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Religious Miscellany.

Prayer.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.
Let me love thee, O my Saviour,
Let me love thee!
For the years when I defied thee,
For the love I long denied thee,
Let me love thee!

Let me love thee, O my Saviour,
Let me love thee!
From the Unseen draw thou nearer,
Let my vision see thee clearer,
Let me love thee!

Let me love thee, O my Saviour,
Let me love thee!
I'll draw nearer, O my Saviour,
I'll draw nearer!
Though with slow step faltering faintly,
Let my soul, absorbed and saintly,
Draw still nearer.

Will thou hear me, O my Saviour,
Will thou hear me?
Will thou hear my piteous pleading,
For the love thy child is needing,
Will thou hear?

Never leave me, O my Saviour,
Never leave me!
From the fading of my morning,
To my evening's solemn warning,
Never leave me!

Never leave me, O my Saviour,
Never leave me!
Hear my spirit's last faint crying,
Hold my head when I am dying,
Never leave me!

What shall I give thee, O my Saviour,
What shall I give thee?
Shined within the dewy splendor
Of this morning calm and tender,
What shall I give thee?

I will give thee, O my Saviour,
I will give thee,
Mid my penitential weeping,
My soul's idol to thy keeping,
I will give thee!

This I give thee, O my Saviour,
This I give thee!
One untarnished, one unbroken,
My soul's most sacred token,
Now I give thee!

Let me give thee, O my Saviour,
Let me give thee,
My life's idol now to prove me,
Now to prove at last I love thee,
This I give thee.

This I give thee, O my Saviour,
This I give thee,
Praying lest my love may alter,
Praying lest my spirit falter,
While I give thee.

Draw thou nearer, O my Saviour,
Draw thou nearer!
Let the love thy life has shaken
Loose from mine, return to waken
Love still nearer.

Will thou save me, O my Saviour,
Will thou save me?
From the world's way steep and sterile,
From the pleasant path of peril,
Will thou save me?

Will thou help me, O my Saviour,
Will thou help me?
Here to wear thy gentle meekness,
Shriven of human want and weakness,
Will thou help me?

Never leave me, O my Saviour,
Never leave me!
Let me feel thy pity folding,
Let me feel thy love's enfolding,
Never leave me!

Count Them.

Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, as angel messengers sent by a kind, considerate, heavenly Father. Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star. What is life but a mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life, the gospel of Christ, divine worship? Had they the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." What is the property of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruit? Yet are there not some who possess a morbid appetite for thorns? If they have lost a friend they will murmur at the loss, though God has given them a score of new ones—and somehow everything assumes a value when it is gone. Would such count their mercies, and how quickly the heart would leap with gratitude, the mournful chant give place to songs of rejoicing, and the sad, despondent look, to one all smiles and sunshine.

Does trouble come? It is a mercy. "He loveth whom he chasteneth" and if we receive not chastisement, then have we to fear we are not children. The careful husbandman prunes his vines, lopping off the superfluous branches, admitting the sun freely, thereby producing a more harmonious growth and a more delicious fruit. So our heavenly Father prunes all who are grafted on the living vine, lopping off useless leaves and worthless tendrils, throwing the light of his countenance upon the bleeding vine, and causing it to blossom and put forth fruit in tenfold abundance.

"Heavy afflictions," says a pious writer, "when sanctioned by the grace of God are the best benefactors to heavenly affections; and where afflictions hang heavy, corruptions hang loosest, and grace that is hid in nature is most fragrant, when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it."

How many plans have been frustrated, how many disappointed hopes grieved over, that had they only been carried out, only been read, and our destruction would have been inevitable. The writer can look back upon so many circumstances when it seemed that could this or that particular wish be gained great good would be the result. One morning I remember standing on the verandah of my southern home

looking out over the Mississippi rolling in grandeur along, its surface studded with innumerable craft.

It was a perfect day; the sky overhead was full of beauty, the earth was richly freighted with all that could please the eye or delight the senses; the air came loaded with fragrance, and bird and bee filled the world with rare delight.

I had set my heart on going to New Orleans; it was but a few hours sail, and by taking such a boat I should arrive in time to transact my business, and reach home in good season.

The boat did not come. I grew impatient, and venturing my opinion by walking up and down the avenue rapidly. At length she came in sight, sailing along in her pride and beauty, her deck covered with crew, earnest, happy hearts. Enjoyment was written on their faces.

With a hurried good by, I seized my valise, and started for the landing. I had only one thought—to get on board; only one wish, and that was to be in New Orleans by such an hour. My effects were on board, the plank was about to be taken in, my foot was already upon it, when down the narrow path a friend came running in eager haste. It was but a word, and my trip was delayed till the next day. It was reluctantly done. I wished very much to go, but duty called me to stay.

Gracefully she swung off and down the river, while the spectators cheered, and those on board responded by waving of handkerchiefs, hats, etc. Reluctantly I turned my face homeward. I felt the disappointment keenly.

Short as the journey was, that boat never turned New Orleans! Not an hour after she reached us so proudly, her boilers burst, and her freight of human beings was scattered, some torn, bleeding, pelting, falling into the hot, reeking chimneys, or into the water; some few were uninjured. But, O, what could I give to my God for this signal favor? Nothing but my love; while his providence seemed to me so plainly, "I walk closely, when it is dark I will see by you."

Dear reader, I implore you, count your mercies. Do not sit groping in darkness, reckoning only the losses you have known, the friends gone from your embrace, the wealth you once thought was your own. By frequently counting your mercies, you will be kept cheerful, happy, contented. In seasons of darkness, even, how blessed to feel that he directs all that befall you; that no contingencies can frustrate his plans, that he will be the right way. "All things work together for good to them that love God." It is the staff on which we lean broken, the hopes we cherish blighted? It is only another evidence of his love, another added mercy. We little know what tenderness there is in the blast of the rough wind that blows all our sorrows away, leading us to cling to Him who never forgets us in our extremity. —Sunday School Times.

The Lost Crew.

During a summer sojourn on the sea-coast I met with the following interesting fact, which, with the suggestions it gave rise to, may be worth narrating.

I observed upon the beach, half embedded in the sand, the keel of a vessel, and, lower down a group of decaying timbers, each giving sad testimony that shipwrecks sometimes occurred on that shore. One day we went out sailing, and I took the opportunity to inquire of the captain of our boat respecting them. He told me they were our old wrecks that had been cast ashore before the lightning, which shed its warning beams far out on the ocean, had been built. In those days, he said, almost every vessel sent a vessel ashore, although from the sandy nature of the coast, destruction seldom ensued; and they were generally got off with little injury.

And then he proceeded to tell me of one fine ship that, in a dark, stormy night, ran aground. Her crew were evidently in an agony of fright, for her signals of distress were heard firing amid the uproar of the elements; but no help could be given them from land, all attempts to carry torches or kindle fires being prevented by drenching rain.

Morning rose, and the anxious shoremen hurried to the scene of the night's disaster. The storm was over; the sea had fallen to its usual level, and the ship stood high and dry upon the strand. But no appearance of life was on her decks.

They quickly scaled her sides, and searched all around, above and below, but captain and crew there were none; and from the boats being missing, it was plain that in their panic, they had left the ship and sought safety in flight. Confusion reigned around, and a great part of her cargo had been thrown overboard; yet upon careful examination, the vessel appeared to be unharmed; the storm had spent its fury upon her in vain.

The next high water the ship was got afloat, and taken safe to her owners at a neighboring port, but the boats with their living freight were never heard of. Poor fellows! had they believed in the strength of their ship, or could they have seen that she was snugly bedded in the sand, within a few perches of terra firma, they would have remained quietly aboard and listened to the howlings of the storm with composure.

And such thoughts, is the history of many a lost soul. The ship is the Church, the ark of God's covenant-love. Persecution arises, or trouble or distress, or financial panic, and the weak members tremble. They have gained entrance to God's temple, but never tasted his converting grace; they have "named the name of Christ," but have never been washed in his cleansing blood; they have professed a knowledge of the Holy Ghost, but have never submitted to his divinely teachings; therefore, when the hour of trial comes, as come it must to all, they have no faith to sustain them, no hope to comfort them. They think the Church is frail, and that the truth of Scripture, and, taking to little boats of worldly wisdom, they leave the ark of safety, launch out upon the broad dark waters of the world, and are soon engulfed in its yawning waves.

And by the tribulation is past, the sun of peace is shining, and the Church is found to be dead, securely nestled in God's love, high and dry upon the shore of grace; and the mild voice of Jesus exclaims in playing accents, as he looks out upon the believing lot, "O ye of little faith, therefore do ye doubt?"

Christ Free to All.

When we speak of Christ as "the life," following the type of the manna, let us take care, that we get in clear view, not only our dependence, but his freeness. It was one prominent aspect of that "spiritual manna" of which "all our fathers" of the Church in the wilderness ate, that all classes and conditions of people partook of it alike, and all with equal and perfect freeness. It lay all around the camp, as accessible to one as another. Moses, no Aaron, nor any priest or ruler had any privilege at that table which the humblest Israelite had not. The priesthood had no office of intervention between the hungry and the food; and the people, in their multitude of those that are little, dwelt in a compact of moments of time, never ceasing. Nothing will more certainly find the faithful at table, or bring them to a dreadful reckoning, than "wasted time."

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted beauty. Let these last years should haunt thee with regret. When death is waiting for thee, numbered hours. To take their swift and everlasting flight. 'Tis 'ere the earth-born angels, angels of the light. And he that thought to work some noble deed. Dashed through the air, and never more to be seen. An angel would do more, if long to rest. And God himself, insidiously, were no longer seen." —Central Presbyterian.

The Melted Mountain.

An old warrior, lying at the point of death, said to the missionary who stood at his bedside: "O, I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I am an Italian mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavored to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and while weeping I saw a drop of blood fall upon the mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved."

"This was certainly a strange sight," remarked the missionary. "What construction did you put upon it?"

"The dying chiefman seemed astonished at the missionary's question, and replied: "That mountain was my sin, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away."

How striking is this illustration of the power of Christ's blood! One drop dissolved the mountain of a sinner's guilt! O, blessed, unspeakable truth! May it fall on my sin, and on my reader's sin, and melt them all away!

Reader, does your guilt rise like a mountain? Go to Christ; trust in him; his blood will dissolve it all, and enable you to sing, "O, Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell in thine atoning blood. By thy sinners' sins, O, how well, And rebels brought to God." —Good News.

The Unseen Witness.

There is a little machine called an odometer, made something like a clock, which can be fastened on a carriage, and in some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting and for these means he could tell how many miles any one went who hired it of him.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles further, making the distance they passed over, some thirty miles.

When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them. "Where we were going," was the answer. "Have you not been further than that?" "Oh, no, they answered. "How many miles have you been in all?" "Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened, and here, on the face of the instrument the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the way.

Thus has God placed a recording witness in our hearts. Wherever we go, we carry it with us. He keeps it wound up and in order. Without our thinking of it, it records all our acts, all our words, all our thoughts.

We sometimes seek to deceive our friends; but the truth is recorded in our hearts. By and by God will touch the spring, and all that is written there will then be seen. Many things we do we would not, if we knew the eye of another person were looking upon us.

We always carry a witness with us. "A little boy was urged by an older person to do an act that was wrong. He was told that no one would know it. 'Yes, somebody will,' said the little fellow, 'myself will know it.'"

We cannot dismiss the witness. God has fastened it to our minds. It is our conscience and whatever our lips may deny, it will always tell the truth. If we would attempt in the great day when God judges the world, to deny our action there, upon our hearts they will appear, written down, when we did not know it, in an unseen witness that God has made to accompany us every day in our life.

Think daily, dear readers, of that instrument which we carry with us, out of sight, on which is written everything we do and say. Think how we will feel when God opens it, that its records may be seen by all our eyes.

A Little at a Time.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Grand occasions of life seldom come, are soon gone, and when present, it is only one among thousands who is adequate to the great occasion they demand. But there are opportunities at our doors every day, in which the "small sweet charities of life" may occupy us fully. What account can we give of these as they pass by and do not eternally, to lay their record before the great throne? He who flatters himself with air-castles, constructed out of magnificent schemes he would accomplish, were he endowed with great wealth or exalted to high station, will find them dissolving into thin air, whatever he calls his heart to an honest account for the right use of that God has already entrusted to his care. "He that is unfaithful in that which is least, is also unfaithful in much."

Human life is made up of a succession of little things, or such as are commonly thought of as trifles, so considered. They mould our character and give complexion to our eternity; they can be insignificant? How slow are we in learning to do "whatsoever our hand findeth, and to leave the result, great or small, at the disposal of Him who has declared—'whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

Then, Christian disciple, "In the morning bow thy head, and in the evening withhold thy hand." "Blessed are they that sow beside the waters." —Blessed are they that sow beside the waters.

waters." Look around in your neighborhood, in your church, and you can find no less an important work to do. Be content to stand to duties as they arise; take the measure as sent by providence. Every moment bring in our responsibilities, and man's wisdom in this world of sin, sorrow, and death, consists in cheerfully using present comforts, and diligently attending to present duties. Let the crumbs, the fragments of time be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Forget not that all the soul ever, great things are made up of a vast multitude of those that are little. *Early in the compass of moments of time, never ceasing.*

Nothing will more certainly find the faithful at table, or bring them to a dreadful reckoning, than "wasted time."

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted beauty. Let these last years should haunt thee with regret. When death is waiting for thee, numbered hours. To take their swift and everlasting flight. 'Tis 'ere the earth-born angels, angels of the light. And he that thought to work some noble deed. Dashed through the air, and never more to be seen. An angel would do more, if long to rest. And God himself, insidiously, were no longer seen." —Central Presbyterian.

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Religious Intelligence.

The Protestant Movement in Italy.
In scanning the map of Europe with an eye to its religious activity, our attention is first arrested by the life and vigor of religious efforts in the Italian Peninsula.

A violent outbreak against the so-called "heretics" has just occurred at the town of Barietta. Scenes of murder and conflagration have again disgraced the Romish Church, as ever in the long history of its persecutions; and now, as ever, prove the magnitude of the threatening danger. One would suppose that by this time the enlightened defenders of Rome would see that these St. Bartholomew massacres are like the fabled dragon's teeth, that spring up again as armed hosts against them. Nothing has done the Papacy more injury than these persecutions of the heretics, and such transactions as those of the Jew by Mostara.

The news that a Protestant persecution has broken out in Southern Italy gives us the best guarantee of the strength of the evangelical movement, for it is well known that these first appeared in the extreme North of Italy, where Protestantism is now most flourishing. The primitive Waldenses, whose remnants were scattered through Piedmont and Lombardy, were the only remnants of the Reformation and its sad failure in Italy. He who, by twenty years ago, had said that in these ruins of the threatened danger. One would suppose that by this time the enlightened defenders of Rome would see that these St. Bartholomew massacres are like the fabled dragon's teeth, that spring up again as armed hosts against them. Nothing has done the Papacy more injury than these persecutions of the heretics, and such transactions as those of the Jew by Mostara.

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Flowers, solemnly declared, on opening the campaign for 1866, that the "Echo" is not the organ for any special Church, but the echo of evangelized truth, and therefore pledged exclusively to no denomination. This declaration is strengthened by the striking fact that the editor, though appointed by Waldenses, is not a member of their organization, though he occasionally occupies their pulpits.

In Milan the Wesleyans have the "Evangelical Collector," whose programme proclaims the widest extension of all efforts of evangelized truth, and declares its columns open for all the evangelical Churches of Italy.

Even the Second Italy, the organ of the Free Church, has been accused of exclusiveness, as expressly declared that it embraced all evangelical interests of Italy, and loudly proclaimed its denominational interests as petty and trifling in comparison with the great work of the Free Church known to rival that of doing most in the vineyard of the Lord.

If there is any rivalry between these sects, it is a jealousy between the Free Church and the Waldenses, and this is greatly softened by the conciliating intervention of the Wesleyan community. This latter is more especially engaged in the mission work, and the need now is a concentration of missionary effort. The mission school in Genoa has been discontinued on account of the transfer of the learned and zealous Desanctis to Florence. He is now laboring to open it in this new capital.

We need cherish no doubt of the fate of the whole movement when the individual parts thus labor. They have the full favor of the spirit of the times, and the national current. God speed them! —Western Advocate.

General Miscellany.

The Pebble and the Tear.

BY THEODORE H. TIMP.
I stood on a rock by the mirrored deep,
Where the restless waters lull'd to sleep,
The bright coral's pale, the dark alga's roar,
And the foam of the sea slept on the shore.

The storm that had about the ocean bed,
To a depth far below the sounding lead,
Had gone in its wild and dizzy flight,
To rest in the shades of the Arctic night.

In a zone of light, the sea and the spray
Shone like the stars in the milky way;
Then a silence seem'd to cover us,
And the heart of the ocean ceased to beat.

Then an angel came and stood by my side,
And dipped his wings in the crystal tide,
Then dropped a pebble in the sparkling sea,
Where the sunbeams came to bathe in the sea.

Dark shadows came o'er the brow of the sea,
From the depths of the breadth of the ocean;
And the waters rose in their surging beds,
Like the snow-crowned peaks of the Alps and the Andes.

Then the angel dropped a tear in the flood,
That rose like a flame on the rock where we stood;
The billows were hushed, the storm rolled away,
And the sunbeams came and bathed in the sea.

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all generous hearts. And then I would see you young hearts and young men happy. Do not derive yourselves of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1866

Conference Missionary Meeting.

The Anniversary of the Missionary Society in connection with the Conference of E. B. Anderson, was held in the Centenary Church, St. John on Wednesday, 27th ult. The chair was taken at half-past seven, p.m. The exercises were begun by singing the hymn commencing "Father of boundless grace," after which the Rev. Mr. Daniel led in prayer.

The President of the Conference, who occupied the chair, introduced the business by a few remarks, in the course of which he stated that four members of his own family were now engaged in Missionary work, that he was led to offer himself for Missionary work when young by the tidings of the murder of the lamented Threlfall, and that though he was prevented from going to labour in the midst of heathenism by the Providence which directed his steps to Sweden, three of his sons are now labouring very near the spot where Threlfall died, and that one of his daughters is the wife of a Missionary in India, and that therefore as father he could not but feel interested in the Missionary work.

The Report was called for, and the Secretary, the Rev. J. Latham, in view of the interesting programme for the evening, gave only a brief statement of the figures of the Report, by which it appeared that the sum collected this year for this fund of our church amounted to \$12619, being an increase on the receipts of last year of \$459.

The Rev. Dr. Richey, in moving the first resolution spoke of association with the President at a Missionary meeting in Scotland more than twenty years ago. He rejoiced that, looking back to that time, there is reason for the earnest encouragement of the Missionary enterprise is being strengthened and its labours enlarged. He dwelt on the pressing calls for evangelistic effort which the state of the heathen world presents, on the certainty that Christ reigns for His Church, that He is the Head over all things in His Church. To the reverent mind it is obvious that the upspring among the nations indicate that the way of the Lord is being prepared. China is now open to the preaching of the gospel. Almost all Papal enclaves are now open through their entire extent for evangelistic effort. Who can entertain a doubt as to the ultimate result? "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord."

The President announced that the sum of one dollar had just before the meeting been put into his hands as coming from a poor woman in St. Stephens, who has the necessary case of Italy at heart.

The Rev. Dr. Pickard, in seconding the resolution, briefly referred to the encouragement afforded by the thought of the mediatorial administration of the Lord Christ. This world in all its wide extent is provided for in the atonement and it shall yet be redeemed from the dark curse of sin.

The President then proceeded, in compliance with the request of the Conference previously presented, to give an address on the history and results of this Missionary Society. We give the outlines of this exceedingly interesting address:

"A request has been presented to me which I have not felt liberty to refuse according to, and if it is wrong for me to occupy so much time as is demanded by this request, the blame must be cast on others rather than on me. I am willing to make any information that I may possess to be serviceable and beneficial to those around me."

"I was sent to Sweden as a Missionary in the year 1839. I shall not enter into a detailed statement of my twelve years labour there, but will throw out a few points that may tend to give encouragement in the effort to sustain Missionary agencies. My first business was to labour for the benefit of our own countrymen in Sweden. But soon after my arrival I was surprised at finding pleasing evidence of the salutary influence which English Methodism had indirectly exerted through the intercourse with the founder of Methodism, and was that by his association with Methodism, through the blessing of God, fitted to administer comfort to his dying sovereign in that terrible time. Shortly after my arrival in the country I came to the house of an old lady and in speaking of my plans she asked me, "Do you intend to form a class?" "Why?" I asked, "what do you know of class-meetings?" She told me that many years before she had lived in London, and had then been converted and joined the Methodist Society, that having married a Swedish sea captain, she had removed to that country, but that she had never lost the good she had long before obtained in connection with Methodism, and that she should be most thankful to enjoy again the privilege of meeting in class. That privilege she had and enjoyed for a long time afterwards. Not long after this I was asked to visit an aged clergyman one hundred and eighty miles north of Stockholm. I found the most pleasing results of his godly labours apparent in every part of the parish. He said that some fifty years before he had been sent over to England, and that Providence had led him to lodge with a pious Methodist family. Every body was then speaking of that remarkable man John Wesley; and so he went at five in the morning to hear him preach in the new chapel in York Road. A young man came in and tripped up the stairs of the pulpit, and when he expressed his disappointment at the non-arrival of Wesley he was told that that was he. "What," said he, "that boy John Wesley!" He made the acquaintance of Wesley, who took him to love-feasts, held meetings and other religious services, and he greatly profited thereby. "And now," said he, "I can tell you I have learned to know what it is to be a Christian minister. I have learned it from Methodism."

With regard to the English part of the work it was of a purely disinterested character. Many of the English residents in Stockholm thought members of other churches valued themselves as the only English services. There were the British and American Ambassadors, the British Consul General and other distinguished individuals who were accustomed to worship with us and with us to bow at the table of the Lord. I could refer to many things of interest connected with conversions among the English in Sweden. I may refer to the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Bloomfield of the Revuey, who in his beautiful Bloomfield was associated with the Prince Regent in

gross and licentious excesses. In Sweden he became converted to God and for a long time I enjoyed the most delightful religious intercourse with him.

"You may be sure I could not be content long to remain to minister a congregation of about forty persons, not many of whom acknowledged me really as their pastor, and I was led to look about for more extended opportunity for usefulness. I found a Protestant church—the Lutheran—established in the country, in possession of a library which for gospel truth and for brevity and adaptation was quite equal at least to what I had known elsewhere. All persons were required to become members of the church. If a man did not commune at least once a year he was in danger of suffering severe pecuniary loss, for instance if in a law suit any witness could be shown not to have taken the Lord's supper within twelve months past his testimony was valueless. There was much external observance but little of spiritual life and power. The tables were open on the Sabbath, and while the people crowded the churches in the forenoon of the Sabbath, in the evening they crowded the theatres where would be found the clergy also in their hands—for they never appear in public without these badges of office—thus leading their people into such Sabbath desecration. In the circumstances in which I was placed, it became a question with me whether I would do nothing or should labour to revive the work of God in the midst of the national church. I found that much might be done for good without extending Methodism. The catholicity of the existing Committee in this matter is still an argument in favour of their administration, and establishes our claims to hold the old motto: "The friends of all, the enemies of none."

(To be continued next week)

Station Sheet.

EASTERN BRITISH AMERICAN CONFERENCE. 1866.

I.—HALIFAX DISTRICT.

1. Halifax, (North).—Edmund Botterell, John Murray, Editor.

2. Halifax, (South).—R. A. Temple; Henry Pope, (A. S. Supy).

3. Dartmouth.—Howard Sprague, A. M.; Thos. Angwin, Supy.

4. Musq. Harbor and Tanjorie, R. O. B. Johnson.

5. Middle Musyooquoit.—Leonard Gaszic.

6. Sambro and Margit. Day.—Fred. Devitt.

7. Lunenburg.—Jno. J. Teasdale.

8. New Germany.—John Johnson.

9. Windsor.—Elias Brette; F. Smallwood, Supy.

II.—ST. JOHN DISTRICT.

10. St. John, (South).—James England, J. S. Addy, J. L. Spangue; W. Temple, M. Pickles, W. T. Cardy, Supys.

11. St. John, (North).—J. R. Narraway, A. M.

12. St. John, (West).—G. O. Heustis.

13. Fairville.—Jno. G. Angwin.

14. St. Andrew.—Robert Wilson.

15. St. David.—J. E. Threlkeld.

16. St. Stephen.—A. B. Black.

17. Milltown.—Wm. Wilson.

18. Sussex Vale.—G. B. Pajson.

19. Grand Lake, &c.—Geo. Harrison.

20. Havelock.—C. W. Dockrill.

21. Grenville.—Joseph Suttcliffe.

22. Kingston.—J. J. Colter.

23. Uplham.—W. C. Brown.

III.—THRUO DISTRICT.

24. Truro.—John Prince.

25. River Philip.—Jas. R. Hart.

26. Pictou, &c.—Geo. Johnson, Charles Paisley, A. M.

27. River John.—J. V. Jost.

28. Albion Mines.—Douglas Chapman.

29. Guysboro' and Canoe.—James Burns, W. W. Lodge.

30. Manchester.—Jno. G. Bigney.

31. Gabarus.—R. H. Taylor.

32. Block II. Mines.—J. Winterbotham.

33. Ship Harbor.—E. Blackford.

34. Margaret.—One wanted.

IV.—P. E. ISLAND DISTRICT.

35. Charlottetown.—M. Richey, D. D., James A. Rogers.

36. Cornwall, &c.—Henry Pope, (S.).

37. Beletue.—Richd. Smith.

38. Margate.—W. W. Colpitts.

39. Summerside.—W. W. Percival.

40. Soutis, &c.

41. Murray Harbor.—J. A. Mosher.

42. Cape Verde, &c.—One wanted.

V.—FREDERICTON DISTRICT.

43. Fredericton.—John Latham.

44. Sheffeld.—Thomas Smith.

45. Kingsclear.—John A. Clark, A. M.

46. Woodstock.—G. S. Milligan.

47. Lacombville.—F. Hartson.

48. Florenceville.—J. W. Howie.

49. Andover.—B. J. Johnson.

50. Nashua.—S. B. Martin.

51. Gagetown.—G. M. Barratt.

52. Miramichi.—Edwin Evans, A. D. Morton, A. B.

53. Bathurst.—Wm. Alcorn.

54. Dalhousie.—C. W. T. Dutcher.

VI.—SACKVILLE DISTRICT.

55. Sackville.—A. W. Nicolson; J. Snowball, Supy.

56. Educational Institutions.—H. Pickard, D. D., President of College; C. De Wolfe, D. D., Theological Professor.

57. Travelling Agent, &c.—Geo. Butcher.

58. Point de Date.—Robt. Duncan.

59. Daie de Verte.—A. S. Tuttle.

60. Moncton.—Wm. McCarty.

61. Rochester.—C. Jost, A. M.

62. Hopewell.—James Tweedy.

63. Hillsborough.—L. N. Parker.

64. Consoletia.—Ans. H. Waters.

65. Richibucto.—Job Shenton.

66. Amherst.—Ingham Stoddard, W. Sargent.

67. Paraboro.—Robert Tweedy, D. W. Lecheur, one wanted.

VII.—ANNAPOLIS DISTRICT.

68. Annapolis.—Joseph Hart, W. H. Hearz C. Stewart, Supy.

69. Bridgetown.—Hy. Daniel; G. Miller Thos. H. Davies, Supys.

70. Witno.—Roland Morton; Jos. F. Best, Supy.

71. Aylesford.—R. E. Crane.

72. Horton.—S. W. Sprague, R. B. Mack.

73. Cornwallis East.—R. Weddall.

74. Cornwallis West.—John Reed.

75. Hillsboro.—Jos. S. Coffin.

76. Digby.—Stephen F. Dennis.

77. Digby Neck.—Thos. Dennistadt.

VIII.—LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.

78. Liverpool.—D. D. Currie.

79. Caledonia.—E. B. Moore.

86. Yarmouth (South).—G. Hennigar.

87. Yarmouth (North).—W. W. Perkins.

88. Arcadia.—One wanted.

89. Barrington.—F. Prestwood, A. E. Le Page.

90. Stellarton.—T. W. Smith.

91. N. E. Harbor.—T. D. Hart.

92. Port Mouton.—R. Wasson.

93. Mill Village.—F. H. W. Pickles.

94. Pettibon.—C. Lockhart.

IX.—NEWFOUNDLAND DISTRICT.

95. St. John's.—Thos. Harris, A. W. Turner, Jos. Gault.

96. Harb.—Cross, J. S. Phinney.

97. Carleton Place.—J. S. Peach, J. Tollerent.

98. Brigus.—W. E. Shenstone.

99. Port de Grave.—Jno. M. Pike.

100. Blant Head.—Jno. Waterhouse.

101. Little Cove.—Thomas Fox.

102. L'Anse-au-Loup.—J. A. Duke.

103. Harb. Harbor.—One to be sent.

104. Trinity.—George Forney.

105. Bonaventure.—James Dove.

106. Caledonia.—John S. Allen.

107. Twillingate.—Jno. Goodison.

108. Burin.—Charles Comben.

109. Grand Bank.—S. T. Teed.

110. Labrador, (summer months), J. Todhunter.

111. Pellet.—Joseph Pascoe.

112. Claret.—One to be sent.

113. Exploits.—H. L. Cranford.

114. Little Bay Islands.—One wanted.

115. Fogo.—Chas. Laidner.

116. Greenspond.—Isaac Howie.

117. Harb. Brion.—One to be sent.

Letter from the United States.

NEW ENGLAND METH. CENTENARY CONVENTION.

The Methodists in New England have just held a great social gathering, which they were pleased to call a Centenary Convention. About 100,000 members were present, an equal number of ministers and laymen. It was held in the Tremont Temple, Boston, presided over by Hon. Wm. Claflin, Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts. It was a season of great interest—the expectations of all—and passed off very pleasantly. Various Essays were read on important topics, and a portion of the time was devoted to discussions, which excited great interest. It closed on the evening of the third day with a grand Festival at the Music Hall, in which, speeches were delivered by Drs. J. T. Peck, R. M. Hafford, Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, Ex-Governor Evans, of Colorado, and Bishop Simpson. The most important subject presented to the Convention was the Report of the Committee on the statistics of New England Methodism. The following is a summary of the Report:—

In Boston, increase of Baptists from 1850 to 1865, 12 per cent.; Methodists, 43 per cent.

New England, increase of Baptists, 7 per cent.; Methodists, 28 per cent.

Massachusetts, increase of Baptists, 14 per cent.; Methodists, 37 per cent.

New England, increase of population, 1850 to 1865, 14 per cent.; Baptists, 20 per cent.; Methodists, 67 per cent.

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District Meeting, Newfoundland.

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According to the voice of our last annual assembly, Carleton is favoured as the place of our present meeting. This town—though perhaps its trade is not so flourishing, or its prospects so bright, as in former days—is, nevertheless, improving in appearance, and is still the centre of a large Methodist population. We trust that better, and more prosperous days, are yet in store for this ancient place.

On the 23rd inst. (Wed.), the District commenced its sessions; and during the course of the day the brethren all arrived, and reported themselves. It was felt to be matter of devout gratitude to Almighty God that during the year our ranks had not been broken by death; more especially, as each brother has been in strength at his post, and now appears amidst his brethren with joyfulness. One young man, of whose future usefulness in the Church of God, high expectations were entertained, has been summoned by death, to his eternal reward. But for him, "to die was gain." This fact occasioned a feeling of momentary sadness.

In the early stages of the routine business of the District, an animated and interesting conversation on the subject of *Reviews of Religion* took place. It was felt to be matter of deep regret, that so many, who profess to obtain a change of heart, on these glorious occasions, should so soon relapse into a state "worse than the first." *Reviews*, in this country—as in other countries—are sometimes accompanied with considerable excitement, and some extravagance. It was unanimously thought that these seasons were characterized by greater moderation, it would tend somewhat to the solidity of work, and to the permanency of the fruit. Happily, however, there are many who decide to serve God at these times, who hold fast the beginning of their confidence, and prove, by their life and death, that their religion is a reality.

Our Sabbath Schools formed the subject of a lengthened conversation. There are many features about this department, which are worthy of contemplation of which gave us pleasure. Many who are scholars in our Sabbath-schools, are members of society, and are striving to walk as children of the light, and as followers of Jesus. The hearts of the brethren were gladdened by learning from the Reports, that some of these young disciples had, during the year, passed triumphantly from earth to heaven. They are dead, and yet they live. It need not be concealed, that some of our Sabbath-schools in this District, are enjoying a more successful season than in former years. We are hoping for more prosperous seasons, and then we doubt not, but our people will generously meet this want.

Brother G. Forsy, who during the year has been supplying the *Trinity* Church, in the capacity of a "hired local preacher," was recommended to this District, as a candidate for our Ministry. He passed the usual theological examination, and preached before the brethren, in a manner which convinced us, the flag of God was marching out his course. The Lord has blessed him with talent—he has during the past year witnessed some fruit of his labour, and we confidently hope, that he will make an acceptable and useful Methodist Preacher.

The brethren on trial, passed through the usual examination with entire satisfaction.—Brethren Allen, and Rogers, are recommended to the Conference for Ordination, and admission into full connection. We trust they may obtain Divine grace and blessing, as faithful and able Ministers of the New Testament.

The religious services held in connection with our meeting, have been seasons of grace and refreshing to the hearts of both ministers and people. On Sabbath morning (27th inst.) Bro. Comben preached a luminous, earnest, practical sermon, from Rom. vi. 21, 22, 23. In the afternoon, Bro. Teed occupied the pulpit. He delivered an able sermon, a faithful message to the congregation; preaching Christ and Him crucified, from Zechar. xiii. 1. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the close of the service. The ministers of the District were all present, and again, ably pledged themselves, at the Lord's table, to the faithful performance of their sacred duties. To all it was a solemn, profitable service. The evening service was one that will be remembered. Some of the brethren, in whose hands the work of God has prospered during the year, at the request of the Chairman, gave some account of what they had seen and heard.

At the close of our Sessions, a vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to our beloved people in Carleton, who with so much hospitality, and kindness entertained the brethren. It is very evident that our friends here, esteem the quadrilateral visit of all their ministers to their ancient town, as a high privilege. To our own minds the recollection of these visits, in our years, cannot fail to be pleasing. And if our friends derive the profit, which we desire for them, and for which we pray, they will doubt not, feel themselves amply compensated, both in this world, and in that which is to come.

According to Methodism usage the *Liverpool Minutes* were read by the Chairman, a serious conversation followed—after which a Resolution passed the Board, by which we pledged ourselves to the faithful performance of our high

functions. "For Zion's sake will we not hold our peace, and for Jerusalem's sake will we not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." J. W. Carleton, District Rector.

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In Boston, increase of Baptists from 1850 to 1865, 12 per cent.; Methodists, 43 per cent.

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On the 23rd inst. (Wed.), the District commenced its sessions; and during the course of the day the brethren all arrived, and reported themselves. It was felt to be matter of devout gratitude to Almighty God that during the year our ranks had not been broken by death; more especially, as each brother has been in strength at his post, and now appears amidst his brethren with joyfulness. One young man, of whose future usefulness in the Church of God, high expectations were entertained, has been summoned by death, to his eternal reward. But for him, "to die was gain." This fact occasioned a feeling of momentary sadness.

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Our Sabbath Schools formed the subject of a lengthened conversation. There are many features about this department, which are worthy of contemplation of which gave us pleasure. Many who are scholars in our Sabbath-schools, are members of society, and are striving to walk as children of the light, and as followers of Jesus. The hearts of the brethren were gladdened by learning from the Reports, that some of these young disciples had, during the year, passed triumphantly from earth to heaven. They are dead, and yet they live. It need not be concealed, that some of our Sabbath-schools in this District, are enjoying a more successful season than in former years. We are hoping for more prosperous seasons, and then we doubt not, but our people will generously meet this want.

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