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From the Boston Traveller

Lines,

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14 2

I go, the dying Saviour said,
A mansion to prepare,
That ye, who in my footsteps tread,
May see my glory there.

And is *mine* ready, dearest Lord,
My spirit made reply;
Eager to claim the blissful word,
And dwell with God on high.

Yea, said the Lord, the mansion waits
Fast by the crystal sea,
And open wide its pearly gates,
Expectant still of thee.

And truth, and love, and heavenly grace
Float the glad portals through;
My glory fills thy ready place,
Till thou art ready too.

Ready, dear Lord, I, tearful cried,
Chastened but thankful still,
Am I not saved and sanctified
By blood that Thou did'st spill?

Dost thou not bear me day by day
Upon thy pierced heart,
And may I not, dear Lord, I pray
Be with Thee, where Thou art!

Drink of my cup, the Lord again
Made answer, filled for thee;
And be baptized by death and pain,
If thou would'st reign with me!

Henceforth I bear a joyful heart
Beneath his loving rod,
Singing as earthly joys depart,
There's greater room for God.

India.

Speech of the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, (Missionary from Madras) at the Anniversary Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

My Lord, I feel it to be a great honour to address your lordship on this occasion, for your name is one of our "household words" in the East. You may not, perhaps, know that; but there are hundreds of the European population of Madras and Calcutta who know how much Missions are indebted to Lord Shaftesbury. I will now read the resolution which has been placed in my hands, lest I should by-and-bye forget to move it. It is as follows:—

"That the appointment of a Missionary to the Methodist soldiers in the army in the East, during the war with Russia, now happily brought to a close, is regarded as an appropriate expression of the sympathy of the Society with our fellow-Christians in the army; and that the extension of the Mission on the Coast of Africa to Whydah, and to the interior of the territory of the heathen King of Dahomi, and the rapid and surprising increase of the number of professing Christians and inquirers in Feejee, are events of much significance and promise; which, together with numerous other favourable appearances, should stimulate the friends of the human race to increased efforts in this sacred cause."

—My Lord, that part of Mr. Wesley's parish from which I have come is India; but I cannot speak to all the various Missions mentioned in this resolution. I must, therefore, confine myself to what I have seen. I have no speechification to display. I am simply a part of the report, but a part personified; and I hope I shall be better received than the report was received. I should like to have prefaced some of the facts I am about to state, by a few introductory observations, but I must ask this assembly to assume that these observations have been made, and that I have occupied about twenty minutes in the making of them,—because I mean to proceed at once to facts. Let me then, first, turn your attention to the scale upon which we are working the Indian District. In the Madras District, there are four principal stations,—Madras, Negapatam, Manargoody, and Trichinopoly. Each of these opens an extensive and crowded field for Missionary operations, but I regret to say that, in all this space of country, from Madras through Tranquebar to Negapatam, and from Negapatam through Trevalore, a magnificent native city, to Manargoody, and from Manargoody to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, we have only five European Missionaries. There then is a "stubborn fact" to throw out for you; and I hope our friends here present will take it home with them. Now, just suppose that the London District, (I speak now to our Methodist friends,) were worked after this ratio of ministerial supply. I have been in India ten years, and make these remarks with the more freedom, because they apply to other Missionary Churches, as well as our own; but I would just put it to you,—suppose the London District were worked after this ratio of ministerial supply, namely, that, during the period of ten years the vacancies made by death or incapacitation were not filled up or but irregularly and partially supplied, and at the end of these ten years the few Preachers remaining were asked for reasons why the Chapels were closed? why the congregations were dispersed? why the schools were given up? And then if they could not give such a defence of their position as you would wish, suppose them to be told that the London Mission is a very unpopular one; that there must be something in the London mind peculiarly hostile, or inaccessible to the truth, and that it is worthy of consideration, whether the prosperity of some other District—say Yorkshire or Cornwall—does not indicate a Providential intimation that we ought to concentrate our means upon the places which God is blessing with such immediate and striking prosperity. You may say to me, how absurd it is to make a comparison between Madras and London! It is absurd; but the absurdity is yours, not mine,—because, in London, scattered congregations can be recovered; whereas in India, your Missionary is often the solitary light of a large town. In Manargoody, my first station, there are between 20,000 and 30,000 Hindoos. For several years we occupied that station; but a want of men compelled us to abandon it as a resident station. Four of those years were years in the career—the laborious career—of the excellent Thomas Cryer, known to many of you. It is impossible for you to estimate the evils that arose from the abandonment of that station—even its temporary abandonment—for I rejoice to say that Manargoody has again been taken up. When the Missionary was withdrawn from Manargoody, a voice which cried in that wilderness of heathenism "Repent" was silenced. The single voice—there was only one—the influence and example coming forth from a solitary Christian family, and bearing witness against the idolatry and wickedness of the town, were withdrawn.—The Mission House, that resort of inquirers, and the sole depository of the Word of God, was shut up. It is impossible for you to estimate—I repeat—the evils arising from the abandonment of a station; for in India—and I wish to be particularly understood, and hope my strained voice will carry what I say even to the utmost limits of this immense assembly,—In India everything depends upon effort never diverted—effort never diminished. The old way, of expatiating over a large tract of country, and sowing a little seed here and a little seed there, is, I hope, being exploded,—though I am not an enemy to our itinerant system, God forbid that we should become Pastors only, where we must be evangelists, and go and preach the Gospel to those who have never heard it before. But we cannot get on in India unless we fix on a central position, and work around that, and this we have been able to do in the Madras District—in Madras itself. Passing over in a few words our English cause in Madras, I may say that that cause and the congregation there have divided with the native work the labours of the European Missionary. This has been a great hindrance to us in Madras; but I rejoice to say that God has so prepared our English cause that the people are now able to maintain their own Minister, who has just been sent out to take charge of them. About eight years ago, through the zealous exertions of the late Mr. Roberts, we obtained in Madras excellent premises for a Missionary establishment. The station is in the neighbourhood of a dense population, and is adapted to any kind of Missionary work. The first thing to which we turned our attention was the establishment of a girls' school. We began to teach them in the lower part of our house. We soon collected a good number of pupils; but we intend, God willing, to raise a building for the purpose of collecting them all together under the sheltering wings of a home; for you cannot do anything in female education, unless you gather your children and are with them constantly. Well, that school has been in existence now for eight years; but, before describing or stating the results of our Madras female school, I ought to describe, if possible, (but that is impossible,) the condition in which we found the girls.—The Hindoo woman is not oppressed or ill-treated; and English ladies must not imagine that she is; for she takes care of that.—But her soul is as dark as midnight; and, when I know what I myself owe to a mother, I feel what a great work we have to do among the women of India. Her soul is as dark as midnight. Her knowledge goes not much beyond her instincts. Her observation never wanders from home.—Her moral nature is absolutely dead. She seems to have no conscience at all; and she knows no law but that of self-preservation for herself and for her husband. For this she cooks her food and worships her idol.—Her influence over her husband is great; not like the influence which perhaps you may see manifested in England, where the man is chained up, or led along the streets. The Hindoo woman throws a net-work over her husband—a very fine net-work—so that he cannot move unless she pleases,—and as to the young men and boys in the house, over these her authority is absolute. I will leave you, therefore, to judge of the importance of female education in India. We began upon some of the rudest specimens.—Could you have seen them, you would have said—"Well, if the Gospel can work its ennobling results upon these; if, under the touch of its creative truth, these can rise up to become intelligent and pious women—India is ours in spite of the most discouraging impediments. We introduced a plain education, for we did not want them to abandon but rather to improve their rank, and the simplest ideas were mysteries to them. But God graciously blessed our endeavours; and could you see many of these young women who have been educated in this school; could you look upon their social habits; could you penetrate into their homes; could you witness their intelligence, the books they read, and their recreations; and could you compare the character manifested by their fruits with the degrading ignorance, the deformed understanding, the low and pitiful occupations and the miserable superstition of their heathen mothers and sisters; could you thoughtfully "look on that picture and on this," India would not be called by you an unpopular Mission; but a harvest plenteous in produce, though drooping in heavy and neglected masses, because there are no reapers to gather it in. "Pray ye, then, to the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth more labourers into his harvest." The next thing we turned our attention to, was the erection of a boys' school—a superior school for the education of Hindoo youth. The Hindoos pay a profound homage to learning; and learning is a sanctified instrument in the hands of the Missionary. No Missionary institution should be without such an establishment as this. It is of the utmost importance that you be able to attract from their homes a number of Hindoo youths, and to give them the training of a superior Christian education; for you teach them to separate truth from error; you teach them to discriminate between the shadow and the substance; you teach them to appreciate the testimonies upon which you base truth; you destroy in its beginnings that deception of the judgment as to matters of fact which is imposed upon the Hindoo mind in its childhood, and, I was going to say, leaves the adult in absolute and hopeless delusion. And it is this fact which makes the Missionaries in India rejoice that the Government has at last undertaken to raise the intellectual character of their Indian subjects. I rejoice in it.—From a prudence unworthy of them,—not "a wisdom that cometh from above," they excluded the Bible from their colleagues and schools; but let not the lover of the Bible be discouraged. Every class-book that finds its way into these seminaries carries some portion of divine truth with it. We rejoice if a few rays of truth can get in with the history they learn; we are thankful if another beam can sparkle from the poetry they are taught to admire; we are grateful if a sort of lunar reflection from the great central light play around the moral philosophy they study—cold to us—thankless to us, but acceptable to them "who sit in darkness and the shadow of death."—University students have applied to me for English Bibles, and that is one result. One of them came to me one day, and said, "I want an English Bible." I said, "I will give you one in Tamil, that is your own language." He said, "I read the English Bible, for its language and for its thoughts." Their English is not conversational English; they cannot stoop to that; it is the English of the *Rambler*; and it is the English of Johnson and of Burke. He said—"I read the English Bible for its language;" for they get to know that the English Bible has done wonderful things for literature, and for England. I am persuaded that many of them not only read it for its thoughts, and its language, but for its truth. We need not be afraid of the progress of knowledge in India. Some, and even Missionaries themselves, are saying, "What shall we do to bear up against all this intellectual education?" My lord, let intellectual education go on. Christianity has never shrunk from any enemy at all; and shall she shrink from literature, her old friend, and her ally? The greatest enemy we have to encounter is apathy, and not intellect. Darkness and ignorance is what we are afraid of, and not intellect. There they lie, soft, incurious, impassive, like mountains of slain, as I have seen them; and God can make any voice a "resurrection trump," and break their slumbers, if it be but with a railway whistle. The railway whistle is being heard there, and is creating astonishment. I bless God for the railway. As a Missionary, I seriously say, I am thankful for the electric telegraph, because upon those wires there will be carried the Gospel of Christ to the remotest ends of India. We never need fear the increase of knowledge. We are not jealous of any movement, if it be an onward movement; for that onward movement is destructive of Hindooism.—Hindooism is mighty because it lies still; it is mighty, because it is a slumbering, immovable mass; but if you wake it up,—and you English people are doing it by what you are sending,—then the system will be found so feeble, and so effete, that those who are determined to go on must leave it behind; and there are many in Calcutta, and to my certain knowledge there are many in Madras, who are far outstripping Brahminism, and leaving it far behind, although they have not been brought to the Cross of Christ. There are some who are saying that Hindooism must lie where it is until the Missionary comes by. Why, if Balaam is arrested in his madness and folly, what matter whose mouth rebukes him if God bids it speak? I think we ought to regard the great events, and the discoveries which are now transforming India, not as the result of an astute policy, appropriating science to its own private ends, but rather parts of that apparatus which God is putting together and bringing to bear upon the masses of India, in order to sweep away what has so long degraded and dishonoured Him, and of building there His temple, and causing all the castes and tribes of Hindoos to flow into it. In the school to which I referred, we have been labouring long; but not without hope. I have noted down many interesting incidents of the school with which God has blessed us; but I will confine myself to one or two. One is the case of a Telugu youth; and the other is the case of a Mohammedan. The Telugu youth was a boy of high caste; and, at the end of the last year, he came to me one day, and said, "Sir, I am afraid I shall go to hell." That was a very extraordinary thing for a Telugu youth to say. I said "Where did you get that information; who told you you were likely to go to hell?"—"The teacher in the school;" and, by the way, I would say here, that our masters, except the Moonchees, are all converted men as far as we know; and are most anxious for the conversion of their pupils. It appeared that, during the Scripture lesson, this youth was deeply convinced of sin, "pricked in his heart," and he came to me and begged that I would make him a Christian. He thought that nothing would do before baptism; and he said—"Baptize me secretly, and at once, and then my friends cannot rob you of me." But I knew the power of his friends, and I put him off for a time; and, after explaining to him what he would have to pass through,—the parting with his father, and his mother, and his only sister—I presented to him as dark and uncomfortable a picture as I could, in order to try the sincerity of his convictions; and I sent him to school, and bade him come again. He visited me frequently; but his father, hearing of this, caught the boy, beat him unmercifully, and terrified the poor fellow so, that he ran to the Mission house for shelter, and then we felt it to be our duty to receive him. After remaining with us one night, the next morning two friends came to take him away again. I stood between these friends and the boy, and said, "Now no improper means; you may converse, but you must not touch the boy."—Unfortunately, I did not know the Telugu language; my language is the Tamil; and he was, as I told you, a Telugu youth.—They spoke to him in Telugu; and I saw, by the countenance of his uncle,—for one was he,—how he entreated the boy; how he begged him, prayed him, and urged him to separate himself from the Mission-school and the Mission; but the boy said, "No, I will be a Christian." They went away disappointed; but they sent a more powerful ally. They sent some female relatives; and when I saw them coming, I gave the boy up. One came whom he could not withstand. There was a woman, his only sister, there,—and she threw herself upon the ground, beat her breast and entreated him with so much bitterness of sorrow, and such heart rending appeals to his sympathies, that, looking at me, he burst into a flood of tears, and said,—"Sir, I must go," I said, "Well, I cannot keep you; but may the Lord go with you." He said, "I will come back in ten days;" but I never saw him more. I here present you with a specimen of one of the greatest and most exhausting trials which we Missionaries have to encounter. We preach; we make an impression by God's help; that impression leads to conviction and resolution; but God, for wise purposes, I doubt not, does provide for us this inexplicable difficulty. Oh, pray that this difficulty may be removed. It is, indeed, a mountain which must be made low. This youth wrote a very touching note to another convert, and he said, "Though I cannot come to you do not imagine that I worship Hindoo gods; I worship Jesus Christ; do not be afraid that I shall go back to heathenism." This is all the comfort we had; but there was a comfort even in that. The other case was that of a Mohammedan young man; and the Mohammedans are the most hopeless of all classes that are in India. I was glad to see this Mohammedan come to my study one day. I had heard that he had been convinced of sin, and wished to become a Christian; and he came and sat down and talked with me; and after some conversation, he said, "I pray to Jesus, and do not go to the mosque." I thought I would put him to the test. He had on his scalp a small silk cap, which the Mohammedans always wear, and which they never doff in the presence of Europeans. I said to him, "Come, I am glad to hear that you pray at home; and I suppose that you will have no objection to kneel down with me and pray now, and we will ask God to open you a way that you may be enabled to came to us,"—for his father was a great man there. He looked at me, as if I had asked him a strange question, and he saw it was irresistible. He took off his cap, which I was very much surprised at, and he kneeled down, and there we pleaded together that God would open a path for him, for the door was shut. His father was a most cruel man, and he was afraid lest his father should cut him in pieces. He said, "If my father knew that I was visiting you, he would take the flesh off my bones piece by piece." There I left him, and he is in the school to this day He will come to the school, he will come to the chapel, and he will not go to the mosque. I base my advocacy of Indian Missions upon the simple fact, that God, through our instrumentality, is converting souls. That is a great fact, that is a fact which you all understand. Talk not of the difficulties of India; talk not of the languages to be mastered; talk not of the distance between this and Idnia, and of the dangers to be incurred. If God give us one conversion only, and it be a true one, that conversion is the answer of the Holy Spirit to the inquiry which Dr. Coke and his colleagues sent up to God.—"Shall we go up and take this India? Wilt thou deliver it into our hands?" There are some who come back from India, and I am ashamed of them, who bring an evil report of the land which the Lord our God has given us, and they say, "We are not able to go up against this people; their cities are walled, and are very, very great; we are as grasshoppers in their sight, and they are as giants in ours." The people of India are a great people; the superstitions entrenching them are as "walled cities," and the men whom you send out to take India are weak in faith, weak in numbers, weak in language, weak in health, weak in resources; but we are well able to take India. Their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us. Is it fair for men, both civilians and military men, who imagine they know a great deal about Missions,—many of whom do not visit our Missions or our schools,—to come home and parade the difficulties of the undertaking? What do they know of the difficulties? Is it fair, is it consistent with the nature, or does it accord with the history, of Christian enterprise, to make a comparison between the means employed, and the results we expect? "Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." On this, then, we base our advocacy of Missions: and I have done. Just one word; and that is a last appeal to you. I may not have an opportunity of speaking again; for I am going back to India, God willing. I say that evidence of Almighty help, and Almighty power, flashes out on our endeavours, and should encourage us to go on in the strength of his name to preach Christ and him crucified. Shall we go on, or shall we desist? It remains with you; it remains with the Christian Church of this land; with the Methodist Church, and the Free Church of Scotland; for I would advocate the cause of all Churches,—whether we are to go on or whether we are to leave off. Shall schools be given up? Shall stations be abandoned? Shall men be sent home from ill-health, and their vacancy not supplied? No! I speak now to an assembly where Christian truth has a majority; I have often spoken to an assembly where I myself have been the only Christian present—you are all Christians; and though I do not know you, I love you all; and methinks I hear you say,—"India shall not be given up; stations shall not be abandoned; schools shall be established." I was glad to hear the announcement of £119,000; I hope, at least, we shall have the odd £19,000 for India; that is not an extravagant hope. My lord, and Christian friends, I thank you for the opportunity I have had of speaking for India. I thank you for your attention; and I commend India and its few Missionaries to your sympathies, your contributions, and your prayers.

Australasia.

Speech of the Rev. T. N. Hull, (from Australia) at the Anniversary Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

My lord, upon the occasion of the last anniversary of this Society, I was just crossing the Equator, and had bidden farewell to the Pacific and South Atlantic, with all their flying fish, and albatrosses, and icebergs. But on the night of that anniversary, when I was sitting on the deck of the ship, and while the moon shone out brightly in that almost cloudless sky, and the commingled luminaries of the Milky Way were shedding their soft lustre on the deep summer night ripple, and the waves lulled to something like pensive but gentle and loving thoughts of kindred, of home and of heaven, I did not forget our Jerusalem upon that occasion. In the multitude of my thoughts within me, I remembered Zion. I remembered the holy and solemn festivities of this May week, and the Multitude of the tribes of our Israel, who were coming up to vow their annual vows of solemn fidelity to God and the great Missionary cause; and I did breathe from my heart an earnest prayer that divine wisdom might eminently rest on the Godlike labours of this Missionary Society. I did earnestly pray that this Society might go forth bright as that moon upon which I gazed, until "the glory of the Lord shall cover the whole earth" as a mighty sea; and, sparkling with the beauties of holiness, reflect the brightness of divine glory. But I feel it to be a very different thing to be present in fact and present in imagination at this great meeting. I feel it is almost impossible to command the same calmness and collectedness of mind. And yet what a paradox must we often appear to our friends, for we are often so to ourselves; and we are forced amidst the grandeur of nature to look up to that infinite and Divine mind, and feel a confidence and a calm that we are permitted with eagle's eye and with eagle's wings to contemplate the sun of righteousness, the light of the world! And yet I cower before the intellectual stars by whom I am surrounded, and I seem to shrink from the human eye, and to feel my utter insufficiency to give expression even to the ordinary thoughts that might occur to my mind. But I begin to feel almost at home: I have seen so much of the Missionary spirit, so much of sympathy with whatever relates to the cause of God, that I begin to feel I am amongst friends, and also to feel a willingness, if it be only with the light of the glow-worm, to yield my portion of help to dissipate the world's darkness, and extend the savour of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. But, notwithstanding this renewal of my confidence, I do not mean to transgress the limits of the time allowed me by the Secretary when the resolution was put into my hands, nor to bear upon the patience of this vast audience. Yet I would like to say a little of that distant part of the world from which I have recently returned. Australia is a part of the world that commends itself to the hearts possibly of many in this audience. There are many here perhaps, who recollect the parting scenes with friends whose history they still follow with deep, prayerful, and varied interest. It is not my intention on this occasion to speak of the climate of Australia; its torrid suns, and its arid plains; nor of its productions of garden and field, luxuriating under the hand of British industry. Nor do I mean to refer to its mineral wealth—its gold, copper, and all those productions which are developing themselves as the great Father of the great family of the earth bids them; but it is my intention rather to refer to that question which, of all others, is primary in the estimation of those who love Christ, and that is, whether the money, whether the labours which have been expended on Australia have been remunerative; whether your Missionaries have identified Wesleyan Methodism with the institutions and the very foundations of the social fabric; whether there have been such spiritual results as justify all that has been done, and will sustain your prayers, and your faith in the promises of God. It was my privilege to be present at the first Australian Wesleyan Conference in Sydney. It was a strange and novel scene, not only in Sydney, but in the whole southern hemisphere, to witness the gathering of some forty Christian Ministers, who were the representatives of some seventy other Wesleyan Ministers, and the representatives of churches scattered over a surface that would cover scores of Great Britains. It was my privilege to be present on that occasion, and to append my signature with the names of all the Ministers who assisted there; and at the head of the list was the name of our greatly beloved President, William Binnington Boyce. Next in order was the name of Nathaniel Turner, a Missionary who had borne much "of the burden and heat of the day" in the Friendly Islands and in New Zealand; and who might be said to have first colonized, and Christianized, and civilised that important appendage to the British Crown. After that came the names of seven of those young men who had arrived only three months previously, sent out by your Committee in answer to the earnest appeal of the Churches for more help. And among whom was Vandervelde, well known for six years in the dens of London, from which he ferretted out many a poor sinner. At that Conference there was the influence of the same noble principles that stimulated their forefathers in the Wesleyan Ministry. They met together under a deep sense of their responsibility to God, to his Church, and to the world. They met together, took counsel, and prayed together; but they could at the same time, thank God, and take courage, Not, my Lord, without just reason. They could from that starting point cast their eye over what had now become more especially their peculiar charge, and they could look at 500 chapels, and 400 other preaching places; they could look at 20,000 members of the Wesleyan community going up on the Lord's-day and filling these sanctuaries, and upwards of 100,000 congregational hearers. And of these 20,000 members of their Church, more than one-half were not their "kinsmen according to the flesh," who had been nurtured in the pastures of our fatherland, but who had been "brought from dumb idols to serve the living and true God;" who had been brought from the darkness of Paganism and the cruelties of that degrading superstition, to worship "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." And, allow me to say, there was a delightful little episode in the proceedings of the first Australian Conference, where, by Mr. Allen, a member of the Legislative Council, and a fast friend of Methodism, and all whose family are closely connected with Methodism, the President of the New South Wales Bible Society, the Rev. Mr. Beecham, and Dr. Charles, were introduced. They came to communicate to us their intention of visiting the length and breadth of the colonies, and to solicit the co-operation and sympathy of so many Ministers providentially gathered together upon that occasion. I shall never forget my feelings when permitted to be the first to address them upon that occasion, to welcome them to our Conference, and to assure them of our hearty co-operation in whatever sphere of labour the providence of God had placed us. I recollect at the conclusion of addresses delivered by Missionaries from Feejee, from New Zealand, from Victoria, from New South Wales, from Van Dieman's Land, and other portions of the colonies, Dr. Charles rose up, and casting out his hands, said, "How I do wish we had a short-hand writer here!" The testimonies borne to the power of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, to the advantages conferred by the Scriptures of truth on these Mission fields were such, that had they been conveyed, in all their simplicity and solidity of thought, they would have moved even Exeter Hall to the loudest congratulation, and proved grateful to the friends of the Bible. My lord, there is in South Australia much, it is true, that is calculated to break painfully upon the moral sense—some of the worst passions of human nature. There are some imitators of Demas, who, because "he loved this present world," forsook the Apostle; but still, that wonderful discovery of gold has led to results which might have been expected. Through the very great and providential interposition of divine Providence, it has ended in deep, permanent, and wide-spread advantages. It called forth such expressions of largeness of heart on the part of Wesleyans and Christians generally, as often filled us with gratitude, and with astonishment; and while they support their Ministers upon a respectable footing, and suffer them to want for no good thing, they at the same time exhibit a thorough largeness of heart in the multiplication of chapels, in order to meet the exigencies of the case, and to supply sanctuaries for the multitude that were pressing into the colony. As a proof of the liberality and enterprising spirit with which these followers of Christ were animated, I may remark that in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, with which I was connected for four years, during that period alone they built seven new chapels, and enlarged four others to double their former size, all within a space of eight miles from the city. The largest of those chapels is what we call the Perry-street Chapel which cost £5,000 without a gallery; and that has since been erected at a cost of £3,000, with a beautiful organ from the city of London; and in it there are at present 1,600 regular hearers on the Lord's day, morning and evening. What is additionally satisfactory is, that at the period at which I left Adelaide, there was but an aggregate debt of £5000 upon the whole of those chapels. By the very last effort we made at one of our bazaars, we wiped away at once £1,300; and the other day, I received a newspaper from South Australia, which gave a most interesting account of the laying of the foundation-stone of another chapel, about three-quarters of a mile from Perry-street Chapel, which in dimensions is still to be larger, and to cost £7,000. The foundation-stone was laid by his Excellency the Governor, surrounded by a number of the Legislative Council, surrounded by a number of the Legislative Council, with two thousand witnesses; a Minister of the Free Church opened the proceedings with prayer; a Minister of the Episcopal Church read the 84th Psalm; and our own Ministers followed with various addresses, and, with the congratulations of all parties, they looked onward to the advantages which that building should confer generally upon the community. My Lord, considering the circumstances which attended the origin, and the progress, and the history of the Australian colonies, we cannot wonder that there should be such an amount of wickedness; but there is also a large amount of feeling and of Christian judgment; and amongst the public newspapers of Adelaide, of Sydney and of Melbourne, scriptural truth is fervently defended as the great bulwark of civil and religious liberty; as giving security and efficiency to the best laws, to the best government, and correcting the errors of a nation. But I feel that I am transgressing, and I shall with great pleasure second the resolution.

George Whitefield.

Whitefield was a born orator. He was not remarkable as a scholar, or as a theologian; but he was the most wonderful, and the most successful, preacher that England ever saw. His face was a language; his gestures of themselves said more than men's aptest words; his fluency was unequalled; his voice was so wonderfully modulated, that Garrick said he would make men either laugh or cry by pronouncing the word Mesopotamia; and such was the ardour of his spirit, as to sustain him through twelve or fourteen of his wonderful efforts, every week, for months together. He could quell the most savage, fire the most listless, interest the most stupid, and charm the most philosophic. When a crowd of ten or fifteen thousand people was assembled on Kennington Common, his unrivalled voice would enable every one to hear every word; stillness prevailed like that of death, interrupted now and then by a piercing outcry, or an irrepressible hallelujah. All opposition, for the time, quailed before him. At Exeter a ruffian came prepared to knock him on the head with a great stone. The sermon affected him so, that the stone dropped from his hand. Then his heart melted. After the service he went to Whitefield, and said, with tears, "Sir, I came to break your head, but God has given me a broken heart." Persecution, in high quarters, only stimulated his energies and increased his usefulness. In one week, when shut out of the churches entirely, he took the fields, and received not fewer than a thousand letters, from persons who had been awakened or comforted under his preaching. No building could afford full scope for his powers; field preaching was his delight and glory. He went into Bartholomew fair—a Quixotic undertaking, as it was thought, even for him. The shows and booths were deserted, and he records, "Soon after, three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received into the society in one day; and numbers that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn, were plucked as brands from the burning." Four times he visited America, where his labors and success were as great as in England. When he became Lady Huntingdon's chaplain, many leading personages came to her drawing-room to hear him; such as Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, David Hume, Walpole, Selwyn, and Pitt. He made a deep impression upon almost all these illustrious men. Lord Bolingbroke—who will not be suspected of any leaning toward religion—said of him, "He is the most extraordinary man of our times. He has the most commanding eloquence I ever heard in any person; his zeal is unquenchable." Yet he was not himself on these occasions. The mighty herald could not blow his trumpet in a drawing-room; and, accordingly, after a month of such work, we find him too ill to hold a pen. Instead of consulting a doctor, he starts for Portsmouth, preaches on the day after his arrival to some thousands of people, and is himself again. Whitefield was truly and thoroughly a good man. He combined the fervor of a seraph with the humility of a little child.—Few men have been more misrepresented; but, though his temper was warm, no instance is on record of his returning evil for evil. He fully understood his mission, which was that of a voice crying in the wilderness. He had not Wesley's genius for organization, and attempted little in that way. "If I formed societies," he said, "I should but weave a Penelope's web. Every thing I meet with seems to carry this voice with it, 'Go, thou and preach the gospel; be a pilgrim on earth; have no party or certain dwelling-place.' My heart echoes back, 'Lord Jesus, help me to do or suffer thy will. When thou seest me in danger of nestling, in pity—in tender pity, put a thorn in my nest, to prevent me from it.'"—He died in America, worn out by thirty years' exhausting and incessant labours.—He seems to belong equally to us all; and his name is cherished, as that of a brother, by men of every section of the church, to this day.

A Strange Preacher.

His name was Strange. Many will think his conduct was strange also. He was a zealous preacher, and a sweet singer. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to go about the country preaching and singing.—A benevolent gentleman, well off in worldly goods, desiring to make him and his family comfortable in their declining years, generously presented him with a title-deed for three hundred and twenty acres of land.—Strange accepted the donation with thankfulness, and went on his way, preaching and singing as he went. But after a few months he returned, and requested his generous friend to take the title-deed. Surprised at the request, the gentleman inquired—

"Is there any flaw in it?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is not the land good?"

"First rate."

"Isn't it healthy?"

"None more so."

"Why, then, do you wish me to take it back? It will be a comfortable home for you when you grow old, and something for your wife and children, if you should be taken away."

"Why, I'll tell you. Ever since, I've lost my enjoyment for singing. I can't sing my favorite hymn with a good conscience any longer."

"What is that?"

"This:"

"No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man
I dwell awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I may Canaan gain
Yonder's my house and portion fair,
My treasures and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

"There," said Strange, "I'd rather sing that hymn than own America. I'll trust the Lord to take care of my wife and children."

He continued singing and preaching, and preaching and singing; and the Lord, said the lecturer, did take care of him, and his children after him.

A Meeting.

Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos iv. 12.

Then we must meet God. That will be a solemn meeting; and one which we cannot avoid. We may absent ourselves from the place where the people meet with God here—in the closet—in the Sanctuary—but the time will come when we must stand before him. We may wish to shun the interview; we may refuse to think of it; we may persuade ourselves that the time is far distant; but, after all, we must meet God.

We must all meet him. No one can escape. The rich and the poor, the great and the ignoble, the wise and the unwise, the good and the bad, the young and the old,—all, all must meet God.

When we shall meet him we know not. The time is concealed, hid in the impenetrable future, but it will certainly arrive.—It is hastening on; it is drawing near; it will come soon; and then we must go and meet God. Hence the propriety of the exhortation, Prepare to meet thy God.

By nature we are not prepared. To be prepared we must become reconciled to God. Our hearts must be renewed: we must repent of sin and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. And now is the accepted time.—Prepare to meet thy God.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Picture of Sin.

Look now at sin; pluck off that painted mask, and turn upon her face the lamp of the Bible. We start; it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin; it is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting—every thing that man hates it is; a load of evils beneath whose most crushing, intolerable pressure "the whole creation groaneth." Name me the evil that springs not from this root—the crime that lies not at this door. Who is the hoary sexton that digs man his grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals his virtue? Who is the murderess that destroys his life? Who is the sorceress that first deceives and then damns his soul? Sin! who, with icy breath, blights the sweet blossoms of youth? Who breaks the hearts of parents? Who brings gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who, by a more hideous metamorphosis than Ovid ever fancied, changes sweet children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and their fathers into worse than Herods, the murderers of their own innocents?—Sin! Who casts the apple of discord on home hearths? Who lights the torch of war and carries it over happy lands? Who, by division in the Church, rends Christ's seamless robe?—Sin? Who is the Delilah that sings the Nazarite asleep, and delivers the strength of God into the hands of the uncircumcised? Who, with smiles on her face, and honeyed flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rites of hospitality, and when suspicion sleeps, pierces our temples with a nail? What Siren is this, who, seated on a rock by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arms around our neck, to leap with us into perdition?—Sin! Who petrifies the soft and gentle heart, hurls reason from her throne, and impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice in the lake of fire?—Sin! Who, having brought

the criminal to the gallows, persuades him to refuse a pardon, and with his own hand to bar the door against the messenger of mercy? What witch of hell is it that thus bewitches us? Who nailed the Son of God to that bloody tree? and who, as it were, not a dove descending with the olive, but a vulture swooping down to devour, vexes, grieves, thwarts, repels, drives off the Spirit of God? Who is it that makes man in his heart and habits baser than a beast; and him who was once but little lower than an angel, but little better than a devil?—Sin! Sin!. Thou art a hateful and horrible thing; that "abominable thing which God hates." And what wonder? Thou hast insulted His Holy Majesty; thou hast bereaved him of beloved children; thou hast crucified the Son of his infinite love; thou hast vexed his gracious Spirit; thou hast defied his power; thou hast despised his grace; and, in the body and blood of Jesus, as if that were a common thing; thou hast trodden under foot his matchless mercy.—Surely, brethren, the wonder of wonders is, that sin is not that abominable thing which we also hate.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—The late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how much is due Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life;—there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law that does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the gospel.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Obituary Notices.

Places are vacated, breaches made in the militant Church and in families, relatives are bereaved and mourn, and the grave yard increases its numbers; but angels rejoice, heaven is peopled, parted companions meet, the tears of the departed are dried up, the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest, the triumphant Church is increased—and thus the anguish of separation is assuaged, and the living are allured upward; the sorrow of bereavement yields to the thought of safety, and the joyous hope of meeting again.

Scarcely more than a year has passed away since PETER SPEARWATER and FREDERIC MADER were called by the Great Master to leave us. The former, though not long resident here, had served his country as one of its representatives for upwards of fifteen years; and for more than twice that term of time (in the relative position of a member and leader in the Wesleyan Society,) had been truly devoted to God, as evidenced by the genuineness of his principles, and the uniformity of his course. During a somewhat protracted period of active life, he very assiduously laboured to discharge his civil, political, and religious duties with great fidelity. His affection was not to be alienated, his honour tarnished, nor his post deserted. And then, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God he fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers—having (though last named, not least in importance) with his other extensive services to the cause of Christ, long and efficiently proclaimed the glorious Gospel as a local preacher, in which delightful and honourable work he had been twice engaged on the very day his summons came: in obedience to which, we confidently trust, though in a sense differing from the primary one, he singularly verified the words of his last text, (see Luke xv. 18)—"I will arise and go to my Father."

FREDERIC MADER became a subject of Divine grace at an early stage of Methodism here, and was for many years sincerely and faithfully attached to Wesleyanism in its doctrines, its principles, its ordinances, and its members and ministers; and affectionately did he labour to minister to the comfort and usefuiness of these latter; and also, as a leader, to promote the spiritual interests of the Society to which he conscientiously belonged. His Christian virtues will not be more particularly spoken of here; but their record is on high, and their reward sure.

On Friday the 16th of May, 1856, after a widowhood of less than twelve months, his affectionate partner, MARY MADER, aged 69, was called to follow. Sister Mader also was one of the first that constituted the Methodist Society in this Circuit. She was brought to a painful sense of her state as a sinner, and to a saving knowledge of Christ at an early period of life; and choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, she took a firm stand, as one of the despised followers of Christ, in the Wesleyan department of the Church, in which, and in the duties connected therewith, she invariably continued until the above date. Physically, she was not very strong. Her health had been attacked several times within the past months.—Some two days previous to her end, she found herself apparently going—she revived a little—then her change came. But all was well. Her peace had been made with God—her sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb—her heart was renewed by Divine grace. For an earthly mind, the mind that was in Christ was given to her. The world had no charms for her. Death had no sting, because Christ had become precious to her believing soul. The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Among the many estimable qualities which adorned sister Mader's character, we may notice her Christian quietness, her promptitude in all social duties, her firm attachment to God's holy word and ordinances, her great love to all Christ's ministers and members, her kind regard for the afflicted and necessitous, her strong aversion to discord, her evident tenderness of conscience, and in a word her humble and diligent efforts to be ready to meet her Lord.

When it was manifest that her time with us here was no more, the family, neighbors, and Society felt we had sustained a great loss. Three days after was the funeral, when her mortal remains were deposited to rest in the silent grave until the resurrection of the just. A goodly number attended to witness their regard for the deceased, and to hear the word of life. Text, Heb. vi. 18.

Religion forbids not to weep. Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. Yet hearken! A voice issues from heaven—"Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Sorrowing friends, take courage! Rely on the same Saviour—follow these as they also followed Christ, and thus secure a reunion with them in the skies.

J. F. BENT.

Lunenburg, June 6, 1856.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1856.

WHOEVER has bestowed attention upon the history of either civil or religious affairs will not have failed to be struck with the intolerance alternately displayed by opposite parties as opportunity has been afforded to the one or the other for its manifestation; intolerance, not merely of such overt acts of hostility to the dominant faction or sect as threw contempt upon its supremacy or threatened its power, but of *opinion* different from its own. The page of history bears its indubitable testimony to the presence of a spirit in man which treats with uncompromising hate not only every opposition in deed, but every diversity in sentiment. Thus, in the ages of pagan darkness conquerors compelled the vanquished to worship the gods whom themselves adored; and if the Romans, more tolerant than other nations of antiquity, extended to their conquered peoples the privilege of paying their accustomed worship to their own deities, they at the same time required that a reverential homage should be paid to the gods and goddesses of imperial Rome. The creed of the Koran was speedily carried over almost half the globe, not by persuasive argument or convincing demonstration of its truth, but by the irresistible appeal of the sword. And the religion of Jesus, whose essence is love and whose proclamation is "Peace on earth, good will towards men," was no sooner raised to the pinnacle of supremacy as a dominant faith than its degenerate disciples condemned the toleration of Constantine as too general in its character, embracing in one broad plan of universal permission to worship God according to conscience the Jew, the Samaritan and the heretic with the true follower of the Cross. Thenceforward priestly arrogance and despotism held sway, controlling the civil power, crushing every attempt at independent thought, and persecuting even unto death all who dared to exercise the inherent right of private judgment, until the Reformation broke the fetters that had enchained so long and ignominiously the human mind, and defiantly confronted spiritual despotism. Protestantism triumphed in many countries of Christendom; but were its successes events which proved that the law of the carnal mind had been fully brought into captivity to the law of love?—A dark catalogue of persecutions speaks with a tremendous, but too truthful, *No!*

But a brighter day has spread its benignant beams over Christendom; and Protestantism has defended its claims to be the revival of the true spirit of Christianity by the principles of toleration and benevolence which have been developed with its growth. Those events on which the Protestant world looks back with shame were the products of a spirit which it possessed in common with Popery, a spirit, as we have said, natural to us as human beings. To subdue this evil tendency of the mind and to conform the conduct to that spirit of patience which now so happily prevails has been the work of Protestantism under the dictates of the will of God revealed in his Word. The lesson has yet to be learned by that community which unblushingly claims for itself the exclusive appellation and powers of the true and universal Church. Rome has not yet relinquished her animosity towards all who differ from her; and the duty of Protestants plainly is, while securing ample toleration to the most misguided, to protect themselves from the encroachments of a body that aims at their subjugation and would exult with diabolical delight to see them utterly annihilated.

Outrages on the Railway.

The *Chronicle* of last Tuesday has a letter from the Hon. JOSEPH HOWE, Chief Commissioner of Railways in this Province, elicited by the statement made in some quarters that the recent disturbance on our public works had not been of so formidable a character as generally supposed. A few extracts from his letter will show the true state of the case:—

"Some months ago, an Irishman named Whalen, who was discharged from the girder shop at Sackville for drunkenness and neglect, struck the Superintendent, took to the road, and, armed with a pair of postols, for about ten days, set law and order at defiance. An affidavit was made, a writ issued, but no Constable could be got willing or able to arrest him. While at large Whalen walked into a cutting on Creelman & Tupper's Contract, felled to the ground with one of his pistol barrels a respectable ganger from Stewiacke, with whom he had never exchanged a word, and jumped upon his body. After this outrage the perpetrator of it paraded about the works, for days together, displaying his pistols and threatening further assaults. A resolute special Constable was at length procured, who went out and arrested Whalen. A rescue was attempted by his countrymen, which would have succeeded but for the interference of the Contractor. The man was imprisoned, but got clear, either because the persons assaulted had not been notified or did not appear against him.

Near to Shultz's there have been several crimes, which, not being reached by law, encouraged the belief that law could not reach offences on the Railroad. One man was stabbed in the knee and disabled for months, —and another had his ear bitten clear off. These may have been the results of drunken brawls. Of a very different character was the outrage committed by a party of Irishmen, who, some short time ago, went to the house of a person named Brown, from one of our agricultural settlements, and tore his whisker off his cheek, taking the skin and part of the flesh with it."

* * * * * *

On a rainy day a sub-Contractor's House, some distance from any other, and two miles from the Main Road, is attacked.—There are, at the time, *three women and four children in it*, and *nine straw beds in the upper chamber*. In this upper chamber some men were asleep, and into it the women and children retreated when the alarm was given. The movements of the attacking party showed preconcert and deliberation. Twenty-four men, collected and marched off the lower contracts, met the main body of the rioters who came from above, with such precision that the assault was simultaneous. All the men in and around the house were Farmers and Farmer's Sons from our Eastern Counties, about 20 in number. The assailants, were principally, if not exclusively, Irishmen. We think that the numbers were estimated by one witness at 50, by another 150. From all the accounts given it would appear that the truth lies between. The attacking forces included about 100 men, who came on with pick handles and other bludgeons in their left hands and big stones in the right. There was no fair challenge, to come out and fight, man to man, or equal party to party. The rocks were flung, and a pick axe with them, in at the windows, among women and children—the doors were beaten in—the stoves knocked down and the house filled with smoke. A few poor fellows fought their way through, and escaped to the woods, where some of them, half naked and covered with wounds, lay nearly all night. A few determined men stood their ground, until overpowered by numbers, or struck down from behind, covered with wounds and bruizes they were left for dead. How any of these men lived God only knows. The spectators of the scene declare that four or five of the ruffians would beat one man, when down, with their pick handles, leaving him for dead; but if, choking with his own blood, he raised his head and gasped for air, they rushed at him again and smote him till all signs of life were gone. Several attempts were made to burn the house, while the women and children were in it; and at least one miscreant thrust his match between the open flooring and tried to set fire the beds. By the active interference of one man, named Whelan, who knew them, the women and children, and an old man named McKay, were ultimately spared; but these women, one of them with a babe at the breast, were for hours exposed to the weather, amidst a scene of doubt and horror, to which our women in Nova Scotia, thank Providence, are not much accustomed."

* * * * * *

"Thomas Rowland of Shubenacadie, in the County of Hants, maketh Oath and saith.—That he is a Contractor upon the Railroad under Sutherland and Co., and Johnston & Blackie.

That on Monday, the 2d day of June last he was superintending his works, extending over about five miles, and upon which he has upwards of sixty men working in different gangs.

That a very large proportion of his laborers are Irishmen, who receive on an average 5s. per day, are regularly paid, well treated, and have nothing to complain of. That an unlicensed Grog Shop, kept by one Adams, has been opened near one of his Cuttings, where the Nine Mile River Road crosses the Shubenacadie River at Elmsdale, at which his workmen get liquor, and which is a nuisance to the neighborhod.—That on Monday last, the 2d. of June, the men on the works went to this Grog Shop, having got liquor as his deponent believes thereat, became turbulent and excited.—That he had placed Archibald McLellan, a Scotchman, to superintend the work in his absence, in whose skill and integrity he had confidence. That about eleven o'clock on 2nd of June deponent met John Lovett and Patrick Fitzgerald, on the road, armed with sticks, who flourished them over Deponent's head, and threatened to take Deponent's life if he put any men on the works but Irishmen. That if Deponent brought any men from Canada they should not work here, that they, the Irishmen, would kill them if they did. That the men then went in upon the works, and knocked down an Englishman, named Lynch, who they maltreated and drove off the line, and who has since left the service of this Deponent and fled for fear of being murdered. That the horses were driven off the works by these men and their abettors, and the work brought to a stand. That the men were terrified and driven away, being afraid to work for this Deponent or to stop in the neighborhood. That this Deponent believes that it is the purpose and policy of these rioters, and of others who have acted in the same spirit elsewhere, to drive off the Railway Works the natives of the Province, and other industrious persons coming from other countries, and to secure to the Irish the complete command of the works. That unless the Government interfere, and make life and property and industry perfectly secure on the Public Works, all other labourers but Irishmen will be driven off or terrified from coming in from the distant Counties. That the monopoly thus created will place Contractors at the mercy of the riotous and unruly, raise the price of labour, lessen the competition among Contractors, and cost the Province very large sums of money before the Railroads are completed.

(Signed) THOMAS ROWLANDS.

Sworn to before me this 4th day of June 1856. ALEX. THOMPSON, J. P.

Such occurrences are surely formidable enough. It is gratifying to us however to be able while giving currency to such alarming statements to express our belief that the danger is past. We have the men who in such crises know their duty, and discharge it at whatever hazard; who are indeed and of a truth "a terror to evil doers."

General Conference Proceedings

MONDAY, May 19.

Bishop Morris presided. Opening with religious exercises by I. M. Leihy.

The Chair stated that the British delegates were about to depart, and expressed a desire that they might now be permitted to take leave of Conference.

Dr. Hannah then rose, and addressing the president, remarked that he desired he would receive for himself and his respected colleagues, and all the members of the General Conference, the warmest expression of gratitude for the kindness they had received at their introduction, and which had been continued to them during their stay; and he trusted that the delegates which should be appointed by this body to attend the session of the British Conference, would meet with the same large-hearted kindness. He said the great object of their visit had been to promote a greater union between English and American Methodism. They did not feel willing to enter into any discussion in regard to questions which might agitate them, and which they could not fully understand unless they were more acquainted with the country, and the nature and genius of its institutions.

He was peculiarly struck with one thing, and that was, that in doctrine, and spirit, and aim, Methodism in America was in accordance with the Church in its primitive days. He prayed that the Lord God of their fathers might be among them, and that they might ever possess the same spirit and apostolic zeal that characterized those whose footsteps they were following. He admired the manner in which Methodism adapted itself to the circumstances by which it was surrounded. He thought of the sentiment advanced by Bengelius, and adopted by Mr. Wesley, that religion was like the air, which yields to all bodies, and yet penetrates and pervades all bodies: so with Methodism; it was yielding and accommodating, yet penetrating and all-pervading. There were some plans of operation adopted by the Church here, which of course differed from their plans; but though the plans differed, the great ends were kept in view. He was gratified with the tone and sentiment of the conference, and the genial spirit which prevailed among the members, and he hoped that it would remain throughout the entire sitting of that body. He was not ignorant of the fact that questions of deep and stirring interest would come before them and claim their investigation, but he trusted they would be able, by the help of God, to meet those questions, and dispose of them to the benefit and spiritual prosperity of the Church. He would also express his gratitude for the kind and hospitable manner in which the Irish delegates were received. He loved those brethren much. He was strongly attached to Mr. Scott, and his old pupil, Mr. Arthur, who had been with us, and to Mr. Cather. He also felt grateful for the interest the American Church has taken in their mission at Feejee, and spoke most feelingly of a missionary who had laboured there with such zeal and devotion as to become an old man at thirty-five. He prayed that the Lord God who had raised up the Methodists as a people to show forth his praise in the earth, might be kept by His power; that He who had kept the old ship with its rigging, and enabled it to breast the storms through which it had passed, would bring it to the haven; that the God of heaven would be with us and pour out his spirit, and that from Passamaquoddy to the Pacific, the light and truth of salvation might spread. Then addressing Bishop Morris, he said, I now take my leave of yourself and your respected colleagues, and the members of the conference, and may the God of all grace guide you in your deliberations, and preserve you to his heavenly kingdom.

Mr. Jobson said that when he had the honour of being first introduced to the conference he did not know what to say; and now, after he had gone in and out among them for seventeen or eighteen days, he was still at a loss. He must use strong language as expressive of his feelings, and say. Father and brethren, I love you. He could give strong reasons for his attachment. He loved them as fellow-labourers in the Gospel field; he loved them for their free, outspoken manner; he loved freedom of thought and freedom of speech, as

"Thoughts shut up would spoil
Like bales unopened to the sun.

Free, open, undaunted discussion was always dear to him. He loved them for the devout spirit they manifested in their deliberations, as well as in their labours for the salvation of souls. He might say, with his friend, he loved them for the kind and generous manner in which they had received and treated him. He loved the bishops for their gravity and wisdom, and for the zeal they manifested in the cause of God. He loved the old men, the fathers, and the young men; and he wanted to say to those venerable men, we will not leave Methodism worse than we found it. These young men are strong, zealous, self-sacrificing, and he was happy to say they had the same kind in his country.

The speaker here alluded most feelingly to Mr. Hunt, the missionary in Feejee, spoke of his early life and training, and related some amusing anecdotes and thrilling passages in the life of that devoted man, which produced a powerful impression upon the conference. He thanked God that the great brotherhood of Methodism was one, and he wou'd join his friend, Dr. Hannah, in praying that the General Conference would sent to their Conference delegates frequently, that England and America would be united Methodistically. They were one in language, and one in religion, and he prayed that they might remain one forever. He was now four thousand miles away from home, and yet he saw before him Englishmen and Englishwomen, that made all things look familiar as home.

Bishop Waugh wished the privilege of asking one silent response to the beloved and affectionate brethren who had just taken their leave. He was sure that the response he asked would be cheerfully given, and would accord most fully with the feelings of all present. And he was also sure that they would respond when he said of these brethren, that their presence, and their labours, and their Christian example have all been of the most gratifying character. The bishop remarked that he had never seen Methodism presented in lovelier and kindlier aspects than as exhibited in these men of God, and he thought them worthy of imitation by all. Their style and manner of preaching were worthy of all praise; their copious and appropriate citation of the word of God gave their ministrations a force and an unction that we all would do well to take heed to. The silent response which he desired was, that each member of the conference rise to his feet, and lift up his hand to God for a blessing upon these brethren; and may he who looks upon the heart grant that our prayers may accompany these beloved brethren to their homes, and impart to them the consolations they have communicated to us.

When the bishop closed his remarks every member rose from his seat, and a deep religious feeling pervaded the entire assembly.

Dr. Hannah was overcome with emotion as he bowed his venerable head, and with a tremulous voice said, Brethren, farewell! I shall never forget your kindness, nor the scenes of this hour.

Taking their leave of the bishops, the British representatives passed through the crowded rotunda; and amid tears and farewell greetings, they retired to their lodgings at the house of the governor.

Another Triumph for the Sabbath.

The English correspondent of the New York Christian Advocate and Journal gives the following interesting information:—

I feel it almost utterly impossible that I should succeed in conveying to your readers, separated from us as they are by three thousand miles of ocean, any adequate idea of the intense interest which the question of Sabbath observance has aroused among all classes of people, godly and ungodly, throughout England and Scotland, for a twelvemonth, or for two years past. Among the last-named class, of course, the interest excited has been adverse to the sacred institution, and their attacks on its public observance has been marked by a degree of malignant virulence characteristic in general of a bitterly contested personal dispute rather than a grave controversy on a great religious principle; while among the great mass of *bona fide* members of the Evangelical Churches of Great Britain a corresponding ardour in its defence has been awakened, and the question has assumed with them almost equal importance with the sustentation and progress of the Churches themselves at home and the prosecution of the missionary enterprise in foreign lands. I mentioned a couple of months ago the success which had just crowned the efforts and the prayers of the Churches in the signal defeat of the attempt of the irreligious and infidel party in the House of Commons to throw open a number of our places of public amusement on the Sabbath; an attempt which, if successful, would have been but the prelude to the opening of the theatres, dancing-saloons, and other places of still more equivocal (or rather unequivocal) character on the same holy day. Well, one would have thought that government would have so far respected the decision of the house on that occasion—a decision in favour of Sabbath observance expressed by no less than 376 votes against 48 on the other side!—as to have abstained from the immediate adoption of a line of conduct diametrically opposed in spirit to that which Parliament had so emphatically declared its determination to support. Yet the ink in which the result of the division was recorded was scarcely dry on the journals of the house, when Sir Benjamin Hall, member for the metropolitan borough of Marylebone, and First Commissioner of Public Works in Lord Palmerston's administration, issued his orders for the band of one of the regiments of life guards, to attend and play for the public amusement in Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, for some hours every Sunday afternoon. Remonstrances were addressed to him from various quarters, and deputations from almost all the religious societies waited on him or communicated with him by letter, pointing out the gross departure from the established mode of the recognition of the claims of the Sabbath in this country with such a practice involved, the assimilation of our manners in that respect to those which characterize the capitals of the Romish and infidel countries of the continent to which it tended, and the destructive influence which it must speedily exert on the morals of a very large proportion of the youthful population of this vast metropolis. To every such remonstrance, however, Sir Benjamin replied in the stereotyped coldly-courteous phraseology of office, expressing his dissent from the views of the remonstrants, and his determination to persevere in the course he had commenced.—With a defiant insolence, too, he proceeded not only to uphold, but to extend the evil.—Finding some 70,000 or 80,000 persons muster each Sunday around the band in Hyde Park, in the western extremity of the metropolis, he issued orders for the attendance of another regimental band at a similar hour in Regent's Park, in the northern extremity; and, the result proving equally successful here, a few weeks afterwards he made arrangements for the attendance of a third band in the Victoria Park in the east. Your readers can estimate the force of the attraction of this Sunday amusement from the fact that, as ascertained by the official returns of the gatekeepers, around those three miliary bands, performing at the points I have specified, there were congregated on last Sabbath afternoon, 258,512 persons, or nearly ten thousand more than a quarter of a million of people.

Now, putting for a moment the great abstract principle of Sabbath observance out of the question, look at the vast amount of practical evil immediately accruing from this state of things.—As, in a certain edition of the classics, to obviate the objections of some parents, the obscene and otherwise objectionable passages were omitted from their proper places in the body of each work, but were grouped together in an appendix to each, thereby securing the infinitely more speedy and complete contamination of the youthful mind, so Benjamin Hall contrived to collect round and exhibit at the three points I have named, the concentrated essence of the infamy of both sexes, which so largely exists in this huge city, but which exists in comparative harmlessness when in its ordinary state of distribution throughout two and a half millions of people. Then look at the immediate results to the Sabbath School and to the sanctuary. Not only to the pupils in our Sabbath schools, but to many teachers also, the glittering uniforms and inspiring strains of a splendid military band, the attractions of the refreshment booths, provided by order of the government, and the presence of a vast throng of merry makers, possess a powerful influence, and after one or two Sundays spent amid such scenes, I need scarcely say that teacher and scholar are alike lost to the schools forever. Then, our churches and chapels are deserted at the afternoon sevice, and few who spend the afternoon in amusement will be disposed for worship in the evening.

But, without stopping further to enumerate evils which the imagination of our readers will readily supply, all this is now over, thank God, and there is an end of the Sunday music! Lord Palmerston has taken the matter into his own hands, and has directed that the bands shall dis continue their attendance. The fact was announced by Lord Shaftesbury at a meeting of the Metropolitan Lord's Day Observance Committee on Monday. It has, of course, aroused the bitterest indignation on the part of the daily press of the metropolis, the Times especially howling out its vituperations and its calumnies with a degree of reckless ferocity seldom paralleled even in *its* columns. But, strange to say, though they are all labouring to explain the causes which have led to this result, they are every one astray; not even the Times, with all its sources of information, having got at the real facts of the case. Some of the papers attribute the premier's determination to a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, some to the attitute of the Scotch members of Parliament, and some to a letter addressed to his lordship in the Leeds Mercury, of last Saturday, by Mr. Edward Baynes, the proprietor and editor. The Times attributes the result wholly to Mr. Baines' letter, and devotes a leading article to a laboured and very ineffectual attempt to refute its arguments. I can give you, however, the real, and hitherto the secret history of the affair, which has not transpired generally, and is not likely to appear in print at all. Lord Palmerston's health has been infirm of late, and towards the close of last week presented symptoms which caused serious alarm to his friends. Lord Shaftesbury, who is his son-in-law, called to visit him last Friday evening, and, finding him under the circumstances more quiet and thoughtful than usual, deemed the occasion a fitting one to urge upon him the question of the Sunday bands. With great faithfulness Lord Shaftesbury, represented to him the fact that, though his (Lord Palmerston's) own views on the point were opposed to those put forward by the friends of Sabbath observance, he was nevertheless incurring the very grave responsibility of putting his own opinion on a great religious question, to the consideration of which it was not likely he had given anything like the amount of attention which they had, in direct opposition to the strong and earnest convictions of all orthodox Churches of the land. After a lengthened interview, in which the premier listened attentively to Lord Shaftesbury, but said little in reply, the latter took his leave, and proceeded direct to Lambert Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here he urged his grace to write to Lord Palmerston, following up his own representations, while his lordship's indisposition and partial release from business—the recess commencing that evening—left him a period of comparative leisure to give the matter the consideration it deserved. Immediately before Lord Sheftesbury's arrival, the archbishop had received a letter from the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, a very excellent gentleman, and an active member of the Lord's Day Observance Committee, urging him to the very step which Lord Shaftesbury suggested. His grace undertook the task, and on that very night wrote a letter to the premier, praying his personal interference for the discontinuance of the Sunday music, and assuring him that, in urging such a prayer, he was speaking the earnest and anxious wishes not only of his brethren on the episcopal bench, and of the clergy and laity of the Established Church, but also of the overwhelming majority of all the ministers and members of all the Churches of the land. This letter his grace sent to Lord Palmerston's residence, in Piccadilly, on Saturday morning, but he had already left town to pass the recess at Broadlands, his seat in Hampshire. It was forwarded to him thither, and in reply to it the order came to town for the discoutinuance of the bands, though too late to apply to last Sunday. Mr. Baines' letter in the Leed's Murcury, to which his lordship's resolution is generally attributed, is certainly an admirable statement of the question; but, though Mr. Baines' brother is a member of Lord Palmerston's cabinet, the great probability is that his lordship never read the letter at all. Certain it is, however, that he could not have read it on Saturday, as he started from London by railway for the extreme south of the kingdom about the time when the paper containing it was going to press in the far north. The facts are as I have given them, and will probably never be published but by you. The Watchman has an exclusive report of the proceeding of Monday, to which I have referred above, it being the only paper which sent a reporter thither; but even there Lord Shaftesbury stated merely what the Archbishop of Canterbury had done, and studiously suppressed all mention of his own efforts in the case, to which mainly, if not wholly, the successful issue is due.

Lord Clarendon's Reply to Mr Marcy's Despatch.

The reply is dated April 30. Lord Clarendon apologizes for not answering at an earlier day Mr. Marcy's letter of January 29, on the ground that it was respectful to the United States and just toward her Majesty's officers thoroughly to inquire into the truth of Mr. Marcy's allegations; he regrets that the United States Government has deemed it necessary to continue the correspondence after his letter of July 16, which Mr. Buchanan at the time thought would finally settle the matter; and says that he had hoped himself that that letter, with his subsequent communications of September 27 and November 16, would have been accepted by a friendly Government, such as that of the United States, as a disclaimer of any intention to give offence, and as a satisfaction for any offence which the United States Government was led to believe had, though unintentionally, been given.

Lord Clarendon next enters upon a review of the whole case, which he thus puts:—On the breaking out of the war, the British Government was informed that many residents of the United States were desirous of entering the British service. Desiring rapidly to increase its military force, Great Britain was anxious to avail herself of such aid, and took measures accordingly. But she simultaneously gave "the most positive orders that nothing should be done to infringe *in any manner whatsoever* the neutrality laws of the United States" The intentions of the British Government were not concealed from the Administration at Washington, but were frankly stated by Mr. Crampton to Mr. Marcy in a conversation on the 22d of March, 1855, when the latter gentleman replied that "the neutrality laws of the United States would be rigidly enforced, but that any number of persons might leave the United States and enlist abroad." The British Government soon found, from reports which reached them, that it would be difficult to carry out their arrangements without their being attended by circumstances which would give rise to discussions between the two Governments, and on the 22d of June, of their own volition, and a fortnight before any complaint had been made by the U. S. Government, it issued peremptory orders for the discontinuance in Canada and Nova Scotia of all enlistments, and that the whole arrangement be totally abandoned. The first complaint was answered by the apologetic letter of July 16, which, in a note dated July 18, Mr. Buchanan said he should feel much satisfaction in transmitting to his Government. Lord Clarendon concludes this portion of his reply by a summary of the subsequent correspondence, already familiar to our readers.

He then enters more immediately upon the reply to Mr. Marcy's long communication of January 29, demanding the recal of the British Minister at Washington and the British Consuls at Philadelphia, New York and Cincinnati.—Lord Clarendon claims that no new ground existed for this demand, but that all the alleged facts on which that demand rested were within the knowledge of the United States Government during the former correspondence, in which no such demand is made. He next points out a palpable misconstruction which Mr. Marcy has put upon an expression in Lord Clarendon's despatch of April 12, 1855, and mentions that Mr. Marcy had previously expressed his satisfaction with that despatch. In reply to the general statements of Mr. Marcy's last despatch, Lord Clarendon repeats that the British Government gave most positive orders that no man should be enlisted or engaged within the territory of the United States, and that the neutrality laws of the United States should be strictly and scrupulously respected. He then claims that Mr. Marcy had changed his ground since the 22d of March, and that he now holds that the enlistment of men in Nova Scotia, who came there from the United States, was a violation of the policy of the United States, and therefore an offence on the part of Great Britain.

To this Lord Clarendon replies that the policy of a nation in regard to its internal arrangements must be sought for in the laws of that nation; that what those laws forbid it must be understood to be the policy of the state to prohibit; and what those laws do not forbid, it must be understood to be the policy of the state to allow. This principle, he says, was admitted by Mr. Buchanan, who in his communication of July 6, says that the neutral policy of the United States is defined in the statute of 1818. That statute, he argues,—

Only forbids enlistments, recruiting and contracts or engagements within the United States, and hiring or retaining persons to quit the United States with intent to be enlisted elsewhere, but it does not forbid citizens of the United States, who may have used their natural right of quitting the United States, to enlist into the service of a foreign state when they have left their own country. The sovereign power of the United States might, if it had chosen to do so, have followed its citizens with a prohibitory enactment beyond the territory of the United States; but it has not thought fit to do so, and the just and inevitable conclusion is that what it might have forbidden, but has not forbidden, it has designedly allowed; that is to say, in other words, that it is the policy of the United States to prevent foreign enlistments within the United States, but that it is not the policy of the United States to forbid the citizens of the United States to enlist when out of the United States, into the service of foreign states, if they should choose to do so. Such being the state of this matter, it is obvious that the British Government cannot justly be charged with any disregard of the policy of the United States, nor with any disrespect to their sovereign rights, by taking into the Queen's military service, any persons who having come from the United States, freely and without contract or engagement into a British territory, might there be willing to enlist.

Lord Clarendon then defines the real points at issue between the two Governments, as, first whether the British Government ordered or contemplated any violation of the neutrality laws of the United States; second, whether, if the British Government did not order or contemplate such violation, those laws were nevertheless violated by persons acting with the authority or approbation of the British Government; and, third whether, if any violation of the law of the United States did take place sufficient satisfaction has been given to the Government of that country. On the first point he answers, as he had before affirmed, that the British Government neither ordered or contemplated such violation, but gave positive and repeated orders to the contrary.—On the second, with respect to Mr. Crampton, Lord Clarendon says that that gentlhman positively and distinctly denies the charges brought against him; that he declares he never hired or obtained, or engaged a single person within the United States for the service of her Majesty or countenanced or encouraged any one else in so doing, or in any way violating the laws of the United States.

Further, Lord Clarendon notices that the charges against Mr. Crampton are mainly founded upon evidence given by Capt. Strobel and the confession of Hertz, and with the despatch he transmits evedence that these men are utterly unworthy of credit. Strobel had been dismissed from the British service for misconduct, and had written to Mr. Crampton to extort money. It will be remembered, also, that he was the party arrested at Baltimore on suspicion of having committed the robery of gold at Willard's Hotel, on the ground that he suddenly paid his hotel bill in gold and then left Washington by an indirect route. He alleged that Mr. Attorney General Cushing had paid him money in gold, and counselled his clandestine or secret departure. Mr. Cushing supporting his allegation he was discharged. Lord Clarendon very properly says that "it is impossible for her Majesty's Government to set the assertions of such men as these against the conduct of Mr. Crampton, a man of unquestionable honor." With respect to the consuls at Philadelphia, New York and Cincinnatti, they all positively deny the truth of the allegations made against them. On the part of Mr. Barclay, whose honor and veracity no man who knows him will think of impugning, the denial is most explicit. Mr. Barclay's course in relation to the affair of the barque Maury is also defended and approved, and it is shown that the small share he had in the matter was founded upon the affidavits of persons in the service of the United States.

With respect to the third point, Lord Clarendon refers to the offers of satisfaction and to the explanations already made, and to the repeated expressions of sincere regret on the part of her Majesty's Government, if, contrary to their intentions and reiterated instructions, there had been any infringement of the laws of the United States. He adds that had it been true that the British Government had infringed the laws of the United States, they would promptly have afforded the utmost satisfaction, for to admit and repair unquestionable wrong is never discreditable; repeats his disclamer of all intention to infringe the law or disregard the policy of the United States, and concludes with an expression of the earnest wish that his reply may be fully satisfactory to the United States Government.

Dismissal of Mr. Crampton.

It was a remark of the great Earl of Chatham, that on occasions of great difficulty in public affairs, he endeavored to be guided by the dictates of reason and common sense, and that he was the more inclined to this course since experience so frequently showed how liable we were to be misled by the authority of a great reputation and the refinements of learning.—This remark of the great English statesman naturally recurs to the mind at the present crisis, while our Cabinet, as it is reported, is fixing the number of days which shall roll round before Mr. Crampton is dismissed—the fact of dismissal being determined on, it being only now a question of expediency as to the particular moment when it shall take effect.

If there ever was a period when the justness of the remark quoted above would strike the public mind with peculiar force, it is now, when we see our present pacific relations with Great Britain, and the industrial interests of twenty-four millions of people, endangered by the morbid sensibility, "*inexorable policy*," or selfish proclivities of the *Powers that be*. The New York Sun, with reference to this subject, is especially angry with Mr. Crampton, and under its high pressure impulses, and speaking *ex cathedra*, not only demands his dismissal, but eschews the apology of Lord Clarendon as a mere "caput mortuum," not altering the facts of the case, or qualifying in any way the necessity for Mr. Crampton's recall, as due to our wounded national honour—nevertheless, strange to say, though it expressly contends that we must accept the "*amende*" made by the British Government, as they have tendered it, yet in the same breath it insists on the dismissal of the Minister. This we think, is going a little beyond old Shylock himself, as exacting not only the performance of the contract, but the pound of flesh to boot. Waiving the merits of the respective arguments of the parties on the facts of the case, we would ask what sort of reason or justice there is in receiving the apology from England, and in the same breath, asking her to degrade her Minister.—The wrong committed could simply be atoned for by an apology to us, or we might redress it ourselves by dismissing the Minister. Either course would have been in conformity to usage and common sense, but we cannot perceive that it would be even decent to accept the apology and still insist on reparation by a recall or dismissal of Mr. Crampton. We see no complication of difficulty in the whole matter, calling for such extreme action, nor do we believe, if the dismissal is made, it will meet with public favour; but, on the contrary, that it will be very generally censured, as hasty, extreme, and uncalled for by a sense of wounded national honor. We are opposed to resuscitating those dead-heads of worn out diplomatic discussion, the enlistment question and the protectorate.

The discussion has been exhausted, and we think that on the first of these questions sufficient and reasonable apology has been cordially made, to satisfy a just and healthy sense of national dignity. This new fledged matter of the Island of Ruatan, originating in mere colloquial misconceptions, cannot be brought into play as a new element to give vitality to the acerbity recently existing between the two cabinets. As for the enlistment question, it should never be again exhumed, but hermetically sealed for all times, by accepting the explanations and apology as tendered by the British government—the protectorate having dwindled already into an *airy phantom* under the wands of Clayton, Crittenden and Reverdy Johnson, as they have viewed the subject in the light of common sense interpretation, for how can protection be given where a party can neither colonize, fortify or *occupy*. These questions all stand in our view in the category of diplomatic non-entities—the exhausted relics of by-gone discussion, stript by time and just reflection of undue importance, in this war of cabinets—a war of which the people of both countries will remain passive spectators, until it shall reach a point where folly, obstinacy or fatuity seem likely to endanger their solid interests. It is nearly approximating the latter point, according to reports received as to the present condition of the Crampton question pending before the cabinet. We will not for a moment anticipate that it will have its issue in the dismissal of the British Minister, rather believing that a just view of the whole matter will, on reflection, lead to the reception of Lord Clarendon's explanations and apology as sufficient to heal existing excitement; as including within

their full scope and meaning, reparation for the complicity of Mr. Crampton with the enlistment question; as protecting the honour of the United States, and as calculated to restore and perpetuate amicable relations with Great Britain.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Wesleyan Intelligence.

ST. JOHN N.B., June 13, 1856.

Yesterday afternoon the foundation stone of the New Wesleyan Church in Exmouth-street, in this city, was laid by the Rev. Dr. Richey.—The weather was pleasant, and a large and respectable concourse assembled on the occasion. Several of the Ministers who had come to attend the preparatory Committees of the Conference were present, among whom we observed the Revs. F. Smallwood, T. H. Davies, J. B. Brownell, R. Morton, M. Pickles, J. McMurray, W. Allen, Jas. Taylor, and S. Avery.

At 3½ p.m. the Rev. J. G. Hennigar, Superintendent of the Circuit, commenced the services by giving out the 541st hymn, "Lord of the worlds above," &c. The Rev. R. Knight, Chairman of the District, then offered an appropriate and comprehensive prayer—acknowledging the goodness of God in so establishing our cause in this city as to make it necessary that another house should be erected for public worship, and imploring a continuance of the same Divine and saving benefits. The Rev. T. Cardy then read 1 Chron. xxix, 1–14, and Rev. W. Smithson gave out the 620th hymn, "Behold the sure foundation stone," &c. At the conclusion of this hymn, Dr. Richey stepped forward and performed the ceremony in the usual way, laying "the foundation stone of this sanctuary, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." He then delivered an interesting and beautiful address, expressing his gratitude at being permitted to take part in the proceedings connected with the erection of a fifth Church for the Wesleyan Methodists of St. John. He remembered that thirty years ago, when first he landed in this city, that we had accommodation but for 600 persons, and the Church was small in proportion. Now we had sittings for 4,000 persons, but even this was not sufficient. The event which had brought us together marked the veneration which was still felt for the Gospel of Christ, and the interest which was taken in the welfare of all classes of the community. By increasing the means for preaching the Gospel, we insured the perpetuation of the Sabbath, and gave increased application to the only antidote for human misery. Whatever good was in the world, had been the result, directly or indirectly, of Scriptural religion. Even human laws were indebted to it, and could only act beneficially as they derived their virtue from it, and were supported by its influence.

We cheerfully conceded that the gospel was preached by others and in that we rejoiced, but we loved our own doctrines and usages best, and were glad not only to see them taking effect but to provide for their more extensive diffusion—In this Church the Gospel will be preached in its purity; we are sure of this for Wesleyanism is the same through the whole world, the doctrines preached in one place are invariably proclaimed in all others. He congratulated the Chairman and Ministers of the New Brunswick District upon the progress which Methodism had made in this Province through their instrumentality, and hoped that it would still continue to advance. In conclusion, he prayed that when the number of the Lord's people were made up that of thousands and tens of thousands, it might be said—they were born here.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart, then gave out 707th Hymn, "Thou who hast in Zion laid," &c., and afterward offered prayer. Dr. Richey pronounced the benediction and the assembly dismissed.

Beneath the stone a bottle was deposited, containing a Programme of the service—the minutes of the Conference, a copy of the last years Missionary Report and a copy of the Provincial Wesleyan.

Altogether the occasion was one of deep and hallowed interest, and was no unsuitable prelude to the sitting of our Conference. We felt much obliged for the arrangements made by the builders Messrs. Mason & Sullivan, under the superintendence of our respected friend Aaron Eaton, and no less so, for the presence of Mr. Jno. R. Marshall with a portion of the choirs from Germain Street, and Centenary Churches. May the Lord greatly bless this undertaking.

C. S.

Annapolis District.

The District met pursuant to notice at Canning, Cornwallis, in the new Wesleyan Parsonage, on the 5th inst., at 9 A. M., and as soon as practicable proceeded to business.—The writer was chosen secretary, Bro. Wilson, Journal Secretary, and Bro. Smallwood filled the office of Financial Secretary by appointment at last Conference. The business ordinarily devolving on such meetings was transacted with great harmony, and in the fear of God; and through the orderly and serious management of our esteemed Chairman it was concluded on Monday at about 3 o'clock, P. M., when the meeting ended with appropriate and deeply affecting supplication, led by Bro. Smallwood and the Chairman.

The examination of the junior Brethren J. L. Sponagle, and T. Harris was both interesting and satisfactory, the brethren acquitting themselves very creditably.—The former having completed his four years probation, was cordially recommended for ordination at the present Conference, and the latter to be continued on his third year of probation.

In reviewing the spiritual state of the churches committed by the Head of the Church to our care, it was found that five of our Circuits have been blessed with revivals, and glorious accessions to the fold of Christ—no less than 214 being reported as received on trial during the last quarter.—This general and blessed visitation of the Spirit was a source of great comfort and encouragement, and a blessed proof that the Lord is with His servants, confirming the word by signs following in them that believe. Even on the Circuits not favoured with special visitations from on high there is peace, and steadiness, among our people.

The review of the Financial state of the District was also exceedingly gratifying; showing a considerable increase in the receipts of all the Circuits, with hardly an exception; and no falling off in any; which, considering the dearness of provisions, and scarcity of money, displays the attachment of our people to the cause of God, and to their ministers. No less than six new Churches, and a commodious and well-finished Parsonage have been completed during the past year, and five are reported as in progress, or to be commenced during the present year. Five circuits request an additional Preacher each, and truly they are needed, owing to open doors, and rapid expansion of our work. Never was there so great a number of anxious and willing hearers through this part of the Province; and if *boasting* of the progress of "*our principles*" were lawful we well might glory—but we rather "thank God and take courage."

I must not omit to say that the religious services held in the New Chapel at Canning were seasons of blessing; the brethren Barratt, Spongle, and Lockhart officiating on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and Bro. Wilson on Saturday evening; and on Sabbath, while Messrs. Lockart, Barratt, and Sponagle, supplied the Horton, Greenwich, Kentville, and Cornwallis West Chapels the Revs. M. Pickles, at half-past 10 A. M., and W. Wilson at half-past 2, preached to large and deeply interested congregations; and the writer occupied the pulpit in the evening at half-past six.

On Monday evening Bro. Wilson, by request of the Superintendent of the Horton and Cornwallis Circuit, delivered a lecture on Baptism, but as the writer was obliged to leave the same afternoon, he can only say, that judging from the numbers met by him flocking from Cornwallis to the meeting, there must have been an overflowing congregation; and from a specimen of the Lecturer's ability on the subject he had the pleasure of hearing in the Granville Church last winter, he confidently infers that "Bible truth" was vindicated and made plain.

It would be unkind neglect on my part to omit stating that never were ministers more kindly and comfortably entertained, and never was a District Meeting held in a finer part of the Province, taking every thing into account.

We all left, after the conclusion of our Meeting, thankful to God and His people for the kindness received, and for the manifestations of his presence during our stay with them; and full of hope that their "holy and beautiful" place of worship will be the scene of numerous conversions, and often filled with the presence of the Master of Assemblies

R. A. CHESLEY.

Newfoundland District.

The annual District Meeting for the Newfoundland District commenced its sittings in the city of St. John's on Wednesday 21st May. It was matter of thankfulness that all the brethren, even from the far west, attended in the enjoyment of good health and spirits, and determined to spend and be spent for Christ and His cause. The Reports presented were of a most encouraging nature, though upon the whole we had to report a decrease in the number of members.—This diminution was owing to the need of ministerial help on the western shores of the Island.

A few years ago the Lord abundantly poured out His Spirit on some scattered settlements on the western shores, and scores were reported to have found salvation. For some time they have received annual visits from the Missionary at Grand Bank, but during the past Summer this could not be, he having had to meet Dr. Richey, the Co Delegate, in St. John's; and consequently he did not feel at liberty to return many of them as members.

The services during the District Meeting were well attended, and the Divine promise was manifested in the midst of God's worshipping people. The pulpits of the Congregational and the Free St. Andrew's Churches were acceptably occupied by the Wesleyan Ministers on Sunday 25th.

The spirit of brotherly affection was strongly felt by the brethren as they sat around the District board; and in their prayers, their spirit, and their addresses they endeavoured to realize the Spirit of their Divine Head, and exemplify his prayer—"That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

The anniversary services of our Missionary Society were held on Sunday the 25th, when appropriate sermons were preached by the Revs. W. E. Shenstone, Jas. Dove, and Elias Brettle; and on Thursday evening the Missionary Meeting was held. The Chair was filled by N Stabb Esq. The speakers were, the Revs G. Schofield, W. E. Shenstone, Dove, Brettle, Cowhen, Phinney, Angwin, and Sprague, with the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, H. Marsh, Esq., M. H. A., John Bulley, Esq., and John Bemister, Esq, M. H. A. The congregation was good, and the speaking excellent, and the meeting upon the whole one of the best, till an untoward event threw the congregation into complete confusion. One of our newly arrived brethren was speaking, and the audience was in rapt attention, when the fire bell began to ring out its alarming peals;—the congregation was in confusion in a moment—the Chairman left the chair, the speakers the platform, and there was a general rush for the doors, and nearly all had gone before it was discovered to be a *hoax*. Several came back, but after that the Meeting was a failure, and no doubt the collection suffered a loss of several pounds But notwithstanding all these unfavourable circumstances, the collections and donations at the Anniversary amounted to about *Sixty Pounds*—ten pounds in advance of last year. To God be all the praise.

The income of the Missionary Society in the District is a few pounds over last year, and the Circuit receipts have equalled, if not exceeded, any previous year. The brethren brought about £60 to the new Funds. But we need more missionaries for this District. There is a loud call for one or two for the Western Shore, one for Green Bay, one for Trinity Bay, and two for Labrador. O, when shall these scattered sheep be provided with pastors to lead them to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls? Newfoundland needs the help, and sympathy, and prayers of our brethren in the other parts of the new Conference. But some of her own sons pity her, and they will give their scores, if not hundreds of pounds, if true hearted and zealous Wesleyan Missionaries can be sent to their scattered sheep. "The fields are white unto the harvest," so that labourers may be sent forth.—Amen

European.

The French Pamphlet.

A pamphlet, which, in the political language of the day, may be called semi-official, has just been published at Paris It gives a sketch of what has been done in the late Conferences, points out the advantages gained by the arms and diplomacy of France, and indicates with sufficient clearness what is likely to be the future course of French statesmanship. We need not enlarge on the interest it posseses while our own Parliament is occupied in carefully balancing the results of the war.

The author reviews briefly the position of Russia after the fall of Sebastopol. Of that event the world did not immediately perceive all the importance. The allies had won a brilliant victory, but their enemy had made a not dishonourable retreat, and the two hosts were still face to face, with apparently still greater difficulties to be surmounted by those who should take the offensive. But the successes of the Sea of Azoff, of Sebastopol, and subsequently of Kinburn, were deadly blows. Russia had lost in men, resources, and even in self confidence, more than the most sanguine had thought. A power geographically nearer, and, as a neatral, better informed, more truly appeciated the situation. It was then that Austria entered more completely into the course laid down by the engagements of the 2nd of December. The cabinet of Vienna undertook to present terms to St. Petersburgh, strengthened by an ultimatum of its own. It was first necessary, however, to learn the conditions on which the Western Powess would treat. Now, argues the writer, the allies were willing to leave as little as possible to diplomacy. They had had experience of Viennese negotiations in 1853, which produced the famous note, and a Viennese conference in 1855, in which Prince Gortschakoff was able to alternate offers and retractions, as if making sport of Europe. France and England knew their power and would fix their conditions To those conditions Austria assented, agreed to present them, and promised that if they were not accepted within three weeks she would break off all relations with the Court of St. Petersburg, and place her armies in readiness for an approaching campaign Two merits are claimed for the French government in arranging the semi-neutral mediation. In the first place, it is urged that the objects of the war were gained, the safety of Turkey secured, the aggression of Russia repressed, for at least a generation. It was laudable to consent to peace But a still higher triumph of France is, that by her arms and policy she made Austria an ally, and separated two empires, bound together by similar institutions, mutual obligations, and common fears of political change. It is also suggested that credit is due to the representation by which the consent of England was obtained. England says the writer, was little desirous of peace, and less of peace procured by Austrian mediation. She had commenced the war without preparation; she had seen her armies severely tried, and her credit unworthily depreciated; she had since made gigantic efforts, which were likely to be rewarded with much success and fame. A vague feeling of disappointment, therefore, followed the news of the anticipated peace. Let it be added to this that little cordiality existed between London and Vienna. The expression of English opinion on the Hungarian war, and the doubts thrown on the sincerity of Austria in Eastern politics had caused a coldness between the two countries. It was then, creditable, to the skill of France that she obtained the consent of England to treat with a worsted enemy through the medium of a suspected ally, while England herself is worthy of all praise for her public spirit and good faith.

Then came the conferences of Paris. That they should bear this name is an honour for France. Europe had negociated abortively at Vienna during three successive years; it was reserved for the French capital to be the scene of new and honourable settlement, To England is the credit due of having suggested the chief city of her ally as the fit spot for negociations. Into the details of the treaty it is useless to enter. The French writer shows how this country and its allies have triumphed. France says the writer, with great truth, had been in the East too much of a religious partisan. While under her ancient kings she had been looked upon as a protectress of all Christians, she had ended by narrow endeavours to exalt the Catholics at the expense of the Eastern Churches. Russia had then seized the opportunity and extended her political sway by the action of Greek fanaticism. The lesson had not been in vain; and now, through Western influence, equal and sufficient rights have been obtained by Christians of every church. To conclude, the views of the French government respecting the Danubian provinces are announced The Cabinet of Napoleon is still in favour of a union and a hereditary monarchy. The opposition of the Porte has, we think, been applauded by the more sound-judging of our own countrymen, who, in spite of the French writer's arguments, are unwilling to see another Otho on the throneof Bucharest, and the most important territory in Eastern Europe under the sway of a camarilla and a priesthood.

Having vindicated the past, the writer attempts to divine the future. Naturally, the contrast between 1855 and 1815 is a fruitful theme for congratulation. The revolutions of France are declared to have been the strength of Russia. A good word is said for the Restoration, but the failures of the July Monarchy are dwelt upon, and it is declared to have been unable to conciliate the Continent, and even to preserve a good understanding with England. The revolution of 1848 is spoken of as might be expected. In fact, Parliamentary France is declared to have been merely a country which has lost "30 years in the barren discussions of party." This unhappy period having closed she is able once more to fulfil her mission.—She will preserve the alliance with England, which is founded on a just appreciation of the differing qualities of the two nations. Austria is of necessity linked to the Western Powers. The Russian Cabinet is profoundly irritated against its old ally. The Plenipotentiaries of the Czar at Paris made known their sentiments towards Austria by an attitude which escaped no one's notice. Austria must, then, perforce cling to the French alliance. France may then hope that Austrian necessity and Sardinian goodwill will give her a great part to play in Italy. In the North, Sweden is detached from Russia; in Central Europe Prussia has been obliged to remonstrate with the Czar, while Saxony and Bavaria have given their adhesion to the policy which the French Emperor has inaugurated. France has recovered all that she had lost by the misfortunes of the first Empire and the aberration of succeeding governments. The peace recently proclaimed has placed her in the first rank of the nations, and the press of all countries vies in expressions of gratitude to the Prince who has saved Europe by restoring his own country. Such are the arguments and congratulations of a warm friend of the existing rule in France.—*London Times.*

Paris.

The spring has opened very early in Paris, and has made the city prematurely gay and brilliant. The garden of the Tuilleries swarms with nurses and children basking in the sun, and the youngsters, who have arrived at the dignity of jacket and trowsers, are daily busied sailing their boats on the various ponds which abound there. The ladies, too, emulating the brilliancy of the birds and flowers, move about in all the splendor of their new spring costumes, and the *Rue Rivoli*, which is the northern boundary of the garden, is crowded with brilliant equipages, going to or returning from the *Bois de Boulogne*. So great is the number moving about, that one would think all Paris had turned out here for a holiday, had he not just left the Boulevards equally swarming with people. It only requires a walk through the city on a bright day, to convince a stranger of the truth of the saying, that "all Paris lives out of doors." And, indeed, there is everything to make them. Beautiful gardens, delightful drives, and superb buildings, are scattered with a lavish hand throughout the capital. Every day some new beauty is being added to the city. Though Paris has always been celebrated as the most beautiful city in Europe, it is becoming more and more regal every day. More has been done by Louis Napoleon to adorn the city, during the short period of his administration than any preceding ruler ever accomplished. He has completed the buildings which unite the Tuilleries and the Louvre in a style of unrivaled splendor. The noble Rue Rivoli, with its elegant arcades, has been opened and built up by him. It is related of him, that, a few months ago, he showed a plan of a city to one of his secretaries, and asked him if he knew what town that was. No, sire, I have never seen such a one, was the answer. This, said the emperor, is Paris as it will be ten years hence. And if the changes go on as rapidly for the next few years, as they have for the few years past, the oldest inhabitant will find himself a stranger in his native city. New squares and streets are being formed in all directions. It is not merely the outskirts and new parts of the city, which are receiving attention, but whole blocks of buildings are being torn down in the most populous and ancient quarters, to form new and broad avenues The expense of all this is enormous. Ninety millions of francs were expended on the opening of the Rue Rivoli alone. But there is a double motive urging the emperor to this work. His popularity depends in a great measure, on his amusing the Parisians, and giving work to the lower classes. In adorning he city, he kills both birds with one stone. Nothing delights all classes more than the praise of their capital, and even a Paris mob is peaceable, if they have a bit of bread thrust into their mouths. Of course, this mania for building, is a shortsighted policy, as it creates a supply of workmen, for whom, in a few years, there will be no demand; but for the present, it is a successful maneuvre; and keeps the lower orders busy and contented. If Louis Napoleon shows hereafter, as much ability in developing the resources of the country, as he has in providing for present emergencies, his reign will undoubtedly be permanent, and the baby, now swinging in its gilded cradle, may ascend unmolested, the throne of his father.

THE EXODUS OF THE TARTARS.—FRIDAY, May 23.—Of all the painful and pitiable sights which have been presented to me in the course of the war which is past, there was not one which was so affecting as that of the Tartar Exodus and their flight out of the Crimea. Whether they were animated, as they say, by the dread of their Russian taskmasters, or by their desire to ameliorate their condition, the motive must be powerful which can drive a whole race from their homes. They leave those peaceful and beautiful valleys for ever, and flock into Balaklava with all their goods in the hope of obtaining the means of escape from their cruel oppressors.

On Thursday the whole population in the valleys outside the Russian lines began their mournful procession. They left their homes silently. The old men, women and children were placed on the arabas, above the pile of cushions which seem to constitute all their household furniture. Many of them cried bitterly. Several of these poor pilgrims were so exhausted from illness or old age, that there was little chance of their ever seeing the land they seek to gain. Each araba was drawn by two small bullocks or oxen, led by the head of the family; the eldest children kept by his side or followed on foot.

The women, closely veiled, in spite of their grief, looked round with wonder at the marvels which Balaklava presented, and were for a time beguiled from thoughts of their abandoned dwellings in Blonk Miskomia, Varnutka, Baidar, Upu, Ozenbash, or Cholin; but as the sea opened upon them, and they found themselves among strangers, the sense of their position came back to them with redoubled force, and they seemed lost in despair. The procession which I saw was about a mile in length, and was formed of arabas in single file as close to each other as they could pack.

They are a docile, kind-hearted, gentle race, and are much superior in appearance to the Tartars I saw at Kertch and Eupatoria. They have all fine teeth and eyes. Many of the men are very well-looking, and the old men are exceedingly dignified in aspect, and possess great native ease and good breeding. The young women possess graceful forms, and are believed to be very pretty, but they are not often seen unveiled, and the old women do not display the least traces of beauty. I have never seen anywhere children more lively and handsome in the face than some who were among the emigrants yesterday.

As I was riding through the streets some Russian officers passed, and gave signs of dissatisfaction at the proceeding of the Tartars, which were very evident in their faces. The latter were very abject in their bows as their masters passed them. And this is the end of one of the conquering races of the world!—Whether the Tartars deserved their fate, or have been treated badly by fortune, one cannot but feel pity for them if they are punished for their ancestors. They came into the Crimea conquerors, and they leave it as exiles.

It is said that they are going to colonise the Dobrudscha, or to settle at Rustchuk and Kostendji. The first named place is but a pestiferous *marais*; it is a grave to those who visit, and I sincerely trust that these poor Tartars, in whom we ought to take great interest—for we have brought upon them this aggravation of the evils of their position—will not be doomed to such misery and certain death as they will find in the Drobudscha. The number of families ready to emigrate is stated to be 1500.

General Intelligence.

Domestic.

THE REVENUE.—The Revenue of the past year derived from Impost and Excise Duties including the duties on Distillery Licenses amounts to £94,538 8s. 6d. sterling.

The revenue of the year 1854 from the same sources amounted to £104,142 15s. 1d.—shewing a difference in favor of the year 1854 of £9,604, 6s. 7d. sterling.

The Revenue from the same sources for 1853 amounted to £83,968 16s 3d, which shows a balance in favor of the year 1855 over 1853 of £10,568 12s 3d sterling.

The principal articles on which the decrease during the past year has taken place are the goods chargeable with 2½ and 6½ per cent *ad valorem* duties—the difference on these two items of the tariff amounts to £9,647 12s 5d, or a sum exceeding the whole decrease of the year by £42, 5s 10d. A further decrease of £2,170,-1s 2d arrises from the exceptions of the Reciprocity Treaty, but this is more than balanced by the additional duties arising from Distilleries, Molasses, Tea and Leather.

The Light Duties collected in 1855 amounts to £5,767 2s currency, equal to £4,613 13s 7d sterling. This branch of the Revenue therefore shews a decrease as compared with 1854 of £834 4s sterling.—*Journal.*

DIABOLICAL ACT.—The corner stone of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, which was laid with so much pomp and ceremony on the 9th of June last, was on the following Friday night or Saturday morning capsized out of its place and thrown into the ditch underneath the site. The scoundrels—there must have been more than one engaged in the disgraceful transaction—rifled the stone of the coins, etc., which had been deposited therein. It is earnestly to be hoped that the perpetrators of this rascally act will be discovered, when, if such should happily be the case, a whip ought to be placed in the hand of every man in the community to scourge the villians out of the country. So mote it be.—*Chronicle.*

New Brunswick.

THE ELECTIONS TAKE PLACE—In York County, on Friday, June 13th; Carleton County, on Saturday, June 14th; Sunbury County, on Tuesday, June 24th; St. John County, on Tuesday, June 24th; St. John City, Wednesday, June 25th; Victoria County, Saturday, June 28th; King's County, Friday, July 4th; Westmoreland, Tuesday, June 24th; Northumberland, Friday, June 27th; Gloucester, Friday, June 27th; Queen's Wednesday, July 2d; Charlotte, Thursday, July 3d.

The approaching elections are exciting a great deal of interest throughout the country. The following gentlemen were nominated as candidates for York on Monday:—J. C. Allen, C. Macpherson, C. Fisher, Hatheway, Macintosh, and Friel. The polling takes place on Friday next. A large number of candidates are already in the field for this City and County, viz.: For the City—S. L. Tilley, J. A. Harding, J. V. Lawrence, and S. R. Reed. For the County—R. D. Wilmot, J. H. Gray, C. Symonds, J. F. Godard, J. Hannebury, K. Jardine, R. Wright, T. Vaughan, and J. W. Cudlip; the four latter being nominees of the liberal party. The candidates for Northumberland are H. Mitchell, J. M. Johnston, J. A. Street, R. Sutton, R. Carman, and M. Cranner Gloucester—Messrs. End, M'Naughton, and Read.—*Ch. Witness.*

Canada.

BRITISH AMERICAN TELEGRAPH ASSOCIATION.—At a general meeting of the shareholders of this Association, held yesterday, the Directors submitted a proposition from the Montreal Telegraph Company for the purchase of the line from Quebec to Woodstock in New Brunswick, and also of the line and its branches, from Quebec to Montreal. The meeting was well attended, and almost unanimously decied to accept the terms offered, so that henceforth the B. N. A line will be amalgamated with that of the Montreal Telegraph Company. The price agreed upon is £7,500.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

FEARFUL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION IN CANADA.—By a Telegraph despatch to the News Room, we learn that a dreadful steamboat explosion occurred near Montreal yesterday. The ferry steamer of the Grand Trunk Railway blew up at 11 o'clock, instantly killing the captain, engineer, and several passengers—number not given. The list of wounded is also large. The boat sank shortly after the catastrophe.—*News*

Latest from Europe.

PER R. M. STEAMER AMERICA.

The *European Times* has an article on the American Misunderstanding. Writing of Mr. Crampton's dismissal, it says:—

"The question is, will this act on the part of the American Government be followed by the retirement of Mr. Dallas? The *Times*, inspired from Downing-street, declares that it assuredly will. Speaking from authority, that journal says,—'Those who endeavour to persuade themselves that we shall learn the dismissal of Mr. Crampton without enforcing the retirement of Mr. Dallas, are calculating upon an amount of endurance totally inconsistent with the character of Englishmen.' It would seem, then, that the preliminary steps to a war between the two countries,—the actual dismissal of the British ambassador from Washington, followed by the subsequent withdrawal of the American Minister from London,—may be said to have occurred, and we can now look the future in the face with what philosophy we may.

"Notwithstanding these threatening appearances, our conviction is, that war is impossible, and we are satisfied that when the great mass of American citizens, whose individual interests and prosperity are bound up with the continuance of peace, learn that Mr. Crampton has left the United States, they will seriously open their eyes to the dangers with which they are threatened, and, not less for the welfare of mankind than their own, will rise in their might, and "push from their stools" the unprincipled politicians who for mere party purposes have brought things to this pass. The power of the commercial interest in a country like America is great, and as this class pays comparatively little attention to the doings of the professional politicians except when danger becomes imminent, we expect, before the end of the present month, to receive accounts from the Western shores of the Atlantic fully confirmatory of our views."

Two deplorable events in France have attracted much attention. The first refers to a financial defaulter, a director of the Credit Mobilier, named Place. This is a serious matter, for while his liabilities are £720,000, his assets only amount to a third of that enormous sum, showing a deficiency of nearly half a million sterling. The shock of public confidence in a country like France, involved in a defalcation like this, can hardly be over estimated; and it comes, too at a moment when the south of France has been the scene of inundations of the most terrific kind, caused by the overflowing of two rivers, the Rhone and the Saone. The deluge has swept away towns and villages, and the extent of human suffering is said to be indescribable. 500 houses were destroyed in the neighborhood of Lyons and 129 at Avignon. Louis Napoleon is a consummate actor. On hearing of the calamity he started immediately to the scene, and was cheered by the people in a way which showed their appreciation of his sympathy.

Rumours prevail that a Spanish fleet is to be despatched to the west to act against Mexico, and that war is on the point of being declared by the Queen and the Cortes against the Republic, arising out of the Spanish convention. A step like this will be extremely imprudent as far as Spain is concerned. She has not the resources to punish a distant country like Mexico, and in such a contest would probably receive more blows than she could inflict. Advantage would certainly be taken of the war to enlist privateers in the service of Mexico, and by this means Spain would be almost certain to lose Cuba. The days have disappeared for the last named power acting an aggressive part in the affairs of nations.

Private letters, relative to Italy, from the Belgian and French capitals, assert that a great insurrectionary movement may shortly be looked for; but these announcements appear to be incompatible with another statement, to the effect that Mazzini, disgusted with the ill success of all his efforts to regenerate his native land, is about to emigrate to America, and leave Europe forever. A telegraphic despatch from Paris, dated Wednesday last, declares that the notes presented by France and Austria to the Neapolitan government were nearly identical. These notes did not demand any specific reforms, but the tone was urgent and even menacing. France, in fact, intimates that any disturbances in Naples or Sicily would probably bring about an intervention very serious to Bomba.

The Divan of Moldavia has declared in favour of the union of the Danubian provinces under one and the same Government,—a step which it is believed will influence more or less both Russia and Austria, and may possibly induce the Western Powers to support the proposition. England was in favour of the separation, and France for the union.

The Emperor of Russia has granted an amnesty to the Polish exiles; but they must petition to be allowed to return, and then their errors will be forgiven. The Poles in London, through the agency of their secretaries, repudiate this concession on the part of the Czar, and denounce as traitors all who are base enough to accept it. We cannot help viewing it, however, as a great improvement on the policy of Nicholas towards the land which he held with such irom bondage.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AMERICA.—The Paris correspondent of the *Post* writes—"I believe I am correct in stating that the French Government has used every effort to prevent those unhappy complications which have led to the suspension of diplomatic relations between England and America The Government of the Emperor will, I understand, combine to exercise its good offices in the same spirit of conciliation, and should the two nations be found engaged in actual war, no doubt England may reckon on the active alliance of France."

THE AUSTRIAN DIPLOMATIC CIRCULAR.—The continental journals contain the text of the despatch, dated May 18th, addressed from the Cabinet of Vienna to the representatives of Austria at Florence, Rome, Naples, and Modena—It is very bitter in its tone towards Sardinia. In noticing the recent debates in the Chambers at Turin, it charges Count Cavour with a desire to exercise a protectorate over Italy, and to keep the country in a state of revolutionary excitement so as to favour his designs The Austrian Government is ready to encourage useful reforms emanating from the free will of the Italian Governments, but is also firmly decided to employ all her power to repel any attack, and to co operate in causing to fail the efforts of the promoters of disturbances and of those who promote anarchy

FRANCE.—The Emperor Napoleon, on his arrival at St Cloud yesterday, immediately summoned a Council of Ministers, and demanded ten million francs for the damages caused by the flood, in addition to two millions already voted This demand will be immediately referred to the Legislative Chamber

General Sir W. F. Williams, the hero of Kars, arrived in Paris on the 5th, *en route* to London

Letters & Monies Received.

[See that your remittances are duly acknowledged.]

Rev. I. Sutcliffe, (for J. Campbell, 10s. W. Johnson, 5s., R. Mulhall, 10s., J. Mulhall, 10s., O. Payzant, 10s., J. McIntosh, 10s., G. W. Boehner, 10s., G. McAdams, 10s., A. Allen, 10s., D. Richard, 5s., J. S. N. Marshall, 10s.—100s.); Rev. E. Botterell, (2 new subs.—The mode of remittance proposed perfectly satisfactory); Rev. G. O Huestis, 20s., (new sub); Rev. R. Smith, (200s.)

ADVERTISEMENT.—"*The Great Rheumatic Remedy.*"—Dyer's Healing Embrocation is a sure cure for all rheumatic pains. Among several recommendations we use the following from the Editor of the "Bristol Phœnix," Bristol, R.I.

BRISTOL, R.I., March 26, 1856.

MR. A. H. FIELD,—Dear Sir,—You may probably recollect that I informed you some time since, that Mrs. Bayley had for the past two years been severely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and that she had used every article recommended by physicians and others, without experiencing any relief. Some two months since, a friend advised her to give Dyer's Healing Embrocation a trial; and I am pleased to be enabled to inform you, that in the use of that excellent article she has experienced great relief. The swelling in her limbs has nearly disappeared, and the pain has been very much ameliorated. Respectfully yours,

W. H. S. BAYLEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.—*Liver Complaint.*—Mr. James Alderton, of Three Rivers, was for 18 years afflicted with a disordered liver, nausea, and a foul stomach, in addition to these distressing complaints, he was visited by frequent billious attacks, rendering him entirely unfit for business; he was told nothing in the world would thoroughly cure him, although he had spent a complete fortune in medicine and advice. At last, he was recommended to try Holloway's Pills, which he commenced using,—gradually the worse symptoms of his disorder disappeared, and after eight weeks steady adherence to the directions of Professor Holloway, he was entirely cured, and admits that he never before throughout his life enjoyed such good health as he does at present.

Commercial.

Halifax Markets.

Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, June 18th.

Bread, Navy, per cwt.	22s 6d a 23s 9d
" Pilot, per bbl.	20s a 22s 6d
Beef, Prime Ca.	50s
" " N. S.	62s 6d
Butter, Canada,	1s a 1s 1d
" N. S. per lb.	1s 1½d a 1s 3d
Coffee, Laguyra, "	8½ a 9d
" Jamaica, "	9s
Flour, Am. sfi. per bbl.	37s 6d
" Can. sfi. "	37s 6d
" State, "	35s a 36s 3d
" Rye "	27s 6d
Cornmeal "	17s a 17s 6d
Indian Corn, per bush.	3s 6d a 3s 9d
Molasses, Mus. per gal.	2s 1d a 2s 2d
" Clayed, "	1s 10d
Pork, prime, per bbl.	$18
" mess "	22
Sugar, Bright P. R.	47s 6d a 50s
" Cuba	45s a 47s 6d
Bar Iron, com. per cwt.	15s a 16s 3d
Hoop "	22s 6d
Sheet	23s
Nails, cut "	22s 6d
" wrought per lb,	3½d a 6d
Leather, sole "	1s 4d
Codfish, large	none
" small	15s
Salmon, No. 1,	$20 a 20½
" 2,	19 a 19½
" 3,	16
Mackarel, No. 1,	18
" 2,	11 a 12
" 3,	6½ a 6¾
" " med.	4½ a 5
Herrings, No 1	none
Alewives,	20s
Haddock,	10s 6d a 11s
Coal, Sydney, per chal.	35s
Firewood, per cord,	15s

Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, June 18th.

Oatmeal, per cwt.	15s
Fresh Beef, per cwt.	40s a 50s
Veal, per lb.	3d a 5d
Bacon, "	7½d a 8½d
Cheese, "	6½d a 7½d
Lamb, "	5d a 6½d
Mutton, "	6d a 6½d
Calf-skins, "	6d
Yarn, "	2s 6d
Butter, fresh "	1s 3d
Potatoes, per bushel	3s
Eggs, per dozen	9d a 10d
Homespun Cloth (wool) per yard,	2s 6d
Do. (cotton and wool) "	1s 9d

WILLIAM NEWCOMB,
Clerk of Market.

Marriages.

At Guysborough, 5th inst., at Christ's Church, by the Rev. G. Y. Jarvis, Mr. Alexander M. CUNNINGHAM, merchant, to MARIA E., third daughter of Aaron D. Harrington, Esq., both of Antigonish.

At Liverpool, on the 5th inst., at the Wesleyan Mission House, by the Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe, Mr. David FARQUHAR, to Miss Margaret FRALIC, both of Hunt's Point.

At Truro Parsonage, on the 20th of May, by Rev. G. O. Huestis, Mr. George A. HIGGINS, to Miss Elizabeth McELMON, both of Londonderry.

By the same, on the 7th of June, at Five Islands, Mr Isaish PEPPARD, of Londonderry, to Miss Margaret THOMPSON, of the first named place.

Deaths.

At the Poor's Asylum, June 11th, Thomas KENNY, aged 58 years, a native of Ireland.

Lost overboard at Matanzas, on the 21st ult., Captain James TINSON, of brigt Muta, aged 29 years. The deceased was a native of Barnstable, Devon, England, and deservedly respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, leaving a wife to mourn his loss.

On the 4th inst., WALTER CURRY, fifth son of Edw and Mary Jane Morton.

At the Poor's Asylum, George LORAYS, aged 25 years, a native of Quebec.

On Monday, John R. SELDEN, aged 10 years.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

THURSDAY, June 12

Barque Indian Queen, Conrod, Matanzas.
Schrs Achiever, Banks, Boston.
Majestic, Harris, Newfoundland.

SATURDAY, June 14.

Barques, Halifax, Layzold, Boston.
Queen, Chaplin, Lisbon.
Wapella, Liverpool.
Brigt Tigress, Fortune Bay.
Schrs Chieftange, Morris, Cienfuegos.
Mary, Read, Placentia Bay.
Splendid, Ormand, Newfoundland.
Victoria, Pero, Gaspe.

SUNDAY, June 15.

Brigts Roseway Belle, Matanzas.
Halifax, Turner, Mayaguez.
Schr Trial, LeBlanc, P E Island.

MONDAY, June

R M steamer Osprey, Corbin, St John's, Nfld.
Am steamer S F Cushing, Philadelphia—bound to the Canadian Lakes.
Brigt Boston, Roche, Boston.
Government schr Darling, Darby, Sable Island.
Schrs Wave, Cameron, St Georges Bay
Rising Sun, LaFolie.
Emma, Muggah, Sydney.

TUESDAY, June 17

Steamer Eastern State, Killam, Boston.
Brig Florida, Arrestrup, Cienfuegos.
Brigts Africa, Meagher, Boston.
Velocipede, McDonald, Cienfuegos.
Charles, Eaton, New York.
Schrs Margaret, O'Dell, Fortune Bay
Sophia, Deorey, Boston.

CLEARED

June 11.—Brig America, O'Brien, Boston; brigts Louisa, Ellinger, Porto Rico; Banger, Payzler, Bermuda; Martha Sophia, Boudrot, Montreal; schrs Isabella Maria, Smith, Porto Rico; Crimea, Hall, Bathurst; Vulinger, Watt, Miramichi; Charlotte, LeBlanc, Newfourdland; Challenge, Rennah, Charlottetown, Abedie, Arbour, Magdalen Isles; Cordelia, Romkey, Labrador; Princess Louisa, Romkey, do; Sea Serpent, Gaets, do; Bonita, Smith, do.

June 12.—Barque Ann Redden, McNeil, Miramichi; brig Madridena (Spanish) Havana; schrs Jasper, Nicker

Poetry.

Sunbeams.

Life has its shadows dark and drear,
In gloom is many a spirit bowed,
But sunbeams linger ever near,
And sunshine still must gild the cloud,
Come, look upon yon new-made mound;
Beside it kneels a mourner fair
Her mother weeps in grief profound.—
'Tis dark, but are no sunbeams there?

Ah, yes! though that dear voice no more
May fall upon her listening ear;
Though that fond smile, so loved of yore,
Is gone, is lost forever here.
Though grief would but the soul despair,
And joy and hope forever flee,
One ray of light yet lingers there—
Her husband whispers—"I live for me."

We come again, her chosen one,
Who seems of life itself a part,
Is dying, and his last, loved tone,
Falls sadly on that widowed heart.
He tells her, they will meet again
In happy worlds beyond the skies,
And bid her hope, but ah! in vain—
E'en while he speaks his spirit flies.

And it is o'er—those lips have pressed
The last fond kiss on that pale brow;
That voice, whose tones so oft have blessed,
Is silent—hushed forever now.
Far off, beneath the damp cold ground,
Is laid that form of all most dear;
Grief wraps her shrouding mantle round
Sure sunbeams cannot enter *here*.

But see a lovely, angel child,
With auburn ringlets floating free,
And sunny eye so soft and mild,
Climbs wondering up the mother's knee;
"Please dear mamma, don't cry," he said;
"It makes your Willie feel so bad."
The mourner meekly bowed her head,
One precious sunbeam still she had.

A year went by—all pale and cold,
A child upon his pillow lay;
A lingering smile yet sweetly told
How brightly closed life's parting day,
His ringlets paried simply were.
Upon his pale transparent brow,
No sunny eye was beaming there;
The long dark lashes hid it *now*.

A snow-drop pure and white was pressed
Gently within one tiny hand,
Fit emblems of the soul whose rest
Was now within the better land.
The mother knelt in anguish by—
Her last her only treasure gone;
But still, she fixed her gaze on high,
And murmured "Lord, thy will be done,"

Religion's holy light was here—
God's sunbeams still around her shone,
And angels, softly hovering near,
Watching o'er her—she was not alone.
Thus God above, from Heaven so bright,
E'er guards us with his watchfulness,
And though clouds sometimes veil their light,
Yet, *there are sunbeams everywhere*.

Agriculture.

Care and Study in Farming.

There is hardly an occupation among men in which the extremes of careful and of careless management are more widely separated than in the profession of Agriculture; and as a natural result, the labours of agriculturists meet with every grade of varying success from failure to fortune.

If the lack of activity and enterprise which marks thousands of farming districts, in almost every part of the country, were suddenly transferred to a commercial city and made to pervade it from beginning to end, men of business would be compelled in one year to shut their doors and put an end to their vocation! Bankers, brokers, tradesmen and dealers would be driven into bankruptcy, and a financial panic would ensue. If any single manufacturing or mercantile business should receive the shock of so much mismanagement—or of what is often worse, the neglect of management—as agriculture is continually experiencing, it could not live a year. This is not a statement ventured without knowledge. It is based upon the foundation not only of our own personal observation, but upon the experience and the statements of hundreds of competent witnesses all over the country.

The business of manufacturing and of trading is carried on with skill, carefulness and economy; for they who engage in it, know that they must be shrewd and cautious, or they will fail and be ruined.—The business of cultivating the soil, as a general rule, and which admits too few exceptions, is conducted so loosely, uneconomically, and even indolently, that Nature which affords the materials of agriculture, though it is really richer than Art on which manufactures chiefly rely, will not yield her fruits with so great abundance, or with so rapid an increase.

The farmer is—not a nobleman, but what is better, a noble man. He is a man not only of honesty and integrity, but of industry and enterprise. He is a man of sagacity, and so of prudence; of observation, and so of experience.

But how many farms can be counted which represent such farmers? When an artist paints the picture, or a story-teller sketches a pen-portrait of a farmer, does he bring out the idea of such a man? The habits and practices of a large class of farmers would afford almost exhaustless resources of caricature, both for the pencil and the pen. A stout, good-natured, brown-faced man smoking a pipe, or rolling a cider barrel, or feeding a Shanghai, or cutting name and date upon a tortoise, or perhaps fatting a pig!

But the pursuit of agriculture has in it an inherent nobility which should be impressed upon the mind of all who engage in it, never to be forgotten. Every farmer should have an abiding conscientiousness of the dignity of his profession. He should set before him an elevated ideal of the capacities and possible development of agriculture; and should strive to realize, in the results of his own labours, more and more successful embodiments of this ideal. The study of Agriculture embracing as it does, the wide range of soils, grasses, plants, trees, fruits and flowers, affords a scope for the exercise of judgment, taste, and skill, hardly inferior to the great field of Art:—if indeed agriculture, whose great aim is the development of nature, can be exceeded in comprehensiveness by art, whose province is to idealize and imitate it.

Agriculture summons more sciences to its aids than any other common pursuit. Its roots extend into almost every field of learning. It levies a simultaneous tax upon chemistry, geology, mineralogy, botany, and upon all arts and sciences that blend with these. It is therefore most successfully pursued only when diligently and deeply studied. Theories of practice, without practice, itself, are rife every where, and in almost every profession. But agriculture, as it is pursued by a majority of farmers is a practice without a theory. Yet nothing but great research into physical laws will develop its full capacities, which as yet are only meagerly measured and understood.

A man may plant corn in the spring, and in due season gather the crop into his barn, without having ever read a book, or even knowing the alphabet. Yet knowledge—and such knowledge as can be conveniently imparted only by books—is necessary to an intelligent understanding of the various influences of atmosphere, sunlight, rain and soil which operate to cause growth. Many things may be done ignorantly and yet successfully.

Carefulness of cultivation will do much, but it will not compensate for want of information and intelligence. What then must be the results, in such a comprehensive occupation as the cultivation of the earth, of careless practice without knowledge whatever!

The two great lacks in agriculture, as it is ordinarily practiced, are requisite information and carefulness. But the most pressing and immediate deficiency is the latter, the remedy of which cannot be too strongly enforced upon the attention of farmers and cultivators every where. Heedfulness may take a sure step toward success; negligence walks slipshod to poverty.—*Ind.*

Miscellaneous.

Chevalier Bunsen.

There are various sorts of Germans.—There are learned German professors, the most heavy-laden of the book consuming and book-producing class; there are wild German students, with long hair and large boots, and infinite capacity for beer and tobacco smoke, and freedom and fatherland, and philosophy, and all sorts of juvenile inflation; there are bureaucratic and diplomatic Germans, men of admirable knowledge in history, of exact accuracy in statistics, and of most unsullied honesty, but who look upon human society as a mere machine, of which not the beams only and the cylinders, the cogwheels, and the flywheels, and the bands, but the very steam and the whole impulsive power comes from themselves; there are heterodox Germans, who believe neither in Jesus Christ nor in the Gospel; and there are orthodox old Lutherans, who believe that the Gospel can profit a man little, without the *ipsissima verba* of Luther's Catechism, and that the sacrifice of Christ can save a man with difficulty, who does not understand the theory of consubstantiation; then we have metaphysical Germans, who can construct a cosmogony as glibly as old Hesiod, and run up the ladder from infinite nothing to infinite something, as lightly as a young lady at the piano rattles off her scales; and poetical Germans, who on mere moonshine and mediæval imaginations, can live more comfortably than you do on beefsteak and other solid nutriment, and who have learned the art of falling in love with death, and singing their passion in harmonious swan songs most musically.

But these are merely such extreme developments of the German genius; such caricatures of their most characteristic tendencies, as any John Bull with his naked cold regard of national prejudice and superciliousness, may discover: Such caricatures, in fact, as make up the great mass of what those who have never studied the German mind under favourable inflences, are accustomed to understand, when they reprobate any book, or any character as essentially *German*. But the Chevalier Bunsen is not a man whom a sober-minded Englishman would ever dream of attempting to blow aside with a puff of British contempt in this fashion. We can make short work enough, when we are in the humour, with Immanual Kant, and Hegel, and Fiche, and Schelling, and Oken, and even the Olympian Gœthe, fastening cleverly on his weak points; but Bunsen is a German in a position with reference to us that will not allow him to be ignored, and of a type that will not admit of being caricatured; he claims imperatively to be known; and whenever known he cannot be otherwise than loved, admired and respected.

Of remarkable men there are two distinct classes: those who possess a peculiar talent developed to an extraordinary degree of intensity, and those whose intellectual wealth consists in the harmonious combination of various powers not naturally associated together, often antagonistic and apparently incompatible. A Beethoven in music, a Schiller in poetry, a Cavendish in science, may represent the one class; Gœthe, Pastor Oberlin of the Ban de la Roche, Dr. Chalmers and the Chevalier Bunsen may represent the other. Perhaps the most extraordinary feats of what is called genius, have been performed by men belonging to the first class; but with all the admiration which such feats naturally excite, it is often difficult to conceal from ourselves the painful feeling, that there is some great weakness about such men just in proportion, as it would seem, to the extraordinary vigor of their favorite faculty. In fact, these men have put forth a gigantic growth; but it is all in one direction: you walk round about the phenomenon, and find extraordinary luxuriance on the one side, compensated by perfect barrenness on the other.

On the contrary, the minds which are great by virtue of harmonious combination of apparently incompatible excellencies, if they do not astonish you so much at first, are not apt to disappoint you on more minute inspection. There may have been more eloquent preachers than Dr. Chalmers; but how seldom do you find that rushing and equestrian oratory combined with such a various scientific culture, such a broad, cheerful, and expansive piety, such a child-like simplicity of emotion, and such a direct and soldier-like energy of action? So it is with Bunsen.—Prussia, like Russia, has many clever diplomatists; and in no country of Europe are the masters of public business, and the regulators of social form more respected and more respectable; even the liberals in Germany, where they are not embittered by personal feeling, speak with just acknowledgment of the character and talents of the Prussian bureaucratists; but Bunsen, had he been a mere first-rate German diplomatist, would have failed to make that impression on this country, which we know he has made. In addition to mere diplomatic fidelity and acuteness, during the fourteen years of his residence amongst us, he exhibited to the men of this country a depth of profound scholarship, a breadth of philosophic survey, and a liberal flow of fine healthy, humane, and Christian sentiment, that took captive all who had any perception of what is great, and any sympathy with what is noble in human character. Men "in the House" and West End saloons, who were ambitious to grace their political speeches with a latin quotation, were astonished to find a son of red tape who could quote Homer a great deal more fluently than they could Horace; Puseyites in their dim and narrow-windowed cells heard from afar, that there was an ambassador from the Court of Berlin in London, who knew the Greek fathers, and the liturgies and the creeds as well as they did, though he made a very different use of them; Exeter Hall orators, and Baptist missionary agents, and evangelical alliances, and Church of England's home missions, found him equally open to zealous sympathy, and ready for hearty co-operation, provided, they would accept him such as he was, a man without hatred, and a Christian without sectarianism. It was manifest to all, that a German with a large heart was in the midst of us, and with an intellect nothing smaller, and of accomplishment to boot; a man who could employ the leisure wisely stolen from a busy public life, one day in editing a collection of old German hymns, the next day in working out a new chronology for the history of the Old Testament; and the third day, in vindicating the disputed authorship of an ante-Nicene treatise on the church heresies; a man who lived much amongst books, but more amongst men; who with a rich and multiform experience, had spent one part of his life in Berlin, another in Rome, and a third in London; and who had lived in each of these so different places, with open eyes and open heart, and active hands, and yet maintained everywhere the native freedom of a noble and manly character. But there was one quality in Bunsen's mind, which, though from the nature of the case less appreciable in England, was not less necessary to his completeness as a man, and which has now not the least virtue in determining the influence which he must exercise over his countrymen in Prussia and in Germany,—we mean his patriotism.—*N. B. Review.*

Lamartine.

From the New York Spectator.

M. de Lamartine, the poet, historian, essayist, statesman and patriot, whose genius and versatility of talent and whose purity of character commend him equally to the admiration and esteem of mankind, is said to be reduced in his old age to a condition bordering on poverty. But although 65 years of age, his courage and industry are unabated, and it is said that he rises regularly at four in the morning, and works to an advanced hour in the day, for the benefit of his creditors. The results of these labors will be embraced in a new monthly periodical, which he has just started, entitled "A Familiar Course of Universal Literature." The publication will extend over two years, and will embody the thoughts and reflections of this illustrious man—the very essence of his intellectual life. His friend, Monsieur J. B. Desplace, has come to New York for the purpose of organizing a subscription list to contribute to the fund which the author may justly hope to derive from this work. In a published card, M. Desplace says:—

I have come to the United States to make an appeal to the sympathies of the Americans on his behalf, and to get for this publication as many subscribers as possible.—I have everywhere been received with the greatest kindness, and the most cordial disposition has been manifested to further its objects. The importance of these: M. de Lamartine will be most forcibly explained by a brief extract from his letter to Mr. Bancroft:—

"I introduce to you one of my best friends, Mr. J. B. Desplace who, out of pure love for me, goes to America exclusively for the purpose of forwarding my interests. His success is, with me, a matter of life or death."

A committee is in course of formation to assist in promoting the purpose of my visit. Messrs. Bancroft, Washington Irving, W. C. Byrant, C. King, president of Columbia College, Lieutenant General Scott, and Messrs. Richard B. Kimball and Dudley Bean have kindly consented to act upon it Messrs Prescott, Longfellow, Felton, and other eminent gentlemen in New York and elsewhere, for whom I have letters, or who are likely to co-operate, will be applied to for the same object. When a proper appeal to the American nation shall be drawn up by the committee, I shall go to Washington to have it signed by such Representatives and Senators of the different states as will favor me with their names, so as to make of this subscription a national instead of a local affair. There are many friends of Lamartine in the United States who may, perhaps, be glad to know where I am located. To them I have to state that for the present I have taken up my headquarters in New York, at the New York Hotel.

After the above was put in type we received the concluding pages of the first number of M. de Lamartine's Review of Literature, from which we extract the following touching confession, which confirms what has been said by M. Desplace:—

In spite of deceitful appearances, my life is not an enviable one; I will say more, it is ended; I no longer live, I survive. Of all the different characters which to a certain extent made up my being—the man of feeling, the poet, the orator, the man of action—the man of letters alone remains.—Nor is the man of letters happy; my years do not weigh upon me yet, but they must be taken into account, and heavier far than my years I feel the weight of my heart. The former, like the phantoms of Macbeth, stretch their hands over my shoulder and point—not to crowns—but to a grave. Would to God I were stretched in it already!

Nothing smiles upon me in the past, nor in the future; I am growing old without posterity in my empty home, surrounded by the graves of those I have loved. I cannot cross my threshold without tripping against one of those stumbling blocks of our love or our hopes. There they are, like so many bleeding fibres torn from my still living heart and buried before my eyes, while that heart beats in my bosom like a forgotten time-piece in a forsaken home, which continues to strike in solitude hours that no one reckons.

What life I have left is concentrated in a few loving hearts and a small patrimonial estate. And even those hearts suffer through me, and I am not sure that I shall not be stripped of my inheritance to-morrow and sent, in the words of Dante, to die in a stranger's home. The hearth on which my father stood, and on which I stand today, is but a borrowed hearth, whose ashes may be scattered at a moment's notice; it may be sold to the highest bidder to-morrow, and resold again for a whim; so may my mother's bed, and even the very dog that licks my hand in pity when he sees my brow contracted with anguish. I must account to others for all I possess; on the faith of my honour and my labour they have staked the inheritance of their children and the fruits of their own industry. If I ceased to work daily for them if even I slept my whole nights through, or if an illness (which may God spare me till his appointed time!) were to arrest my pen—the diligent instrument that I am wearing out for them—these honest friends would suffer with me, and would have to seek for their fortunes among my ashes. They would recover it all—no doubt—but they would find it beneath my ruins.

You understand now why I often toil at my task beyond my strength. Well! this labour, this obligatory virtue, this virtue of necessity, has been made a subject of reproach, as though it were a vain thirst for fame made me thrust my name before the public. In its inconsistency, the public might as well reprove the labourer who breaks stones on the highway for obstructing the road where he earns the daily bread of his wife and little ones. The children of Samos used to insult Homer, saying that he blocked up the way when he stood before their doors to recite his verses: and yet he could not sing elsewhere, since singing under the open sky was his only means of publicity. The press is for the writer of the present day what the high road was for Homer.

From Mr. Warren's Lecture on Labour

The Victim of Intemperance—A Sketch.

"I hope and believe that I *must* go out of this hall, to find a victim of *Intemperance!* Such a man, or rather wreck of a man, is not to be found *here!* I know, however where to find him; there is another hall in which I took my seat this morning, have sate all day, and shall be at my gloomy post again in the morning, to see,—possibly,—standing trembling, or sullen and desperate at the bar of justice, one whom the untiring and remorseless fiend intemperance has dragged thither, and stands grim but unseen beside his victim. He had been a man, might we say, well to do in the world, and getting respected by all his neighbours till *he took to drink*, and then it was all up with him—and there he stands! disgraced and in despair. I need not draw on my imagination for illustrations, especially before an audience which numbers so many men whose painful duty as jurymen it is to sit every session with myself, engaged in the administration of justice. You have seen how often, in a moment of voluntary madness occasioned by drink, a life's character has been sacrificed, the brand of felon impressed on the brow, and free labour exchanged for that which is profitless, compulsory, and ignominious to the workman, within the walls of your prison! It would be unjust, however, not to say that exhausting labour, and the companionship of those who are together so exhausted, supply but too many temptations to seek the refreshment and exhilaration afforded by liquor, and which soon degenerates, from an occasional enjoyment, into an accursed habit. Home soon ceases to be home, to him who returns to it under the guilty delirium of intoxication: there, and weeping starving wife and children appear like dismal spectres flitting before his blood-shot eyes and reeling brain. As the husband frequents the dram-shop, so he drives his wretched wife the oftener to the pawn shop, and her and his children at length to the workhouse; or perhaps in her desperation—but I dare not proceed! The coroner can tell the rest.

"Look at yonder desolate little room, at the end of a dreary court; a funeral goes out from it in the morning! Enter this evening. All is silent, and a single candle on the mantel-piece sheds a dull, flickering light on a coffin, not yet screwed down. Beside it sits morally a murderer; his bloated face is hid in his shaking hands; he has not yet ventured to move aside the coffin lid, but at length he dares to look at his poor victim—his broken-hearted wife! Poor, poor, soul! thou art gone at last! Gone, *where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!* 'Tis a happy release, say the friendly neighbours, who have contributed their little means to lay her decently in her coffin. Ay, besotted husband! let your blood-shot eyes look on that white face, that wreck of a face so sweet and pretty when you married her! Never fear! the eyes are closed, and will weep and look mournfully at you no more! Touch, if you dare, those limbs, which the woman who laid her out said, with a sigh, were *mere skin and bone!* Dare you take her cold hand and look at her wedding ring? Do you see how her finger is worn with the needle? During the day, during the night, this poor creature was your willing slave, mending your linen, and that of your wronged children, and what was left of her own, which are nearly rags. Do you hear those children sobbing in the next room? Do you see the scar on that cheek? Look and tremble. Have you forgot the blow that caused it, given by your hand of drunken and ruffian violence? Yet she never reproached you! And when at length, worn away with misery, starvation and ill-usage, she was forced to give up the struggle for life, her last—her very last act was gently and in silence to squeeze your unworthy hand! Perhaps remorse is now shaking your heart, you inwardly groan—

'O, if she would but come again,
I think I'd grieve her so no more.'

She will come no more on earth, but you will have to meet her again! So man, close the coffin lid! Go to bed, and sleep if you can! The funeral is in the morning, and you must follow the poor emaciated body close past your favourite dramshop!"

Kossuth's Prayer,

ON THE GRAVES OF THOSE WHO HAD FALLEN AT KAPOLNA.

He stood by the resting place of many of his dearest friends and of thousands whose fearless hearts but a few hours before beat in unison with his own, in its high aspirations after national liberty and glory. Kossuth raised his face to heaven and uncovered his head, an action in which he was imitated by all present; a smile of unearthly beauty played around his lips—it was not kindled by joy, but by faith—as he clasped his hands together, and with a bearing that can never be forgotten uttered the prayer of which the following is a translation from the German:—

"Exalted Ruler of the universe, God of the warriors of Arpah, look down from Thy starry throne upon Thine unworthy servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascends to heaven, extolling the infinite power of Thine omnipotence. My God, Thy bright sun shines above me, whilst beneath my knees rest the bones of my fallen brothers. Thy stainless azure over-canopies us; but beneath, the earth is red with the sacred blood of the children of our fathers; let the fructifying beams of Thy glorious luminary shine upon their graves, that the crimson hue may be replaced with flowers, and the last resting place of the brave be still crowned with the emblems of liberty. God of my fathers and of my race, hear my supplications! Let Thy blessing rest upon our warriors, by whose arms the spirit of a gallant nation seeks to defend Thine own precious gift of Freedom.

"Help them to break the iron fetters with which blind despotism would bind a great people. As a free man, I prostrate myself before Thee on these fresh graves of my slaughtered brethren. Accept the bloody offering which has been presented to Thee, and let it propitiate Thy favour to our land. My God suffer not a race of slaves to dwell by these graves, nor pollute this consecrated soil with their unhallowed footsteps. My Father! my Father—mightier than all the myriads of earth—the infinite Ruler of heaven, earth and ocean—let a reflect of Thy glory shine from these lowly sepulchres upon the face of my people. Consecrate this spot by thy grace, that the ashes of my brothers who have fallen in this sacred cause may rest undisturbed in hallowed repose. Forsake us not in the hour of need, great God of battles! Bless our efforts to promote that liberty of which Thine own spirit is the essence; for to Thee, in the name of the whole people I ascribe all honor and praise."

Mail Conveyance from Halifax to Guysborough,

Via the Great Eastern Road.

PERSONS desirous of entering into a contract for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails from Halifax to Guysborough, via the Great Eastern Road, passing through and serving Middle and Upper Musquodoboit, Glenleig, (St. Mary's,) and country Harbour, once a week each way, are requested to send in Sealed Tenders addressed to the Postmaster General, stating the sum per annum in Halifax currency, for which they would agree to perform the service.

The conditions of the Contract are, that the mails shall be conveyed on such days and at such hours from either end of the route, as may from time to time be pointed out by the Postmaster General, the rate of speed to be not less than Five Miles an hour, and the Mails to be conveyed by Horse and Waggon or on Horseback.

A notice of three months to be given on either side to terminate the Contract.

Security will be required for the due and faithful performance of the service.

Tenders which must be made out in the proper form supplied by the Department for the purpose, and which can be had on application at the General Post Office, Post Offices Guysborough, Middle and Upper Musquodoboit, (will be received until MONDAY, the 14th of July next, at noon) and the service to commence on the 1st of August 1856.

A. WOODGATE, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Halifax, May 27th, 1856.
June 5. tin 14th July.

NOTICE.

Printing for the Post Office Department.

TENDERS for the above Service addressed to the Post Master General will be received until FRIDAY, 20th June next.

The Tender to state the amount in currency, per ream for each printed form.

A list and specimen of each blank form and any information which may be required can be had on application at this Office.

The names of two good and sufficient securities for the faithful and efficient performance of the work will be required to be sent in with the Tender.

The Contract to be entered into until 30th June 1860 and to commence from the 1st July next ensuing.

A. WOODGATE, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Halifax, 29th May.
June 5. 3w.

Notice to the Public.

MUCH disappointment and inconvenience having been experienced by the public, in consequence of the Mail for England having been closed at 8, instead of 9 P. M., on Thursday last—the Royal Mail Steamer from Boston having been reported at an earlier hour than usual,—it has been considered desirable,—to prevent a recurrence of the disappointment, to change the hour of closing the English Mail at this Office:—

Commencing, therefore, on Thursday the, 22nd inst., the Mail for England, will,—by directions of the Government, *be finally closed for the receipt of Letters at the window at 8 p. m.*, instead of 9 p. m., as heretofore.

Letters &c., for England, which may be dropped into the box *after the hour of closing*, and up to the arrival of the Packet, will be forwarded in a bag *loose*;—but the public are requested, in all practical cases, to post their correspondence in time to be made up in the *Regular Mail*, and thereby insure greater security.

A. WOODGATE, P. M. G.

General Post Office, Halifax, 14th May, 1856.
May 22. 1m.

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MATTHEW H. RICHEY,
April 3. Secretary to the Halifax Board.

Faith and its Effects,

Or Fragments from my Portfolio.

BY MRS. PHŒBE PALMER,

TWENTY-SECOND EDITION.

WE know of very few who have laboured more, or more successfully in promoting the work of holiness, than the author of these "Fragments." And it is a delightful fact that the works written by her have met with a most unprecedented sale. The author shows clearly that it is the will of God that believers should be wholly Sanctified. She points out the short and the good old way of attaining to this state of grace, and supports all her advances by direct or incidental appeals to the *Word of God*. The Book is printed in an attractive style.—*Christian Advocate & Journal.*

It treats of every stage of religious experience and practice. The whole is illustrated and enlivened by a happy intermixture of fact and incident.—*Northern Adv.*

An 18 mo volume of 352 pages, illustrating the nature of "Faith and its Effects." It is written in a simple concise and persuasive style. The child or the adult, the Christian or the unbeliever may be profitted by its perusal.—*Family Guardian.*

In this work such light is thrown upon the precise point of transit from condemnation to favour, bondage to liberty, partial to full Salvation as is perhaps not so clearly done in any other human composition.—*Zion's Herald.*

It seems particularly adapted to Sabbath School teachers. It will greatly assist them to explain faith to their scholars.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

Mrs Palmer is well acquainted with her subject, and has the happy faculty of instructing others. This work will be a leading star to thousands.—*Guide to Holiness.*

This work has met with a remarkable sale bespeaking growing piety in the Church. It is only a truism to assert that Mrs. Palmer is eminently *Scriptural* and *Wesleyan*.—*Christian Guardian.*

For sale at the Methodist Bookstores generally in the United States and in Canada.
June 5.

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