

# The Wesleyan

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## Poetry.

### Heaven.

O, heaven is nearer than mortals think,  
When they look with a trembling dread  
At the misty future that stretches on,  
From the silent home of the dead.

No lone life in a boundless main,  
No brilliant but distant stars,  
Where the lovely ones, who are called away,  
Must go to return no more.

No; heaven is near us; the mighty veil  
Of mortality binds the eye,  
That we cannot see the angel bands  
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought,  
To the thirsty soul is given  
That power to pierce through the mist of sense  
To the beautiful scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its poorly gates,  
And sweetly its harpings fall;  
Till the soul is restless to soar away,  
And longs for the angel-chord.

I know, when the silver chord is loosed,  
When the veil is rent away,  
Not long and dark shall the passage be  
To the realms of endless day.

The eyes that shut in a dying hour,  
Will open the next in bliss;  
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world,  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,  
To the arms of the loved and lost;  
And those smiling faces will greet us then,  
Which here we have valued most.

## Religious Miscellany.

### Earth's Partings.

"Friend, adieu! adieu! who has not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That hath not here its end;  
If this world were our final rest,  
Living or dying, some were best  
Who have not uttered the word 'Farewell?'  
Whose lips, as they quivered with emotion,  
Have not echoed, or endeavored  
To echo, the sound; and to whom has it not  
Proved the funeral note of departed joys,  
The bitter waking from dreams of happiness,  
The voice arousing the unconscious sleeper  
To life's stern realities, and uttering its commands—  
In tones, how piercing the human  
Nights right well—'Depart ye, for this is  
Not your rest.'"

Earth's partings form some of life's bitterest experiences. They come to thro the shadow of gloom over the sunny face of youth, they shadow the tracks of care and sorrow on the brow of maturity, and tremulous age, just tottering into the tomb, feels a pang of anguish as it is called to bid adieu to the loved and the living.  
"Farewell! How like a lightning it acts to revive scenes and visions long gone by. Discovered friendships, vanished joys, hours of happiness that flitted all too quickly, are summoned forth by that magical word. We have spoken it on the sea-shore, and the boundless coast, has seemed to sigh forth a response. We have murmured it amid a forest's fair retreats, and the summer sky, as it bent lovingly over us, the zephyr, as it gently stirred the leafy branches of the umbrageous forest, the flowers whose perfume wafted us back to our hours, and the waver, as they wailed the woodland songsters, all seemed to woe us to linger, and gently to whisper, 'Why haste so soon away?'—  
"Farewell! it has been breathed amid the crowded haunts of the city, and even there, surrounded by its gay and busy multitude, has a keen sense of loneliness uttered its plaint, as the wailing organ pressed its final adieu, and the much loved form disappeared from the straining vision.  
"But not all bitter may have been these experiences. The hope to meet again, the fond expectation of beholding once more in life and health the object of affection, dearer than, if possible, than ever, has sweetened the cup of sorrow, and like a ray of light, piercing into the darkest depths of the soul, has served to chase away in a measure its gloom.  
"Beautifully, most beautifully, has one of England's sweetest writers alluded to this hope, so cheering in the season of expectation, when she exclaims:  
"Yet drop thou not,  
On my beloved, there is one hopeless lot,  
But one, and that not ours, the bereaved,  
That, in the grief that mingles up the dead,  
Weighs the living heart with the reality of light,  
To be withdrawn from the reality of light,  
To be withdrawn from the reality of light."

Yes, the parting by the bed of death, does it not outweigh in anguish all other partings? for there, standing beside the couch of the stricken one, earthly hope takes its final farewell. No more, ah, never more in time shall those fading eyes beam on us with affection; no more, ah, never more, shall that silent voice respond to the accents of love. Counsel, sympathy, affection, they may have been ours in the fullest, the richest measure, but 'Oh! it has vanished, the day-star fled.'  
"Oh! bitterness, beyond all other, when the conviction comes home to the pierced and riven heart that it shall meet with its loved one on earth no more, that it must go forth afraid to the battle of life, but the faithful arm that would have been first upraised to defend it from danger, has become powerless; that the loving breast, ever foremost to shield and receive the burdened one in its tend, has been crushed to earth; that the prop, on which it leaned, too fondly it may be, for support, has tottered and fallen, and naught now remains but the remembrance of 'what has been, but never more to be.' The bed of death! Voiceless eloquent monitor; how it breathes of the beauty of earthly happiness, how touching it is to find with us not to set our affections on things of the earth; and reminds us, 'passing away.'  
"We have stood by such, and have caught the gleam of the living eye, that even in death, its beam, as if by a beam from the land of the living, had been cast upon the face of the departed.  
"Look at the affections of children. If there be a throne of affection on earth, that throne is established in perfect crystal in the gaze. But all this does not prove us on the

pressure, and been almost ready to say in our anguish that earth had for us exhausted its cup of sorrow. But not so; it is the common lot, and few and far between indeed are the hearts on whose tablets are not engraved, as with the pen of adamant, similar scenes. One such presents itself vividly to memory just now. Not many weeks have glided away since we stood by the dying couch of an endeared relative, and aged saint.

The first day of the new year had dawned, bringing gladness and rejoicing to some, and by its associations opening, for others, wounds that time had but partially healed, yet remembrances which, however mournful, the heart would not willingly let perish.  
"Many happy New Years had our aged friend passed in the boom of her family and amid her kindred, sharing and brightening their joys; but at length the last had come, and found her on the bed of death. The morn brightened into noon-day, and noon faded into eve, and still she lay, calmly and quietly awaiting her summons; and while she tarried, through the living night we watched beside her couch. The city was hushed in repose; deep quiet reigned throughout the dwelling, and the stillness of death dwelt in that consecrated chamber; there seemed  
"An awful pause, prophetic of the end."

One by one slowly passed the weary hours, with naught heard around but her breathing faint and low, and anxiously how anxiously we hoped for the morning. Our 'eyes of flesh' beheld naught but the familiar surroundings of the apartment,—and chief in interest that pallid and almost lifeless form,—but who shall say that hovering around her couch were not a ministering host of angelic spirits, waiting to convey the happy spirit to its long-sought rest.  
"The only bliss for which it pined,  
The bliss of heaven's breast."  
May it not have been that the spirits of the departed had gathered around; those whom she had known and loved on earth, but who had long before entered on the heavenly inheritance; he who had been permitted for a while to guide and cheer her in the journey of life, and the children of her hope and affections, whose 'an went down ere now,' were they not waiting to encourage her in that hour when she was about treading the dark valley and shadow of death? We may not affirm that it was so, but one thing we know with joyful certainty, that  
"The angel of the covenant had come,  
And faithful to his promise, stood prepared  
To guide her through that portion,  
For he had been her portion, and she  
A long life had been his, and one  
Unweariedly spent in the matter's service.  
By faith, and zeal, and benevolence had it been characterized, the head to plan, and the heart and hand unflinching in the execution of every good work,—and now she had found her rest to but to 'gather up her fest and die.'  
"He who had conducted her through life had promised never to leave her forsake her,—and rejoicing in his ability and willingness, and casting herself wholly on the Redeemer's compassion, to see He has loved her.  
"But the morning dawned at length, a lovely Sabbath morning. Gloriously rose the sun, and every object seemed gladdened by its rays, but another and far more, ushering in an eternal Sabbath of rest and enjoyment was rising in the enfranchised soul. Painter, and fainter grew her breathing until  
"Gently she falls the babe to rest,  
Upon its loved mother's breast."  
So her frame, worn out with the conflicts of life, sweetly fell asleep, while the spirit, freed from its tenement,  
"Took its last triumphant flight,  
From Calvary's rock to heaven's height."  
Farewell, aged saint, farewell! Happy, this happy spirit, rejoicing in thy Maker's presence, farewell, but not forever. From that sorrow and sighing have fled eternally away,—and basking in the sunshine of thy Redeemer's communion, to see He has loved her, and that she has loved Him. I do not wish by this remark to be understood to mean that local preachers should have any pre-eminence either before or apart from those engaged in the itinerant work. While upon the one hand I do desire that the local ministry in our Church may be properly supported everywhere by every one, that by their industry, zeal, holiness of heart and life, and mental qualifications, they command and receive that love and respect to which they are justly entitled, on the other hand, most fervently pray that they may never forget, where, any will become more popular (even in the best sense of this phrase), than our travelling brethren. If that ever occurs, it will be the death blow to the itinerancy, which I esteem the very centre and keystone of an arch—  
"Quarterly Review of the N. E. Church, South, Jan. 1859, Art. IV, Intermittent Methodism into America, by G. P. D. Baltimore."  
The Close, Jan., 1859.

### One of the Fathers.

ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE.  
I am gratified in being able to state also with reference to the labours of that excellent and useful servant of Christ, ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE, that our information is not merely conjectural. I have in my possession some letters written by different individuals at a distance from each other, and without any concert of action upon their part, which disclose some highly interesting facts. I shall notice but few of these facts at present.

Mr. Michael Laird, who subsequently settled in Philadelphia, was born April 30, 1771. We obtained these facts from his father, who was fully conversant with the truth of what is told in his letter.

Mr. Strawbridge came to America in 1760, with his wife and children, and settled in Maryland. Immediately after arranging his dwelling he opened it for Divine service, and continued to preach there regularly. These efforts soon after resulted in the awakening and conversion of several who attended. It is known to those who are conversant with his history, that Mr. Strawbridge, at this early day, administered the ordinance of baptism, not being willing that others should do it who might be induced thereby to make efforts to proselyte his converts. In another communication I ascertain that Henry Maynard was baptized by him when he was but six or seven years old. At that time Mr. S. was preaching at the house of John Maynard, a brother of Henry. Henry accompanied his father to one of these appointments, and in 1837, aged 81 years. This fixes his baptism as early as 1762. John Maynard at whose house Mr. Strawbridge was then preaching, was himself a Methodist, probably one of Mr. Strawbridge's converts, and mentioned by him in this communication. This is quite so problematical. This, then, renders it positive that Mr. Strawbridge had been engaged in preaching regularly and gathering converts into the fold of Christ prior to 1762, and fully corroborates the statement in Mr. Laird's letter, viz: that he commenced his labours in the ministry immediately upon his settling in Maryland.

The foregoing are only a few of the interesting facts in my possession. I have written them, not for the purpose of exalting one above another, but to show that the work in America, at the expense of the other. No such unblatant purpose moves me. My sole object now is to diffuse reliable information concerning each of them,—information hitherto unknown, which establishes beyond successful contradiction that Methodism had its origin in this country long before 1766; that Mr. Strawbridge and Mr. Emory commenced their labours in 1760, and consequently the century of American Methodism is nearer by six years than we have hitherto been led to suppose. I do this at this time hoping it will have the effect of inducing our brethren to more forth with those preliminary arrangements essential to the most judicious and effective celebration of this rapidly approaching epoch. As these acknowledged and venerated instruments in the hands of God were both local preachers, it is peculiarly proper that the local preacher should be the prompt and permanent in their action. I do not wish by this remark to be understood to mean that local preachers should have any pre-eminence either before or apart from those engaged in the itinerant work. While upon the one hand I do desire that the local ministry in our Church may be properly supported everywhere by every one, that by their industry, zeal, holiness of heart and life, and mental qualifications, they command and receive that love and respect to which they are justly entitled, on the other hand, most fervently pray that they may never forget, where, any will become more popular (even in the best sense of this phrase), than our travelling brethren. If that ever occurs, it will be the death blow to the itinerancy, which I esteem the very centre and keystone of an arch—  
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### Holiness of Heaven.

How vain must be our hope of entering into heaven if we have no present delight in what we are doing here. A Christian finds his happiness in holiness. When he looks forward to heaven, it is the holiness of the scene and association on which he fastens as affording his happiness. He is not in love with an Arcadian paradise, with the green pastures, the flowing streams, the shade of a bright landscape. He is not dreaming of a bright island, where he shall meet his buried kindred, renew domestic charities, and again live human life, in all but its cares, and tears and partings. "Be ye holy, for I am holy"—this is the great precept conformity to which is intrinsically the ministry of heaven. It is the perfect conformity to which shall be the blessedness of heaven. Let us take heed that we deceive not ourselves. The apostle speaks of "tasting the powers of the world to come," as though heaven were to begin on this side the grave. We may be enamoured of heaven, because we wish that there were no wickedness on earth, and a little more of the world as it is, as the said Evangelist John relates his visions, and sketches the scenery on which he was privileged, to gaze. But all this does not prove us on the

high road to heaven. If it be heaven-ward which we journey, it will be holiness in which we delight; for if we cannot now rejoice in having God for our portion, we are not meetness for a work in which God is to be all in all, forever and forever.

### Influence of Holy Living.

A truly Christian life is better than large contributions of wealth for the propagation of Christianity. The most prominent instruction of Jesus on this point is, that we must let men see us that religion is something real, something more than high sounding and empty words, a pretext from sin, a bulwark against temptation, a spring of upright and useful action; let them see it, not an idle form, not a transient feeling, but our companion through life, infusing its purity into our common pursuits, following us to our homes, resting with us in our integrity in the resorts of business, sweetening our tempers in seasons of provocation, disposing us habitually to sympathy with others, to patience and cheerfulness under our afflictions, to candid judgment, and to sacrifices for others' good; and we may hope that our light will shine brightly; that some slumbering conscience will be aroused by this testimony of excellence and practicalness of religion; that some worldly professor of Christianity will learn his obligations, and blush for his criminal inconsistency; and that some in whom the common aversion to religion may have been so great, that a full belief will be brought to the knowledge of the truth by this plain, practical proof of the heavenly nature of Christianity. Every man is surrounded by beings who are moulded more or less by the principles of sympathy and imitation; and this is one part of our nature that is bound to press into the service of Christianity.

### The Power of Religion.

We shall never have done hearing, I suppose, of Regulus and Curtius, and such like specimens of the Roman virtue, great in their own day, and which have since comprised thousands of women and even many small children, dying bravely in the defence of the Lord Jesus, are a full match and more, for the bravest of the Romans. What but the mastery of religion has ever led a people up through the most barbarous and heathenish order and liberty? What has planted colonies for a great history, but religion? The most august and most beautiful structures of the world have been temples of religion; and the noblest and most useful of men, and well known, we may say, of worship. The noblest character, the best of mankind, the richest discoveries, the best institutions of law and justice, every great thing the world has seen, represents more or less directly, the fruitfulness and creativeness of the religious talents. The real summit, therefore, of our humanity is here.—  
"Dr. Bushnell."

### Converted in a Sixth Avenue Railroad Car.

As our missionary, said a speaker, was getting into a Sixth Avenue Railroad car, in his quiet, unobtrusive way, he said to the conductor:  
"Will you take a seat?"  
"Certainly I will, and be thankful for it."  
"Are you a Christian?"  
"I hope I am."  
"Where did you become a Christian?"  
"In this railroad car."  
"Was that?"  
"Why you see I could not go to the prayer meetings, I had to stand here all day. I felt very much concerned about my soul. I was bowed down with sorrow. I did not know what to do; and so I just gave myself up to God, right here in the car. I cried to him for mercy, and mercy came. I felt that I was saved. I had never known anything about it. God can forgive sins in the rail car as well as anywhere else. I am thankful for the tract, sir. It was these that first convinced me of sin, and it was these that led me to Christ. Who will distribute tracts?—N. Y. Observer."

### Religious Intelligence.

#### French and Spanish Missions to Western Africa.

An extensive plan has been formed for the establishment of Romish Missions in Western Africa conducted by French and Spanish priests. We draw the following summary of the undertaking from a prospectus largely circulated for the purpose of raising money for the object.  
"After noticing the extent of the continent of Africa, its numerous tribes of people, the difficulty and danger of travellers attempting to penetrate into the interior now partially overcome by the enterprise of bold and skilful explorers and merchants, and the sacred obligation imposed by the divine Master upon Christians to 'go and teach all nations,'—the prospectus goes on to state:  
"That besides the religion of Mohammed which gains ground daily and threatens to invade the entire population, their unfortunate (Protestant) brethren, separated from the true (Romish) church, have practically anticipated the Catholic Missions to the various points of the Continent, to the great injury of the future religious condition of those tribes; nobody being ignorant of the great sacrifices that Protestants make to carry out their missions in Africa with success; and although the Church of Rome is rich in this respect, the Bishop of Paris, M. I. S. Marion de Breillac, made a resolution on the tomb of the Apostles to found a congregation of African Missions, whose members should be exclusively employed to evangelize Africa, more particularly those parts where no Apostolic labourers yet exist; and a house near the city of Paris, the said Bishop left Rome with the benedictions of the Pope and the congregation of the Propaganda, his resolution being received and acknowledged in France as soon as it was known; a building has been purchased at Lyons, in which the future Missionaries live in retirement and prayer, in preparation for

their approaching voyage to 'Liberia, near Sierra Leone,' the point selected by the Propaganda of Rome at which they are to commence their Mission.  
"That to contend with any probability of success against Protestantism already established in these districts, extensive means are necessary for the Missionaries, as well to found schools, one of the most efficacious means to attract the people, as also for building the first chapels, which ought to be erected as soon they arrive at the Mission Station; the Bishop, M. de Breillac, well assured that he shall not be disappointed, and passed through his Vicar-General to the feelings and charity of Catholic Spaniards, to obtain from them a portion of the supplies necessary to enlarge the establishment at Lyons, in order to receive into it a greater number of priests and students; the said convent for the African Missionary sisters intended to send the labours of the Missionaries, and devise the measures for combating error, vice and falsehood, carrying the light of the faith to regions where it is unknown.  
"That Catholic Spain, who has already so generously responded to the call, may in a more direct manner, take part in the merit and fruit of these Missions, the said Bishop, with the approbation of the Spanish Government, wishes to establish two colleges in Andalusia, where male and female children of converted negroes may be brought for instruction, in order to form as soon as possible Missionary priests or artisans, and send them back in succession to continue this great work of Christian regeneration amongst their countrymen.  
"After a brief detail of the most disgusting barbarities perpetrated now, as it is stated, in Ashantee and Grand Cayenne, the said Bishop, as one of the projects of the proposed Missions is to redeem the prisoners, and to form them into free colonies; and who, after being converted to Christianity, will cede over to European Governments their colonial territories, obtaining beforehand security that the negroes shall not be treated as slaves, but in all respects as free men.  
"The circular or prospectus concludes literally with this note: His Eminence Sig. Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, the Excellency Signor Nuncio of his Holiness in Madrid, the Patriarch of the Indies, the Excellencies and Illustrations Signor Archbishops of Cuba, Valladolid, and Burgos, and the Excellencies and Illustrations Signor Bishops of Barcelona, Gerona, Urgel, Minorca, Segovia, Santander, Pamplona, and Orense, wishing to reward the Christian charity and to promote by spiritual means the zeal for the conversion of the unbelievers, have condescended to grant as many as 820 days of indulgence to those of the faithful who pray to God, and who contribute with their alms for the holy work of the African Missions. As the congregation of the house of the African Missions a mass is celebrated every day in favour of the benefactors; and a funeral service is performed every year in benefit of the souls of departed benefactors."  
(In November, 1858)

#### The Propagation Society.

The Record says:—We are not now about to discuss the general question, but only to call attention to the insidious manner in which the Tractarians are availing themselves of the Propagation Society to further their own ends. It is well known that the Episcopal Church of Scotland has always disclaimed the name of Protestant; that it is heretical on the subject of the Eucharist; and that it is a link of union with Rome. It is also well known that it is a Non-conformist Church in the eye of the law, that its clergy are not ordained by bishops recognised by the British Crown, and that the oath of the Queen and the Scotch articles of union establish an impassable bar against the recognition of a Scotch Episcopally ordained Minister as a Clergyman of the English Church. Still the Puseyite party are intent on carrying through an alliance with the Scotch Episcopal Church. It is now pretty generally known that the Bishop of Oxford does not scruple, at least in private, to avow his belief in the Seven Sacraments, as he pretends they were allowed by the primitive Church before the Romish apostasy. He is also the patron and protector of Mr. Randall, of Lavington, who has publicly taught this dangerous belief. It is not then matter of surprise that this prelate has been contemplating the Scotch Episcopacy, with the hope of associating himself with the archiepiscopal mitre of York, an eminence over which, it reports speak true, his Lordship's own day dream of ambition love to dwell. But be this as it may, Mr. Gladstone made the attempt two years ago to create a Parliamentary sympathy on behalf of the Romish Episcopacy in Scotland, and the Bishop of Oxford with Lord Redesdale were forward to back the effort. The late schism in the body has retarded the movement, but within the preceding years of the Propagation Society the war is maintained.  
"Were it not for these explanations it might seem odd that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel should have chosen a time like this for giving a more hearty grasp to the Scotch Episcopacy. It is no longer an expression of sympathy and union in Rome, but it is a deliberate act, and that in violation of the original and venerable Charter, which assuredly never contemplated any but clergymen of the church of England to be sent out to the plantations. A Mr. Stevens, if we are rightly informed, having no other ordination but that of a Scotch Bishop, offered himself a candidate for employment as an ordained Missionary under the Society, and instead of being told at once that he was not eligible, was sent before the Examiners. One or more of those gentlemen, as it is said, objected to proceed with his examination unless specially authorized by the Standing Committee, and that Committee, being anxious to promote a union with a body of bishops so orthodox as the Scotch Episcopal Church, drew up a case for Counsel and in due time received the desired opinion from two eminent lawyers that there was no law which prohibited a person ordained by a Scotch bishop from officiating as a clergyman in the colonies. Thus fortified by a legal opinion, Mr. Stevens was sent back in triumph to the Board of Examiners, was found sound in all points, and finally appointed by the Standing Committee. At the monthly meeting in December last the Scotch clergyman was presented in due form, and as our informant tells us was passed without any difficulty. All this was done very quietly, and now the Society has established a precedent for employing as Missionaries in our Colonies Ministers with no other ordination than that of Bishop Forbes, of Brechin; in other words, men who are not ordained, consecrated, or recognised by the laws of this realm."

#### Western Africa.

The Princeton Review thus states the result of missionary efforts in Western Africa: "Those who have given particular attention to the subject, are aware that the history of Protestant missions in Western Africa, from the date of its commencement, is comprised within a space of twenty-five years. What, then, has so effected in that time? More than one hundred Christian churches have been organized in that country, and upwards of fifteen thousand hopeful converts have been gathered into those churches. Nearly two hundred schools are in full oper-

ation, in connection with these various missions, and not less than sixteen thousand native youths are receiving a Christian training in these schools at the present moment. More than twenty different dialects have been studied. How many men of high capacity, of many of which large portions of the sacred Scriptures, as well as other religious books, have been translated among the people; and we are no doubt in the bounds of truth and probability, when it is assumed that some knowledge of the Christian religion has been brought, by direct means, within the reach of at least five millions of immortal beings, who had never before heard of the blessed name of the Saviour."

#### A Bright Example.

The New Orleans Christian Advocate lately published some accounts of a distinguished Texan lawyer and politician, who has renounced the brightest prospects of a worldly career, to become a Methodist preacher. He had been put up by his party to take the place of Gen. Sam Houston, after the term now expiring, in the United States Senate. His election was considered certain. Besides this ample fortune, so necessary and helpful to political ambition at Washington, had been lately placed in his possession, by a legacy left him in England. But he left that God had called him to leave all and to follow Christ. He must respect the ministry—ought to have contented it long before. To the astonishment of the whole state, a letter from him appeared in the papers, just before the meeting of the Legislature, declining the office, and announcing his retirement from political life. The next thing heard of him was, that he was proceeding to Denmark, and while there he was writing, but of a too high ambition, need the wisdom and grace to take this step—and by so doing 'save his own souls and those that hear them.'—  
"Examiner."

#### Obituary Notices.

One of the aged members of our church in this city, ROBT. CHESTNUT, Esq., died in peace on Monday morning the 21st inst. Mr. Chestnut was a native of the town of Ayr, Scotland, and came to this province in the year 1820. In the year 1822 he joined the Wesleyan Church in St. John, and was for a long period an active and useful member. His latter days were much clouded by affliction, which he bore with Christian patience and meekness. He was highly respected for his uprightness and integrity in business, and beloved by many poor who were often relieved in their necessities in the manner prescribed Math. vi. 3. A few weeks before his death, he was much afflicted, but he was comforted by the promise of the Lord, 'I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.' When settling his temporal affairs, and as a father, deeply feeling the loss his family would sustain in his death, he besought the Lord earnestly in behalf of his widow and children, the words of the Psalmist cxii. 4. 'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness,' were with power and comfort applied to his heart. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people.  
JOHN BREWSTER.  
Frederick, Jan. 28, 1859.

#### Obituary Notices.

Died, on Tuesday morning, the 2nd inst. MRS. JANE E. FOWLER, wife of W. F. Fowler, aged 27 years. Mrs. Fowler, better known to some of your readers as Miss Jane Miller, died in great peace. Twelve months ago, only, a large concourse of people assembled in the Wesleyan Church to witness the ceremony of her marriage to the husband who now mourns her loss. Her sufferings were extreme and protracted.— She was much distressed with doubts and fears, amounting at times to agony. The life, and friends, was given up. The conflict of grace she overcame, and laid all upon the altar. After waiting by the sacrifice and watching for her Redeemer in earnest faith and strong desire, the Lord manifested himself in mercy, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. The testimony of the Spirit with her spirit, was clear, bright, and unwavering. As the suffering body lay a wreck under the ravages of pain and death, the soul rose in the power and joy of eternal life through Jesus Christ.  
JOHN BREWSTER.  
Frederick, 5th Feby. 1859.

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"Examiner."

#### Obituary Notices.

One of the aged members of our church in this city, ROBT. CHESTNUT, Esq., died in peace on Monday morning the 21st inst. Mr. Chestnut was a native of the town of Ayr, Scotland, and came to this province in the year 1820. In the year 1822 he joined the Wesleyan Church in St. John, and was for a long period an active and useful member. His latter days were much clouded by affliction, which he bore with Christian patience and meekness. He was highly respected for his uprightness and integrity in business, and beloved by many poor who were often relieved in their necessities in the manner prescribed Math. vi. 3. A few weeks before his death, he was much afflicted, but he was comforted by the promise of the Lord, 'I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.' When settling his temporal affairs, and as a father, deeply feeling the loss his family would sustain in his death, he besought the Lord earnestly in behalf of his widow and children, the words of the Psalmist cxii. 4. 'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness,' were with power and comfort applied to his heart. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people.  
JOHN BREWSTER.  
Frederick, Jan. 28, 1859.

#### Obituary Notices.

Died, on Tuesday morning, the 2nd inst. MRS. JANE E. FOWLER, wife of W. F. Fowler, aged 27 years. Mrs. Fowler, better known to some of your readers as Miss Jane Miller, died in great peace. Twelve months ago, only, a large concourse of people assembled in the Wesleyan Church to witness the ceremony of her marriage to the husband who now mourns her loss. Her sufferings were extreme and protracted.— She was much distressed with doubts and fears, amounting at times to agony. The life, and friends, was given up. The conflict of grace she overcame, and laid all upon the altar. After waiting by the sacrifice and watching for her Redeemer in earnest faith and strong desire, the Lord manifested himself in mercy, and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour. The testimony of the Spirit with her spirit, was clear, bright, and unwavering. As the suffering body lay a wreck under the ravages of pain and death, the soul rose in the power and joy of eternal life through Jesus Christ.  
JOHN BREWSTER.  
Frederick, 5th Feby. 1859.

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No brilliant but distant stars,  
Where the lovely ones, who are called away,  
Must go to return no more.  
No; heaven is near us; the mighty veil  
Of mortality binds the eye,  
That we cannot see the angel bands  
On the shores of eternity.  
Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought,  
To the thirsty soul is given  
That power to pierce through the mist of sense  
To the beautiful scenes of heaven.  
Then very near seem its poorly gates,  
And sweetly its harpings fall;  
Till the soul is restless to soar away,  
And longs for the angel-chord.  
I know, when the silver chord is loosed,  
When the veil is rent away,  
Not long and dark shall the passage be  
To the realms of endless day.  
The eyes that shut in a dying hour,  
Will open the next in bliss;  
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world,  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.  
We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,  
To the arms of the loved and lost;  
And those smiling faces will greet us then,  
Which here we have valued most.  
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G STORE.  
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N. CLOVES,  
SINGERS,  
S. PARKER, Car-  
for Mixed Spices  
are ground on  
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In Bottling;  
and RAINBOW,  
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DICK STREET,  
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Sixpence  
One Shilling  
Fourteen Pence.  
Particulars do  
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ANDREW GRAHAM.  
PONGERS.  
FRANK,  
writing to the public  
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NOTICE.  
I have great pleasure  
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T. CHIFFEY & CO.,  
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