## Obituary.

MR. WILLIAM INNOR, MARGARET'S BAY.

The subject of this brief memoir was born in the County of Lunenburg N.S. April 22nd 1785. He was brought to this place by his parents at the age of six years. In early life he was the subject of serious impressions but not until his 20th year was he the subject of saving grace. At this time it pleased God to send to this corner of His vineyard the late Rev. Wm. Black of blessed memory, who was the first to declare the word of life to the people. Under his ministrations an extensive revival of religion took place, and many sought and found salvation. Among the number, our aged father in Israel. No sooner was he converted to God than he joined himself with others in society; this was the beginning of Methodism. Truly Wesleyan in spirit, the friend of all and the enemy of none, he at once sought how he might be rendered a blessing to the community. Actuated by the spirit of holy obedience, he was prompted to enquire, Lord what wilt thou have me do. Ready for every good word and work he was unceasingly active in his Master's cause. Associated with Revs. Black Lusher, Bamford, Knight and others he was abundant in labours.

From the time in which the first Wesleyan church was opened in the place for the public worship of God, he has a faithful attendant upon the means of grace. For upwards of forty years he sustained important offices in the church. His house was ever open for the reception of Christian Ministers, and for years different ones stationed upon this circuit found a home free of expense.

Although the writer had not the pleasure of his acquaintance when he was able to discharge the duties devolving upon him in relation to the church, it was satisfactory to visit him when, on account of the infirmities of old age, he was confined to his private habitation.

Oft have we taken sweet counsel together when recounting the goodness of the Lord.

The night previous to his departure we ate together around the social board, little expecting that within twenty-four hours that faithful servant of God would be feasting at the marriage of the Lamb. Before parting, speaking of the attractions in heaven for him and for us all, he expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ, 'yet' said he 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'

The sufferings which ended in so triumphant a death, were of short duration. Relatives and friends realising that a change would shortly take place, gathered around him. Being conscious to the close, he spoke of the blessed confidence he had in God, and the comfort resulting from a Saviour's presence in death; and then exhorted those whom he left behind to meet him in Heaven. Placed upon the same couch, in the same position in which two years previously his partner in life fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or a struggle, the earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolved, and his spirit took its flight to be 'forever with the Lord.' Thus died Father Innor, on the 14th of September, 1869, after a sojourn of 84 years; for nearly 60 years a member of the Wesleyan Church. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'—The event was improved, the following Sabbath evening, by the writer, founded on Rev. xiv., 13, to a large and attentive congregation of relatives and friends. May the Lord prosper the Word.

F. M. P.

Sept. 28, 1869.


# Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1869


## Sudden Death not Always to be Dreaded.

We are not by any means an indiscriminate admirer of the Litany of the Church of England. Some of its doctrines we disbelieve, and much of its iteration we should gladly dispense with were we compelled habitually to use it. But we do approve its Litany. We accord with its sentiments; we like its arrangement, and we admire the vigour and condensation of its style. There are probably few persons who have ever attentively heard or read that Litany but find some of its comprehensive and rhythmical supplications lingering in their memory years after they were last heard in public worship. Who that has ever listened to the following terse and impressive petition effectively rendered could ever forget its appropriateness?—

*From lightning and tempest; from plague pestilence and famine; from battle and murder and from sudden death,*

*Good, Lord deliver us.*

In the whole literature of prayer we know of nothing finer or more stirring than this brief, but much comprehending supplication. How often it is brought up to one's recollection with all its intensity of feeling by the tragic occurrences of the passing times. Not a day that rolls over our head scarcely but tidings of the ravages of lightning and tempest, the plague, pestilence and famine, the battle, murder and sudden death wrings with keen anguish some poor desolate human heart. As we write, though our City is happily exempt from the visitation of pestilence and famine and the cruel desolations of battle, the effects wrought by the raging of the tempest, the madness of murder and the inroads of sudden death, are painfully visible around us; and in view of them the petition quoted from the Litany spontaneously springs to one's lips. Compared with other ills deprecated in this prayer, red-handed murder does not stalk abroad to do its dreadful work, but the surging tempest often strews our coasts with wrecks, and the sudden death multiplies its victims in the abodes made sorrowful by the tears of widows and the wails of orphans. God be pitiful to them all! They are many just now around some of our storm swept shores; but He knows where to find and how to succour every one of them—Husband of the widow and Father of the fatherless as he is.

It was of sudden death we were thinking particulary when we began to unite. We are all liable to such a death; and human nature shrinks back from it instinctively. No wonder it is an unspeakably solemn thing to die. It is a solemn thing, even by a death ever so slow and gradual, to pass from all that is known to that which is altogether unknown, to the awful mysteries of eternity, to the dread presence of Jehovah—God All-holy God-Almighty. Standing upon the brink of the bridgeless river that divides the two worlds, one would desire to take a long deep-drawn breath before plunging into the dark chill waters before him, from which he is never to come back. One would like to know by repeated and deliberate examination as he was consciously verging towards the supreme moment, that nothing had been left undone, nothing overlooked to fit him in safety to make the perilous voyage.

But it is as natural for one to desire to pass from this world slowly, as to deprecate entering another one hastily. This is the place of our nativity, the scene of our short-lived joys, our labour-field our battle ground our Bochim and Ramah. We leave it; but it will be memorable to us forever. We would not naturally wish to leave it, or the dear companions of our journey, without a tender lingering farewell. We should like our living loved ones to move on softly with us, at least to the entrance of the valley, if not permissible to them to accompany us to the banks of the river. As the stars vanish in the deepening darkness, we should wish the last rays to light up to our fading vision the forms and features dear to us at the last hour. One would wish also with dying accents, to crave forgiveness for errors committed and bestow it for injuries suffered. It is not therefore, we repeat, matter of wonder that men should feelingly and fervently pray, from *sudden* death, Good Lord deliver us.

Nevertheless, we can conceive that under certain circumstances sudden death may be an enviable closing to a long and useful life. We know of no more striking illustration of our thought than that furnished by the departure of our brother Wilson. Believing as we do that he lived in habitual communion with the holy Trinity, we think it quite lawful and not unwise for one, in submission to the Divine will to pray, 'Let my last end be like his!' Since we heard the intelligence of his death and the manner of it, the thought of its enviable character has been strong within us.

Let us consider it. Here was a man who had spent a long life of honorable toil in his Master's service. Vigorous in constitution, buoyant in spirits, he had enjoyed his work and scarcely knew by personal experience the meaning of weariness sickness and pain. Though far advanced in life, his physical vigor and mental strength were but slightly abated. He was still able to work for God, willing to work and did work up to the last moment. He had lost none of his zest for life. He rode his pleasant hobbies with all the the innocent enjoyment of earlier years.

Linguistic root-culture, astronomical studies, prophetic enquiries, the laws of health, the phenomena of disease, had lost none of their attractiveness to his active and intelligent understanding.

He was an aged man, but he knew nothing of second childhood. His head was grey, but his heart was green. The Almond tree had blossomed in the garden of his life, but the grasshopper had not become a burden. He knew nothing of the fretfulness and querulousness of a man who had outlived his powers. The trials of early and of late Supernumerayship were unlike unknown to him. He died in full armour in the front ranks—veteran as he was. God who had spared him through a long life, the days of pain and the nights of weariness, weakness and sleeplessness that fell to the lot of so many others, also exempted him from the assaults of protracted disease and sick-bed debility at the close.

He was in the Spirit on the Lord's the Christ's day. He had stood up in one pulpit in the morning of the sacred day, and without feebleness proclaimed the Divine message, and ministered at the Divine altar, and joined in hymning the Divine praise. And lo! ere he could reach another earthly temple, he entered the Upper Sanctuary, and stood with rapture before the far-shining throne and with reverent joy in the presence of the many crowned Lamb. And the voices of many waters that fell in thrilling harmony on his well-attuned ear, were chanting no litany of peril, privation and grief. No words that spake of lightning and tempest, of plague, pestilence and famine, of battle, murder and death, were caught up by his sharpened senses there. Honored William Wilson! Thrice happy William Wilson! Thus gloriously, in such a way, at such a time to enter on immortal life!

She that tarries behind thee, faithful and loving companion of many years toil and travel, perhaps would have desired for thee in thy last earthly moments the soft pillow, the downy bed, the darkened windows and her own gentle ministry at thy side. But thou wert spared the pange of parting and the pains of lengthened disease. Tis well. He who never errs ordered it wisely; and we believe that sudden death was to William Wilson sudden translation to eternal life.

Lord Jesus, Giver of life, Conqueror of death, it is not for us to say where or when or how we shall at the last lay down our own weariful burdens; it will be enough if Thou grant us permission to lay them at Thy feet, and to occupy the lowliest place amid those who praise Thee forevermore.

J. R. N.

## An Episcopal Charge against a Methodist Charge.

"We have heard in this Province that the Candidates for a certain scholarship are examined in the Knowledge of Bible truths as they are exhibited not in the Bible itself but in two well known volumes of sermons by a late Divine. We certainly think it better to take a wider range in our interpretation of Holy Scripture than any one man's sermons. We should like to suggest 'the Fathers,' and to hint at 'the Prayer Book,' and a well known motto, 'Quod Semper,' &c, but we are afraid of being called 'followers of men.' The President of the Wesleyan Conference has spoken out boldly the views of the Body of Christians over which he presides. It is not the Bible, and the Bible alone, but the Bible as interpreted '*in the first four volumes of Wesley's Sermons, and in his notes on the New Testament*' which these preachers are to preach."

We take the above from the *Church Chronicle*. It is a delicate way of saying that President Jobson, in his Charge at Hull, representing the Body of Methodism, renounces private judgment in the interpretation of Holy Writ:—that John Wesley must be the guide of every man's conscience. Dr. Jobson had sufficiently guarded his position by declaring—"Between you and God it is literally the Bible alone. But as between you and your fellow-laborers receive the Bible by a mutually-agreed-upon rule of interpretation!"—that rule being the doctrines contained in Wesley's Notes and Sermons. The Methodists have always regarded these volumes as containing the best digest of Arminian theology which is extant. Hence their preference. They have always agreed upon a standard of faith; and as our contemporary has not enlightened us by giving the *evils*, if any, of this supposed bondage to a creed, he will permit us to hint at a few of its advantages.

We have no missionary Bishops writing Books to disprove the Bible. We have no Professors in high places trimming between us and Rome, and giving Rome the preference. We have no ecclesiastical hirelings eating of the Church's bread while striking at the Church's life.

If Apostolic signs be still admissible, we have thousands in every land who are "our epistles—known and read of all men,"—on whom the transforming power of the Holy Ghost has passed. Among these there is variety of religious opinion; but their salvation has been the result, under God, of truths preached in accordance with Wesley's Notes and Sermons. So that there is no *Divine* disapproval of our solicitude to preserve the ministers of the Church from error and heresy.

The Ministers of the Methodist Church are not seeking to enlarge their creed or throw off all their doctrinal obligations: but rather, while advancing with their generation in knowledge, they hold with godly tenacity "the faith once delivered to the saints." Yet there are many wise men and good and learned among them, sufficient to make the Episcopalians of Britain constantly covet an union with the Body.

Would it not be well for the Episcopal Church itself to agree upon some standard of faith? There is a wide latitude between the Nicene Creed and Bishop Colenso. It takes in all and more than the *Church Chronicle* suggests;—"the Fathers, the Prayer Book, German Neology and French Rationalism and English Infidelity," and much beside for which there is no name. The latitude is so wide that ordinary mortals are voyaging about for ever and finding no rest. What is infinitely worse, many, in vainly looking for a harbor, only "make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience."

By all means let the Episcopal Church have some doctrinal direction!

## English Correspondence.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—There is a great dearth of questions of national and political interest during these autumnal weeks. The Queen is in the Highlands, the members of the Royal Family are either with her, or dispersed in various quarters in the pursuit of pleasure or possibly of business assigned to them. London is comparatively quiet, although there pours through its streets the unceasing throngs of people, and the din of its mighty traffic is heard, yet thousands of its chiefs and leading ones are far from their homes. The papers, in their sore lack of themes, discuss wearily the Irish Land Question, the Byron controversy, and questions of Church Reform.

In Methodism there is little transpiring that demands note or record. The newly appointed Ministers have entered upon their work, and are settling down to the duties before them. Their first sermons (in nearly every case anniversary or special, accompanied by collections) have been preached, and the new ecclesiastical year of Methodism is fairly inaugurated. The President has entered upon that career of service which will characterize his year of office, by preaching in the neighboring Circuits two sermons of marked ability and fervor. In the evening especially he manifested his peculiar power, as he expatiated on the freeness and grace of the Gospel, from those words: 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.'

The Report of the Jubilee Fund is at length published. It is from the pen of the Rev. L. H. Wiseman, and is a document of no ordinary value. It is well worth preserving, as a compendious history of our Mission work, and of the rise, progress, and importance of the various affiliated Conferences of Wesleyan Methodism.—It lacks completeness, as a permanent record of the sanctified liberality of the people called Methodists, because it does not state, even in general terms, the amounts raised by the affiliated Conferences for the furtherance of the cause of God in their midst. The total amount raised and expended at home, exclusive of about £9,000 in Ireland, is £180,000.

The dignitaries of the Dis-established Church are rousing themselves from the state of inaction apparent upon the passing of the Act, and are preparing to grapple with the actual work of self-government. The aid and presence of the Laity are being warmly invoked, and the great Synods which will soon assemble will probably consist of equal numbers of Ministers and Laymen. There is, as might be expected, some ecclesiastical resistance to a position so startling, but it is felt and acknowledged, that even with the handsome and substantial emoluments which Parliament has spared to them, the Church which is now to be organized can only be effectually worked by the heartiest co-operation and liberality of their Laity. Nor will the Laity be backward in this crisis, if they are confided in, and accorded their due influence. Contributions of large amount have already been offered, and one of £10,000, from Colonel Tighe, is worthy of special reference.

Cardinal Cullen and his Bishops have just issued a most extraordinary document, evidencing the impossibility of satisfying the powers which represent the Papacy in Ireland. They demand distinct Government provision for Roman Catholic University Education,—entire control of all Educational provision for the youth of their people, while the State is yet to provide the money needed, and a complete reversal of the successful and impartial system established for many years in Ireland.

The great question of Ireland's woe and trouble has not yet been settled. The Land Tenure, and Education, with other minor points, will yet occupy the English Parliament and nation for years to come.

There are signs of movement and awakening in the midst of the Church of England which cannot fail to secure public notice and comment. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a speech addressed to a portion of his vast charge, frankly admits that dangers of no ordinary kind beset the Established Church, and that in the course of a very few years powerful attempts will be made from without to change its constitution. In plain words, we take his meaning to be that an effort will be made to effect its disestablishment and place it upon the same basis as the Church of Ireland. To avert this, he recommends that the English Church be at once brought more into union with the requirements of the masses, and to this end he sketches out a few of the changes which ought at once to be introduced.

Some of these changes appear to be very small and elementary. Others go deeper and strike at the root of very serious evils, and if carried out would tend to the correction of crying defects and the eradication of scandals.

Trifling changes in the Lessons and Liturgy will not amount to much, but if the sale of Livings and advowsons be stopped, and the Act by which aged and incompetent Bishops are enabled to resign, be extended to the ranks of the Clergy, the public will feel that a work of reform is really and hopefully begun.

The equinoctial gales have set in early and with an unusual force and violence. In the sheltered interior of our Island Home we have felt traces of its power in severe gales, uprooting many of our stately trees, but on the coast and towns contiguous, the recent gales have left fearful records of desolation.

It is the old sad story of shipwrecks, counted by hundreds, of terrible losses of life, of gallant rescues by life boats; and it is feared of the loss of many a noble bark, far from land, which has gone down, without help and rescue, and of whose fate the sad truth will never be known.

The number of wrecks on the British coasts is said to be increasing. The number of light houses and the multiplying of life boats might be supposed effectual to stop such an awful loss of property and life, but with the ever increasing quantities of shipping and the unfitness of great numbers of vessels that are sent to sea, the annual losses are fearful to contemplate.

The failure of the Albert Life Insurance Company, one of the most popular of the great companies of the day, doing an immense business and supposed to be on a most reliable basis, has not only brought distress to many, but has gone far to shake the public faith in those institutions. Extensive law proceedings have already been commenced against the officials of the defaulting company, the share holders are likely to be involved in fearfully heavy losses and policy holders know not whether the investments of years are not about to be swept away and the provision made for their families diminished or totally lost.

The renowned Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter has just passed away at the ripe age of ninety one, having been in charge of the western Diocese for thirty-nine years. Very general testimony is being borne to his remarkable ability, indomitable perseverance, and zeal for the Church. His life was by no means placid, controversies long and fierce form the most important records of that long career. His name must be intimately associated with the Tractarian Party in England, and to them he gave very early in their history, his great powers as a polemic Divine, and the official aid of his high position. He made himself obnoxious to the evangelical party of his own Church, and to the Dissenters of all grades. Claiming the highest prerogative of government on behalf of his order, he would fain have chased all who differed from him out of the Diocese. It is sad to feel that his great abilities were so generally misapplied, and although the departed Prelate had many excellencies, and in his private relations won respect, yet relief is felt as we anticipate the filling of the vacant Episcopal throne by a better and more loving man.

The Great Pacific Railway has excited much attention in England and quite recently an enterprising firm in London received an importation of gold from San Francisco, which had been just twenty days on its way. If gold can travel, so passengers can also, and it is felt that great changes in the accustomed routes of travel are impending, and that the effects of the completed railway across the Continent will be far reaching and not confined to the Western Hemisphere.

English writers and statesman are looking to the Dominion of Canada, and the Interoceanic Line of Railway now constructing, and regard it as the first part of a mighty work, and the commencement of another Line of rails to span the Great Continent, all the way on English soil, and protected by the flag of the Old Country.

Our brief summer is past, the harvest is gathered, autumnal breezes sweep over the land, and a change in the aspect of the country meets us on every hand.

We already feel by anticipation, the breath of coming winter, mild as that season is in comparison with yours of North America.

B.

*September, 24th*, 1869.

LONDON, ENGLAND, *Sept. 23rd*, 1869.

My dear Dr.—Just one month after the Emma Parker left St. John N. B., she brought us in sight of the City of Dublin. I need not say how glad we were to get on shore the next day.

As we expected, we suffered a good deal from sea sickness; but upon the whole our passage was a pleasant one. We had service on deck, three Sabbaths, and I hope not without profit. The sailors and all paid serious attention to the Word. The last three or four days were very stormy, we were fortunate to get in when we did; much damage has been done in various places to the shipping. We concluded to spend a few days in Ireland to get over the effects of the sea and to see a little of the beauties of the "Emerald Isle." A great many things arrest the attention of a stranger in this part of the Old World; and if he cannot see all, he will select a few of the best. We endeavoured to do this as our time was limited. The fine Arts engaged our attention the first and second day after our arrival. The National Gallery of Ireland is an unfinished building which has been erected at a cost of $130,000. The statuary and pictures were well worth seeing. Our next visit was to the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Parliament House. It cost I am told the sum of $495,000. The House of Lords to which we were admitted, remains unaltered, with this exception; the site of the throne has in it a statue of King George III. The long table with the chairs in their places, and the old tapestry of needle work still hanging on each side worked by the first ladies of the land, and presented as a gift,—valued at $5 for the square inch. On the left it represents King William crossing the Boyne, with Schomberg expiring almost under the feet of his horse. On the right, the seige of Derry. It still looks well and is much admired. I must pass over other objects of importance, such as the Kilkenny Marble Mantel piece &c.

We then started off to Trinity College that far famed seat of learning.

The Library occupies the entire south side—270 feet in length and contains upwards of 218,000 volumes. It must be a great advantage to the young men of the City to have such a Library to resort to. There were in attendance during the past year over 1000 students costing from £50 to £80 each. We spent some time in the Phœnix Park which is the Hyde Park of Dublin, covering an area of between 17 and 1800 statute acres. The first object on entering is the obelisk erected in 1817 at a cost of $80,000 in honour of Wellington—the pride of Ireland and the glory of England.

I met several of the preachers and friends of our Church who were very kind and attentive to us, ready to ask a great many questions respecting America and the British Provinces, in regard to Methodism—Confederation &c., and just as ready to answer the numerous questions proposed by us. Dr. Scott and Rev. Mr. Arthur are both invalided and are at a distance in search of health. The Methodist College at Belfast has had a most auspicious opening and has been followed by a very encouraging degree of prosperity. The Wesleyan Connexional School adjoining the Centenary Chapel Dublin is doing a good work under the direction of Rev. Thomas A. McKee. Our people appear to be deeply interested in the subject of Education. The Roman Catholics are seeking to obtain a denominational system. All Protestants should feel themselves called upon to give uncompromising opposition to such a system as that which is now sought by the Hierarchy of Rome.

The Church question still engages much attention in regard to lay delegation &c. The wish of the laity is that the lay and clerical delegates should be equal in number and it is said that the Archbishop has approved of this arrangement.

The friends of the Disestablished Church are imparting consolation to her in her troubles by their liberal contributions.

One of the papers states that among the first subscribers were the Earl of Derby and Mr. Peek M.P., for Mid Surrey for £2000 each, and other sums were mentioned varying from £100 to £3000—and Lord Powerscourt intends to purchase the tithe rent charge on his estate and present it to the Church Body. The value of this gift is estimated at £19 000.

The Church is cheered by the sympathy already expressed and proud of her title "Church of Ireland" as given her by Act of Parliament.

Yours truly,

INGHAM SUTCLIFFE.

## Modern Civilization Indebted to Arabian Literature.

No. 3.

In concluding our last number we referred to the influence Arabian literature exerted on the poetry of the Provencal language, and through this on German and English poetry. The Castilian language, with its rich abundance of brilliant metaphor, gives still more unmistakeable evidence of indebtedness to the Arabian.

In philosophy the Arabs exhibit no originality. They follow most implicitly in the footsteps of Aristotle, whom and whose writings they made known to Western Europe. Not so in romance. "Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish," they gathered materials for their works of fiction. The classic "Arabian Nights Entertainment" constitute but a fraction of the fairy tales, and wild yet real-like romances, that once existed. There are few works of our master minds that do not contain some allusion to these. Many have been transformed by the delicate touches of Ariosto and Boccacio into poems of loveliness and models of beauty. From this source, unremembered or wholly unknown, half the civilized world has been accustomed to draw its food for the imagination. They enliven alike the idle hours of nursery and schoolroom days, and the leisure moments stolen from the cares and toils and troubles of more advanced years. In the language of Sismondi as quoted by Dr. Bucher, "these story-tellers are our masters in the art of producing, sustaining and increasingly varying the interest of this kind of fiction. They are all the creators of that brilliant mythology of fairies and genii, which extends the bounds of the world, multiplying the riches and strength of human nature, and which without striking us with terror carries us into the realms of marvels and prodigies. It is from them we have derived that intoxication of love, that tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, and that reverential awe of women, by times slaves and divinities, which have operated so powerfully on our chilvalrous feelings.

In no way perhaps is the influence of race on race more distinctly manifest than in their languages. In the words—*chester* and *street* we recognize the Latin, *castra* and *strata*, and immediately infer the presence of the Romans among our ancestors. In the termination *-by*, we trace a Danish influence. The Arabs have given to us, among others, many words with the prefix *al*, as witness the following:—*alcahest* or *alkahest*, a pretended universal insolvent; *alcanna*, a plant, a species of Lawsonian; *alcohol*; *alchemy*, with its derivatives; *alcove*, a recess in room or garden; *alcore*, a small stal in the tail of Ursa Major; *alembic*, a chemical vessel used in distillation; *algebra*, and derivative; *algorithm* or *algouism*, the common rules of computation in any branch of analysis. We might mention many others, but these suffice for our argument. Yet it is not so much in the number of Arabian words found in modern languages as in their nature and meaning we find the true measure of their influence. They refer principally to the different branches of art and science, and with them came the studies of these branches.

The Spanish Arabs made comparatively speaking deep researches in natural science and mathematics, adding much to the world's knowledge. From these we have our arithmetical numerals. To algebra and the higher mathematics they successfully devoted much attention. That noble observatory, the tower of Seville, attests their zeal in prosecuting the study of astronomy. They are the pioneers in those most useful arts—pharmacy and chemistry. It is true, that, very frequently, astronomy was degraded into astrology, administering medicine determined by the position of certain stars, and chemistry turned from its legitimate pursuits, to the hopeless researches of the alchemist. Judging beforehand from our knowledge of Arabic character we would expect this. That same desire for the unseen which developed in their literature into fairies and genii, led them to seek dark and hidden mysteries in science. Yet would we not, on this account, remembering that the splendid revelations of astronomy and chemistry—nay the very sciences themselves—are due in great measure to the persistant researches of the astrologists and alchemists, deny our indebtedness to Arabia.

We have necessarily digressed from the literature to the arts and sciences of the Arabs. We hope to be pardoned while we digress yet further and notice their proficiency in the mechanical arts. We derive from them the system of irrigation, by which they rendered yet more fertile the slopes of Southern Spain. To them we owe the invention of cotton paper, than which no greater boon has ever been conferred on the civilization of the world. To them some give the honor of inventing the mariner's compass. Sugar, which the Spaniards import from Cuba, the Arabs manufactured for themselves. In the manufacture of silks and woollens they pre-eminently excelled. Seville had 60,000 looms for silk alone. The perfection of their carpets, steel-work, leather and gold and silver embroidery is truly wonderful. The invention of gunpowder, (which we also owe to them) though of more questionable benefit, exerts an influence on the civilization of to-day, little less than the discovery of paper.

Not, however, in the direct knowledge imparted, great as we have seen this to be, but in the impulse given to study in all branches of art, science and philosophy do we find the most striking evidence of the influence of the Arabs on modern civilization. Men from all parts of Europe, studying in Spain caught from the Arabs their zeal and patience and enthusiasm in the prosecution of literary and scientific labors, and returning home imparted these to their countrymen. We cannot pursue this argument further. The great scope of the question has compelled us in this, as in other arguments merely to hint at their bearing, without attempting a thorough investigation.

And yet we would not leave the subject without expressing the regret, that because both have the same religion we are too apt to confound the Arabians with the Turks. From the latter, believing in their harems in this world and their houris in the next, we have received little; nor do we expect more than we have received. The former, acquired a civilization splendid and permanent in spite of the sensual teachings of a false religion. What might we not have expected from them had they been guided by the doctrines and teachings of a milder and purer faith.

Though the scene has changed and faded, let us not amidst our unbounded admiration for the great and good of Greece and Rome forget, that Arabian hearts have been thrilled by the sweet pathos, the fiery declamation, and the glowing page of Arabian orators, poets and historians. Let us not when lost in deep study over the philosophical treatises of Hamilton or Mill; when enraptured by the fascinating pages of Prescott or Macaulay; or when enchanted by the immortal poems of Longfellow or Tennyson, let us not even then forget that for all this we are to a considerable extent indebted to the arts, science and literature of Arabia and Moorish Spain.

"Ancient of days! august 'Arabia,'
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were;
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won and passed away."

B.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

SACKVILLE, N. B., Sept. 30.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan:

DEAR BROTHER,—A message through the telegraph office has already informed you, and through the *Wesleyan*, your readers, of the sudden call from us on Sunday last, of our late venerable and beloved brother, the Rev. Wm. Wilson. As stated in the message—he preached twice on last Lord's day though slightly complaining of not feeling as well as usual.

He could not have been from the Chapel in Fort Lawrence more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes when death overtook him, as under ordinary circumstances it would have taken him but very little more time to have reached the Mission House. Some friends who reside at the entrance of the village, saw him coming up the hill in his wagon, and from the reclining posture, suspecting that something unusual was the matter, went immediately to meet him. It had been raining slightly, and his umbrella and reins of the horse had fallen from his hands. It is thought that life was then scarcely extinct, and that there was on his part an ineffectual effort to say something. By the time however the friends arrived at the house with him it was too evident that the "vital spark" had fled. There can be no doubt but that the instrumental cause was apoplexy.

Thus on Sabbath evening the 26th of Sept., in the 71st year of his age, and the 50th of his ministry, was our venerable brother called to the rest and home above. His comparatively long life was one of unremitting and honorable toil in the vineyard of his Lord; he was active, cheerful, and zealous, up to the day of his death. He visited this place twice in the previous week and on one of those occasions made me a hasty call. Little did either of us then suppose that it would be our last meeting and parting on earth, but such is life, and to us all in startling tones comes the solemn admonition:—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

A suitable biographical notice, it is hoped, will be prepared by one of the brethren, better and longer acquainted with the departed, than the writer of these lines.

The funeral took place yesterday, Wednesday, at 11 o'clock, a. m. After singing in the house, and prayer by the Rev. Jno. Snowball, the corpse was conveyed to the Chapel. The Rev. E. Brettle, Chairman of the District, led the way, and after the hearse followed the members of the family. Seven of our ministers from the surrounding Circuits,—serveral ministers of other denominations,—and a large congregation of friends who had come from far and near to express their sympathy with the bereaved family, and to pay this last and deserved mark of respect to the memory of this veteran minister of Jesus. The Rev. Dr. Clark of Amherst, (Presbyterian), an old friend and acquaintance of the deceased, offered up an impressive and fervent prayer in the chapel,—the lesson from 1st Epistle of Cor. was read by the Episcopal minister,—a solemn and earnest discourse, founded on Matt. xxv. 21, was delivered by the Chairman, after which a few remarks were attempted by the writer. The choir having sung a few suitable verses, the Rev. Mr. Todd (Baptist) closed with prayer; the corpse was taken to the adjoining cemetery, where after it was lowered into the grave, the Rev. Dr. DeWolfe read the concluding part of the appropriate and affecting service appointed for the burial of the dead.

I might add in conclusion, that the official and other members of the Church at Point de Bute, have shown a becoming and laudable degree of sympathy for the bereaved widow and family, and that their kindness is very highly appreciated.

S. W. S.

We take the following from the *Amherst Gazette*:—

DEATH OF REV. W. WILSON.

This venerable servant of the Lord so well known throughout the Lower Provinces as a zealous minister in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists, suddenly passed away on Sabbath last about five o'clock, P. M.

He had preached at Point de Bute in the morning and at Fort Lawrence in the afternoon, and had driven about two miles from the latter towards his residence at the former place, when the attention of a Miss Carter was attracted to to his unusual position in the carriage. Her brother immediately went to him and found life nearly extinct, there being but few pulsations discernible afterwards. He has been a remarkably healthy man—so much so that we learn that he was never prevented by ill health from delivering a sermon.

He came from England to Newfoundland as a missionary in 1820 and remained there nearly fourteen years, since which time he has been on various circuits in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Of the seventy-one years of his life, within a few months of fifty have been devoted to the ministry. It was during his labors in in this place that the Wesleyan Chapel was built—a work which he was largely instrumental in accomplishing.

With an excellent education and a large fund of general information, which he always took pleasure in imparting, his counsels were invariably instructive. We have ourselves always derived great pleasure from conversation with the venerable father.

He was an indefatigable worker. Besides his regular ministerial duties he was constantly occupied in lecturing or writing; and even while the Angel of Death was hovering over, he was hurrying homewards in order to open a course of lectures that evening at Point de Bute, which he had prepared on "The Apocalypse."

Besides numerous articles in public journals, and various ones in pamphlet form, he published a bound volume entitled "Modern Crusades," having reference to the Crimean war and the fulfilment of prophecies; also, quite a large work on the "History of Wesleyan Missions in Newfoundland." Up to the time of his demise he was engaged on another work having reference to Missions in the Provinces.

Although it would have been satisfactory to the aged wife and family had there been some premonition of approaching dissolution, it was a gracious design of Providence that the exit should be thus easy and that his last work should be a delivery of God's message.

## Revival in Pictou.

DEAR EDITOR,—You will doubtless welcome a few words in relation to the good work of God now in progress in the town of Pictou. The recent Convention threw a closer bond of union around the different churches, warmed up apathetic professors and formed what some have ardently longed and prayed for,—a common starting point, where all concerned in the spread of the Kingdom of Christ, might unite their forces against the man of sin. Now the greatest harmony pervades the christian community. Union prayer meetings are being held alternately in the churches, led by their respective pastors. The Association conducted a public meeting once a week; and a prayer meeting more especially for seekers of Salvation every evening at 9 p. m. Beside these they have a Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting, largely attended and exceedingly profitable. A number of persons, male and female, have found peace in believing. Some are very happy and have entered earnestly into City Mission work, holding prayer meetings in localities of the Albemarle type with marvelous effects. Some almost hopelessly ruined by intemperance and other vices, are now clothed and in their right minds.

What a blessed similarity the language of Zion has when we get the "tongue of fire."—We sometimes think we are in our Band meeting until we look round, for "we hear every man speaking in *our own tongue*." This work is not altogether sudden or unlooked for. It is the Harvest of a tearful sowing—may the Divine Husbandman gather many sheaves.

Yours affectionately, D. Z.

*Pictou, Oct. 7, '69.*

## Rev. C Chiniquy.

THREATENED FAMINE IN ST. ANN'S.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan:

MY DEAR SIR,—I know that the readers of the *Wesleyan* generally take a deep interest in Rev. C. Chiniquy and his work. I therefore offer no apology for sending you for publication the following extracts from a letter received by me from Mr. Chiniquy. He says:—

You have already heard of the constant rains which have fallen on these regions, this last three months, but perhaps you were not prepared to hear the lamentable things I have to tell you to-day.

Till last week, I had tried to persuade myself that though our crops might have been injured, enough would remain to save us from the horrors of famine. But to-day the illusion is no more possible. The Elders have visited the whole colony, seen the fields and heard the farmers. They have brought me the distressing assurance that the crop of wheat and corn is an *entire failure*. The oats and potatoes will not be the third part of a common crop! More than 200 families, comprising more than 1,000 members, have not enough to eat a month! A good number of widows with their orphan children, are among those who have *lost all*.

I have been more distressed since this calamity has fallen upon my people, than in my whole life—for, from morning till night, I am surrounded by anxious men and women—who having lost almost everything, ask me "what will become of us and our families the next twelve months?" and I have nothing to give them but my tears.

I would really despair of the future, if I had not known, long since, that our Merciful Heavenly Father has never forsaken those who trust in Him. Day and night, with the multitudes of the dear converts by whom I am surrounded, I raise my supplicating hands to Him and to his son Jesus, who is our only light, hope and life, and we repeat the prayer of the first disciples, "Lord save us, we perish!"

Last Sabbath, after I had mixed my prayers and tears with those of my people, a thought has come to my mind which I have taken as a message from Heaven. I said to myself, "Ten years ago when we were visited by a calamity almost as severe as this one, the noble hearted people of Nova Scotia came to our help—we were then strangers to them: they will not let us go down, now that we have, at the feet of the Lamb, knitted our hearts together and deliciously felt that we were brothers and children of the same Father. Those venerable Brethren in the Ministry who have already given me so many proofs of their charity, will not be deaf to the voice of my tears, when I will implore the same charity in behalf of so many Brethren to whom the Lord in his inscrutable providence has sent such a visitation. They will not harden their hearts against the cries of so many little children who will ask for bread and there will be no bread if our more privileged brothers do not come to our help."

After recalling some scenes of his visits to Nova-Scotia, he adds:—

This terrible calamity has fallen with more or less intensity on a great part of our State, but in no place has the destruction been so general and complete as here. Why is it so?—God alone knows it! The only cause of this great affliction which is upon me to-day and upon my people, is 1st—That it is good that these numerous converts from Rome, as the gold which is coming out of the dust, should be repeatedly purified in the furnace—the 2nd reason I see is that it will be good for you when at the *last day* the King will tell you:—"Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me."

For the last four or five years I have received contributions from all parts of Nova-Scotia in aid of Mr. Chiniquy's Mission; and I have had the pleasure of thus forwarding to him some hundreds of pounds. I hope that the stream of liberality will flow still more copiously during the present season. It would afford me very great pleasure to take charge of any sums that may be contributed by any Wesleyan brother.—Mr. Chiniquy is a doing a noble work for our common Protestantism, and substantial tokens of sympathy will greatly strengthen his hands in the day of sore distress.

Yours truly,

ROBERT MURRAY,

*"Presbyterian Witness" Office, Halfax Oct. 8th*, 1869.

## Benevolence.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan,

A magnificent gift has lately been bestowed on two of the Wesleyan Methodist Schools on the Circuit.

Reubin J. Hart, Esq. of Halifax, wholly unsolicited as far as is known, has placed two properties in the possession of three persons in Guysboro': the annual rent, or the interests of the proceeds of the sale of such properties, is to be used for the benefit of the Wesleyan Methodist Sabbath schools in Guysboro' and at the Cove.

The property for the Guysboro' school is a fishing station in Chebucto Bay, formerly very valuable, and now under an annual rent of $140 and the Cove school property is a farm which is one of the best in the district.

Mr. Hart by this generous act has well merited the sincere thanks of the Wesleyan portion of the community, for the benefit that will result therefrom cannot be estimated.

R. T.

*Guysboro', Oct 7*, 1869.

For the Provincial Wesleyan

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Our Missionary meetings came off according to arrangement, on the 20th and three following evenings. Excepting a very heavy shower of rain on the first evening, we were favored by a kind providence with delightful weather. Both the congregations and collections were quite an improvement upon the two former years of our ministry on this Circuit. The brethren on the deputation were at their post, and the faithful discharge of their duty was not only highly pleasing but of material profit to different congregations. One pleasing feature of the meetings consisted in their being free from prosiness and at the same time thoroughly