

The Provincial Wesleyan.

of that congregation and out—What shall we do to be saved? How plainly was it revealed before their eyes that their feet stood near the verge of perdition, ready to slide, O! how suddenly and fatally, unless they might perchance escape through the narrow strait—How with their hands clasped, bow themselves in those days of the sinner's fear and trembling!

We saw these things with our young eyes; we felt them with the susceptibility of early youth, and we often thought of the praying fathers and mothers in Israel whose God now remembered in his faithfulness and mercy. We could not but connect the blessings that followed with the prayer that went before, and we saw it written all over those revivals—The Lord heareth the prayer of his weeping saints and will come to answer in due time.

Years have passed away, the praying fathers and mothers of those days lie in their peaceful graves; but some of the souls then born to God, yet live to bear the burdens of Zion's prayer and toil, and to remind their brethren from the testimony of the past, that God never fails to hear and answer prayer.

—Exchange.

Obituary Notices.

POLICINE TRUENAN, daughter of Abel and Experience Gore, was born in Groton, Connecticut, in the year 1788. At the age of seven years, she was with her parents to Cumberland, N. S. Her father, who was a sea-faring man, soon after the settlement of his family in Cumberland, (in following his avocation,) was lost off Brier Island, when all on board perished. Through this circumstance, Mrs. Gore with three children, was deprived of an affectionate husband, and of that support which was at that time particularly needed; but they found the promises of God verified in their case. "I will be a father to the fatherless, and will make the widow's heart to leap for joy."

The writer has often heard this calamity spoken of, with the most poignant feelings; and presumes, none but such as have been called to a like affliction, can rightly sympathize on such occasions.

At the age of eighteen, the subject of this memoir was united in marriage to Thomas Trueman, (son of Wm. Trueman, deceased, an early settler in Cumberland.) She became the mother of thirteen children, four of which have gone to their home beyond the skies, but not without giving evidence of their acceptance, through a crucified Redeemer. This seemed to afford her great satisfaction. She was a most affectionate mother; and nothing seemed to rejoice her more than to see her children united themselves with the Methodist Society, of which she was a member more than forty years. She early taught them to fear God, and love his sanctuary, both by precept and example. She attended the means of grace as long as she was able, and received the same support thereby. Last spring, she was taken sick with the influenza, prevailing at the time. Soon after, she was called to witness the death of her daughter, Lucy Ann, wife of Mr. Joseph Carter. These afflictions seemed to be more than she could bear; her calm tenement gave way to one disease after another, baffling the skill of her physician. During her protracted illness, she often expressed her willingness to depart, saying she was a poor creature, but Jesus was precious. I often visited her during her illness, and she would say, "Well I am here yet, but am waiting the Lord's time." A short time before her death, she was asked by a friend attending her, if her faith was strong, she said, "O yes, my faith is on a rock." In this happy state her spirit took its flight. Fully trusting to be forever with the Lord. She died on Saturday the 26th of Nov., in the 65th year of her age. On Tuesday following a large collection of relatives and friends followed her remains to her long home. After the burial service, a very appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. William Strick, from the ninth chapter and the eleventh verse, of Ecclesiastes.—"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." WM. S. TRUENAN.

Ladies' Department.

The Angel and the Child.

Translated from the French of Raboul, for The Provincial Wesleyan.

An angel from the glory land,
Bent softly o'er a sleeping child,
As sunbeams in the waters glance
By earthly shadows undefiled.

Oh! little one! like unto us
All bright, and fair, and pure thou art,
Comest join our hand in the best home,
Where sin and sorrow have no part.

There shadows darken not the day,
There pleasure reigns, and peace, and love,
There tears are wiped from every eye,
Fold there thy wings, thou gentle dove.

Oh! linger not, where doubt and fear
May make life's path a weary way,
Take not the cup that's brimmed with tears,
Speed to the realms of changeless day.

There in the fields of endless space,
Angel pinions wait for thee,
The Holy One will keep us safe,
Oh! haste to the bright land with me.

Let not earth dwellers vainly weep
Because thy first hours were thy last,
Let them rejoice that unto thee,
So early were death's waters past!

That from thy brow was swept each cloud,
The grave was hidden from thine eyes,
And thine the joy to feel for ye,
The death that never, never dies.

On starry wings from earth to heaven,
Was borne a spirit to its home,
An added cherubin is given,
But mother-heart thou art alone.

"Pensez à Moi."

"O! think of me," sighed a youthful friend, as the hour came round when she must withdraw from a social circle she returned to the home of her childhood. "Blessed was her stay, but she went not as she came, a loved—unknown. Spirit messages from many a loving heart hovered around her trackless journey o'er the blue waters, and many a "whispered good night," was wafted to a far-off bark, as a ploughed and created waves of the foamy deep. "O! think of me," she said—not in the sunny scenes of festal joy—not when fortune smiles, and all is bright and beautiful, but when a darker hour draws nigh, and a clouded path is thine, then—when far away, "O! think of me."

"O! think of me," murmured my gentle

sister—my only and well-beloved one—another home will soon be mine—another heart claims me as its treasure, and, ere long, must I turn from the loved of early days.—At break of morn, when earth's bosom sparkles with a thousand dewy pearls, and at eve when the stars, those heaven-hung watchers of the night, commence their light vigils, let sweet memories of faded hours be thine, then O! remember me in love. And when, at hush of night, on bended knee, thou prayest for the dear ones of thy heart, forget not a lowly wretch in another home, but "think of me."

"O! think of me," my dying mother whispered, as the death-angel laid his touch upon her heart, to still its beatings. The last sands of life were fast running out—sweetly, without a murmur, did she pass away. O! mother, thy dying blessing will come to answer in due time.

Years have passed away, the praying fathers and mothers of those days lie in their peaceful graves; but some of the souls then born to God, yet live to bear the burdens of Zion's prayer and toil, and to remind their brethren from the testimony of the past, that God never fails to hear and answer prayer.

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Sweet words of love! Bright links to bind my heart to the shades of the past. Echoes of by-gone days—ye tell of other times and other scenes, the thrilling memories of which sweep o'er my heart, and wake its chords to the melodies of yore! Ye tell of joys that were of friendship's parting tear, of love's passionate adieu, and, above all, as I muse by thy lonely grave, and the night wind sighs through the forest leaves, it comes unto my weary spirit like the remembered music of happier days, an echoed harmony—it seems to say:

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Letter from Rev. R. A. Chesley.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The *Christian Messenger* has declared the year 1854 rather ominously. The Editor began with solemn reflections on the flight of time,—man's accountability, and kindred topics; but as if in illustration of the Calvinistic doctrine of the Christian's redemption, he is to be "reprobated" for that year, "evil was, also 'present' for that year, and his 'reprobation' for that year, that must have a sting at an extract from the memoir of a departed Minister of a Baptist Church, by way of amusement; and wind up with two columns of chastisement bestowed on the writer who now intrudes on your notice.

Of course every one has his own views of accountability, and his own way of setting upon those views; and the Editors thought, doubtless, that they could only fulfil their duty by administering correction as they did;—can they then blame me for acting on my views of duty? Certainly not. Not even if I should unfortunately copy their mode of treating one, to whom necessarily by an entire stranger to them, I, without ceremony, I should not have done so far from myself as to impute, as they do now respecting me, that my "reprobation" is lost by their singular statements; or that their comments are "hippant." I shall prove a plain, blunt writer, nevertheless.

I had the Editors thought before they wrote, they would not have fancied that any "stain" could have been fixed on the ministerial character of any "venerable man," say such as used the expression, "I shall not be reprobated," by the late Mr. Chesley. If any Minister of any persuasion used it, the fact might surely be recorded without any intention to dishonour him, especially when his name was truthfully. But if Calvinism, properly so called, be true, it was not an Minister's character, to use such an expression, harsh as it may sound. The worst that could be said about it, would be, that the preaching of such sentiments was not "profitable." "What is the doctrine to be inculcated" of the preaching of kindred doctrines; or that the expression was unphilosophical as spoken of disembodied infants. But the Minister that preached such sentiments, was schooled before a College to train Ministers was thought of by either himself or his brethren; and of course, did pretend to a knowledge of philosophy. In my way of thinking, the men that used such expressive assertions of their belief, were truly honest men, being professed Calvinists.

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What is the doctrine to be inculcated of the preaching of kindred doctrines; or that the expression was unphilosophical as spoken of disembodied infants. But the Minister that preached such sentiments, was schooled before a College to train Ministers was thought of by either himself or his brethren; and of course, did pretend to a knowledge of philosophy. In my way of thinking, the men that used such expressive assertions of their belief, were truly honest men, being professed Calvinists.

Now all those whom it pleaseth the same God, who is debtor to no man, is justly to be called; or called, but without opening the heart; and accordingly to deliver up unto Satan—will be one day judged altogether by him, and eternal punishment. "The manifesting of this decree of reprobation is to be left to God." "Principles of Liberty" taught in the school of Geneva. Edition 1841.

Now you see according to Calvin that "Election itself cannot stand without reprobation." Certainly not;—they are the two legs of the Calvinistic doctrine, as Fletcher says, and they should one be kept out of sight? On this subject, one question, categorically answered by the Editors of the *Messenger* believe that God passed some by when he made the eternal decree of reprobation, and that Christ did not die for them? If I held as you do, I could not be ashamed of it, if ever so reprobate.—(i. e.) if I believed it to be taught in the Bible.

The fact is, the doctrine of reprobation is taught from Baptist pulpits at this day in some places; and that by "accredited" Ministers of the *Messenger's* denomination; and if he does not believe me, let him go to the region of the Peitodiadic and Shepody Rivers, and scores will testify that they have heard it taught.

But allow me in conclusion to say that had the Editors of the *Messenger* been a little more cool and far-seeing, they would have looked at the record of the ancient style of Calvinistic preaching, as only an argument in favour of their favourite doctrine. The necessity of a theological and philosophical training of young Ministers at Acadia College—just as a sensible Brother of their order, the preaching of a Western Orator, who when enforcing the doctrine of the unconditional perseverance of the elect, from the narrative of our Lord's visit to Jerusalem on the "coit, the foal of an ass"—cried: "My Brethren, we may all be compared to a company of asses, and the Lord is riding us up by his power into the Jerusalem above." He just published the sample in the periodical with which he stood connected, as a striking argument for a College training; and for an increase of suitable Missionaries; shrewdly observing that the first proposition might be true, if the "coit" received its sustenance from the Gospel. Would not a similar course have been more consistent with good sense, than to suppose that I could have intended to compliment the successors of the first race of Ministers belonging to the *Messenger's* way of thinking? For to tell the plain truth, I sometimes fear that the precious jewel honesty, outspoken honesty, is not so manifest from some modern pulpits, as in the good old times, some fifty years ago. Apologizing for occupying so much space in your truly valuable paper, I beg leave to remain at the service of the *Messenger*.

R. A. CHESLEY.

Woodstock Correspondence.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I know that anything which has a bearing upon the prosperity of our cause of God in the world, will be interesting to you and your numerous readers. You will be pleased together that the same with which we are identified is evidently taking a deep hold upon the minds of the people in this part of the country. Methodists, for some years, appeared to keep somewhat in the "ground," and though we had many sincere friends we did not go ahead as we should. Lately, however, the stone appears to have been rolled away—the light begins to shine—the cause to prosper. We have now on our circuit, (Woodstock) two finished Chapels, one of which is situated at Williamston.

We have three more in the course of erection—one at Richmond South—(one at Northampton—and one about to be erected in the Lower part of what is now called Synod. And although we have to regret not having yet seen a general revival, we rejoice to know that the Word, as preached by the Wesleyan Ministers, is heard with deep attention and interest, and we trust with profit.

In the upper part of this country, at Andover, we have a neat Chapel, a small Society, and many kind friends. On this circuit there are two new Chapels in course of erection: one of which having been for some time in building is now likely to be completed; and the other is to be undertaken soon, so that we hope to have a goodly number of places in which to worship God. We trust that the Lord will bless His people, own their endeavours to promote His cause, and that there may be a large increase to His Church of such as shall be saved.

Our usual services, held at Christmas and New Year's, were deeply solemn and interesting. We hope many have made vows unto God which will lead them to forsake sin and seek that blessing which "maketh rich and addeth no sorrow."

On Monday last, the annual Examination of the Sabbath School in this place, was held.—About thirty children, with a number of the parents and other friends who partook in the blessed joy which pervaded the meeting. The Superintendent L. P. Fisher, Esq., who has given great attention to the School, heard forty of the children repeat lessons which had voluntarily prepared for the occasion. It was truly pleasing to hear so large a number rehearse their pieces so correctly. Three of the girls spoke a dialogue prepared by a lady of this place which was beautifully appropriate, referring in touching terms to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and to the leading doctrines of Christianity, and although there was no previous preparation for this upon the part of the children the answers elicited were very correct and gave great satisfaction to a large audience who had assembled to witness this New Year's gathering. Indeed we could not but be impressed with the thought that while our children enjoy advantages such as are possessed by this School we have nothing to fear either from infidelity or formalism. In conclusion the children were bountifully regaled with a liberal supply of the good things of this life prepared by a number of ladies connected with, and interested in the prosperity of the School. By giving the above a place in the *P. Wesleyan* you will greatly oblige.

Your Brother in the Gospel,
A. MCNUTT.

Woodstock, N. B., January 7th, 1854.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

St. Stephen's Correspondence.

DEAR BROTHER,—It affords me pleasure to inform you that in aid of the funds for the repairing of our church in St. Stephen's, the ladies got up a tea meeting, in Mr. Thompson's Hall, on Monday evening 2nd inst. Though the weather had for a few days previous been very unfavourable for such a project, and on the day of meeting the snow fell freely until toward evening, yet by half-p