

The Faculty of Speaking in Public.

It is a most extraordinary fact that this faculty which is of so much value to all professional men and to some the principal portion—if we may be allowed the expression—of their stock in trade, should be so little cultivated.

THE FACULTY OF SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.

We should only take up needless time if we were to attempt an enumeration of the splendid examples and emphatic admonitions in favour of early, constant, various, and systematic training, in the case of everybody called upon to speak in public.

In this age, however, which brooks no comparison with any age that went before it, it is a plain fact, which cannot be disputed, that neither at our Universities, nor at our public schools, nor in any other places and systems of education in vogue amongst us, is any attempt made to teach the art of speaking.

The result is lamentable, and often disagreeable. The first education that the country can give offers no security whatever that a man shall not offend and disgust when he should please and inform.

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words. Those who can speak do not often bring credit on the gift. Indeed in this country there is nothing which is so often the subject of a sneer as fluency of speech.

Obituary Notices.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

Our contemporary, the Canada Christian Messenger, discourses in the following terms of the loss of

DEACON BEAM.

"The name of Deacon Beam has been a household word in the Baptist denomination for nearly half a century, in Canada. His death will be a great loss to the church in Beamsville, which he has so long served in the capacity of Senior Deacon.

"His loss to us, as a denomination of Christians, is a great one, as he has given more money to sustain our various Religious Societies, than any other man who has ever lived in Canada."

The report on obituaries adopted at the Niagara Association, adds some further particulars, from which we make a brief extract:—

"In the early history of our country, his house was the home of the missionary; and in later times, many a messenger of salvation has been cheered and refreshed beneath his hospitable roof. The cause of education found in him a true and never-wavering friend; and different institutions in connection with our denomination, can bear witness to his liberality in this respect.

Long will his memory be embalmed in the hearts of those who knew and loved him."

MISS ELIZABETH BANKS.

We are told by the sacred writer, that, 'it is appointed unto all once to die,' and though we may wish to put that day afar off,—yet the solemn toll of the death bell daily reminds us that

"Life is like a summer flower, That blossoms and is gone; We see it flourish for an hour, With all its beauty on; But death comes like a wintry day, And cuts the pretty flower away."

On Sabbath morning, April 3rd, 1858, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John Banks, Esq., of Nictaux, N. S., sweetly fell asleep in Jesus in the 24th year of her age.

In the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, at Nictaux, in 1854, Elizabeth was among the first to give her heart to God, many well remember the first time that she arose and spoke of the love of Christ which filled her soul, of the green pastures into, and the still waters beside which, the good Shepherd had led her.

From this time religion was the theme of her life; at home or abroad, she loved to speak of Christ the poor sinners friend. Never wishing to obtrude her feelings or her religion on others; yet the silent teachings of her daily walk and conversation, bore testimony that she had been with Jesus.

Elizabeth, a few days ere the last conflict, to her dearest earthly friend, 'how thankful I am that I sought the Saviour while in health.' During her illness (which was that fatal destroyer, Consumption.) she ever enjoyed a strong and certain assurance—though dust should moulder back to dust again; her ransomed spirit would wing its flight, to dwell forever with her Redeemer and her God—

'Tis there she'll bathe her weary soul— In seas of Heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll, Across her peaceful breast.

AMT.

Correspondence.

[We should have a strong objection to the publication of such a letter as the following if there were not peculiar circumstances connected therewith, which are explained in a private note.

When enquiry was made at the Association for the letter from the Indian Harbour Church it was supposed by some that no Church now existed there, and as others received that impression, we give it insertion at the request of the brethren.—Ed. C. M.]

For the Christian Messenger.

To the Ministers and Brethren composing the Nova Scotia Central Baptist Association.

DEAR BRETHREN,

Having with much sorrow heard that the letter which we sent to you, representing the present state of our little Church, did not reach the Association in time, we desire, through the columns of the Christian Messenger, to inform you that, through the great mercy of God, there is still a little Church at Indian Harbour West.

Since the last letter that we sent to the Association, which was in 1856, one member has died, leaving 50 as our present number.

Signed in behalf of the Baptist Church at Indian Harbour West,

JOSEPH LANTZ, Clerk. J. LANTZ, J. COVY, G. RICHARDSON, C. COVY, Deacons.

June 29th, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

Visit to Great Britain.

June 22nd, 1858.

[Continued.]

BIRMINGHAM

is a place of great antiquity, and is celebrated for its production of hardware. The streets are regular, and the buildings spacious.

The new Railway Station is a second Crystal Palace, of such space and transparency, that when in its centre it would be quite easy to forget that you were within the walls of a building.

To give an idea of the amount of work done here I will refer to a steel pen manufactory I visited, which gave employment to four hundred individuals. The metal sheets are received at the works quite thin, they then are passed between rollers, not allowing the sheet to widen but only to lengthen, until it is thin enough to cut into pens, which is known by the length it has attained.

dividuals and placed on a block, when a weight with letters on the bottom, cutters for piercing, or a hollow to round, falls on it. I did not see the polishing of the points, and could not be allowed to see the splitting. Before the pen is tempered it is nearly as brittle as cinnamon bark.

When finished, each pen is carefully examined, by pressing the point on a piece of bone or ivory, secured to the thumb, to see if the pen be properly split and perfect.

When a person considers that for each process they have to be handled separately by the fingers he must wonder how they can be sold for a few pence a gross. Of course the operator gets expert with his or her fingers, but,—is he paid? Read Mr. Brown's lectures to the working classes!

About two miles on the Wolverhampton side, is the Glass manufactory of the notable and Venerable Chance. These works cover many acres of ground, and are intersected by a canal, they are a town of themselves, giving employment to eighteen hundred individuals, who receive their wages every Saturday night.

The pots in which the sand and flint are melted, are about five feet high and six feet over at the top. They are made of mud or clay, and in the same way that a swallow builds its nest, viz., by adding a little, then giving it time to dry. If the pot were built up without giving it time to harden it would not bear its own weight.

The above refers to sheet glass, the discovery of making it is of late date. The art of making crown glass has been known much longer than that of sheet glass; but it is prettier on account of the richness of its surface, and the straightness of its reflection.

The country from Birmingham to Wolverhampton is one vast iron manufactory, the flames shooting from the tall chimneys give it, at night, the appearance of never ending volcanoes, and for twenty miles it is enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke.

Passing through Wolverhampton, which is seated on a hill, surrounded by canals, which give it facility to export its heavy iron goods, I come to

THE POTTERIES.

The process of making earthenware is much more simple than that of making glass. The hardening is done by placing the pot, as they are made of clay, in earthen pans, which are placed in a large oven, one pan resting on and above the other, until the oven is full. As the burning requires much care and experience this workman is largely paid. After cooling the printing process is begun. Tissue or other paper is passed between rollers, which deposit the paint on the paper. The paper is then cut into pieces of the size of the pattern on it, and smoothed on the dish, and when dry is removed by soaking it