we term it, into *full Connexion*. Looking, however, at the peculiarity of his case, and in consideration of the pressing exigencies of our work in the spheres in which he is providentially called to labour, the late Conference authorized his ordination, so soon as arrangements could be conveniently made for that purpose. Such an opportunity was presented by the recent visit of the President to Newfoundland.

The interest felt by the Methodist community of St. John's in the occasion was manifested by a respectable attendance, though the weather was by no means propitious.

The praises of God being sung, in the language of the hymn beginning with,—

"Jesus, thy servants bless,
Who, sent by Thee, proclaim"—

a fervent and appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Daniel. The President then briefly explained the economical regulations uniformly observed by the Wesleyan Church, in designating persons to the sacred office, and alluded to the speciality in the case of Mr. Fox, by which the Conference had been induced to entertain the recommendation of the Newfoundland District for his ordination before the termination of his probation.

The Rev. Mr. Daniel, in presenting the candidate, made affecting reference to his own ordination, in which the sainted MORLEY and the Rev. ELIJAH HOOLE, the present senior Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, toook part, and, exhibiting a rapid review of Mr. FOX's useful labours in various parts of the Island, expressed the fullest confidence in his *Divine call* to the work to which he was now about to be consecrated by the imposition of hands, and the invocation of the Holy Ghost.

According to an established custom among us, the discontinuance of which would be ominous of the absence of that spirituality of character which constitutes the most efficient element of Ministerial success, the candidate was here requested by the President to give to the congregation, a brief but distinct statement of his religious experience, and of the grounds on which he was persuaded that *the Holy Spirit had inwardly moved Him* to take upon him the responsibilities of the Christian Ministry. With an evident impression of the solemnity of his position, he said:—

I was born in England. My parents were members of the Episcopal Church. I was early taught on revere the Sabbath day, and to attend regularly to the services of the Church. When very young I was sent both to a Day and Sabbath-school. It was at the latter I received my first serious impressions. At the age of seven I was taught the notes, and became one of the choir of the singers at that place. It was a custom to sing a verse of a psalm when the minister was entering the pulpit, and often I have felt an indescribable pleasure whilst singing the verse of the psalm beginning with,

"Then open wide the temple gates,
To which the just repair."

At the age of ten my mind was deeply impressed with a sermon preached from 2 Peter iii. 9—"The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." To my young mind the sermon afforded unspeakable satisfaction, mingled with a strong desire to serve God. Shortly after, the resident Minister preached from the next verse of the above named chapter—"But the day of the Lord will so come as a thief in the night; in the which the heaven shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works which are therein shall be burned up." As the preacher described the last great day, my mind was so impressed with the reality, that, from that day to this it has never worn off. At the age of fourteen I was examined for Confirmation, and confirmed a few weeks afterward. I was told it was then my duty to attend the Lord's table which I did with much fear and trembling, and the ordinance proved a blessing to me in two ways—first, as it reminded me of the dying of the Lord Jesus Christ; and secondly, as it kept me (at least in part) from sinful companions, and this, as I review the past, is a cause of much thankfulness to Him to whom I belong. At the age of seventeen my lot was cast among the Methodists, and under the preaching of Messrs. Henly and Hernshaw I began to learn that I had a depraved heart, and that I was a guilty sinner before God, and must perish forever unless I was pardoned. The Prayer-meetings also proved a means of quickening my soul. I felt no terror of hell, of which I have heard many speak, but I felt a broken heart, and could "grieve for grieving my God." A friend about this time (who was anxious for my salvation) put into my hand the memoirs of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, and it was whilst reading them that I saw more clearly the nature of Justification, and that I, even I, could only be saved through a living faith in a living Saviour. I was brought to see sin to be exceedingly sinful, and Jesus to be exceedingly precious and lovely. For three weeks I was led by the Holy Spirit to confess my sins, and wrestle in prayer for the great blessing of pardon, which I saw it to be my privilege to obtain, and while thus mourning, confessing my sins, and wrestling in prayer, I felt a trust in the merits and blood of Christ, such as I had never felt before. The promises of God's Word all seemed to be mine, the love of Christ was shed abroad in my heart, and I had a "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." The language of Isaiah xii. 1, was indeed mine, my heart now flowed like a river, and at once I felt a desire to publish the glad tidings of salvation to those who were living without Christ in the world.—The Sabbath came, and I felt constrained to go out to a country village, though quite a stranger to the people, to tell them about Christ and his blessed Gospel, and here success attended my weak but sincere endeavors to do good. A door was opened at my request, and I prayed and read a chapter from Mr. Wesley's Testament, with notes. This visit was an opening for the travelling preachers, who came there regularly to administer the Word of Life from that time I was now requested by the Minister of the Circuit to go out regularly on the Sabbath day, to exhort and preach to the people, and in complying my own soul was blest indeed, and I have good reason to believe the souls of those to whom I endeavored to preach were blest also. The Lord had raised up about that time a band of Local-preachers, and with them I felt happy that I was accounted worthy to speak a word for my Master, even Jesus.—A great number of persons about this time were leaving for the States of America, and as a vessel was leaving England for this Island, I thought to touch here, and pass on to that great country, where our fathers fled from persecution; where they sought a faith's pure shrine; where they went to worship God. But the good Lord saw fit to keep me here, and I do not regret it. After having exercised my talents as a Local-preacher for a time in the Carbonear Circuit, I was appointed by the District Meeting to take charge of a school at Cupids, and to preach regularly to that people, under the direction of the Brigus Minister. The Word of the Lord soon became "quick and powerful." Masters and servants, parents and children, young and old, were truly converted to God. The grace of God wrought wonders indeed, and very few comparatively remained unconvinced of their lost condition. I was then advised by two or three of our Ministers to travel regularly, and to exchange with them, to which I consented, after living in Cupids twelve years. The District Meeting then removed me to the Old Perlican Circuit. Here God prospered His Word, and about fifty were added to Lord's Church. The next Circuit to which I was sent was Grand Bank. A mighty shaking of "dry bones" took place there, and the greater number of the Circuit was changed from darkness to light. I was then appointed to Trinity, and prosperity there attended the Word. From that place I was sent to the Island Cove Circuit, where God was pleased also to own His Word, and many were added to the Church such as were saved. After one year I was removed to the Twillingate Circuit, where I staid three years, and never did I feel more happy in my work. In one harbour of that Circuit the Lord gave me a soul the first time I preached among them; I preached from the words "Ye must be born again," and a man said after the sermon, he would never rest till he was born again. He kept his word, and from that time a blessed revival of religion began, and spread very wide and rapidly. Let God have the praise. In the Circuit where I now am, about ten joined the Church last year, five of whom obtained the blessing of pardon. A short time since while I was preaching from 2nd of Acts on the day of Pentecost, a young woman was overwhelmed with a sense of her guilt and danger. She did not close her eyes for the night, nor could she work the next day on account of her sins. A meeting was held the next night at a Leader's house to offer prayer for her; the Lord heard and answered after she had been on her knees about four hours. In one part of the Circuit several have been lately awakened, have joined the Church, and I hope they will endure to the end.—Thus has the Saviour of sinners honored me in every place by giving me souls to my Ministry. I feel no praise is due to me, but to Him, whose is the majesty, and the glory, and the victory. "Hallelujah to God who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever." I feel more and more deeply impressed that I ought to preach the Gospel. Yea, I believe a woe would rest upon me if I did not preach "the Gospel." O may I be "faithful unto death!" Amen.

The office of ordination was then proceeded with in the usual form, the Rev. Mr. Daniel, the Rev. Thomas Smith, his colleague, and the Rev. Mr. Peach, uniting with the President in the ceremony of the imposition of hands. It was more than a *mere ceremony*. To the spiritual perception, we believe, of every devout heart present, *an unction from the Holy One*, accompanied and crowned the outward observance. After a short *charge* by the President, the Rev. Mr. Smith closed the offices of the evening with earnest intercessions on behalf of the brother beloved, who had just received the investiture of full ministerial powers—intercessions which evoked the consentaneous and cordial response of the congregation of the Lord's people.

Letter from Canada.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CANADA, Dec. 12th, 1857.

In willingly assuming the duties which you have courteously imposed, of Canadian Correspondent of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, perhaps a general, neighbourly introductory will be in place, to letters which, while they will necessarily contain some business things not very poetic, will be written with pleasure; and it is my purpose to make them diversified and authentic in statement and in spirit uncontroversial and friendly,—with more than a hope that, though I shall lack the affluence of incident and prestige possessed by a European correspondent, the facts which the position and progress of Canada may supply will be welcome to your intelligent readers in Eastern British America.

The East sends friendly wishes to the West for intelligence; and the East is worthy, and shall have it, if Providence permit. I say worthy, for the request comes from a part of the new world peopled by a loyal and independent race, many of whose fathers preferred the flag of "the Isle" to the republican flag of the American continent at the close of the revolutionary war.—To be refugees was not degradation, but manliness and honesty; and they have since heard the flap of the British banner with beating hearts, and in all circumstances proved themselves deserving of British protection and privileges.

Their cluster of Colonies, washed by the billows of the Atlantic, are a rampart to the ocean-extremity of Canada, and the industry, enterprise, and Protestantism of their best inhabitants make them trust-worthy.—Their islands are important. New Brunswick is a neighbour we like. Nova Scotia has long been a favorite at home and from home. And Newfoundland banks will bear the cable which is to send us without delay European, Asiatic, and African despatches: so that the bleak and busy island is thus destined to run up a score against this colony, which it will require some ingenuity to pay. Canada is not alone in this hemisphere; and it calls for fervent thanks that the sceptre which is beauteous in Great Britain, is beauteous to us,—and especially while Victoria wields it; and to the only Ruler of princes be rendered our most devout ascriptions for the British power that guards us, and the British munificence which makes ours an envied lot of honour and of abundance.

The request is not only from the East, but it is Wesleyan; which pleases me and bespeaks fellow-feeling, and a wish for closer acquaintanceship. Is it not some seventy-seven or eight years since the apostle of Methodism in the Atlantic British Provinces, William Black, turned to the Lord and set himself with Divine help to turn others to Him? And did he not kindle a flame which has never waned, and is not to be extinguished? It is a calumny to say that Wesleyans depreciate lay influence, for many of their beginnings in the world can be traced to lay zeal; and while the laity of Methodism is loyal, may its power increase! Black did not wait for Episcopal permission, (why should he, or any body else?) to speak of the charity of his heart for souls, but told it, and the tale was telling on multitudes, to the praise of God.—He like a wise son and servant soon made known his labours to Mr. Wesley, and he, consistently with his declaration that the world was his parish, favoured the new field with his supervision: and Mr. Black is to be thought of as a man who was honoured with letters from the Founder of Methodism, and who was greatly assisted, and effectually directed by them, and to this cause, as well as to the impulses of his sanctified nature, and, more than all, to the presence of the Holy Spirit, must we attribute his signal usefulness, and the origin of a fame, to which Dr. Richey's elegant and Wesleyan biographical pen has largely aided to give perpetuity.

There were other agents at the laying of the foundation of this British American Methodist structure. True it is, that he who holds the winds in his fist turned aside the coming Dr. Coke and others, and carried them to the West Indies. And who can find fault with that, when soon large Christian societies were raised up there and their defence placed Richard Watson before the world in all his majesty? God knew what he was doing; and the price of twenty sterling millions, paid by Britons for emancipation, is his glorious justification. Just then the salvation of slaves was even more pressing than the salvation of Nova Scotians: but Wesley and Coke remembered them, and shortly a Garrettson and a Cromwell were sent; and they laboured and succeeded.—The Christian pioneer, Bennett, has just gone to his reward. And what of other veterans departed? And what in their sacrifices have been Pope, and Croscombe, and Marshall? and are not the names of other living successors in east and west well known, who are loved for their love and labours? You have not only had a succession of truth and spiritual facilities, but of evangelists qualified by the endowments, and authorized by the Providence of God. Then, when more than seventy years had passed, and tens had swelled to thousands, there came a venerable man, officially deputed by the Parent Conference; and he came with principles which had descended from Wesley, and with a spirit like his, and there was consultation, and then organization; and when Dr. Beecham had done his last great work on earth, he carried home the tidings that another Wesleyan Conference was formed. I say another, for his large heart had before this got larger at the formation of other Conferences—all developments of connexional energy and affection.

The year 1857 finds the East possessed of a well ordered Conference, with a President, a Co-Delegate, and other officers much respected; seven wide spread Districts, seventy-seven Circuits and Missions, and about thirteen thousand souls in the Wesleyan Church; its spiritual, educational, and financial systems advancing to maturity; a Book-Room established, managed with tact and benefit; a Conference paper published with an extending patronage and good effect; the Institution at Mount Allison, so efficient as to give existence to stirring wishes for a College proper; (get it, and call it Albert, for we have made our own the first of the Royal names;) and the Missionary Society of the Conference rejoicing over an income of £3000, and anticipating a yearly increase: peace and hope are everywhere, and the Eastern Conference is in warm affiliation with the legitimate Wesleyanism of the world; and not the least of its reciprocal regards shewn for Canada with promptitude and cordiality.

The West has a heart for correspondence with the East, and will delight to be free and fraternal. Perhaps the British soldier first brought Methodism to Canada. From time to time Missionaries were sent from the Parent Wesleyan Conference. To Upper Canada the first Missionary, Losee, was sent by the New York Conference; and since then there has been no retrogression, but advance among the Aborigines and the new settlers. Bishops—among whom was the American Wesley, Asbury, came from the United States. Chosen men of the English Conference, and of the Canada Conference, have been Presidents and Co-Delegates, and much was done by them to perpetuate and extend the original policy and power of Methodism, and promote unity. For a time there was misunderstanding and disquietude; but brotherly love, and frankness put things right; and now, the fixed re-union and the incorporation of Lower Canada and Hudson's Bay Methodism with the old Conference of Upper Canada are our boasted proofs of Wesleyan oneness. Every President appointed from Britain has brought us prized advantages, and their services are remembered with gratefulness; and the cordial co-operation of the ministers and laity of both Canadas deserves great praise; but to an esteemed minister, well known in the East, the Rev. Enoch Wood, for years and now ably discharging the functions of two onerous offices, that of President of the Conference, and of General Superintendent of Missions,—we owe a special gratitude for our unity, quiet, missionary extension and remarkable Connexional prosperity. Since then the West has known more of the East, and the new Conference has added to our knowledge and admiration of Atlantic Methodism, and made mutual intercourse gratifying.

The West has good news to send to the East. This brings me towards the close of my introductory; and I shall want other opportunities for that news. An authority says, that Canada extends sixteen hundred miles, and contains two hundred and forty millions of English acres, and three hundred and fifty thousand square miles. I do not make these calculations absolute; for the Imperial Parliament has lately had its Hudson's Bay Committee, and the pen of the ready-writer in England and Canada has been active enough to show that Canada has territorial rights beyond the specified boundary. Pretty certain it is we have some two millions three hundred thousand inhabitants, and that politically, educationally, commercially, materially, and socially (as the East shall hear) we are making swift progress.

There are many energetic churches and benevolent institutions here; and the Wesleyan not last. Fairly shall all be dealt with; but if the East should hear most of the Wesleyans, there will be no complaints, I am sure, from you. You have a position, as to civil diversity, which we have not; for your work sweeps through several Colonies, and you have a fine chance for commanding effort. We think our evangelical range ample enough; for its boundaries are the sea-like Lakes south, the Atlantic east, the Pacific west, and the Arctic regions north. In this immense area of operations the Canada Conference has twenty Districts, and two hundred and forty Circuits and Missions, and not far short of four hundred enterprising labourers of every degree. Revivals are numerous, and hundreds are saved. All hail to these modern pentecosts! We have a very valuable and extensive printing and publishing establishment, its chief importance appearing in its being the Conference depot for thousands of Wesleyan and other standard volumes, where is increasingly issued our widely circulated Christian Guardian, and other periodicals. So popular is our Victoria University at Cobourg, that thousands of pounds are now being raised for its enlargement. The Annual Report of our Missionary Society is confidently expected to announce immediately an income this year of £120,000; and if we ever offer louder thanks to God for his favour shewn us, it is for the hearty and untiring Missionary benevolence of the Canadian public to the Wesleyan Church. *How much* is due in East and West of British America, to the sagacity and reputation of the General Secretaries and Committee of the Parent Wesleyan Missionary Society! Then—and I wish a late fervid, not faultless writer on Methodism to note the fact—a meeting has been lately appointed for next spring, to deliberate on a division of our Canadian Connexion into several Conferences. The English Conference has brought out its paternal authority and good will nobly in forming its Missionary Conferences; can Canada do better than emulate Great Britain?

How many years will it take to create seven Conferences in British North America, under one federal legislative Conference, enlightened by the same Wesleyan orthodoxy, instinct with the same principles, ruled by the same laws, imbued with the same spirit, employing the same means and agency, and with the Holy Spirit baptizing the work universally, all in affectionate and indissoluble connexion with the honoured British Wesleyan Conference?

The greetings of the West to the East!

FORTUNATUS.

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic.

INLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.—A very cheerful and gratifying advertisement has been published by the Inland Navigation Company.—They announce that communication by Canal and Lake, from the vicinity of Dartmouth to the Basin of Minas, has been accomplished, and that the line will be ready for traffic when the ice breaks up. A brief part of the line, that between the first Dartmouth lake and Halifax harbour, remains to be completed. The coming into operation of this long contemplated work will be a subject of much interest. Thirty years ago the attempt was made, at great outlay of means and labour; it resulted then in varied loss and disappointment. If thoroughly successful now as a means of bringing useful products from the interior and the western shores of the Province, it will be a triumph worth recording.—*Sun.*

The *Halifax Sun* comes to us enlarged and improved. The Editor says:—"Encouraged by the patronage extended since assuming the proprietorship of the Sun, and hopeful as to the future, we have been induced to enlarge the dimensions of our paper. In the issue of to-day several new features are presented, which shall be followed shortly by other improvements.—Arrangements have been made by which our columns will be enlivened by vigorous and racy pens; and the public may rest assured, while we solicit their support, that no efforts shall be spared to furnish a sheet worthy of their acceptance."

MISSIONARY MEETING.—The Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Sydney, was held, pursuant to notice, in the Wesleyan Chapel in this town, on Wednesday evening last. There was an excellent attendance, and praiseworthy order and decorum was observed throughout the meeting. The Chair was filled by John Ferguson, Esq. We noticed on the platform, besides the Rev. F. W. Moore, the resident Minister; Mr. Howie, a Licentiate of that Church, at present stationed on the Guysboro' Circuit; the Rev. Mr. Kendall, of England, Baptist Minister; and Messrs. C. H. Harrington, George Bradley, A. W. Howie, and W. Blacket. The Meeting was begun by the Choir singing a hymn, and with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Kendall. The first business was the reading of the Report of the parent Society, by Mr. Moore, by which it appeared (if our memory serve us correctly) that the Mission fund of the Societies in England, the West Indies, and the British North American Provinces, amounted last year to about £120,000, of which sum Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island and Newfoundland, contributed £3,000. The gentlemen above named as occupying the platform, severally spoke with good effect in behalf of the objects of the Societies, preparatory to the moving or seconding of the various Resolutions passed during the evening. The speech of the Rev. Mr. Kendall was a very fine one, and was remarkable for its catholic spirit, and for the clear and comprehensive exposition which it gave of the recorded evidences of the marvellous wisdom and power of God, in His dealings with man. Mr. Kendall is a mild, earnest, and pleasing speaker, having an agreeable voice, and distinct enunciation. His speech was quite free from vehemence, and not entirely without eloquence. The address of the Rev. Mr. Moore was also ineffective and affecting one, and was delivered with impressive earnestness. His relation of the Christian disposition of a sweet boy, who had been called to his Heavenly rest, at an early age, and his reference to the closing scene of the little sufferer's earthly career, were deeply interesting and touching. The amount subscribed at the meeting exceeded £13. During the collection (the amount of which we did not learn) the Choir sang the sweet lines of Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn. The Doxology being sung, the Meeting was dismissed by a Benediction by the Rev. Mr Moore.—*C. B News.*

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—*A correspondent of the Colonist says:*—"On or about the night of the 6th inst, some person unknown, turned into the pasture of Mr. William Young, Lower Horton, a small Bay Mere—with two little white feet, a white spot on the forehead, as also one on the nose,—and left by the side of the road a two-wheeled carriage or car, and by the fence, a Carriage Harness and whip, and an Over-coat, with a Shirt in the pocket. Up to the 16th inst. no clue was had to any explanation of this affair,—which is involved in mystery, and leads to the suspicion that there has been some wrong doing in connection with it. For further information apply at this office."

ROYAL ACADIAN SCHOOL.—The examination of this excellent Institution was held yesterday, in the presence of the Hon. Hugh Bell, Hon. Mr. Keith, Revd's. Messrs. Churchill, Martin and McGregor, J. Williamson, Esq., Dr. Hume, and other friends of the Institution and parents of the children. The very satisfactory and intelligent manner in which the exercises were gone through with, afforded much gratification to the visitors. Evidences of industry on the part of both teachers and pupils, were seen all around.—*Christian Messenger, Dec.* 25.

NATIONAL SCHOOL.—The examinations on Wednesday at the National School were highly creditable to all concerned. Both schools seemed to be in capital working order, and well filled with interesting and intelligent pupils, of whose progress such examinations are but an imperfect test. There was a respectable number of visitors, including the Lord Bishop and Lady, Mrs. Bliss, Col. Myers, Dr. and Miss Cogswell, his Worship the Mayor, Rev. Mr. Churchill, and many others.—*Journal.*

A MANIAC AT LARGE.—About noon on Saturday some alarm was caused in our streets by the following incident. An insane soldier confined in the Military Hospital, sprang out of his bed, made his escape from the Hospital, passed the sentry and guard, and rushed in the wildest manner down into the town, with nothing upon him but his nightcap and shirt. He was finally caught at the corner of Granville and Buckingham streets, rolled up in a buffalo robe, and carried back to his quarters.—*Recorder.*

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, by the advice of the Executive Council, has been pleased to make the following appointments.

To be Members of the Honourable the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, provisionally until the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure—Alfred Whitman, Esq, of Annapolis: Robert B. Dickey, Esq, of Amherst.

To be Masters in the Supreme Court. In King's County—Charles W. H. Harris, Stephen H Moore, James R. Prescott, Esquires.

To be a Notary and Tabellion Public—Henry W. Smith, Esq., of Shelburne.

To be High Sheriff of the county of Cape Breton—Richard Gibbon, Jr., Esq.

New Brunswick.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.—We are now writing by one of the most brilliant artificial lights that it is possible to conceive of. It is not the candle, not the common fluid, not spermaceti, not gas—what then? Simply what is designated "Paraffine Oil," extracted from the Albert coal. Who imagined, ten, or even five years ago, that the small county of Albert would ever give light to the world, but so it is. That dark, hard, glassy substance gathered from the Albert mines is now, by a chemical process, converted into a light quite equal in point of brilliancy to the finest gas, and far superior to any artificial light that we have ever seen. These Bluenoses are certainly a remarkable race; if any doubt it, let them come and examine the Oil Works, in the vicinity of St. John, got up by Mr. J. D. W. Spurr, a full blooded Nova Scotian by birth and education. These works stand up as a noble monument of his inventive genius, his enterprise and energy. There is nothing like them in these Provinces, and, as far as I know, on the American Continent. Mr. Spurr's skill and perseverance, amid circumstances sufficiently adverse to have crushed ordinary minds, are now producing results which will be an invaluable blessing to the Provin