

1495

menial the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt water of adversity. So easy to say, yet so hard to do—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them accordingly if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence works they never hear—guilt and slander are the deadliest and the cruellest weapons man has ever found for his brother's hurt.—All the Year Round.

Obituary.

MARY HOSIER KNIGHT, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Deceased June 16, 1867.

Mary Hosier was born in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, of pious parents. She gave her heart to God at an early age, and maintained a consistent Christian life of more than fifty years. In 1820 she was married to Richard Knight, who had been teaching for four years a Missionary in Newfoundland. A union marked by mutual love and Christian faith, was blessed by their earnest conversation to the holy work in which they unitedly laboured for, and enjoyed as such times as the care of an increasing family rendered it impossible, she filled the important office of class leader, and ever accorded her influence to the various benevolent enterprises of the Church to which Christian woman has consecrated her labours. Dr. Knight travelled in Newfoundland sixteen years. In 1833 he removed to Nova Scotia; and from this period till his death in 1860, he laboured with untiring energy in the various branches of the Lower Province. It was in no slight degree to the humbleness, and excellent wisdom of the woman whom he had chosen for his help-meet, that he was enabled to employ so uninterruptedly his energy and zeal in preaching Christ, and in extending the ecclesiastical economy which he ever esteemed and commended.

Not long after her beloved husband's death, a pulmonary weakness manifested itself, which increased so seriously, as to render necessary a temporary removal to the United States, whether her daughter, Mrs. Allison, had been taken by her husband to recruit her energies; prostrated in the arduous work of education, Mr. Knight returned; from Buffalo in the autumn of 1865, from which period she became a constant invalid. The affection from which she suffered increased so rapidly during the following year, that throughout the winter she was unable to leave her room; and she who herself had until now been the comfort and tender ministrant of a devoted daughter. This filial unceasing duty now assists to alleviate the sorrow that is cherished for her departure. For many weeks she died, she felt that she had hidden away to earth and its loved ties, and the daily current of her inner life was sweetly resigned and peaceful. Her old and esteemed friend and relative, Dr. Richey, during a brief stay in St. John, was enabled to visit her bedside only a day or two before her death, of whose tender and loving ministrations she afterwards spoke with animation and delight. She passed away without a struggle. She had confidently given expression to her abiding trust in her Redeemer; and soon, falling into a gentle slumber, her spirit passed into the skies.

Mary Knight possessed a spirit the most unobtrusive; her was a spirit of meekness. Her native disposition was amiable, though marked by a gentle firmness. She ever cherished a devout, supreme regard to the claims of religion and duty. She strove to train up her children in the fear of the Lord, and often expressed her confidence in the fruit of her affectionate counsels in hours of retirement with them, as well as in the family circle. She believed with that heroic faith which has so often characterized the Christian mother, that whatever degree of indifference to vital religion might be manifested by some of her children in the ordinary current of their lives, her prayers had entered into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth, and were answered in the assurance which she cherished deeply in her heart, that the beloved child would in heaven be complete and inseparable.

Now, after sixty-six years of earth's disciplinary life, this faithful mother has gained the Christian's rest. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours."

Yea! there are scenes and pictures fair,
Made up of thought and beautiful things;
And treasures rich as jewels rare,
Are often born on fancy's wings.

But O! these scenes and pictures fair,
Let thought conceive, and art portray;
Visions both thought and love may share,
Of soul-rest in eternity.

On Nature's page, and canvas spread,
The eye may gaze, and heart may start;
But there are pictures from the dead,
And these are given on the heart.

See the sun sink at close of day;
The traveller end his weary road;
The soul undimmed, forsake its clay,
To gain the bosom of its God.

ROBT. AND EBENEZER EVANS, ADAM'S COVE, N. B.
On the 19th of last month an accident occurred at Cape St. Francis, which pushed the souls of two brothers, (Robert and Ebenezer Evans), from the shores of time, out upon the boundless ocean of eternity.

The boat's crew, six in number, with which the two brothers were connected, were using cod-seine, off the Cape, contiguous to a large rock, which at low water, comes near the surface. They were just on the point of securing an excellent haul of fish, when they were all precipitated into the water. The attention of the whole crew, it appears, was taken up with the fish, and the boat, not being properly secured, drifted unobserved, on to the rock. In endeavouring to remove the boat from the place of danger, the accident took place. Before the boat that rescued the four survivors, reached the scene of the accident, Ebenezer, had sunk behind some over-fall into the depths of the ocean, or had been dragged by the powerful undertow, into some deep crevice, and there his body still remains; and Robert was drowned while clinging to an oar.

The last mentioned of the brothers was a man of God. He made a regular business of his religion. No matter how busy the season might be, or who, or how many, might be waiting, he would take time for prayer. And his prayers were not unfailingly answered, but his heart spoke out in every word, his soul rose heavenward in every petition.

About a year ago, a most excellent Christian man, named John Martin, of Adam's Cove (the two brothers resided in the same Cove), died of typhus fever. Brother Martin was a class-leader, indeed in everything good, he was the foremost spirit of the place. When God took him from the sufferings of earth, it was felt, that a more suitable person than Bro. H. Evans could not be found to take his place in the church. And if he was devoted, and faithful as a servant of God, while occupying the rank of a private member, then, after his installation into the office of class-leader, it became evident to all, that a double portion of Bro. Martin's spirit had fallen upon him. From that day, he renewed his plighted

vows, and gave his heart more fully unto God; henceforward, until a peaceful death, he was suddenly exalted to the dignity of King in the presence of the royal Master, his life shone with pure lustre, and was spent in nobly striving to run well his appointed race. Then, though his end was alarmingly sudden, and though no human ear caught his last testimony, yet we have confident "hope in his death." "Many die as sudden, few as safe." "I will scull no more," said a poor fisherman, who a few days ago dropped down dead, in his boat, while approaching his stage, in one of the Coves of the North Shore.

On Saturday, the 20th inst., the body was brought ashore the bay, and on the afternoon of the day following, he was borne amid the sincere lamentation of a large concourse of mourners, to the "house appointed for all living." We endeavored to improve the solemn occasion by addressing the congregation from Rev. Dr. 4. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," &c. He has left a deeply sorrowful mother, and five young children, a heart-stricken widow, and other near relatives to mourn their loss.

Of Ebenezer we might add: He was not a stranger to the grace of God. In the powerful revival with which this Circuit was visited, during the winter of 1864-5, he was converted. For some time he met regularly in class; (O that we could draw a veil over the past) he was turned off by him by one that ought to have watched over him with a father's eye, and assisted him with a brother's counsel. Surely nothing can give us a more distressing view of the badness of the human heart, as to see brothers expressing each other, or angrily resenting each petty fault.

However, though Ebenezer desisted from meeting in class, he did not fall into sin, excepting that which was his overtaking sin, his daily sin. Moreover, he never refrained from his closest duties; and he was regular, and devout, at all the public means of grace. So that, judged from these things, we trust, when the sea shall yield up her dead, he will have part in the first resurrection. Praying that God would support the sorrowing, and over-rule the calamity for His own glory.

I am Yours, &c.,
J. W. WATERHOUSE.
Blackhead, Aug. 6th, 1867.

NATHANIEL HUESTIS, WALLACE, N. S.
Died, on the 10th of April, of Consumption, Nathaniel Huestis, of Wallace, N. S., in the 26th year of his age.

During the short life-time which our departed brother spent here below, he was characterized by a mild and unobtrusive spirit, strictly moral in all his habits, and not without a particular regard for his parents, whom he loved and served with all the earnest affection of a dutiful and obedient son.

But the all-important question—"What must I do to inherit eternal life?" was by him but momentarily considered until a short time before his decease. He had frequently entertained thoughts of a serious nature; but these convictions were quelled, and from year to year he lived the same, moral, sober life; yet never ceasing to ponder upon the fate of his soul. While lying on a bed of sickness, which at all appearance might prove his dying couch; he was asked by a sister, "Do you feel prepared for death?" his answer was, "I feel that Jesus has pardoned my sins, and that I am a child of God." Ever after this he seemed to enjoy the love of a crucified Redeemer. His death, which took place about nine months after his first sickness, was sudden. He had been enjoying a temporary recovery for about six months; but in the midst of hope of returning health, he was laid on a dying bed. His last words were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," this uttered, his happy spirit took its flight to a better world. He has left an aged father and mother and a large circle of brothers and sisters, who mourn the loss of a dutiful and obedient son, and a kind and affectionate brother; but their loss is his eternal gain.

J. M. T. F.
Wallace, July 31, 1867.

JOHN COLLINS, CORNWALLIS WEST.
On the 15th of May, on board the brig Lady Franklin, one day out from Port Prince, John Collins, who had been suffering some five days from yellow fever, passed into the spirit world, at the early age of 24. He was the son of Bro. Robert Collins, one of the official members of the Methodist Church on the Cornwallis West Circuit, who with the remaining members of the family greatly mourn his loss. When about 15 years of age, John was led to seek the Lord, and soon gave evidence of having passed from death unto life. Having suffered for some time from impaired health—he sought a change in a sea-faring life. On every voyage trouble seemed to meet him and caused him to live near to Jesus. His letters to his friends show how constantly his mind was occupied with thoughts of eternity. He was evidently preparing for a mansion in heaven. When stricken down with the fever, he was not afraid to die; but in hope of a glorious immortality passed away from earth—leaving his body to sleep beneath the billows until the sea shall give up its dead.

J. R.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1867.

Spirit of the Montreal Convention.

We have before us a report of a meeting held in Washington on the 22nd July, to welcome the return home from Montreal of the delegates to the International Y. M. C. Association Convention. We gave in former issues a report of the proceedings at Montreal; and we now copy from the speeches delivered at the Washington Meeting, one by Bro. Condon, as presenting a testimony to the benefit of that Convention, hoping that even in the smaller Provincial Gathering of Christian young men to be held in this city on the 3rd of October, there may be found occasion for similar congratulations. The theme of the speaker, whose address we now copy, was "The Spirit of the Convention," and which will be seen to have been that of true Christian catholicity:—

"By the spirit of the Convention is undoubtedly intended the controlling purpose or character of the gathering, and therefore I affirm, in the first place, that it was characterized by a spirit of unity. There were men from all parts of this continent; from the frozen North to the sunny South; from the busy and enterprising East and the golden and peaceful West; from all the various walks of life, men differing from each other in color of skin, in temperament, and in education. They were for the most part strangers to each other. But three things were common to all; viz., manhood, language, and love to Christ. Such was the assembly of June 19, 1867, in Zion Church. Auspicious indeed, and memorable place! The prayer of faith for the descent of the Holy Ghost was offered! The prayer was answered. The Spirit did descend, and kindled such a flame of sacred love that our old and separate hearts were melted into one; ties of friendship were formed, which shall grow purer and stronger, until at length we shall come with the redeemed to Mount Zion, with singing, and everlasting joy upon our heads, shouting, 'Worthy the Lamb that was slain!'"

Grand is the work of mind on dead, unconscious matter, taking advantage of its laws to mould and wield the terrific agencies of nature for the use of man. Majestic its action in the vast field of investigation and scientific discovery; piercing the obscure, analysing the complex, measuring the infinite, and bringing up truth bright and clear from the profound depths, and wringing from nature herself the secret and hidden causes of things. Sublime its power on other minds; intellect concentrating light as from a burning mirror upon other intellects, sending its electric currents through other hearts, the soul rising in dominion over other wills and swaying them with imperial might.

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But far more sublime, ineffably glorious, was the descent of the Holy Spirit upon our hearts in Zion Church. The place was not shaken as with a rushing mighty wind; but the same still small voice the prophet heard fell upon our ears. We felt the breath of the Crucified One, and our hearts heard him say, "Be ye one, even as I and My Father are one." Our souls replied, "Amen, Lord Jesus, so let it be."

Again: the Convention was characterized by a catholic spirit. The delegates were assembled every-where, and of every faith, yet the Methodist joined hands with the Quaker, the Baptist with the Episcopalian, and the Presbyterian with the Plymouth Brother—all differences of opinion swallowed up in burning zeal for the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

The Church of Rome has claimed for centuries to be the Catholic Church; and even now she has assembled, beneath the dome of St. Peter's, her mitred priesthood, out of every clime, tribe, and tongue under the whole heavens. Yet 'tis doubted whether one thousand of her sons from among the Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, and Dominicans, which compose that church, would be able to show so much devotion to the Papal See and tolerance of each other, as these thousand Protestants showed to the cause of Christ, and for each other. United by the Holy Spirit, and recognizing in each other the lineaments of the Master, we had no need of asking, "Knowest Thou the King. The catholic banner of Protestantism was flung to the breeze, never more to be folded.

Furthermore: a spirit of activity prevailed in the Convention. There were few, if any, drones in the hive. All were burning with tireless zeal and energy. Prayer meetings were held, at 6 a.m., filling the Baptist Church; at 8 a.m., filling the Zion Church. During the sitting of the Convention, earnest and self-denying men were at work in the ante-rooms, devising plans and preparing business for the Convention, where thirty good speeches were made in an hour, dozens rising at once. Our meetings seldom adjourned before 11 p.m. The longest day in the 46th degree of latitude was far too short for our desire; and when at length the body succumbed to exhaustion, the tireless spirit continued its glorious and heavenly work. Nor was this all; on the Sabbath, every Protestant pulpit in Montreal and its environs was occupied by delegates—a judge from the Maritime Provinces preached in one, a clerk from Washington in another, a merchant from Philadelphia in this, and a soldier from the U. S. in that. Thus was obeyed the Saviour's injunction to all his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world."

Besides this, the spirit of the Convention was joyous and harmonious. In our delightful work, we were very happy. Many and long were the peals of laughter which burst from our lips—just such laughter as God loves to hear. It was to be expected in a gathering of men of such cheer and polished wit, with such exuberant health, such an entire absence of cant, selfishness, and petty jealousy, that many good words would be said, and fully appreciated. For young America, both in the States and in Canada, is keenly alive to everything that is fruitful. No one contributed more to this genial spirit than our venerated President, H. Thane Miller. He, though blind, feeds his seraphic Milton, upon hidden manna, and is full of joy and overflowing with good-will towards his fellow-men, standing there was the greatest freedom, and the widest liberty of speech, not one unkind or undignified or ambiguous word was uttered. The feelings of the most sensitive were not the least pained or disturbed; and the most perfect harmony and good-will existed.

One more: the Convention was eminently patriotic. We stood on the soil of Great Britain; we, the sons of America, whose love of Fatherland had been proven on many a bloody field, and whose hearts were about our country's honor; each received in our country's service. Beside us stood not a few of England's boldest warriors; above our heads the Red Cross of Albion twined peacefully with the Stars and Stripes, which we had followed in the smoke of battle; but above them both, embracing the two, was the pure white flag of Calvary. England and America have never grappled each other in deadly conflict. Oh! it was a sight to make angels weep. No more armed, brethren, a few more such conventions as ours, and war between the two countries will be impossible. Commerce is doing much to unite them.

The steam-car is flying from the Dominion to the States, and from the States to the Dominion,—back and forth like the weaver's shuttle, weaving in the woof of international unity. When Christian hearts meet, as they did beneath Immanuel's banner, you may hear our words in plough-shares, and your spears into pruning hooks. While in Montreal, dearer than ever appeared to me my native land. Yet I sang with the assembled thousands, "God Save the Queen," with nearly the fervor I sing "Hail Columbia," at Gettysburg, in '63. And with no less fervor did that brave old soldier Gen. Russell, and his military family, sing our song, "My Country 'Tis Thee," while thousands of the Queen's loyal subjects joined in the harmony.

And, finally, there was a spirit of consecration in the Convention. Think for a moment to have been gathered the select and chosen sons of Canada and the United States. The skillful mechanic; the eloquent lawyer; the merchant prince of both countries; the bankers reckoning their wealth by millions; grave theologians; and men of science who have surprised the world with the splendors of their discoveries; and, with all, venerated judges, clothed with the robes of wisdom, in short the dew of their youth, yearning for the precious offering was ever made on this Western Continent. It was both England and America, in the persons of their chosen sons, casting their crowns in loving adoration before the King of kings and Lord of lords. It was, indeed, the Mount of Transfiguration. Fain would we have built our Tabernacles; fain would our wills have been dwelt always in such a holy place. But, blessed be God, His Spirit will always abide with us, yea, though we go through the valley and the shadow of death.

Our New Circuits.

The Conference of E. B. America comprises in its numbers one hundred and thirty-one Ministers in the effective work. These are stationed on one hundred and fourteen Circuits, scattered over the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas. Fifty-five of these ministers, within a month past have entered upon new fields of labour, and are now, in the best sense of the word, spying out the land, with an eye to the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

While all are influenced with one grand object, viz., The Glory of God, and the Salvation of Sinners, yet how greatly diversified the phases of thought and feeling, arising from local circumstances! Some are delighted, and have no misgivings as to their providential lot, while others are somewhat dissatisfied, and fear that the Conference has erred in spite of providence. The best way in these cases, is, not to leap over the Conference fence into some other field, but to remain patient and prayerful till we get into the order of providence as soon as possible, for a dissatisfied man never finds his providential position.

Perhaps the most difficult lesson for humanity to learn, is that which Paul learned, amid the lights and shadows—pains and pleasures, of the itinerancy. "In whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." No other part of his instructions he tells us to be full, another part says to be content. At the same time, the Conference has been taught the latter lesson. Although "the things seen by Epaphroditus, may not always be on hand as to warrant the declaration, 'I have all and abound,' yet grasping in the arms of faith, the consoling promise, 'My God shall supply all your need,' &c., we do not 'want any good thing.'"

One of the most painful duties connected with the Patriarchal kind of life, is not really at the beginning of our labor, but at the end of it. At the termination of our Circuit, the Franchises in this Conference have been taught the latter lesson. Although "the things seen by Epaphroditus, may not always be on hand as to warrant the declaration, 'I have all and abound,' yet grasping in the arms of faith, the consoling promise, 'My God shall supply all your need,' &c., we do not 'want any good thing.'"

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is infallible, it is better and more learned (1) than this? Have these "accusers of the brethren" never remembered that not merely the Donny Version of Rome, but the Koran of the Mohammedans, and the Scriptures of the Mormons, have lately welcomed to their side still another sectarian Bible, the "New Version"; and that those great systems of error, Romanism, Mohammedanism, and Mormonism, which failing to receive countenance from the word of God, were forced to manufacture the immortal themselves, and now heard greeting the immortal system, and saying, "Art thou also a saint? we are, and art thou become like unto us?"

It is astonishing that the keen vision which so clearly detects "Rome's most subtle error," even when "wrapped up" in infant baptism, cannot discover these four broad and glaring "errors," unwrapped, as they are, and patent to the world! Water, however, is a deceiving medium through which to look, but even if we were not such, we would still hint to our critics the propriety of before attempting the discovery of any more of Rome's "subtle" errors, taking heed to the good old advice, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shall thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye!"

Yours truly,
VIOLE.

August 14th, 1867.

Are We Right?

Under this caption the Western Advocate gives a very judicious and seasonable article upon the distinctive teaching of Methodism in relation to entire sanctification, which we have pleasure in referring to our columns.—There are words too sacred for daily use, and there are too personal, too interior, for oft-repeated discussion. Of these latter is the doctrine of Perfect Love, so marked an element of power in early and present Methodism. It is the question of the soul's health, of the entireness of its devotion to Christ and his cause, of power over sin, of the victory of Faith through the blood of the Lamb.

We have seen with regret, for which we have no words, an occasional exhibition of spirit most calamitous, the spirit of sneering or caustic criticism, when this topic has been introduced. Such an exhibition savors not of the things that be of God, and is indefensible in any man who has solemnly declared at the altar of the Church, when a candidate for holy orders, that he expected to be made perfect in love in this life, and that he was so ardently pursuing the holy attainment as to be groaning after it.

Too many of sainted memory, of blameless lives, of grand Christian characters, of spiritual power, have been its witnessing professors for it to be disposed of with a sneer.

Plainly, too, we are commanded to be holy, to overcome, to be without offense, to "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable," and where God commands there is power to obey, which, if not of ourselves, is to be had for the asking. Wherever He writes MUST, or SHALL, ever against it He writes CAN. And so prayer, exhortation and precept, present this duty as a privilege. It is among the franchises of God's children to be "cleansed from all sin," to be "filled with the Holy Ghost," to "love the Lord their God with all their soul, mind and strength." It is their duty to offer themselves, soul, body, substance, and all, to God for his service and glory. It is, we apprehend, their privilege to know that the offering so made is not rejected, but is divinely accepted.

It is possible for the heart and soul to be filled with grace, kept by grace, filled with the Spirit; to have, within the perfected kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy.

Many doubt the correctness of the moral analysis which assumes to define precisely where the initial work of grace ceases and the perfected work begins, or the power to draw a line between the actual work of regeneration and sanctification; some may doubt whether there is anything gained by the specialness given to this topic—special periodicals, special advocates, special camp-meetings, etc. Others may hold the obligation to specific testimony an open question. On these and kindred questions there may be in the household of faith, a difference of opinion. Let us eschew controversy. Let us come to questions of duty and privilege. Are there radical defects in our Christian character? Are we weak? Does sin have dominion over us in any degree? Do we fail in the fullness, thoroughness and entireness of our love to God? Do we cling to earthly goods until they come between us and Him? Do evil passions assert themselves and rise above our control? Is worship a weariness and Christian obligation a burden? These are roots of bitterness, which, springing up, defile us; these are evidences that we are not met for the inheritance of the saints in light. We must be purified from these, and if we go to our great Master, we think he will remove them, and that he will be glad to take them away suddenly, for sudden cure was his rule. He did not tell the parents of the poor demon-cursed lad to take him home and trust to growth for a cure, but at once cast out the devil that growth might be healthful. Roots of bitterness are not adapted to a healthful soil-culture; remove them and there is room and disposition to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. The Church wants two things at once, through all her ministry and membership, viz: the casting out of evil, and the filling with good. For these let us employ, pray and believe. For these in solemn feasts, in circles of prayer at family altars, and in private Bethels, let there be importunate supplication.

Neither crude fanaticism on one side, with its excess and violence, and its Christless under-estimation of conversion, nor capricious criticism, joined, it may be, with a cold psychology must be suffered to drive us from the faith of our Zion and the blessed experience of our fathers. Have done with technical controversy until we settle our own spiritual relations. Away with the strife of words until we have attained the mind that was in Christ and know that in the blood cleansed from sin. We want such a consecration to the Master that his work shall be our delight. That to build his kingdom shall be our engrossing care; that to go for him among the lowly and despised shall be an exquisite pleasure; that we shall count it all joy to bestow our goods in his behalf. In one word, we must be ALIVE HIS!

Dear readers, we grow weary lest there may come, with increasing numbers and wealth, a more spiritual and a tendency to formalism. We must guard against such a result and flee from it.

Come—there is for us all Jesus purchased on Calvary, all he died to obtain. All, all for us! For the rest of steadfast faith, for the victory over sin, for us the cleansing from all unrighteousness, for us the "always rejoicing," for us the fullness of God.

These given, what weapon formed against us shall prosper? What can stand before our advance? Not strong-hold, nor imagination, nor vain vaunt, nor Satan, for "the Prince of this world shall be cast out."

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