

The Protestant Wesleyan

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume VI. No. 3.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1854.

Whole No. 236.

N. P. Willis wrote the following lines when he was a young man, and a much better man than he is now. Often we read them with feelings of intense pleasure, but have made little use of them since. They are worth reading again.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or down to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer,
While leaning on my mother's knee,
But in the still unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years and sin and manifold foes,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give eye to me some measure of
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears,
And there's a milder in the lapse
Of four or five miserable years.
But nature's looks I never yet
With all my mother's words I write,
I have been but at events,
Beneath a moon-light sky of spring,
When earth was garished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
All that makes the pulses pass—
With wider freshness, through the night,
When all was beauty—then have I,
Like friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up through evening's lamp is hung,
And when the beautiful spirit there
Fling over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping on the rain;
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a benediction,
I've poured a low and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light!
I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And birds were delicately drawn
In the gray east—when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the breeze,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the trees,
And thus when I was forth, perchance
As a worn reveler from the dance—
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freshly up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
I say a voice has thrilled me here,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or, creeping from the silent night,
Like words from the departing night—
Hath struck me, and I have pressed
On the wet grass my fevered brow,
And pining forth the earliest
First prayer with which I learned to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-gone years,
And yielding to the blessed wish
Of my ungentle tears,
Have risen upon the gay, the wild—
As humble as a very child.

Letter from Dr. Cook.

The following, we presume, was not designed for the press; but the information it contains is of so much value, that we can not from any sense of delicacy on our part lay it in our drawer. We had written to Dr. Cook in reference to French matters, and of the int rest which American Wesleyans took in reference to our poor French brethren. Now, we have one question to ask here. Are not all who have aided our French brethren already proud in view of the great prospective good to be accomplished in France through their instrumentality?—Western Christian Advocate.

MY DEAR BROTHER ELLIOTT,—On my return hither from the British and French conferences two months since, I found some numbers of your Western Christian Advocate at home, awaiting my perusal. I have been intending ever since, as soon as I could find leisure and matter for a long letter, to thank you heartily for the information and edification they have afforded me. But here is your letter of the 27th ult. come to hand, which adds tremendously to the yet unfulfilled obligation.

How shall I thank you sufficiently, dear Doctor, for your persevering efforts to strengthen our hands, shall I say, or not, rather, our loins and our hearts, in our fight of faith and labour of love, by enlisting in our favor the powerful practical sympathies of our brethren in the western world? We rejoice in the conviction that the great Head of the Church will bestow the promised prophet's reward on those who have received it in the name of a prophet. The only return in our power, beyond the gratitude which reasonable help inspires, will be the faithful, economical, and liberal application of the funds which your noble-minded Mission Board and General Committee have placed at the disposal of the French Methodist conference for France and Italy.

Within the last month we have taken a position in advance, on the direct way to Rome, of about two-thirds of the whole distance from this town, which is the most advanced post of Methodism in this line. That we have been enabled to do so is entirely a fruit of your liberality. We could not have entertained the thought for a moment, without the expectation that the endorsement of our transactions by our transatlantic brethren, which they have so speedily and liberally given. Is not this more, dear Doctor, a very fair bidding for the Union Chapel subscription of your city, without being in Italy? It is nearer Rome than any place in Italy, in which we could hope to establish a Protestant mission. In other respects it is doubtless an advantage, that we shall have, if we succeed, the protection of the laws of the French empire in this new post—an advantage by no means to be despised.

It may be considered as matter of doubt, whether we shall be able to maintain this advanced position against all the weight of Papal clerical influence which will be employed to dislodge us. I trust, however, that we shall not be brought to relinquish it easily. And in relation to this work at Bastia, and to other similar enterprises, and especially to our future, may I not say, impending operations in Italy, if I could have an hour's conversation with such enthusiasts as yourself, or our good missionary Bishop Waugh, or Dr.

Dubin, or any member of the Board at New York, I should like to propose a case of conscience to them. It would be this:

In the present state of a great part of continental Europe, does the existence, or the application of intolerant laws, or the more will of intolerant chief magistrates, or other, who prevent our collecting congregations and preaching to them, as we generally do, justify us in withdrawing from countries in which we have access to families or individuals, and in which we can preach the Gospel in cooperation?

Or, in other words, does the commandment, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," impose the obligation of erecting pulpits everywhere and speaking to the people from them? Or does the difficulty or impossibility of doing the other, especially in a country in which, without such a vision the people must remain in all the vice and ignorance of Popery?

How much might have been done in Tuscany, in times past, by preaching the Gospel from house to house? and how different, in all the ill-fated, recent Italian revolutions, would have been in their character and results, if there had been in Italy a greater leaven of religious truth and feeling?

Up to the present moment there is not, as far as I am aware, any missionary society which has employed, or would employ, a missionary in the way I have suggested, in what I would call *chaubur-predaching*; and the great Head of the Church continues to open to us fields of usefulness, as fast as we can find men to occupy them, or funds to maintain them, we ought perhaps to be satisfied to rush into every opening door and cry, Behold the Lamb of God! but no judgment in the matter should be greatly modified, I should be ready, if an opportunity presented itself in the shape of a suitable subject, with a *clear personal divine call*, and sufficient funds to support him, to say, "Go, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and may he accompany and protect you!" and if the result should be his "offering" up on the sacrifice and service of the "faith," that would not be to me any argument that either he or I had been mistaken in the judgment we had formed of his call.

I have just received a letter from Bastia, dated Nov. 23rd. Our brother Gallienne says that "affairs have taken a new and happy direction." Daily had arisen with respect to the permission to hold religious meetings, which had been demanded of the prefect of Ajaccio; and supposing from the delay that the prefect had written to Paris for instructions, he was about to return to his circuit, when he learned that the expected permission had arrived. He, however, adds that the influence of the prefect had been successfully exerted to deprive him of the place in which he expected to preach to three or four hundred persons. Gallienne has written me under the same cover. I send you a translation of part of his letter, showing his present views of the work in our hands at Bastia. He appears to have experienced some disappointment, in witnessing the opposition of the prefect, and the effect of that opposition, probably, on some of the persons who had formerly appeared forward in the Protestant movement at Bastia. He says:—

This work has two aspects: 1. There is a general movement against Popery, composed of different elements. 2. There is another which is small—perhaps discouragingly so—but which, when it shall have grown downward in humiliation and comparative obscurity, will spread open above ground, shedding abroad a purely evangelic light, which will be perceived from afar. Such are, in my judgment, our prospects. I do not fear saying that this work of God will not see the light without great labour and pains. We shall not break up such a fallow ground without well watering it with our tears, and we must sow it by our prayers. If we want a great blaze we may have it; but the spirit which guides us forbids this. We ought not to create an army of Protestants, who will oppose the Pope with fury, but who at the same time would prefer being cut in pieces to real submission to the yoke of Christ. Let us not kindle a great fire, if the Lord calls us to it. But let us take care not to provoke it, any mistake as to the end of our mission, which consists in preparing the way for the Spirit of God to act in the hearts of men. May we be made wise to win souls! And, however little we may shine, no matter how obscure, let us be able to sustain a great fight of affliction, in a formidable conflict of good and evil, while proclaiming the truth we are commissioned to preach, and raising, with a hand of boldness, the veil which Satan has succeeded in enveloping the Christian religion.

I will not conceal from you that I am a little like the horse which "smelleth the battle afar off," and who "goeth on to meet the armed man;" but when I look at the matter coolly, I say, beware of war; for once engaged in it, no peace can be had after great ravages. The army which would be collected by the sound of the trumpet, would, perhaps, be composed of many a Korah and Dathan, and many an Abiram, or an Achan, who would cause us to be defeated in presence of our enemies. May the good Lord keep them afar off, or convert them to himself, for the guarantee of our victory lies only in upright hearts!

When it shall please the Lord to give us brave soldiers, armed with the holy armour of God, then we shall go forward from conquest to conquest, with the crowning point may be a glorious triumph. The Lord will decide all this; but till he shall have decided otherwise, let us hold ourselves ready to sacrifice ourselves, in suffering patiently the languor which hope deferred, in a slow progress of the work of God, may occasion us.

These extracts, dear Doctor, will enable you to judge of the spirit and temper of our "man of Macedonia," at whose application and pressing cry we have crossed the sea which separates France from Corsica. Truth obliges me to add, that in translating his words I have, I believe, while rendering as exactly as possible his meaning, rendered the expression of his views more clear than it is in French; and this leads me to say, that

I think it highly advisable that he should have at the earliest opportunity some instruction which will enable him to express his thoughts, which are often of a superior order, clearly and fully. We have one or two other young men, or more, who believe themselves called to the ministry, who would be benefited incalculably by a few months' training in the art of communicating their thoughts and feelings to their fellow men. If the brethren enter into my views on this subject, we shall have what the English Wesleyans call a theological institution very soon.

With hearty thanks to you, dear Doctor, and to all the readers of your journal, for the interest you and they take in our prosperity, and the prayers which rise from them in our favour, I am yours, gratefully and affectionately,

CHARLES COOK,
Rue St. Dominique, Ninnes, Nov. 25, '53.

Lead us not into Temptation.

A COURT INCIDENT.

Law—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators; and in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest jurists have given their verdicts, conformably to the promptings of justice; and, happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the popular eye.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held up as a specimen of justice, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 1851, we chanced to be spending a few days at a beautiful inland country-town in Pennsylvania. It was court-week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a beautiful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to enquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the friend manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of age. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would, without see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, did not pleasure, found the coin untouched.

Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, in the meantime, a poor family not far off, who are suffering from want of the money which bought this gin; that the lad, under the influence of his sister, had just walked out of his store with a bottle in his hand, and put the money in his drawer? Will the judge of that man, in the last day of his life, accept of such an apology for the deed?

"It's no concern of mine," an apothecary might say, while in the act of selling the most deadly poison in his shop to a man who he knew was weary of the world and was going to commit suicide. But is it no concern of the apothecary? Would he dare so much language at the bar of his Maker?

"It's no concern of mine," people sometimes say, as they sit in their splendid parlours, surrounded with wealth and luxury, when they hear of suffering wretchedness going on all around them. But is it no concern of theirs? Is there not in this remark something of the selfishness of the Levite, who, "passed by on the other side," having just passed a business on hand than bestowing their sympathies on a stranger, though dying for want of their care.

The Victim of the Inquisition.

The ghastly rays of a dying lamp.
In quivering gleams are thrown
On the gloomy walls of a dungeon damp.
Where a captive broods alone,
And the cry of the cavern's dew
Is chilling his life-blood through and through.

Faintly as ocean's roaring flood
Is mocked by its murmuring shell,
Sounds the wail of the outer multitude
In that subterranean cell.
It seems like a bitter taunt to him,
Of the heavy heart and fettered limb.

Why is the prisoner cast to rot
In that green, unwholesome lair,
Where the plumed sunshine enmesheth not,
Nor the pure and fragrant air?
It is that he will not bow the knee
At the shrine of unhalloved bigotry.

Slowly the massive doors swept back
From their ponderous hinges and grand,
Where solemnly stood the unshod rack
The masked fanatical stand,
Hung with sable and roof and wall
Of that terrible crime-stained judgment hall.

And scathed there are the judges grim,
Each wrapped in his cloak and coat;
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"It's no Concern of Mine."

As I was passing through the suburbs not long since, on the way to my office, I found my progress somewhat obstructed by sundry nuisances which I had noticed. If I recollect aright, some persons were building a sewer in the street, and as is often the case in such circumstances, these persons were less careful for the interests of passers by, than for their own interests. For some reason or other—no matter what that reason was—they had placed a wide board on the sidewalk, which was supported by a joint some four or five inches thick. Now it so happened that this board was not confined to the joint, and moreover, that it projected so far at one end that when a person stepped upon it, it lifted up the other end, thus endangering the limbs of another person, who might be approaching it in the opposite direction. I saw one man hurt in this way; so I asked a gentleman—if gentleman he was who showed such an ungentle spirit—standing in front of the door of his shop near by, to give me a hammer and a couple of nails, that I might confine the end of this board, and thus prevent another accident similar to that which had just occurred.

"I'll do no such thing," said the man, gruffly, "it's no concern of mine."

I have thought a good deal of that remark since it fell upon my ears, and I have many a time thought that nothing could have dictated it but a very selfish spirit. And yet I am afraid that this spirit is too common among mankind. "It's no concern of mine." How often we see people act in accordance with this notion, in some such circumstances as those which I have just related. But, dear reader, is it no concern of a man when he sees a danger threatened to his neighbour, to help that neighbour, especially when he can do so with very little trouble? I tell you that I have seen a man do such a thing as this man advanced. It says "I look not every man on his own thing, but on the things of others." It tells us, to be sure, of a certain priest that passed by a man who was lying wounded and half-dead, because that man's troubles were no concern of his; and that he, a Levite who did not do anything more than the same thing; but as nearly as I can recollect, it doesn't compliment either the priest or the Levite very highly.

"It's no concern of mine," says the man who is selling gin to the poor drunkard; "it's no concern of mine." But is it no concern of his? The man who has just walked out of his store with a bottle in his hand, and put the money in his drawer? Will the judge of that man, in the last day of his life, accept of such an apology for the deed?

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"It's no concern of mine," people sometimes say, as they sit in their splendid parlours, surrounded with wealth and luxury, when they hear of suffering wretchedness going on all around them. But is it no concern of theirs? Is there not in this remark something of the selfishness of the Levite, who, "passed by on the other side," having just passed a business on hand than bestowing their sympathies on a stranger, though dying for want of their care.

The Victim of the Inquisition.

tion, who was a man of intelligent mind, and capable of giving instruction in the great truths of Christianity. He first opened my eyes to the real beauties of the gospel, though I thought I knew them perfectly well at the time. He first brought me to understand what was meant by "justification by faith," and the doctrine of the imputed righteousness of Christ. He was born of Scottish parents, and educated in that unfortunate system, until he arrived at the age of eighteen, at which period he was walking the hospitals in London, and was the gayest among the gay and thoughtless. His conversion was wrought about in rather a singular manner.

Having one evening gone out with some licentious object in view, his attention was attracted by the sound of music and singing. He drew near to the house whence the sound proceeded. There were a number of respectable people singing a hymn. The singing was so good, that, instead of setting up a laugh at the "swaddlers," as he termed them, he remained stationary until it was ended, when one of the men, who must have known his sentiments, or rather those in whose sort of conversational disposition, in which several took part, "I liked," said he to me, "all that I heard so much, that I felt gratified by being invited to meet the same parties on the following Wednesday."

After a very short acquaintance, he made known his sentiments, or rather those in whose sort of conversational disposition, in which several took part, "I liked," said he to me, "all that I heard so much, that I felt gratified by being invited to meet the same parties on the following Wednesday."

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The Potter and the King.

Some of the noblest specimens of Christian heroism are to be found in the history of the Huguenots of France. One of these was Palsay, celebrated for skill and discoveries in the art of manufacturing earthenware. He was, however, a Huguenot, and though he escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew, yet he was afterwards sent to the Bastille for being a Riformist. The following passage describes an incident which he had in the prison, and which he has entirely renounced in less than a month, and from that time became a steady Christian.

As I have already stated, I owe to him, under God, a change of life, which I sincerely believe will tend to his eternal benefit. I feel their grateful effects at this moment. I know, and feel an inward assurance of my Redeemer's love, that enables me to bear misfortunes, at least with resignation—conscious that "all things will work together for good to them that love God."—A Sailor's Retrospect.

Earth's Echoes.

Softly breath the warm winds among
The petals of orange groves of Caylon,
Bright and gleaming with the impress of
The great Father's hand. But listen! A voice
Whispers amid those scenes of loveliness,
Where nature's gifts are lavished kindly,
And the tone is one of sadness; not the low,
Sweet singing of a happy spirit, amid the
leaves and flowers, so softly stirred, but a
plaintive tone, as of a griefed heart murmuring
its sadness out with every burdened
throat.

And wherefore? Alas! they know not
They are mad upon their idols."
India's sky arches brightly above
Fair fields, and fertile vales, rejoicing in
dark eyes of beauty gaze upon fountains
of waters gushing in Eden-like places. But
hear the voice of its great river, hastening to
the sea, telling of young lives sacrificed at its
shrine, victims of its own benighted worshipers.

Upon the burning sand of Africa an
accident sun looks down to day, shedding
light and warmth abroad everywhere—
everywhere save in the shadowed hearts of
Africa's dark-skinned children. There no
pure light ever shines—slumbering, with
all the power of thought and feeling which
their God has given them, unawakened into
healthful life, they sit "in darkness and in
the region and shadow of death."
Again, from the realms of the North,
where winter's sway is ceaseless, and summer
brezes woe not into being birds of
beauty, and spring-time suns smile not upon
reviving blossoms, the voice of the waves,
shivering along the frozen shores, are speaking
to us of a night of long dark night, when
in the sun never shines nor the cheerless
winter, whose ice-chains never break, but of
a deeper and more fearful night, shrouding
the souls of men—a midnight which the Sun
of Righteousness has never there arisen to
dispel—the wintry absence of the Christian
hope of a land where spring is eternal.

From "beyond Kedron," where "the cedars
wave on Lebanon," hear the echoes
whispering from the holy hills:—How
lamb the Lord covered the daughter of Zion
with a cloud in His anger, and cast down
from heaven unto the earth the beauty of
Israel, and remembered not His footstool in
the day of His anger!" The ways of Zion
mourn, and all her gates are desolate: she
sitteth weeping, with all her pleasant places
left waste.

From the isles of the sea, where soft,
southern waves make music on the shores,
and from all the ends of the earth, comes the
chime of voices, blending in one echo, full
of meaning in our ears; not dim and faint
from the distance, but clear and distinct,
thrilling to the heart. And do they speak in
vain? Shall no response answer the pleading
call? Shall not a cheering voice sound
from our happy homes, over solitary seas,
and distant wastes of waters, wherever be-
nighted beings dwell? "Listen, O Isles,
and hearken ye people from afar; behold,
we bring you glad tidings of great joy, which
shall be to all people." O blessed and
glorious day! when all earth's echoes shall
harmonize in songs of praise to the Redeemer,
whose blood has purchased the world's salvation!
When the blending voices shall be turned to
notes of gladness, to tell of righteousness
covering the earth, as the waters cover the
sea.—Corr. of Ch. Advt. & Journal.

The Church and the World.

We would fully fulfil our vocation as a Church, we must give heed to the great questions which attract the attention of mankind. We do not mean that the church should be converted into an arena for the discussion of exciting and ephemeral novelties, and that we should do just what St. Paul did, and what every Christian man has done, who has left his mark upon the world—speak to the living consciousness of men, face the actual dangers of society, meet its real necessities, make men feel that we know them, can sympathize with them, and do not fear them.

How would the blessed Jesus deal with

John Wesley and the Papist Butcher.

During Mr. Wesley's last visit to Doncaster, a wicked butcher, a man of the form, and all known as a terrible profligate, had taken him to his parlour. By profession he was a Papist; but however devoted to his religious creed, to vital godliness he was an entire stranger. The solemn yet bland appearance of the apostolic Wesley arrested his notice; and the persuasive eloquence of his voice fixed his attention. To illustrate and give effect to his sentiments, the preacher, with that ease and aptitude which none could exceed, introduced the language of a female Catholic, who having been converted, which had been suspended from her parish as an object of abhorrence, in a religious excitement, "I have but my eyes; I have nothing new to observe to you, but what I have already observed to you." "What a mercy," cried the aged minister, "that she had Christ left her!" Then, with his usual fervency and energy, he expatiated on the sufficiency of Christ's blood to be the power to his awakened mind. I am glad to say that he was not only a Papist, but a man of a noble and generous heart. He also became a sincere seeker of salvation, and soon by personal experience found Christ to be a sufficient Saviour. According himself from the corrupt Church of Rome, he quitted himself with the Wesleyan Methodists. For several years he adorned the doctrines of the Gospel by a blameless conduct and holy conversation, and ultimately departed this life in the full triumph of faith, proving in death that "Christ is all and in all" in the work of saving sinners.—Christian Miscellany.

The Church and the World.

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