

peratively, as they have obtained and received, to show the same to others. The voice of prophecy calls upon them to aid this important cause; numerous and explicit are the prophecies respecting the universal conversion of the heathen, we have no reason to believe that God will depart from the ordinary course of his providence and grace in the conversion of nations to the faith of Christ;—many shall run to and fro on the earth and knowledge shall increase: the Word of God shall have free course and be glorified. It has always pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe: the voice must be proclaimed. *Behold your God.* We therefore call upon all who are looking for the redemption of a lost world and the accomplishment of the divine promises, to come and help us to follow the leadings of providence in raising the standard of the Cross, and swelling the triumphs of our great Redeemer. The great and last command of Christ to his dear disciples was to "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit." This commission is the sheet anchor of every Missionary Society; some may say, (as we have heard,) this is a hopeless undertaking, so it is, if we go forth in our own strength, but we do not so. We sow the seed, we look to God for the increase, his command is, "Go forth, teach and baptize, and lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world.

I rue charity will ever display itself by generous, cheerful, and persevering liberality, praying for the prosperity of Zion, and contributing towards its welfare.

Yours, in Christian love. P. K.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Black River, Miramichi, Sept. 25th, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER ROBINSON,—I am persuaded you will feel happy to hear of the progress of the Lord's kingdom from any quarter of the globe; you are the only Minister in the city whose name I know; you will remember the young man from Norton, who had been a Roman Catholic, and who was converted and baptized by Alexander McDonald, and who requested the prayers of the church in Brussels street, one night at a prayer meeting in May. I was then on my way to this place to see my people, to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul, and in hopes that he would also deliver them from the galling yoke of popery. My hopes were not in vain. I will give you an outline of God's gracious dealings with me, and also the opposition I have met with. My parents besought me for God's sake not to make it known in the place that I was a Protestant, lest the family should be disgraced. "I said that I would not hide the truth of God under any consideration." "Oh," said my mother, "is the child that I loved to bring scandal on my family?" They also told me that I must not stay in their house if I made mention of such a thing. However on the third day I was in conversation with a neighbour and he spoke against protestantism; it was then soon discovered what I was, the storm now began to rage. For miles round the people sympathized with my people in their misfortune; having such a son. They said that I had a devil, and that it was not right to allow me to stop in the house, and they said also to murder me would be no crime. The Lord saw it meet in his wisdom to deprive me of my trunks that contained my clothing and books; the house in which I left them was struck with lightning, and totally consumed. The people said it was a judgement from God upon me in consequence of my having a number of Bibles and other bad books, and to stop my wicked attempt to draw the people down to hell through the instrumentality of these bad books. However, it was not long before God provided me with a Bible and some other books. After this and when I began to read the Bible my father forbade me to do it or to go to any place but the Roman Catholic Church. He and others persecuted me greatly, and I was on several occasions mal-treated—and way-laid and beaten. When my father ordered me to leave the house, I knelt down and prayed with my mother, sisters and brother (my father had left the house), and commended them to God, and told them I would serve God at all costs; and he has, after a long trial blessed me, for by his grace I have been enabled to convert my father and sister and three brothers. I have also been enabled to raise the family altar from which I hope prayer will arise as sweet incense. I believe that where

God begins a work he is able to finish it, and will keep them until the day of Jesus Christ. It appears to me, Brother, that the harvest is great here, but the labourers are few. My prayer is, that the Lord of the harvest will send some able and faithful Minister of Jesus to proclaim salvation to these multitudes of precious souls. I have met but three Baptist brethren since I came here; I spend the Sabbaths by holding two prayer meetings each day in a settlement called Black River; it appears to me much good might be done here if a good Minister would come and blow the gospel trumpet. I hope you will take these things into consideration, and lay them before the lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ to consider them.

I hope you will remember me in your prayers, that my faith may not fail, and all the people in this place. Pray for your brother in Christ. JAMES WHITE.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

September, 1852.

Messrs. Editors,—Please give the following a place in the Visitor, being sums of money received by the Treasurer, at the late Association held in Prince William, for the French Mission, viz.:

1st St. George Church,	£4	2	6
Maugerville,	1	0	0
St. George, 2nd Falls,	2	2	3
Keswick Church,	0	10	0
Canning,	0	10	0
Chapman,	0	10	0
Nashuaak,	0	7	6
Thomas Bridges,	2	0	0
Elijah Miles,	1	0	0
Rev. John Magee,	0	7	0
Mrs. J. W. Smith,	0	5	0
Mrs. Joseph Read,	0	5	0
Miss M. Cowperthwaite,	0	2	5
Amount of Collection taken,	2	10	5
	£15	12	1

Geo. A. GARRISON, Treasurer.

Also,—Received of Mr. James Murphy, for the American Foreign Bible Society;

£1 5 0
Geo. A. GARRISON, Treasurer.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE!

The steamship *Canada* arrived at Halifax on Tuesday morning, with Liverpool dates to the 18th instant, and 130 passengers, among whom are Miss Doherty (of the Victoria House,) and Messrs. Kemp, Hazen, Moran, and Hall, of this city.

The Cotton market presented no change, the sales of the week being 46,850 bales.

The Flour market was dull, and transactions moderate. *Canada* is quoted at 20s. to 21s. per barrel. Indian Corn 20s. to 29s. 6d per quarter.

STATE OF TRADE.—At Manchester there is no perceptible change in Goods nor Yarns. Buyers continue to act with caution.

Freights have been firmer the past week. A slight advance on the rates to New York has been realized, shipping being scarce.

MONEY.—Bullion in the Bank of England £21,852,000.

Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on the 11th November.

The Morning Herald states by authority, that two ships of war have been sent by the Peruvian Government to the Lobos Isles, and a small military force permanently stationed there; that the whole of the Peruvian Islands, Lobos included, are formally annexed to the main land of Peru, and by article 213 of the new law, none but vessels under contract with the Peruvian Government will be allowed to load guano; that all other vessels anchoring in the roadsteads of the Islands shall be confiscated, and if guano be found on board, will be proceeded against for robbery.

Most of the papers publish the Nova Scotians' Petition to the Queen respecting the Fisheries, but the subject seems to have lost much of its interest with the public.

The recent high dividend of the Submarine Telegraph Company, has given an impetus to Telegraph enterprise; among the projects it has brought into prominence is, Messrs. Harrison's proposal to unite Europe and America via Orkney, Shetland and Faroe Islands, to Iceland and Greenland, they having obtained exclusive right from the Danish Government, and thence to Labrador and Quebec. Surveys have shown that the bed of the sea is favourable, and the greatest lengths of submarine wire would not exceed 500 miles.

At a meeting of the Bank of England Stockholders on Thursday, a dividend of 3½ per cent. for the half year to 31st August was declared. There is great scarcity of Silver coin in England, large shipments continuing to be made by emigrants to Australia and also for India and the Continent. The deficiency is to be met immediately by a new issue from the Mint.

The Sarah Sands steamer was to leave Liverpool on 18th, via Queenstown, with a full complement of passengers, and carrying the Mails for Australia and the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. Pugin, the eminent Architect is dead.

Harvest generally speaking is over, and fulfils the expectation of plenty.

From the London Nonconformist, Sept. 15.

DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE

The following appeared in late editions of yesterday's evening papers.

DOVER, Tuesday 5 P. M.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington was seized with illness this morning, and expired at Walmer Castle at a quarter past three this afternoon, after a succession of fits.

This morning's papers add few particulars of the great event. The Duke so recently as Saturday afternoon, rode from Walmer to Dover on horseback, and in his capacity of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, inspected the harbour of refuge, and other departments. He then appeared in excellent health and spirits. He is said to have died after a succession of fits. It is known that for some years he had been subject to brain attacks, and had undergone the inconvenience of using "counter irritants" to repel them. The cause of his death was natural decay, but the immediate agency ascribed to the words "fits" was doubtless an effusion of water upon the brain. Gradual stupefaction would be the result, and also convulsions, but it is probable that death was without pain.

The duke is succeeded by his son Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who was born in 1807. He is colonel in the army, and married in 1839 a daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

It is rather more than two years since we sat down, one summer morning, within an hour or two of the time of publication, to express in hurried periods, the grief and consternation occasioned by the announcement "Death of Sir Robert Peel." To-day, less from the impulse of personal emotion than public duty, we hastily pen the reflections of the moment on the departure from this life of Sir Robert's long-tryed colleague in the councils of the Sovereign and the virtual Government of the nation—he who had survived to the utmost extremity of human age, the storms of war and the toils of a laborious life.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, is believed, (for there is a curious uncertainty about the date,) to have been born on the 1st of May, 1769. He was, therefore, more than eighty-three years of age at the time of his death. How many, and of what magnitude, are the events strung by the hand of God upon that thread of time! When Wellesley was born, England was the owner of those vast transatlantic regions which have since become the seat of an Empire Republic; but the blood of Wolfe had not purchased Canada, nor had the merchant soldiers of Britain deposed the Mahomedan and Pagan rulers of the magnificent east. He was but in the lowest rank of an infantry regiment when the tocsin of revolution boomed across Europe from the capital of France; and the future rivals for the palm of soldiership, and the mastery of the world, were contemporaneously subalterns in the armies of their respective countries.—Years of obscurity and struggle, the relief of Toulon, the salvation of the Republic, the conquest of Italy, the humiliation of Egypt, the Consulate and Empire, Marengo and Austerlitz, Leipsic and Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena, lay before the one—undistinguished continental service, the destruction of Tipoo Sultan, the liberation of Portugal and Spain, the victorious investment of Paris, the final struggle and triumph, honours innumerable, wealth unmeasured, the highest offices of State, the conduct of affairs at the most awful crises, a green—an evergreen—old age, stretched unseen before the other. Napoleon and Wellington! Words to conjure with! Names that will never be erased from the conspicuous places to which their owners climbed to carve them! Names that span a

joyful of human destinies—as the one sinks

into posthumous fame, the other re-appearing with a degenerate, baleful notoriety.

It would be ridiculous—and to a well-toned mind, repulsive—to attribute the splendour of the career thus suddenly closed to the accident of fortune; or to cover up in a reference to Providence the characteristics of the man. Wellington was great as a man, before he was the Great Duke. He was moulded to gigantic dimensions, and impregnated with the heroic elements. The pushing of aristocratic connexions, the pressure of great events, did but reveal the qualities that were wrapped up in the inevitable individual. STRENGTH was the distinctive character of Arthur Wellesley. His frame was proverbially iron—his nerves were steel—his intellect was flexible and ductile as the finest metal—his will was as granite—and his passions were not the less powerful because they never distracted his intellect, or disturbed his resolution. "Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye," was he. He saw in the arrangement of a campaign or the direction of a battle, exactly what he wanted.—He decided not upon the nearest but the surest road to success. The desire to dazzle had no share in the dictation of his schemes—neither impatience nor weariness, regard for his own ease nor the praise of inadequate spectators, could affect his persistence. He kept in his entrenchments till the hour of battle struck in the revolution of events, and then marched out to conquer or perish. He held his opinion till the moment he had fixed for surrendering them as untenable, and then laid them down without a blush. He showed no elation at his grandest military successes, and was never petulant in his political reverses. He carried the precision of camp life into the execution of his official trusts and the pursuit of his favourite enjoyments. Before such a man it is as natural to uncover, as to be awe-struck at the presence of a mountain or a pyramid.

We do not relapse into even a momentary sympathy with the profession of arms, or at all excuse the iniquity of the "just and necessary war" in which Wellington gained his heaviest laurels; when we say that the conqueror of India and the victor of Waterloo departs with large claims on the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen. It was a sad work that he did from beginning to end—but it was a work that he believed must be done, and he did it well. It is a sorry and silly game to speculate on what would be if certain things had not been. There is no potent mood in human history. "But the imagination recoils from the thought of French and Mahomedan dominion in India—the success of Bonaparte, by sea and land, on the Peninsula as on the Continent—the subjection of all Europe, much of Asia, and probably South America, to a military despotism. What men feel and would dare now, is a key to what our fathers felt and dared; and to the instrument of the national will, be given the honour of perfect adaptation.

Of the Duke's political career, we will only say it was happy for his last days that that career had ended. The master of Walmer would not have gone down as now to a grave on which will fall no angry recollections, had he carried civil war into Ireland by refusing Catholic Emancipation, or accepted the dragon commission which a selfish and cowardly aristocracy would have forced upon him in 1832. That in 1846 he lent his great influence to facilitate the enactment of Free trade, and subsequently refused it to the reactionaries who had doubtless in other respects much of his sympathies, redeems the faults of earlier years. Nor should it be forgotten that England prospered, and administrative reform advanced, under his brief administration. He was a Tory less from theory than education or bias. His patriotism was no doubt sincere and fervent. The service of the sovereign was his brief formula of duty to God and his country. May it be accepted for a better creed and a larger devotion.

The Great Captain and the Great Duke then are no more! The baton of the marshal has fallen from the once iron grasp—the sword of state will no more be borne by that familiar figure beside the throne—coronets and palaces descend to a non-illustrious heir—the garter, and the many offices of greater emolument than duty, will be scrambled for by the vulgar great! The head of a noble by nature and kingly patent, the familiar of his Queen, the trusted of his peers, the idol of many, and the admired of all, lays down at last his burden of honours! The hour of his falling asleep was sudden—may his rest be sweet, and his waking to a blessed immortality!