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WHOLE No. 651.

Religious Miscellany.

The Old Year and the New.

The sun looks over the eastern hills,
But his glance is chilling and cold;
He is weaving for the gay New Year
Of the fading threads of the Old—
Of emerald, azure and gold,
From the falling threads of the Old
The winds with many a midnight call,
Have reaped their flowers and leaves,
And blithely in the morning hours have bound
Their rustling sheaves.

The snow bird hops in the brown old hedge,
And his chirp is merry and gay;
He is calling his mate from her wintry nest,
On the roosting and snow-wreathed spray,
Little head of the cold have they,
On the roosting and snow-wreathed spray,
Their brown coats, smoothed upon their breasts,
Protect and keep them warm,
And safe as swallows in the sun, they bide
The wintry storm.

The boy looks forth, 'neath his golden curls,
For the gay and merry New Year;
He is wishing the days were soon flown away,
He is hoping for pleasure and cheer—
And joy ever promising near,
In the days that bring pleasure and cheer,
He sees the fresh spring grasses, beneath
The deepening snows,
And hears the summer's softest breath in every
blast that blows.

The old man stands with his frosty locks,
On the verge of the gay New Year,
It is taking him back to the olden time,
As he silently draws a tear—
O'er the Old Year's snow-wreathed hair,
As he silently draws a tear—
Old friends come back, and olden days, and olden
memories dim,
That long were locked in bygone time, come
throbbing back to him.

To all there cometh a new, new year,
When the days of the olden are o'er;
And it cometh to some on the verge of this,
And to some on the farther shore—
When the days of the old are o'er,
And to some on the farther shore—
When time with its unfeeling scythe, hath reaped
the flowers and leaves,
The heart is left the harvest-field, to bind its golden
sheaves.

The sun looks over the eastern hills,
But his glance is chilling and cold;
He is weaving a robe for the gay New Year
From the fading threads of the Old—
Of emerald, azure and gold,
From the fading threads of the Old!
And thus do we, as days go by that come to us
no more,
Our robes prepare when we shall stand upon the
farther shore.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.
"Glorious to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men—Lk. ii. 14.
Strike your harp, cherubic angel,
Lo! the promised Seed is come!
See your Lord, enthroned in glory,
Born a babe in Bethlehem,
Hallelujah! Lo! He comes, He comes to reign!

Thou Ephraim—meest village
Decking Judah's vineyard plain,
Now may'st lift thy head, for glory
Ever with this shall remain.
Shout and triumph now, Ephraim Bethlehem!
See afflicted Judah's shepherds
Tending Judah's flocks by night;
Know they whence you shining herald
Comes, approaching to their sight?
Fear not, shepherds, angel robed with heavenly
light.
"See, in yonder cloud appearing,
And illumining all the plain:
See what splendor! see them nearing!
Listen to the enrapturing strain!"
Fear not, shepherds, your Messiah comes to
reign.

Hearken to the gladsome tidings:
Hear the rejoicing angel tell—
Tell of love and peace abiding—
Love and peace unspokeable.
Glorious tidings! none but angel tongue could
tell.
Join ye, who have heard the story
Of the Lamb for sinners slain,
Swung aloft on the glory
Sung by night on Judah's plain—
"To God glory; peace on earth; good will to
men."
ASAPH.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.
Fire-side Musing on the Departing
Year.
BY M. E. H.
(Written December 19th.)
"Knell of departed years!"
Thy voice is sweet to me;
It makes me sad forlorned years,
Calls forth so sympathetic tears,
Time's a merry dance to me,
From hollowed ground,
I hear the sound,
Dissolving through the air in holy calm around.
The year is rapidly drawing to a close. As I
gazed from my window this morning, on the
murky clouds that flitted athwart the wide ex-
panse, on the faded herbage and leafless trees,
all bespoken—too well and surely—the presence
of Winter—
"Stern ruler of the inverted year."
Yes, the spoiler has returned. The verdant
tints of Spring, the luxuriant loveliness of Sum-
mer, and the ripper charms of Autumn have given
place to desolation, decay and death.
Oh, chiding scenes of earth, how ornamented
you be! But a few months since, and the
Summer's sun, looked lovingly down on an emerald
sward, on gaily tinted flowers and luxuriant
foliage, but now,
"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And forests brown and bare."
"All is well when done by Thee."

I listen in vain for the song of birds: their
melody is hushed. I search in yonder copse and
dingle for the "fair young flowers," but they,
too, have passed away; no longer is their scent
borne on the balmy breeze; and the sighing
winds, as they sweep through the leafless trees,
seem like a wail of lamentation poured above
the bier of departed beauty.
But draw the curtains closer, and shut out the
dreary scene; for deeper grows the twilight, and
night, with its mantle of mist and cloud, settles
over the gloomy landscape!

Welcome! cheerful gleam! welcome! blaz-
ing beam!—most welcome now! How like a thing
of life the fire leaps up, and glows, and sparkles,
—now burning into a brilliant flame, that per-
meates the darkest rock of the apartment, and
again sinking into ruddy embers that cast a lurid
light over the scene. How fantastically dance
these shadows over sofly tinted wall and snowy
ceiling, like uncouth giants playfully wrestling,
or contending mightily for mastery.

Cherished friends of memory are ye, oh, twi-
light hours, with your flickering lights and mys-
tic shadows! See with what eagerness she
comes at your bidding, laden with treasures
from the chambers of the past, for there doth
she delight to dwell.
By what magic art has she enshrouded our most
precious things, and fresh as yesterday, in recol-
lection restores to us
"The looks and smiles of long ago!"

Sweet faces shine from out the gloom
And dust of buried years—
And silver voices, soft as clear,
Are sounding in our ears.
Where are they? In the grave concealed
Do our fond treasures sleep?
When will we see them on high
God doth our loves once keep!

And each year, as it passeth away, fails not to
bring its tribute to memory. For life—however
monotonous, however humble—can never, to a
sensitive being, become a blank; but must be a
continuation in the golden links which form the
chain of our existence—a succession of acts,
the result of which may be, in themselves, but
in their results on our real or woe, when, in the
light of eternity, the wonderful panorama of a
life shall be unrolled before our astonished gaze.
And now another year is about to join the
"mighty caravan" of departed ages.

To the most thoughtful, its close can scarcely
fail to bring a season of reflection,—to the more
serious a time of deep and solemn thought.
"Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy
God led thee," was the injunction of Moses
to the children of Israel, as they were about to
enter into the promised land; and safely carried
thus far by the good hand of God upon us,
through the journey of life, it surely fits crea-
tures destined for immortality to pause for
awhile, and enquire, as the fleeting hours of
the departing year silently pass away,
"What report they bore to Heaven?"

For oh! ye vanishing seasons, months, weeks,
and days, ye never came to us but laden with
memories from a Father's hand! The fresh-
ness of Spring, the beauty of Summer, and the
boundaries of Autumn, were all memories of One
who, though we may have forgotten Him, days
without number, never, for a moment, overlook-
ed us.
And Nature, Providence, and Grace, sweetly
united in proclaiming the wonders of His love,
all wooing us, with tender entreaty, to embrace
and hold fast those higher blessings which can
alone enable us to answer life's great end, and
fit us for a glorious immortality.

Happy for us if those lessons, falling as the
golden dew and rain from heaven, have been dis-
tilled into the inmost depths of our being; hap-
py, thrice happy for us, if our "inmost ear"
has been opened to us, if our "still small voice"
has been heard, if, in the "inmost ear,"
the rebuking spirit, whispering, "This is the way,
walk ye in it"; and, happiest of all, if, guided
by his gentle, monitions, we have been led
into the green pastures and by the still wa-
ters of spiritual consolation.

And now, fellow-pilgrim in the pathway to
Zion, how hath sped the year with you?
Sorrow you have doubtless experienced, for
these are the days of heaven—but mercy
hath sweetly tempered judgment; and how have
these trials enlarged your experience, increased
your faith, and with what a startling interest,
vividness and beauty, they have invested the
promises, until you have been ready to conclude
with the Apostle, "They are all ye and amen
in Christ Jesus!"

Nor has it been all night with you, even
though illumined by the stars of promise. Sun-
shine has often guided your path; many a sweet
resting-place has been yours in the wilderness,
on which you look back with grateful recollec-
tion; you have tasted the joys of communion
with Heaven; you have been cheered, and en-
couraged, and stimulated, by "some who have
met"—fellow-heirs of the same grace, and hav-
ing the same inheritance—and you have had
cause to exclaim,
"Oh, if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet;
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!"

Dear friends, we greet you once more! Be-
loved ones, from whom
"Mountains divide us, and the world of seas,"
Goes with you in spirit to-night!
Surrounded by a happy group of smiling faces,
or, sitting solitary in the land of your exile,
musing on the past, where'er ye wander and
where'er ye rest, may the "good will of Him
that dwelt in the bush" be your portion; the
"angel who redeemeth us from evil" be your
guide through life; and a crown, glittering with
countless stars—the reward of those who turn
and see their faces in the "many in the para-
dise of God!"

And now—fresh gird from Heaven—behold
the gay New Year coming swiftly towards us,
bearing in his hands a tablet, yet unmarked by
the characters of futurity. What shall be its
characters of respect for us we know not; but
one thing we do know, for the voice of Sacred
Writ hath declared it, "Surely it shall be well
with them that fear God."
Therefore, Father, we would—
"Give to the winds our fears,
And to the waves our doubts."
Hope to see ourselves and our loved
ones into Thy safe keeping; only asking for con-
tinued and more abundant supplies of grace,
that we may be enabled to pursue with greater
diligence our heaven-ward path, leaving our
parental lot in thy hands, content to know that
"All is well when done by Thee."

Salvation as a Free Gift.

Colored preachers often have a rare facility in
homey and pithy illustrations, which more cul-
tivated ministers might imitate with the best re-
sults. The simple style of the following extract
which we find in *Challen's Monthly* may be sug-
gestive to some of our clerical readers, who wish
to reach the heart of the people:
"I once found myself in company with a party
of friends in the gallery of a small village church
listening to a discourse from a colored minister,
or rather exhorter. After some preliminary
exercises, a gray-headed man, evidently quite a
patriarchal personage, arose, and announced as
his subject, 'The History of Dives and Lazzarus,'
which he proceeded to explain and enforce.
One illustration he used was so full of quaint
simplicity, and at the same time so adapted to
express the idea he meant to convey, that it
struck me forcibly. He was trying to show how
a sinner should accept the gospel offers of salva-
tion."
"Suppose," said he, "any of you wanted a
coat, and should go to a white gentleman to pur-
chase one. Well, he has one that exactly fits
you, and in all respects just what you need.
You ask the price, but when told, find you have
not enough money, and shake your head."
"No, massa, I am too poor, must go with-
out; and turn away."
"But he says, 'I know you cannot pay me,
and I have concluded to give it to you—will
you have it?'"
"What would you do in that case?—step to
him and say, 'Oh, he's just laughing at me,
he don't mean it!' No such thing. There is
not one of you who would not take the coat,
and say,
"Yes, massa, and thank you too!"
"Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is of-
fered you as freely as that; why don't you take
it as freely? You are lost, undone sinners, and
feel that you need a covering from His wrath.
If you would keep His holy law, blanketed, you
might purchase it by good works; but what you
need are worthless. You are poor, indeed, and
if this is all your dependence, I don't wonder
if you are turning off in despair. But stop—
look here—God speaks now, and offers salvation,
and says that you may have it, without money
and without price." Oh, brethren, my dear
brethren, do take God's word for it, and thank-
fully accept His free gift."

This impression the words had on the old
man's colored auditors, I cannot tell; but as our
group left the church, one of the ladies remarked
to another:
"What a strange idea that was about the
coat!"
"My dear friend," was the reply, "it suited
my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it
was, better than all Dr. —'s elaborate and eloquent
arguments this morning. I am so glad that I
came here. This is the way I have been de-
claring for years. How simple! How plain!
Free grace alone! Yes, I will take God
at His word."
"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Remembering Christ.
A Christian man, now eighty years old, states
that for many years he was acquainted with a
devotedly pious woman, on the frontiers of New
Hampshire, who trained up her family for God,
and was accustomed to ride four miles on horse-
back, for public worship. After an absence of
several years, he visited the then aged and in-
firm woman in her armchair, and tried to recall
the mentioned name of her minister, and several
mutual friends, but she had no recollection of
them. "I sat and reflected a while," he writes,
"and then said, 'Mrs. C., do you recollect ever
hearing of Jesus Christ?' She looked at me
with astonishment, exclaiming, 'Do you think
I have forgotten my Savior?'"
"In former years," he adds, "I had cavilled
at the words, 'He that loveth father or mother
more than me is not worthy of me;' but what I
saw in this visit cured me of my infidelity."

Baxter.
The biographer of Baxter says: "In preach-
ing Baxter's heart burned within him; and while
he was speaking a live coal from the altar fired
his sermons with fervor. Into his heart were
brought all the energies of his entire na-
ture. He had a large mind, an acute intellect,
a melting heart, a holy soul, a kindling eye,
and a moving voice; and he called on all within
him to aid him in his preaching. Being deeply
earnest himself, he wishes his hearers to be
earnest. Himself being a burning light, he
wished to flash the haloed fire into the
hearts of others. He seems never to have stop-
ped at action, or the start theatrical. The only
teacher that gave him lessons in action and atti-
tude was feeling—real, genuine, holy feeling;
and this taught him how to look, how to move,
and how to speak. In preaching, as well as in
everything religious, he believed with Paul that
"it is a good thing to be always zealously affect-
ed"; and consequently that earnest, fervid
preaching is truly apostolic."

"Letting the Heart Down."
A poor widow lies helpless upon her bed. She
has worked at her tubs and ironing table as long
as she could stand, since her children depended
on her labour. At last her health has given out,
and she is obliged to surrender. With her work
half done, and knowing not how she is to live
and feed her family, she steps from stern neces-
sity. The luxury of sickness she cannot afford,
or she would have stopped a year ago. Now she
must suffer and wait, whereas before she suffer-
ed and worked. It is surely a hard case. How
easily may she be gloomy and despairing!

In this state of things I visited her. I was
prepared to hear a sad story, and to meet a
downcast countenance. But, to my surprise, she
was cheerful—hoped she would get well in a
few weeks, the people she worked for would
put up with her sickness for awhile, and then
she would go on again as before. Her feet were
not quite so swollen, and if she could only get
so as to stand, she could work very well at the
ironing table. Meanwhile the doctor was so
kind as to charge her nothing for his services,
and her obstidiot got along pretty well with
the scanty cooking she required.

Amidst such a cheerful and loving
that she made the best of everything, and some-
how covered the darkest places with smiles and
hopes, I asked her how she could keep such spir-
its in such discouraging circumstances. She
spoke in her Christian consolation, and said
"There's no use of letting the heart down."
I wondered at the pithy lesson I had received
in this home of poverty. As I went away my
burden somehow grew lighter, my vexations
vanished; my complaining spirit gave place to
gratitude, and I resolved to write the Christian
philosophy of the widow on my heart.

What would such a habit of letting the heart
go for all earnest workers, as well as patient
sufferers? Only let the soul be sustained and
glorified by such faith—the confidence light-
ened by such a cheerful glow—the imagination busied
in the paths of hope, rather than of despair—
and how much stronger we should be in every
hourly service!

Tell it to the tempted minister, to the troubled
Christian, to the perplexed statesman, to the
earnest worker in every land. Be joyful in God,
for "there's no use in letting the heart down."
—*Protestant.*

Passing Away.
Passing away! so whispers the wind,
As it trends its trackless course;
And passing away doth the bright fall say,
As its leaps from its crystal source.
All passing away on the stream of time,
To oblivion's vale in a far off clime;
Matter and man, we make no delay,
To eternity's gulf we are passing away.

Passing away! mark the furrowed brow,
And the head bent in its crystal source.
And the furrowed cheek, how they plainly speak
That they're leaving a world of care.
Yes, passing away, even beauty's flower
Is fading fast 'neath the spoiler's power,
And fair and frail to their bed of clay,
Adown in the tomb they are passing away.

Passing away! shriek the ocean's wave,
As it breaks on the beaten shore,
And the tortured tide is left to chide
The cliff's with their hollow roar.
Aye, passing away! both from palace and cot,
The places which know us will soon know us not
Whether peasant or prince, nature's last debt to
pay.
At the fit of God, we are passing away,
Passing away, for their hour is past—
Earth's things; they're a motley crew;
The monarch's throne, and his sword and crown,
And the pen and the poet's lyre;
All passing away, e'en the pomp of art,
And the pride of the dearest must each depart,
And the names of nations be passing away.

Passing away! even Time himself
Bends under the weight of years;
His limbs are frail and his cheek grows pale
With the furrows of sorrowing tears;
With his broken sceptre, with a silent tread,
He is passing on to the home of the dead;
With a bending form, and with locks grown
gray,
Old Time himself is passing away.

Passing away! all but God's bright throne,
And his servant's home above,
And his grace divine, and the boundless mine,
Of God's eternal love.
His will to save thro' a Saviour's blood,
The even faith to wash washed in the flood,
E'en death to its framework doth all decay,
But God in his love shall never pass away.

Religious Intelligence.
Moral Statistics: a Plea for In-
creased Energy.
The human family has been generally esti-
mated at eight or nine hundred millions; and
the number has always appeared large and
fearful to contemplate with respect to its moral
condition. It would seem, however, that the
numerical vastness of the world has been under-
estimated. The most recent and reliable esti-
mates by Dieterich, a Berlin statistician, give the
world's population with relation to religion as
follows—
Christians, 325,000,000 or 25.77 per cent.
Jews, 5,000,000 " 0.38 "
Asiatic religions, 600,000,000 " 46.15 "
Mol.-medians, 100,000,000 " 12.31 "
Pagans, 200,000,000 " 15.39 "
Total, 1,200,000,000—100.00

The 325,000,000 of Christians are again divided
into—
Roman Catholics, 50.7 per cent. 170,000,000
Protestants, 25.6 " 88,000,000
Greek Catholics, 22.7 " 76,000,000
Total, 100.0 " 330,000,000

Deducting from the ninety or one hundred mil-
lions of Protestants the non-professor or non-posses-
sors, it has been supposed that the true follow-
ers of Christ would be, in relation to the enemies
of the truth, as one to ten. Now, supposing that
only one out of ten of the world's population is
saved, or that nine out of every ten through the
broad road which leads to destruction, it is not a
sight which should deeply affect the heart of every
Christian man and woman? To think that nine-
teen hundred years have passed away, and that
so inconsiderable an aggression has been made
upon the empire of darkness, is surely a consid-
eration sufficient to excite the concern and call
forth the most determined energy of every fol-
lowing of Christ. One would progress on the part
of Christianity, one would think, could scarcely
debauch the powers of evil, and must even fill the
breasts of demons with satisfaction. Is it not the
will of God that more rapid advances should be
made? Does not Christianity supply the re-
sources for some enlarged and speedily conquest?
Is not the Church possessed of a power adequate
to the successful prosecution of the great Christian
warfare? Unquestionably the "Sword of the
Lord and of Gideon" is equal to the contest. The
conclusion to which we are brought is one, well
calculated to arouse the fears of the Church, viz.,
that to a great extent it is sleeping in the camp
instead of pushing the battle to an issue—or that
it is failing to employ a power it undoubtedly
possesses. It will be evident to any observer that
the ratio of progress in the past will never ex-

ceed the Church to overtake the world's neces-
sities. Something must be done. Now that
something which the world requires is the prom-
ised and powerful outpouring of the Holy
Spirit, "until the Spirit be poured upon us from
on high, and the wilderness be a plentiful field,
and the plentiful field be counted for a forest."
There is the remedy for the world's misery: "The
great and fruitful agency by which its barrenness
shall be exchanged into moral cultivation and
beauty. Now it is as certain as that the world's
conversion depends upon those copious measures
of Divine influence—that the blessing is to be
realized in answer to prayer. But when the
power, they uniformly insist upon the attribute
of holiness as essential to its success. "Lifting
up holy hands," exhorts the apostle. We are
persuaded the Church's great want is a higher
piety—a lukewarm—the worldly—the undecided
professors of religion, are a fearful drag on the
wheel, and hinder the Church's progress. If
they could be aroused, a dead weight would be
removed; and the true friends of Jesus might
prepare to celebrate the most glorious triumph
of the truth.—*Christian Cabinet.*

British Systematic Benevolence
Society.
On Sunday week sermons were preached in
Bridg-street and Wesley Chapel, Bolton, on
behalf of this society, by the Secretary, the Rev.
Dr. Cather, of Belfast. The Systematic Bene-
volence Society, was established in London and
Belfast in the spring of 1860; and its ob-
jects are to promote, by means of the press, the
platform, and the pulpit, a sound and scriptural
pietism in favour of three things—First,
Conscientious giving to God; secondly, Pro-
fession of the Christian faith; and thirdly, Systematic
giving to God. The society seeks the promotion
of the principle of giving a stated portion of our
income to the cause of God and the poor—not
less than a tenth, however much more it may be.
It does not collect funds or endowments, but
expresses the society being supplied by a few
Christian gentlemen who led the importance of
bringing the force of scriptural argument and ap-
peal to convince and persuade men to "Honour
the Lord with their substance, and the firstfruits
of all their increase." Already much good has
resulted from its teachings, which have been
adopted by thousands in all parts of the country.
The publications of the society have been very
fruitfully distributed: "Gold and the Gospel," a
pious tract; "The Duty of Giving Away a
Stated Proportion of our Income," a lecture of
extraordinary power, by the Rev. W. Arthur, A.
M., having had a circulation of more than 150,
000 copies. A beautifully written tract by a
deacon, entitled, "What is mine, and what
is God's?" has been presented to the clergy of
Great Britain, to the number of 20,000 copies.
Dr. Cather preached at Bridg-street Chapel in
the morning, and in the evening his sermon
focally urged that we must bring the same prin-
ciple to bear in the distribution of the charities
of the world as we do in our business transac-
tions—that is, we must reduce our giving to a
system. He argued that it was mere mockery
to talk of evangelising the world by impulse; and
that all Christians, both rich and poor, must fol-
low the example according to his ability, giving
"every man according to his ability." He urged
that the claims of the Christian Church should be
continually and that in order to meet those
claims, a system of judicious management was
required to prevent confusion in the proper dis-
charge of the Christian grace and duty of charity.

In the evening, at Wesley Chapel, the Doctor
took for his text 2 Cor. viii. 7, and after a com-
prehensive exposition, applied the subject to his
hearers; observing that he was anxious to induce
them to adopt a system of regular, conscientious
deliberate, universal, and perpetual offering up
of their hearts to the Lord. There were those, he
observed, who thought the worship of God was
interfered with by the sound of money on the
plate; he contended, however, that there could
be no worship without giving; that giving always
formed part of the worship of God, and that the
most mischief would result from dividing them.
It was a test of sincerity, a mark of gratitude,
and a testimony of piety. Their giving must
not be by fits and starts; it must be perpetual
and universal; and not only universal, but pro-
portionate. If a man had 20,000 a week, should
not give five times as much as he who only had
10; and if 500, a week, then ten times as
much as he who had only 50;—for if God heaped
upon them blessings, did that not proportionately
increase their obligations? Then they were
not to be content with the bare tenth; but to
give as much more as their hearts prompted them
to out of the blessings they received. And last-
ly, their giving should not only be proportionate
but it should be dignified—"Upon the first day
of the week let every one of you lay by him in
store, as God hath prospered him; that there be
no gatherings when I come." Let there be no
scramble, no confusion, but a constant, dignified,
and grateful stream of liberality. The preacher
illustrated the great good which had accompan-
ied the adoption of the weekly offertory in instances
drawn from the personal experience of his own
friends.—*Met. Recorder.*

General Miscellany.
The Telegraph from Cape Race.
The important news from England, three days
later than that brought by the Europe at Halifax,
was called on Sunday night from Cape Race,
which led to several enquiries at the office of the
"Colonial Intelliger," as to the mode in which
that intelligence was received. We beg there-
fore to state how, and in what manner, news is
obtained at Cape Race, and is thence sent to the
lightning flash, all over this Continent, the tele-
graphic communication being now complete be-
tween that point and San Francisco.

The general form of Newfoundland is that of
an irregular triangle, having the South coast as
its base. At its South-eastern extremity is Cape
Race, (from the Portuguese, *Cape Et Race*, the
"Captain's Cape") which all the steamers run-
ning from England to New York, Boston, or
Portland, endeavor to make, as it lies directly in
their route, or rather, in their way—as a detour
has to be made from the direct line in order to
clear it. The coast at Cape Race is bold and

rocky; the cliffs rise in precipitous out of the
water, and their strata are tossed, and torn asunder,
as by some great convulsion of nature.—A
large black rock lifts its head out of the deep
water, immediately in front of the Cape. The
eternal swell of the Atlantic has worn great hol-
lows in the cliffs; and in some places, masses of
slaty rock stand out, isolated from the huge wall
that breaks the restless ocean ever thundering
against it, and throwing its flashing spray high
up the precipices.

On the top of the cliffs, a very short distance
from the edge, stands a well built light-house,
painted white, with red vertical stripes. A little
further inland is the telegraph station, a small
new building, from which the wire can be seen
stretching away on tall poles, standing out clearly
on the moors and barrens which are the great
feature of Newfoundland.

Two whale boats, of the very best description
are employed to board the steamers which pass.
Both these boats were built at New York; one
is a "White-hall" boat, and the other, said to be
the best of the two, was built in Brooklyn.
These boats are kept in readiness of the rocks,
one on each side of the Cape, so as to take ad-
vantage of that side which may be at the moment
the most favorable for launching or landing,—
both operations being attended with considerable
danger.

The crew consists of four oarsmen, natives of
Newfoundland, and magnificent men they are,
equal to any and every emergency. The fifth
man is their steersman—Mr. Murphy, the New
England man. He is said to be a native of Sydney,
Cape Breton, and certainly, the way in which he
manages a boat in all weathers, and makes his
way on board vessels at times when the most
daring would tremble, is something quite won-
derful, and scarcely to be credited. To see him
stand up with a foot on the gunwale, swaying
with the motion of the boat in the most awful
sea, and steadying himself with the tiller ropes,
ready for his spring, in boarding, is enough to
make the blood run cold while watching him.

In the night, or in unusually stormy weather,
when the boat cannot overtake or get near the
steamer, a tin canister is thrown overboard, containing
the latest newspapers and despatches. These
canisters are cylindrical, about 18 inches in length
and six inches in diameter; they are carefully
soldered up, and have a piece of lead at one end
to make them float upright in the water, while
straps at the side carry a slight pine staff, which
serves to mark the position of the canister, and render
it more readily seen and picked up.

Having obtained the news, the men pull for
the shore with a loud and powerful stroke, and
the boat goes dashing over the waves in right
gallant style. Murphy springs on shore at any
available point; he is next seen scrambling up
the cliffs, and rushing along to the Station House
with the speed of a reindeer, for he is as active
on land as on the sea. From thence, the news
is sent off without an instant's delay, by wires
which stretch from that point 400 miles west-
wardly to Port au Basque, over one of the wild-
est countries in the world—mountains, moors,
ravines, roaring torrents and mad precipices fol-
lowing each other in quick succession.

Port au Basque is at the South Western ex-
tremity of Newfoundland, near Cape Ray—
a name also derived from the Portuguese—*Cape Et
Ray*, the "King's Cape." From this point a
cable is submerged across the main entrance to
the Gulf of St. Lawrence, here 57 miles wide,
to Aspy Bay, at the North Eastern extremity of
Cape Breton, between Cape Race and Smoky
Cape, both remarkable headlands rising directly
from the sea to the height of 1300 feet, and 550
feet respectively.

From Aspy Bay, the line is brought through
the rocks but most picturesque country which
forms the interior of Cape Breton, to the North-
ward of the massive sea-look known as the
Great Bras d'Or, and passes on to its western
extremity, at the peninsula of St. Peter's.—
Thence it follows the post-road to Plaisance Cove,
in the Strait of Canso, where communication is
maintained with the shore of Nova Scotia, (the
mainland of America) by means of a submarine
cable not much more than half-a-mile in length.
This is landed in a cove a little to the northward
of Cape Porcupine, which Cape is nearly a thou-
sand feet in height.

Thence the Cape Race line follows the Eastern
coast of Nova Scotia, by Antigonish, to Mer-
golis, (around the head of Pictou Basin), on to
Port Wallace and Pughwash, whence it strikes
off to Anvers, and there intersects the main
telegraph with the whole Western world, termi-
nating only in the Pacific!

Thus we got the last news from Cape Race,
the steamer "City of Washington" having been
boarded off that lonely mass of storm-washed
rocks, on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The
news reached here during the night, and we were
then enabled by much exertion, to lay it before
our readers at an early hour on Monday morn-
ing.—On the same day, in all probability, it was
published at San Francisco, and doubtless caused
as much sensation there as it appears to have
done in all the towns and cities on the Atlantic
sea-board.—*Col. Empire.*

Astounding Gold Discovery.
The *Banker's Reporter* states that the follow-
ing comes from a respectable source, but it
certainly appears to be about as reliable as the
story of Alladin's Wonderful Lamp.

It has been a great mystery to English
bankers, and to the directors of the Bank of
England, how the bullion of the Bank of France
could be so greatly increased within the last
three years, while the institution has been con-
stantly sending gold to England, and Germany
and to America. Not long since the Bank of
France drew some fifteen million francs in silver
from the Bank of England, which it paid for in
gold bars with the French mint stamp on them.

At its last report it showed a balance of one
hundred and seventeen million francs in gold,
while the amount one year ago was under eight
millions—nearly one-third increase.

It is whispered that this abundance in gold is
the result of a scientific discovery, which the
Emperor Napoleon has secured the monopoly of.
Gold is at the present moment manufactured at
Paris in a secret manner. The principal articles
used are not lead and arsenic, and though it is
not known how extensively the precious metal is

produced, yet several hundred weight of the
material are taken to a certain place on the first
of each month. Everything is conducted with
the utmost secrecy. None of the workmen are
allowed to leave the place; nothing definite can be
known; but the fact that gold is produced in be-
yond peradventure. How long Napoleon III.
will be able to keep this wonderful secret remains
to be seen.

Samuel Rogers, the Banker

Our Children's Corner.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Little Ella.

By M. E. H.

(Presented to her beloved Parents.)

The twilight hours return again,

The fire gleams brightly as of yore,

And prattling voices sweetly sound,

Not one else is heard no more.

No longer at her mother's knee,

She offers up the simple prayer,

Forgiveness for each childish fault,

And blessings on her parents dear.

No longer with a youthful hand,

She touches school the joyful wend;

Her place is vacant; from her lips,

No more the song of praise ascends.

Where is she? Ah! that lovely form,

In each we find with grief-wrung tears!

The narrow grave hath buried now,

The promise rich of riped years.

Where is she? Blessed spirit, say,

How now thy bright abode may be?

Oh! how we draw aside the veil,

How many hearts would envy thee!

Scathed from the sin, the care, the grief,

That future years must surely know,

Untasted all life's bitterness.

Why should we mourn to let thee go?

Into green pastures gently led,

"Beside the living streams of bliss,"

Safe folded in Thy Shepherd's arms,

Who would not crave a lot like this?

Not lost, but early taken home,

We shed no bitter tears for thee—

But only ask, life's labour done,

That such our happy portion be.

December 24.

Heroism in Private Life.

A noble boy, the only child of his parents,

was visiting a friend in the country.

One day he was riding with his father

on a fine horse, and they were riding

through a beautiful landscape.

The boy was very happy, and he was

enjoying the ride very much.

When they were riding through a

field, the horse suddenly reared up.

The boy was very frightened, and he

was trying to get down from the horse.

But his father held him fast, and he

was trying to calm the horse down.

The boy was very brave, and he was

trying to help his father.

When the horse had calmed down,

the boy was very proud of himself.

He was very happy, and he was

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Professions, Trades and Occupations in Nova Scotia.

We find by the Census Tables that there are

no fewer than 1200 Magistrates in Nova Scotia

—many of them very decent men no doubt. Public

Magistrates and Municipal Officers, all in all,

from the Governor to the Keeper of the Penitentiary,

number 1623. There are 1618 Blacksmiths;

147 Butchers; 9 Bakers; 18 Architects;

18 Aldermen; 18 Barbers; 18 Prothonotaries;

18 Clerks; 8 Auctioneers; There are 16

Carvers; 15 Chair Makers; 15 Iron Founders.

There are 61 Collectors of Customs; 71 Deputy

Postmasters; 71 Boat Builders; 12 Telegraph

Makers; 21 Clerks of the Peace; 21 Telegraph

Makers; 91 Brickmakers; 131 Tailors; 121 Sew-

ers; 1 Superintendent of Education; 1 Sur-

geon; 1 Superintendent of Insane Hospital; 1 Organ

Builder; 1 Professor of Music; 1 Joe Decker;

1 Fish Tackler; 1 Recorder; 1 City Clerk; 4

and many another "One." There are 4 Cutlers; 4

Hopewakes; 4 Judges; 4 Leather Dressers; 44

Coroners; 4 Soapmakers; 4 Silversmiths; 44

Accountants; 494 Clerks; 74 Caulkers; 64

Engineers; 14 Gas Fitters; 664 Teachers;

34 Turners; 94 Tailors; 474 Servants.

There are 12 Policemen; 12 Furriers; 12 Book

Binders; 42 Druggists; 22 Confectioners; 22

Plumbers; 2 Coppermiths; 2 Chocolatiers; 2

Engravers; 2 Meat and Fish Preservers; 2

Watermen; 2 Hairdressers; 2 Trunk makers;

2 Stationers; 2 Teachers of Deaf and Dumb;

82 Stonemasons; 1122 Shipwrights; 692 Mill-

ers; 42 Plasterers; 1472 Merchants; 6242

Martians; 812 Grocers. We are glad to meet

a grand army of Farmers, numbering in all 37-

987, backed by 9306 Farm Laborers. The

Fishermen number 7659. "Laborers" 3908.

There are 385 Clergymen. By a striking com-

parison Barbers and Butchers number 147.

Carpenters reach the large figure of 4463.

Coopers, 1145. Lumbermen, 507. Physicians,

170. Tailors, 670. Tanners and Curriers, 353.

Weavers, 196. Painters, 208.—Printers, 115.

Miners, 665.

Longevity of Animals.

The average age of cats is 15 years; a squirrel

and hare, 7 or 8 years; rabbits, 7; a bear rarely

exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 10 years; a wolf,

20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long-lived; the

one known by the name of Pompey lived to the

age of 70; elephants have been known, it is

asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years.

When Alexander the Great had conquered

Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant

which had fought very valiantly for the king,

and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun,

and let him go with this inscription: "Alexan-

der, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to

the sun." The elephant was found with this

inscription three hundred and fifty years after.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30;

the rhinoceros to 40; a horse has been known

to live to the age of 62; but average 25 to 30;

camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags

are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the

age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cavier

considers it probable that whales sometimes live

1,000 years; the dolphin and porpoise to the

age of 30; an eagle died in Vienna at the

age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the

age of 100; swans have been known to live 300

years. Mr. Malletton has the skeleton of a

swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans

are long-lived; a tortoise has been known to

live to 107.

A SENSIBLE MAGISTRATE.

In the early

period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr.

Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal

against enthusiasm, took up the whole wagon-load

of Methodists and carried them before a magis-

trate. When they were asked what the persons

had done, there was an awkward silence. At

last one of the accusers said, "Why, they pre-

tend to be better than the other people; and, besides,

they pray from morning till night." The magis-

trate asked if they had done anything else. "Yes,

sir," said the old man; "I'll please your worship,

they converted my wife; and she went among them

she had an awful tongue, and now she is as quiet

as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magis-

What Mothers can do.

Forty-two years ago there was born to the

father of a poor and obscure blacksmith, a son.

The father died, and soon after, the mother;

and their history and memory perished from

before him. The infant child was left to the care

of whomsoever might take a fancy to it; but as

months passed, then years, one friend took it

up, then another; and how, he could scarcely

tell himself, he obtained a collegiate education

and found his way into the ministry; when, one

day, a thousand dollars of gold received from

his childhood, after reaching to a large and

attentive audience, an old lady met him at the

foot of the pulpit stairs and said: "I was present

at your birth; I knew your mother well; and

I do not wonder you have risen to be a

minister of the Gospel, for it was her habit to

give you to the Lord in prayer before you were

born." Blessed mother! unknown to the rich

and great of her time, knows perhaps even to

her neighbors only as the "blacksmith's wife,"

she worked, and lived, and loved, and prayed in

her poor, little, obscure sphere, until it was her

Master's will that she should go up higher; and

she went early, because she was early ready; but

her works follow after and upward into heaven,

as one by one souls saved by her son's instru-

mentality cross over Jordan, and meeting her,

with other angels bright, on the better bank,

they join hand to hand and file away upward to

the Father's bosom, chanting in glory, "Saved

by grace through her prayers."

More than a hundred years ago, there lived in

London the wife of a sea-captain; who were her

ancestors, where she was born, or what of her

life, no one knows, or ever will know now. She

was early left a widow, with a fatherless child;

but she feared God and felt her responsibilities

to the child of her love. But, in spite of his

mother's teachings, he went to sea and became

one of the most prodigal of men; and, but never,

in all his wanderings and dissipations, could

he rid himself of the remembrance of the

old, pale, sweet face of his mother, nor did

the patient, loving teachings. She died,

but her prayers found him fast to the throne of

God, and John Newton became one of the best

of men. His pious conversation was the means

of converting Dr. Buchanan, whose work "Star

in the East," led Adoniram Judson to the

Saviour, converted Dr. Scott, the commentator;

and

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