

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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## FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN. Last Hours of a Converted Indian.

On the floor of his wig-wag an Indian lay, And his spirit was rapidly passing away— On his brow the dew-drops of death, Thick and cold, were bounding, was fast growing still! He spoke to his friends as they gathered around, All eager to list to the last fainting sound Of the voice that had cheered them in council or fight, And the fires of the wig-wag, or shadows of night, Had long been dim prospects, and all that was there? To guide his frail back o'er the transparent sea, Whose ripples westered no storm-urge e'er swell, In the bar-trait lands where the Great Spirit dwells? Or teaches all that, through the bounding portals of heaven, Where his victor could never more come? Ah! he, but the fulness and freeness of grace, The power of Jesus to save their lost race, This was his theme, for to him had been given, A vision of glory, of God, and of Heaven! He saw the paved streets, which his burning heart had seen, And, highly exalted, at Christ his throne; While angels were circling within their bright home, And shouting triumphantly John Paul had come! The Indian fell back on his skin-covered bed, And soon he was one of Earth's numberless dead, But his spirit had passed to his home in the sky, To enjoy the full vision of glory on high! Oh! servant of Christ, speed thee on thy way, Thy mission of love, and that dangers may lurk In each step of thy pathway, yet onward still! Rejoicing to know that the final day approve, And oh! how weary and faint by the way, Thy footsteps from duty were tempted to stray, Remember our Mission looks down from above, The fruit of thy labor, the fruit of thy love, The pledge, which to thee by the God hath been given, That the seed sown on Earth shall be garnered in Heaven.

had learned to believe failure impossible; he had been taught to believe—that the world cannot withstand. In ancient times, he believed in his existence that the living God had attached success to faith, and failure with unbelief; and therefore he wrestles on; and finally the mighty monster of sin is destroyed—enemies are subdued, and lukewarm friends render him the tribute of their praise. But since in a long period of such a Lenten fast is found, few are willing to spend, and be spent for souls; and owing to this absence of devoted men, revivals of religion are not of frequent occurrence. It may be asked, and what is to be the reward for this outlay of strength; this expenditure of tears; this enduring the contradiction of sinners; this becoming a fool for Christ? Let me answer: the joy of being like Christ; the joy of imitating God in doing good; the joy of conquering the demon of unbelief by a stronger faith. These things will constitute their own "exceeding great reward."

And should the further enquiry be made, admitting a minister's willingness to consecrate himself to the utmost to the work of revivifying; what departure from the ordinary mode of presenting truth may be warranted? I might say: Let souls be saved, even at the sacrifice of every existing rule. But the reply may be restricted to the following observation. To secure a Revival, there are necessary: First, the prayer of faith; Second, starting preaching, and the direct interposition of providence. Without the first, the hearts of the people will not be subdued. Without the second, the will will not yield to the weight of motives brought forth. Hence, calm, prayerful faith, energetic preaching, and starting providence, will invariably promote a revival of religion—Men will escape with their lives when they are made to perceive their danger.

## Four Questions about a Religious Newspaper.

I want to ask them. They are these—First, Do you take a religious paper? If not, you may never see this query. And yet it is possible you may see it; or if you do not, some one may tell you of it. So I repeat the inquiry: Do you take a religious paper? If you do not take one, you ought to do so, for your own sake, and that of your family; for their and your mental and moral improvement, and spiritual good. "A family without a religious paper in its age of the world, is really an object of pity—a field for missionary labor; and much feel bound to go on as missionaries to the family, to ensure the weekly visits of some good religious paper, as labor for the conversion of a Barman or a Hindoo." Such a paper will constantly be presenting the most important views of truth and duty; it will inform you as to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom, and keep alive the impulses in its progress; it will course your intellect, cultivate your taste, quicken your prayers, suggest plans of usefulness, interest your children, keep them from pernicious reading and aid you in a thousand ways to teach, and govern, and influence, and train them aright. By anecdotes, poetry, narrative, fact, suggestion, it will be the monitor of the household, instructing, counselling, guiding, and thus richly blessing the entire family circle. It will be caught up at leisure intervals, and whisper many an invaluable lesson, where the elaborate treatises would not be understood. Next to the Bible, have in your family a good religious paper. But I have a second question: Do you read a religious paper? It is not enough that you borrow one from your friend or neighbor. In this case your reading will be desultory and interrupted; and the feeling of dependence on another, will take from both the pleasure and profit of the reading. Nor is it enough that you subscribe for one, while you never think of paying your subscription; for you can hardly expect to be benefited by the paper, while coming short of the honesty toward those who prepare and send it—doing what you can to save the editor, publisher, printer, paper maker, and all who are engaged in it. You will not be likely to learn the lesson of religion from its columns, while you do not act on the lessons of justice and honor to those who would teach you the former—Pay for your paper, and you will read it with independence and a good conscience, and feel that it is your own, and encourage those who prepare it for you. I have a third question: Do you read a religious paper? Not a few take a religious paper, and perhaps pay for it, and yet rarely read it. Week after week it comes, loaded with its precious lessons to their dwellings; but from indifference or the pressure of business, or greater interest in other matters, they do not read it. It gives intelligence about missions, but they seek not the information; accounts of revivals, but they have no interest in the narrative; urges to some duty, but they are not anxious to perform it; admonishes against error, or inconsistency, but they are heedless as to the warning. As opposed to the spirit and practice, not only take, but read your religious paper. Keep it carefully and thoughtfully, seeking for some message pertinent to yourself. Look out through its pages on the vast plans and workings of divine providence. Look in through its columns and admonitions to the necessities of your souls. Read it as the youthful Jeremiah Evans did the book his father gave him, so as to read all the sense out of it. Question it as to truth, and duty, and usefulness, and growth in grace; as to the way of consistency, and the temptations to which you are exposed; as to Christian experience, and the progress of God's Kingdom in the world; as to offers of mercy through a crucified Saviour; and the great question of your own salvation! With all these things in view, read—habitually read your religious newspaper.

But I have one more question: Do you improve a religious paper? In its way it is a talent. Do you faithfully endeavor to improve it? Do you improve it for yourself—to your own growth in knowledge, grace, and usefulness? Do you point out its lessons to your family, and interest

your children in its teachings, and now and then read to them its interesting anecdotes and narratives, endeavoring to deepen the salutary impressions they are fitted to make? And do you at times mark some striking thought, or narrative, or discussion, and send it to your neighbor, or read it to the social circle of friends, or in the monthly concert, or the prayer meeting of the church? Or when you and your household have done with it, can you not lend it to some poor family who would be most thankful for it, or to some missionary in the Western world, who is unable to take it, and whose heart would be cheered, and his family blessed by its weekly visits? In some, or all of these ways, do you endeavor to make the most of your religious paper—to turn it to the best account wherever its influences may be exerted? These are my questions. Will you think of them? And more than this, will you just answer them—to yourself.—New York Observer.

## The Guide of our Youth.

"My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." A pious motto to a young man to adopt and write upon it, the motto of his Father, the guide of his youth. And does he not need some one wiser than himself to guide him then? Can he guard himself from the evils that surround him, or keep his heart with diligence out of which are the issues of life, without a divine help? If he can, then he can do what no one who has passed before him from youth to old age has ever done. Many would go back, if they could, and live over again the period of youth, with the hope that by wisdom gained from experience, they might be able to pursue a very different course. But vain the hope. Alas! for man—he does not know himself. Without God as the guide of his youth, the experiment would only prove a failure.

But why attach so much importance to the period of youth; and why is it impossible for man to guide himself? Because then the mind and heart are more susceptible of impressions, good or evil, and habits formed and principles adopted at that age, are apt to remain with us through life. And besides it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. He has a corrupt heart; a heart which is evil and only evil eventually. In the language of the Bible, "it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, so that none can know it." This is not a welcome truth. Men do not like to believe that they are as wicked by nature as the Bible represents them. But there are some things in the Bible that accord so well with the experience and observation of men, that even the sceptic, who habitually looks upon the Bible as a book of fables, and the source of the wicked one.

There are rocks in life's ocean, hidden to him, where his bark may be wrecked, and he evidently needs a much better pilot than himself. There are clouds, dark clouds, gathering in that bright sky which now gleams upon his youthful path, and which will be a sun and shield. In Him dwells all good. He is the fountain from whence all our happiness is derived. The young man who starts out in life with the determination to make God his guide, and who takes his word as a lamp to his feet, will be free from the evil influences of the world. He has the best security for success here, and the promise of everlasting felicity in the future. In old age the sins of youth are often the cause of many bitter pangs. Many a dark stain has been made upon the soul, which we would be glad to erase from the memory. David looked back with sorrow and shame to them when he prayed that God might not remember the sins of his youth. Happy indeed is the youth who has committed his heart to the keeping and guidance of God—who ever looks to Him as the source of all true wisdom and all knowledge.—Chr. Observer.

## The Earnest Listener.

A pious clergyman had a careless and idle son, who left his home, went on board a vessel, and sailed to a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him, and send him good advice when they were with him. The ship which contained their boy reached a distant port, and was there waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kinds of music. He amused them for a long time, but at last he said, "You must now take me on shore." The sailors told him that he must not go yet. "Oh, indeed, I cannot stay any longer," replied the little black boy, "and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ, and I know now what to believe. This is about the hour when he meets us under the shade of a tree, to tell us more; I want to go to hear him." The sailors were quite overcome by the boy's cries, and at once rowed him ashore. The clergyman's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned by it. "The son of a man I," he said to himself, "the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus Christ than that poor boy, and yet caring far less about him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the word of life, while I am living quite careless about it!" In great distress of mind he retired that night to his hammock; but his father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation which he so much needed. He became a real Christian; and great was the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached his parents.

## The Tongue of Fire.\*

On the day of Pentecost Christianity faced the world, a new religion, and a poor one, without a history, without a priest-hood, without a college, without a people, and without a patron. She had only her two sacraments and her tongue of fire. The latter was her sole instrument of aggression. All that was ancient and venerable rose up before her in solid opposition. No passion of the mob, no theories of the learned, no dogmas of the church, no decrees of the pope, did the flatterer constitute any one of her weapons. With her tongue of fire she assailed every existing system, and every evil habit; and by that tongue of fire she burned her way through innumerable forms of opposition. In asking what was her power, we can find no other answer than this one, "The tongue of fire."

With regard to one of her Deacons, Stephen, it is said that his enemies could not resist the wisdom and the power with which he spoke. It was not every disciple who had a gift like his, to pour out in clear and copious utterance the testimony which could command the attention of the nation, and comfort the souls of the sinner. But each in his own sphere and style, the Christians of that happy day were distinguished among their fellow-men by a strange power of declaring the deep things of God. Many of them would go, like Andrew, who went first to "his own brother Simon, the fisherman," and then to the other disciples, and the resurrection of the dead, and the world to come, in strains which were so unaccountable, power, fixed the attention and entered the heart. Others of them would go, as did the brothers to Nathaniel, telling the neighbours and friends who loved them the great things which had happened, and the resurrection of the dead, and the world to come, in strains which were so unaccountable, power, fixed the attention and entered the heart. Others of them would go, as did the brothers to Nathaniel, telling the neighbours and friends who loved them the great things which had happened, and the resurrection of the dead, and the world to come, in strains which were so unaccountable, power, fixed the attention and entered the heart.

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They were in many parts of the country, where much has been done to dispel darkness and diffuse true religion, that some of the first attempts were made, and due to the wonderful effects produced by the private and free-side talking of some humble Christians, who had themselves gone to the throne of grace, and waited there until they received the baptism of fire. In proportion as the power of this one instrument is overlooked, and other means are trusted in to supply its place, does the true force of Christian agency decline; and it may without hesitation be said, that when men holding the Christian mission habitually and constantly manifest their distrust in the power of the Holy Ghost to give them utterance, they publicly assure the true theocracy of Christ, and the authority of His Author, delivering a message from God—a message through man, it is true; but delivered not with the excellence of man's speech, not under the guidance of man's natural wisdom; a message, the effect of which does not rest upon the artistic arrangement, choice, and order of words, but upon the extent to which its utterance is pervaded by the Holy Ghost.

## Pen Illustrations from the Lord's Prayer.

"And forgive us our TRESPASSES as we forgive those who trespass against us." "I'll never forgive him—never!" "Never is a hard word; John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing. He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon my Holy Bible! My step-husband! John! I remember he is my brother; and by the love you bear me for to forgive him. He has done you wrong, I allow—but O! John he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wiped out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John—O please, don't say anything dreadful! The sweet-faced woman prevailed, the curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken, but he still said, "I will never forgive him—he has done me a deadly wrong!" The young man who had provoked this bitterness humbled and repented, sought in vain for forgiveness from him, whom in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond repair. John Locke stole his heart against him. In his store sat the young village merchant, one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached, but he took no notice until a tall but very stout man, screaming at the top of his voice, "Mr. Locke, Johnny is in the river—little Johnny Locke!" To dash down the paper and spring for the street, was the first impulse of an agonized father. On, on, like a maniac he flew till he reached the bank of the river, pallid and crazed with anguish. The first sight that met his eyes was little Johnny lying in the arms of his mother, who with her hair hanging dishevelled around, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved; he breathed, and opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face, while she with a choking voice thanked God. Another

assign a natural reason why Whitefield should have been the means of converting so many more sinners than other men. Without one trace of logic, philosophy, or anything worthy to be called systematic theology, his sermons, viewed intellectually, took a humble place among humbling efforts of the kind. His logic, his reasoning, his clearness, his logic, his definition, his point, appeal, but none of that profidious and unaccountable power which the human intellect would naturally connect with movements so amazing as those which took place under his word. Neither the logic, nor the reasoning, nor the definition, nor the point, appeal, but none of that profidious and unaccountable power which the human intellect would naturally connect with movements so amazing as those which took place under his word.

form lay insensible, stretched near the child from his head the dark blood flowed from a ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred had at the risk of his own life, been the saviour of the child. He had struck a floating piece of drift-wood, as he seemed the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable. John Locke flung himself down on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form. "Save him," he cried huskily, to the doctor who had been summoned; "restore him to consciousness, if it be for only one little moment—I have something important to say to him." "He is reviving," replied the doctor. The wounded man opened his eyes; they met the anxious glance of his brother-in-law, and the pale lips trembled forth—"Do you forgive me?" "Yes, yes, God is witness, as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you, and in turn ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand, and a beaming smile was all his answer. Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life, and never was there more devoted friends than those who hovered over his sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living. "O! if he had died with my unkindness, I should have been a widow, and I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in heaven," said John Locke, to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a living trouble. "Never, now I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness, never again will I cherish resentment or unkindness towards the erring." "For there is a new meaning to my soul, in our daily prayer; and I see that I have only been calling judgments upon myself, while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

Lead us not into temptation. The prayer was carelessly said and the boy bounded up and away. The ripe fields glistened in the amber light of morning, the dew trembled as if in ecstasy of the smile of the sun, and the peach trees on father Bigg's plantation, as it is called, turned their rosy cheeks for an early kiss. Not a living soul was seen about the old man's grounds, and now Jack remembered that the farmer had gone on a visit to a sick, a dying son. He was alone—the peaches were so near they laughed in his face, and the tempting limbs seemed stretched over the garden wall. Jack stood irresolute, longing for the fruit. Little by little, he let one suggestion after another climb over his conscience, and down in his weak head, he said to himself, "for if old Bigg was at home he'd let me have as many as I want; oh! how nice they look. Nobody sees me, so I'll just take two—it's no harm."

He had climbed the fence and stretched forth his hand, when a deep solemn voice sounded quite near, saying, "Lead us not into temptation." Jack turned cold at these supernatural tones, as he thought them, and almost fell to the ground. Another moment, and an arm was around his neck—his father's arm. There were tears in his eyes as Jack looked guiltily up, and his voice trembled as he asked, "Is this my son?" "Jack burst into tears." "And did you pray this morning?" asked his father. "Yes, but not with my heart," sobbed Jack. "Ah! how many like poor Jack, ask solemn gifts of God, in thoughtless words, and blame his providence, because they are not carried from danger and temptation bodily. God help them to say from the heart, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

Although Mary Lee was almost a young lady, she did go to her little room when she felt the shock of her disappointment, and let her sunny curls drop over her face, weep with all the abandon of a child. For weeks she had been the thoughts of an anticipated pleasure, enjoying them by day, dreaming of them by night. And now a triding indisposition of the aunt with whom she was to take her river journey, would detain her till the next trip—perhaps a week. All that beautiful sunny day she brooded over her loss, and there entered in her heart a strange feeling of anger, when her aunt remarked at the dinner table, that she might have gone, after all, for her faintness lasted but a few moments. "But I expect there's some kind providence in it," murmured the sweet woman smiling at Mary. Mary tried to smile in reply, but her heart was rebelling and she said to herself, "There is no other providence in it but just to disappoint me." "Alas! how often is God dishonored thus through our weak, sinful judgment."

"For Thine is the Kingdom!" Hosannah! the shout resounded through heaven. Hallelujah! with a rich burst of harmony, every harp of gold sends forth its strains, and melody such as no mortal ear hath ever heard, floated among the city columns, and along the golden streets. The presence on the throne, whose splendour, even angelic vision could scarcely bear. Seraphs bent their bright heads before him, the brightest spirits of light waived their celestial wings, and all the hosts of heaven chanted the triumphant strain, "Thine is the Kingdom!"

Back! from yet advancing ranks coming from the glory beyond the brightness of the throne, their white garment is glistening, their flowing locks shining in the silvery radiance of eternity, the strain is caught and echoed back again—and with a new impulse of worship, the saints and the martyrs add, "And the Power, and the Glory." And heaven and earth respond, "AMEN."

## A Christian Woman.

The following touching, simple, sorrowful memorial of his wife, was written by one of the great statesmen of England—Sir James Mackintosh—in a private letter to a friend:—"She was a woman," he writes, "who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, and the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am—to her what over I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and foregone had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it, in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent Wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment, of human life; that superintending Goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our mortal lot, and that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man."

## The World Rightly Estimated.

The circle of politeness, elegance, and taste, unless a higher spirit and principle predominate, is to me an enchanted spot, which I seldom enter without fear, and seldom leave without loss.—Newton. When I am in the great world, I consider myself as in an enemy's country, and as beset with snares; and this puts me on my guard. I know that many people, whom I hear say a thousand agreeable and brilliant things, disbelieve, or at least disregard, the truth on which I found my everlasting hopes. This sets me upon a more diligent inquiry into those truths; and upon the arch of Christianity the more I press the stronger I find it.—H. More. May-bowers and morning vapour and summer mist possess not so fast away as these words, which are written upon the walls of our castles in the air, and night dreams are our idols that we doat on. Salvation, salvation is our only necessary thing. O! how are we bereaved of wit to chase and hunt and run till our souls be out of breath, after a condemned happiness of our own making.—Rutherford. The happiness of the world never appears more conspicuous than when it has exhausted its powers in the gratification of its votaries, by placing them in a situation which leaves them nothing further to hope. It frustrates the sanguine expectations of its admirers as much as by what it withholds, and reserves its severest disappointments for the season of possession.—Robert Hall. Human felicity, or that full and complete good which is suited to the nature of man is not to be found in the earth, nor in earthly things.—Lighthouse. Young men! read thy Bible; hear God; turn your attentions as to that which will bestow upon you ten thousand years of peace; then you will be truly wise; but till then you will not, while living in this world, judge rightly concerning it; for it is but a procession or a pageant, that passes by.—Cecil. One thought of Jesus Christ reaching the heart, is more to be valued than all creature comforts whatsoever, though they should be enjoyed in their fullness for a thousand years without interruption.—Ball. The honors of the world, and all momentary things, yes, this life itself, is dust, in respect of those eternal joys, and that kingdom above, for which I breathe, and with joyful mind hasten even there where those many mansions are.—Cicero. That holy soul, that bent about with it the living apprehension of its being made for an everlasting state, is so earnestly intent upon it, that it shall ever be a descent upon it, if it allow itself to take notice of the busy mortals are doing in the great world; that still the image before his eye low. He hath still the image before his eye low, of the other, with the everlasting affairs and concerns of it, even now ready to take place and fill up all the stage; and can represent to himself the vision (not from a melancholy fancy or crazed imagination, but a rational fancy) of the well-instructed mind of the soul dissolving, monarchies, and kingdoms breaking up, thrones tumbling, crowns and sceptres lying as neglected things. He hath a telescope, through which he can behold the glorious appearance of the Supreme Judge; the solemn state of his majestic person; the splendid pomp of his magnificent and vastly numerous retinue; the obsequious and throng of glorious celestial creatures doing homage to the Eternal King; the swift flight of his royal guards, sent forth into the four

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