

# The Provincial West-Indian.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume IX. No. 32.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1857.

Whole No. 421.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**  
[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WEST-INDIAN.]  
ANTICIPATED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE WIRE THAT IS TO CONNECT ENGLAND AND ACADIA.  
Long had Acadia been unknown,  
Her forests low receding,  
Her coasts with roughest rocks all strewn,  
Her lands more treacherous needing.  
But now she is no longer hid,  
Her coasts are by parties made,  
The cause of much complaining,  
But we must hope for better days  
With England talking daily,  
She'll teach our wise men wiser ways,  
And then we'll all move gaily.  
Beneath the waves her genius moves,  
Her distant children reaching,  
The wondrous wire her wisdom proves,  
And gives her instant teaching!"  
—  
Have ye great heroes in your land  
Hospitable in war's story,  
That boldly led the victor's band  
O'er fields all rough and gory?"  
—  
Yes—we have now our heroes too,  
And Britain loves them dearly;  
And ancient Kars our Captain knew,  
Who fought for her so cheerily! —  
—  
A Williams, now the nation's pride,  
First gave this land his greeting;  
By ties of birth to it allied,  
His praise we're ay repeating.  
—  
The hand that penned this simple rhyme  
Was clasped with his in childhood;  
We roamed with him, in youthful time,  
Through school, and street, and wild wood.  
—  
And now we tune a simple song  
That cannot give him glory,  
But to our land shall still belong,  
The joy to tell his story.  
T. H. D.  
New Brunswick, July 27, 1857.  
—  
**Home Influence.**  
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearning it would still,  
Lest, and flower, and laden bough are preaching,  
This truest, though humble, art to fill.  
—  
Truly it has been said, that "our duties  
are like the circles of a whirlpool the inner-  
most includes home." A modern writer  
has designated home "heaven's fallen sister,"  
and a melancholy truth lies shrouded in  
those few words. Our home influence is  
not a passing but an abiding one; and all  
powerful for good or evil, for peace or  
strife, for happiness or misery. Each separ-  
ate Christian home has been likened to a  
central sun, around which revolves a happy  
and united band of warm, loving hearts,  
acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing  
together. Which number of the family  
group can say, I have no influence? What  
sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power  
of each!  
—  
"A lighted lamp," writes M. Cheyne, "is a  
very small thing, and it burns calmly and  
without noise; yet it gives light to all who  
within the house." And so there is a quiet  
influence, which, like the flame of a scented  
lamp, fills many a home with light and fra-  
grance. Such an influence has been beau-  
tifully compared to "a carpet, soft and  
deep, which, while it diffuses a creaking sound,  
it is the curtain which, from many a beloved  
form, wards off at once the summer's  
glow and the winter's wind. It is the pil-  
low on which sickness lays its head, and for-  
gets half its misery." This influence falls  
as the refreshing dew, the invigorating sun-  
beams, the fertilizing shower, shining on  
with the mild tints of moonlight, and har-  
monizing in one scene many of the dis-  
cordant hues of a family picture.  
—  
**A Glorified Spirit.**  
Would you know where I am? I am at  
home in my Father's house, in the house  
prepared for me there. I am where I  
would be, where I have long and often de-  
sired to be; no longer on a stormy sea, but  
in a safe and quiet harbor. My working  
time is done, I am resting; my sowing time  
is done, I am reaping; my joy is at the time  
of harvest.  
—  
Would you know how it is with me? I  
am made perfect in holiness; grace is swal-  
lowed up in glory; the top-stone of the  
building is brought forth.  
—  
Would you know what company I have?  
Blessed company, better than the best on  
earth—here are the holy angels and the  
spirits of just men made perfect. I am set  
down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob,  
in the kingdom of God, with the blessed  
Paul and Peter, and all the saints; and here  
I meet with many of my old acquaintances  
that I fasted and prayed with, who got be-  
fore me hither.  
—  
And lastly, would you consider how long  
this is to continue? It is a garland that  
never withers; a crown of glory that fades  
not away; after millions of millions of ages,  
it will be as fresh as it is now; and, there-  
fore, weep not for me.—*Matthew Henry.*  
—  
**The Source of Comfort.**  
The well-known missionary, Campbell,  
for many years after his conversion had  
neither peace nor joy in believing. His  
faith was not subjective, that objective;  
he was not at all satisfied with his faith.  
Doubts, fears, and actual backslidings had  
often shaken his hope and driven him al-  
most to despair, even at the time he was  
regarded by other Christians as a pattern.  
At last, as he said in a letter to the vener-  
able John Newton, "The cloud which  
covered the mercy-seat fled away, and Jesus  
appeared as he is: my eyes were not turned  
inward, but outward. The Gospel was the  
glass in which I beheld Him. I now stand  
upon a shore of comparative rest. When  
in search of comfort I resort to the testimony  
of God, this is the field which contains the  
pearl of great price. Frames and feelings  
are, like other created comforts, passing  
away. What unutterable source of con-  
solation is it that the foundation of our faith  
and hope is immutably the same, the sacrifice  
of Jesus as acceptable to the Father as ever  
it was!  
—  
Formerly the major part of my thoughts  
centered either upon the darkness I felt of  
the light I enjoyed. Now they are mainly  
directed to Jesus, what He hath done, suffer-  
ed, and promised."

**The Song**  
OF THE HUNDRED FORTY AND FOUR THOUSAND.  
We had a full choir one day; about  
forty in all. It was well balanced in sev-  
eral parts, and well directed. In its ap-  
pearance, and power it was a country  
luxury. It was no hired quartette. They  
sang for the love of it. And doubtless the  
music was sweeter and richer to my ear,  
because some prominent voices there had  
just begun to make melody in their new  
hearts unto God. They were the first  
fruits of my labor here. The choir was in  
the midst of the psalm beginning:  
"High in the heaven, Eternal God,  
Thy goodness is full glory shines."  
They were singing it to "Old Hundred."  
The grand old music filled the house, and  
with it the thoughts and devotion of the  
slippers to heaven. It was good to be  
there. Beside me sat an aged and honored  
home missionary, "Father H." Almost  
three-score and ten, and worn with  
dear trials and heavy toils, he yet had his  
preaching station, and his ten churches, to  
whom he administered the ordinances of his  
Master. I saw that his soul was rising.  
Now he sang a note or two; now he beat  
the time, and now his eyes wandered from  
the choir to the heavens. I knew where  
his thoughts were. They had outrun his  
weary feet in life-pilgrimage. The singing  
had done its service for him. I saw that  
his ear was opened to other music. And so  
I whispered to him, "What singing that  
will be of the hundred forty and four thou-  
sand?"  
"I expect to hear them," was his thought-  
ful, earnest reply. His eyes filled with  
tears, and I think the deep joy of faith and  
hope never shed purer ones.  
"Good old man, and toil-worn servant of  
God, I think he will hear them. How  
often since have these words come to my  
mind, 'I expect to hear them!'"  
—  
Is this your expectation? You love music,  
and perhaps a member of the choir, sing in  
social worship, partake of the social mania  
to hear renowned vocalists, are excited to  
raptures by a full orchestra. And it is well.  
Do you expect to hear the choir of the  
"hundred forty and four thousand," and  
their "new song"?—*N. Y. Observer.*  
—  
**Not Sectarian.**  
Denominationalism, you may be: have a  
church, a denomination, that you call yours;  
but do not, at this age of the world be  
sectarian. A disposition that seeks to build up  
one's own church and denomination, without  
regard to other churches and denominations,  
ought never to be indulged. Christ prayed  
that his people "may all be one," as he and  
his Father are one. All denominations of  
Christians are to endeavor to live, and they  
are to help others to live. Co-operation to  
preach the gospel to every creature ought  
to be the watchword, not the Shibboleth of  
partyism. We are journeying, Judah,  
Ephraim, Levi, Benjamin, all the tribes, to  
the land of which the Lord hath said, "I  
will give it to you." "Come, therefore, with  
us, and we will do you good." This should be  
the feeling of all the churches and ministers  
of Christianity.  
—  
Be denominational: as a Christian have  
a home, and don't be always running away  
from it. Love your church, and in faithful-  
ness and love seek to build it up. Do not  
fret against another church, do not say any  
evil of another church, do not carry the  
gold shoulder toward a fellow disciple; love  
him just as much, if he belongs to another  
denomination. This is right—duty—the  
better way. Missions have tended greatly  
unto denominations. As Christians grow  
older, and become better, they are less  
sectarian. Progress is in the right direc-  
tion: let it go on. Let all Christians love  
one another—it is the law of Christ. And  
let the true brotherhood of religion be cul-  
tivated and cherished more and more.—  
*Morning Star.*  
—  
**Power of a Mother's Prayer.**  
An aged, pious woman had one son.  
She used every means in her power to lead  
him to the Saviour, but to grow up gay and  
dissipated. She still followed him with  
prayers and entreaties, faithfully warned  
him of his awful state as a sinner before  
God, and told him what his end would be,  
dying in that condition. But all seemed  
like vain unavailing. He one day said, "Mo-  
ther, let me have my best clothes; I am  
going to a ball to-night."  
She expostulated with him, and urged  
him not to go; but all in vain. "Mother,"  
he said, "let me have my clothes; I will  
go; it is useless to say anything about it."  
He put on his clothes, and was going out.  
She stopped him, and said, "My child, do  
not go." He still persisted; when she  
said, "My son, remember, when you are  
dancing with your companions in the ball-  
room, I shall be out in that wilderness,  
praying to the Lord to convert your soul."  
The youth went to the ball, and the dancing  
commenced; but instead of the usual gaily,  
an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole  
assembly. One said, "we never had so  
dull a meeting in our lives." Another ob-  
served, "I wish we had not come: we have  
no life; we cannot get along." A third  
continued, "I cannot think what is the  
matter." The young man, in question, felt  
a conscience smitten, and bursting into  
tears, said, "I know what is the matter:  
my poor old mother is now praying in yon-  
der wilderness for her ungodly son." He  
took his hat, and said, "I will never be  
found in such a place as this again." From  
that night he began to pray for mercy; his  
mother's prayer was heard for his conversion;  
and he gave evidence that he was become  
a new creature in Christ Jesus.—*Rev. J.  
Young.*  
—  
**TRUE GREATNESS.**—If I am asked who  
is the greatest man, I answer the best; and  
if I am required to say who is the best, I  
reply he that has discovered most for his  
fellow-creatures. Whoever he deserves  
better by obscure and inglorious attainments,  
by intellectual pursuits, calculated rather  
to amuse than inform, than by strenuous exer-  
tions in speaking and acting, let those con-  
sider who bury themselves in studies pro-  
ductive of any benefit to their country or  
fellow-citizens. I think not.—*Sir William  
Jones.*

**A Methodist Bishop Rebukes Political Preaching.**  
At the late Conference of the Methodist  
Episcopal Church for East Maine, Bishop  
Morris, being about to announce the ap-  
pointment of preachers to their several sta-  
tions and circuits, gave his views—very  
briefly, and in kindly terms—upon the in-  
terference of ministers of the gospel with  
political affairs. We deem the present a  
very fit time for giving his remarks to our  
readers. The political excitement which  
brought so many New England clergymen  
into the partisan field has passed away, and  
ministers and laymen are speaking with calm-  
ness and candor to the influences which have  
resulted from political preaching. They find  
churches divided and distracted, pews  
deserted, treasuries empty, and the hearts of  
the people cold and uncharitable. Some of  
them, with commendable devotion to the  
Christian cause, have set about the work  
necessary to restore the good feeling which  
prevalled in former years, and many who  
had been driven from their houses of worship  
by the partisan abuse of their public de-  
votions, and are again hoping for a season  
of religious enjoyment. Perhaps, at such a  
time, both minister and people will derive  
pleasure and profit from the gentle counsels  
in the remarks above referred to. In the  
course of them, Bishop Morris said:  
"I deem it not unimportant or out of  
place to address a few words to you, my  
brethren, upon a subject which is attracting  
considerable attention at the present time—  
namely, as to how far a minister of the  
gospel ought to take part in the politics of  
the day. When a minister goes into the  
obligation resting upon me as a citizen,  
of men of different political parties; and if  
he publicly becomes the partisan of one side  
or the other, there will of necessity spring  
up a coldness towards him in a part of the  
congregation, which will diminish his influ-  
ence. I feel convinced, from what I have  
observed, that the only respect that can be  
expected from a minister taking part in the  
political contests and discussions of the day  
will be to engender strife and hard feeling  
in his congregation.  
"But some may ask whether we are  
not citizens like other men, and have not  
duties to perform as such? Most certainly  
we are, and I have not proved recalcitrant  
to the obligations resting upon me as a citizen,  
although I have not for the forty years that  
I have been in the ministry, ever entered a  
political meeting, or spent above five min-  
utes at any election. I have always made  
it a point to go to the polls at the most quiet  
time of the day, when there was likely to  
be the least excitement, to deposit my bal-  
lot in an unostentatious manner, and to re-  
turn home. I have never seen the time when  
I thought I was called upon as a citizen to  
more than this. I know not how it may be  
with others, but I have always found enough  
to do in the duties of my calling. I am  
willing to let the 'posters' strive to attend to  
the duties of the day, and I will not be  
tempted to do so. I recollect an anecdote of a  
Methodist brother who was stationed to preach  
the gospel to the people in Fountain Head  
Circuit, near the Hermitage of the late  
President Jackson, in the exciting poli-  
tical times of his second election. Party  
zeal was just then at its height, and each  
party wanted every one to be on its side.  
The thought of the newly arrived minister,  
and eagerly inquired of him on whose side  
he was? "I am on the side of the Lord,  
and Fountain-Head Circuit," was the reply.  
"Which of the candidates do you intend to  
vote for?" "I trust I shall be found on my  
knees praying to God for the conversion of  
sinners and the upbuilding of Zion in Foun-  
tain-Head Circuit. However, they might  
question the devoted minister, he would  
wisely answer that he meant to do his duty  
faithfully as a minister of Christ in 'Foun-  
tain-Head Circuit.' In conclusion, let me  
say, my brethren, go ye and do likewise."  
*Providence Post.*

**The Precious Blood of Christ.**  
Most of our young readers have heard of  
the rock Gibraltar. It is a high, rugged  
rock, being connected with Spain only by a  
low, narrow isthmus. This isthmus, and  
the whole rock, are completely undermined,  
so as to form underground magazines and  
batteries.  
Two soldiers were one night guarding  
the passage under this isthmus, when an  
officer returned from the main land, and de-  
scended the watch-tower. One of the sol-  
diers had just become a Christian, and deeply  
absorbed in his meditations on the love  
of Christ, exclaimed, "The precious blood of  
Christ." Then immediately recollecting  
himself, he replied correctly, "But his words  
the precious blood of Christ, were not lost  
on his companion. They brought relief to  
his burdened heart, he found his Saviour,  
and soon after being sent to Ceylon, he ob-  
tained a discharge from the army, and com-  
pleted the translation of the Bible into the  
language of the Ceylonese.  
Ah! how many aching hearts have  
thought of the precious blood of Christ,  
brought relief! When the soul has been  
wringing with anguish on account of its sin,  
when it has quailed before its offended God,  
and nothing seemed left but despair—de-  
spair, how many a heart has found the  
precious blood of Christ, burst in like sunshine  
through the clouds, and diffused a peace  
passing all understanding! "Tell us that  
again," cried the Greenlanders, as the faith-  
ful Moravians preached to them of this pre-  
cious blood. "O, that is the very Saviour  
I have all my life been seeking," exclaimed  
the Hindoo who for years had rolled him-  
self on the ground, and now first heard of  
Jesus from the lips of Schwartz. The pre-  
cious blood of Christ! How many sins has  
it covered, how many sorrows wiped away,  
how many tear-streams dried? What but  
this "can do helpless sinners good?"  
—  
**ANGER.**—Prayer is the great remedy  
against anger; for we must suppose it in  
some degree removed before we pray, and  
then it is the more likely it will be finished  
when the prayer is done. We must lay  
aside the act of anger, as a preparation to  
prayer, and the curing the habit will be the  
effect and blessing of prayer, so that if a  
man to cure his anger resolves to address  
himself to God by prayer, it is first neces-  
sary that by his own observation and dili-  
gence he lay the anger aside before the  
prayer can be fit to be presented; and if we  
so pray, and so endeavor, we have all the  
blessings of prayer which God hath promised  
to it to be our security for success.  
Humility is the most excellent natural  
ground for anger in the world; for he that  
daily considering his own infirmities makes  
the error of his neighbor to be his own care,  
and remembers that he daily needs God's  
pardon and his brother's charity, will not  
be apt to rage at the faults of another great-  
er than he. It steals his feelings that he is  
frequently and more exclusively guilty of  
*Jeremy Taylor.*  
—  
**A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.**—Away among the  
Alleghanies there is a spring so small that  
a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain  
it. It steals its unobtrusive way among  
the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful  
Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand  
miles, leaving on its banks more than a  
hundred villages and cities, and many thou-  
sand cultivated farms, and bearing on its  
bosom more than half a thousand steam-  
boats. Then joining the Mississippi, it  
stretches away and away some twelve  
hundred miles more, till it falls into the  
great emblem of eternity. It is one of the  
great tributaries of the ocean, which, ob-  
edient only to God, shall roll and roar till  
the angel, with one foot on the sea and the  
other on the land, shall lift up his hand to  
heaven and swear that time shall be no  
more. So with moral influence, it is a  
river—rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless  
and fathomless as eternity.

**Biographical.**  
SAMUEL ANNETT.  
Died, on Saturday, 11th inst., at the resi-  
dence of his father, on Kewick Bridge, Sam-  
uel Annett, junr. Samuel was a student  
in Sackville Academy in the years, 1833-45.  
During a revival of religion in that institu-  
tion, 1834, he was brought in to the full en-  
joyment of Salvation through faith in our  
Lord Jesus Christ. While in the Academy  
he pursued his studies with great ardor  
and perseverance, and bade fair to rise in  
any station of the Divine Providence should  
place him. Some time after his conversion,  
he received a call from God to enter into  
the work of the ministry. He had been  
troubled with doubts and tears on this great  
point of Christian duty, and struggled much  
against the deep convictions of his own un-  
fitness and inability. In letters to his  
parents he dwelt very largely upon his call  
to the Ministry, and earnestly requested  
them to pray for him. It appears from his  
letters that there was one companion among  
the students for whom he felt a sincere at-  
tachment. He mentions his arrival, speaks  
of their mutual intercourse in their studies  
and labours, and of the sympathy and aid  
he meets with in his young friend's com-  
pany. Writing to his parents on the 11th  
important work of the Ministry, he says:—  
"Last Friday evening the Principal came  
into my room, saying he wished to see me  
in No. 6. I went down, but to my aston-  
ishment said he wished Mr. Woods and me  
to go and hold a meeting next Sunday even-  
ing at Acadia. He informed me that you,"  
(his father), "had told him of my conviction  
of duty in reference to preaching. He advised  
me to make a trial, and gave me instructions  
how to conduct the service. We concluded,  
in the name of the Lord, to go. We united  
in prayer and asked counsel and aid of God.  
We found the people very friendly. I  
spoke to them of the evil and extent of sin  
—that Christ died for our sins—that par-  
don should be sought through faith in his  
name—that if they were not cleansed from  
sin through the blood of the Lamb, no Heav-  
en was theirs—lost without Christ. I never  
felt so happy in my life! Every eye was  
fixed upon me, and I saw the tears steal  
silently down many cheeks. To his name  
be all the praise."  
This letter is dated "March 31st 1835,"  
and a better testimony would not be borne  
to the character of the Sackville Academy  
than the above. Here is a young man of  
superior mental abilities, thirsting for know-  
ledge. He solicits his parents to allow him  
to leave the plough and enter, as he says in  
another letter, "the halls of learning."  
His first letters from the Academy speak  
of his ambitious views to be a scholar and  
to excel. He writes home as one before  
whose intellectual vision the great world  
of literature opens in sublime grandeur, in-  
viting his choice and stimulating his endow-  
ments. "But my future course may be I  
know not; but I am determined to fit my-  
self for any position." He speaks of the  
ambition of his friend Frederick Woods,  
—how determined they are to climb "fame's  
steep mountain, and carve their name on  
a pinnacle of the temple there." But  
there comes a change. Another world, an-  
other sphere of duty before them, and  
"Translated out of the kingdom of dark-  
ness into the kingdom of God's dear Son."  
He sees a field of labour, a scene of con-  
flict, triumph and eternal glory, compared  
with which all earth's wisdom, power and  
fame are cast into the shade. His decision  
is made. In the spirit of Christian consecra-  
tion he approaches the altar of God,  
his soul finds relief in the following senti-  
ments.  
"My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
into thy blessed hands receive.  
And let me live to please by word,  
And only to thy glory live.  
My every breath be spent,  
In publishing the sinner's friend."  
Another interesting feature of his corres-  
pondence was the Academy is the view  
grating to the Father, and supporters of  
as a simple honest lad who tells every-  
thing just as it is. These letters were never  
designed for any other eye than that of a  
parent. He opens his heart and tells all  
the doings and sayings of the Students, the  
Teachers, the Principal, and Governor and  
Chaplain: the food, the beds, the hours of  
rest, the general habits of the inmates of  
the Institution. In one letter we find the  
influence, the healthy and powerful influence  
of the public examination upon the minds  
of the Students. Did the public, and the  
friends in general know how their visit,  
presence, and opinion, were looked forward  
to by the Students for the examination, they  
would as the friends of aspiring youth, re-  
joice in bestowing patronage so valuable—  
Next to the impetus given to the Students  
by the hope of appearing well before the  
public examination, the female Academy  
stands prominently forth. A spirit of pure  
and lofty emulation appears to exist between  
the two Institutions. "What will they say  
if the ladies beat us?" appears to be a common  
inquiry among the chums. He writes home,  
"There was a good degree of excitement  
between the classes of the different Acad-  
emies: with the exception of the first French  
Class, we did better than the ladies. They  
also claim the victory in Chemistry. But  
we have every reason to dispute the ground  
they took. In Mental Philosophy our class  
certainly ranked with the first ever taught  
in the Academy."  
These things are mentioned because it is  
gratifying to the Father, and supporters of  
the Wesleyan Institution in Sackville, to  
find, amidst a voluminous private correspon-  
dence, such frequent testimonies to the good  
order, the peace and harmony, the inestima-  
ble value, and, (what is best of all), the  
christian piety of the establishment. One  
would naturally suppose that in a score or  
two of letters written by a youth in his par-  
ticular there would be a few things men-  
tioned which might be fit to present to speak of  
in public. But there is not a single record in  
the whole correspondence that might not  
safely be published to the credit of the  
Academy. The spirit of piety and holy emu-  
lation, the excellency of the food, and the  
comfort of the apartments, the kindness and  
attention shown to all without partiality  
and partiality on the part of the Principal  
and every other officer, are topics touched upon  
in every letter during a two years whole-  
sale correspondence. How gratifying to  
the thousands of our "Israel" to know that  
we have at least one educational establish-  
ment for our daughters and our sons, where  
they will be as free as it is possible to be  
free, from the mighty depravity which  
reigns around and corrupts every thing of  
earth, and where the first principles of piety  
instilled into their young minds, amid the  
domestic circle, will be fostered, nurtured  
and trained up to bear fruit, some in the  
Ministry, and others in the humbler, yet as  
lovely, offices of the Church of Christ! Here  
is a simple and illiterate youth, fresh from  
the plough and back settlements, with the  
first principles of grace gently displaying  
themselves in expanding his soul and erect-  
ing a pure taste, a taste for learning. The  
Grace of God is a powerful expansive and  
elevating principle, very often its primary  
influence is first detected by a thirst for  
knowledge. It may not as yet have reached  
that degree in which it transforms the mind  
into the image of God; but it is there, a  
spirit within spirit, the divine nature within  
the human! And it will be asked "what  
manner of child shall this be." Luke 1, 66,  
the answer is "All depends upon his educa-  
tion." In the majority of public schools,  
his grace would have been ridiculed, and  
destroyed, forgetting that the foundation of  
all true greatness is laid when the first prin-  
ciples of grace are received. But in the  
Academy to which Samuel Annett had the  
good Providence to be sent, the grace of  
God found a congenial element, a fostering  
hand and a shield of defence. The result  
was, he grew in grace and in knowledge,  
gave evidence of a sound conversion from  
sin to holiness, and consecrated himself to  
the most honourable work in earth or Heav-  
en, the Ministry of Reconciliation. He  
entered upon this work in the Woodstock  
Circuit at the Conference of 1835. The  
ardour with which he engaged in the duties,  
the zeal and diligence he manifested, gave  
great hope of usefulness, and promise of  
future good, and also excited fears of an  
early dissolution. He wrote from Woodstock,  
saying, "I preached six times this week,  
traveled 34 miles and visited nineteen fami-  
lies. The Lord is blessing me and giving  
me favour in the sight of the people. The  
people say that I will kill myself; but my  
Lord died for me, and I am willing to die  
for Him. Souls are dying all around me,  
how can I rest?" This is the secret of the  
young Minister's early death. "Souls are  
dying around me and how can I rest?" He  
sees hell opened and into its devouring  
flames countless multitudes of his fellow  
men are rushing heedlessly, Christ commis-  
sions him to arrest them with cries of "Why  
will ye die? Turn ye, Turn ye, Why  
will ye die?" He pleads "Turn ye, Turn ye,  
from the burning, but this only stimulates  
his zeal. He labours night and day, until  
tired nature under his weight of infirmities,  
gives symptoms of decay. Kind friends urge  
him to be quiet. He points to the pit,  
to the perishing, to the cross, and asks "How  
can I rest?" Among the noble army of  
Martyrs in the Church triumphant, there  
will be seen a noble rank whose martyrdom  
was inflicted by their own sword. The rack,  
the gibbet, the block, the axe, the chains,  
the dungeon, the wild beasts' jaws, and the  
fire and sword, are not the only instruments  
of martyrdom. My zeal hath consumed  
me." *Psalm cxix. 139.* The zeal of thy  
house hath eaten me up." *Psalm cxix. 139.*  
Humanity breaks down under the cir-  
culation of Heaven.  
—  
Samuel had to retire from the work after  
a short time. Whether his incessant labors  
and his consuming zeal at more rapidly de-  
veloped incipient consumption, or whether  
that insidious disease had early marked him  
a victim of death, is not needful for us to  
discuss. In 1855 he returned to his father's  
home to die. He died well. Lovingly as  
life appeared to him in his ardour to preach  
Christ, he confessed that he saw more beau-  
ty in life from the valley of death than  
from any other point of observation. In  
the height of his final triumph over death he  
exclaimed, "It is worth living to die thus."  
For some days he shared the same care-  
lessness from a temptation that his last hours  
would be clouded on account of "the pain  
of dying." He felt the full force of our  
Liturgy, "Suffer us not at our last hour for  
any pains of death to fall from Thee." As  
he stepped into the valley the tempter  
met him; and his shadowy form for a time  
infringed upon the beams of glory which illu-  
minated that part of the way shining  
from the side nearest Heaven. For ten  
days his conflict was distressing at certain  
seasons. Those who watched him observed  
with deep emotion the wrestling of his soul.  
"He forsake me? Never! He died for  
me, and I will die for him!" he exclaimed  
in a manner as if he were addressing an-  
other person. "When did he pardon me? On  
such a spot at Sackville Academy; there my  
Saviour spoke peace to me, and told me I  
was His, and He was mine." "Deceiv-  
ed? No, thou deceiver! My Saviour is the  
TRUTH, as well as the Way and the  
Life. His blood cleanseth me from all  
sin." This was not the wrestling of a  
Jacob with the angel. That conflict had  
been endured; that triumph had been ob-  
tained long before Samuel came into the  
valley of death. It was the "hour and  
power of darkness." It was the Christian's  
conflict with him who once "had the power  
of death;" but since the triumph on the  
cross his assumption of former prerogatives  
is proved vain by victorious faith. The  
tempter left him. The cloud dispersed, and  
the glory of God beamed forth in every  
spring splendor. Changing his language he  
exclaimed, "The weight of glory! The  
ETERNAL weight of glory!" Calling his  
brothers and sisters he bade them a final  
adieu, charging them to meet him in glory.  
"Then turning to his father he said, 'The  
work is done.' He departed 'to be for-  
ever with the Lord.'"  
JOHN BREWSTER.  
—  
**Mrs. REBECCA FISHER, OF LOWER  
BOSTON.**  
MR. EDITOR.—The following record,  
should have been forwarded for publication  
in the Provincial Wesleyan some time ago,  
but for my numerous engagements, and the  
want of a few statistics. The late Mrs.  
Rebecca Fisher was born in Aylesford East,  
on the 19th of August 1795, and was care-  
fully instructed in the things of God, by a  
pious mother, who had been a member of the  
Methodist church for many years. Rebec-  
ca had unquestionably been the subject of  
many religious impressions in early life,  
and at the time of an extensive revival of

**Home Influence.**  
Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
All thy restless yearning it would still,  
Lest, and flower, and laden bough are preaching,  
This truest, though humble, art to fill.  
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Truly it has been said, that "our duties  
are like the circles of a whirlpool the inner-  
most includes home." A modern writer  
has designated home "heaven's fallen sister,"  
and a melancholy truth lies shrouded in  
those few words. Our home influence is  
not a passing but an abiding one; and all  
powerful for good or evil, for peace or  
strife, for happiness or misery. Each separ-  
ate Christian home has been likened to a  
central sun, around which revolves a happy  
and united band of warm, loving hearts,  
acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing  
together. Which number of the family  
group can say, I have no influence? What  
sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power  
of each!  
—  
"A lighted lamp," writes M. Cheyne, "is a  
very small thing, and it burns calmly and  
without noise; yet it gives light to all who  
within the house." And so there is a quiet  
influence, which, like the flame of a scented  
lamp, fills many a home with light and fra-  
grance. Such an influence has been beau-  
tifully compared to "a carpet, soft and  
deep, which, while it diffuses a creaking sound,  
it is the curtain which, from many a beloved  
form, wards off at once the summer's  
glow and the winter's wind. It is the pil-  
low on which sickness lays its head, and for-  
gets half its misery." This influence falls  
as the refreshing dew, the invigorating sun-  
beams, the fertilizing shower, shining on  
with the mild tints of moonlight, and har-  
monizing in one scene many of the dis-  
cordant hues of a family picture.  
—  
**A Glorified Spirit.**  
Would you know where I am? I am at  
home in my Father's house, in the house  
prepared for me there. I am where I  
would be, where I have long and often de-  
sired to be; no longer on a stormy sea, but  
in a safe and quiet harbor. My working  
time is done, I am resting; my sowing time  
is done, I am reaping; my joy is at the time  
of harvest.  
—  
Would you know how it is with me? I  
am made perfect in holiness; grace is swal-  
lowed up in glory; the top-stone of the  
building is brought forth.  
—  
Would you know what company I have?  
Blessed company, better than the best on  
earth—here are the holy angels and the  
spirits of just men made perfect. I am set  
down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob,  
in the kingdom of God, with the blessed  
Paul and Peter, and all the saints; and here  
I meet with many of my old acquaintances  
that I fasted and prayed with, who got be-  
fore me hither.  
—  
And lastly, would you consider how long  
this is to continue? It is a garland that  
never withers; a crown of glory that fades  
not away; after millions of millions of ages,  
it will be as fresh as it is now; and, there-  
fore, weep not for me.—*Matthew Henry.*  
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**The Source of Comfort.**  
The well-known missionary, Campbell,  
for many years after his conversion had  
neither peace nor joy in believing. His  
faith was not subjective, that objective;  
he was not at all satisfied with his faith.  
Doubts, fears, and actual backslidings had  
often shaken his hope and driven him al-  
most to despair, even at the time he was  
regarded by other Christians as a pattern.  
At last, as he said in a letter to the vener-  
able John Newton, "The cloud which  
covered the mercy-seat fled away, and Jesus  
appeared as he is: my eyes were not turned  
inward, but outward. The Gospel was the  
glass in which I beheld Him. I now stand  
upon a shore of comparative rest. When  
in search of comfort I resort to the testimony  
of God, this is the field which contains the  
pearl of great price. Frames and feelings  
are, like other created comforts, passing  
away. What unutterable source of con-  
solation is it that the foundation of our faith  
and hope is immutably the same, the sacrifice  
of Jesus as acceptable to the Father as ever  
it was!  
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Formerly the major part of my thoughts  
centered either upon the darkness I felt of  
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directed to Jesus, what He hath done, suffer-  
ed, and promised."

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