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PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The world in which we live is one of deep and solemn interest, every thing in it is fitted to remind us of some invisible agent, who has produced the effects that we witness, and to impress us with the presence of some mighty but unseen power, which is ever acting around us. Above us the hosts of heaven walking in majesty and splendour, or fixed as radiant points of the glory of HIM who made them, kindling up the day, adorning the night, and ever rolling onward summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, supplying us with our daily food, and otherwise administering to our comfort and happiness. On every hand what a diversity of form and life, air, earth, and sea, full of creatures sporting in conscious enjoyment, or providing for their various wants. On every side events are constantly developing, which set at nought our calculations, and defy our control. And what is the power which is thus at work around us? whose hand that rolls onward these changes, and guides them all to the best final results? The atheist may talk of chance, and the fatalist of the necessity of things, but their language is unmeaning. Infidel science may tell us of physical causes, but the last possible causes which the analysis of science can reach, are themselves effects of some antecedent cause—a cause which cannot be physical. Tradition and philosophy often allude to an over-ruling providence, which affords a strong presumptive evidence of its truth. But it is only from revelation that we know that God is present in all his works, administering with perfect wisdom and goodness all the affairs of his wide dominion, from the movements of worlds through space, to the falling of a sparrow on earth; and from the glorious plan of redeeming grace, to the numbering of the hairs of our heads.

That a general providence is exercised by God over all his works in all his dominions is not denied by any; but that a particular providence would be absurd and degrading, therefore inconsistent with the character

of the Most High. But will not the same arguments which prove the existence of God, prove His providence, as it is necessarily associated with the idea of an infinitely perfect being, and that such a being cannot be indifferent to what is transpiring in his own works. His wisdom and power enable him so to do, and his goodness is constantly prompting him, and which is a certain pledge to us that he will do it. If his providence be required to watch over any world, then why not all worlds? if over any creature or event, why not over all creatures and events? to forget any, to disregard any, would argue an imperfection in the Supreme Being.

But what is involved in the idea of a general providence, is it not the aggregate or the whole of all those acts of supervision, direction, and control, which God exerts in producing and continuing the harmony of the universe? Or is it doing the whole in general and nothing in particular. watching over the whole in general, and caring not for anything in particular? It might be said that He has given the control and government to secondary causes and operations, that the universe is governed by a complication of natural laws, forces, and combinations; and that God merely looks on and takes the general oversight; but is it not this, that the control and the direction of the whole is in his hands, and that nothing can transpire contrary to his direction or permission. And one of the glories of the Supreme Being is that he is a "God that hides himself." There is something very absurd and contradictory in the idea of a general providence that does not descend to, and embrace particulars. Let us apply the idea to individuals. A man is in general a great warrior, but never was engaged in any particular battle. That in general he is a physician of extensive practice, whilst he never prescribes for any particular patient. That in general he is a very eloquent preacher, whilst he never preached any particular sermon. It is in each case the aggregate of the particular excellencies that form the general character, but where there is an absence of particulars, there cannot be anything in general. And so with a general providence, it is really composed of a series of particular acts on the part of Him who governs the universe. When we speak of the law of gravitation, that it is general in its application, we mean that it extends to every particle of matter, so that every body invariably tends to its own centre of gravity.

The doctrine of the particular Providence of God is taught plainly in the Holy Scriptures, it pervades all its pages, and the fact is never lost sight of. Particular acts are given, and acts are ascribed to Him, which, to the proud and unsanctified mind of man, are puerile and unworthy the dignity of God. The judgments and the blessings of men are ascribed to Him, the detection of Achan's crime, and the feeding of the solitary

Prophet. The Psalms abound in reference to this providence: "The eyes of all wait on thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou satisfiest the want of every living thing. The Lord prepareth rain for the earth, he causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the use of man. He sendeth the springs into the valleys; he watereth the hills from his chambers. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down." In Proverbs it is said, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," and that though "a man's heart deviseth his way, the Lord directeth his steps." St. Paul tells us, that "He hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and hath appointed beforehand the bounds of their habitations; and that in Him we live and move and have our being." We are plainly taught that he feeds the ravens when they cry; that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; that even the hairs of our heads are all numbered by him.

The history of the church of God in all ages is full of striking and continuous acts of providence; it is a continuous chain, composed of apparently small, and, to some, imperceptible links. The salvation of man, the call of Abraham, and his wanderings, of his descendants, what a succession of providences in bringing Joseph and his father's family to Egypt—in their subsequent deliverance. The Jews have providences surrounding them from the day they left Egypt to the present. And it is so with the Christian Church, in its infancy and feebleness—in its wide-spread influence, and in its corruption and darkness. The raising up of Luther,—the qualifications given him for his great work,—his dauntless courage, his preservation, all are significant that an unseen, but powerful agency, protected him. Look at the rise and progress of Methodism. The child who is the chosen instrument of awakening and purifying a sleepy and corrupt church, is providentially saved from the flames when his father's house was consumed. Methodism has been, and is still, the child of providence.

Civil history, and many of the events and incidents of common life, prove a particular providence. In these we may trace the dependence of the most important concerns upon what seems the merest trifles. The mere sight of a fig, shown in the senate house at Rome, led to the destruction of Carthage. Voltaire boasted that he would exterminate Christianity, and "*crush the wretch*," (as he impiously termed its author) but how a Protestant Church stands on, or near his grave, and the religion of Christ is preached over his ashes; whilst the very same printing press from which he once sent forth his infidel tracts and books, has since been used in printing the Bible.

An insult offered to a hot-headed monk, while on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, roused him to preach up the crusades, which changed the whole aspect of Europe. The simple circumstance of cutting a few letters on the bark of a tree, and then impressing them on paper, suggested the art of printing. The discovery of a boy, who was amusing himself with two spectacle glasses led to the invention of the telescope. And to the simple falling of an apple are we indebted for the discovery of the law of gravitation. These are but a few of the numberless facts which might be adduced in illustration of the doctrine before us. Taken separately, no one of them would seem of sufficient weight to convince us of its truth; but viewed unitedly, do they not speak loudly of some superintending power, which is ever active in all the affairs of the world, bringing great events from little causes, and guiding all things according to the schemes of infinite wisdom. ;

There are multitudes of other and similar arguments abundantly confirming this doctrine. The formation and adjustment of our physical frame; the surprising and unexpected turn often given to the revolutions and changes of states and empires, which are frequently such as to astonish, and confound, and baffle the wisest statesmen; the strange and unexpected discoveries of long hidden crimes; the visible judgments of heaven sometimes overtaking the guilty, even in this world; the whole history of discoveries and inventions; the numberless and striking fulfillments of prophecy in every age; and the private experience of many an individual. These are but a few of the many sources of arguments for a particular providence. They all furnish in a greater or less degree evidence of the reality and the nature of the ceaseless and universal providence of God. That providence is concerned with all the affairs of the universe, and is ever conversant with all their changes. From the tremblings of the earthquake that engulphs kingdoms, to the tremblings of the leaf which is fanned by the breeze; from the falling of a world to the falling of a sparrow; from the flight of an angel to the creeping of an insect. In all these things its power is ever present, upholding all by its sustaining influence, and guiding all to the best and most glorious final results.

It has been objected to the doctrine of a particular providence, that it must be troublesome and perplexing to the Deity to superintend and direct all the immense variety of concerns which take place in the universe. This objection, however, is founded in low and inadequate views of the character of God; and is at once and completely overthrown by the consideration that he is a being of infinite perfections. To such a being (and such a being is God) the utmost conceivable is as completely easy of performance as the merest trifle; and to suppose that he can be

perplexed, or troubled, or wearied, by excessive care or watchfulness, is unphilosophical and absurd.

It has also been objected, that it is derogatory to the majesty of God and degrading to his dignity, thus to be constantly occupied with the most trivial affairs of the world. Like the objection previously mentioned, it has its origin in the imperfections of our own natures, and in the presumptuous fallacy of reasoning analogically from ourselves to the infinite God. We feel that it is wrong and disgraceful for a man to be occupied with trifling concerns; because we know whilst thus occupied, he must, from the imperfection of his nature, be obliged to neglect matters which are more important. But it derogates nothing from the dignity of a man to be engaged in any affairs, however trivial they may seem, if they do not call him off from more important pursuits, and especially if they form a necessary part of some greater scheme. Now, unless we can prove that the Deity, like ourselves, is imperfect, we have no right to suppose that he can be distracted or perplexed by any conceivable number of calls upon his agency or care. He can notice the falling of a sparrow, or can clothe the lilly with beauty, while at the same time he is rolling every planet in the pathway of light, and administering with undistracted mind, the most momentous affairs of his wide-spread dominion. The smallest events, too, form the necessary part of one great comprehensive whole, for as we have already seen, the most trivial incidents often lead to the most important results.

We conclude with noticing some practical bearings of the subject. If a constant and particular providence is exercised over the world by the infinitely wise and benevolent God, then we should never be dissatisfied with any of his dealings. We are sometimes prone to complain of the hardships of our earthly lot, or to murmur against what seems to be, in reference to ourselves "mysterious dispensations of providence." But if we make a proper practical improvement of the doctrine before us, we shall rejoice that a God of infinite wisdom and goodness is on the throne, and that all things are ordered by Him with the wisest causes and the best ultimate ends.

CANADA EAST—ITS PREDOMINANT RACE AND CREED.

The state and prospects of Canada are objects of interest to every dweller upon her soil, and so felt even by the stranger who for a season may sojourn in her towns or cities. The extent of her territory, the wealth of her soil, her vast lakes and rivers, and her modes of travel and transport, together with her geographical position, show that at no distant day her influence must be great among the nations and people of the

earth. Yet while possessed of these elements of greatness and power, it were foolish to ignore the existence of others potent for evil. Foremost among these are her antagonist races and creeds. A mixed population, simply of itself, would be no cause for apprehension; for left to the influence of natural causes, a homogeneous people fully imbued with the love of country, would evolve itself. But this can scarcely be expected, when national and religious peculiarities are zealously and successfully worked to preserve any portion of it, and especially a large one, from that amalgamating process. This applies to the French Canadian portion of the population. "*Our laws, our language, and our religion,*" has long been their cherished motto: and hence *French* laws, *French* usages, and *French* tradition are maintained, although obviously in such connection, opposed to the spirit of the age and the progress of the country of their adoption. The overwhelming majority which they possess in Canada East, and their compactness and determinateness as a minority of the whole country,—together with the fact, that with the Romanist Irish they form a majority of the population of United Canada, enables them to carry almost all measures they deem necessary to their sectarian policy; and these are by no means few or unimportant. Among the results of this most undesirable state of things are—irritating frictions, and vast and otherwise unnecessary expenditures in the Executive, Legislative, and Judiciary of the country; plainly showing that no expenditure of means, or sacrifice of feeling must be spared to gratify French prejudices and French vanity.

It is due to them to say, that against those who have attempted an invasion of Canada, they have ever shown a readiness to take their part in repelling such attempts, and in maintaining their present connection with the British crown. But how they would act were the invaders French rather than Anglo-American, is a question some ponder with much gravity of feeling, nor less certainty of conclusion. Nor have utterances been wanting from widely-circulated papers in the French language, indicative, that in such an alternative the opportunity would be hailed with delight of once more planting the tri-colour of France on the citadels of its ancient possessions in Canada. It is clear to every one at all acquainted with the facts of the case, that from the religious element is drawn the inspiration of all this feeling. France is Romanist, while England is Protestant. That Romanists should be under the dominion of a Protestant Sovereign, and a government conducted on Protestant principles, is the inversion of an order not to be submitted to, so long as means to alter it are possible. Policy in the papal hierarchy will ever impel them to chose between evils, and therefore select the lesser one of living under a mild and tolerant

Protestant rule, than that of favouring a revolution which furnished no directly defined lines drawing to the connection so earnestly coveted. Hence the priesthood were generally loyal to the British throne when their misguided people sought by rebellion to break that connection, and to set up an independence that would have allied them to, or assimilated them with, the people of the United States. Lo, when threatened, as but recently we have been, with a conflict with those States, the priesthood were among the first to charge upon their people the duty of presenting themselves for such services as might be needed for repelling, in connection with their fellow-colonists of every race and creed, the boasting people who thought to make an easy appropriation of our common country. But would we be justified by any sound principle on which to reason, in concluding that such would be their action were France and not the United States, the threatening power? and especially so, if in the hope of a successful attempt were seen the restoration of a secular power, which, even as its ecclesiastical, would recognize and revere the supremacy of "his holiness of Rome? This is the point on which to judge of the true character of that isolation of the French Canadian from the Canadian of other origin and creed. And because it is so, the fact that such an isolation is determinately maintained by a deeply-interested and munificently-endowed priesthood, should be so understood and felt by every true patriot as to impel a course of action that an influence so prevalent and powerful might be broken, and one, at once cementing, harmonizing, and progressive, might be its substitute, in which the designation, *Canadian*, should be common to all, and the only one necessary to define our national position; and that while the fullest liberty of religious faith and practice should be enjoyed by all; yet in no instance should they be permitted to be instrumental in rearing walls of division in politics and social life between any classes of the people. But devoutly to be wished as such a consummation is, are we justified in believing it can ever be attained, at least by us with the means we can employ? With many is the conviction, that the spiritual state of the Romanist is neither to God nor himself a subject over which a Protestant need feel any great concern; and that although the influence of popery, in a political sense, is untoward and embarrassing; and especially so when it can be worked upon national peculiarities and prejudices; yet that on the whole it is a thing to be tolerated, and not by any means to be assaulted or interfered with. Of the latter, by far the largest class of those who think and speak on this grave subject, it may be said, they have no just appreciation of the case in any of its aspects or bearings. Of such no counsel can be taken, and to such no heed can be given. And with reference to the former class it is only necessary to remark, if the evil is one opposing the divine purpose and rule

in man, then with such means as God may place in our hands, we are not only to bound to act, but to act vigorously, confidently, and hopefully for its removal. Correct views of this proposition are all that is necessary to incite an intelligent Protestant to action, therefore the following considerations in support thereof are offered.

The divine purpose and rule in reference to man is opposed by Roman Catholicism, inasmuch as God designs the elevation of man by the agency of his Spirit and the instrumentality of his truth. Popery works the degradation of man in shutting out the agency of the Spirit by that of the priest, and the instrumentality of the truth by that of traditions and legends.

If the above statements were tested by the results of the plan apprehended to be the divine one, and so worked by evangelical Protestants, and those contrasted by the uniform fruit of the papal system upon all classes of its adherents, then would the question be speedily solved. For none can look upon the intelligent and consistent Protestant, and mark him, as apprehending his interest in Christ, as enjoying his relation to the Father, as conscious of the influence of the Spirit, and knowing his right and privilege to the constant use of the word of God, he walks with intelligent, open, and cheerful mien to perform his appointed duties to God and man; and then mark the devotee of Rome, how, with downcast looks, with slavish fear of his priest, with punctilious performance of multifarious rites, and ever working influence, is sinking him as its victim, without feeling convinced that God cannot be the author of both systems, and of at once concluding that the former is the one of his appointment.

It was a just admission of the great Napoleon, that where the domain of conscience commenced, his ended. Whether he always practically regarded this aphorism or not, is not material for our argument. This may be affirmed; if he did not always regard it, he ought to have done so, both for his consistency and safety. To invade this domain of conscience is perilous in the extreme, and none should witness such an act, but on account of both God and man, should arise to resent and correct it. Does not popery invade this domain? a domain held sacred by God and important to the true dignity of manhood? To God the conscience ought to bow; to the priesthood of Rome it is impelled to yield an abject submission. By the word of God only should the conscience be regulated in its action; by the priesthood of Rome the word of God is forbidden and the conflicting and revolting traditions and ritual of their system are substituted.

The divisive and irritating action going on in Canada is such as may be naturally expected, and it is vain to hope of it anything different.

specially so long as it, even in name, is under the government of a Protestant sovereign; and while it is confronted and opposed by the liberalizing tendencies which ever exist in a truly Protestant community, it will fret, and fume, and plan to unsettle and overthrow those institutions which most fully oppose its principles and objects. And further, these illustrations are given that due incitement may be felt to prosecute those evangelizing efforts already commenced in behalf of a people who, because of their condition, actually and relatively, have strong claims upon us for such acts of Christian charity; and that seeing them fed with chaff, nay, with poisoned food, we might seek to supply them with the bread of life—the bread which cometh down from heaven; nor should their relations to us as subjects of a common government be without its effect. The measures which their spiritual rulers employ, or may purpose to employ, by which to strengthen and extend their influence over them, we should try to circumvent even though they in their blindness should oppose us.

That a work of this kind has been commenced and prosecuted with much commendable zeal, and not a little success, is admitted and rejoiced over; but it has become a question of moment, whether or not all is done that can, and therefore ought to be done by the several churches of Christ in the land? The fields were never so inviting to the labourer as at the present. It is true that the emissaries of Rome were never more zealous and determined in Canada than they now are; yet is not the evangelizing mission from God? and can we suppose that he would command our energies in a work of so great importance, and not render all the aid which the case may require? The church has need to look more at the character and ability of its Head, and that which affects his glory, and less upon the number and position of the enemy, and then would faith and zeal rise to their needed proportions, and then would their victories be fully in accordance with the glory of Christ, and with the pressing wants of perishing thousands dwelling in our midst and around us. In the arrangements made, and now in operation, to induce emigration to our shores from France, and an increase from the south of Ireland, we see the leaders of the Romish faith awake to their interests and determined to prosecute them. And that they can carry out such plans, compelling the government to act as their agents, is a fact of startling import. We may not stoop to their plans, and contend with them on their chosen principles, but we may on those of divine selection. Here is our strength and our hope; and if instead of looking at the strength and number of our foes, we were to march into the field with the faith and courage of a David going to meet Goliath, then should the battle be turned in the gate, and the shouts of victors be heard on every hand.

PREACHERS' WIVES.

The sacrifices made by the itinerant preacher are evident enough to be admitted by this world, and by the people for whom they are more particularly made. But there is another whose sacrifices, though seldom alluded to, are still greater, as they inflict more acute pain, and cause a deeper groan and a heavier sigh in submitting to a system, fraught as we heartily believe, with blessing to the church,—we mean the minister's wife. Her's is a sacrifice of what is most dear to woman's nature and woman's habits. Her inclinations are strongly local and domestic, loving a permanent quiet home, surrounded by the friends of her childhood and youth. But she has to become a homeless, friendless, wanderer—for two years' residence in a place, to her cannot be home, and the hasty and untried friendships, formed by a few months' acquaintance, are to her no friendships. She shrinks from public gaze and private slander, yet she is sure to have an undue portion of each. The sad results are, impaired health, broken constitutions, and premature graves, as the history of preachers' wives in Canada furnishes abundant and melancholy proof. The following we extract from an article in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, headed "A Plea for the Preacher's Wife," and is from the pen of R. A. West Esq., New York:—

THE PREACHER'S WIFE holds a relation to the Church second only to that of her husband; not an official relation, it is true, in the same sense as his; nor may she be subjected to the same training and supervision. But the necessity that is laid upon her, for her husband's and the Gospel's sake, to walk circumspectly and in the fear of the Lord continually, constitutes a strong claim upon the affections and prayers of the people of God. If *she* errs in lip or life, if *she* is lacking in wisdom or meekness, in courage or prudence, upon her husband will the community too often visit her shortcomings. Her position is as delicate as it is responsible, and it is difficult to conceive of circumstances in which a pious woman can be placed where judicious counsels and tender sympathy are so much needed. If the preacher's wife does not meet the high requirements of her position, the measure of the preacher's comfort and usefulness will be small indeed.

In speaking more particularly of the qualifications of the preacher's wife, we shall pass over some of those she may be presumed to possess in common with all Christian wives, and note rather those which we deem essential to her happiness. Common sense and intelligent piety are to be supposed as among her possessions. As a rule, a thorough and practical knowledge of domestic management is indispensable. The preacher's income necessitates skill and habits of economy in household management. Even where the minister's income from any source is liberal, it is still eminently desirable that his wife should be competent to relieve him entirely from the burden of all strictly domestic affairs, so that he may give himself wholly to the work of the ministry. In ordinary cases it will only be by the wife's carefulness in housekeeping that

preacher's mind can be kept free from temporal anxieties, for it is too—and the fact is not honourable to the Church—that in many cases the actual payment of the pastor makes only an income totally inadequate for his wants, to say nothing of the comforts of his family. Habits of economical domestic management, industry, and high-toned principle, are essential qualities in the wife of an itinerant Methodist minister. The Rev. Jabez Bunting, so long honoured and pre-eminently useful in the English Wesleyan ministry, whose judicious choice of a wife was to him an incalculable blessing, while deliberately and prayerfully weighing the arguments for and against an offer of his hand to Miss Maclardie, enumerated the following among the former: "She has been brought up under the care of one who has accustomed her to domestic habits, and fitted her for practice for performing the duties of a wife in domestic concerns. Since her mother's death she has had the management of her father's estate, which must have further qualified her for the station in question." In the engrossing ministerial duties, Dr. Bunting was early called to perform, this qualification in his most estimable wife proved of incalculable value.

But let it not for a moment be supposed that the preacher's wife is to be no higher than her household concerns, for no man more than the minister of the gospel needs intelligent companionship at home. Weary, overworked, will his work be if his wife's ears are not open to his converse about the great mission to which he is appointed; if she cannot share his hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of his holy embassy; if she does not appreciate his labours in his study, and his commendable desire to be a workman that needeth not be ashamed. She should, in fact, have an education and tastes that she can fully sympathize with his intellectual pursuits; such as, if they do not qualify her for assisting him in his studies, shall yet make her jealous for his pulpit reputation, and prompt him to stimulate him to continuous mental progress. On this point also we may quote from Dr. Bunting, in the circumstances above referred to: "He has great good sense; has been suitably educated; is well informed, and is very extraordinarily qualified to be a helpmeet to a minister in his studies and labours. Her manners are polished and agreeable, so that she would be fit for any of the various scenes into which the itinerant minister might call her." The author of the "Itinerant's Wife" remarks: "the precise amount of learning necessary to qualify a person to be the wife of a Methodist minister cannot be certainly defined. The call to which she is devoted when she becomes the wife of a Methodist minister is itself a school in which she will not speedily finish her education."

The duties of the preacher's wife have been closely hinted at in the preceding remarks. She is to be the sympathizing companion and friend of her husband, relieving him from secular cares, and, to the extent of her ability, aiding him in his ministerial duties, entering cheerfully into his plans of usefulness, encouraging him by her counsels, and holding up her hands by her unceasing prayer in his behalf. But we desire to correct an error into which too many have fallen, which assumes that the wife of the minister, like her husband, is exclusively the servant of the Church, and that her husband and children have but a secondary claim on her time and care and sympathies. Without meaning it, or perhaps

ever thinking of it, many would rob the minister of his wife's society of her efficient management of his domestic affairs, by which he is enabled to use his study advantageously, and to attend to his pastoral duties. It is often said of a minister, "He is an instructive preacher and an able divine. He studies much. He is a good pastor. His children are a pattern of neatness and good behaviour. *But* his wife does not stand among the people as much as we wish." Substitute "*because*" for "*but*" and the true state of the case is at once made apparent. The preacher is an able divine and a good pastor, and his family are an example of neatness and good conduct, *because* his wife stays at home, makes the care of her household her first duty, and by herself carrying that burden brings honour to her husband, by securing him peaceful hours for study and time for pastoral visitation. She makes for her husband a clear and direct path to usefulness. The first duties of every wife are her wifely ones—those which she owes to her husband and her children. This is more true of the minister than of the layman's wife, because, as we have already intimated, any lack of due service here reflects directly upon the preacher himself. Untidy and ill-mannered children are discreditable to any mother, but if they are the minister's children the case is immeasurably worse. How can he insist upon the duties of parents to their children when his own children give evidence of grave parental neglect? It is for the preacher's wife virtually to say to her husband, "Teach the people the counsel of God; the domestic duties as well as others, and cheerfully receive my aid in enforcing your precepts by my example. You shall tell from the pulpit what a wife and mother should be and do, and I will strive to illustrate your teachings in my house and family."

But although the care of her own household is the *first* duty of the preacher's wife, it is by no means her whole duty. Other things she must do, and not leave this undone. Her next duties are to the Church. For, having elected to become a minister's wife, she has voluntarily assumed also a prominence in the Church which has its special duties and responsibilities. What a private member may do without censure, and without the observation of the membership, she may not. She ought to be a punctual and habitual attendant upon public worship, and to use the regular and special means of grace which are peculiar to Methodism, with such exceptions, of course, as a real necessity imposes. In these things she, as well as her husband, ought to set an example to the Church. There must be a living piety, not obtrusive, but never unwilling at all seasons to appear in public as well as private. On this point we find a remark in Eaton's volume, the meaning of which we are unable to understand: "*Her piety*," he says, "must, as far as consistent with Christian duty, *accommodate itself to the tastes and expectations of the Church.*" He adds: "However much or little others may do, it is expected that the minister's wife will be foremost in every good work." Such an expectation in many, and perhaps the majority of cases, would be in the highest degree unreasonable. In many churches there are wives of ministers whose domestic cares are far less oppressive than those of their pastor's wife, who have more domestic help, more leisure time, and greater pecuniary means; and it is expecting altogether too much of the preacher's wife that she shall be in advance of these in every good work. In the same class is another expectation, namely: "that she will offer

pany her husband on his pastoral visits, that she will go far and near, frequently and remain a long time." She cannot do these things yet do her first duty to her husband and her children. She cannot go much abroad, and at the same time govern well her own family. It is not expected of the layman's wife, and should not be required of the minister's. If by system and by economy of time she can make leisurely visits of Christian salutation and intercourse, and especially for visitation of the poor and afflicted, it is well. But why, except for the love she bears to the cause which jointly with her husband she has espoused, should more of this should be expected from her than from the layman's wife is so clear as some seem to suppose. Undeniably the members of many churches are unreasonable in their exactions in this respect, laying burdens on the pastor's wife that they will not themselves touch. Many who, because of their own domestic duties, can find no time for visiting, or for attending on all the means of grace, expect that she, with at least equal domestic cares, shall "accompany her husband on his pastoral visits, go far and near, visit often and remain a long time."

But enough on the subject of *duties*. Little danger is there that the minister's wife will be sufficiently instructed on that point. She has duties as sacred as those of the wife of the layman; and although love for her husband and her husband's work may keep her silent when those duties are infringed, she feels the wrong no less keenly than other women. The reasonable privacy of her own house, and the unquestioned exercise of her own judgment in the management of her domestic affairs, are among her rights. It is neither reasonable nor just that the parsonage should be converted into a hotel, where no hours are unseemly for visitors, and where every one assumes the right to criticise the arrangements, and suggest changes in its administration. At least equal respect in these particulars should be shown to the pastor's wife that conventional usage accords to the wife of the humblest layman; for, as has been shown, time is even more valuable to her. She has, too, the same ambition to manage her domestic affairs; while the knowledge that watchful, and not always the most friendly, eyes are upon her and her's makes her intensely anxious to have everything done decently and in order. Unnecessary and unreasonable interruptions of her domestic employments are therefore to her real hardships, however thoughtlessly inflicted or however unintentioned. "Many people seem to think," says the author of the *Minerant's Wife*, "thus the minister's family is a kind of common property of the society, and that he has no right to govern his own children as he judges to be best for them." Of course such people, knowing that the wife must of necessity bear a large share of the burden of both domestic government and domestic education, seek to establish the same despotism over her. This is a wrong. It is more. It is an outrage in her rights and her responsibilities as a mother, such as no woman ought to submit to. Where is the layman's wife of ordinary intelligence and self-reliant spirit, united with a just sense of her own duty and responsibility, that would endure it? And why should the pastor's wife be subjected to such interference in what of all human rights and prerogatives are the most sacred and inviolable?

The minister's wife has a right also to her own personal friendships, intimate associations, and sympathies. Every woman has her

own tastes, habits of thought and feeling—her social, moral, and religious affinities, inwrought by the great Master-builder of our common humanity for wise and beneficent purposes, for the promotion of personal and social happiness and of spiritual enjoyment and progress. These instincts, the sources of influence, the keys which, skilfully touched, evoke emotion and work reformations in mankind. Because of these subtle but distinctive characteristics, hearts that have been steeled against the impetuous utterances of a Boanerges have melted before the tenderness of an Appollos; and minds unmoved by the arguments of a Paul, have yielded readily to the terse plainness of a Peter. Hence the truth of the Divine maxim, "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" Hence those wondrous friendships of record in both sacred and profane history that have outlived all adversity and all opposition, making self-denial the sweetest joy, and the heaviest toil an untold delight. The rational indulgence of these instincts is the common right of all, if not indeed the solemn duty of each. Yet too often is the demand made, in spirit if not in the letter, of the preacher's wife, that she shall deny herself of the pure and holy delights of friendship and sympathy that spring spontaneously from similarity of natures, from reciprocity of views and feelings, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. How often is it that ninety-nine members of the Church take umbrage if she yields to this inward talisman and do not conceal that only in the one hundredth has she the congenial spirit with whom above the rest she can take sweet counsel, and taste the pleasures of intimate friendship. It is a moral impossibility for her to be in this particular a respecter of persons. She is but exercising of the prerogatives of her nature, and instead of murmurings and complaints that one, or two, or more of her Christian sisters have more of society, and are more in her confidence than others, there should be sincere gratification that the more delicate bonds of an intimate friendship so often snapped by the necessities of the itinerancy, have been entwined around a new and worthy object. Nor should it be forgotten how transient and brief is her tenure of such a boon, and should modify censure even were she too inconsiderate of others, and too devoted to those who need her with responsive sympathy. It is enough if she be kind and courteous to all. The claims of the church cannot justly go beyond this. She has the right to be the sole judge of her own intimacies and closer friendships.

The minister's wife is entitled to a kind and charitable interpretation of all her words and actions. Every person, and every woman especially, can claim this from all. But the pastor's wife is peculiarly entitled to it from God's people. Yet this undoubted right is not always conceded. There is a marked tendency to forget that the preacher's wife, after all, has the common imperfections and infirmities of fallen human nature. Mr. Eaton remarks that there is a class of persons among whom "it is more difficult for the minister's wife to give satisfaction than it is for the minister himself." "Her liberty in lawful things is invaded by the usurpers, and her heart lacerated by those who should comfort and support her." We know this to be true. If she is cheerful, her cheerfulness is misconstrued into levity; if she is sad, others denounce her as cold and uncongenial. If she is careful of the appearance of her children, their apparel, their habits, and especially their associations, she is accused of pride, and of an assumption of superiority; if she lowers

standard of duty in these respects she is misrepresented in the opposite direction. If she from principle is a keeper at home, she is misinterpreted; if from a desire to conciliate she goes much abroad, the motive thereof is misconstrued.

She has an undoubted claim also to the fervent prayers and active sympathies of the whole Church. Prayer should be made for her occasionally, with special reference to her endowment with those qualities of mind and heart which are peculiarly necessary for one in her prominent position. It is painfully true that those who account for the servant of the Church, in the same sense and almost in the same degree as her husband, fail to remember her as uniformly and specifically in their prayers they do him.

THE FIRST BONAPARTE AND THE JEWS.

In the long-drawn-out tragedy of Jewish history since the capture of Jerusalem by the son of Vespasian, there are few gleams of light. The long procession of centuries offers to the enquirer a monotony of persecution, relieved only by exterminating outbursts of popular savagery, such as the excitement of the crusading spirit called forth against the unhappy Jew. Few and far between were their benefactors. The short reign of the Emperor Julian lasted but twenty months. In the golden age of Mohammedan learning in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and Spain, they enjoyed a short interval of comparative sunshine, and gave earnest of what they could accomplish under favourable conditions. The Reformation brought some alleviation of their condition. It was not until the intellectual movement of the eighteenth century had passed its meridian that the Jew felt that the dawn of a happier day had broken at last. The movements towards the emancipation of the Jews which have characterized the public life of every civilized nation during the last hundred years, afford in themselves alone material for a good sized history. Nowhere has this tendency manifested itself more rapidly and profoundly than in France. Previous to the French Revolution of 1789—excluding the Rhenish provinces taken from Germany—Bordeaux and Bayonne were the only towns where a Jew could lawfully reside. The great financier whom the Emperor of France has lately recalled with so much eclat to his councils, is one of circumcision. It is well known that since 1831 appropriations have been made by the state for the salaries of the rabbis, and the maintenance of the schools and synagogues of the Jewish community.

The most remarkable episode in the history of Jewish emancipation, not merely in France but in the civilized world, is the assembly of deputies and sanhedrim held at Paris in 1806 and the following year. In the midst of his grave pre-occupations, the Emperor Napoleon, on May 30, 1806, issued a proclamation, convoking an assembly of notables from among the Jewish body of France and Italy. The deputies were to be chosen in number, and to be selected from the rabbis and other learned and influential classes. Our British fathers were considerably astonished at the appearance of this proclamation, and did not hesitate to attribute a multitude of selfish motives to the emperor, some of which read very ably at the present day. The day fixed for the first meeting was the 1st of July—a Sabbath day. The Minister of the Interior, on being in-

formed of his blunder, postponed the meeting till the next day. A public hall and a guard of honour were assigned to the deputies, who proceeded to the place of assembly under military escort. Abraham Furtado, a learned Portuguese, was appointed president. Immediately after organization, the assembly drew up an address of thanks to the emperor. On the second day of assembly, the three imperial commissioners entered the hall, and presented a list of twelve questions, to which the emperor requested categorical answers. These questions and the answers thereon have an historical value, because it is only on this occasion that Hebrewdom has been solemnly and formally called upon to make a full and frank explanation of its real or supposed civil peculiarities in the face of all Christendom; and also, that a representative of Christendom has vouchsafed an express and unqualified approval of the positions taken by this obstinate and steadfast minority. The proceedings of the assembly have been preserved in both French and German, and from them we extract the following complete series of questions and answers.

May the Jews marry several wives?—*Ans.* The Jews, following the common custom in Europe, may only have one wife. This has been the law since the Synod of Worms, under Rabbi Gershon (held in 1030), although Moses does not prohibit polygamy.

Do Jewish laws allow of divorce? Is the divorce valid without judicial determination and the observance of the regular forms of French legal process?—*Ans.* Divorce is allowed. But the Jews everywhere acknowledge in civil affairs the law of the land, and therefore admit divorce to be valid without the sanction of judicial decree, where this is enjoined by the law.

May Jews intermarry with Christians, or may Jews only intermarry among themselves?—*Ans.* The intermingling with Christians is not condemned by our law. The old law against marriage with foreigners concerned the heathen. The hindrances that have hitherto existed in mixed marriages between Jews and Christians consist chiefly in the religious ceremonies attendant on the marriage rite, about which the Christian clergy and the rabbis, are at variance. A marriage contract without the assistance of a rabbi is considered by the rabbis as valid, and the Jewish party to the marriage is always still deemed to be a member of the Jewish community.

Are Frenchmen regarded by the Jews as foreigners or as brethren?—*Ans.* The Jews in France look upon Frenchmen as brethren only. They had enjoined good-will towards foreigners; how much more fraternal feelings must Jews feel towards those who live in the same country with them, enjoy the same laws, and the same education—to whose humanity moreover, it is owing that the former now feel the benefit of the high civil status.

In lawsuits, how should Jews conduct themselves towards Frenchmen?—*Ans.* Exactly as towards Jews. Only in the worship of God are they different.

Do the Jews born in France regard this as their fatherland, and consider themselves bound to defend her? Do they owe obedience to the laws of the land?—*Ans.* The French Jews, even under cruel persecutions looked upon France as their fatherland, how much more now after their accession to them of equal civil rights. In war, too, the Jews have always given proof of their patriotism.

Who appoints the rabbis?—*Ans.* The form of the election of the rabbi, generally conducted by the heads of families according to a majority vote, is, however, undefined and fluctuating.

What jurisdiction does the rabbi exercise?—*Ans.* None whatever. The law recognizes none. The sanhedrim, consisting of seventy-one councillors, at Jerusalem, constituted the highest tribunal in former times. Each chief town had a lower court of twenty-three members, and a board of arbitrators was in every place. The modern tribunals have been constituted by the later rabbis. Their power was more or less limited by the law of the land, and in France and Italy, since the Revolution, is annihilated. They have now only religious functions to perform, which, moreover, every educated Jew can discharge without offence.

Are the election and authority of the rabbis established by the law or by tradition?—*Ans.* Everything relating to the rabbis is traditional only. Are there trades which the Jews may not follow? *Ans.* All trades are allowed to the Jews. The Talmud even enjoins the learning of a trade as a civil duty.

Is usury forbidden by "the Law" between Jews themselves, and is the taking of usurious interest from aliens allowed or forbidden?—*Ans.* The law of Moses forbids all unlawful interest. This was no commercial regulation, but only a measure of benevolence among an agricultural people. Interest may therefore be taken from foreigners, because it is here a commercial necessity. The Talmud allowed interest in trade even between Jews. Of course, this means only legal interest. If, then, certain rabbis have only sanctioned the taking of interest from Christians, they are mistaken. The Jews hold as infamous every sort of usury, albeit usurers are found among them as among Christians.

The settlement of these answers occupied three sittings. On the 12th of August they were handed to the commissioners, who, on the 18th of September, reappeared with the reply of the emperor, which expressed his approval of the statements of the deputies, and declared his intention to summon to Paris a great sanhedrim of French and Italian Jews, to aid him in giving a regular and recognized organization to their scattered communities. Of the members of this sanhedrim, which was to consist of the traditional number of seventy-one, two-thirds were to be rabbis. A committee of the deputies were to nominate the members of the sanhedrim. The deputies were requested to advertise this project, so that it might come to the knowledge of the Jews in every part of Europe, who would probably be invited to send their deputies to the sanhedrim. An announcement to this effect was published in October in French, Italian, and Hebrew, and drew forth responses from every part of Europe. The sanhedrim did not open till February 9, 1807. The rabbis ranged themselves on each side of the president, the laity occupying the centre. Deputations from foreign Jews on behalf of their several communities submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the French sanhedrim. At its third sitting, polygamy was expressly forbidden, except where it was allowed by the law of the land. The proceedings of the assembly of deputies were ratified, and on March 9, the sanhedrim closed amid cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' 'Vive l'Imperatrice,' 'Vive l'auguste famille imperiale!' From this time dates the first general organization of the French Jews into provincial and central consistories. From returns gathered by the first central consistory we learn that the number of Jews in France at that time was 80,000.

Portfolio of Select Literature.

THE LESSON OF MEN'S LIVES.

Of all men who have sought for enjoyment in riches, perhaps the late William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, in England, is the most remarkable. Inheriting a large fortune, he at first resided in Portugal, where he lived in a monastery, "the ceiling of which was gilded and painted; the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver." "A stream of water flowed through his kitchen, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them, hillocks of the finest wheaten flour, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance." The magnificent saloon in which he dined was covered with pictures, and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in services of silver, and the banquet usually consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries. When in England he pulled down a splendid mansion, erected by his father at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million of money to build an Abbey, whose towers, like the tower of Babel, might reach to heaven. A wall nearly twenty miles in circumference inclosed his mansion and grounds, and so costly were the furnishings of the place that its glories transcended those of oriental splendour. One who saw the Abbey and grounds says: "Gold and silver vases and cups are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye, and when one looks round at the cabinets, candelabra, and ornaments which decorate the rooms, we almost imagine that we may stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist in vessels of gold and silver enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond." Such was Beckford of Fonthill Abbey, with his princely mansion and an income of £100,000 a year. But was he happy? No. He was wretched and a reverse of fortune having unexpectedly come upon him, he was driven from his mansion, spent the last of his days in misery, and died another painful example of the folly of setting the heart on earthly enjoyments, and proving the truth of the wise man's words, "Vanity of vanities saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

William Pitt, son of the great Earl of Chatham, was endowed with the rarest gifts of nature, and at the early age of twenty-four, was prime minister of England. "The mightiest intellects," says one who knew him well, "bent before him and the highest offices were in his patronage. Each morning when he rose he was entitled to assert that, in all the vast empire of England, the sun shone on none who was in reality, however he might be in name, more powerful than himself. And yet this great man during his public career, was always wretched, miserable, unhappy." "He died," says a biographer, "in his forty-seventh year, on the anniversary of the very day on which he had entered Parliament. Oh, what a difference there was between the buoyant youth of twenty and the care-worn state man of forty-seven! Before the eyes of the one sparkled a long vis-

of political enjoyments and honors; before the eyes of the other were the anxieties and cares which had attended them when grasped. He had followed as his object in life unsanctified ambition, and he found it vanity and vexation of spirit," "and died," says Wilberforce, "of a broken heart."

Robert Clive was a mercantile clerk in India. He had a passion for the life of a soldier, and obtained an ensigncy in the army in the East. Here he rose until he became the conqueror of India, and had the treasures of the East poured at his feet. "The whole kingdom," wrote his father to him, "is in transports at the glory and success you have gained: come away, and let us rejoice together." He returned, was impeached by the House of Commons, and was so chagrined and disappointed that he took his own life.

Amongst those who have sought for happiness in the honors and excitements of public life, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the orator, is a melancholy instance of the folly of such a course. In the House of Commons, so powerful was the impression produced by his speeches, that members could not trust themselves to vote on any question on which he spoke until the excitement had subsided. Yet this man died in wretchedness and want. His last words were, "I am absolutely undone."

Turn we now to the field of literature. There we have in the foremost rank Sir Walter Scott. "Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history," says a contemporary of Scott, "did literary talent receive a homage so universal as that of Scott. His reputation was co-extensive not only with the English language, but with the boundaries of civilization. In one year, too, his literary productions yielded him £15,000. The king conferred on him a baronetcy, and wherever he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the day. All the good things of life were his. His mansion at Abbotsford realized the highest conceptions of a poet's imagination, and seemed like a 'poem in stone.' His company was of the most honorable of the land, and his domestic enjoyments all that his heart could desire. Yet he was not happy. Ambitious to found a family, he got into debt, and in old age he was a ruined man. When about to leave Abbotsford for the last time, he said: 'When I think on what this place now is, with what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished and embarrassed man.' At another time he writes—'Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendships. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with the monuments of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may open for me at no distant period.' And again: 'Some new objection or complaint comes every moment. Sickneses come thicker and thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollections of youth, health, and powers of activity, whether improved nor enjoyed, is a poor ground of comfort. The best is, a long halt will arrive at length and close all.' And the long halt did arrive. Not long before he died, Sir Walter Scott requested his daughter to wheel him to his desk. She then put a pen into his hand, but his fingers refused to do their office. Silent tears rolled down his cheeks. 'Take me back to my own room,' he said; 'there is no rest for Sir Walter but in his grave.' A few days after this he died, realizing in reference to all his fame, honor and renown, the truth of Solomon, 'Vanity of vanity, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb (a lunatic asylum); my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she too is dying; my last hopes are blighted. As for fame it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others it was sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world, and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude?" And in this state of mind he died.

OUR FRIENDS THE SMALL BIRDS.

We have at last discovered that we were doing our little feathered friends great injustice. All the while that we regarded them as destructive enemies, and were shooting and scaring them, they were rendering us most valuable service. It was on the Continent that the destruction of small birds had been carried to the greatest extent, and therefore it has been there, more than in England, that the change of opinion has manifested itself in a marked manner. In France it has been deemed a matter of sufficient importance for public officials to make reports to the Emperor on the subject, and a Napoleonic edict having followed, the small birds of France may consider themselves like the Pope of Rome, and some other small people, under Imperial protection. A great Swiss naturalist has been advising farmers and gardeners to use every means to entice birds to their gardens and orchards and fields. What a change of fortune for the little feathered gentlemen! They have been mercilessly persecuted, and now they are to be positively petted!

The animal creation is like a well-balanced machine; and in the wanton destruction of small birds we have only disturbed the working of that machine. Man's ignorant interference has at last been carried far enough to produce results that have opened his eyes to the blunder. Small birds live on insects chiefly, the insects bear a proper proportion to the birds. If we kill the birds the insects are in excess and soon do the mischief that we only supposed the birds to do. The farmer and gardener have not been wrong in thinking that birds took their grain and their fruit, but they have been mistaken in supposing they came for that purpose principally. They came to dine off insects, and only took a little fruit and grain by way of dessert; and it can be satisfactorily shown that what the bird takes in that way is more than saved by the service he renders in destroying insects. Very astonishing are the results of accurate observation as to the amount of destruction effected by birds among the insect tribe. What would be a very tedious and almost impossible task for human hands, birds will accomplish in a surprisingly short time.

In the year 1848 a continental land proprietor had his orchard over-run with immense swarms of a very destructive species of caterpillars.

He employed scores of hands to scrape off the eggs that were deposited by millions on the stems and branches. It was of no avail, and the trees began to show signs of decay. Toward the winter a number of titmice and wrens visited the orchard, and by the middle of the next summer they had cleared all the trees of caterpillars. The birds that are most serviceable are swallows, finches, titmice, and redtails; but sparrows, starlings, jackdaws, rooks, etc., destroy large quantities, and although they consume some vegetable food as well, unless their number be very great, they "pay for their keep" by the work they do. A single pair of sparrows will carry to their nest about three hundred caterpillars in a day, and if they do help themselves to a little fruit they are well worth all they cost in that way. The Swiss naturalist before mentioned says that in a neighbor's garden he saw three rose trees that had become covered with tree-lice to the number of at least two thousand. At his suggestion a marsh titmouse was placed in the garden, and in a few hours the rose trees were perfectly clean. A couple of night swallows have been known to destroy a swarm of gnats in fifteen minutes. There is a spider very destructive to woods, called the pine-spider. It multiplies at an alarming rate—a single female will lay eight hundred eggs at a time. Birds, however, destroy them faster than they multiply, it having been calculated that a single titmouse, with her young, will consume thousands daily.

What a lesson there is in all this concerning the wisdom of the Creator, and of the ignorance of man! Man ignorantly thinks creatures useless, or worse than useless, because he does not perceive for what use the Creator designed them. In the pride of his superiority over the lower animals he presumes to disturb the balance settled by Infinite wisdom. He all but destroys one class of creatures, as if they were not wanted in the scheme of animated nature. The evidence of his mistake soon appears in its effects. If this wanton destruction of birds had not come to an end, there is reason to believe that Europe would ere long have been visited with a plague of insects that man could not have destroyed, and could only have been destroyed by our sadly ill-used friends, the small birds—*Methodist Recorder*.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

Dr. Joseph Stennet resided in Wales several years, and preached to a congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man, a regular attendant on his ministry, who was generally known by the name of Caleb. He was a collier, and lived among the hills, between Abergavenny and Hereford; he had a wife and several little children, and walked seven or eight miles every Lord's day to hear the Doctor. He was a very pious man; his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering his situation and circumstances.

Bad weather seldom kept Caleb from coming to the meetings. One winter, however, there was a severe frost, which lasted many weeks, and

so blocked up his way that he could not possibly pass without danger; neither could he work for the support of his family. The Doctor and others were concerned lest they should perish for want; however, no sooner was the frost broken than Caleb appeared again. Dr. Stennet observed him, and as soon as the service was ended went to him, and said, "O. Caleb, how glad I am to see you! How have you fared during the severity of the weather?" Caleb cheerfully answered, "Never better in my life. I not only had necessaries, but lived upon dainties the whole of the time, and have some still remaining." Caleb then told the Doctor that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and not one morsel left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but he found his mind quite composed, relying on a provident God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he got up, he heard a knock at his door. He went, and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb; he answered in the affirmative, the man desired him to help him to take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said provisions. On his inquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it: no other answer could he obtain.

When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles; bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, &c., which saved them through the frost, and some remaining to that present time. The Doctor was much affected with the account, and afterwards mentioned it, in hope of finding out the benevolent donor; but in vain, till about two years afterwards he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford.

The Doctor was a man of good moral character and generous disposition, but an infidel in principle; his wife was a generous woman, and a member of the church. Dr. Stennet used to go and visit her now and then; and Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. Stennet with great politeness. As they were conversing pleasantly one evening, Dr. Stennet thought it his duty to introduce something that was entertaining and profitable: he spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled, and said, "Caleb, I shall never forget him as long as I live." "What do you know him?" said Dr. Stennet. "I had but very little knowledge of him," said Dr. Talbot; "I know he must be the same you mean." The Dr. Talbot related the following circumstance:—

The summer before the hard winter, above mentioned he was riding on horseback, as was his usual custom, when he had a leisure hour, and generally choose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant and rural. As he was riding along he observed a number of people assembled in a barn. He rode up to the door to learn the cause; when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped, and observed that they were very attentive to what the Preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his attention, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the Minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed happened

to walk by his side. The Doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and the Minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb.

After the Doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed, he could not tell, for certain, whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, "Send provision to Caleb."—He was a little startled at first; but, concluding it to be a dream, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger; then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard, but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again; but the Doctor's mind was so impressed, that he could not sleep. At last he heard the voice so powerfully saying, "Get up, and send provision to Caleb," that he could resist no longer. He got up, and called his man, told him to bring his horse, and he went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever he could find; and having assisted the man to load the horse, he bid him take the provision to Caleb. "Caleb, Sir?" said the man, "who is Caleb?" "I know very little of him," said the Doctor, "but that his name is Caleb: he is a collier, and lives among the hills. Let the horse go and you will be sure to find him." The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master; which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."

BRITISH INDIA : WHERE AND WHAT IT IS.*

We stipulate that a map is laid down before the eye. Take your stand at the southern extremity, on Cape Comorin, and look northward. You are now only eight degrees from the equator. On your right hand lies the district of Tinnivelly, inhabited by a Tamoul-speaking population, British subjects, among whom exists a larger number of Protestant Christians than in any other province of India. On your left is the little state of Travancore, with a population of a million, under a native Prince, among whose subjects also are a large number of Christians, many thousands of English Protestants, many others Syrians, the language being Malayalim. Proceeding northward, you pass by the ancient and renowned city of Madras, and presently arrive at the Neilgherry Hills, rising to a height of nearly five thousand feet, covered at the top with plants of the temperate zone, and inhabited by a large English community. This noble chain stands across a considerable breadth of the peninsula, from west to east, and in stretches two immense and widely diverging arms away towards the north: the western arm, running for hundreds of miles within a comparatively short distance of the Indian Ocean, is called the Western Ghats; the eastern, keeping not so close to the Bay of Bengal, is called the Eastern Ghats, which are on an average only half the height of the Western. The space enclosed between these two great mountain-chains lies an elevated region

* London Quarterly, for October.

of table-land, some eight hundred miles long, varying from five to one hundred in breadth, with a mild climate, undulating surface, fertile soil, and vigorous population, who produce silk, sugar, coffee and cotton, besides all the common crops of the country. On reaching this upland region, you find the Canarese language, and are in the territory of Mysore, whence the armies of Hyder and Tipu so long menaced our rising power. The city of Seringapatam is decaying on the banks of the Cauvere, wisely left to itself, instead of having its traditional importance maintained, like Delhi. This country is nominally the possession of a native Rajah, but really administered by our own Government, and contains a population of at least three and a half millions. Beyond this, still upon the table lands, lie immense tracts of British territory taken from the Mahrajas; then follow the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad, with ten millions of population, whose language is Tloorgor; they are frightfully misgoverned by the Mohammedan master; but we are pledged to keep him on the throne, and do. West of his territories lie those of Sattara, and east of them Nagpore, both Mahratta states, lately absorbed into our own, through our refusal to allow the adoption of heirs by the Kings. Along the table lands the whole of the waters flow from west to east, forming innumerable streams and some grand rivers, such as the Cauvery, the Krishna, and the Godavery. These, on passing from the table-land, rush down the Ghauts and water the strip of territory lying between them and the sea, called the Payeen Ghaut of Mountain-Foot. This includes Tanjore, which with its Rajah receiving £118,000 a year from our Government, lies by the mouths of the Cauvery. North of this comes Pondicherry, still French; then the Carnatic, with its capital, Madras, the head of an army of seventy thousand men; then the Northern Circars, a hot and rich region, through which the Krishna and Godavery, coming down from the Hyderabad and Nagpore territories, reach the sea. Beyond, Orissa, which stands Juggernaut, leads to Bengal.

At the foot of the Western Ghauts runs another strip of territory, but not nearly so wide; for there the mountains, like the chains of Lebanon on the Phœnician coast, generally come close to the sea, sometimes right into it. On this tract lies the provinces of Canara, the Portuguese possession of Goa, and Bombay. This division of the peninsula into two distinct kinds of territory, running along side by side, lowland and upland, forming a country on two levels, the one from a thousand to three thousand feet above the other, greatly enriches the otherwise profuse variety of natural products, and delightfully varies the climate. In the Mountain-Foot country the sheep have hides like a calf, with no sign of wool within a morning's walk, above the Ghauts, they have fleeces. You sleep to-night where nothing can be grown but what is tropical; you breakfast after a morning's ride where Englishmen can rear strawberries, apples, and potatoes.

At the northern limit of the table-land, you are in the Bombay Presidency, in the midst of the ancient Mahratta territory, and of the Mahratta language; and now, passing from the great plateau, on which you have been for seven or eight hundred miles, you come upon a central region of mountains, the rivers of which run in the opposite direction from those of the plateau, making, not for the Bay of Bengal, but for the Indian Ocean. In this district lie many of the native states, of which

considerable number still retain their identity, their Rajas supporting armies of their own, and administering their governments, but acknowledging the supreme authority of the British, and unable to declare war or maintain diplomatic relations with their neighbouring states. Of these the most powerful is Sindia, King of Gwalior, and of three and a half millions; whose contingent, eight thousand four hundred strong has joined the mutineers, though he is himself reputed loyal, and promptly sent aid to Delhi. The next in point of consideration is Holkar, King of Indore, with perhaps a million subjects. He, too, is loyal; but his troops have played the traitor. He maintains a contingent of fourteen hundred men. A contingent means a number of troops whom a native Rajah is, by treaty, bound to maintain for the service of the supreme Government whenever called for, in return for an engagement on its part to protect his territories from all invaders. These states just named are Mahratta; and west of these lie those of the Rajpoots, a nobler race, not fiercer; but prouder, and on the whole the finest of the Hindu types. Round the chief states of these two divisions are dozens of little ones, as numerous as in Germany, and as insignificant.

Pursuing our northward course, as we emerged from the central mountains, and arrive within about six hundred miles of the Himalayas, all the streams begin to follow the direction of the Ganges, and eventually join that great river. The system of drainage of which it is the trunk, extends over the greatest of all the natural divisions of India, covering a length of at least twelve hundred miles, by a breadth of six hundred, called the Plain of the Ganges, and including Bengal, Behar, Orissa, Oude, Delhi, and minor countries, with a population greater than that of France, Austria, and Prussia united; speaking several distinct languages, the chief of which are the Bengalee in the east, and the Hindui in the west. Bengal Proper is as large as France, and as populous; flat, watery, steaming with heat; inexhaustibly rich; and peopled by a cowardly, cringing race, who speak the Bengalee, and never attempt soldiering. Behar, further up the plain, lies on higher ground, with a finer population; and here you leave the tropics, entering on the temperate zone. Next comes Allahabad, a district, the capital of which lies on the most sacred site, the junction of the two great rivers, the Jumna and the Ganges. Before you reach the junction is the holiest of all the Hindu sacred places, Benares; to reach which a pilgrimage from any distance is cheerfully undertaken. This is the lowest point at which a massacre has occurred, and is about three hundred and seventy miles from Calcutta.

Now we come into the thick of the disturbed districts. At the junction, about seventy miles further on, lies the *city* of Allahabad, where the treacherous 6th caressed their officers in the forenoon, and slaughtered them at dinner-time. Following the Ganges, to the right you come upon Oude, the most famous land of India in their old poems, one of its richest now; the chief source from whence our Sepoys for the Bengal army were recruited, our latest annexation, and the bitter fountain of our present troubles. On the frontier, watered by the Ganges, lies Cawnpore, where the heroic Sir Hugh Wheeler fell. A little to the right lies the capital, Lucknow, a centre of indescribable depravity, where Sir Henry Lawrence maintained the glory of English valour; and where he, the greatest man in India, worth ten thousand men, fell, sacrificed for want of roads to

reach and support him. Turning from Oude to the left, you are in the Doab; that is the Delta formed by the two rivers Jumna and Ganges, where Havelock has burned Bithoor, the den of Nena Sahib. Proceeding upwards, you come upon Agra, the seat of government for the northwest provinces, before which five hundred English troops attacked ten thousand well armed and disciplined mutineers. Ninety miles further to the north-west lies Delhi, where the splendours of the Mogul formerly dazzled eyes, accustomed only to the paler pomp of Europe; where now a new Emperor is in deadly struggle with the power which spared and protected his fathers, and liberally pensioned him.

Above the district of Delhi lies Sirhind, or Head-of-India, in which the waters begin to turn, leaving the Plain of the Ganges, on which lie all the great countries we have just traversed, and running for the Indus. The system of drainage whereof that river is the trunk, forms the last of the great natural divisions of India, the Plain of the Indus. It includes the celebrated countries of the Punjab, Cachmere, and Scinde; and between it and the central region of mountains spreads out a great sandy desert. Any one who will clearly fix in his mind the three leading physical features of India,—in the south of the table-land, with its two fringes of mountain-foot territory; on the north and north-east the great Plain of the Ganges, skirting the Himalayas, and bending downward to the Bay of Bengal; on the west the Plain of the Indus, with its border of sandy desert,—will easily carry in his memory the outline of the country, and can insert the central mountain-tract without trouble.

THE TWO HELPERS.

A man of large wealth in one of our cities, was accustomed to speak with gratitude of the man to whom his success in business was owing. He had lent him his credit, and at a certain crisis saved him from failure, by allowing him to draw on him for any amount necessary. Such generosity is rare; it was fully appreciated by the recipient, who lost no suitable occasion of making the conduct of his benefactor known.

Before the meridian of life was passed another friend conferred a still greater favour. He came to the prosperous man, and showed that he was in danger of losing his soul. He presented the truth so affectionately, and so clearly, that, by the blessing of God, conversion was the result. He became a decided Christian. He saw that he was brought into the church not merely to be saved, but to work. He gave liberally to benevolent objects. He lent his wisdom in counsels to plans for doing good. He had a voice to speak for God. Many were invited by him to come to Christ, and quite a number were hopefully converted through his efforts.

He was accustomed to refer to the obligation he was under to the friend who aided him in laying up treasure in heaven.

He regarded the service rendered him as far greater than that which enabled him to become a man of wealth.

Few of us can aid men to become rich even if it were desirable that we should do so. We can aid others in securing salvation.

Poetry.

A STORM SKETCH.

The wintry winds blow round my cot,
 And snow-drifts clasp the frozen ground ;
 And leafless ozers mark the spot
 Where sweetest wild flow'rs late were found.
 No cheerful sounds from bough or brake,
 No soothing strains at daylight's close ;
 The echoes of the morn awake,
 Or gently tempt the night's repose.
 The stars are lighting night's cold noon,
 High in their circling thrones they glow ;
 And cold and passionless the moon
 Looks on the dreary world below.
 Half choked the sullen streamless creep,
 Their courses marked by frozen tears ;
 And fast and far the snow-drifts sweep,
 —The howling winds their charioteers—
 The wild bird that in ardent flight,
 Match'd his bold wing against the storm ;
 Has sought close shelter for the night,
 Nor dares his purposed feat perform.
 And crouching in a common lair,
 —Before unus'd for den or form—
 The hungry wolf and savage bear
 Forget their instincts in the storm.
 The tawny children of the shade,
 —Their wig-wam village whelm'd with snow—
 Drop in affright the basket braid,
 The half-formed paddle and the bow.
 The woodman hears the tempest's fits
 With awe—tho' many his winter's days—
 As in his shelter'd hut he sits,
 And musing marks the log-fire's blaze.
 Heaven help the traveller—on the Moor
 And by the lake and mountain scar,
 Though pass'd full many a cottage door,
 His own alas ! is distant far.
 Oh ! he is tir'd, and as he goes,
 Each moment harder comes his breath ;
 Till dreams of home and sweet repose
 End in the lasting sleep of death.
 Think ye, to whom kind heaven has lent
 Each bliss to make your comforts sure,
 Wealth, pleasure, ease, content—
 Think ye upon the wretched poor ?
 Does conscience warn—where much is given
 That justice will expect the more ;—
 Wealth is the smallest gift of heaven,
 And worthless all, when life is o'er.
 Soon shall the storms of life be past—
 Winter's loud wind no longer rave—
 And all find shelter from the blast,
 Where all are equal—in the grave.

Narrative Pieces.

RESTITUTION.

SCRIPTURE TRUTH ILLUSTRATED IN CAPT. BALL'S EXPERIENCE.

I was at work one afternoon in my garden, when a visitor entered and approached so silently that he stood within a few feet of me before I was aware of his presence.

"You appear to be very busy this afternoon," said he calling my name.

I looked up and was not a little astonished to see standing before me, with an embarrassed air, one of the most worldly-minded, and irreverent characters in the village.

"Yes, Capt. Ball," I answered, "I was giving these young pea vines something to climb upon."

"And very busy thinking also."

"Yes, neighbor; I was thinking how much we are like those pea-vines. How much we need something to climb upon. A spiritual staff to lift us above the tangle of worldliness."

"Mr. Rainsford," said the visitor, in a choked voice, "I—l am trying to find such a staff."

"My brother!" I exclaimed full of sympathy and joy, "there is but one staff: that Christ planted for us. We may all rest upon him as a pillar of support, and love, and truth. We have not far to seek—you have only to reach out the tendrils of your heart in aspiration and faith, and they will clasp it. The command is repent and believe."

He was a middle-aged man, whose hair had grown early gray with worldly cares; whose eyes were unaccustomed to tears, and it was affecting to see that hard face soften, and melt at last almost to weeping as he grasped my hand.

"I have had a strange experience," he said, recovering himself, but still speaking with much emotion. "It began about three weeks ago. I had lately been making very good trades, and one night as I was riding home, reckoning on my gains, and feeling a pride and triumph in the start I had got in the world by my own exertions—it was starlight and very still—I could scarcely hear a noise but the field crickets, and the tramp of my

horse on the dark road, when suddenly a voice said, *'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loose his own soul?'*"

"Was it actually a voice?" I questioned, as he hesitated.

"No; I knew it wasn't at the time. It was, I have no doubt, my own mind. But the expression was just as distinct and unexpected as if it had been spoken by some one in my ear. The words I probably learned when I was a child, but had forgotten them, and had to look in the Bible afterward to see if they were there. I found them and found a good many things besides which seemed to have been intended expressly for me, to break up entirely my way of life, and trouble all my calculations. The thing has been working ever since, and I can't stop its working. I have come to the conclusion that I must be a different man and live for a different purpose; and I come to talk with you about it."

Having commenced giving the captain's story as he related it, I shall continue it in his own words as well as I can remember them. The reader however, must imagine several weeks to have elapsed since my first conversation with him, the scene to be changed for an evening meeting, when the captain, after a long struggle with himself, got up to relate his experience.

"I went to talk with the minister he continued, after having astonished many others as much as he had done with the repetition of the above narrative. "I wanted to get into the church, where I thought I should be safe. I had no conception of repentance, and a change of heart. I supposed our pastor would commence questioning me about doctrines, and so forth, and to let me know what would have to understand and believe before I could become a church-member. He didn't take any such course. He made me go into the house, and down in his study, when he talked with me a long time about the blessedness of religion, and its value above all things in this world, independent of its rewards hereafter. That he said:

"Captain Ball, do you know the first thing requisite to be done, if you would be a Christian?"

"I did not know.

"The Christian life—the life of a faithful follower of Jesus Christ," said he, "can be founded only upon repentance. Now it is easy to say we repent of sins, and even to think we repent, but the only repentance that is worth anything is an active repentance—by which I mean not only sorrow for sin, and an earnest desire to avoid it in future—but one that goes to work, and seeks, as far as is in its power, to make amends for every wrong we have ever done. Is there a person in the world, Capt. Ball, who can look you in the face, and say you have wronged him?"

"He knew my weak point," added the captain.

"I meant, however, to confess something which I supposed was known to every body who knows me—my horse trade with Peter Simmons last spring.

"Did you wrong Peter?" said the minister.

"I shaved him a little said I.

"How much?" said he. "Tell me honestly what you think."

"I let him have a ring-boned and wind-broken nag that I had physicked up to look pretty gay—worth, for actual service, not over ten dollars, and got in return a sound, steady beast, worth sixty dollars, and twenty-five dollars to boot. So I honestly think, said I, that I shaved him out of seventy-five dollars.

"And with seventy-five dollars in our possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons, do you think you can commence a life of Christian purity? Do you think that Christ will hear our prayers for pardon?" said the minister.

"I said something about a trade is trade, and they must look out for themselves when they swap horses—but he cut me short.

"Your own soul, said he, 'will not admit the excuses which your selfishness invents.'

"But the rule you apply said I, will cut off the heads of church members as well as mine. There's Deacon Rich, he trades horses, and shaves when he can.

"No excuse,' said he, 'whose head cut off, no matter what Deacon Rich does. You have to deal with your

own soul, and with your Lord. And I tell you whether you are out of the church or in it, a single dollar which you have unjustly or knowingly taken from any man, without rendering him its full value to the best of your ability—a single dollar, I say—will be like a millstone hung upon your neck, to sink your soul into the sea of spiritual death.'

"I couldn't stand that. The Spirit of God used these words with terrible effect upon my heart. The truth spoken by the pastor appealed to my understanding with irresistible power. I went away, but I couldn't rest. So I took seventy-five dollars, and went to Peter and paid him; making him promise not to tell anybody, for I was ashamed to have it known that I was conscience-stricken and paid back money. Then I went to the minister's and told him what I had done. He didn't praise me as I thought he would. He took it as a matter of course, and no more merit in me than it was to wash my hands before I sit down to supper. On the contrary, he seemed to suspect that my hands were not clean yet. He wanted to know if I had wronged any body else besides Peter. I tried to say no, but my conscience wouldn't let me. I could have told a plumper lie than that once, without flinching; yes, and flattered my own heart to believe the lie. I was discouraged, I felt bitterly disheartened. It was, indeed, so much harder being a Christian than I supposed, that I had regretted going to talk with the minister at all. Like the young man who had great possessions, I was on the point of going away sorrowful.—But my heart burned within me and I was forced to speak.

"In the way of business, said I, no doubt I have taken advantage here and there as everybody does—as church members themselves do when they can.

"What everybody does is no rule for you and me, Capt. Ball," said the minister.

"It is to be Christians in the fullest sense—not simply to be church members—that we must strive with all our hearts. The fact of being in the fold does not make the lamb; there are wolves in the fold, alas! but we are by no means justified in doing as the wolves do; even when they appear in sheep's clothing.'

“‘I felt the rebuke. Well, said I, there is Deacon Rich. I think he paid me a note twice. The first time he paid it, we were transacting other business, and by some mistake the note wasn't destroyed. I found it among my papers afterward. I was a good deal excited, and lay awake more than one night thinking what I ought to do about it. The deacon was a hard man, I considered, and took advantage of people when he could. He had driven more than one hard bargain with me.’ The deacon who was present and heard these allusions to himself, winced and coughed uneasily. Capt. Ball went on without appearing to mind him.

“So, said I to the minister, I concluded I would serve the deacon as he would probably have served me under similar circumstances. I kept the note by me a good while, and when I thought the particulars of our settlement had slipped his mind, I said to him one day, may be he would like to take up that note which had been due a considerable time. He was surprised—looked excited and angry—said he had paid, and held out stoutly for a while; but there was the note. There was no proof that it had ever been paid, and finally he took his pocket-book, and, with some pretty hard words, paid it over again with interest.

“‘And now,’ said the minister, ‘what are you going to do about it?’

“I suppose, said I, the money must be paid back.

“So I went to the deacon next day, told him that on reflection I was convinced he was right and I was wrong about the payment of the note, and returned him the money—one hundred and thirty dollars—a good deal to his astonishment.

The deacon coughed and wiped his forehead.

“I hoped then all was right,” continued Capt Ball.

“I tried to satisfy my conscience that it was all. But I was afraid to go back to the minister, he has such a way of stirring up the conscience, and finding mud at the bottom, when we flatter ourselves that, because it is out of sight, there is not impurity there. And I knew that, as long as I dreaded to see the minister, something must be wrong; and on looking carefully into my heart, I found the little matter of a mortgage, which I foreclosed on

a poor man, and got away his farm, when he had no suspicion but I would give him time to redeem it. By that means I had got into my possession property worth two thousand dollars, for which I did not actually pay, and for which Isaac Dorr never actually realized more than half that amount. But the proceeding was entirely legal, and I tried to excuse myself. But my awakened conscience kept saying—

“‘You have taken a poor man's land without giving him a just return; the law of God condemns you, although the law of man sanctions the wrong. You shall have no peace of soul—your heart will burn you—until with justice you have wiped out your own injustice to him and to others whom you have wronged.’

“Against the decrees of my conscience I rebelled a long time. It was hard for me to lose a thousand dollars, together with the interest due from the time the mortgage was foreclosed; and it was like taking a portion of my life to be obliged to subtract so much money from my gains, and give it to a man who had no legal claim upon me. I groaned and mourned over it in secret, and tried to pray, but that mortgage came right up between my prayer and God, and heaven looked dark and frowning through it. At last I could not resist the appeal of conscience any longer, and went again to the minister, and told him my troubles, and asked him what I should do.

“‘There is a simple test said he. ‘Do you love your neighbour as yourself? If you do, you will be just to him, if it takes from you the last dollar you have in the world.’

“That was a terrible sentence—I went out staggering from it as if I had received a blow.

“O God, I said, how can I be a Christian?

“But I had help beyond myself otherwise, I could never have ended that struggle. I knelt before God and solemnly vowed for his sake, for the sake of his pardon and love, would not only do justly to the poor man I had wronged, but would give, if need be, all that I had in the world so that I might find peace in Him. A strange, soothing influence came over my soul, and a voice seemed to say, ‘Though you loose all you have Chris-

and the blessings of a heart pure and at peace shall be left you—the best and only source of happiness and life.' And in the solemn night time, after I had gave up the struggle, that comfort came to me so great and precious, that I felt willing, if it would only stay with me, to accept poverty and go into the world poor and despised, hugging that priceless blessing in my heart. The next day I was as light as if I had had wings. Nothing could keep me from going to see Isaac Dorr, with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, and a note for the remainder of what I owed him."

"Well," said the narrator, with tears running down his cheeks, "I only wish that every person here could have seen the Dorr family when I visited them and made known my errand. Poor Isaac had grown quite discouraged, and had just made up his mind to quit his wife and children and go to California. His children were crying and his wife was in an extremity of distress and despair. She received me a great deal better than I anticipated; she had acted according to law,' she said, 'and Isaac, careless and imprudent was greatly to blame.'

"'Yes,' said Isaac with the firmness of a desperate man, "it was a savage law that you played on me, but I was a fool ever to get into debt as I did, and then fancy that any one would not take the advantage when the law permits it. I am ruined in consequence; and here you see this woman and these babies—"

"The poor fellow broke down as he looked at them, and cried like a child. "Isaac," said I, as soon as I could speak, "I have come to show you that a man can be honorable even when the law don't compel him to be. I want to do right, Isaac, because God commands it, and I have come to tell you that you needn't leave your wife and babies yet, unless you prefer.

"Prefer to go off into a strange

country and leave them here to suffer! he cried, and he caught the children' in his arms, and wrung his wife's hand, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Then I counted out the money I had brought, and explained what I intended to do, and gave him the note, and such surprise and kindness I never saw. They would have kissed my feet if I would have let them. It seemed to me as if heaven had opened then and there—and it was opened in my heart with such a flood of light and joy as I had never experienced or thought possible before.

"My friends," added the captain, his once hard voice now almost as mellow as a woman's, his cheeks still moist with tears, "I have been constrained to make this confession; I thank you for listening to it. The minister tells me a man may be a church member and not a Christian; I mean to be a Christian first, and if I fail—"

He could proceed no further, but sat down with an emotion more effective than any words.

I have nothing to add to this narrative, except that he became a church member, and that his example of thorough repentance, of childlike faith in Christ, and of vigorous, practical, every day righteousness, elevated many degrees the standard of Christianity among my people.—[Selected.

Has any one gained money by foreclosing a cut-throat mortgage, let him read the above.

If one has wronged his neighbor, and yet fancies himself a Christian, let him read the above.

If any one has screened a wrong under the cover of legality, let him read the above.

And let no man, as he values his soul, expect salvation while refusing to make restitution. *It must be made!* that is the short, simple, terse statement of truth.

Christian Observer of Public Events.

An unusual scene has recently occurred in the British House of Commons reminding us somewhat forcibly of the chivalric courage of some of the southern heroes in the congress of the neighbouring republic; and which but for the prompt and decisive action of the House of Commons might have resulted in a so-called "affair of honor." It appears that the Secretary of Ireland, Sir Robert Peel, has rendered himself obnoxious to some of the zealous agents of Romanism in that country, and especially to one of the Irish members of Parliament, called "The O'Donoghue." When the news of the "Trent affair" reached Europe, and there was a probability of difficulty between Great Britain and the United States, the disloyal amongst the Romanists in Ireland took advantage of what they seemed to regard as a favorable opportunity for displaying their treasonable sentiments. A meeting was accordingly held in the Rotunda in Dublin, at which the O'Donoghue presided. The conduct of that honorable gentleman on that occasion was so outrageously improper, that Sir Robert Peel felt himself called upon to give an official expression of disapprobation, and accordingly dismissed the O'Donoghue from the commission of the peace. In a speech in the house, Sir Robert, in referring to the meeting in Dublin, made some remarks that were regarded as highly insulting to the O'Donoghue, but which he allowed to pass at the time without calling Sir Robert to order; and the next day sent him a message which was doubtless intended as a challenge to a personal combat. This act according to the rules of the House of Commons,

was a breach of privilege, for which the O'Donoghue was subsequently called to an account before the House.— Lord Palmerston apprehending some such proceeding as afterwards occurred had taken the precaution to write to Sir Robert and warn him that in case he should receive a hostile message, he should no account to accept it, and also that he would bring the matter before the House. At the next meeting after the alleged offence was given, the matter was brought under the notice of the Speaker, who called upon the O'Donoghue to make an apology for the breach of privilege he had committed, and give an assurance that the affair would be dropped. The honorable member for Tipperary evidently in the humiliating position in which he had placed himself by his rash and unparliamentary act, and after a desperate effort to palliate his offence by representing the grossness of the insult he had received, with a very bad grace, he made the required apology in form, and gave an assurance that no further proceedings would be taken and the matter dropped. It is to be hoped that the severe lesson which this chivalric representative for Tipperary has received, will have a salutary effect in restraining his wrath hereafter within legitimate bounds, and that the manner in which this matter has been dealt with, will preserve the British House of Commons for all time from coming from similar attempts to sacrifice its reputation.

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The "Roman Question," as it is called; or perhaps more properly, "the question of the Pope," is still unsettled, and is perhaps one of the

complexing matters in the diplomacy of some of the European governments, and especially that of France. Louis Napoleon is now doing penance for his unwarrantable interference in the Italian revolution. His aspirations after the honour of the eldest and most dutiful son of the holy father, have cost him millions of money in restoring the Pope to his throne, and maintaining him in the exercise of his temporal power, and now the tenacity with which the Pope retains all the prerogatives of the successor of Peter, appears to raise an insuperable obstacle in the way of adjusting the affairs of Italy. The French emperor has more than once politely hinted to his hostage, the propriety of resigning his secular authority in order that he may devote himself more fully to the proper duties of the head of the Church, pamphlets have been published on the same subject, and it is strongly suspected, under the emperor's sanction; that all have been unavailing; the "old man" is still unmoved in his purpose to be faithful to his high trust, and is resolved to preserve the integrity of the patrimony of St. Peter. As a last resort, intimations have been given of the intended withdrawal of French troops from Rome, and thus leave the Holy Father to his own resources for the defence of his dominion. What would be the speedy result of leaving the Pope to negotiate matters with his own people, is not difficult to determine. A Roman correspondent of the *Daily News* in a recent letter says: "It is universally reported that a telegram has been received by the Pontifical government, giving the French emperor's command, viz., that he will begin to withdraw all his troops on the 15th of April, unless before that time the Pope has

agreed to negotiate with the King of Italy. To this message it is said Antonelli has replied by the eternal, *Non possumus!* Of the truth of all such reports, however, it is impossible to obtain satisfactory evidence. Only ten days ago all Florence was deceived by a telegram announcing a revolution here, and the withdrawal of French troops. The usual rejoicings and hanging of banners which took place on the occasion, to celebrate the good news, were, alas! a little premature. 'The end is not yet.' Pio IX. is better again. I saw him on Sunday perform the tedious ceremonies of Candlemas, apparently without difficulty. For how many more years will the representatives of all the Catholic (Romanist) sovereigns of Europe kneel down and kiss the foot of the 'successor of St. Peter,' according to the monstrous programme of this festival? A waggish person who was present, remarked that the *corps diplomatique* on this occasion was 'too-pious altogether.' Truly one could not but rejoice that the Windsor uniform did not figure among the be-starred train performing the humiliating 'Ko-too' and their marching off in triumph, each with a wax candle in his hand, to make the tour of St. Peter." The same correspondent states that it is the opinion of the best informed at Rome, that in the event of liberty of conscience being restored by a revolution, that there will be a much more powerful reaction of the people towards Protestantism in Rome itself, than has yet been shown elsewhere in Italy. In that city, the people have seen Popery in its worst form, and are heartily sick of it in all cases where there is not an entire enslavement to its degrading superstitions.

Missionary Department.

HUDSON'S BAY.

In our January number we had gratefully to record the Providential deliverance from death of one of our brethren in British Columbia; since then we have received accounts from the Rev. G. McDougall detailing the imminent peril of himself, and two travelling companions, by the sudden capsizing of their canoe; but God mercifully saved them from impending death. The religious aspects of the work at Rossville and the Fort, and those at Oxford House, are very encouraging. Under date of February 9th, 1862, Mr. McDougall writes,—“On the people of this land the Lord is pouring out his Spirit. At the Fort a number of fine young men have been converted, and the reaction on Rossville is most happy. The cards have given place to the Bible and Hymn-Book. At the Prayers and Class-meetings, the French, Gaelic, Norwegian, Cree, and English utter the language of the heart in praise to God for his wonderful work. We are sure our friends will read with interest the following

Extracts from the Journal of the Rev. George McDougall.

September 11th,—Started for Oxford, my travelling companions were my worthy interpreter, and William Rundel. The route to Jackson's Bay is far from monotonous; in a four days' journey we floated on the waters of three different rivers, crossed seven lakes and made five portages; twice we disturbed the hard-working beaver; at one place my attention was directed to the foresight displayed by these unlettered engineers. Having to erect their works when the water was very high, they anticipated a lowering by building two dams a little further down the stream; hence in the event of a break, or an attack from an enemy, provision was made for escape. “O Lord, how manifold are thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all!”

The traveller will find it most convenient not to encumber himself with much luggage—a blanket, a supply of tea, sugar, and flour, depending on your faithful gun for wild fowl, conscious that you are in the path of duty, and the soul is happy.

Saturday morning we reached our

destination. Our esteemed Missionary and his wife were expecting us, and, let those who can, enter into the feelings of brethren under such circumstances. Brother Stringfellow has not seen the face of a fellow-labourer since our visit last winter. In conversing with the excellent men with whom I have the honour to be associated, I have noticed that but seldom reference is made to their temporal privations; that Bro. Steinhaur for years received but two bags of flour, and Bro. Woolsey but one; that a family recently visited were living on food much coarser than that used by many of the humblest families in Canada; that travelling hundreds of miles, the apology for the comfortable hotel, or the happy home of some Christian family is the little tent pitched upon the rocks. These things, however, produce no repining. The great want, and that to which constant reference is made, is Christian fellowship. The soul of the believer yearns for union with the Church of Christ.

From Brother Stringfellow we learn

that the Indians to the number of 300, were encamped at Oxford House, and had expressed a desire that we should spend the Sabbath with them at that place. With this request we could not comply. Here was their Missionary, and here, at much sacrifice and toil, a Mission had been established, and a comfortable church erected. A messenger was despatched to inform them that if they wished to see the visitors, they must come to the Mission. Sunday morning, the canoes began to arrive, and during the service, a large boat with sixty respectably dressed natives, entered the river at two p. m. The church was well filled. Brother Sinclair preached, and I baptized the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stringfellow, and also a little son of the priest. I observed that many of the congregation, on entering the church, carried in their hands, a small parcel, wrapped up in white cotton; this proved to be the Cree Testament. When the lessons were announced, each opened his book, and attentively followed the reader. How great the honour conferred by the Head of the Church on the lamented James Evans in making him the inventor of the syllabic characters, and the founder of some of these prosperous Missions; and how gratifying to the friends of the Indian, to know that through their instrumentality, the Word of Life, and the Songs of Zion have been scattered through the length and breadth of this land; that Schools have been established, and scores of children rescued from hopeless ignorance; and that yearly, not only Indians but whites are sincerely converted to God; that a goodly number are already before the Throne, and not a few yet on earth can rejoice in the hope of immortality. To God be all the glory! Our evening service was very encouraging.

Monday morning, at an early hour, I met for prayer; and at 9, a. m., in Council, when the spiritual, educational and temporal interests of this deep-interesting people were pressed on their attention. Brother Stringfellow has the advantage of many in his efforts for the Cree, being quite at ease in their language; and surely it is no ordinary privilege to be God's interpreter to a perishing people. Our object being now accomplished, I made haste to depart; sanguine

that Thursday evening would find us at home. How true it is, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his path!

Tuesday, when nearly fifty miles from Oxford, and just as we had reached the head of a powerful rapid, our canoe touched a sunken rock, and in a moment capsized; in an instant we were swept over the cataract; our only hope was in clinging to the canoe: and five times our frail bark was rolled over by these troubled waters. My interpreter being lightly clad, struck out for some floating timber, and succeeded in reaching the shore. This I dare not attempt, having on a heavy top coat and overalls. Never shall I forget my noble Cree; though nearly exhausted, I could hear his voice above the roar of the rapids shouting, "Don't be discouraged, Sir, cling to the canoe, and we may yet be saved!" Holding on with one hand, we succeeded in directing it to the shore, when kneeling on the rock we thanked our great Deliverer. May our remnant of days be spent to his praise!

There was no time to be lost; we were in the midst of a vast wilderness, and little prospect of either food or fire. In this the good Lord was better to us than our fears; the ducks we had killed floated, and were all collected. Some other eatables were found. My powder-flask being air-tight was recovered,—thus giving us the means of making fire. My gun and cloak, and poor William's clothes, with most of our travelling kit, had gone to the bottom, but our lives were spared, and we were thankful. On Friday night we reached home.

September 29th,—Quarterly Meeting; a good day; the Chief Factor and family, and several whites, for the first time, met their Indian neighbours at the Lord's table.

November 19th,—This day died my faithful man, William Rundle. How mysterious the ways of Providence! Twelve days ago William punctured his thumb with the tooth of a pike; severe inflammation, and subsequently mortification, were the cause of his death. He died well, yea triumphantly. With his latest breath he exhorted his friends to be faithful. Not an hour before he died I heard him sing in English, "My heavenly home is bright and fair." His last words were,

"I love Jesus, I love Jesus, bless the Lord!"

November 27th,—The subject before the Lyceum this evening was Temperance, and it was resolved, that Intemperance has been more destructive to mankind than war. The Norway House Debating Club has been of incalculable benefit to the gentlemen and men of this Establishment; one of the first fruits is, the projection of a Reading Room; a number of papers and reviews have been ordered!

December 12th,—Temperance Meeting: the Chief Factor in the chair.—One of the Clerks, the Rossville Schoolmaster, and four of the men spoke well. Twelve new names were added to the list. One of the surest pledges of a good time coming, and one that casts the light of radiant hope into the future, is, that in several of the Plain Districts, the gentlemen in charge have resolved to import no more rum. With gratitude to God, I record that Edmonton, the Rocky Mountain District, is one of the number.

December 13th,—This evening the gentlemen in charge presented us with a beautifully finished Carriole and robe. This vehicle is in Hudson's Bay quite as necessary as a carriage or cutter in Canada. It is certainly among our mercies that not only the Chief and his lady, but also the gentlemen and men without exception are the kindest neighbours. May the Gospel to which they so respectfully listen prove to them the power of God unto salvation!

Tuesday afternoons we spend among the children. Our school is in a prosperous condition, and this is our

great responsibility. More than one hundred children look to us as the appointed agents of Providence to train them in the way they should go. The Sabbath-School is doing a good work not only the children, but the young people are regular attendants. Our friends of the Fort have kindly volunteered their assistance as teachers. May the Great Head of the Church water these little nurseries, for on these depends the future success of the Mission; to Mrs. Dr. Hoole we are deeply indebted for a good supply of Testaments, maps, and reading lessons.

Met the English class; there were present two ladies, seven Scotchmen, one Norwegian, one Frenchman, two Canadians, and three half-breed. The believer, whatever may be his nationality, speaks the language of Canaan. One brother stated, "When I left my native town a revival was in progress, but I was only a looker-on. I never resolved to give my heart to Saviour, until on my way up for York. I then for the first time witnessed the conduct of converted Indians, their respect for the Sabbath, and their devotions, deeply impressed my mind. I then resolved, the Lord being my helper, to walk in the narrow path."

Christmas day,—For the last twelve months we have worshipped in the School-House. To-day, under auspicious circumstances we re-enter our Church. Our comfortable House has been lengthened fourteen feet, thoroughly renovated, and ten new pews added. In this enterprise the Indians have done nobly, and they have been most liberally sustained by the Honourable Company.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. G. McDougall, dated, Norway House, January 1st, 1862.

We are ever obliged to you for writing to us. Your last Mrs. M. received while I was at Oxford. I regretted that three of my letters had miscarried. My soul is often humbled when I reflect on what the Lord has done for the people of this place. At the Fort we have nearly our own way, but still there is a great lack. O for a baptism of the Holy Ghost!

I hope to see the printing in Brother Woolsey's hands before long. Blunderers like myself have no business with it.

John (my son) has given us much comfort. His conduct commands the respect of all. He speaks Cree like a native. Many thanks for sending David to the good Quaker. His letter was a marked improvement.

We are hard at work on the C. Hymn Book. Since Mr. Evans' death nothing has been done to give Wesleyan poetry to the Indians of this country. We have now a number of comparing translations. We hope next summer to ask you for a preface.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Charles Stringfellow, dated Oxford House, December 12th, 1861.

As usual, you will expect, at this season of the year, to hear from me concerning our welfare and those committed to our charge. We have had no means of intercourse with you since last September (when I wrote), and our knowledge of the civilized world does not come nigher than August last, when we had letters and papers by the Fall Brigade of the Hon. Company. Since that date all the occurrences of the outer world are a blank to us. I need not write you that the time of a mail is with us an exciting season; it has its wonder and hope, its pleasing and unsatisfactory forebodings; it is a season of expectation.

Since I last wrote there has been an improvement in the health of my dear wife; but she will never be so strong as formerly. If we had a good servant it would be a great help, but for that we cease to look. We are all moderately well.

There has been much sickness amongst the Indians; they are not yet free from it, as several are still sick, of disease more or less dangerous. Since last spring six adults have died, and several children. The dying scenes of some of these were a proper dose to a religious life, and a suitable as well as necessary exhibition of the power of the Gospel to enlighten the mind, hallow the soul, and calm the spirit in prospect of death and eternity. I now refer you to my Journal.

Sept. 4th. Received tidings of the ship having safely arrived at York Factory, and also a few letters. We have heavy rain. Our hay is still unstacked, and only partly dry.

5th. Day fine. Had trouble with a refractory youth, who was assisting us. Again started for hay.

6th. Got home our last boat load of hay. Getting it dried is the difficulty. We have had snow already.

7th. Some of our people are setting traps for their hunting grounds.

8th. Sabbath. Thin congregations, but we shall soon improve. A good attention was manifested. May the Lord succeed!

12th. A sail in the bay caught our eye, which proved to be a boat bring-

ing our goods from the Factory. It was manned by our own Indians, whom we welcomed once more. We have received our goods from England. Two boxes of clothing for the poor of the Mission, and a large cask of crockery, the gift of the "Ladies' Committee," for the use of the Mission family.

14th. Saturday. To-day there arrived our Chairman, (Mr. McDougall), on a visit to the Mission. He is accompanied by the interpreter and servant, and has come in a birch canoe. We were glad to welcome our guest. Indians not yet arrived from the Fort.

15th. Sabbath Mr. McDougall preached to a comparatively small congregation. The wind has been unfavourable to our people getting here soon. After morning service a large boat arrived, and many canoes. Our church will be well filled now. Mr. Sinclair, our interpreter at Rossville, preached this afternoon with both earnestness and effect, to a numerous audience. In the evening we had two baptisms, and an excellent sermon from our Chairman. The day's services have been impressive, orthodox, and will have their effect exhibited in the great day.

16th. Held a council with the Indians. They were addressed lengthily, pathetically, and wisely, so that I need not add beneficially, by Mr. McDougall. Having completed his visit, we bid farewell to our visitor, and unhappily we shall see no more for a while of our respected Chairman. Several Indians have made preparations to build—may they finish with dispatch!

18th. The first of a number of prayer-meetings was held in the church. The whole were well attended, and were seasons of grace. In the presence of the congregation and both parents, I baptized the infant son of John and Elizabeth Stinson, born yesterday.

21st. After a short prayer-meeting I gave the Society their tickets. These services and those of to-morrow are for the especial benefit of those departing for the winter season.

22nd. Sabbath. Several, after sermon, related their experience, to our comfort. There was much feeling of a gracious character. Administered the Lord's Supper. Married a servant of

the Hon. H. B. Company to one of our females.

23rd. Began taking up potatoes in right earnest. Was tired. Indians departing and saying farewell.

24th and 25th. Busy from morn until night; nearly finished our fields.

26th. Sent off two parties of fishermen to fish for us. Hired two small boys to remain here. Have got off the Indians to their fisheries, to await the coming of the fish. A change for them.

27th. Finished getting up our potatoes; doubled last year's produce. Have, say, 100 bushels. Enough and to spare.

28th. An unbaptized Indian female has died. She was old and of weak intellect previous to her death. It is probable the drowning of her only son brought about her insanity. She was the eldest of four wives belonging to a York Factory Indian. Her owner abandoned her at last for youth and beauty in others he had chosen. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." May the Gospel soon bless this dark land!

2nd October. Married, after the usual preliminaries, a young couple.

11th. Friday. Entered into life, John Young, a cripple. He was a boy in stature, a man in years; an indescribable sufferer for a long series of years—at length he rests. His last words were, "The Master has come; now, I go." O what a mighty change do Jesus' sufferers know—and none more than he just named.

13th. Sabbath. Laid by to rest, the mortal remains of poor "Oskeneekie,"

or "the young one," as he was called by his people. Many attended; all were affected. He has secured, through Christ, the blessings in Rev. vii. 16-27.

19th. Have held daily prayer-meetings this week. Gave tickets.

The attendance was good. More remain with us now than last year. We have done better at the fishery than ever. We have caught 5,170 fish. The Indians 10,000 more. This will be ample with any care, as we fish the whole winter in addition.

20th. Sabbath. Held our Lovefeast. Ten related their experience. I could scarcely refrain from tears at the experience of Isaac Keeper, who had lost his wife in the summer, and is left with eight motherless children, several of whom are small, the youngest not a year old. He said, "I thank God for his care of my motherless little ones. I am gratified for what the Gospel has done for me and mine. It is marvellous, truly marvellous. I hear my children read, and sing, and pray, and talk as I never could, and never expect to do. This is a great thing. I want a greater hope of heaven." I also preached and administered the sacrament. This was a good Sabbath.

25th. Our School is in active operation. I make frequent visits.

10th November. Yesterday the lake finally froze for the winter, and the river being now frozen, gives our people a better opportunity to come to worship. Our congregations are large.

12th. Have made a couple of windows and a door for an Indian's house.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Robt. Brooking, dated Rama, March 5th, 1862.

It has been with us, at our Mission, a season of deep affliction, as you are aware. Nearly ever since we arrived from the Hudson's Bay Territory, Mrs. Brooking's health has been such as to render it impossible for her to take that interest in the Mission, as she has been accustomed to do at every place she has been; and also to create in my own mind, constant anxiety as to the ultimate results. My trust, however, is in a wise and merciful Providence, who will, no doubt, order all things for the best.

With regard to the Mission, in general, we cannot boast of any great success; but there is evidently a gradual improvement. Our work here, as in nearly all our other Indian Missions in Canada, is rather *pastoral* than *itinerant*. We have no Pagans at this place. All *profess* Christianity; although, like our white population, "They are not all Israel, which are of Israel." We have, however, a large proportion of the population in membership with us, most of whom live in the enjoyment of God's favour. Since

ur last Conference, several have cast their lot with us, especially from among the more youthful portion of the community. Some backsliders have also been reclaimed; and the Society, generally, is in a healthy state.

There is also a general desire among our people to improve their temporal circumstances. Many who have never before engaged in farming their land, are now preparing to do so in the spring, as they now begin to see the advantage of it. I expect, that before long, the old village will be almost deserted, except by a few of the oldest Indians, who are now past labour. As fast as the old houses get uninhabitable, the younger ones prefer to go on to their lots to rebuild their houses, where they have suitable land for cultivation, and where they build much superior houses to those of the old class. They also furnish them more comfortably, and indeed, are far more comfortable in every respect. Nor in the march of improvement are they forgetful of their Missionary, whom they wished to see more comfortably domiciled. The old Mission-house being almost uninhabitable, they have given much more eligible site for a new one; and as they have no money to give, they have promised to give me 25 days' work towards the erection of it.

We have succeeded in securing the services of a school-master, whose labours are greatly appreciated. It is true that we cannot secure the attendance of a very large number at any one time, but quite a good number avail themselves of the School, as

they can spare time. Most of the young people of both sexes spend a part of their time at the school, when they are at home; and I think I am safe in saying, that on no Indian Mission at which I have been, has the desire for mental improvement been so manifest as here, and as a necessary consequence, the improvement is much greater. Some of our young people are fond of reading, and would greatly value the gift of a small library. Could not some of our wealthy friends who have the welfare of the poor Indian at heart, help us a little in this matter.

I might further state that these people do what they can in aid of the Mission Funds. Our Missionary Meeting, which was held on the 3rd of January, was a great success. Upwards of one hundred dollars were subscribed; and in addition to this, as you are aware, fifty dollars are allowed by the band out of their funds towards the school; so that you will probably receive more from this Indian Mission than from any other in connection with us.

On Friday, March 28th, we held our Missionary Meeting in Mara: which was also successful. The day was one of the most stormy of the season, yet we had a good attendance, and the avails were very creditable for the few adherents we have at that place. I have no doubt that the whole of the returns for this Mission, including the fifty dollars from the Indian Funds, will be near *one hundred and seventy-five dollars*.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. E. Sallows, dated Garden River, February 20th, 1862.

Clouds which seemed to threaten us, are passing over, and light from above is shining upon our path, and cheering our hearts. We have had retroacted services among the Indians, assisted by Brother Ashquabe, which have been owned of God to the salvation of souls. We have better attendance on public worship, and the class and prayer meetings are refreshing seasons.

We have taken up two appointments among the whites; one at the flourishing village of Sault St. Marie, where we have an encouraging congregation, highly educated, who appreciate our services; and the other about five miles above the village, which place we have to reach on snow shoes; but are abundantly rewarded for our toil when we witness the gratitude manifested for the priv-

illeges of the Gospel. We have visited from house to house, prayed with them and their families, and never were more cordially and politely received by any people. There is a general desire that we should live in the village, that we might be able more especially to attend to their spiritual necessities, both in the village and the country around.

The families settled in this part of the country are well pleased with their land, which is of a good quality; and the climate being favourable, they can raise excellent crops, and find a good market to dispose of their produce; at the same time purchase dry-goods and groceries cheap: this being a free port. Under these favorable circumstances, it is expected

that a number of families will come and settle here next spring. I am told that one of the merchants has twenty barrels of good flour made from the wheat grown in these parts. The land is only seventy-five cents per acre.

Next summer the new Government roads will be continued. This country in a short time will be a fine field for missionary labour.

D. Pin, Esq., has presented us with half an acre of land, adjoining the lot whereon the new school house is erected, it is a fine situation for a parsonage, which will be erected in time for occupation by the middle of June next. Would you be so kind as to forward a blank form to secure the property.

GERMAN MISSION.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society of Canada commenced—not long ago—its German work in humble dependence on the good hand of God, and that hand appears, whilst they who expected it to rest upon the new enterprise offer devout thanks to Him whose hand of saving power it is. The subjoined cheering letter from Dr. Freshman, and other indications, shew that the time has come when there should be an additional agency, and extended operations, for the immediate benefit of large and religiously-necessitous portions of the population of Canada. We earnestly commend this work to the pious and generous friends of Wesleyan Missions.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Dr. Freshman, dated Hamilton, February 4th, 1862.

Yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Floreth, whom Dr. Nast recommended to us for the German Mission. Judging from his letter, I think he is an able man, and a brave soldier of the Cross.

You will also rejoice to hear that your's and Dr. Nast's visits to us were blest. Scarcely a sermon is preached or a Bible class conducted, when there is not some soul brought under the standard of our Saviour.—Last Sabbath was unto us a day of Pentecost; for young and old stood up, and asked, "What must we do to be saved?" In the very midst of the sermon in the morning, men and women stood up, and commenced to pray, and all these were such who never before

opened their mouth to pray. I had sixty-two in the class after the evening service; the most of them spoke, some cried, others fell down and prayed. Glory to God on high for such a sight!

Our Sabbath-School also, which we have opened but three weeks ago with a few scholars and five teachers, is increasing; we have now thirteen teachers, and between forty and fifty scholars. I shall have a little difficulty to lead all the people in class myself, till I find some one amongst them to help me: but thanks be to God who hath strengthened me hitherto. He will not forsake me, for Christ's sake. Amen.