





# The Provincial Wesleyan.

friends. She accompanied her pious husband on the great homeward voyage from England landed at St. Thomas's, when the yellow fever prevailed last summer. Her husband deeming it unsafe for her to remain with him at that place, immediately obtained a passage for her on board the "Berlin." Soon after she embarked, symptoms of the fatal epidemic began to appear, and when she knew that death was now her lot—death upon the deep sea—far away from home, sweet ways, but no sweeter and dearer than ever, she called for her babe of 3 months old, kissed it thrice, and then said, "Mine hour is come, and I die resigned." Thus died O, the omnipotence of grace, to give resignation under such trying circumstances.—Her body was interred in the cemetery of St. George's, at Bermuda, to sleep in a strange land, until her Saviour calls his exiles home. Her sweet babe she left to her mother, a remembrance of his dear mother.

Mr. Henry CORN, Junr., of Barrington, died 7th of September last, leaving a wife and five children to mourn their loss. He experienced religion and joined the Church, when Rev. Wm. Webb was on this Circuit. He was a man of deeds rather than of words. "He was justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with his God." He was a great sufferer, but "in patience he possessed his soul," and at intervals of ease would recount the mercies of the Lord to his soul, and rejoice in the God of his salvation; and when language failed.

JOSEPH C. PINKHAM of Barrington, died in his 27th year. He embraced religion at a series of meetings held by the Rev. J. H. Murray. He loved the habitation of God's house, and all the means of grace held by the Society to which he belonged, and at which, although living at a distance, he was always present, unless prevented by that nervous debility of which he was subject. He was a patient sufferer, and died in the arms of his dear friends, and his death was a great loss to the Society to which he belonged, and at which, although living at a distance, he was always present, unless prevented by that nervous debility of which he was subject.

Mrs. MARY COPPIN daughter of J. Doane of Barrington, who died 4th Dec. aged 36. Although serious for some time, she did not fully into the liberty of God's children until Rev. J. McCray laboured there. She afterwards married Capt. James Coffin, and for six years traversed with him the mighty deep. Thrice upon the high seas, she by her courageous and powerful mediation, succeeded in saving her husband from the hands of mutineers on board. Before her angelic and eloquent appeals, malice unseemly grappled, and to shew herself self-same heart's murderer, that love could overcome evil with good, when they were sick, she ministered to their wants, and kneeling down by them prayed to God for their salvation. At home she conducted family worship until her husband's conversion about two years ago, and it was her dear father to erect the family altar, which he mentioned to her with tears of joy. Picture to yourself a person, with frame of mind calm and serene; countenance open, intelligent, and pleasing; demeanour dignified, mild, and affable; affections ardent and well disciplined; attachments domestic, social and friendly; pity, moving heart and hands to relieve; ready and willing to support an evangelical ministry and every good institution; and always ready to give a reason of the hope within, with meekness and fear, and you see Mrs. Coffin. These graces and virtues naturally begat and endeared her to many friends, who lamented her early death. Lingering consumption baffled every effort to overcome. Desirous of life for usefulness, but resigned to die, she calmly and patiently waited for her dew falling upon the mountains. Her funeral was necessarily attended and improved from Rev. 13-17.

ABRAHAM CROWLEY who died of consumption in her 23rd year, experienced religion about the 15th and beloved her husband, who was a pious and devoted man. She was wont occasionally to wait upon her afflicted grand mother, and to pray at her bedside. Her last sickness ripened her soul for the mansion of bliss, in the blessed hope of which, she departed this life after seeing a few days of the new year of 54.

Others have died in the Lord of whom I cannot now write who with those mentioned were the fruits of God's blessing upon Wesleyan instrumentality. To God be all the Glory. Amen.

J. V. Jost.  
Barrington, January, 15, 1854.

**Ladies' Department.**  
[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]  
**Parting Words.**  
The night cometh—John 1: 4.  
So breathe a young pure spirit,  
As the falling light of time  
Merges in the solemn radiance  
Borne from another clime.  
Deep are the gathering shadows,  
Veiling the earthly way,  
The Vain is the spirit's yearning,  
For the house so far away.  
Her home was where the myrtle blooms  
Beneath the apple trees  
Of sunny glens and dells  
Where beauty never dies—  
Yet the breath of song and fragrance  
Could not charm the flash away,  
That turns upon the pallid cheek  
"Ere yet it turns to clay."  
"Night cometh,"—thus awhile she sighed,  
Till the fair home on high,  
With its unnumbered gladdens,  
Rose brightly to her eye—  
Then with a song of triumph,  
The spirit passed away.  
Her all of melody and song,  
Poured in that parting lay.  
BESSIE BRANFORD,  
February 6th, 1854.

## Fern Leaves.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

Poor, tired little Frank! He had gazed at that stereotyped street panorama till his eyelids were drooping with weariness; omnibuses, carts, cabs, wheelbarrows, men, women, horses and children; all the same old story, all the same old story. There is a little beggar-boy driving hoop—There is a little beggar-boy—no, he is dressed too nicely for that. Once in a while he takes the air; but John the serving-man, or Mary the nurse, holds his hand very tightly, lest he should soil his embroidered frock. Now little Frank changes from one foot to the other, and then he looks up to his young mamma, who lies half buried in those cushioned chairs, reading the last novel, and lays his hand on her soft curls; but she shakes him off with an impatient "Don't Franky!" and he creeps back again to the window.

There winds a funeral slowly past. How sad the mourners look clad in sable with their hankers held to their eyes! It is a child's funeral too; for there is no hearse, and the black pall floats from the first carriage-window like a signal of distress. A sudden thought strikes Franky; he tears spring to his eyes, and, creeping again to his mother's side, he says, "Mamma, mamma, what is that?" "The young doctor says abstractedly, without raising her blue eyes from the novel she was reading, "What did you say, Franky?" "Mamma, must I die, too?" "Yes—no! What an odd question! Pull the bell, Charley. Here, John take Franky up stairs to the nursery and send Bruno along to play with his dog; and Franky must settle herself down again upon her luxurious cushions.

The room is very quiet now that Franky is banished; nobody is in it but herself and the canary. Her position is quite easy; her favourite book between her fingers; why not pick herself again to the author's witching spell? Why do the words, "Must I die, too?" stare at her from every page? They were but a child's words. She is childish to heed them; and she rises, lays aside the book, and sweeps her white hand across her hair—striving, while her rich voice floats musically upon the air. Ouzanza only she sings, then her hands fall by her side; for still that little, plaintive voice keeps ringing in her ear, "Must I die, too, mamma?"

"Death!—why, it is a thing she has never felt off to the club, or the billiard-room, or, eyes and scarlet lips, and rosy cheek and sunny tress, and rounded limb and springing step? Death for her, with broad lands, and full coffers, and the world of fashion at her feet? Death for her, with the love of that princely husband, who covets even the kiss of the breeze as she fans her white brow? Darkness, decay—oblivion? (No, not oblivion! There is a future, but she has never looked into it.)

"Well, which is it, my pet, the opera, the concert, or Madame B's soiree? I am young to command!"

"Neither, I believe, Walter. I am out of tune to-night; or, as Madame B would say, 'Vapourish'; so I shall inflict myself on nobody; but—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rose. I am fond of a merry face, too. Smile, now, or I'll go off to the club, or the billiard-room, or, as husbands say when they are 'hard up' for an excuse, I have a business engagement. What! a tear? What grief can you have, little Rose?"

"You know, Walter, what a strange child our Frank is. He has asked me such an odd, old-fashioned question to-day. 'Must I die, too, mamma?' in that little flute-like voice of his, and it set me thinking, that of all I can't rid myself of; and, dear Walter," said she, laying her tearful cheek upon his shoulder, "I don't know that I ought to try."

"Oh nonsense, Rose!" said the gay husband, "don't turn Methodist, if you love me. Aunt Charity has religion enough for the whole nation. You can't ask her which way the wind is, but you have a description of a canon. Religion is well enough for priests, but for children and old people; well enough for ancient virgins, who like vestry meetings to pass away a long evening; but for you, Rose, the very youth of love and beauty, in the first flush of youth and health—'Faint!' Call! Camille to arrange your hair, and let's to the opera. Time enough my pet to think of religion, when you see your first grey hair."

"Say you so, man of the sinewy limb and flashing eye? See! up Calvary's rugged slope a slender form bends wearily beneath heavy crosses. That slender side, those hands, those feet are pierced for you. Tortured, athirst, faint, agonised—the dark cloud hiding the Father's face—that mournful wail rings out on the still air, 'My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?'"

The drags of life, our offering for all this priceless love O sinless Son of God! The pale, sad, the clouded brain, and stammering tongue, and leaden foot of age, thy tropics? God forbid! And yet, alas! amid dance and song, and revel, that still, small voice was hushed. The wretched hours, mispent and wasted, flow quickly past. No tear of repentance fell, no repentant knee was bent; no household altar flame sent up its grateful incense.

"Must I die, too?" Sweet child! but as the sun dies; but as the star fades out; but as the flowerer dies for a resurrection morn! Close the scene, and bring eye beneath the prisoning lid, cross the busy hands over the pulsing heart. Life—life eternal! for thee, young immortal! From that little grave, so tear-bedecked, the flower of repentance, springs at last. No tears shall choke it; no night or millstone bit! God's smile shall be its sunshine, and heaven thy crown.

Dear reader, so the good Sopher hides the little lamb in his arms, that she who gave it life may hear its voice and follow.

Methodism in Montreal.—The Defection of the Rev. John Jenkins.

Whether the illustrious CHALMERS, when he pronounced METHODISM the grandest development of Christianity that modern times have witnessed, spoke more from the exuberance of his noble Catholic heart, or uttered in the same true and intelligent conviction of historical truth, founded upon a comprehensive and discriminating survey of the periods that have elapsed since the spirit of the Reformation from Popery began to subside; it might be deemed invidious in a Wesleyan to express an opinion. Without assuming, therefore, to determine whether the Doctor's love, in this instance, abounded in knowledge and in all judgment or not; we may be allowed to say that, as a religious system, Methodism is altogether unique. Be its merits or its defects what they may, there is nothing under heaven just like it. Evangelically, it is a new departure, taking as the basis of its doctrinal system,—without any mental reservation—the absolute universality of the atonement of Christ,—deeply experimental in its spiritual teachings;—and easily distinguishable from all other phases of organised Christianity in its ministerial policy and general economy; it stands alone among the churches of the present day. This, however, is not its chosen but its ordained position. It results, not from any principle of repulsion inherent in the system, not from any love of isolation,—the very opposite to its genius,—but from a necessity imposed by the circumstances under which it emerged into being; and from the inflexible maintenance of those vital truths, as a witness for which, Methodism has ever felt that it was raised up by the special providence and grace of God. Based essentially upon God's universal, redeeming love to man, it is, by a species of moral necessity, unlimited in its expansion of its charity. Towards all who have loved Jesus Christ in sincerity, it has ever been a brotherly and fraternal affection, untroubled by any sectarian animosity, and untroubled by any unchristianlike exclusiveness of the truth of the statement, which its history exhibits, may be mentioned that which was elicited by the unprovoked disruption of the Church of Scotland. To the Ministers of that communion whose conscience compelled to relinquish the prestige and open support of the State, Methodism threw open its sanctuaries and its pulpits; and, with characteristic generosity, afforded collectively,—and, in some instances, to the extent of hundreds of pounds individually,—effective sympathy. Yet did it not anatomize the old Kirk, in which many of the excellent of the earth,—and some of the choicest spirits of Scotland,—felt it their duty to remain. Looking at the McLeods and Liddells, the Cummings and the Cookes, who still adhered to the Establishment, it could not but say, "Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it."

Methodism, thus benignant in its aspect and bearing towards other denominations, is, in itself, an ecclesiastical unit. Its doctrinal principle,—as it is technically called,—is not a conventional arrangement, a diplomatic compact, entered into for the purpose of conciliating mutual discrepancies, and harmonizing interfering interests; but the plastic and pervading power of that potent principle which constitutes the very soul of the system.—It is the love of Christ, constraining all the constituent Branches of the great Family of Methodism, to walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing,—to increase by concentration, the momentum of their power in achieving the grand object of their common mission—the spread of scriptural holiness throughout the world. This, is the bond of union of Methodism, the secret of its power. Destroy this; and you not only dim its lustre but extinguish its life. Its body, though presenting in its admirable structure, evidences of consummate intelligence, or rather of Divine formation, would hardly be worth preserving if the spirit were fled. It would then, like some other systems that have a name to live while they are dead, be utterly unavailing for those enterprises of holy zeal,—those high purposes of evangelism, for the achievement of which, a century ago, God formed it, breathed into it the breath of life, and it became a living soul.

But thank God! it shows no signs either of death or decay. The pulsations of its heart are vigorous as in the days of its youth; life throbs in every vein; and "the whole body fully joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual work of the measure of union of part, maketh the crease of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." And hence it occurs, by the operation of a law of mutual sympathy, that whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.

How profoundly have we felt this to be the case in the contemplation of the wound lately inflicted upon our cause in Montreal by the ecclesiastical apostasy—we really do not know how more appropriately to designate his secession—of the Rev. John Jenkins. That event came upon our faithful, confiding friends like a thunder-bolt, and clouded their joy with electricity, and poured down its fury upon their heads without any premonition that the storm had been for some time brewing. If the dishonoured standard of Methodism is not lying in the streets of that city; if the noble-minded friends who only a few months since presented Mr. Jenkins with a thousand dollars, and an Address full of confidence and kindness, are not bending and weeping over his apostasy; it is not because his extraneous party proceeding in a dishonourable abandonment it was not calculated to produce that effect. But, as the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, though cast down, they are not destroyed. A letter received the other day by Dr. Riechy, from an official member of our church there, contains most refreshing intelligence in regard to their financial state and spiritual prospects. The congregations are undiminished—the week night services better attended for some time previously; our people are more united, and manifest a determination to sustain the cause which they love more than life, by their prayers as well as their prayers. All honour to our faithful people in Montreal! God grant that the things that have happened to them, contrary to their best wishes, turn out rather to the furtherance of the gospel among them; and we are now fully persuaded they will.

Meanwhile, if principle is worth more than penance—decision than dollars,—and the untrammelled testimony of Methodism than all the attractions of an elegant man, how unenviable is the position of poor Mr. Jenkins! Born—and born again, in Methodism—the son of a Local Preacher—loved and honoured by his Brethren—and enjoying the full and free use of the vision of which he was nurtured, and at whose altar he has ministered for nearly twenty years—for what? Ay! there's the rub. But we leave him to God and his own conscience; earnestly hoping and praying, that he may do as much good, and enjoy as much happiness, as under his peculiar circumstances, he can himself anticipate.

It has not been without surprise and sorrow that we have observed certain portions of the press making light of this matter. Some indeed have found an extension, if not a vindication of Mr. Jenkins' procedure in the improved spirit of the age, with respect to the cultivation of mutual forbearance and love among different denominations. "Close the scene, and bring eye beneath the prisoning lid, cross the busy hands over the pulsing heart. Life—life eternal! for thee, young immortal! From that little grave, so tear-bedecked, the flower of repentance, springs at last. No tears shall choke it; no night or millstone bit! God's smile shall be its sunshine, and heaven thy crown."

unthought; while it dresses it in a new costume. It is neither an honest negotiator of the Bible as a revelation to man; rising infinitely superior as a system of grace and truth, to all the inventions of man, as developed and developed in the arts and sciences. Rev. Mr. RYLANDS—who directed attention to the Divine inspiration, antiquity, intrinsic excellence, and utility of the Book of God; as giving us the only correct account of the creation of the world and man; of his fall and redemption by Christ Jesus; and as the first instructor in natural history, geography, mensuration, and astronomy; in laws and governments; and above all in true religion and the purest ethics. Rev. Mr. McKENZIE—who touched upon the observations of the preceding speakers, and earnestly entreated upon all of duty to read the Scriptures, and of parents especially to instruct their children in their faith, and upon their leaving the parental roof, not to fail in presenting each with a Bible. Mr. PRINCE McLELLAN—who commended the audience upon its large and respectable attendance, the praiseworthy motives which he believed actuated them in appearing on this occasion, and the deep interest they manifested in the present object. He very highly and justly extolled the invaluable truths of Divine revelation in general, but especially that evangelical system, which it unfolded, and which developed the unappreciated and untrivalled love of God, to this reprobated kingdom on His widely extended universe. Permission to speak a few words was then requested by Mr. CURRY, who represented the people of mankind as a great and wide house, part of which only was lighted up with the lamp of truth; and that upon the church of Christ devolved the duty of lighting up the other and the greater part, that the whole House might be filled with the light of God.

The Choir of the Wesleyan Church at the West, with its devoted leader, Capt. WARREN DOANE, charmed and enlivened the meeting with their scientifically trained and musical voices, especially so, when they sang of the *Old Fashioned Bible*, which so impressed and delighted us that it will not soon be forgotten. Previously and preparative to the Meeting, addresses or sermons were delivered in the different places of worship, and collections taken up in its behalf. The amount of congregational collections—of collections and subscriptions at the West, before the Meeting, comes to the respectable sum of £24, which will help to swell the Jubilee Fund, and to which, believe, the contributors feel it a privilege to give. To God be all the glory. Amen. J. V. Jost.

Barrington, January 23, 1854.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]  
**Liverpool Circuit.**  
REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—We have of late been favoured with refreshing seasons in some parts of this Circuit, and are hopefully awaiting a more general effusion of Divine influence.

In town we have been cheered by some instances of praiseworthy liberality and zeal, in providing for the comfortable existence of some of the Institutions of our holy religion. Some of the more prominent of these instances were alluded to, at an official meeting held at the Mission House on the evening of the 17th inst., when the following Resolutions were unanimously and cordially adopted:—

Resolved, 1.—That thanks be respectfully conveyed from this meeting to Mr. James BARRAS, for the munificent gift of an elegant looking, four copy, two plates, and a font, for the use of the Wesleyan Church of this town, in the observance of the Sacraments of the Lord's Supper and Baptism.

2.—That an expression of thanks be also conveyed from this meeting to the young ladies of the Town Congregation, for their zeal and liberality, in placing at the disposal of the Superintendent of the Circuit the noble sum of sixty-four pounds, to be expended in making various necessary improvements in the Chapel and upon the Mission premises.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]  
**Dear Brother,**—Our West Chapel is burnt down to the ground. I preached in it last evening, and in a few hours after it was reduced to ashes, save some pews and doors, together with the hymn-books and the precious Bible. The night was extremely cold, and extra heat was necessary to warm the Chapel. We left all as we thought best, but the parts around the stove must have caught,—how we cannot say. It was insured for £100, which covered the debt on the Chapel. The long standing and anxious debt is paid, but the Chapel is now a desolate and cold, and extra heat is necessary to warm the Chapel. We left all as we thought best, but the parts around the stove must have caught,—how we cannot say. It was insured for £100, which covered the debt on the Chapel. The long standing and anxious debt is paid, but the Chapel is now a desolate and cold, and extra heat is necessary to warm the Chapel.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]  
**The Work in Normandy.**  
LISEUX, Dec. 20th, 1853.  
Our allows me to give you a little information about our doings in this part of the country, especially as I am sure that many of your readers are interested in the advancement of the work of God on the French Continent.

We have just held our Missionary meeting at Lisieux. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Piller, presided. He gave the tone to the meeting by his opening speech on the reasonableness and necessity of supporting Christian Missions. An interesting report was then read. The number of Missionaries employed, and the sums contributed towards the support of those agents, seemed to astonish our friends to whom we wish to give so much information as possible about our work, or rather the work of God, amongst the heathen. Mr. Melon, Pastor of the Reformed Church at Ouen, favoured us also with his presence. He gave us a very interesting speech, especially about the devotedness of Protestant Missions, in answer to what people say "Popish countries, that Roman Catholic Missions are the only ones who display zeal and courage. Although the meeting was rather protracted, still we all felt that it was good to be there, and that the best of all, that God is with us! Notwithstanding the deep snow on the ground the attendance was very good. Our chapel was well filled. The collection good. Friends from the neighbouring villages came down for the occasion, and every one seemed highly delighted with what he had seen and heard.

Since the last time I had the pleasure of writing to you, we have witnessed some conversions to God. Amongst these we reckon a man, his wife and daughter, a young girl of about fifteen years of age. The parents were first brought to the knowledge of the truth. The daughter was then at her grandmother's. She was preparing for her "promised communion" at the Popish Church. The mother at once saw the necessity of bringing up her daughter in a sound religious manner, and accordingly the young girl left her grandmother, and came to this place. Great was the consternation of the "Cure." He had lost one of his flock! He employed his influence near the aged parent, and lodged a complaint at the town hall against her own daughter, saying that the child had been stolen away from her. This was no sooner done than two popish priests went to our friend's house, and told her to come

to the town Hall. She went. There she was questioned; efforts were made to take her daughter away from her, but the stool firm and said:—"No, Gentlemen, I cannot give up my daughter, I have embraced the Protestant religion, and it is natural that I should wish my daughter to embrace that religion also." I am happy to say that the three are members of our Society. They seem to value more and more the means of grace, and I have reason to believe that their conversion is not one of name merely, but that of the heart. Hitherto they have adorned the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ by their Christian behaviour. We have at their home, every week, a sort of Bible class, for adults. It has already proved a nursery for our congregation at the Chapel. Some of the answers given there are quite original. One night we were reading about the miracles of our Saviour, such as "the raising of Lazarus." A Roman Catholic who had read the New Testament said:—"Well, for my part, I believe that all the details given to us about our Saviour's life, are all taken in a spiritual sense. Hence, asked he, when it is said that Jesus raised Lazarus, it only means that Jesus Christ wishes to raise all men from a death of sin to a new life!"

Our Sabbath School continues to prosper.—The number of our children has considerably increased. Not long ago we held our first public examination. The children rehearsed all the first part of our Catechism, and some portions of the Second, with select pieces of sacred poetry.—Prizes were distributed afterwards. Some gentlemen were present and, after hearing the children read:—"This is not the way the children are taught in our churches." A person who was born a Protestant, and who for some cause or other, had turned Papist in her youth, has lately seen her error and deeply regretted it. She came to me the other day to beg of me to admit her two boys at our Sunday-schools. Poor girls, although between twelve and fourteen years old, they cannot read, and this is the case of hundreds in this country.

Many of your readers will, no doubt, be glad that we are about to obtain the services of Mr. R. RILEY, son of the Rev. W. H. RILEY, Editor of our Magazine, as Schoolmaster for the children of the English connected with the railroad. The company is to defray all the expenses. The school is to be situated at La Motte, about five miles from Lisieux. There, one of our English friends offered his house to help to the English. I seized the opportunity, glad I was to preach Christ and Him crucified, to those who had never heard the gospel. To give your readers an idea of the ignorance of my hearers on that occasion, I must tell them, that no sooner had I read the words: "Aris, let us go hence: 'Levons nous partons d'ici,'" than the whole meeting rose, and in all probability would have left me to finish alone, had I not told them that I had scarcely begun, and that I hoped they would remain until all was over.

We are trying hard to get a French Day-school. We are waiting until we find a suitable Schoolmaster to present him to the authorities, and we hope to be able to succeed. Not without difficulties, I suppose.

On the whole we have signs of prosperity in this Circuit. Our Old Societies in the Bocage, seem to revive. Their affection towards us is unabated. Some of them give liberally towards the support of the work of God. Our Missionary Meetings there, have been seasons of spiritual blessings. Our friends there have lately witnessed the conversion of a young man, a gardener. Sometime ago, he bought a Bible, and he has read it. He was formerly a Papist. He was born in a village called "les Isles." During the persecutions against the Protestants in Normandy, orders were given to demolish the Protestant Church of "les Isles." A day was appointed to perform this deed of darkness.—"The Papists were summoned by their 'Cure' to attend with their instruments of destruction, but, strange to say, no one had at first the courage to begin. The 'Cure' upbraided them for their want of courage, but all was in vain.—At last he was enraged that he snatched the crowbar out of the hands of one of his parishioners, and set himself to work. After pulling down a few stones he exclaimed: 'Now that I have begun, finish the work!' They did so, and soon the Protestant Temple was in ruins. The friend who related this to me, said, we must hope that this young man will be useful amongst his friends, and that the Gospel will be again 'preached in that once favoured village.' Every means have been resorted to, to bring his lack into the bosom of the Holy Church. The Priest told him, after a long conversation: 'Well my friend, let me tell you, you may read the Bible since you like it, but in order to have appearances come to mass as usual, and as for the rest, we shall not trouble you!' If this is not Jesuitism, what is it? When threats and persecutions do not succeed—they seem to yield, they flatter and cajole in their point. Ever true to their motto: 'The end sanctifies the means.'"

I am sorry to say that a cloud seems to hang over the religious liberties of this country.—Our friends of the Paris Evangelical Society have just lost a law suit in the Supreme Court of Cassation, about their place of worship at Marnes. At Marnes, there has been a remarkable opening, and where the Gospel has been preached to more than four hundred persons at once, the authorities who at first seemed to wink at the opening of the Chapel, have no doubt had some remorse of conscience, and a system of persecution and opposition has begun. Alas! how much need of patience and prayer!

At St. Opportune, a village where the Mayor and the inhabitants, with the exception of four or five, have embraced Protestantism, a School-room has been built, and also a house for the master who is there with his family. Permission has not yet been granted to open the school. I am told that the 'Cure' is now and then to say mass in the church, and sometimes he is alone with only one to "chant" the responses!

Notwithstanding our trials, our motto is still 'onward!'—and whilst we pursue our way in the face of the enemy, we hope our Christian friends in England will not forget to pray for France and the French Methodist Church in this fine and in many respects interesting, but yet superstitious and infidel country. P. G.

—Carr, London Watchman.

**Legislative.**  
**HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.**  
WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1.  
PETITIONS.  
A number of Post Office Petitions were presented. Also a petition from Victoria praying for an increase of Educational grant. Also several private petitions.

**CITY PRISON.**  
Mr. Wier asked leave to introduce a Bill authorizing the erection of a new City Prison by the Citizens of Halifax. Leave was granted and the Bill was read a first time.

**ELECTORAL DISTRICT IN SHERBROUN.**  
Mr. Locke asked leave to introduce a Bill for the alteration of certain Electoral districts in the County of Sherbroun, leave was granted and the Bill referred to a select Committee.

**POLLS IN CUMBERLAND.**  
The Hon. Secretary introduced a Bill to facilitate the taking of Polls in the county of Cumberland. Laid on the table.

**WINNIPEG RAILWAY.**  
Mr. L. M. Wilkins enquired if the Government had any intention of bringing forward this session a measure for the construction of one of the Railways long contemplated.

**RELEVANT FRANCHISE.**  
On motion after a long discussion the Electoral Franchise Bill was referred to a Committee Composed of one member from each County.  
House adjourned till 3 o'clock Thursday.

**RAILWAY EXPLANATIONS.**  
Mr. M. Wilkins presented a petition from John Ross, of Truro, for remuneration for exploring the Country at the request of the Hon. J. B. Uniacke, in reference to the European and North American Railways.

**WHARF COMPANY.**  
Mr. Whitman presented a petition from Wm. Harris, and a number of others, inhabitants of Clements, Annapolis County, asking an Act of Incorporation for a Company to build Wharves on certain reserved lands claimed by them. Mr. Whitman asked leave to introduce a bill for the purpose of incorporating the proposed company. Leave was granted, and the bill was read a first time.

**HALIFAX FISH MARKET.**  
Mr. Doyle asked leave to present a Petition from Richard Bazely and others, Fishermen, resident beyond the limits of the City, praying that the usual accommodation afforded them for upwards of half a century in the Fish Market Stalls should be continued; they having been for some time past excluded from the Market.

Mr. John Campbell presented a Petition from Henry Ruffy and others, most respectable persons—praying that a portion of the School monies for Annapolis should be appropriated for the benefit of Mr. Munro.

Mr. Wier presented a Petition from Mr. Albro asking a return of duty on imported Machinery.

Mr. L. M. Wilkins asked leave to introduce a Bill to alter the section of the Revised Statutes relating to Fencing, which was referred to Messrs. L. Wilkins, Fulton, and Thorne to report thereon.

Mr. John Campbell presented a Petition from an Act of Incorporation for a Steamboat Company for the River of the County of Cumberland, and asked leave to introduce the Bill.

**MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS.**  
Hon. J. W. Johnston asked leave to introduce a bill to entitle an act for the Municipal Corporation of Counties; he would offer no explanation of its nature until the bill came up for discussion.

Hon. W. A. Henry asked the hon. introductor of the bill whether it differed in any respect from that introduced last session.

Hon. J. W. Johnston—on several minor points, but there were no fundamental alterations. He had been induced on reflecting to abandon the contemplated incorporation of Townships.

**PRINTING SCHEDULE.**  
Hon. Financial Secretary by command laid on the table of the house, the accounts of the Queen's Printer for the past year, together with an estimate of the expense of the Civil Government, whereupon it was Resolved that a supply be granted to Her Majesty.

**ST. PETER'S CANAL.**  
Hon. P. Seely had yesterday laid on the table of the House a printed copy of the report with reference to the Cape Breton Canal; he now held in his hand the manuscript of said report, with the diagrams of the short cut either side of Isthmus and the route of the Canal, and begged to call the attention of members for Cape Breton to them.

**DISTILLERY DUTIES.**  
Mr. Wier presented a petition from Alex. McDonald and James Wilson, praying some relief with reference to duties on distillery.

**GREAT ROADS.**  
Hon. Prov. Secretary, by command, laid on the table the report of Messrs. Purdy, Forbes, Black, Sweet, Dowling, McKenzie, Alderson and A. McKenzie, supervisors of public roads, appointed under the act of Grace the Duke of Newcastle to his Excellency the Lieut. Governor, dated the 19th of July last, accompanied by a minute of Council on the subject of appeals to the Privy Council. The dispatch was read.

**SMALL POX IN HALIFAX.**  
Hon. Prov. Secretary laid of the table, by his Excellency's command, a memorial forwarded to his Excellency to-day by the Board of Health for the city of Halifax, of which his Worship the Mayor was chairman, setting out that since the letter of his Excellency, when the city was threatened with cholera, several cases of virulent small pox were in the city in a crowded portion, and recommending immediate action to prevent its spreading.

**PROVINCE NOTES.**  
Hon. P. Secretary laid on the table, by command of His Excellency, a letter addressed to the Lieut. Governor, by himself, (the Prov. Secretary) stating the loose manner in which various blank treasury notes were lying about the Province Building. In the office to which Mr. J. Wier had removed, he had discovered and reported to the Government blanks, which if filled, would amount to the value of £15,000. All the notes and plates had since been gathered up and placed in safety.

Mr. Marshall.—This a very serious matter.—If those notes have been lying about in this manner, it is impossible to tell what amount of province paper we have issued.

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