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Eternity.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.
Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
Yet swiftly time sweeps on to thee—
Swift as the wind to victory,
The flying post, the speeding bark,
The arrow hastening to the mark.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
As on a sphere no eye may scan,
Or where it ends, or where began;
Eternity! within thy round,
Nor spring nor issue can be found.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
Within a circle liest thou,
Whose centre is a constant now,
Whose circumference a point,
Receding ever and for ever.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
A swallow might be taken to drain
The world's huge substance, fill and drain,
A thousand times a single grain,
Yet wouldst thou then, as now, remain.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
Though ocean's sands and drops we count
The action of a single moment;
The mighty cycles of thine age,
No calculus could ever gauge.

Eternity! eternity!
How long art thou, eternity?
Moral: as long as God shall be,
As long as he'll be deep in mercy,
As long as heavenly raptures flow—
An endless bliss! an endless woe!

Death of the Wicked.

It is the habit of many good men to describe the death of the wicked as uniformly, at least generally, a *terrible*. They do this by way of warning to the impudent, assuring them that if they continue unconverted, they will certainly be tormented with remorse, and terrified by fear in their last moments. Of the sincerity and good intention of such persons we have no doubt. But do they not speak without due consideration? Do their statements find support in fact? Is it true that unconverted men, or even infidels, generally illustrate the fearfulness of their actual condition and destiny by exclamations of "O! I must be damned in the article of death?" We think they do not.

To determine this question, it is necessary to resort, not to reasonings, but to matter of fact. It is worse than useless to plead that our religious theories require a good man's life to end in a *glorious triumph*, and a sinner's in a *state of terror*, so long as a sinner's facts show that the former sometimes—not often—passes through the mystic valley enveloped in mist; and the latter generally leaps into the vasty future in blind unconsciousness or stupid unbelief. We may be mistaken as to what our theories really require. But we cannot blot out facts. They must be admitted, whatever become of theories. We know a poet has said:

"Men may be fools, but fools they cannot die."
But a poet's song weighs less than a snowflake in presence of the fact, that most wicked men die in the arms of death, as they pass from the vestibule of time into the awful presence chamber of Jehovah, unawakened to the actual fearfulness of their condition, until they stand face to face with the long-dispersed realities of the spirit world.

That such is the true state of the case will appear to any who will be at the pains to inquire of those who are familiar with death bed scenes. Let a man consult experienced nurses, physicians, and ministers; let him interrogate history and biography;—he will agree with us that manifestations of terror on the part of dying sinners, though frequent, are not general. He will observe, 1st. That vast numbers die in a state of unconsciousness. Some diseases produce delirium; others cause somnolency, and paralysis; while the almost universal use of opiates, by the medical faculty, throws the dying into slumberous, dreamy, hallucinated conditions, which keeps them more or less unconscious of the change through which they are passing. Of course, in all such cases, there is no terror in the soul of the dying. So far as the future is concerned, they die as untried by the brutes which perish. Viewed in itself, with the light of revealed religion concentrated upon it, such a death is appalling to the spectator. But a real is upon the consciousness of the victim. Its terrors are not in the act of dying. Its terror begins when his unclad spirit stands shivering and guilty at the bar of a rejected Christ!

2. Very many die suddenly. Taking the experience of such persons as have been rescued from a drowning state, from insanity, from convulsions, wounds, falls, &c., as the standard of judgment, it is fair to infer that of the many who actually die by sudden providences, nearly all are unconscious of the hand that strikes them.—Their first sensation is confusion, which is instantly succeeded by unconsciousness and then by death. Here, with regard to the multitude of sinners annually swept by sudden death into eternity, there are few, if any cases in which the moral nature has time to inflict the torments of remorse. They die, like the former class, unconscious, and therefore without terror.

3. Large numbers of impatient persons do meet death in a state of consciousness, but die with apparent calmness and tranquillity. Every classical scholar is aware of the contempt with which the ancients regarded death, and of the courage with which they confronted it. The philosopher with which Socrates died, and the philosopher with which the poet died, were both aware of the death which was before them, and yet they died with a tranquillity which has rarely been equalled in our times. Such persons, however, are not the friends of Pompey, who, drinking death, and of the courage with which he died, but the friends of Cæsar's vengeance, who spent most of the night in reading the *Plutarch* of Plato, and then calmly steeled himself with a dagger; the proud seneschal with which Cæsar covered his face and succumbed to the life of the daggers of his enemies, who beheld Brutus among them, and whose familiar to every school-boy, and they illustrate the spirit of antiquity. They show

that the human spirit, though soiled with the pollution of many sins, and utterly blind with respect to the future, can train itself to stand with a certain degree of dignity and self-possession in presence of death.

Nor is there any lack of examples of kindred firmness among men of modern times. Gibbon, who cherished a bitter hatred of Christianity to the last, died tranquilly, and exhibited an almost perfect indifference as to his future welfare. Hume, the sceptic, conscious of his approaching death, spent his last hours in jocular conversation with his friends, and in reading amusing books. He met death without any apparent perturbation of mind. Lord Nelson, though reeling with the sin of unrepented adultery, died thinking God he had done his duty! Marshal Ney, who certainly was no Christian, marched into the presence of his executioners with the same serenity of soul and pomp of manner which had been wont to appear upon a parade ground. The Girondists, notable for their Deism, feasted like epicures, and discoursed like philosophers, the night preceding their death. They went to the scaffold, and died singing the *Marseillaise* with astonishing enthusiasm. Napoleon, in his splendid retreat, met death without the least uneasiness as to his future life. And these individuals are the representatives of large classes, who in all spheres of life, and under every variety of circumstances, meet death in full possession of consciousness, unshaken by religious fears, and yet without manifestations of terror.

We do not pretend that in their death any of these men resembled believers in Christ. There is a distance almost infinite, between the stoical indifference of such minds, and the unalloyed peace which reigns in the bosom of a dying believer. The highest triumph of the former is a mere negation; they merely succeed in excluding fear, while the latter not only conquer fear, but they attain to a positive joy, arising from the contemplation of that future which they are about to enter in order to keep their quiet. The former are not terrified simply because they resolutely cover their eyes that they may not behold their adversary; the latter gaze upon the foe with open face, comprehend his utmost power, and triumph. The superiority of the latter over the former is therefore, scarcely less than infinite. All we wish to claim for the former is, that they die without manifesting terror. Of the whole number of impatient men who die in full possession of their senses, we judge that the larger proportion meet death in the same manner.

4. There is a large class of sinners who die in fearful distress of mind. Voltaire's death chamber, as is well known, was a scene of horror. Paine's was both fearful and disgusting. Banfill's dying experience is written in the three repeated words, *remorse! remorse! remorse!* A word which expresses more of mental agony than any other known to man. Hobbes, trembling with apprehension, said: "I am about to take a leap in the dark." David said, "O! I must be damned!" "I am damned! damned to all eternity!" These cases, which might be multiplied indefinitely, also represent a large class of wicked men who die in all the torments of inexpressible despair.

Accounting for the absence of these terrors in the large number of dying sinners referred to above, it is necessary to inquire into the causes which produce terror where it is exhibited.

Terror is the extremity of fear. In a dying sinner, it arises from the activity of his moral nature, intensified by the recollection of past sin, the proximity of a retributive state, and the awakening influences of the Holy Ghost. Conscience, memory, religious belief, and the Spirit of God co-operating in the activity of the soul, form the basis of the about to stand at the bar of God, produce that tempest of feeling, that storm of painful emotions, and those lamentations of despair which constitute the terrible of some sinners' death beds.

Hence, we account for the absence of terror in some, by supposing that in many instances the Spirit of God, long departed, forsakes the dying sinner, because there is no probability of his being led to embrace a Saviour, who has for years liberally rejected. The heart, forsaken of the Spirit, is insensible to impressions from spiritual objects, than the hardest marble to the needle's puncture, and the man dies in stupid unconcern. When the Spirit awakens the conscience of such a die, like Voltaire, in the torments of retribution begun on earth, it must be for the purpose of making them examples to the living. Indeed, we are disposed to regard all terrible deaths in this light.

This stupidity arising from the absence of the Spirit, is increased in some, by their constitutional courage. Some minds are so constituted as not to be affected by fear. It grows rank and putrid with its own corruptions. But while our holy religion exalts man as made in the image of God, the head and chief of the system to which he belongs, and thus invests the individual with dignity and value, vast and incalculable, far beyond "worlds on worlds arrayed," it yet links him in closest fellowship with the kindred of his race. For him the ground yields its increase, the sun shines, the stars beam in beauty, the winds blow, the waters run.—Earth, air, and ocean are all as it were agencies commissioned to do him good; but not for him alone. No matter what his rank, power, influence, he but shares the bounties which have been provided, in the munificence of Heaven, as the common inheritance of all his fellows. No matter what his personal rights and interests, he is but a part of a great whole. He belongs to a system. No choice of his own, no special caste, no civil distinctions, can detach him from it. Linked with the world around him by a law of his nature and the decree of his Maker, every plan of isolation is abortive; and the very effort at separation and exclusiveness brands him as a misfit, a monster, a selfish, heartless wretch, without natural affection or any redeeming principle. A brute in human form—a demon, with the lineaments of man, he is under the outwray of the world itself, alas! but too ignorant of the law of love and the noble aims and ends of his mortal life.

Bound together as we are by the ties of a common nature and of mutual dependence, every man is a fountain of influence, good or bad, conservative or destructive. Whether he will or not, he is an example. His language, spirit, actions, habits, his very

death-bed is the exception, not the rule—the offering of death is the sin of the life unpardoned, and waiting with myriad voices to accuse the sinner on his arrival at the bar of his injured and offended Creator.—Such teachings, being in harmony with revelation and with fact, will be found productive of good, and good only.—*Her. & Jour.*

Consecration and Missions.

TO PARENTS.
Behold two cogent evils—the greatest upon earth in the limit of Church aggressiveness upon false religion, and Church conformity to the world. Behold a remedy for both in the right consecration and training of children.

It may be said in palliation of the evils, and said truly, that there are great ecclesiastical reforms from time to time. Bodies of Christians start forth upon primitive principles. Purification for a while is kept up by Scriptural discipline. Holiness bids fair to spread far and wide. But, alas! deterioration soon commences, and a century may scarcely pass before the air, punctiliousness, and trappings of extravagance and abused wealth commence to supersede simplicity, punctuality, and deep spiritual things in the "old path." Coloured wealth, and what the world calls respectability, instead of disproving the religious deterioration, may only illustrate it. No matter if more croakers magnify or mispropagate the stubborn fact; it remains with the force upon all candid minds that are acquainted with the history of the past, or the affairs of the present. What is the great secret of this? Is it not in the fact that bodies of Christians, no more than individuals, can remain permanently set in themselves except as they exert a *salting influence* upon what surrounds them? If the salt of the corruption of the world? When a Church becomes more intent on increasing its standing with the worldly-minded at home than to press on with offers of the gospel to those who have never rejected it, then the internal power will be lost. If the minister, moral and monetary agencies combined at home, "to keep up with the times," were suitably taxed for foreign fields, there would be purifying outlets for the Church at home.

For a remedial approach to the very fountain of the evil, must there not be a reformation in the training of children? The parent of most Christian parents do not forget to aim at results "which are seen" and "are temporal," and to grow up with notions that but few in the world can "hold" and "make the salvation of souls the principal end of their earthly stay, and that fewer still are called to be missionaries." The fact is generally overlooked, that not only every man, but every man, woman, and child, are to be trained in the "old path," and instrumental talent, must go to the judgment seat of Christ responsible for its proper employment.

If the flexible minds of children were carefully trained to views of the utter insignificance of earthly success, and the eternal ones, and their hearts—mouldable, and almost passive, under the free influence of the Spirit—were patiently and diligently instructed to feel aright for the perishing heathen, then the Church of another generation would be a different one. Can the individual writer, or reader, be exempt from strict responsibility for imparting, as far as possible, right views and feelings to the rising generation? Excuses made now may avail little when "every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—*C. Advocate & Journal.*

No Man Liveth to Himself.

The spirit of Christianity is essentially a public spirit. It ignores a selfishness, is benevolence embodied and alive, full of plans for the benefit of the world, and actively at work to make them effective.—Catholic, generous, expansive, it repudiates all the boundaries, prescribed by names, and sects, and parties, and stretches its line into the regions beyond, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. The world is its parish. Its wishes are commensurate with the moral wants of mankind, and the will of God, who gave His Son to die for us sinners, and our salvation, is the authority for its labours and a pledge for its triumphs.

It is the policy of every form of infidelity and speculative subtilty, and every false religion, to depreciate and undervalue the nature of man. They depolish him of his true glory by their chilling prepossession, they contract and stagnate, till the heart grows rank and putrid with its own corruptions. But while our holy religion exalts man as made in the image of God, the head and chief of the system to which he belongs, and thus invests the individual with dignity and value, vast and incalculable, far beyond "worlds on worlds arrayed," it yet links him in closest fellowship with the kindred of his race. For him the ground yields its increase, the sun shines, the stars beam in beauty, the winds blow, the waters run.—Earth, air, and ocean are all as it were agencies commissioned to do him good; but not for him alone. No matter what his rank, power, influence, he but shares the bounties which have been provided, in the munificence of Heaven, as the common inheritance of all his fellows. No matter what his personal rights and interests, he is but a part of a great whole. He belongs to a system. No choice of his own, no special caste, no civil distinctions, can detach him from it. Linked with the world around him by a law of his nature and the decree of his Maker, every plan of isolation is abortive; and the very effort at separation and exclusiveness brands him as a misfit, a monster, a selfish, heartless wretch, without natural affection or any redeeming principle. A brute in human form—a demon, with the lineaments of man, he is under the outwray of the world itself, alas! but too ignorant of the law of love and the noble aims and ends of his mortal life.

Gems of Thought.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and which religion walks a counselor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storm can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor. The home circle surrounded by such influences, has an ante-part of the joys of a heavenly home.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around the darkest scenes.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

It is not our business to quarrel with the world, but to be in it. In the morning sun they gather, and in the evening without will they part; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

How much, therefore, has the preacher to do, every where—every day. There are no rest days for him. The pulpit door may not open to him every day, but other doors of usefulness are always open, and thus he is called to make full proof of his ministry. By his works, Paul proved his apostleship.

An Hour with God.

One hour with thee, my God, when daylight breaks
Over a world thy guardian care has kept,
When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes,
To praise the love that watched me while I slept.

One hour with thee, when busy day begins
Its never-ceasing round of bustling care,
When I must meet with toil, and pain, and sin,
The first, best, sweetest hour I'll give to thee.

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The Child Colporteur.

"Mother, will you promise me something?" asked a little boy, laying his hand on his mother's shoulder, as she sat busily sewing.

"Will you only say 'Yes' mother?"

"That would be very rash; you do not want me to say 'Yes' in the dark, do you, Eben?"

"O, but, mother, you might say so now, I know," persisted the child.

"Then I am sure you had better tell me what you want me to say 'Yes' to," said the mother.

"Well then, may I be a real colporteur?"

"May I, mother, please?" asked the boy, looking earnestly into her face.

"A real colporteur, Eben?"

"Why, the other day when I stayed at home, sick, I played at colporteur; shall I show you how?"

"You make believe to be a poor woman in a log-cabin, mother, and I will come in."

Eben went out; his mother went on sewing, when, by and bye, a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said she. The door opened, and in walked the make-believe colporteur, with his old great coat on his cap over his ears, and a bag of books slung over his shoulders.

"Would you not please to like a good Christian book, ma'am?" said the make-believe colporteur; "one that would do your heart good?"

"I do not know that I should," the old woman in the log-cabin seemed to answer.

"O, I'll tell you about them, and then you'll be very thankful I've come." He took down his bag, and opened it. "Here is Little Henry and his Bear; there is hardly anything to equal it," turning over the leaves of the little work, and thrusting them up in her face.

"Little Henry was a white weaver; he hid not know about God; he played and squandered his money, but his mother and his father, any one told him about Jesus. He was left to his poor heart's bearing, who taught him to worship idols."

"The Christian, after having fought many hard battles, endured many trials, resisted many temptations, suffered from many afflictions, and grieved over many shortcomings, feels gradually approaching the hand of disease, and, being abandoned, thereby of his speedy dissolution, he is thrown in heavenward, while his heart melts within him, as he exclaims in triumph—'I'm almost home!'"

"Then you shall have it for nothing, if you will read it and mind all the bearer says. It is as good as preaching; please take it," and the make-believe colporteur put the book in the hands of the make-believe woman of the log-cabin.

"There, mother," Eben then exclaimed, drawing back his cap, "cannot I be a real colporteur? Why, mother, he went on to say, while a deep serenity overtook his face, "do you know there are a good many little children sweet as angels. I asked them if they had any good books? and they said, No. Is not this a good place for a colporteur, mother? I am not too little, am I?"

"Where can you get books, Eben?" asked she.

"Why, have not I got some? Jane can give me a few, and Susan; perhaps you and father will be glad to help. Don't you think, mother, we can spare our books? We have read them through, and through; why, you know we ought to try to do good with them."

The mother was very much pleased with the plan; and when he begged to begin next Saturday afternoon she gave her consent. How interested was Eben in collecting and assorting his little books! This would do, and that had the ten commandments in it, and another was about lying; he looked them all over, and could tell what each was about. When Saturday afternoon came, his mother thought he might forget it, for his brothers loved play, and always wanted Eben to go with them. But no, Eben took no interest in bat and ball upon the common; he had another plan which he liked better; so he packed up his little books into a basket, and set forth.

"Good by, Mr. Colporteur," exclaimed Jane. His mother took "tender interest" in all his proceedings; so she did not hinder him for the thought that the Lord had sent him; and when she watched him go, she was so serious and so earnest, she bade him God-speed in her heart, and prayed that the gracious Saviour might please to bless these humble doings.

Eben was gone a long while, when at last he came back he had many things to tell his mother. "Why, mother," said he, "all the mothers were as glad as could be; and some of the little children that could not read, I have taught them to read; and he fixed his large eyes upon her: "I told him God would punish swearer; I told him I would bring him a book about it."

He "laboured more abundantly than they all," yet not he, "but the grace of God that was with him." What was the fruit of his apostleship—the seal of his commission? Hear him: "Are they ministers of Christ? I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." There is danger then as well as work. Yet after all the toil and responsibility, the preacher's is a glorious work. To leave the present out of the calculation, as an infinitesimal quantity in the reward to be counted on, let the future encourage his heart and stimulate his energy. Other men toil for fame, but how feeble will be the voice of fame, when it has come down the lapse of the eternal ages, and is heard over the boundless fields of immensity? An insect's hum, an infant's wail will be thunder to it. Other men toil for fame; the preacher toils for a glory which is the substance of heaven. Other men labour for time; the preacher for eternity. Time shall pass, eternity is always just begun. Other men strive to catch bursting bubbles; the preacher is gathering gems for a diamond that shall set him above earth's potentes. Other men flammer, like the fire fly, for a moment, and expire; the preacher shall shine as a star in the firmament forever.—*Southern Chr. Adv.*

Orient Yourself!

The Germans and French, says Horace Mann, in his lecture to young men, use the phrase *orient*, or *orient oneself*, as when a traveller arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by night or by storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is East, or West, or South. Forthwith all the cardinal points, East, West, North, South, take their true places in his mind, and he is in no danger of seeking for the sunset or polar star in the wrong quarter of the heavens. He *orients himself*.

It is suggestive of that sturdy, mental independence which does its own thinking, which will not be blind-folded to please anybody, which resolutely decides upon its own moral attitude towards society. It also points out the only method by which a man can pass over the rough highway of life without making a fool of himself, or surrendering his peace and self-respect. The route through life is crossed by so many crooked paths; so many false guides, like the honest drayman's black man in white raiment, or the "wise" adviser, telling lies in such a language; and so much of the world's example is fashioned after the pattern of silver-tongued Demas, that every unwary traveller is in constant danger of being misled. His peril is almost equal to his who ventures, without Mohammed's blessing, across the river which serves as a bridge to the faithful inheritors of that false prophet's paradise.—*Herald & Journal.*

I'm almost Home.

The traveler, weary and worn, covered with dust and suffering from many privations, sees in the distance the curling smoke ascending from his old homestead, and, choked with feelings, almost too big for utterance, exclaims, while tears of joy roll down his cheeks—'I'm almost home!'"

The playful child, having wandered from its fond parents, trembles for fear of approaching danger as darkness gathers around its footsteps; yet as soon as it sees some well known object, makes its curling led and exclaims its glad shout, exclaiming—'I'm almost home!'"

The warrior, after a long and toilsome journey, desires in the far distance the outline coast of his native land and sings aloud with joy, while his heart is full of breaking—'I'm almost home!'"

The Christian, after having fought many hard battles, endured many trials, resisted many temptations, suffered from many afflictions, and grieved over many shortcomings, feels gradually approaching the hand of disease, and, being abandoned, thereby of his speedy dissolution, he is thrown in heavenward, while his heart melts within him, as he exclaims in triumph—'I'm almost home!'"

Christian professor, thou too art almost home! Art thou wearing this world as a loose garment, so that it may be thrown off at a moment's notice? Art thy affections and desires fixed on things above? and art thou daily becoming more weaned from things of this earth and more attached to things of another world?—*Lutheran Observer.*

Excelsior of the Bible.—To scripture of the Old and New Testament is a most solid and precious system of Divine truth. Every part thereof is worthy of God, and altogether one entire body, wherein is no defect, no excess. It is the fountain of heavenly wisdom which they who are able to stand, prefer to all writings of men, however, wise, learned, or holy.—*J. Wesley.*

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(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.)

Obituary Notices.

MRS. MARY JANE DOANE, wife of Capt. Seth Doane, and daughter of Winthrop...

The much-loved child, who lately left Her native happy home...

Returning now, the anxious seeks The home of kindred dear...

Anticipated joys ahead, Bear up the sinking mind...

But nature yields to dark disease, Nor can its hold retain...

And leaves her well-loved tender charge In hands of kindred dear...

Deep in will ocean's fearful caves, Her stricken form descends...

The earth, the sky, 'till ocean's depths Their hidden woe reveal...

Barely she rests, beneath the foam Of ocean's wild uproar...

His dearly-beloved form the couch Of that four cherished ones...

At N. E. Harbour, county of Shelburne, on the 3rd of April last...

Prayer Meetings before Sebastopol.

The following extract from the letter of a soldier, furnished to us by a correspondent...

The Family Circle a most fit place for Prayer.

Endearments bind together the members of the same household...

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1855.

This Paper is sold, and may be seen free of charge at Houlston's Hall...

The London Watchman of July 11th, contains a letter from its Canadian correspondent...

One hundred and thirty-five miles of travel yesterday, by rail, steamer and carriage...

Such was our hall of Methodist legislation for 1855 in friendly London...

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fores, and the old Liverpool lines would force themselves upon many hearts...

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work of God and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, speedily prove effectual.

New York Correspondence. TRINITY M. E. CHURCH. NEW YORK, July 24, 1855.

The corner stone of this new church was laid on Thursday last. Its foundation walls have been built for some months...

Prof. Mattison is the pastor, and the church was organized in March, 1854, by a colony of 50 members from 30th street, not far off...

Methodism is rapidly on the advance in our land, North and South. Our schools and Colleges are increasing beyond those of any other denomination...

Mill Village Circuit. Six—It is always encouraging to the Minister to see the members of his parish voluntarily putting forth efforts for church extension...

Hopewell Circuit. Mr. EDITOR.—As the readers of your excellent paper feel interested in whatever tends to the promotion of the Wesleyan cause...

Mission House.—For several years we had occupied in this Circuit a hired house as a Mission residence. Negotiations had been entered into for the purchase of the same...

Chapel at Cape de Maelle Creek.—We had an unobscured chapel at the Creek of some 25 years standing, and with the whole history of which, from the first that was cut for the frame, I was well acquainted...

Irish Wesleyan Conference. The session of the IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE for this year was held in Belfast, commencing on Thursday, June 21...

last District Meeting disconnected from the Wallace Circuit and connected with that of Living Philip...

Wesleyan Schools at Westminster. Those who were privileged to be present at the annual examination of the Westminster Wesleyan Day-schools, last week, declare that Thursday was the brightest and happiest holiday they have seen this year...

France, Northern District. St. Pierre les Calais, June 21, 1855. A White France and England are so closely united in the field of battle, it cannot be gladdened by the work of your pious efforts...

Our District Meeting began May 31st, and terminated the 6th of June, with the commemoration of the Lord's death. It was pleasing and edifying to see the ambassadors of the cross, and a good number of friends, join together around the Lord's table...

The number of children at present in daily attendance at the schools is about 800; and so highly are the advantages offered by the institution appreciated by those for whose benefit it was established...

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