

ceased to breath, and her spirit fled to the bosom of her Saviour. Her death was improved by the pastor from the words of Simeon, "Let thy servant depart." And as we stood surrounded by the congregation of the dead we thought of the resurrection and the reunion of the sainted spirits around us and the glorified gathering of that day when the archangels trump shall sound—its loud tones shall awake the sleepers: sepulchres, tombs, and graves shall be opened, and all receive the rewards of their deeds, whether they have been good or bad.

JOSEPH PETERSON.
We have also been called during the past week to mourn the death of another member of the Church, brother Joseph Peterson, in the 22nd year of his age, by falling overboard from his vessel while taking in a load of lumber at Jordan River, in company with his two brothers; the body was recovered and brought to this place for interment. Brother Peterson professed religion and was baptized by the pastor two years ago—as the first fruits of the revival at Lock's Island—since which time he has been a most exemplary Christian. His voice, has always been heard in the prayer meeting and conference room, and wherever his business called him by sea or land at home and abroad. On the morning of the day on which he was drowned he read the Bible and engaged in solemn prayer with his brothers on board of the vessel, little supposing, perhaps, it would be the last he should offer on their behalf. Thus, the family are bereft of a most affectionate brother, whom they have been accustomed to regard as brother and parent also,—their earthly parents being both dead many years ago, and Joseph has been their guide till this sad calamity occurred. May God be to them a Father.

He's borne away on wings of love,
By his Redeemer blest,
To join the disembodied souls,
Of millions gone to rest.

The funeral obsequies were solemn and impressive. His remains were conveyed to the grave at Mount Hayden Cemetery. Sermon founded on Rev. xxii. 4., by the pastor.

MRS. ANN DUNN.
Yesterday an old and respectable inhabitant was conveyed to the grave, Mrs. Ann Dunn, a member of Lewis Head Church, in her 95th year. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Nutter many years ago, and died in the triumphs of faith the last day of the year 1857. Her funeral took place at Little Harbour, at the Methodist Chapel. Sermon by the pastor, assisted by the Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Mr. Sponagle. So death is doing his work here as elsewhere.

PROBABLE LOSS OF THREE BRIGS.
Dear Brother,—Three Brigs, belonging to Lewis Churchill, Esq., are amongst the missing, with their crews—18 or 20 men. The probability is they will return no more till the sea shall give up its dead. It is truly melancholy to think of the number of those left on this small Island and adjacent settlements. When they had bidden their husbands, brothers and friends adieu, they little thought that it was the last farewell. W. HOBBS.
Lock's Island, Jan. 4th, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

London, Jan. 1, 1858.

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, Mr. Editor, to you! May the editorial brain and pen be baptized with new vigour; and the columns of "The Messenger" be filled with augmented excellence, as fruit thereof!

I must say ditto to the Proprietor; with an additional hope that, in the well earned increasing circulation of his paper, such reward may be his as will be fit guerdon for his enterprise, toil, and care.

To those unknown readers for whom I have worked during the past twelve months, it is met also that some few words be addressed. Many, many hours, have been devoted to their service—most frequently, when weariness would otherwise seek repose; and, under my *nom de plume* of "Nightlamp," they may recognize the writer of columns which, I would fain hope, are chiefly interesting from the records contained of that mother country, which all, who own its parentage or relationship, are proud of.

Nothing appears so easy, to a reader, as the narration of passing events; but let him don the harness, keep himself well acquainted with the aspect and bearings of events and principles as they rise in public proceedings—above all, let him analyze and collate them in restricted space—and he will then appreciate the labours of a special correspondent, and find that, compared with continuous mental toil, the labour of the hands is trivial.

Seeing only "The Messenger," of Nova Scotia papers, I cannot form a comparison of it, with them—even if such an invidious proceeding were proper, from one interested. But I must say, without egotism, that many English papers, apart from Colonial ones, have far less succinct and ready information on passing events than "The Messenger" possesses. It is right my readers should know this, that they may believe their money well laid out; and strive to add to

their own profit, by increasing the status and circulation of their own paper. Few, unconnected with literature, know the expense of a good newspaper. That "The Messenger" is a good newspaper, I would boldly affirm; also, that its worth greatly increases (the letters of "Menno" alone would prove these positions); and my readers must know, that in themselves lies the chief power of its keeping upward and onward in the way of progression. The sinews of war are also the sinews of peace; and if, as is generally conceded, the belligerent who has the deepest purse is most likely to conquer, so the journalist who is best supported will distance his competitors and achieve the palm of pre-eminence. I would therefore echo Mr. Selden's words, and ask my readers to adopt as their motto, for action this new year, when reading or seeing "The Messenger,"—**MORE SUBSCRIBERS, AND PROMPT PAYMENTS.**

Apart from mere selfish gratification, I would appeal to those higher principles which my readers profess as a class. The present time is essentially one of a conflict of principles—every ism, ology, and creed, good, bad, or indifferent, now arms itself with the printing press, and goes forth in that armour and with those weapons to propagate its opinions. From Episcopacy to latitudinarianism—from religion and holy truth to vile falsehood and deism—every shade of belief and practice is disseminated as by the wings of the wind. Men's hearts are the battleground: eternity is the kingdom fought for. How important, then, that every medium of communication which teaches men truth—which seeks to inform them of the progress of right principles, and to nerve their spirits to adhere to the good and true—should be encouraged, aided, and firmly established!

What Baptist, but wishes that what he deems truth should advance and be consolidated? Here, then, is scope for his energy. What Christian man, of any sect, but wishes to see Christian principles disseminated? Here, too, is scope for him. Let both use this opportunity, in making "The Christian Messenger's" prosperity their own.

I may the more fairly say this, because my department of the paper is, most peculiarly, general. To others I leave practical religious subjects, confining myself to the *outside* (if I may so express myself) of such matters. While Dissenting topics are chiefly treated of, in the religious world, others, of differing communions, find a place; but most peculiarly, political and social matters form my themes. With so wide a field, I must sometimes run counter to sectional or individual sentiments; but, earnestly striving to place the truth before my readers, I must beg them to give me at least credit for sincerity, and receive or reject my comments on passing events as their consciences dictate.

Apologizing now for this prelude, which is written in justice to the Proprietor and Editors of the paper, as well as in explanation of personal severe and arduous exertion, I proceed to the usual routine of my task.

CHRISTMAS.

Times have changed Old England in many respects. The godly maypoles of yore have departed from the land. Festival after festival has fallen into disuse, as the creed which founded them ceased to be national, or as the fierce spirit of absorbing commerce and protracted labour swallowed up those times of relaxation and festivity. But, sturdy and vigorous as ever, Old Christmas survives his fellows. Easter and Whitsuntide are no rivals, as but a section of the community observe them. For any average Englishman, however, to let Christmas Day go by without hallowing it, is perfectly unnatural. Printers, of course (exceptions as those unfortunate wights are to all civilized obligations) work then as on any other night or day: the "must," ceaselessly driving them; but they are nearly alone, save and except their fellow unfortunates, the railway officials, ever working for public convenience. From palace to hovel—in baronial halls, mediocre family circles, even goals and workhouses,—everywhere, by everybody, Christmas is hailed. Everyone knows all about it who is a subject of Queen Victoria's: imagination presents that season with individual charms to each, and every bosom knows best the joys then conferred. Let me therefore proceed to sketch how *this* Christmas was prepared for and spent.

Falling on Friday, efforts were made by the larger firms to close from Thursday till Monday; and those who stood out, finding but little or no business on Saturday, closed at midday. Railways, by cheap trips, afforded opportunities for family visits; and upwards of 300 additional hands, and numberless omnibuses and carts, were put into requisition. The various termini

were perfect cities of packages, presents of good cheer. One train, on the North-Western, was completely laden with barrels of oysters; and had it not been for almost incredible dispatch in management, and nothing less than genius in the reception and transmission of perishable commodities, Babel would have been repeated, and Balacava Harbour confusion outvied.

Of course there was the Prize Cattle Show, with its exhibition of helpless, fat-blinded quadrupeds, fed to waste, and with but apparently one object—to determine how far animal's skin can be stretched. Of course, "Presents for Christmas," of all imaginable descriptions, were obtruded on notice: of course the various markets were exponents of how much this vast metropolis needs for consumption. "At Leadenhall market the display of poultry and game of all kinds was enormous; upwards of 50,000 turkeys and 70,000 geese were there exposed for sale, and immense piles of game and poultry of every description met the eye at every turn, large quantities arriving by steamer from Ostend, Rotterdam, Cork, Dublin, Norway, and one vessel from Belgium bringing no less than thirty tons of rabbits. At Whitechapel, Newgate, Clare, and Newport Markets, there was an enormous display of viands of all kinds, as also at Spitalfields and the Borough Markets. Covent Garden Market was profusely decorated with mistletoe and holly; the grand row had a most attractive appearance; green peas 2s. a quart; asparagus and rhubarb 15s. the bundle, strawberries 3s. the dunce; peaches 5s. each, and other rarities being on sale."

Last year, the declared value of the articles of food exported from the United Kingdom amounted to £3,705,453, in twelve months; so that, while we receive for the metropolis alone, and for but one season of festivity, such enormous quantities, we also send others away, on a like scale.

Workhouse inmates were not forgotten. For one day in the long dreary year, gleams of good cheer illumined their poverty-darkened sky. The general fare was roast beef, plum pudding, tea; tobacco, snuff and beer for adults, oranges and other fruit for the Olive Twists. Space would fail to tell of other treats—teas, dinners, magic lanterns and dissolving views—given to the poor by church authorities, school committees, and philanthropic institutions. A glorious sight is Old England on that day—her prosperous sons and daughters in happy families, and her poor liberally fed with outstretched hands of ready liberality.

The theatres were of course, prolific in pantomimes, where foolishness and berlesque take the place of reason, and the illusions of blue fire and glittering scenery which turns the heads of young and old. The Crystal Palace presented itself in a new light—concerted music added to its other charms on Christmas Day; and on the following, a festival for juveniles began, which, to them at least, was highly attractive. There were swings, roundabouts, target shooting with prizes; and a monster Christmas tree, whose fruits were distributed gratis; an enormous cake, wheeled into the transept and there dissected, also gratis; dancing by 1,000 young couples, in the same place; Punch and Judy, on a supposedly refined scale; magic and ballet, and a hundred other amusements.

The Polytechnic, with its wonders in science and art, patronized by the attendance of royalty, added fresh attractions to its usually instructive programme; the British Museum was opened on Boxing-day, and had nearly 20,000 visitors; a new Museum, at Kensington, had £10,000; and these two latter prove that, amid all the folly and sherry nonsense which are patronized so largely at this season, there is yet among the people a love of solid and rational amusement, which will gratify itself where means are given.

Of course all the churches were open, with many Dissenting places of worship. As a prelude to Christmas, the good Bishop of London went again to his poor brethren in Bethnal Green, and preached to an overflowing congregation from the text—"Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God." He then proceeded to deliver an earnest and impressive discourse, applying the principal points arising out of the text to the special circumstances of his hearers, and the trials and distresses under which they are now suffering. After dwelling on these points, the bishop observed that we were now approaching the Christmas season—a time when we should be wishing each other "a merry Christmas." It would be better to say "a blessed Christmas," for a merry Christmas was what very few, whether rich or poor, would be able to realize, when life had advanced and brought with it its troubles and losses. On the Christmas eve his Lordship sent cir-

culars of invitation through the poor neighbourhood, announcing another sermon, and begging their attendance. It was enthusiastically responded to; and the Bishop, on leaving could scarcely reach his carriage, for the throngs which waited to cheer him.

It would be well, if the conduct of Christmas were such as only redounded to our credit as a nation. But, beside and apart from all that is pleasant and good in the season, is the fearful excess which characterizes it. Drink, drink, the "curse of Britain," then holds high carnival. We may certainly look with pleasure at the change which has come over the higher and middle classes of society, and which stamps drunkenness as unworthy of a gentleman. But amid the hard-toiling and poorer classes—those who can least afford it—how sadly is this evil still prevalent! The savings of many weeks; squandered—the brief, sensual revel, health, confidence, and respect—all follow. At Lambeth Police Court, on Monday, 40 "drunk and disorderly" cases occurred; other courts were the same; and one case stands out in yet more hideous relief, to aid the imagination in supposing others. A young man was married on Christmas morning; his wife was confined an hour or two afterwards; he got drunk, assaulted his relatives, was turned out of doors, and ended by attempting his own life. It was Drink, drink, from first to last—the prompter of immorality to begin with, and of suicide to finish.

There is no denying it, we are a drunken people. Gin and beer in England, whiskey in Ireland and Scotland, are as inseparably connected with us, in the minds of foreigners, as frogs and beef-steaks. Foreign fetes are not so coarse or rude.

It is not necessary that we should assume all to be correct and as it should be, in the festivals of other nations. If they be bad in some ways, they are at least an improvement on ours, and we have yet to come up to even that standard to pass a national holiday.

We may, however, point to this—that while foreign festivals offer such a scene, they have not, in the back ground, such a contrary spectacle as we could present, among those classes who spurn, equally with foreigners, the license, licentiousness, and rude violence of holiday-making—those classes who, retreating from such a scene, find other employs and pursue higher objects—those who, lamenting national disgrace as caused by drink, set themselves steadily against—first, by refusing to "touch, taste, or handle" themselves, and next, by striving to convert those who do, and raise them to a higher level than that of the satyrs and bacchantes of a mythological era.

But—"Yule has come, and Yule has gone," with its mixture of good and evil: perish the one,—the other, *esto perpetua!* Yule logs have crumbled to ashes; and, fading also, the old year, expires. A homily might be written on past time, and time to come; but perhaps that is best for privacy, and so I will here only cordially wish each and all my readers a *prosperous happy, good new Year.*

In many of the London churches there were midnight services, for the purpose of enabling congregations to spend in devotional exercises the departure of the old year and the setting in of the new. The custom originated amongst the Wesleyan Methodists, the last night of the year being termed the "watch night," but latterly the custom has extended to other non-conformist denominations, and has also been adopted by some clerical members of the Church of England.

Christmas for merry-making, New Year-tide for presents and congratulations! In France, this custom is carried to a much greater extent than in more prosaic England. More than Sunday, Christmas, or any other time, is the first of January. Business entirely ceases, and every body gives and receives gifts, costly in proportion to finances at disposal.

On Christmas Eve there was a midnight mass at Notre Dame, with all the imposing and theatrical splendour of Roman Catholicism. Nowhere can the *Miserere* be heard, as it is heard in the Sistine Chapel in Rome; and perhaps nowhere else than on the continent of Europe can such religious ceremonials be seen—appeal to every sense, and awakening emotions which are as powerful as the creed is hollow and deceptive—powerful, but evanescent: emotion, and not principle: meteoric gleam; and not the clear shining of the sun.

[We reserve a column on "Mr. Spurgeon at work" for next number.—E. C. M.]

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S MARRIAGE
is now just approaching. Next month is, I believe the time. Vast preparations are being made, in England and Prussia. The Queen and

Prince Con... with unwe... and already... lies the iss... is besieged... in all way... their relat... rank entitl... 2,000 mor... modated, f... much fear... three pevs... represent... try and st... good time... On its be... ber of you... a bridal c... Royal, 50... which 200... muslin, on... capital. P... 49,800 fai... Are chee... except the... Mundesor... who were... had been v... was there... Sir Coli... and rode... now. The... guns along... Provisions... every othe... The sici... Allumbag... view of re... of Sikh h... proved fat... camp, the... Peel's Na... the enemy... were level... the face of... in time to... After si... effected his... describes... and that i... as he is... were seen... 7,000 met... follow... Havelock... through a... where ev... filled wid... plished w... small fore... of the ga... in the Re... the town... suburbs... his objec... rebels an... so great... disperse... ments. ... every de... British f... It ought... ram and... had they... in Luckr... Increa... ment at t... that the... occupie... assigned... who vis... eighteen... declared... elephant... officers... has mee... legal ev... Twenty... family, l... might h... on the 2... Surely... one wor... of Lord... mawkish... serious... civil aut... Campbe... tolerated... get at... ment in... if Lord... the Cal... is again... troops... layed a...