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The Sabbath.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder sits the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah! tender was the Law that gave
This holy respite to the breast;
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide,
What image charms to lift thine eyes?
The spire reflecting on the tide
Invites the to thee skies.

To teach the soul is nobler worth,
This rest from mortal toil is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power form old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That table hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims His own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O! Dives from thy banquet hall!
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Fireside Musings.

No. 5.

BY M. E. H.

CHARITY.

"Oh Charity, our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who has no friend beside;
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale,
That stea o'er the tired pilgrim of the vale
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?

* * * * * *

When the fleet vanities of life's brief day,
Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,—
Each act, by Charity and Mercy done,
High o'er the wrecks of time shall live a one,—
Immortal as the heavens, and beauteous bloom
In other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb."

Somebody has said, that, in order to cherish a love of the beautiful, one should read a verse of poetry, view a fine painting, or gaze on beautiful scenery once a day. For the two former I have had neither leisure nor opportunity; the latter is, literally, beyond my reach. From the windows of the apartment in which I sit, there is certainly little to attract the gaze of the beholder.—High wooden walls, tall chimneys, and a long narrow alley, are not objects best calculated to fascinate a lover of the beautiful; but I comfort myself with the reflection that, in Winter, the fairest landscape wears somewhat of a gloomy aspect,—and call on Memory to compensate for the want of external beauty, by producing from her treasure house, the scenes she has stored up for time of need.

Not always has it been thus with me, that I should in vain from my casement, "where works of man are only to be seen," seek for a trace of the beautiful. Memory points to one or two dwellings, in which the greater part of my happy childhood was spent, where my eager love of Nature was, in some measure, gratified,—and even now, as I write, she unfolds her panorama,—and I gaze with delight on the scenes as they pass before me.

I stand, as I often have stood, by a high casement, while beneath me is the quiet street, with its scattered dwellings, basking in the sunshine of a summer Sabbath morning. No tall building intercepts my view of the green fields opposite, hedged with hawthorn, on which the cattle are luxuriously reposing, enjoying the rest of the hallowed day,—or of the placid waters of the Harbour, extending, as far as the eye can reach, over whose surface not a ruffle steals to disturb its beautiful daguerreotype of the picturesque village of Dartmouth. Further my glances turn, and so near does it appear, that I could almost believe that a few moments would transport me to that thickly shaded grove, or that green sloping hill, or the quiet valley, where, amid clustering foliage, nestle white cottages.

The scene changes,—and I stand at another casement, and look down on a little flower-garden, where white railings and shrubbery separate it from the grassy plot beyond, and from the green lane, bordered by hawthorn, that leads to the world without. On every direction, beautiful gardens meet my admiring gaze,—while so near that I could almost put forth my hand, and pluck its fair and elegant blossoms, stands an apple-tree, delighting the eye and scenting the air.

But a silent monitor has rebuked me, for my somewhat hasty assertion, that no beauty could be discovered in the scene, which, at present, daily greets me. The sun has just gone down, attended by a retinue of glittering clouds. High chimneys intercepted, in some measure, the glory of his setting, but they could not shut out the rich purple and golden hues which marked "the days decline." And now, in the clear blue sky, the evening star, beautiful Hesperus, shines forth in all her brilliancy. Herald of night, how many weary eyes greet thy coming with rapture,—for thou bringest near the hour of social joys and home greetings. And pleasant indeed, is the hour that brings back the members of the family, seperated by their varied avocations during the day. Pleasant the cheerful fire that illuminates happy countenances, as they gather around the social board, where, "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," is freely dispensed,—and where converse, unmarred by formality, true, social converse, with its ready stores of wit and information, bids the hours pass unheeded away. But, dearly as I prize fire-side enjoyments,—associated, as they are, with holy and tender recollections of the loved and lost,—or of those whom, having "entertained as strangers," were found "angels unawares,"—and whose presence, brief though it may have been, left behind memories that never perish,—still, to-night, my feelings are scarcely in unison, with those of the happy group that gather around the hearth. Keen is the winter's wind without,—and I cannot help thinking of the many almost houseless and homeless wanderers, that throng our city. Of the many whose shattered tenements serve but for little else, than inlets to the piercing cold;—and in whose countenances rests the gloom of despair, as they gather more closely around the grate, where a few smouldering embers seem to mock their desire for warmth.

We are all too apt to forget that misery exists, unless it comes under our immediate observation,—and of this I had, in my own experience, abundant evidence, a few days ago. The weather, for some time, previous to the afternoon, to which I refer, had been wet and disagreeable,—but at length, the clouds were scattered;—the sun shone forth with unusual brilliancy,—and the air, though keen, was agreeable to the active and well wrapt up pedestrian. "What a pleasant day," was my inward exclamation, as I tripped along, with a cheerful heart and light step, over the sunny pavement, while the bright blue sky, with a few silvery clouds resting lightly on it,—the trees, glistening as the sun's rays glanced on the numberless pendant icicles with which they were studded,—the sparkling waters of the Harbour, dotted with white sails,—and bounded by hills, the dark hue of whose evergreen trees, formed a pleasing contrast to the pure and dazzling white in which winter had arrayed the surrounding landscape,—all called forth my admiration, and, I trust, excited in my heart grateful emotions to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift." Nor were the merry jingling of sleigh-bells, or the merrier shout of the school-boys, as, released from school, they bounded gaily homeward, wanting to complete the picture,—and long shall I number that Winter's walk among "my pleasant memories." At length I reached my destination,—and was soon seated beside a cheerful fire, engaged in pleasant converse, when a gentle rap was heard at the door,—and, on opening it a little boy, with downcast head, and shivering limbs stood before us. In his hand he held a small Testament, which, as he afterwards told us, had been given as a reward in school,—and which his Mother had sent him to sell.

"What a wicked woman she must be," exclaimed one of the inmates of the dwelling, "what a wicked woman, to send out her child on such an errand, to sell the blessed Bible." "My little boy, do you not know that this is the best of all books, God's Holy Word? What is the reason your Mother wished to part with it?" The child endeavoured to answer, though the tears that were falling fast, and the convulsive sobs that shook his frame, prevented us for some time from understanding it. We gathered, at last, from his broken words, that they had no fire,—and his Mother had sent him to sell the Testament, in order to purchase a few sticks of wood.

The little fellow was apparently about six or seven years of age,—and as he stretched out his hands, instinctively, towards the blazing fire, there was something, inexpressibly touching, in his attitude,—and I shall not soon forget the look of that fair downcast face,—those cheeks, where the rosy hue of health was displaced by the hand of want,—the dark blue eyes, whose long golden lashes were heavy with tears,—and the slight frame, heaving, every now and then, with a convulsive sob,—while the sad and subdued tones of his silvery voice, went to my heart, forming, as they did, a painful contrast to the merry shout of the boys, skating and sliding without. Poor little creature: his short life had been replete with care and sorrow,—and, if ever he arrives at nature's years, what a mockery it will be to him, to hear of the joys of childhood.

For this afternoon, however, his tears were wiped away; the Testament was replaced, in his pocket, with many injunctions to keep it carefully, and prize it highly,—and, with a supply adequate for their present wants, he was sent on his way rejoicing.

Reader, whose eyes, perhaps, may glance at these humble musings, it may be that your home is a home of luxury. All around you are scattered the appliances of wealth,—and every physical want is gratified almost before it is felt,—but you may have other griefs, all the more poignant from the contrast. Sorrow as often comes, an uninvited and unwelcome guest, to the mansion of the rich, as to the dwelling of the poor,—and there may be, deep hidden in your heart, anguish of which the world knows nothing.

You have wealth,—but, perhaps, the beloved, with whom you would gladly have shared that wealth may not be participators in your prosperity. Friends gather around you, for the wealthy are never friendless,—but you turn away from their flattering tones and ready smile, with ill-concealed dislike,—and with a longing heart for that love, whose sincerity you could never doubt,—and for those accents that were ever sweetest music to your ear,—and, like an icy chill through your frame, darts the bitter conviction, that they are no more.

"Not at our homes, not by our side,
Move the sweet beings we deplore,—
The hearts that love had sanctified,
They are no more, no more."

But multitudinous are the sources of grief, and, perhaps, not from bereavement arises the sorrow, that shades your countenance, and presses on your very life-strings,—until earth seems glowing as though hung with sackcloth, and every source of joy seems dried up. But though "the heart knoweth its own bitterness,"—and a stranger's hand may not tear away the veil that conceals that grief, whatever it be, from the curious and prying world,—suffer me, at least, to point out a remedy which, next to the religion of the blessed Saviour, cannot fail to yield a balm to the wounded spirit,—and, if it does not entirely remove anguish, will render it more endurable.

No longer sit listlessly, day after day, pining over your woes,—but arouse yourself to action. Visit the dwellings of want, and introduce plenty there; bid the smile of hope light up again the pallid and shrunken face; sit down by the lowly bed, in which the restless sufferer passes wearisome days and nights,—and there tell of the abundant provisions of the Gospel,—of their suitability to our wants, and of that "hope, blooming with immortality and eternal life," which it is the privilege of all to possess,—and while thus treading in the steps of your Divine Master, of whom it is recorded, "He went about doing good,"—while thus becoming a helper of the helpless,—and causing "the widow's heart to sing for joy," you shall find happiness of which the selfish sons of luxury never dreamt,—and, with a heart occupied in the formation of plans for the relief of the miseries of others, you shall forget your own private sorrows,—or remember them "as waters that pass away."

The Papal Nuncio gone!

And is it so that Monsieur, Archbishop, Gaetano Bedini, with all his suffixes and affixes is gone? Yes he is gone! Or as a Hebrew of olden times would express it, "he has turned his back; he has run away." His modesty led him to avoid all public demonstrations and he sought to get out of the country between two nights; and now he is safely, as we trust, on his way to the foot of the Holy Father to render an account of his mission as Nuncio to Brazil, taking the United States on his way! And now that the farce is ended, and the Bedini has run away, it may be well to ponder a few matters and things concerning the man and his mission.

He came here with the high sounding title of Archbishop of Thebes, an old city in ruins on the banks of the Nile, which it is presumed he has never seen, and never will. The POPE knows the influence of titles over weak minds; and when he wants an agent, he seeks a man fitted for the duty and bestows upon him some high-sounding title, at once to gratify his vanity, and to gain for him credit, and access amongst the people to whom he is sent. Bedini was sent here, as he was once sent to Bologna, as a spy; and that he might the better, and the more readily perform his duties, he was made Archbishop of Thebes, and had bestowed upon him a little fillet made from the wool of holy sheep, by the withered nuns of St. Agnes! Had he come simply as a priest, he would pass unnoticed; but *as the Archbishop of Thebes*, he rides in the Mayor's carriage, and sails in a government steamer, and flourishes his canonicals at Albany and Washington! And yet some foolish people say a name is nothing!

But he merely took the United States *on his way* as Nuncio to Brazil! Another piece of low trickery. If not, why did he not go to Brazil! A *Nuncio* is an ambassador from the Pope to an Emperor or King; when an envoy is sent to smaller states and with limited powers he is called an *internuncio*. And that he might loom up the more largely in our republican country, the title of Nuncio to Brazil, is superadded to that of Archbishop of Thebes! And the facts in the case are, that he was made Archbishop of a city that he has probably never seen and never will;—and that he was commissioned as nuncio to a country upon which he has turned his back. And all for the purpose of exciting our veneration for a man the object of whose mission is yet concealed, and whose person and character, his own noble countrymen being witnesses, are only worthy of abhorrence.

And who is the man on whom the Holy Father bestowed these titles for sinister purposes? The Italians that know him and his history being witnesses, he is a man of low origin, who acted as spy at Bologna to mark the friends of liberty, and who, when clothed with power there, because of the ferocity of his nature, gave up to death the most cruel and summary, the persons that he had previously marked as a spy! He was first the spy, and next the butcher of Bologna. And then when quailing before the indignant scorn of the civilized world, he sought to cast his crime upon Austrian soldiers, as if blood enough were not crying to heaven against them! How rarely do we find such a compound of the dregs of humanity labelled with such high-sounding titles! Spy, priest, butcher, coward, Archbishop of Thebes, and Nuncio of the Pope to the Empire of Brazil, taking the United States in his way!!

And what is the moral character of this man? To those who know them, it is enough to say that he is an Italian priest with the morals of his order. And to those who know not the lives of priests in Italy, we give in evidence the testimony of his own countrymen, who say that he was once sent to Brazil as internuncio, but was recalled because of his shameless dissoluteness. And this is the man who has been consecrating papal bishops and churches amongst us, and blessing the poor people; as if such bloody and unclean hands could be employed to dispense the grace and favors of God.

But he came with a letter from the Pope to our President, to congratulate him on his accession to the Presidency, and asking him for his protection of our papal citizens; and with a letter from Antonelli, cardinal secretary of State, to introduce him, and praise him, and to ask kind official recognition of him! Did not the Pope know that all men were here equal before the law, civilly and religiously? If he did, what more could he ask? If he did not, how dare he to ask from us for his believers, what he withholds from our people who believe the Bible! He shuts the English out of Rome, and confines them, in their worship, to a barn of a place without the walls; he drives the Americans, in their worship, under the flag of their country and to the rooms of our legation; and one of his low, vulgar dupes here says that our minister there, if found successful in converting any Romans, would be kicked out of the city; and yet he asks our President for his kind protection of his religious vassals!! And Antonelli! Mr. Cass the Nestor of the Senate might know all about him; and might have known more about Bedini before his recent speech in reference to him. There is not in Italy a more cold, brutal, heartless tyrant, than Antonelli.—There is not in Rome a more debauched clerical libertine, if the Romans speak the truth. And the man who puts down the Roman Republic with French bayonets; and the man who at this hour is using all the power of the Papal Church to extinguish every spark of liberty in Europe, and who is sending every Italian patriot on whom he can lay his hands to death, dungeons, or banishment, commissions the butcher of Bologna to visit our country on his way to Brazil, to congratulate our President on his accession to the Chief Magistracy, and to solicit his protection of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens! What a trio of priestly tyrants, with their feet upon the neck, and their dagger at the heart of liberty in Europe, and seeking liberty for their people here, where all are at liberty to worship as they will! What unblushing effrontery! Need we wonder that the Germans and Italians are excited?

But what was Bedini's errand here?—Why call him from the care of the Thebans here? There must be some pressing necessity. Why send him round here on his way to Brazil? Antonelli may be able to tell, so may Bishop Hughes. We are left to conjecture. There was some little difficulty about Church property in Buffalo—the same difficulty exists in other places. It is very hard to enforce the Cannon Law here.—The people here, either by contagion or absorption, imbibe some notions as to their rights and privileges which priests and bishops find it difficult to manage. Then our school laws are papistically wrong. And multitudes of papists young and old, are forsaking the priest, and Mary, and the altar, for the Bible, the Saviour and the pulpit.—It was thought that a Nuncio might set these and other things all right. And Bishop Hughes himself is not regarded as the sharpest and wisest at head quarters. One was selected who had learned the trade of a spy in Italy, and who was thought to be able to spy out the true causes of the crumbling of Romanism here, and the true remedies to prevent it. But his wand would not work. He lifted it up, and called for the darkness; but it would not come. And before he got half through, God gave a tongue to the blood of Ugo Bassi, and of the other martyrs of Bologna, which proclaimed the character of Bedini through the land. And from that moment the lock of his strength was cut, and the heart of the people swelled with detestation of the monster. And the mobs, composed mostly of those from papal countries, and who felt the iron of tyranny in their souls, in Cincinnati, Baltimore, and other places, like the spitting of the volcano, only revealed the slumbering fires that lay beneath.

And the man who was toasted in New York, who rode in the Mayor's carriage, who was feasted at the Governor's table, who was paraded in the saloons of Secretary's at Washington, had to pack his vestments in a bag—to cover his skull with something that concealed his tonsure—to steal away to Staten Island, and to pass from the deck of a Tug to that of a Steamer for England, to avoid the hootings of the multitudes whom the tyranny of Papal Europe has driven from their homes to our shores! Did ever any man so go up as an eagle, and so come down as a goose!

And where is Bishop Hughes at the closing scene, who figured so largely in the farce when the curtain first rose? The fox; he saw the storm coming, he very likely thought Bedini a spy upon himself, as he no doubt was,—he laid his hand on his side and gave a few coughs, and found it necessary to go to Cuba for his health! Halifax would not do in mid-winter.

We only want another Nuncio on his way to Brazil to complete the ruin of Popery in this land which Bedini has so largely promoted. The prestige of popery is all gone. Its doctrines—its deceivings—its cunning craft—the character of its priests, taken as a clan the most heartless impostors on earth, are all understood. The system is in a state of dissolution every where; and were it not for the alliance there is between it and despotism to support one another, it would fall to pieces at once. If the free votes of the Romans could be taken at this hour, they would vote the Pope, his cardinals, bishops and all the inferior clergy, at least to purgatory, if not a little beyond it.

And it is fondly to be hoped that our political men will soon be made to feel, that to court the vote of the Romish priest and his people, is to forfeit the vote of the Protestant.

We have seen the first and the last Nuncio from Rome in the United States on his way to Brazil.—*New York Observer.*

KIRWAN.

How Van Diemen's land was Discovered.

Anthony Van Diemen, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa who was Governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skilful in his business; but who had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight: the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Austral land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Dieman determined to send Tasman out to see about it.—If he never came back it would be no matter; but at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642, and like an enamoured swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land. That land—Van Diemen's land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discover, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the eighteenth of December, in a sheltered bay which he called Moodenare's (Murderer's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men. Traveling on, he reached, after some days, the island which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then coming upon New Zealand from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland. Staten Land; but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria. For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunk of trees, but to do his mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden high renown, court-favor, rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no cross to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognised it as a portion of land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.—*Household Words.*

Dr. Duff on the Grandeur of Missions.

The following extracts are from a speech of Dr. Duff, delivered before the evangelical Alliance, on occasion of its last meeting in London. The language is not more glowing than the sentiments are weighty.

"This enterprise has about it all the characteristics of a divine amplitude and grandeur, compared with which all the mightiest enterprises of earthly monarchs and earthly associations are as nothing. It is, in reality, not only the most venerable of enterprises, but it is the most ancient in its conception and design. It is not only as old as the globe which we inhabit, but it is as old as eternity. God is unchanging. We cannot doubt, with his word in our hands, that in creation he contemplated our first parents and their descendants, wrecked and ruined in a miserable fall, and the raising up of a new world of life, and light, and beauty, out of this wreck and ruin of that fall. In time, this divine purpose came to be gradually unfolded. It was announced in Paradise ere our first parents were banished as outcasts from its consecrated plains; it was onwardly developed, through successive ages, along a line of patriarchs and prophets, till the fulness of time came—slowly, as we would think, according to our poor human reckoning—very slowly and very slowly—but still working on and developing according to the all-gracious purpose and design of the eternal God . . . .

"An intense worldliness has crept into the Christian Church—a secularity and carnality that is most overwhelming. Here are tens of thousands, as it were, in the vision of faith, respecting themselves as at the foot of the cross, and saying, 'O Lord, we were hell-deserving sinners, we were suspended half over the bottomless abyss, ready to plunge into it in a moment; but thou, O Father, in Christ didst manifest thy glory by sending him into the world, and thou, O blessed Saviour, didst lay down thy life and shed thy precious blood to snatch me from the yawning gulf of perdition; Lord, I praise and thank thee; I see the gates of heaven open to me through thee; I see crowns of glory and palaces of light in Immanuel's land awaiting me; praised be thy name, O blessed Saviour!'

Now, what would you say if such individuals were to sit calmly still and gaze at the spectacle of their fellow-creatures, in millions—millions, not of dead bodies, but of dead souls? Yes, here is one awful, tremendous procession of immortal souls, with the archfiend at their head carrying them away, exulting in his triumph, and plunging them down into the depths of woe, there to rejoice over them for evermore—another and another, in one long, endless procession, moving on day after day, year after year, through successive centuries!—What would you think of the professing disciple that could realize that, and yet turn round and say, 'Lord, I thank thee for having saved my soul, but as for these millions of souls that are going down to the pit of destruction, let them perish if they will? Yet this, practically, is the spectacle presented by myriads in the bosom of the Christian Church at this moment; and is it not cruel selfishness, beyond the power of language to express? Is there not something absolutely fiendish in it? And if this be the spirit which is greatly prevalent in the Church of Christ, how can we expect the blessing of God upon us and upon our instrumentality? No, brethren, we ought to be up and doing; we ought to be keeping in view everlastingly these perishing myriads, and the shame and dishonour done to the great God by the reflected image of Satan in them. We ought to realize what our position is, and what our calling is, as his agents and instruments in accomplishing, through the aids of the heavenly grace, this mighty work, and raising up that which would be a spectacle of glory through eternal ages. We ought to act in such a manner that no man or woman within our reach could perish without treading, as it were, upon the body of Christ, trampling his blood under foot, and crossing over him in order to reach the frontiers of the burning lake. O, if this spirit were in us, we should have a moral and spiritual revolution in British churches which would tell over the ends of the earth! . . . . . Brethren, the aspect of the world is indeed dark in many respects; no one feels the pressure of the darkness of it more than I do; often have I smarted in spirit under it; and if it were not for that pole-star of prophecy that points so steadily to the bright and glorious future, often would my heart sink within me, and my spirit fail utterly. But whatever may be the intermediate processes by which we shall be ushered into scenes surpassing fable, we ought never to relax in the strength of our assurance that the most glowing visions of the prophetic muse shall one day be gloriously realized. The way in which the whole will be accomplished may be humbling to us; we may have to make endless confessions of error and shortcomings and prejudices; and we may all have bitterly to mourn on our knees over the many ways in which we wronged our brethren by our uncharitableness and misjudgments. It may be that all our existing organizations, so doatingly idolized, will have to go down into actual dissolution, so that out of the dissolved chaotic mass there may rise up a re-constituted Church, bright and pure, and worthy of Him who is its Divine Head and King. All this may be, and much more; but let us be sure that the end will be glorious. At present, indeed, it may look almost like the very climax of unlikelihood. There may seem to be oceans of difficulties and mountains of impossibilities in the way; but faith ought to prevail, and to intensify the assurance that God's omnipotency will level these mountains, roll out these oceans into emptiness, rend the heavens, and make a way for the effusions of the Spirit of grace over a ransomed and gladdened world. Everything now may look ominous. The shadows of evening may seem to be closing fast on the hoary heights of old Christendom; the sun may seem to be setting in a red and angry sky; and all around the horizon clouds may be rising, black and lurid, and in their bosom lie sleeping the tempest that shall one day burst over the apostate and unbelieving nations; with only the occasional twinkling of a star, darkly shining, as it were, through the thickening gloom. All this, and much more, may be true: but shall we not rise in the spirit of faith, and say, 'Come, O Almighty Saviour; come thou, in the infinite sympathies of thy boundless compassion; come, thou Almighty Spirit of Grace, in the plenitude and overflow of thy soul-surviving and comforting influences! and let the blighting, it may be, of once fondly-cherishing hopes, and the failure or retardation of once fondly-cherished prospects, and the consequent bringing down of every high thought and lofty imagination to the foot of the cross—let all these be unto us and unto other believers throughout the world but the discipline and preparation for that night of storms which is now so ominously brooding over the nations?' And when the gloom is thickest, and the tempest of human passion loudest, and the rage of Satan, who cometh down in great wrath, fiercest, may ours be the faith to discern even in all this, but the signs and presages, of that hallowed morn that shall chase away the long dark night of ages—the heralds and precursors of the coming of him in the glory of his kingdom, whether visible or invisible—of him

'Whose coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.'

And then, amid the dawnings of millennial glory, and the jubilee of our once groaning, but now renovated, universe—then, O! then, in ways which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor imagination conceived, will be realized, in a bright and glorious consummation, the longings, and the aspirations, and the designs of this holy Evangelical Alliance of Christendom?"

Dancing.—To a Mother.

One point is quite clear; if you wish to train your child for the world, dancing lessons cannot be dispensed with: upon that matter all are agreed. But the question really is, whether for the sake of carriage and deportment it may not be both lawful and desirable for a Christian parent to allow her daughter to learn to dance? Now, observe what such a course leads to. You allow your child to learn an accomplishment which you would not allow her afterwards to exercise. You would shrink from allowing your child to figure in a ball-room, because, as a Christian mother, you very properly consider "the ball" as one of those worldly amusements which the disciple of Christ is engaged to forego. Surely, then, it is on the face of it, inconsistent to teach what the child is *not* to practice. Observe, next, that by allowing your child to learn dancing, you add a temptation to worldliness which it is in your power to prevent. It is comparatively easy for a young person to refuse going to a ball when she is able to say, "I cannot dance;" whereas there is many a young person who would not have courage to say "I do not dance," if all the while her parents have allowed her to learn the accomplishment. The writer of these remarks has more than once been pained to learn from pious and excellent ladies, at the head of schools for the young, that they have been in various ways discountenanced by professedly Christian parents simply because they have striven to uplift a better standard in their schools by the exclusion of dancing lessons. This is a reproach which ought not to attach to those who profess to have "renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." We heard recently of a pious father who, on his death-bed, made it his earnest request that the two little orphan girls whom he was leaving behind might never be allowed to learn dancing.—He had a just view of the temptations to which the accomplishment, if acquired, might expose them, and of the caution which is becoming in a Christian who desires to bring up his children for God. But what of their carriage and deportment? Are not these to be attended to? Yes, certainly: but not at the risk of moral injury. It is mere nonsense to say that grace of carriage and elegance of deportment can only be obtained by learning to dance. If you must resort to artifical means to produce these effects, gymnastic exercises come before dancing any day, and a healthy, robust frame, with a vigorous mind well employed, even before these. The question is to be resolved, by this, "Will you have your child trained for the world or for Christ?"—*Exchange Paper.*

Rills from the Fountain.

A GLIMPSE OF IMMORTALITY.—The Middletown Herald, of the 20th, relates an interesting incident, in the professional experience of Dr. Heaton, of that county. A disease of malignant type raged to an alarming extent in his neighbourhood, and among those who fell victims to it was a little boy some five or six years of age. A short time before he expired, when the poisoned hand of death had cast its shadow on his young face, and had commenced to gather his latte energies for removal, and his family were gathered round the bed, looking each instant for his last struggle—his cheeks rigid and sunken—his eyes stark and unturned—lo, there was a change. His eyes brightened with a heavenly light, and his little hands were raised with apparent vigor and casting a look heavenward, he exclaimed "O, how beautiful!" and in a few moments he was immortal!"

THE EVENING PRAYER.—We can scarcely imagine a scene more full of beauty and meaning than presented by the little child who kneels at his mother's knee to ask God's blessing upon the sleep into which he is about to enter. There is a great deal of significance in the mighty prayer. It recalls the past to-day, and it reminds us of the future to-morrow; leads us to feel how much to-day's words and deeds will affect to-morrow's; and, above all, to teach us that the greatest physical or moral power which we may possess is not our own, but lent to us by a kind Creator. Sir T. T. Browne says that "Sleep is Death's younger brother; and so like him I dare not trust him without my prayers." Who will deny that the night's rest is sweeter for having received a Father's blessing? Received, we say; for does not every one that asks receive?

TIME FLIES.—Each of us has a work to do in this world. Surely no one is willing to die without being able to assure himself that the world is better for his having lived in it. But time flies constantly, and seemingly from the cradle to the grave with ever accumulating rapidity. Then be not idlers. Time never flies backward. A moment once lost is forever, irretrievably lost.

SWEET THOUGHT.—Whenever we find our temper ruffled towards a parent, a wife, a sister, or a brother, we should pause and think, that in a few more months or years, they will be in the spirit land watching over us, or perchance we shall be there watching over them left behind. The intercourse between guardian angels.

EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.—The scripture of the Old and New Testament is a most solid and precious system of Divine truth. Every part thereof is worthy of God, and altogether are one entire body, wherein is no defect, no excess. It is the fountain of heavenly wisdom which they who are able to taste, prefer to all writings of men, however wise, or learned, or holy.—*J. Wesley.*

SANCTIFIED KNOWLEDGE.—What a blessing is knowledge when it is sanctified! What stability can be expected without it? For let their affections be ever so lively for the present, yet what hold can you have on a people who know neither themselves nor the Bible?—*John Wesley.*

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Obituary Notices.

CHARLES ELLIOT DEMPSEY, OF WALLACE.

Died, at Wallace River, Cumberland, on the 10th Feb., 1854, Charles Eliot DEMPSEY, in the Twentieth year of his age. The deceased became the subject of serious impressions in 1850, during a revival under the ministry of the Rev. W. C. Beals, and united himself with the Church. This last fall, he was attacked with Rheumatic pains, so much so, he became helpless; he ultimately recovered the use of his limbs; and a hope was entertained, that he would speedily be enabled to follow his occupation in life. The wise Disposer of events, had determined otherwise. The last two years of his life, were marked by a declension in spiritual things,—I am not aware, that any could charge him with an act of immorality.—Three weeks previous to his death, I had an interview with him; he was not satisfied with his state; and expressed himself, that his religious deportment of character, was not, what it ought to have been; which circumstance he regretted. I left my young friend of former years, with whom I have so often prayed; under an impression that his continuance was short; and this proved my last interview. He told a pious Lady who was with him during the last few days of his pilgrimage, that, he had a hope in his death: and he expressed himself resigned.

On the following Sabbath, he was borne to the grave by his youthful companions; amidst a large concourse of spectators and friends, who came from a distance, to pay the tribute of respect, to one, who was generally beloved.

The Rev. Mr. Smith read the burial service at the grave, and preached an affectionate and faithful sermon from 1 Cor. xv. 26. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Through the kindness of the Rev. gentleman, the writer occupied his pulpit in the evening and addressed a large and attentive audience from John xi. 23. "Thy brother shall rise again." It may with propriety be said of him, that his sun went down ere it was noon.

It will be a source of consolation to his afflicted and bereaved mother, (a widow Lady) his Sisters and Brother, (who are residents in the State of Maine) for whom the diseased bore an ardent affection; to be informed: that all was done, that could be devised, as far as human agency is concerned.

If he had been their own child, no one could have manifested a deeper interest in his weltare, and a desire to meet the wishes of his friends, than Squire Purdy, and his excellent Lady: under whose care he had been placed from his infancy. In that excellent Caristian Mother, he found a faithful friend and adviser; amidst the acute suffering of his closing scene; when asked by her, if he knew her; he took her by the hand, and said, "Yes, it's mother—*pray.*" He has left behind him, a character worthy of remembrance, and long will his name, be endeared to the Youth of Wallace River. His sudden removal speaks to all, "Be ye also ready."—*Communicated.*

Little River, Feb. 23rd, 1854.

☞ Bath and Maine papers have the kindness to copy.

MRS. ELIZABETH ISNER, OF ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

On the 18th of January last, within four days of having completed the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Isner, wife of Mr. James Isner, departed this life.

The deceased was the daugher of Mr. John Fraser, long a resident of St. Margaret's Bay; where Mrs. Isner was born, lived, and ended her earthly pilgrimage. Spiritual good received when the Revd. Richard Smith laboured in this Circuit, seemed to be particularly remembered by her, though the precise period of her conversion to God is, perhaps, not known to any of her surviving friends. At the time of the writer's first acquaintance with her, which was during the past summer, consumption had marked her as its victim, and was doing its work.—It was not until shortly before her death, that she finally gave up all hope of recovery; her children of whom there were six,—and all young—seemed to bind her still to earth. Her sufferings were greatly increased by