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There is a Land of Rest.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.
There is a land of rest,
Of undisturbed repose;
Where the pure river of the blessing
Through flowery pastures flows;
Where all is joyous calm,
And odorous perfume,
And the reclining victor's palm
Is evermore in bloom.
No throbbing breast is there,
No agonizing smart;
No forehead wrinkled by despair,
Nor madly aching heart;
No lonely, low drawn sighs,
Nor sorrow's hopeless tears,
Rolling from dim and languid eyes,
Rolling for fourscore years.
No fever and lawless flush
Of young and headlong sin;
No war-world, with its reeking gash,
Nor battle's horrid din;
No death to rend the ties
Of dear and hallowed love,
Nor cloud o'er curtaining the skies.
That smile in peace above.

Then let the tempest roar,
And waste its fury strife;
In heaven the thunder rolls no more,
The conflict ends with life.
O gallantly all wild life stem!
Let courage man thy breast!
There is a victor's diadem,
There is a land of rest.
Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

A Clerical Friend of Former Days.

Under this heading an interesting letter, appears in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for January, from the pen of the Rev. William Burt, formerly of Nova Scotia, now of Macleod's Island. It has been inserted and handed to us by a friend, it is as follows:

In reading the Life of Captain Hedley Hays, I was not a little interested to find that it was in Halifax, Nova Scotia, under the excellent ministry of the Rev. Dr. Twining, that the Captain was brought to the enjoyment of the Divine favour. It may be recollected by some that Dr. Twining was the son of the Rev. Mr. Twining, who was for many years to our Societies in Nova Scotia, and a number of the Clergy in England were to Methodism in Mr. Wesley's days. He also had derived great benefit from his intercourse with the Wesleyan Missionaries, and never forgot to acknowledge it in the most affectionate manner. Of this excellent man writes the Rev. William Burt, of Nova Scotia, in the year 1805: "For several years the Rev. Mr. Twining, a Minister of the Established Church, and Missionary resident in Cornwallis, has once in three weeks preached in our Chapel at Horton, and frequently administered the Lord's Supper to our people. About five or six years ago, he was first brought to experience the converting grace of God, from which time he has not shunned to preach the necessity of regeneration, and warmly to press on the consciences of his hearers this and the other distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel. He has been frequently present at the meetings of the CLASS, when he has spoken, with much sweetness, humility, and thankfulness, of the grace of Jesus Christ, and of the Lord's dealings with his soul; and has sometimes met the Society himself. His attachment to the Methodists, and his plain manner of preaching the doctrines of the Gospel, have brought upon him much reproach and considerable trials, from some from whom much encouragement ought to have been expected." On my arrival in Nova Scotia, A. D. 1814, we were stationed on the New Brunswick Circuit, where Mr. Twining had a church, in which he officiated one-half of his time. I had the honour of preaching in the church on the alternate Sabbath (once a day, at least) as often as I happened to be in that part of my Circuit. After this Mr. Twining removed to a new district in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, and when our Annual District-Meeting was held at that town, he invited all the Missionaries to breakfast at his hospitable abode. Never shall I forget that season of grace. His love to the Missionaries, and to the cause of Christ, was not only expressed in heavenly words, but also with many tears.

WILLIAM BURT.
Macleod's Island, Nov. 7, 1836.

A Sympathising Saviour.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." What a rich store of comfort for weary, sorrowing hearts, is contained in these few words! None, however, can appreciate their exceeding preciousness, but those who have learned to carry their trials and sorrows to the feet of Jesus. In every attribute of his character our Lord is infinitely glorious, but to the children of God, who are called to pass through deep waters of affliction, it is peculiarly pleasant to know that they have not only an almighty, but also a sympathising Saviour.

Are we poor? Our Lord in stations of benevolence all around us, and in return received only contempt and ingratitude? During his life "He was despised and rejected of men," and in his last hours, mocked by those for whose sakes "He poured out his soul unto death." Are we tempted of evil? "He was in all points tempted as we are." Do we see before us calamity and suffering? Our Saviour said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I strained until it be accomplished?" and prayed that if it were possible, the cup might pass from him.

Are we bereaved? Jesus wept at Lazarus' tomb. Are we called to endure great physical or mental suffering? He suffered death in his most painful forms; and in addition to his bodily anguish, he bore the weight of our transgressions. Oh! if indeed a blessed thought, that in every trial and sorrow, we may go for comfort and support to one who by experience understands human grief, to one who has been baptized with baptism of sorrow and made perfect through suffering.—N. Y. Observer.

A Frightened Disciple.

He was frightened by a cloud! The precious privileges of the Sabbath would commence in an hour or two. But that cloud! It did not look good natured. There was no thunder or lightning about it, but then there might be water, and if there was, and if it should let the dwellers below know it by an actual descent of the drops, and he should happen to be one of the number, how lamentable? He was wet! It was a terrific thought. He read of an ancient disciple who was "a night and a day in the deep," and a good soaking he must have got by it. And he was not frightened either! It would take more than that was in all the ocean to frighten him. But the danger, now pressing either, of a little sprinkling, did the work for the man I am noticing, and therefore I do not think a man could pitch a biscuit over the moral distance between him and Paul.

A supposition frightened him. The hour of prayer was approaching. It was in his mind to go, but his position started up like a serpent out of the grass. "I may be called on to pray. I do not feel like it. I do not think I could offer a prayer in my present state. My heart does not sympathize in such a business. I believe I will not go." The supposition stalked like a frightful spectre before him. It palsied his purpose, and his seat was vacant at the meeting for prayer. I believe many have been frightened from such meetings in the same way. I should like to see a group of them give, each in his turn, his views of the passage, "Men ought always to pray and not faint."

Hard words gave our disciple a fright—Wicked men know how to use this species of artillery against faithful saints, and the disciple in my eye had tried on him. And I was sad at the result. It made him droop. He was evidently alarmed, for he took some things back, both true and good, which he had said, and shrunk from doing others which the Bible and conscience both urged him to do. I wish he could have had a campaign with Paul. Hard words, like that upon steel, did but strike out the fire in the good old soldier's soul; they roused him as nettles would a lion, not to give hard words back again, but to love and pray the more for his enemies, and to go the more zealously onward in his Master's cause. If hard words could have frightened Paul, he would have been in a fright the most of the days of his Christian life; but I will thank him that he did not strike out the fire in which they gave him alarm.

A proposed charitable collection gave our disciple something of a fright. It was thought that he bore such a relation to one who had sent him word that "it was more blessed to give than to receive," and who had set the example of the blessedness of giving. It was thought that he would have felt that such a relation to such a Giver would have made charitable giving a very pleasant affair and that there could have been nothing frightful about it. But it seems that any blessedness in giving, to say nothing about more, was not a matter he well understood, and the example of his Lord, it was not his to imitate. He was in fact not often in his horizon at all. Hence he was uneasy if a collector or a contribution box was on a pilgrimage in his vicinity. I never heard that he made a bodily escape in terror, on any such occasion, but his soul had wings, and fled from the object whose claims were presented. And if his soul was as empty as the charity box would be, if all that he had to give were his own soul, would suffice to carry so small and empty a soul from the regions of benevolence.—N. Y. Evangelist.

The Example of Jesus.

A WORD TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.
Since the pathway of Christ was marked with tears and blood—and his was a life of incessant labor and toil—we will surely not complain of a little sacrifice once a week, that we may assist in the great work of training the expanding minds and susceptible hearts of the rising generation, for his kingdom and glory. Jesus, who is the prince of sufferers, has, for our sake, united the otherwise incompatible elements of happiness and misery, and made them harmoniously mingle in the Christian's cup; and he has, therefore, the joys of present grace to sustain him in his life of labors, as well as the prospect of that life where duty and suffering will give new crowns, and songs, and palms. What a thought is that for the faithful superintendent and teacher of the Sabbath school, while they are training the minds and hearts of their cherub bands to a just conception of the character of Christ, and of the plan of redemption, that when they shall stand on the Mount and Zion of our God, their sainted charge will gather around them, and with their triumphant joy, and the honored instruments of their elevation to society and companionship with angels!

Let us follow the example of our blessed Master, who went about doing good, and sought no respite from his toils, till they ended in the consummation of the scheme that redeemed our race, when he laid down his labors and his life together, and went up and resumed his ancient throne and crown, and the adoring songs of angels, and the louder and sweeter acclaim of ransomed sinners. His was a life of suffering and persecution, and he closed it in extreme agony, and in the midst of the taunts and insults of those for whom he so meekly laid it down. If some of his disciples forsake him, and others of them were dissatisfied with the progress of his career, he cheered on the faithful band, by referring them to the rising and ascending series of his kingdom, which he saw looming up in the distant future. He taught them to labor as if the final emancipation of the race, and conquest of the world to God, was to be accomplished in their day, and that they should not expect to be released from duty and from suffering till they rested with him in the mansions prepared for them in his Father's house above.

We do not expect, in our time, to see the rose blooming without the thorn, nor to see all the trees of the garden of the Lord bear down with the weight of their fruit, but we must prosecute the glorious warfare with a becoming zeal, and with Christian courage, till the captain of our salvation shall release us, and

The Fireside.

It is within the bosom of their own families that men appear as they really are.—The mask must drop from the countenance at the fireside. All there all formally is thrown away, and all studied attitude is forgotten, as too cumbersome and oppressive for such a scene. So convinced was that shrewd and sagacious observer, John Newton, of this, that when he heard a friend, on one occasion, praising the character of another very highly, and appealing to him for his assent, he replied, "I should like to see him at his own fireside." And even at your own fireside, your conduct proves in a great degree the reflection and the confirmation of your counsels. Who can calculate the amount of beneficent moral influence that you may be privileged to shed around you? Far better this quiet sunshine, this dropping of the gentle dew of a holy life, in which every new day is just a new lesson in goodness, than exciting dramatic scenes got up in a household, as if to carry the individual's conversion by storm. Look at that Cornelius, and behold the reward and the fruit of his piety in "the devout soldier that waited on him continually." And we ourselves have received the testimony of servants in this very city, that the Sabbath evening instructions of a master first impressed their minds with the supreme importance of religion, and that the earnestness of a master's family prayers, illustrated by his "holy conversation coupled with prayer," won them over effectually and forever from the world to God.—Dr. A. Thompson.

Father Ciniquy and the Hierarchy.

This remarkable French Canadian Priest proves a hard case for his ecclesiastical superiors. Episcopal excommunication, interdiction, and anathemas, have failed of their wonted effects, with a man of popular, so eloquent, and so energetic. He is not put down yet, and hundreds of French Canadians adhere still to him, in spite of the thunders of the Hierarchy. The priest has used freely the secular press in self-defence, an innovation particularly offensive to his Church. The importance of his case demands that we should publish some extracts of his last letter, when appeared in the *Montreal Herald*.

After stating that the harsh words applied to him by Bishops do not frighten him, and that he is persecuted for the sake of truth, Father Ciniquy goes on with a list of *Forty-nine* statements in self-justification. The first four impugn the veracity of Bishop O'Regan, as follows:

1. That the Bishop of Chicago did not suspend me on the 19th of August; I left him with all my powers. He published the contrary, I know; but it is a mistake on his part. I leave to God to judge if that error comes from the mind, the heart or his imagination.
2. The Bishop of Chicago having let me return with my powers of Priesthood, I again leave it to God to make known the motives which led him to publish, three days after, in the neighboring churches, that I had been suspended, when such a sentence had never been signified to me, neither by writing nor verbally.
3. I am ready to prove, by the most irrefragable witnesses, and by writings signed by his own hand, that it is nothing uncommon with the Bishop of Chicago to say things contrary to what they are. Leaving always to God to judge if those errors are wilful or not.
4. I did not at all revolt against the Bishop of Chicago, when on the 19th of August, he signified that he would suspend me in a fortnight, if I did not accept of another mission. I spoke to him with firmness, most undoubtingly; but I take God to witness that I said nothing against the respect due to my Bishop. I asked him for my *exeat*, he refused it me; I then told him that the Church allowed me to remain where I was, in the sanctuary of a private life, he could not suspend me but at the expiration of a fortnight. I meant to enjoy this privilege. On heeded knees at his feet, I then entreated him to grant me eight weeks, instead of a fortnight, that I might have time to finish my *laureat*; all was useless. I then told him that I preferred going

Papish Persecution.

We take the following account from a late number of the *Amoyan Christian Union*. It is one case of many on the continent of Europe. Popery is the same in the nineteenth century as in the fourteenth: Of all living men, perhaps there is not one who is so fully entitled to the compassion and the prayers of the people of God, as poor Joachim Zezule.

For twenty-three years, he has been confined in the mad-house of the Brothers of Mercy at Prague, in Bohemia. Without the slightest ground for it, he is shut up with a madman; and during all this long time, he has been treated in a most brutal and unchristian manner. Years ago Dr. Nowotny, of Petersheim, heard many things which seemed incredible to him, respecting Zezule. In February of 1854, Hanka, a doctor in medicine, and an ex-member of the order of Brothers of Mercy, went to Petersheim, where he heard the Franciscan Christian Union secured Dr. Nowotny in the most solemn manner, that the alleged lunatic was not at all insane; but was a very intelligent, discreet, and friendly man, who, besides other languages, was perfectly acquainted with the French and Italian, and for many years had studied them with unwearied diligence in his dungeon. The original cause of his confinement, as Dr. Hanka had always understood, was merely that he could not put up with the employment of cook-maids by the superiors of the convent; that he had sharply rebuked their licentiousness, and that he had embraced liberal sentiments in religious matters. He might, possibly, have been liberated before this; but they said, if he were let out, he could disclose much of their "swinishness." And so this innocent man is doomed to a tedious life and a dreary death.

He was imprisoned in the cloister of the Brothers of Mercy at Prague. He was then thirty-three years old. He was pronounced insane, and was put in close confinement. This allegation of insanity was made merely to cover the iniquity of the incarceration.

In his prison he spent sixteen hours a day in the study of Italian, and his devotions.—He was at one time put into solitary confinement, and kept for fourteen days on coarse bread and plate of soup. The few clothes he had he was obliged to wash himself, and for five years the convent never gave him a shirt. For want of light he broke his wash-basin, and begged for another, to be paid out of his beer-money. Instead of this they led him half-naked from

Moravianism and Methodism.

During the night we pass Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the Leeds of Austria. I strained my eyes in vain to see the honest face of one of the Moravian brethren, but saw nothing save here and there a dimly burning light, and heard naught but the monotonous rumbling of the heavy machinery in the adjoining woolen factories. It was a dark and dreary scene, and I heartily exclaimed, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Methodism seems destined to a glorious immortality. You can not burn her out for she herself is a flame of fire. If you could, there-like she would rise from the ashes. I only apprehend danger from one quarter. She has a great, noble heart, and sometimes she permits its generous impulses to run away with her head. If Methodism ever dies a natural death, her disease, I predict, will be an enlargement of the heart.—W. Chr. Advocate.

THE SINNER is always in the power of God. He can direct a thousand arrows upon his exposed head, and open an infinite variety of channels for the entrance of sin. All resources are His—heaven and earth, wind and hail, storm and tempest, death, and plague, and pestilence, are all his servants, and are ever on hand.

Biographical.

ELEANOR PERRIN, the subject of this brief memoir was the daughter of Mr. George Perrin, at whose hospitable dwelling the Wesleyan ministers have for many years received a hearty welcome.

She was born at River John, in the year 1819, and having enjoyed the exalted privilege of the instruction and prayers of pious parents, was early induced to seek a saving interest in Jesus. In the twenty-first year of her age she obtained a clear evidence of pardon, and immediately united with the Wesleyan Society, in connection with which she, for years, retained the peace and the love of God. But through unwatchfulness the approving smile of God was removed, and although her amiability of character and christian deportment were such as gave no evidence of spiritual declension, yet the conscious loss frequently prompted an earnest desire that it might be with her as in the days when the candle of the Lord shone upon her, and when by his light she walked through darkness.

She was united in marriage to David Perrin, in the year 1845, and with him she enjoyed the domestic happiness which her urbanity was so well calculated to promote. Still the absence of that spiritual joy which had characterized her early christian experience was painfully realized until the Autumn of 1853, when He whose ways are not as our ways, and who affects the children of men for their profit, by removing one of her children to heaven, led her in deep contrition to consecrate her mourning soul to Christ, and through meditation, searching the scriptures and faithful prayer, she was enabled to confide in the merit of the atoning sacrifice, by which was effected a restoration to her disconsolate heart of a joyful assurance of acceptance with God.—Only a few months had passed after this happy change, when it was ascertained that a dreadful death awaited her. A cancer of the most painful kind was so deeply seated as to defy the skill of earthly physicians, but as the fatal disease progressed her earnest devotion to God increased, and frequently in company with her sorrowing husband she spent a large part of the night in prayer for a more copious baptism of the Holy Spirit. The proof that such a baptism was requisite to prepare her for the impending struggle was soon made painfully evident, for the enemy taking advantage of the weakness produced by excruciating pain, strongly tempted to distressing doubts of her preparation to meet God, which not having been at first resisted with sufficient firmness, prevailed, and the enemy rushed in, as a flood. Her blooming hopes of heaven vanished.—The troubled sea rolled high, and the towering waves broke with fearful violence over her trembling spirit. The fragile wreck appeared to be irresistibly borne towards the fatal gulf. But amid the raging storm a still small voice whispered of mercy.—She turned her languid eye to Jesus, and as she gazed the dark clouds broke. The tempest's roar was hushed, and the fearful gloom passed off, and for her enraptured gaze from behind a frowning providence Christ revealed a smiling face. From that time under protracted suffering more painful than it has ever been our lot to witness, her spiritual strength increased daily until the hour of her happy release. After commending her four interesting children to God, she fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 21st of February, triumphing in the love of Christ.

During the hour of death, as mourning relatives surrounded her bed, while her countenance beamed with holy joy, she thus gave utterance to her delightful prospects.

"There is my house and portion fit,
My treasure and my heart are there
And my abiding home."

"Open the gates! Open the gates! let every creature say Amen."

The deeply afflicted widower, and numerous relatives and friends do not sorrow for her as they who are without hope, but have committed her body to the tomb, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life."

"O may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past,
And by thy feet, O Jesus, tread
Under my feet at last!"

A. B. BLACK.
River John, March 14th, 1857.

MRS. S. YOUNG, DIGBY.
Died, at her residence, St. Mary's Digby, on the 7th of Feb. Mary D. the beloved wife of Mr. Stephen Young, and daughter of Mr. James Rice, of Annapolis N. S.—She was born on the 10th of Jan. 1816.—Her mother dying when she was but three months old, she was left to the care of her only surviving parent, who watched over her infancy and youth with pious solicitude, training her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In a note to the writer, her father states: "She was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Messrs Joll and Pickles, when about 15 years of age. She was one who feared the Lord from a child; and since the time of her conversion has been a constant member of the Methodist Church, and a steady follower of the Lord Jesus." On the 26th of Nov. 1845 she was married to Mr. Stephen Young of St. Mary's and removed with her husband to that place. Here she found Methodism in its infancy. St. Mary's had previously to this been visited occasionally by the Wesleyan Ministers, stationed on the Annapolis Circuit; and a small Society had been formed. Mrs. Y. immediately became one of its members. God has not only blessed them but multiplied their numbers so that in this and the adjacent settlements, North Range, and Bloomfield, we have now upwards of 50 members in Society and large and a tentative congregation to listen to the word of life. Last winter a gracious revival of Religion took place in St. Mary's, its influence extending to the above named Settlements, under the labours of my predecessor, the lamented CHAZLER, when many souls were brought to experience the power of saving grace, most of whom united with us in Church fellowship. Some we believe joined the Baptists. In this revival Mrs. Y. took a lively interest, and to active part, and was greatly blessed in so doing; as she has repeatedly stated.—Does she regret now that she strove by her prayers and by her influence to make the world better while she lived in it? Previously to this she had been appointed the leader of a class of pious females, to whom

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