[We re-publish the following letter, at the request of several of our subscribers.—Ed. H. Gaz.]

(*From the St. John's Church Witness.*)

Mr. Editor,—In your late remarks on the meeting of the British and foreign Bible Society, held at Fredericton, you notice the prominent position occupied upon that occasion by the Lieutenant Governor, and his acknowledgment that he felt it to be a privilege to be identified with the interests of the Society. You add, "We trust that those who are called to rule over us may more and more shew their interest in these movements *so essential to the welfare of man*," I believe there are few of your readers who would not re-echo this wish. But if this interest is a thing to be desired in the rulers of our state, is it not even more essential that those who are set over us in the Lord should be not only like-minded but foremost in this and every good work? And yet what is the case? Notwithstanding the the bright example set by our revered Primate, in sealing a life of attachment to the principles and acts of the Bible Society, by preaching its jubilee sermon in the great Protestant cathedral of the metropolis, to thousands made up of members of different sections of the Church of Christ; notwithstanding the names of *twenty-two Bishops* on its list of Vice-Presidents, as well as the rule which obliges nearly one half of the Committee to be members of the Church of England; in these three contiguous dioceses it meets with no such Episcopal favour. The Churchmen who attend (and long may they continue to do so, and be its warmest supporters), its annual meetings at Halifax, Fredricton, and Saint John, are never cheered by the presence, or quickened by the exhortations, of their chief pastor, unto greater efforts for the circulation of that book, which they in common hold to contain all things necessary to be believed by Christian men.

And had it rested here, charity, which "hopeth all things," would have led me to hope that a lack of time, rather than a want of love, had been the cause; but, ales, in this diocese we have latety the painful conviction forced upon us, that the opposition of our Bishop to this and other like constituted Societies, is to assume a more positive and aggressive form. At an annual meeting lately held here, we missed from our platform a clergyman who had, I think, for thirty years been connected with the Bible Society; whose voice has for years sounded in our ears, pleading its cause, and urging on our flagging zeal; but who now considers it his duty to draw back, in deference to the known dissapproval of the Bishop. Surely that influence must be strong that could induce such a long and tried supporter to desert this Society, and this too when throughout christendom the opposition of Rome is causing Protestants of every name to join hand and heart in circulating the Word of God. And is it come to this? Are we as members of the Protestant Church of England, the chief bulwark of Christendom, whose very existence is linked with the free use and circulation of the Bible, to see our ministers placed under the painful necessity of incurring the episcopal frown, or refusing to join in "these movements so assential to the welfare of man." Are we to be the only body of Christians whose ministers dare not appear upon a platform, which in Exeter Hall annually shews a band of godly prelates, who do not consider that joining with their non-conformist brethren can sully the purity of their lawn, injure their Christian consistency of character, or mar the interests of that branch of Christ's Church over which the Lord has placed them as overseers. If this be the result of the "too great preponderance of the episcopal principle amongst us," well may your correspondent "Curra" deprecate its further increase.

We have lately formed in this city a Young Men's Christian Association." At a preliminary meeting of the ministers of the different denominations, held in the school-room of St. Paul's Church, prayer was offered by the minister of the established Church of Scotland. This brought forth what I suppose I may term an episcopal reprimand, and led likewise to the withdrawal of one of our clergymen from an institution, the beneficial tendency of which is becoming daily more apparent, and classing it as another of those "movements so essential to the welfare of man," and from which episcopal domination would drive the clergy. In short, every good work of late years in this place, in which our clergymen have united with their Protestant brethren of other denominations, has been placed under the ban, and it appears to be a heresy and an offence in episcopal estimation to acknowledge ministers of other denominations to be fellow-workers with themselves in the Lord's vineyard.

In a small tract on "Christian Unity," written by the Rev. H. Wilberforce, then a clergyman of our Church, now a popish priest, we find the following passage—"All dissent is sin, therefore no true Churchman can attend their places of worship, be present at their public meetings, and thus acknowledge them to be ministers, or even hold friendly intercourse with them, however amiable and examplary in their lives, &c." That such sentiments, which eminate from Rome, should have led their author to his proper place, is not to be wondered at; but that they should be practically carried out by a Protestant Bishop in these colonies, is both to be wondered at and deplored. That men can use every week the prayer that "all who do confess thy holy name may agree in the truth of thy holy word, and live in unity and godly love," and then denounce those who endeavour to make this prayer a reality, is only one more proof to me how a man may become blinded in carrying out a favourite theory, and be led to invade that liberty of action and freedom of speech which is the birthright of every Englishman, and which, if denied to the Romish priest, belongs to the clergy of the Church of England—is not opposed to his ordination vows.—and deprived of which, he would become the mere servant of the Bishop.

Believe me, I write more in sorrow than in anger. I love the Church of England, I love the simplicity of her Ritual, the spirituality of her Liturgy, the catholic spirit which pervades her services, so foreign to that intolernt spirit which, though admitting a common union with Christ, yet refuses to permit communion with each other. As if, in the words of Robert Hall, those whom God forms and actuates by His spirit and admits to "communion with Himself, were not sufficiently qualified for the communion of mortals." It is because I love the the Church, that I am greived to see a course adopted, which, it perservered in, must wean from her the affections of her children, and hinder her in her great mission of giving glory to God on high, and promoting on earth peace and good will amongst men.

VIGILANTER.

Charlottetown, March 17*th*, 1856.

THE SABBATH IN ENGLAND.

The friends of religion all over the world will rejoice in the intelligence brought by the *Africa*, that the great question which has agitated the public mind in England for some time past, as to whether the places of public amusement in the metropolis should be thrown open on Sunday, has been decided in the British House of Commons by an overwhelming majority in favor of the law of God. The motion of Sir Joshua Walmsley—

"That, in the opinion of this House, it would promote the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes of this metropolis, if the collections of natural history and of art in the British Museum and the National Gallery were opened to the public inspection after morning service on Sundays"—

came up on the 21st ult., and was advocated with great zeal by the mover and by Lord Stanley. Mr. Pellatt, in a speech, moved an amendment, and when the advocates of the measure had said all they had to say in its favor, Lord Palmerston wound up the debate in opposition. The House then divided, and the numbers were:—

For the motion,	48
Against it,	376
Majority against,	328

It is long since any question of a public nature has so stirred up public attention and public interest as this effort of the enemies of the Sabbath and of evangelical religion. It has enlisted the advocacy of many able men; the pen of Dickens was called into requisition incidentally to secure its success; but it also aroused the opposition of the friends of true religion all over the kingdom, and called forth a degree of ability in the discussion of the subject which has seldom been exhibited in popular debate. The question had been so thoroughly discussed beforehand that little needed to be said when it came up in Parliament, and indeed it was not argued with distinguished ability in opposition to the measure. The British Banner says of the discussion:—"The speech of Lord Palmerston was one of a very off-hand character. He seemed to view the subject as beneath serious discussion, holding that both sides had exaggerated its importance. Mr. Pellatt, satisfied that he had gained his object, withdrew his Amendment. Sir Joshua Walmsley replied in a few feeble words, stating that 'he had heard no arguments whatever against his Motion, except those which were of a theological character.' This is very much as if Mr. Cobden had said in the days of the Corn Conflict, that no arguments had been adduced against him but those that were of a pecuniary character. The cowed advocate as a last resource, rose or sank into a puling prophet, warning the House that the cause he contended for 'would one day be asserted in another way.'"

The influence of this discussion upon the public mind has been most happy. It has afforded an opportunity to exhibit the law of the Sabbath in its divine origin and its perpetual obligation, and to impress the subject upon the popular mind. It has also had an influence in bringing more closely together the friends of religion in the various communions, and leading them to sympathize more fully on other matters relating to the kingdom of Christ, In this way much good has been evolved out of what threatened only evil, and we rejoice not only in the result of the measure in Parliament, but in the occurrence of the discussion itself.

The Royal Sermon.—Our readers will remember that while the Queen of England was in Scotland last summer, she heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Caird, a Presbyterian clergyman, on "Religion in Common Life," with which she was so much pleased, as to order its publication. The English bishops were quite horrified, that she should have given her sanction to anything preached by a Presbyterian, and tried to make it appear, that he was a Unitarian. Suspicion was even cast upon the Queen herself. We confess that our expectations as to the spiritual character of the sermon were not highly excited by the royal recommendation, but we have been most agreeably disappointed. It is an admirable discourse, not faultless in style, but presenting a common theme in an interesting light, enforcing it with striking illustrations, and pressing it home upon the conscience. The sermon has excited great interest on the other side of the water; thousands on this side will seek it from mere curiosity, and we wish that tens of thousands might read it, by whatever motive they may be led to take it up.

Bad training.—Training is not merely teaching a child what it ought to do; it is this, and a great deal more.

There may be a right teaching which does no good; because, along with it, there is a wrong training which does much harm. "Give me some of *that*," said a peevish-looking boy about seven or eight years of age to his mother, who was seated on the deck of a steamer in which I happened to be lately. The mother had some eatables in her hand. "Hold your tongue, Peter," replied his mother; "you won't get it." "I want *that*," again demanded Peter, with increased earnestness. "I tell you," said the mother, looking at him, "you shall not get it. Is not that enough for you? Go and play yourself, and be a good boy." "But I want *that*," reiterated Peter, beginning to sulk and look displeased. "What a laddie!', exclaimed the mother. "Have I not told you twenty times never to ask a thing when I say that you are not to get it!" "I want *that*," cried Peter, more violently than ever, bursting into tears. "Here!" said the mother, take it and be quiet. I am sure I never, in all my life, saw such a bad boy."

Alas! poor boy, he had more reason, if he only knew it, to complain of his mother. The same boy, Peter, grows up probably, to be a selfish and self-willed young man. His mother sees it, and suffers from it: but she wonders how such a temper or disposition should show themselves in her Peter! and consoles herself with the thought that whatever is the cause of so mysterious a dispensation, from no fault in her could it have come, nor "from want of telling."—*Home School, by Rev. N. M'Leod*.

While the ultra-American press has been for some time running riot at what England might expect by attempting to go to war with America, we find in the perusal of the leading and most valuable papers issued throughout the Union, that although they have always mildly, but yet with firmness, looked on their own side of the present question at issue as regards their Government, they have not been led astray by a hope to gain a perishing popularity by a deadly onset on Great Britain. As an instance of the just judgment of one of these leading journals in respect to what Canada might be expected to do in the event of such a war, we extract the following from one ofthe best edited papers published at the capital of the State of new York. In a late number of the *Albany Knickerbocker*, the editor says:—

"A Boston paper having expressed the opinion that a war with England would lead to the conquest of Canada by the United States, we reply, nonsense; it might lead to its annexation, but not to conquest. Canada has three million inhabitants, the whole of whom are as well acquainted with the rifle as we are. Canada cannot be conquered, and we rejoice that such is the fact."—*Montreal Pilot*.

Jenny Lind's Voice.—A corrospondent of the Tribune writing from Vienena, says:—"Far be it from me to crticise what is above all criticism? but I cannot help thinking that Jenny Lind's voice has lost in quality what it has gained in power. The bewitching 'Nightingale of the North, is no longer the Jenny Lind of earlier days. She has matured into Madame Goldschmidt."

TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.

BY KATE NEVILLE.

How often we think when reading the news,
That an editor could please, if he only would choo se
But such a paper as this, why all must agree
That a thing of less interest they never did see.
But, Sir Critic, reflect ere you make a noise on,
That one man's meat is another man's poison,
And, lest you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an Editor's trials.

First; a pretty young lady, sprightly and fair,
With a paper in hand, waltzes up to a chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She throws it aside with a muttered "pshaw!"
No marriages here—
I think it is queer,
When there's ever so many,
They don't publish any.
Here's poetry, And battles,
Sketches, And sieges,
And tales And law-suits
Without ending, A pending,
But no picnics, or concerts, or parties for me,
Such trash upon paper I never did see.

Then; a nice young man with a cane and moustache,
Who certainly thinks he is cutting a dash,
Looks over the list of plays and soirees,
As if vainly trying his fancy to please.
In theatres, In races,
Circuses, And chases,
Operas, In banquets
Balls, And calls,
And finally wonders what editors mean
By printing a paper not fit to be seen.

Sentimental young lady next picks up the paper
And reads by the light of a dim burning taper;
And wonders if lines here addressed to Miss Rella,
Were not written to her by some clever young fellow,
Who's pretty and witty, and learned and wise;
But she stops in alarm at the 'dark hazel eyes,'
For her's are deep blue,
What a pity 'tis true,
And now, Mr. Editor,
'Tis blamed on you.
What speeches, And lawing,
And sermons, And jawing,
And news And clawing
Dispatch; To Match;
But no sketches or tales that I can see—
What kind of a man must the Editor be?

Next a grave politician, who with dignity glows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose;
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads;
Of breaches, Of Senate,
And speeches, Of House,
And foreign Of railways
Reports. And courts.
And says as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people these Editors are;
These rhymes and these love stories to print,
If 'twould do any good, I would give them a hint.

Now a prim old maid the paper espies,
And holding it carefully off from her eyes,
And frequently muttering "la!" and "du tell!"
She manages some way to read very well
The marriages, The robberies,
Accidents, And murders
Suicides, All in
Deaths, A breath,
And finishing, wonders what sort of a blunder
The whole of the community is under,
To support a paper whose print is so small,
She wonders how some people read it at all.

Next, an angry contributor, eager for fame,
I'm ruined, sir, ruined—my success, sir, is o'er,
So many mistakes were ne'er heard of before;
Look here at this "Sonnet addressed to my Lady."
You've made it "A Bonnet and Dress for a Baby."
Don't talk of my writing, and say it was that—
You're an Editor, sir, but no gent—that's flat.

The farmer complains that his crops are neglected,
While so much time is spent in guessing who'll be selected.
The minister says, it should be more sedate,
And not so much wasted on matters of State;
And thousands of other complaints are made known
Which the Editor's back has to bear all alone;
But the worst of it is, they all join in saying
Such a paper as this he can print without paying.

I see better without wine and spectacles than when I use both," said Sydney Smith.

Holloway's Pills, unfailing remedies for Dropsy.—Mr. H Tomkinson, of Bras d'Or, Nova Scotia, was a severe sufferer from this terrible complaint, and water literally oozed through his skin, so that daily change of apparel became necessary, several Physicians were called in, and afforded him temporary relief, but the disease ultimately increased, and his life was endangered, he (like thousands of others) then determined to try the effect of Holloway's Pills, these remedies very quickly mitigated the virulence of the disorder, and by persevering with them for about six weeks, left him thoroughly restored to health; by a few more weeks' continuance of them, he was as strong as ever he was in his life. These celebrated Pills are equally efficacious in liver complaints and correcting bile as disorders of the kidneys.