

The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. F. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.

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A Dream of Heaven.

In the year 1815, the late Mr. and Mrs. Foster were lost in the *Rostyash Civilis Steamer*, in 1831, were acquainted with three sisters, residing in London, and who belonged to the higher class of society, two of whom were serious and retiring, and the third just as gay and volatile. They were all elderly, which rendered the gaiety of the third less becoming, and also inclined her more easily to take offence at any remark made upon it. She hated the piety of her sisters, and in various ways opposed it; though they had carefully endeavoured to accommodate themselves to her wishes, and to render the difference between them as little disagreeable as possible.

One night, towards the close of the year 1824, she had been out at an assembly, very late, and the next morning at breakfast, was so remarkably different from her usual manner that her sister feared that she was unwell, or had met with misfortune which deeply affected her. Instead of her usual incessant chat about every person she had met, and what she had seen and heard, she sat silent, sullen, and absorbed. The gloom upon her brow was a mixture of temper and distress, which seemed to indicate a fixed resolution, formed upon circumstances disagreeable to her, as if she was determined to pursue her own will, though it should lead her into trouble, rather than to pursue the course she knew to be right, but which would reduce her to submit to the control of another. As she ate nothing her sister asked her if she was unwell. "No." What was the matter? "Nothing." Had anything distressed her? "She had no idea of people prying into that which did not concern them." The whole of the morning she spent in her own room, and at a dinner the same scene recurred as in the morning she scarcely ate anything; never spoke but to answer uncivilly; and all with an appearance of depression and melancholy, that spread its influence very painfully over the cheerfulness of her companions. She retired late to rest, and with the appearance of one who expects from sleep neither alleviation nor refreshment.

The next morning she scarcely tasted food, and seemed in the same oppressed and uncomfortable state as on the preceding day. Her sisters again renewed their inquiries. She said, "I am well, and nothing pains me." "Then you have something on your mind, why will you not tell us? Do we not love you? Have we not the same earthly interests as you, and can we seek any good but yours, in our anxious wish to share your sorrows?" "Oh, you have superstitions enough of your own, without mine being added. I shall not tell you what this is, so you have no occasion to press any further your curiosity. I dare say you would like to know it, for you would think it some spiritual triumph, but I laugh at such things; I am not quite old enough yet to be the victim of dreams and visions." "We do not believe in dreams and visions, Ann." She answered sharply, "No, and I do not intend you shall." The sisters looked at each other and remained silent. The second day passed as the first. Ann was gloomy and moody, and her sisters, both from pity and anxiety, were unhappy.

The third morning she again entered on the day as one who loathes the light, who has no object in living, and to whom the lapse of time, in the prospect of futurity, brings neither comfort nor hope. As her sister looked at her, one of them suddenly said, "Ann what was your dream?" She looked wildly. "Ah! what was it indeed? you would give the world to know, but I shall not tell you; I thought you did not believe in dreams." The sisters replied, "Neither do we, in general; we knew them to be the offspring of a disordered stomach, confused images and fancies, when reason is dormant, and the memory of them usually passes away, as soon as we are engaged in our daily occupations; yet there is no doubt some dreams are no more sent in vain, than any other affliction or warning. There is a verse in the Bible, which mentions God as speaking 'in the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man.'" She laughed and said, "You have verses in the Bible for everything that suits your purpose, but I do not choose to be warned by you in such a way, and there is no doubt I shall get it out of my head in a day or two." They said, "Ann, we do beseech you to tell us; if you have really had a dream from heaven, you surely should not wish

to forget it, and if not we will help you to laugh it off." She answered, "Well, if I must tell you, I must; no doubt it was very extraordinary and frightful. I should have thought it the effect of the ball, but that I never saw anything any where like it."

THE DREAM.

I thought that I was walking in the wide street of a great city, many people were walking there besides myself, but there was something in their air which immediately struck me; they seemed thoughtful and cheerful, neither occupied with business or with pleasure, but having about them such a dignity of repose, such high and settled purpose, such grace and such purity, as were never stamped on mortal brow. The light of the city was also strange; it was not that of the sun, for there was nothing to dazzle; it was not that of the moon, for all was clear as day; it seemed an atmosphere of light; calm, lovely, and changeless. The buildings seemed all to be palaces, but not like those of earth; the pavements and houses were all alike, of gold, bright and shining, and clear as glass; the large and glittering windows seemed like divided rainbows, and were made to receive and to emit nothing but the rays of gladness; it was indeed a place where hope might lead, and where love might dwell. I could not help exclaiming, as I went along— Surely, these are the habitations of righteousness, truth, and peace! All was beauty, bright and perfect. I could not tell what was wanting to make me wish for an eternity in such a place, and yet its very purity oppressed me. I saw no thing congenial, though looks of kindness and love were in every face of that happy throng. I felt nothing responsive; I returned in silence their friendly greetings, and walked on alone oppressed and sad. I saw that all went one way, and I followed, wondering the reason.

At length I saw them approach a building much larger and finer than the rest. I saw them ascend its massive steps, and enter beneath its ample porch; but I felt no desire to go with them further than to the foot of the steps. I approached from curiosity; I saw persons enter who were dressed in every varied costume of the nations; but they disappeared within the porch, and then crossed the hall in white. Oh! that I could describe to you that hall! It was not marble, it was not crystal, but light, pure light consolidated into form; and within was a staircase mounting upward, all of light, and I saw it touched by the snowy feet, and by the white and spotless garments of those who ascended. It was indeed passing fair; but it made me shudder, and I turned away. As I turned I saw on the lower step one looking at me, with an interest so intense, and a manner so anxious, that I stopped to hear what he had to say; he spoke in a voice like liquid music, and asked me, "Why do you turn away? Is there peace elsewhere? Is there pleasure in the works of darkness? I stood in silence; he pressed me to enter, but I neither answered nor moved. Suddenly he disappeared, and another took his place, with the same look and manner; I wished to avoid him, but I stood rivetted to the spot. "Art thou come so far," he said, "and wilt thou lose thy labor? Put off this own garment, and take the white livery here." He continued to press me until I got weary and angry, and I said, "I will not; I do not like your livery, and I am oppressed with your whiteness." He sighed and was gone. Many passed by me with looks of mingled kindness and pity, and pressed me to follow on with them, and offered me their hands up the steps which led to their mysterious change; but I rejected them, and stood melancholy and oppressed.

At length one bright young messenger came to me, and entreated me to enter, with a voice and manner which I could not resist. "Do not turn away," he said, "where canst thou go? do not linger, for why shouldst thou weary thyself for nothing? Enter thou, and taste of happiness. Do they not of all tribes and color pass into that hall, and are there any rejected? Are they not washed, and clothed, and comforted?" He gave me his hand, and I entered the hall along with him. Here I was sprinkled with pure water, and a garment of pure white was put on me, and I knew not how, but I ascended the white staircase with my happy guide. Oh what a light burst upon me when I reached its summit! More than words can describe it, nor mortal mind conceive it. Where are the burning sapphires where are the glittering stars, that are like the radiance either, or the looks of love, which were manifested in the innumerable company that moved around me? I sank down, overpowered and wretched, I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I felt that I had nothing in common with the blessed creatures of such a place. They were all moving in a dance to the music, to the harmony of songs which never fell upon mortal ears; my guide joined in raptures, and was left alone. I saw the tall forms, all fair and brilliant in their ineffable happiness, their songs and looks of gratitude forming the circumstances and differences of each.

At length I saw one taller than the rest—and every way more fair, more awful, surpassing thought; and to his face every eye was turned, and in his face every face was brightened. The songs and the dance were to his honor, and all seemed to derive from him their life and joy. As I gazed in trembling and speechless amazement, one who saw me left the company, and came to where I was and said, "Why art thou so silent? come

quickly, unite in the dance, and join in the song. I felt a sudden anger arising in my heart, and I answered with harshness, 'I will not join in your song, for I know not the strain; I cannot unite in the dance, for I know not the measure.' He sighed, and with a look of humiliating pity, he turned to his place. About a minute afterwards another came and addressed me as he had done, and with the same temper I answered him in the same words; he seemed as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed with me; if he heaven knew anguish, he seemed to feel it; but he left me and returned to his place. What could it be that put such tempers in my heart?

At length the lord of that glorious company of these living forms of light and beauty came where I stood. I thrilled in every pulse with awe; I felt my blood chill, and the flesh upon me tremble, and my heart grew hard, and my voice was held. He spoke, and deep-toned music issued from his lips; 'Why sittest thou so still, when all around thee are glad? Come, join in the dance, for I have triumphed; come, join in the song, for now my people reign.' Love ineffable, unutterable, beamed upon me, as though it would have melted a heart of stone; but I melted not. I gazed an instant, and then said, 'I will not join in the song, for I know not the strain; I will not join in the dance, for I know not the measure.' Creation would have died at the change of his countenance; his glance was lightning, and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he said, 'Then what dost thou here?' The floor beneath me opened, the earth quaked, and the whirlwind encompassed me, and I sank into tormenting flame, and with fright I awoke.

There was silence for a time, for the sisters were struck with awe. They considered the dream—the deep impression it had made; and then said, "Ann, we do not wish you to forget this dream; we surely believe it to be from God. Your description of the Holy City is much the same as we find in the Bible; 'The city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to light it, for the temple of God is there, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'—All who enter there must put off their own garments, that is, their own righteousness, and must be clothed with linen clean and white, even in the righteousness of saints, 'their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.' Those who walk in the heavenly temple are they who have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and they cease not day and night in praising God; and they sing a new song which no man knoweth but they who are redeemed.' Wisdom waits daily upon the steps to call the sons of women into the temple; and the people of God try to persuade them to tread in their steps. Oh, dear sister, Ann, you know something of the way, do give up your own will; hearken to the faithful warning; 'join us, and walk in the path which leads to heaven.' Ann's brow again darkened and she answered, 'I do not intend you to preach to me;—I will do as I please.'

She continued in this melancholy state to the end of the week, and was found in her room—A Corpse!

No one knew the cause of her death; she died without disease, and without change!

Careless Souls.

Acts 17: 17.—"And Gallio cared for none of those things." The things about which Gallio cared not were religious things. Multitudes now manifest the same carelessness. This is unreasonable, for the things about which they care not are not trifling matters. They are not such things as may be attended to or not, just as it happens, and no sad effects follow the neglect. They are things of the most weighty and solemn import, and which demand the first and chief attention of men.—They pertain to the soul. Our bodies are frail and decaying. The seeds of disease and death are planted in our systems, and soon the fruit of corruption will be brought forth. Sin reigns unto death, and our bodies must soon return unto the dust. But the soul, who can measure the period of its existence? Who can tell how much it may enjoy or suffer? Who can estimate its value? What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Mark 9: 36, 37.

And these things pertain to eternity. How we prize the things of time! We toil and fatigue ourselves for the sake of a few dollars; and we think it well worth our while to spend a whole life in accumulating a little property. And when we get it, what is it? How uncertain! how soon may it vanish! and how soon may we be called to leave it forever! But eternity—who can count the years of its duration? Who can measure the circle of its revolution? And shall we be so taken up with the matters of time, and yet be thoughtless of eternity?

"Eternity is just at hand! And shall I waste my ebbing sand, And careless view departing day, And throw my inch of time away?"

But eternal state depends on the manner in which we live here in time.

"But an eternity there is Of endless we, or endless bliss; And swift as time fulfill its round, We to eternity are bound."

We are hastening towards heaven or hell, happiness or misery that shall never end. And does

it become us to trifle or be indifferent, when so fearful realities are before us? Reader, can you be careless and indifferent about these things?

"Sinner canst thou forever dwell In all the fiery depths of hell? And is death nothing, then, to thee; Death, and a dread eternity?"

—N. Y. Observer.

W. J. M.

Narrative of a Remarkable Conversion.

MR. HALTRIDGE, from Coleraine, recently gave a striking narrative of his past life and conversion in the present year:—

"It was in the year when God was pouring out the viols of his wrath upon the three kingdoms (probably 1832 is meant, when cholera first appeared) that I went to Coleraine. When the hand of God lay upon the place many turned to the Lord, but when it was removed, many turned like the sow that had been washed to her wallowing in the mire. He who stands before you was one of the latter sort. I stole my indentures and ran away to Belfast. I wished to join a body of Christians there, but they got a letter from Coleraine telling them not to receive me. One man told me on the Sabbath the communication which he had received, and wanted me to go back. I, being of a proud rebellious spirit, refused to do this. I was laid upon a sick-bed for six weeks. After I got better, I was going away to the theatre. His brother, seeing me, came after me. He stopped me, and brought me into his house. He wanted me to pray to God. I said I had no call to pray to God; what would I pray to him for? He told me to cry, God be merciful to me a sinner. I went down on my knees and repeated these words, and rose up and said, Will that do, now? He said, No; and made me kneel down by him, and he prayed with me. After this, I went to the theatre, cock-fighting, horse racing, &c. I wanted to form a marriage connexion with a young woman, the daughter of Christian parents, and went to church with her, putting on a hypocritical face; but her parents were very much against her taking this step. This is a warning to all here, in this respect, never to disobey their parents. For the last fifteen or sixteen years, I was able to drink at the rate of twenty glasses of whisky every day. It had to be brought to my bedside; I could not sleep without it. You see one standing before you who put out his wife to the door, and took her clothes, to the value of £20, and burned them. You see one before you who loaded his gun to shoot his own son. You see one before you who took a car and drove down three miles to throw himself into the sea, and was found upon a rock with the billows dashing at his feet. And you would think that was enough, but not so. You see one before you who was tried for taking away the life of a fellow-creature. I tried to break the Sabbath day in every possible manner. I took money in my pocket and went away to Port-Rush and other watering places to break the Lord's day. Not one in Coleraine would speak to me, and I did not give one in Coleraine the credit of being a Christian, but one woman, who always spoke to me and asked for me when she saw me. On a Monday I went to my son, who was cashier and took charge of my business, and demanded £5. He gave it me in case I should play all mischief. It only lasted me that day. I demanded other five on Tuesday; this lasted me till Saturday. This holy man, Mr. Ritchie, who came to me, had overwrought himself with hard work, and was laid upon his bed. The doctor told him he had only half an hour to live, and asked him if he had any matters to arrange before he died. He pulled out a sealed packet from under his pillow, and said, 'Will you give this to Mr. Haltridge?' It was a few days after this the doctor gave me the package (by this time I was brought under conviction). He said he did not know what it was. I opened it. It was that little book, *Come to Jesus*. I was in great distress one day, and I went away from my house about a quarter of a mile. I leaped over the wall and went into a summer house there in order that the dews of heaven might cool my fevered brow. I put my hand into my pocket to pull out my handkerchief, and that little book came into my hand. I would not give it for all I have. One thing had escaped my memory.—When the revival broke out, my son, a promising youth of twenty, although not brought under the grace of God, could be trusted with any sum of money, yet never was known to spend any in a bad way. The second night he attended the meeting held at the Market-hill, and was 'stricken down.' A good woman came to me while I was reading the trash of the day. She said, 'Mr. Haltridge, kneel down and give God thanks; your son is stricken down.' I ordered her to get out of the way, and went to my bed-room and shut myself up for eight hours. They brought him and laid him on the sofa. I heard his cries. For twenty-four hours no one could tell whether he was dead or alive; but when God revealed himself to him, the first thing he said was, 'God be merciful to my wicked father.' I heard all this. My daughter attended meetings that were held in the school house. She was 'stricken down,' and cried to God for mercy. The prayers of my Christian wife were now answered. She was a Christian from her youth up. I have seen her often at the bedside praying. I have taken the pillow and thrown it at her, at the same time lifting up my arm and defying God to do his worst. On Sabbath morning I was to go away to spend the Lord's day in the same manner as

before; but my wife came to the door and said, 'You will not go out to-day.' I threw her back, and was for making my way out; but she and my daughter laid hold upon me, and drew me into the parlour, and reasoned with me until I promised to go to church. I went to the house of God. It was the minister's first sermon; I think that was a reason why I was prevailed on to go. In the afternoon the minister gave out for his text the 40th Psalm. When he came to the words 'horrible pit,' he spoke of the damned in hell, and repeated three times these words, 'wretch to come, wretch to come, wretch to come,' as being inscribed on the gate that was shut against the wicked. The thought came across my mind, Am I to be shut in there? The big tear started to my cheek. I was afraid lest any person might see my weakness. I put my hand to the little button on the pew door to turn it; I did so; but I could not move. I was held, as it were, in adamant chains. A hymn was given out to be sung. (It was the same hymn that was blessed to the conversion of an actress.) When I came to the second line (here he repeated the words) God laid his hand upon me; my book was trembling in my hands. My wife saw me going to fall, and let my head fall in her lap. I lay there for two hours. I was not sensible, but they told me I was crying for mercy. When I awoke I was surrounded by kind friends, who were praying for me; but the one who prayed loudest and longest was a boy of fourteen years of age, named John Hall. He had found the Lord himself, and he was crying, 'Lord, reveal thyself to Mr. Haltridge.' My son took the one arm, and a kind friend the other, and helped me home. I was not able to walk, my feet refused to carry me. On reaching home, I was laid upon that sofa on which, a month before, my son was laid. My son kept family worship in the house. God opened my mouth that night to pray. I got peace from that text, 'Arise and go thy way; thy sins which are many are forgiven thee; go and sin no more.'

Prayer Meeting on a Mountain.

[The following is a translation of a communication in a Welsh paper, called *Borwr Cymro*, of the 21st of August, describing a prayer meeting held near the mine works, of Trangoch, Wales:]

It was held in the open air, on a high mountain. The masters of the mine works gave orders that on account of the meeting no work should be done on that day, and they themselves attended. It was the most wonderful prayer meeting ever witnessed. There was some of every denomination present, and two languages were used. The number of those assembled was more than 3,000. At the meeting at 10 o'clock, men prayed, and short addresses were given at intervals. Three prayers in succession, two Welshmen and an Englishman between them, and then a verse of a hymn was sung. The vast assembly all knelt at prayer; and I saw two or three on their knees, who, I feel assured, had never been seen before on their knees in prayer; but they knelt down on that day.—Heaven poured down its blessings in a powerful and irresistible manner, so that scores were praying, and hundreds were weeping and crying out, 'Praised be God.' The chief subjects in the prayers were a thanksgiving for that great unparalleled visitation granted us by God, manifested in the conversion of so many thousands in our country, together with a prayer that he would go on to save the world, a supplication for mutual rain for the earth, and for the restoration of peace in Italy. At 2 o'clock thirteen prayed, and short addresses were delivered between the prayers; the whole was finished in two hours, and all returned home. At 7, all went to their separate chapels in the neighborhood, and the holy fire was carried home in their bosoms by many. What a scene! three thousand people on a high mountain in prayer to God! I wish there was an artist present, capable of giving a correct representation of the scene. The subjects of their prayers, what could be more suitable and more interesting?

Hints about Houses of Worship.

A house of worship should be kept in first-rate repair. Broken windows, leaky roofs, crazy steps, and dilapidated fences, are a shame to a church, and never should be suffered. No, not for a month.

A house of worship should be kept clean. Every one who goes into the Lord's house should clean the mud off his shoes, and if he uses the sweep, dispense with it, entirely, until he leaves the sacred place. Dirt would not accumulate in such a place, after these precautions have been observed; and no house will long be a fit place of worship, which is not carefully swept and dusted at least once a week. This must be done by some one; and where a sexton is not hired to do it, it must be done by volunteers.

Everything about a house of worship should be neat and in good taste. We are not an advocate for expensive churches. No, we prefer to see plain houses rising up in every community, all over the world, where the rich and the poor may together meet. But, then, a little paint, a bucket of whitewash, a few loads of gravel, and a dozen trees and shrubs, may add greatly to the neatness and beauty of a plain and cheap house of worship.—*Religious Telescope*.

Paragraphs.

"ALL YOUR NEED."—Why was the "Bread of life" hungry, but that he might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was "Rest" itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the "Prince of peace" in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of Peace could bring the God of Peace and peace of God to poor sinners.—*Old Author*.

PECUNIARY ESTIMATE OF EDUCATION.—It is estimated that an education such as can be gained in the public schools of New England will enable a man to earn two hundred dollars a year more than he could command without any education at all. A college education makes a man worth four or five hundred dollars a year more than if he had not enjoyed it. Leaving all moral and social considerations out of view, it will still be found that a good education is the best investment any youth can make, if we regard the matter solely in the light of direct pecuniary advantages.—*Transcript*.

HAVEN'T BEEN BENEFITED.—Judas was not benefited by the ministry of Jesus; nor Simon Magus by that of the apostles. Impenitent and incorrigible sinners are not benefited, but rather grow worse under the most faithful preaching. Backsliders, too, are often anything but profited by the preacher. But that a living Christian can sit under the preaching of any ordinarily capable minister with grace enough to be accepted anywhere as a minister, and not be benefited, we leave for others to maintain. There are faults in hearers as well as in preachers.

It is related of Rev. Dr. Doddridge, that on a certain occasion as he was passing along the streets of London, he was greatly discouraged and distressed in spirit; when from a cellar-way which was open, he heard a voice embodying these words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." He regarded them as life from the dead; his spirit was refreshed; his soul strengthened; the clouds disappeared, and he went on his way rejoicing, because of this precious promise of the Bible thus unexpectedly wafted to his ears.

WHAT GOOD PERIODICALS MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion, the important public measures with which thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted—great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful, and chaty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson*.

THE CHURCH.—We see in a jeweller's shop, that, as there are pearls, and diamonds, and other precious stones, there are files, cutting instruments, and many sharp tools for tools for their polishing, and while they are in the work house, they are continual neighbors to them, and come often under them. The Church is God's jewel; also his work house, where his jewels are polishing for his palace; and those he especially esteems, and means to make most resplendent, he hath entrusted his tools upon.—*Leighton*.

PULPIT ANECDOTE.—A minister, preaching on the subject of misrepresentation and slander said, "When professors of religion so far degrade themselves and their profession as to attempt to injure others by lying and misrepresentation, they should remember that when the devil was disputing with the archangel about the body of Moses, the Lord would not permit the archangel to bring a railing accusation against the devil; and until they can prove that the individual they wish to injure is worse than the devil, and that they themselves are better than the archangel, the Bible requires them to hold their tongues and mind their own business."

BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—On Wednesday last, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales attained his eighteenth year. Popularly the Prince has been deemed of age at eighteen, and under circumstances which required a regency, it is possible he would have been declared to be so, but his Royal Highness remains under guardianship until he comes to be twenty-five. There were unusual rejoicings in London on Wednesday in celebration of this event. The royal standards were hoisted at the various Government departments and on the royal churches, and salutes were fired by the troops on parade and in the parks. In the evening, the illuminations in the City and at the West-end were very general.—*The Montreal Pilot* says:—We have it on authority that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Colonial Secretary, and other distinguished personages, will visit Canada in the end of May or the beginning of June next. The formal opening of the Victoria-bridge will then take place. The corporation having appointed a committee to meet the Grand Trunk directors, and co-operate with them on the celebration, we understand that Mr. Blackwell, at an interview with the chairman (Councillor Bristow), expressed the great felicity they would have in doing all in the power of the company to make the celebration worthy of the occasion, and of the illustrious visitors from England expected to be present at it. The bridge will be opened for traffic next month, but no public or general demonstration will be made.