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Religious Miscellany.

What we Live For.

I live for those that love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too—
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake—
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is Divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine—
To profit by affliction
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too—
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Letters to the Young.

"YOUTHFUL CONSECRATION TO CHRIST."

No. 1.

DEAR YOUTHFUL READER,—The writer, impelled by a sincere desire to benefit the youthful readers of the "Provincial Wesleyan," commences a series of letters addressed specially to them, which he hopes by God's blessing, may be conducive to spiritual good, and the Divine glory.

"*Youthful consecration to Christ*" will form the subject of this brief article. Turn not away with disappointment, expressing a wish that the subject were different. Think not lightly of a theme, concerning which angels, were they permitted, would discourse to you with holy fervour and affection. It is a subject in which you ought to be deeply interested. That you should consecrate yourself fully to Christ, is a duty clearly, stated, and repeatedly enforced, in the holy scriptures. No doubt you intend, at some period, to give this subject the earnest attention it demands. You hope to *die* a disciple of Jesus, and to dwell eternally with him in heaven.

The question that should be absorbing with you is, When shall I consecrate myself to Christ? When shall I plight my vows to him? When commence a career of piety? It may be, that these and similar questions have been frequently proposed by anxious friends, or been suggested to your mind by the gracious Spirit of God. Perhaps, another Spirit has also been influencing your youthful heart—the spirit of the evil one—and has insinuated that more favorable opportunities will be presented in the distant future, for attending to these important duties. Need I remind you that such thoughts emanate from the "father of lies," and are intended to deceive and destroy? Precisely as Felix was decoyed, and thus untold thousands have been ensnared, and for ever ruined. Will Satan be less unwilling to unloose his grasp of your captive soul, or more desirous of your seeking the Lord, a year hence, or at any time in the future, than he is this moment? No! he will to the utmost of his power, and even to the end of life, oppose your making any effort to secure the love and favour of God, or a preparation for eternity.

Remember, that whenever you yield yourself to Christ, it will be in opposition to Satan. Expect no co-operation, no encouragement from him. If to this hour you have neglected the interests of your deathless soul, slighted the overtures of the gospel, and been in pursuit of a thousand different objects besides "the one thing needful," you have been prompted by the deceiver and destroyer of souls. Thus would he have you spend the residue of life, and thus be found at the final hour of probation. Have you not, youthful reader, been too long under his seductive influence? Have you not already wandered too far from "wisdom's ways?" Has not your experience, to the present time, taught you that without religion, without a personal, saving interest in Christ, there can be no lasting peace, no genuine happiness? Has not your every effort failed to satisfy the wants of your immortal nature in the pursuits and pleasures of the world? Have you not been drinking at broken cisterns—following shadows—and been the subject of frequent disappointment and regret?

Thank God! it is not his will that your soul should remain unsatisfied, or your heart be unregenerate, or your wants be unsupplied. He has supplying blood for your continued happiness, for, Isaiah declared that no peace shall be secured by the workers of iniquity. If then, even now, you have been walking in the path of sin, wonder not that you are unhappy. 'Tis right you should be so. Stop now in your course of sin. Cast away the weapons of rebellion. Cease to do evil, now learn to do well. Listen to the divine command: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." "My son, give me thy heart." Turn at once to Him who declares, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me *early* shall find me." Draw near to God, through Christ, and with an humble and contrite heart acknowledge your sin as did David, and the Publican, and the Prodigal; God is rich in mercy, and with whom there is plenteous redemption, will speedily visit your soul; "The sun of righteousness will arise upon you with healing in his wings."

"Ere earth's bright scenes shall fade,
And joys like flowers depart
O! be the purpose made,
To give to God your heart!" H

Peace by Faith.

Dr. Spencer, in his "Pastor's Sketches," gives a touching account of a young woman who suddenly obtained peace in Christ, after a long period of gloom. She had clear and pungent convictions of sin, felt the necessity of immediate repentance, and the absolute need of an atoning Saviour to save her from condemnation. She seemed to understand her dependence on the Holy Spirit, and the danger of grieving him, and was earnest in her private devotions, and in constant attendance on the means of grace. But for many weeks she made no progress. Her friends and companions, one by one, rejoiced in hope of pardon, but she remained in deep gloom. Her pastor had many long conversations with her, but could not understand what obstacle hindered her conversion.

One evening on his way to church he called at her house. He found her just where she had been for many weeks. On leaving her he said,

"I would aid you most willingly if I could, but I can do you no good."

"I do not think you can," said she, calmly, "but I hope you will still come to see me."

"Yes, I will," said I, "but all I can say is I know there is salvation for you; but you must repent, and you must flee to Christ."

On reaching the church, he gave out the hymn closing with the stanza,—

"A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

The next day she came to see him, to tell him she had made a new discovery, and on his asking what it was, she said,

"Why, sir, the way of salvation all seems to me perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before. I do not think I am a Christian, but I have never been so happy before. All is light to me. I see my way clear, and I am not burdened and troubled as I was. I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it. But when you were reading that hymn last night I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners, perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but trust in Christ:

"A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

I sat all that evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn, and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so light, and makes me so contented. Why, sir, *don't you think that the reason we don't get out of darkness sooner, is that we don't believe?*"

Simple faith in Christ will always bring peace to the soul.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Forgiveness.

O to be forgiven! It is enough to make a man leap—aye, to leap three times, as John Bunyan puts it, and go on his way rejoicing. Forgiven! Why a rack becomes a bed of down, the flames become our friends, when we are forgiven.—Justified! No more condemnation! O the joy of that! The happiness of the slave when he lands on freedom's shore is nothing compared with the delight of the believer when he gets out of the land of the enemy. Speak we of the joy of the poor captive who has been chained to the oar by the corsair, and who at last is delivered? The breaking his chain is not one-half such melodious music to him as the breaking of our chains to us. "He took me out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and put a new song into my mouth, and established my goings." Talk not of the joys of the dance, or of the flush of wine; speak not of the mirth of the merry, or of the flashes of the ambitious and successful. There is mirth more deep than these, a joy more intense, a bliss more enduring than anything the world can give. It is the bliss of being forgiven; the bliss of having God's favor and God's love in one's soul; the bliss of feeling that God is our father, and Christ is married to our souls, and that the Holy Ghost dwelleth in us, and abideth with us forever. Let the sweetness of the mercy draw thee, poor soul! Let the sweetness of the mercy, I say, entice thee.—*Spurgeon.*

The Defective Title

"I have made my last payment for my farm," said Mr. Henderson. "We shall not be obliged to practice so rigid an economy as has been necessary heretofore."

"I am thankful that it is paid for at last," said his wife. "We have been a long time in debt. We shall soon be too old to enjoy it."

It was true they had been in debt a long time. It was nearly twenty-five years since the farm was purchased. A few hundred dollars was all they had to begin with. The farm now paid for was worth some six thousand dollars.

Not quite a year had passed when a stranger called at the house. He was a relation of a former landed proprietor in that region. He laid claim to several hundred acres of land, by virtue of a title derived from said proprietor. The farm of Mr. Henderson fell wholly within that claim.

Mr. Henderson produced his deeds. The stranger pointed out the defect, and set the matter in so clear a light that there was scarce a shadow of doubt on the mind of Mr. Henderson that his title was worthless, and that years of labor and self-denial had been lost. The stranger advised him to consult a lawyer, and furnished him with copies of the document on which his claim rested.

Mr. Henderson took the papers and went the next day to the most eminent lawyer at the county seat. A brief examination of the papers convinced him that his client had no title to the farm for which he had toiled so hard. He told him he was at the mercy of claimant, and must make the best terms with him he could.

The claimant was a Christian, and was willing to allow the full value of all the improvements made by Mr. Henderson, and to deduct still further the entire cost of the litigation which would have been necessary had the occupant resisted his claim. A compromise was effected by which Mr. Henderson retained the farm, with a good title.

Mr. Henderson had lived many years without the slightest suspicion that his title to his farm was defective. And so many professing Christians live for years without the slightest suspicion that their title to heaven is defective. There are defective titles to heaven as well to farms. And men ought to look well to their titles. Had Mr. Henderson looked to the matter earlier he would have avoided the risk he ran, and the loss he incurred. And so men may avoid the risk and the loss of heaven by a timely examination of their titles. There will be no compromise made at the day of judgment. He whose title is found to be defective must suffer eternal loss.

Religious Intelligence.

London Jubilee Meeting.

By the call of the Rev. Dr. Osborne, President of the Conference, a Central Jubilee Meeting, was held in the Centenary Hall, London, on the 19th. From the speeches made on that occasion, as given in the *Methodist Recorder*, we copy the President's opening address:—The President was sure that, during the past three months, they had seen the Lord's gracious dealings with them in this respect in a very remarkable manner. Not only had there not been a jarring note, but the approbation and support which had been accorded to the movement had been so general, so hearty, so unconstrained, so blessedly spontaneous, that they could only attribute it to the working of Almighty power. Of the spirit of liberality which had been displayed in connection with their efforts, they would hear more when the lists were read; and he would only remark that he took it as another most gracious token of the influence and blessing of God. For both of these they were largely indebted to the preparatory spirit of devotion which God had been pleased to grant them. It was a most happy thought which was suggested to their minds by the Rev. Thos. Jackson, to connect with the Jubilee Celebration Lovefeasts for returned Missionaries. How much they owed to these Lovefeasts, no one could tell! What a remarkable spirit of gratitude, of sympathy, of brotherly love, of interest for the world-wide spread of the Gospel they had been the means of kindling in all parts of the Connexion, the Great Day, he believed alone would tell! He would remind them how much they were indebted to the providence and grace of God who had preserved the lives of his servants in many and extensive journeys, and who had raised up in every place, such willing and efficient help. The Connexion owed a deep debt of gratitude to many of the brethren for their services in connection with the Jubilee Movement in various parts of the country, and if he named two or three, he believed that no man would grudge the mention of their name to the exclusion of others. First, their very venerable friend, Thomas Jackson. How much, under God, they owed to him for the assistance which he had offered at the beginning, he need not remind them. The labors of his friend, the Rev. William Arthur had been indefatigable. In fact, Mr. Arthur might be said to have taken the lead of them all; for he had been "in labours more abundant" in the promotion of the cause. They ought not to overlook the wonderful providence of God who had thus spared to them and blessed with vigour for the last three months a brother who seemed to have been made strong out of weakness for his particular duty. If he added to the names already mentioned that of the Rev. W. M. Punshon, who, on several occasions, had been at their right hand with most ready and invaluable help, and whom God had been pleased to own on several occasions in a very remarkable manner, he should only perform a simple act of justice. He was sure to offend no one by the prominence which he gave to the names he had referred to. But they traced the Lord's hand in all. As they said in reference to the Missionary work, "if they had had suitable agents for it, God had made them," so they might say in regard to the Jubilee Movement. From first to last, they owned their continued dependence on God. What the future might be, would depend very much on their spirit of prayer, supplication, gratitude, humility and hope.

Missionary Success.

The London Times had, in the year just closed, an article on Missionary success which elicited a review in "*Evangelical Christendom.*" The modern missionary movement is of recent origin. "Calvin dispatched fourteen ministers to bring tidings of a Redeemer to the savages of America." It was not till the end of the last century that the movement really commenced, and a just estimate of the success which has attended missions must be based on strict regard to this fact.

First of all, then, the number of persons actually converted from heathenism to Christianity has been as large as could reasonably have been expected. A reference to Mr. Logan Aikman's valuable work on Christian missions proves that the number of native members in full communion with the various Churches founded by Protestant missionaries throughout the world was, a few years ago, not less than 25,000. The rate of increase becomes greater every year; and if we say that, at this moment, the number of native members in mission Churches is between 300,000 and 400,000, we shall probably be within the truth. But the number of members does not by any means define the limits of what may be called the mission church of modern times. The people of England may be justly called Christian, and yet we doubt whether one in ten of the whole population is in full Church communion. The members of mission churches stand representatively for an immensely larger number regularly attending Christian worship. The whole community thus christianized from heathenism cannot fall short of 1,000,000. This is a population as large as that of Scotland at the time of the Reformation. Not another word is required to silence every objection to missions founded on their alleged want of success.

But there is a second point of view, and that perhaps the most important of all, from which to contemplate the success hitherto attained by missionaries. All beginnings are difficult, and in no instance are they either more difficult or more slow than in that of missions.

The work of Christian missions hitherto has been to a large extent, of a preparatory kind. Operations involving a vast expenditure of labor, such as the translation of the Bible into many languages, have been performed. These operations were indispensable to ultimate progress, but meanwhile they occupied time, and the results to be produced by them could not be immediately seen. Nor is this all. The facility of converting the heathen increases, humanly speaking, with each new convert.

The Church Missionary Society had been founded for sixteen years before it could point to a single native communicant. In its seventeenth year it had six. The beginning was small, but it was made, and now the progress was steady. Taking periods of ten years, the number of communicants stood thus: In 1816, as just mentioned, 6; in 1826, 644; in 1836, 1,315; in 1846, 11,714; in 1856, 18,725; last year it was 21,261. These, be it observed, are communicants, the centre and kernal of a Christian community. In fact, the six converts of five-and-forty years ago have swelled into a Christian town of no contemptible size. Taking the ten years from 1852 to 1862, the increase in the number of native Christians has, in Bengal, been upward of 40 per cent.; in the North-west Provinces, upward of 113 per cent.; in the Punjab, upwards of 444 per cent.; in Bombay, 200 per cent.; in Madras, 44 per cent. The native Christians in India, Ceylon, and Burmah, in 1863, were estimated at 213,182. In every quarter throughout India, Christianity is advancing, and the native superstitions are relaxing their hold upon the mind of the population. Many signs indicate that the increase of conversions will for the future be in a higher ratio than in the past. "The husbandmen have gone forth to their toil, bearing the precious seed, and often sowing it in tears. The forest had been cleared, the soil reclaimed, and everywhere the fields are green with budding blade and tender ear. In sheltered valleys, where the sunbeams lie, small sheaves of first-fruits have been gathered in. The pine-tree has replaced the thorn, the myrtle grows where the briar flourished, and the garden of God is preparing to offer to its Master all fruits and flowers of immortal beauty and undecaying bloom." All the labor undergone, and all the expenditure incurred, in the cause of missions, have been abundantly repaid by such a beginning.

We cannot here state the whole grounds for our conclusion, but we believe that, sixty years after the death of our Lord, the Christian Church was not so numerous as the modern Christian Church, which has, in the last sixty years, been gathered by apostolic missionaries from the lost sheep of heathendom.

Magnificent Foundations.

Rev. William Taylor, formerly of California, and now in Australia, writes to the *California Christian Advocate:*

The Wesleyans have a fine position here, better than any other Church; and now, with a thorough spiritual development and ingathering of souls, such as God will give us, we will put Australian Methodism against the world, for its years and population. I would not underrate our glorious young conference in California, but the Methodists here have had advantages that we never have had in our work. First, in regard to population, this colony, (Victoria,) and more especially the neighbouring colonies of New South Wales and Tasmania, have been gradually accumulating population for more than 80 years. Second, materially, the church has plenty of building lots for all her churches, schools, and parsonages, as government grants them without the cost of a farthing. I believe there is not a church lot in this beautiful city less than two acres! And the Wesleyans have at least half a dozen such in the very best selected sites, and on most of them good churches. I mentioned in a former letter the cost of one, $120,000. They have a large grammer school on a lot of eight acres, and another contiguous to the colonial university of eight and a half acres, for a college, all granted by the government gratuitously. One of their church lots became surrounded by business. They got permission from Parliament to sell it, and it brought them the neat little sum of $200,000, which they appropriated toward the erection of three good churches. The preachers are a very intelligent and earnest class of men, and give me their most hearty co-operation in everything.

General Miscellany.

U. S. Christian Commission.

This philanthropic and patriotic Institution held a large Meeting in the Hall of the Academy of Music, Philadelphia on the 28th ult. We select from the speeches on that occasion, one by Rev. Dr. Eddy; the beauty of which will be admired even by those who do not sympathise with his sentiments in relation to the American struggle.

When our divine Redeemer was upon the earth God manifest in the flesh, a man sent for him to come and heal his servant; and as Christ approached the house a servant was sent out saying, "Come no further, for I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; nor do I feel myself worthy to come out to thee; but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed."

I feel to-night, sir, like that centurion, unworthy to stand upon this platform, in the midst of men, some of whom have gone into the strife and tempest of the battle, bearing aloft the old flag—God bless it!—And have bore the right arm on the sanguinary field. And there are others here to-night, sir, not less worthy—men who have gone after the fight was done, and have gathered up the bones, and have staunched the bleeding wounds, and have wet with water the lips of the fever-stricken, and have soothed the sufferings of the dying, and then have borne back to wife, sister, or mother, the dying expression of husband, son, or father. Here I stand to-night, humbled and abashed, in the presence of this, one of the grandest charities that has appeared on earth since Jesus of Nazareth, bearing his cross, went up the sides of Calvary—a charity that unites the good Samaritan with the pious Evangelist; that goes out to a million of men with the oil and the wine for the body in one hand, and the proclamation of salvation from Jesus Christ for the souls of men in the other hand.

Sir, there is an old Persian fable that runs thus:—God created the earth a vast, level, barren plain; not a green thing could be seen; not a cloud, not a bush, not a tree. But He came forth to view his new creation, and determined to adorn it with beauty; and He sent his angels broadcast over the world, to sow it with the choicest seed. In one place they dropped the magnolia; in another, the orange, and thus all over the world they scattered seed, which should spring from the earth in beauty. Satan, on his dark, flapping wings, followed, and saw the unburied seed lying all over the earth, he said, "This is the work of the Almighty, and I will destroy it." And so he went to work, and every seed that could be found he buried beneath the soil; and then to make his work complete, he summoned the rains of heaven, and they fell upon the earth and saturated it. And then he stood with his arms folded, and looked to see the chagrin of the Almighty when he should behold his work destroyed. And as he gazed the seed germinated, dropped from the husk, shot through the ground, and developed itself in forms of beauty, everywhere, and what had been a barren plain became an Eden of splendour. As the disappointed and defeated wretch passed away, he heard a voice from above which said, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Sir, it seems to me that in the events of this day that old Persian fable is being realized. This, rebellion begotten of Satan, carried on with Satanic malignity, is endeavoring to bury everything true and beautiful beneath the soil; but as it pursues its work up spring everywhere forms of beauty and glory out of the strife and carnage; from the very sword and blood of war comes forth a nobler civilization and vitalized character to bless and adorn humanity.

Sir, this war has accomplished its mission. It has originated some of the noblest, grandest charities. It has inspired the purest patriotism that earth ever saw, and it has developed a piety as resplendent as the noon-day sun. Why, sir, you will remember an interview you had with a patriotic woman of the city of Philadelphia, on whom you called to receive a charity for the Christian Commission. Her grandson, robed in the stars and stripes, for his shroud, had just been brought home, and the clergymen with you endeavored to offer her the consolations of religion. What did she say? Did she mourn because her son was lying in his grave? Did she mourn because she had done so much for her country? O no: "I have given," she said, "two sons, Commodore Ellet of the Ram Fleet, and Brigadier General Ellet of the Marine Brigade, and four grandsons to the country." And, sir, was this all she said? No, sir. She said this:—If I had twenty sons I would give them all for the country, for it must be preserved." And she said:—"If I was twenty years younger I would go myself, a woman though I am."

Out of this war comes Patriotism as well as piety. We have not been accustomed to look to the battle-field for religion; but, strange as it may seem, we are to-day turning from Philadelphia, and New York, and Boston from these beautiful cities to the camp and the battle-field for revivals of religion, and for the noblest forms of gospel evangelization. Why, sir, never since the star of Bethlehem went marching up the sky has a nobler, grander, holier sight been seen, than that at Shiloh, so often quoted, when that memorable day was done, when the sun had gone to rest, and the two armies had rolled back to prepare for another bloody strife. All was still and silent, save the moans of the wounded and the groans of the dying. By and by there appeared, through a rift in the clouds, a single solitary star, and it caught the eye of a dying soldier boy, and awoke in the holiest memories of the human heart; and he began to sing:

"When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix a dying soldier's eye."

and ere he reached the end of the first line another voice had taken up the strain, and another, and another, and another, until that gory field resounded with salvation's holiest notes, and that solitary star that had shone alone was joined by all the glittering sisterhood of heaven; and the morning constellations of the heaven's sent back the melody of that dying soldier's song. Why, sir, when in years to come men search for the noblest and most glorious illustrations of piety, they will look for them in the reports and among the documents of the Christian Commission.

Then, sir, out of this war comes Liberty! I went down the other day, and stood upon the banks of the Delaware; and I saw the frozen river breaking in pieces—the masses tumbling over each other, grinding, crushing and hissing against each other, and floating out into the warm gulf-stream, to be melted there, and their free, outthawed drops to lave the shores of every land. So, sir, we have been standing beside a dark and terrible stream, that has been frozen and fettered by the icy chill of Slavery. But now the icy bed of that stream is all broken to pieces, and the fragments of slavery are rushing and grinding against each other, and floating out, to be melted for ever, in the warm gulf stream of Human Freedom. O! sir, a better day is coming. I see the mountain-tops all crowned with gold, and down their shaggy sides roll the billows of glory and of might. Sir, when General Hooker led his brave men up the summit of Lookout Mountain, he fought with the rebels, and conquered, though above the clouds. And we stand to-day on Lookout Mountain, and when we turn our eyes eastward, we see nothing but Union and Liberty, northward, nothing but Union and Liberty; westward, nothing but Union and Liberty; southward, looming up above the darkness and murky clouds, a bright golden haze of victory, and beyond it, Liberty and Union. On Lookout Mountain, above the clouds, fighting God's battles in the name of God!

Sir, it seems to me sometimes as if this rebellion was fast passing from the sublime to the ridiculous. There was a time when the rebellion looked somewhat sublime, if we took out certain dark elements—when Stonewall Jackson lived, when Washington was beleaguered, when Philadelphia was menaced. But, sir, it seems to me that it is dwindling down into the ridiculous, and I cannot look at the bastard President of the Southern Confederacy without the most grotesque ideas filling my mind. Why, sir, you remember when some years ago you sailed down the Rhine, you observed two towers, one very old one, behind the other. The story is this, that the Bishop of Mentz, in the tenth century, during a time of famine, bought up all the grain of that country and sold it to the poor at an enormous price. As long as the money lasted he liked to serve the people, but when the money was gone, he cursed them; and at length, tired with their importunities, he gave word to all Germany that whoever came at a certain time should have as much grain as they pleased. They came—mothers, sisters, wives, husbands, daughters, sons; and when they came, he turned them into his immense granaries, and shutting the doors, set the granaries on fire, and left the people there to die. Then there appeared a dreadful increase of rats. The rats came into his granaries, ate up his grain, came into his house, and into his bed-chamber. He was obliged to resort to this old tower on the Rhine. They followed him there, climbed his castle by millions, tore down his castle doors, climbed into his chamber, and falling upon him devoured him. Well, sir, it seems to me that the President of the so-called Southern Confederacy has been overtaken by rats. Rats have been eating up his reputation; rats have been eating up his currency, and growing no fatter upon it; rats have been gnawing at his government in every direction. O, sir, what a contrast, there seems to me between Jefferson Davis, after three years nearly of misrule, the scorn of the civilized world, his house set on fire by his own servant, and Abraham Lincoln, holding up in one hand the immutilated Constitution of the country of Washington, and with the other, a hand of iron, tearing to pieces the manacles of four millions of slaves.

Sir, I suppose this war will continue a little longer. Doubtless there will be other bloody battles fought; but it seems to me that the farce is almost "played out." And when it is "played out," Oh, what an account for the leaders of this rebellion! Sir, we learn that in the old ages a torture chamber was devised for the punishment of heretics, with wall so constructed as to move in a notch at a time. In this room were several small, narrow windows looking out upon the world; every notch that moved in shut out one of these windows. One day, one of the old Inquisitors went down to look at this chamber, and to see the bones of his victims that were there; and while he was there an earthquake shook the ground, the door came thundering to, and he was a prisoner in his own cell. He could call no one to his rescue, but he thought perhaps the machinery was not at work. The next morning came, and one of his windows was gone. The machinery was moving in the wall. The next day another window had disappeared, the next day another, until but one window was left, and the poor wretch leaped up and clasped the bars and looked out upon the beautiful world, and lifted up his guilty face to heaven for the last time; and the walls came moving in, through the iron headstead, the stone table, the iron chair, the earthen pitcher, and the living victim, together with the bones of those whom he had slain in one mangled mass.

Sir, this rebellion made a torture-chamber in which to crush out the high hopes of this great land. And the leaders of the rebellion went down to inspect it, I think it was on the 18th of April, 1861; and while there, an earthquake was heard. It was Sumpter falling. And the iron door closed fast upon the inmates of that torture-chamber. They looked at their windows, over one: "Foreign intervention;" over another, "Foreign loan;" over another, "Northern invasion;" over another, "New Orleans;" over another, "Vicksburg;" over others the names of other places from which they then thought they could escape. And there they have been. Each morning some window has disappeared:—"Foreign intervention," "Foreign loan," "Northern invasion," "New Orleans," "Port Royal," "Vicksburg;" all their windows but one—utter conscription—all but that one have gone; and to-night they are clinging to the bars, and looking out upon the world, and praying for deliverance that will not come. But those iron walls will soon close upon the leaders of this infamous rebellion.

Now, sir, I have done. God bless the Christian Commission. When Florence Nightingale walked through the hospital at the Crimea, her shadow fell upon a soldier's pillow, and he turned his dying frame, and imprinted upon it his expiring kiss. Sir, at Antietam, Gettysburg, and Chattanoga, and on many a battle-field, the dying soldier had kissed the shadow of the Christian Commission. All over this loyal land, wives and mothers have blessed it, and to-night the great God stands with His hands outstretched, shedding upon it His holy benediction.

Biographical.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Serjeant Marjouram.

The "memoirs of Serjeant William Marjouram including six years of service in New Zealand, during the late Moari War," have probably rendered the name of this devoted christian soldier familiar to many readers of the *Wesleyan.*

No class of men have to contend with greater difficulties in preserving their allegiance to Christ, than have soldiers. This fact gives increased value to the lives of such men as the immortal Havelock, and the good and brave Hedley Vicars. But while military life, under any circumstances, may be in the unfavourable to the cultivation of common piety, those who serve in the ranks, who have to maintain their religion in the barrack-room, have to encounter the greatest difficulties. Brave men, who have fearlessly faced the roaring fire and rending steel, have felt their spirits sink, when, from conviction of duty, they have had to avow their consecration to Christ, and, in the midst of ungodly comrades, to "stand up for Jesus."

Many of the Wesleyans in Halifax will remember a series of revival services held in this city in the year 1852. The spirit of God was graciously poured out upon the congregations. The church was baptized with new life and power. Aged and hardened sinners wept aloud, and many were made the recipients of the pardoning mercy of God.

Among those who found their way to the services then held, was William Marjouram—at that time a gunner in the Royal Artillery. At first he stole into a retired part of the gallery, not wishing to be seen by any mortal eye. There he listened to faithful and earnest appeals, and to tender and affectionate invitations. The Spirit of the Lord opened his heart, and [illegible] influence rested upon him. It was a [illegible] conflict as well as of agony. A [illegible] thought of appearing before his [illegible] avowed disciple of Christ almost sealed his doom; but happily the convictions of sin were more deep and poignant, and this severe [illegible] tual struggle issued in resolute purpose. He took a decisive step, and threw himself at the feet of Jesus. He obtained mercy. Guilt was cancelled and condemnation removed. "I dare not say," he writes concerning that memorable hour, "that I felt any excessive joy in turning from my knees; yet I felt as a man who is safe in time of danger." He could truly have said of that hour of emancipation:—

"My chains fell off, my spirit was free,
I rose, went forth and lo! was free."

Henceforth he evinced, in a new life, the power and purity of religion. In the city, exposed to many temptations, and on the wide ocean, cut off from the communion of saints, in the barrack-room, surrounded by scoffing companions, and in the tented field, with warlike martial preparations; in peace, when he had [illegible] his spiritual armour on, and in war, when [illegible] confused noise and garments rolled in blood, he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

There was no halfness about Marjouram. From the time of his conversion he was a decided christian—whole-souled in consecration to Christ. For months his comrades did all in their power to annoy and perplex him; but this only served to nerve his soul to new courage and energy:—

"Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his faith he lived;
Nor hunter, nor example with him was strong
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single."

Gradually his decision of character and consistency of deportment won their admiration. About six months after his conversion he was on his knees, in the barrack-room, surrounded by ten or eleven men whose oaths and curses were fearful. But next morning one of these men, whose conscience had smitten him, said, "Bombardier, I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you last night; oh! I would give anything if I were like you." He deeply longed for the spiritual welfare of those associated with him in military service. "O! that I could see my comrades, who are living in darkness, turn to the Lord" was the intense desire of his soul's heart. His efforts of usefulness were not, however, confined to one sphere. In the social means of grace, which in the Wesleyan church are abundant, he labored with diligence and [illegible], and his profiting appeared unto all. In the Grafton St. Sabbath School, which he frequently addressed, and where memories of his name are still fresh and fragrant, his manly form and fervent words are still remembered.

In May 1853, about fourteen months after his conversion, Marjouram returned to England. I have by me a letter, written at Woolwich soon after his arrival, in which he refers extensively to his religious conversion in this city. It is addressed to Mr. A. Morton, City Missionary, to whom as a spiritual instructor he owed much. A brief extract may be gratifying to those who knew him while in this city. Speaking of the first Sabbath which he spent on the water, he writes:

"I thought of you and the afternoon schools and prayed to God that he would bless your efforts in teaching the children to walk in eternal life. While walking the deck of the ship, I frequently saw a "Sunday school book" [illegible] "Child's paper," in the hands of pious [illegible] children. Who can tell but a few leaves [illegible] of these papers may bring some darkened soul to the light of the Saviour's love. In [illegible] at Deal, I made myself acquainted with a few members of our Society, and we had some very happy meetings together. I felt the blessing of God to be powerful indeed. It seemed to me as if He was making up what had been lacking for a few days I was on board. I spent an afternoon in the Sabbath School, and told them of the progress you were making in Halifax. The children paid great attention and were greatly surprised to hear that some of your schoolars had dedicated their heart to God. I hope that your children are still in the same mind, and that the number is increasing, and when we assemble around the throne of God, in glory, may we have the pleasure of looking of that happy day in which we can [illegible] with Heaven open. I hope that God has revived his work in Halifax. I often look back with a heart full of gratitude to *the place of my spiritual birth.* My prayers are always ascending to a throne of grace, that God may bless you, and unite your hearts together in love and peace, and that you may be found faithful at His coming.

I have found a [illegible] here (Woolwich) composed of civilians and soldiers, but I cannot say that I feel as well, as when meeting with my dear friends in Halifax, but God is unchangeable.

Marjouram, was soon after his arrival in England, placed under orders for New Zealand. When about two months on the voyage, about a thousand miles from land, out of the sight of ships, none having been seen for weeks, the cry of "*fire*" was raised. In spite of every effort it gained in terrible power, and increasing volumes of smoke were seen pouring through every aperture. The sea was running high, so that no boat could live in the troubled waters. It was Sabbath. Deadly pallor was on every heart and settling on every countenance. But there was one brave man, whose confidence was not moved, who stood up in that burning wreck, and offered prayer to God. He read the 107 Psalm, and then directed his despairing comrades to one who is mighty to save. As the Sabbath sun slowly set, no one expected to see it rise, but another day passed, and another sun set, and still the burning ship kept on her course. Yet the case seemed hopeless, for the pitch was melting in the seams, and the water was becoming scalding hot. It was expected that soon the stifled flames would burst forth in all their fury. At this critical period Marjouram was led to examine the ground on which he rested for salvation. He felt a consciousness of security. He had hope that he should survive the wreck of flame and of flood. On the third day after being relieved from his watch, he opened the Prayer Book to read, when his eye rested on the sublime promise, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." He read, and the whole psalm to those who were around him. Soon the gladdening cry was heard: "Land on the weather-bow."

Help had come. Before the [illegible] of whom Marjouram was one, [illegible] the hatches were opened, a [illegible] ing flames bursting forth [illegible] ly, ran along the main deck, and wrapped the masts and