

character in the world, his habits of action, and the circumstances of his life. Dreams too often arise from the multiplicity of business, the trials or scenes through which we have recently passed. Those concerns in which we have been most deeply interested during the preceding day, and the views which have arisen most frequently to our imaginations, are often the subject of our dreams. We cannot, therefore, trace any certain connexion between our ordinary dreams and those events to which the simplicity of the vulgar pretend that they refer.

Dreams, in general, appear to take their rise chiefly, if not solely, from the mere succession of ideas, dressed into form by the imagination, uncontrolled by the will or the judgment. If we consider the operations of our own minds, when awake, particularly of that active faculty, the imagination, with what readiness, upon hearing, reading, or speaking of any person, place, action or circumstance, it forms ideas in the mind of each of them, though, perhaps, we may not have seen them within the lapse of many years, or even though we have never seen them. Therefore we need not be surprised, at the power of the imagination, when uncontrolled by the will and judgment, and but partially assisted by the memory, to raise up a series of images in succession, and thus to create an ideal world, and various ideal transactions in the mind.

Philosophers and divines are not agreed upon the original source of even sleep itself. Some contend it originates in the body, and others in the mind. By one it is stated, "the immediate cause of sleep is undoubtedly corporeal, and perhaps, consists in a certain inaptitude of the brain to receive the usual impulses of its immaterial tenant." It is said by another, "sleep is an affection of the mind, rather than of the body, and the refreshment which the latter receives from it, is from the suspension of its active and agitating influence." As doctors so widely differ on this subject, it may not be considered presumption to adopt either of their views.

It is the opinion of Lord Brougham that dreams do not occur when we are sound asleep; but that they take place during the short interval of time which transpires between the commencement of sleep and actual sound sleep itself. If this opinion be correct, it presents us with a view of the astonishing capabilities of the human mind.—The space of time referred to must be exceedingly limited; yet what a great variety of ideas, objects, images, and imaginary representations, must be presented to the mind, in that short interval. At least, it induces us to suppose, that when the spirit shall be delivered from its material vehicle, its wonderful powers and stupendous capabilities will develop themselves in a manner to us now inconceivable.

Mr. Rennell considers dreams afford satisfactory proof that the mind can act without the intervention of the brain. He says, "if there be a circumstance, which to any philosophic mind will clearly intimate the independency of thought upon matter, it is the phenomenon of dreaming. Perception, that faculty of the soul, which unites it with the external world, is then suspended, and the avenues of sense are closed. All communication with outward objects being thus removed, the soul is transported, as it were, into a world of its own creation. There appears to be an activity in the motions, and a perfection in the faculties of the mind, when disengaged from the body, and disencumbered of its material organs. The slumber of its external perceptions seems to be but the awakening of every other power. The memory is far more keen, the fancy far more vivid, in the dreaming, than in the waking man. Ideas rise in rapid succession, and are varied in endless combination; so that the judgment, which, next to perception, depends most upon external objects, is unable to follow the imagination in all its wild and unwearied flights." It appears to me, that a better motion of the separate and independent existence of the soul cannot be formed, than that which we derive from our observations on the phenomena of dreaming.

GEO. JOHNSON.

Point de Bute, March 9, 1852.

Humility attracts the eye and heart of God himself.

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan

Mrs. Octavius Payzant, of Liverpool.

Died on the 13th inst. MARY, the beloved Wife of Mr. Octavius Payzant, Liverpool, in the 23rd year of her age, leaving behind her an interesting little boy, and an infant daughter. She was brought to God through the instrumentality of Rev. R. Knight, when on this Circuit about ten years ago. Her departure was sudden and unexpected, but it was a blissful change from mortality to life. For twenty hours she was struggling with the monster, death; great numbers came to see her, in her last hours; and about three quarters of an hour before the spirit took its flight, she joined in singing with an audible voice, the 750th hymn, commencing:

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

Every eye in the room was suffused with tears, and we trust that the deep feeling produced on the occasion will be followed by much spiritual good. The occasion was improved on the 18th inst., to an unusually large and attentive congregation, from Job, xvi., 22, "When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return." This is another loud call to the living of Liverpool. "Be ye also ready."

R. WEDDALL.

Liverpool, March 20, 1852.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Rev. Mr. Knight's Letter.

DEAR DOCTOR.—In my last communication, it was stated that, having accomplished the object of my mission at Bathurst, I was about to commence my homeward route. To have gone northward, as far as Dalhousie and Campbell-Town, would have been very gratifying to my inclination, especially, as so much had been said about the fine appearance of that part of the Province, added to which, the people of the latter place had been exerting themselves to the utmost to get their place of worship finished, and to avail themselves of my aid at its dedicatory services. The claims, however, of my own Circuit, together with duties in connection with other parts of the District imperatively requiring my attention, rendered it necessary that I should, as speedily as practicable, return to the City.

The settlements on the Restigouche form a most promising field for missionary labour; and the predilections of the people are very strong in favour of Wesleyan doctrines and forms of worship. Already have the labours of our Missionary, in his occasional visits from the Bathurst Circuit, been considerably blessed there, in the instruction and salvation of souls. We hope soon to be able to station a Minister among them. They wait with both open hands and hearts to receive him.

Leaving Bathurst early, and the roads being in excellent condition for travelling, we arrived at Chatham some hours before dark; and were happy to find that Brother TEMPLE had quite recovered from the severe attack, under the effects of which he was painfully labouring when we left him, and had returned to his Circuit. Finding, on enquiry, that the stage would not leave for Fredericton the next day, by request of the people, arrangements were made for the holding a religious service; and hence, I had the privilege of preaching yet again, to an attentive and intelligent congregation, the "unsearchable riches of Christ." I am happy in being enabled to say, that recently the Lord has been blessing the labours of Brother LOCKHART in the awakening and conversion of souls.

Early on the following morning, I left Chatham on my way to the metropolitan City of our Province. With my visit to the North, I have been both pleased and profited. By my beloved brethren I was received with truly Christian affection; and were their excellent wives my own daughters, they could not more effectively have anticipated my comforts, or more promptly secured them. The country itself is delightful. The fertility of its soil is manifest from the abundant crops of grain, with which the eye was being continually gratified. In my own beloved England.

"Oft have I wandered o'er the dewy fields
Where freshness breathes, and dashed the trembling
drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet brier hedges, I pursued my walk,
Or ascended some eminence—
And seen the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white impurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow autumn spies."

But though five and thirty years have passed away since that time, I have in no one part of these Provinces, beheld any sight so nearly resembling the autumnal delights of my never-to-be-forgotten parent-land, as that which I saw in passing along through the northern section of this Province. I inspected some fields near our stopping places, and without passing over the ridges for the purpose of selection, but standing on the untilled margin, gathered ears containing from forty-seven to sixty-two sound grains of wheat. Passing along by the side of a piece of wheat at New Brandon, its strong and even growth arrested my attention. Turning to the son-in-law of the owner, I said, "that is a fine piece of grain, bearing, I should think, not less than thirty bushels to the acre." He replied, "about that; but would you think it is the fifth crop raised there without manure? Yet that is the fact." No soil, but such as is of uncommon strength, could stand a taxation so unwisely severe. I say so unwisely, for such treatment must inevitably reduce the soil, to all but irretrievable exhaustion. The dwellers in the South of our fine Province, affect to be invidious in their remarks on the location of their Northern neighbours. They call it the *Neak* North, and the *black* North, and the *far* North. As wide as my acquaintance, however, has gone with the *land*, and its *livers*, I am compelled to say, that if the climate is *bleak*, the people's hearts are *bland*, and *earn*, and *generous*. If these barren counties are *black*, they are *comely*, and if they are *far* away, they are the nearer to those resources which render the people of the land independent and happy. I must add another name, and call it the *granaried* North; and then pursue my way homeward, by the margin of the Miramichi—a river exceeded by none in this Province but the noble River of St. John, and this, according to its size, by none in British North America.

On the route to Fredericton, the Miramichi lies in close proximity for the distance of sixty miles. The scenery bordering on some of the curves of this splendid river is truly enchanting. To a real lover of nature, the cross would not be a very heavy one, were the wheels of the vehicle at some of these choice spots on the journey, for an hour or two to suspend their whirling motion. The beautifully varying aspects of the river, continuously rushing, on the eye already radiant with delight, were aided by the enchanting rivalry of the richly tinted forest-growth which adorned and beautified its borders, thereby merging *delight* into all but *ecstasy*.

The unsurpassed beauty of an autumnal North American forest has become proverbial. At this season of the year the "Forest Queen" holds her "drawing-room." Her peeresses, maids of honour, and noblesse of varying degree, attired in richest costume, are seen around her, presenting all the primal colours of the rainbow, and each mellowed down into such a variety of delicate shades, as nothing but the artistic touch of nature, endowed by the hand of her own Creator, can accomplish.

At Boies Town the traveller leaves the Miramichi river, now become a wide, straggling series of streams in the summer season, but still presenting the fact, that in the fall and spring times of the year, when rains and melting snow transport their liquid flow to its channel, the deepening volume of water must be wide spread in its surface, rapid and powerful in its onward course, to meet the flowing tide, some five and thirty miles above the little town of Newcastle. Boies Town was some years ago a place of note. Business was smart, the population rapidly increasing, and hope more than ordinarily buoyant. "A change, however, soon came over the spirit of their dream." Plans failed, schemes became abortive, and now it is a mere Village, affording traces of the sanguine expectations of by-gone days; and as the unfulfilled hopes of man cannot compel gay nature to clothe herself in the weeds of widowhood, still adorned with her beauties, it is a rural, pretty spot, where almost any one would like to live, could he only be satisfied that he would be able to obtain something to live upon.

In this place some few years ago we had a flourishing society; but owing to the above causes, leading to the removal of the people, there are but a few members of our Church residing there, whose religious privileges are dependent on the passing along of ministers of the gospel to other and more regular scenes of labour.

Leaving Boies Town in the morning we arrived some two hours before sunset at Fredericton. Here I spent the Sabbath, and on Monday reached my home in health and safety, having travelled nearly seven hundred miles, held eight Missionary Meetings, and preached the word of truth in nine different places, duties which would have been performed with much greater frequency, had it not been that much time was occupied in passing from place to place, owing to the long distance lying between them.

In all this long tour, I have not been offended, nor given offence to any, save and except the pugnacious Editor of the *Portland Visitor*, whose Ishmaelish palm seems fated to fall indiscriminately on friend and foe. Referring intentionally to some remarks, as *unchristian*, as they were *uncalled* for, made by him, when, at the time of the gracious revival with which the Lord was pleased to bless us in this City the last winter,

my colleague was called to baptize some adults by pouring, I mentioned the *paruse* by which his *literary dignity* is made known to the world. This most grievously provoked his ire, and hence, the *bile* from the innermost region of this *very* catholic minded man, became stirred up.

"Like boiling liquor in a seething pot
That fumes, swells high, and bubbles fast,
Till o'er the brim, among the embers hot,
Part of the broth and the scum is lost."

Reckless of consequences—

"He is like unto a ram, that butts with
Horned head,—nor seemeth he a wight
Of mortal metal wrought."

Denominationally, we, poor Methodists, are undone. The day of dreadful *Visitation* hath overtaken us, for the *Rec. Mr. Verry* has *erectly* thrown down the gauntlet; nay, shouldered his editorial *Munder-buss*; seemingly resolved, that if he cannot shoot the poor Wesleyans fairly, he will terminate their connexional existence with the *butt-end* of his weapon. Now what a man of such amazing prowess may be able to do, is not a matter easily to be determined. But to my what he *cannot* do, is not a matter of much difficulty. He cannot then set aside the fact, that

"A pigmy is a pigmy still, though he strut on Alps."

He cannot annihilate the law of the association of ideas, and consequently cannot avoid one's thinking about Cowper's fretful, furious squirrel, thus apostrophized by his mild-minded master,

"Thou art in anger insignificantly fierce."

He cannot deny to the objects of his impotent rage the consolation derivable from the generally wise arrangements of nature, in that it furnishes restive and mischievous "animals with short horns"; and, therefore, we will say, should it be in the finding of thy heart, do thy worst; while we will, with dignified composure, remind thee, that as firm as ever is our confidence, that the "foundations of our Zion are in the holy mountains," and cannot be overturned though a *host* of such *Editors* and *Visitors* should encompass us around.

Thanking you, my dear Doctor, for your patience and kindness, I am sincerely yours, &c.
RICHARD KNIGHT.

For the Wesleyan

The Warfare against Methodism.

NO. I.

The history of the Methodist Church is fraught with instruction to the devout student of ecclesiastical history, and no part of it, more so, than that which treats of the warfare with which she has had to contend, from the commencement to the present hour. Foes of all kinds have been sent into the field against her. The Buffoon, the Mobocrat, and the official; some of the clergy of all denominations, from the preachers of "My Lady," up to the mitred Prelates of the national Hierarchy; Doctors of Divinity, of Law, and of Physic; Editors, "subs," and "penny-liners," such as Dr. Campbell, and I. Taylor—and in addition to external foes, foes internal, have been raised up to disturb her peace, and impede her progress. All sorts of arms have been used, and all sorts of tactics brought to bear against her. The pulpit has hurled its anathemas, from the heaviest of human thunders, to the whiningly-uttered fault-finding. The Press has denounced and slandered her, both by Books, Periodicals, and two-penny Tracts; while in the social circle, wit and ribaldry have been employed to disparage her, and put to shame, any Methodist who might unfortunately happen to be in such company.

The tactics of those foes have only been less various than the parties engaged against her.—In the beginning the most marked system was, to attack WESLEY, and his Co-adjutors in laying the foundation and constructing the edifice.—Abuse and slander, of the grossest kind, were heaped upon their heads, Wesley being their great mark; next, the doctrines were assailed by some of the bitterest polemics that ever put pen to paper, on religious subjects. Read Toplady's works, and the earlier numbers of a Periodical, called "The Evangelical Magazine," and of another called "The Christian Observer," if I mistake not. Next, the discipline was assailed, and Mr. Wesley's power called in question. After Wesley had gone beyond the reach of foes, the Conference, the Doctrines and Discipline, were alternately and simultaneously attacked.

But, since Wesley's death, a new stratagem has been resorted to, viz.: to deceive the people into the idea that they, (the foes) admire John Wesley, and highly value the good that Methodism has done. Some have gone farther in praising and extolling Wesley and the early Wesleyan Preachers and people, than the most ardent admirer would think of proceeding. This, they suppose, tickles the fancy, and feeds the vanity of Methodists, and lays them open to receive as the language of friends, the incessant attacks made against it, as it now exists. "We admire Methodism that was," (say they) "and that great and good man, John Wesley; but Methodism is not what it once was. Oh! no—the Ministers are proud, the Conference is tyrannical, despotic, and unjust, and finally lord's over God's heritage; and the dear people of God are oppressed by them always. This is "a ruse de guerre" of modern assailants: to which they add expressions of