The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

Volume X. No. 7. HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1858. Whole No. 449.

Original Poetry.

To Emma.

Thy birth day Emma! my fair friend:
I would I had thy gift of song!
Could voice and verse harmonious blend,
And pour the thrilling lay along!
How would I charm thy ravished ear,
As thou hast often mine before,
With music sweet as strains we hear
Entranced long since in fabled lore.

Or had I power to cull for thee
A bouquet of the flowers I love,
Earth hath no gems so fair to me
As I would bring from vale and grove.
Gems have no *fragrance*—*theirs* would bring
Back memories of thy childhood's days,
A blessed halo round thee fling,
Like sunlight on the morning's hay.

Vain wish!—nor flowers, nor music mine,
With which to greet thy natal day,
But O reject not what is thine,
A prayer for thee,—a simple lay,—
That sweet affections, thornless flowers,
May ever strew thy path below,
Hope charm with all her soothing powers,
Whilst to the better land you go.

May every earthly boon be thine,
And every purchased gift of Heaven
Contentment round thy home entwine,
And every care be from it driven!
And when with love, and joy, and peace,
Thy heart's responsive echoes swell,
Till earth admits of no increase,
Thou hast the prayer of—

ISABELLE.

St. John's, Nfld., Jan. 28, 1858.

Religious Miscellany.

The Waldenses.

Neander says, that "the origin of the Waldenses is to be traced to the reading of the Bible." In Piedmont, as well as at Lyons, or wherever they can be traced, they based everything upon this single and sovereign authority. A mixture of superstition may be found in some of their opinions.—Still their faith was singularly pure. It closely resembled that of the reformed churches of later days. The mass, transubstantiation, the worship of saints and images, the doctrine of purgatory and of indulgences, the supremacy of popes and bishops, were all corruptions which they must perpetually oppose. "Once praying in the words of the Lord's prayer," they said, "is of more efficacy than the ringing of ten bells: yea, than the mass itself." They believed in a regular ministry; but they still maintained that every one had a right to instruct.—They accepted the words of Christ with undivided loyalty, and clung to him as their sole Redeemer; and, in one word, believed in a religion that did not consist in works, ceremonials, penances, but in a regenerating faith which must fill the heart and flow out into every vein with life-giving power.

And, therefore, they kept themselves close to the Divine Spirit by constant communion with God and his truth. Men, women, children, gained a most intimate knowledge of the Scriptures. They said, "Among the Catholics, a teacher is rarely to be met who can repeat three chapters of the Bible;" whereas, among themselves, scarcely a man or woman could not repeat the entire New Testament in the vernacular language.—Generation after generation continually fed their souls upon the truth of God. They did not live their own life a'one, but strove to live the life of the Apostles and of the Son of God. They soared up day by day into the spiritual world to breathe its holy air, and therefore we are prepared to hear bright testimonies to their purity. In the Noble Lesson,"—a document of uncertain date, but which gives a just picture of the spirit of the Waldensian Church,—it is said: "If a man is to be found who neither curses, lies, swears, commits adultery, murders, possesses himself of others' goods, nor revenges himself upon his enemies, they say that he is a Waldensian, and should be punished." Enemies were compelled to acknowledge their purity. A knight of France, when asked by a bishop why he did not drive them from his dominions, replied, "We cannot do it, for we have grown up with them and have kinsmen among them; besides, we see them living in all honesty." "I allow," says a fierce Dominican, "in morals and life they are good, true in words, unanimous in brotherly love: but in faith they are incorrigible and vile." So implicitly were they trusted, that the Catholics, in the midst of persecuting wars, in order to save their daughters from the hands of their own soldiery, placed them among the Waldenses as in a sanctuary. No passion, no desire of revenge, ever betrayed that holy trust. Centuries ago they were said to be orderly, industrious, chaste, masters of their own passions, free from falsehood and fraud. And an English writer, who visited the Piedmontese valleys in 1822, represents them as still retaining the same characteristics. Every slope of the mountains, every available recess in the valleys, was occupied by vineyards and orchards, or subjected to cultivation by those industrious and frugal inhabitants. Where no plough could be driven, men turned up the soil by the spade. Their homely cottages were neat and cheerful; their pastors intelligent and faithful.—And a profound piety and faith, while it lifted up the heart as in a perpetual hymn, bloomed out in all beautiful, social virtues.

Nor were more brilliant, if not higher qualities wanting. When religion becomes a living faith, it endows man with power, and makes him, in every faculty of his nature, a living soul. That inspiration awakens mind. A remarkable degree of intelligence is said to have characterized the Vaudois peasantry. "Their great cry," one writer says "is for books." The heart stimulated the intellect to noble aspirations. It quickened them also to heroic energy and daring. It has been said that the word "hero" is not to be found in the Bible.—Heroism, in the world's frequent use of that word, Christianity denounces and crucifies. But heroism in the true sense is the first and last and eternal result of Christian faith. That faith transforms the timid man into a confessor, and makes every disciple a hero. The Waldenses have been both in action and in endurance. When they took up arms to defend themselves against invaders, a handful of Waldenses, posted in the passes and gorges of the mountains, or rushing down from the heights upon the foe, successfully resisted hundreds and thousands of trained soldiers. If obliged to retire at times before an overwhelming force, they went up the Alpine peaks with their wives and children, making the lofty heights echo with their songs of undaunted faith. Gianavella, in 1655, and Arnaud, in 1690, were heroes of action, as well as brave confessors, whose achievements equalled the noblest daring of knights and crusaders. The commanders of the invaders said that the life of one of the Waldenses cost the lives of twenty of their soldiers. Said Arnaud, when some urged him not to rush to the front of the battle, "I best know what the cause and the occasion require of me. While I advance, follow me; and when I fall, revenge me." Men animated by such a spirit were invincible; and they rose up from their prayers to smite opposing hosts as by a bolt from heaven.

But they had a still nobler heroism; the heroism of endurance. No tortures, no swords, no stake, could shake their steadfast souls. We quote one or two out of the host of heroic answers which glorify their annals. A peasant of Rosa was placed upon the ladder of the gallows, and told to choose between tempting rewards for apostacy and instant death. "I am proud to be accounted worthy to suffer for the cause of Christ," was his only answer. He was still further urged to remember his wife and little ones. "I do remember them," he said, "and pray God that my children may follow in their father's steps, and die like myself." "Favor me with those two flint stones," said another, as he sat upon his funeral pile; "sooner can men eat these as bread, than can you destroy the religion for which I die." Such men could be exterminated, but never conquered. The infinite truth flooded their souls and rendered them invincible by human arms. They looked steadfastly up to that sacred head, circled once with thorns, now radiant at the right hand of God, and they could not falter. For centuries their martyr age continued; and for centuries that same martyr spirit beat in the breasts of young and old, of gentle maidens and strong men, and made them, when the trial came, loyal unto death. The vales and mountains of Piedmont present scenes of exquisite beauty and sublime grandeur, which enrapture and awe the traveller as he threads the mountain passes or scales their dazzling heights.

But the Christian pilgrim discerns a more ravishing beauty, and still higher grandeur, investing and hallowing every spot. Many a mountain pass has been a Thermopylæ. Every village and hamlet has its sacred place, consecrated by the blood of martyrs. The Waldensian Church has been well characterized as the martyr church in Christendom. Its unshaken constancy, its heroic endurance, have been worthy of apostolic ages. Piedmont has been called a cabinet whose Alpine heights enclose an inestimable jewel. The Waldenses, like the first disciple, sealed their faith with their freely-offered blood; and when God makes up his jewels, they will stand among the cloud of witnesses with their starry crowns.

What has been the influence of a Church so pure in faith and life upon the thought of the world? That question is not easily answered. One of its preachers said to a Minister of the Church of England, in 1824. "Remember that you are indebted to us for your emancipation from papal thraldom. We led the way. We stood in the front rank; and against us the first thunderbolts of Rome were fulminated. The baying of the bloodhounds of the inquisition was heard in our valleys long before you knew its name. From Guianne, when an English province, our doctrines found their way even into England itself; and Wickliffe preached nothing more than had been heard in our valleys long before." One thing is clear, the Waldenses were Reformers before the Reformation itself. The candle which they bore aloft was rather a ray from the ascending sun—the light which purples the east at the first coming of the morn. The opinions and labors of Waldo and his associates, in France and the heart of Europe, were seed-grains of new thought, and life. Claude, of Turin, and the Churches of the mountain valleys, did not exist in vain.—Every breeze that came from those pure heights was freighted with life from the plains below. Truth, virtue, propagate their influence through a thousand channels in which God directs their course and watches their way; and what was proclaimed in the secluded places of Piedmont may have first fully burst upon the view of men in a Wickliffe and a Luther. But we urge extravagant claims. We rather say, "take off the crown" from man, and award it to God alone. Honor to all who have been organs of the Divine Spirit in its regenerating ministries. Place others of wider culture, of apparently greater influence, upon thrones, if you will. To the Waldenses still belongs the royal place; for they were also kings and priests unto God.

What will be the future of such a Church? For nineteen thousand Waldenses and three thousand Catholics dwell together in the valleys of Piedmont to-day. Since 1848 they have comparatively flourished. In Turin they have three preachers, with masters, colporteurs, a small journal, and a depository of books and tracts. In Genoa, Nice, Penerola, and various other places, they have preachers and missionaries. It is said that they are to be found in many parts of Italy. The College of Torre, in the valley where their churches have always been, has twelve professors, and one hundred and five students, including those of the Normal School and the Theological Faculty. A church with such a past, the representative of a host of confessors of martyrs, though small to-day, must have a future. We should gladly welcome any of its members, honored both for its past history and its present character, into our own land. Still we hope to see its triumph in Italy itself. Recognized already in Piedmont, in the revolutions which may suddenly burst upon the world, and cannot always be postponed, it may yet be recognized by the United Italian States. Perhaps the Church which popes and princes could not crush, which preserved its purity almost, it may be altogether, untarnished, through long centuries of poverty and persecution, may come down from its Alpine retreats, in its true apostolic succession to be enthroned even in Rome. If that consummation should ever come, may the purity of its martyr days still remain, to give it an omnipotence which Rome can never win. May no degeneracy cause its prosperity to become the loss of its power.

Whatever the future may be, the past is secure. The prayer of Milton's muse has been answered. God has avenged his slaughtered saints. The inquisition, with its armies and its racks, is losing or has lost its power in the dominions of Catholicism itself; while the Waldenses live in their mountain valleys, live in the thought, the faith, the life of reformed churches and nations. The justice of history is slow, but sure. For ages we say, "How long! O Lord, how long!" But at length the Lord gloriously comes. Christian candor may magnify the work of Dominic as it will, but it cannot save his name from deepening shame. Prejudice may obscure the name of Waldo or of Claude, of the Waldenses both of earlier and later centuries; but they shall yet shine like the stars. Tyrants and warriors usurp the pages of history, and make it profane. But the world has a *sacred* history too. It has its gloomy roll of saints. As we study the past, they seem to come forth, bending beneath the cross, circled with martyr fires, crowned with piercing thorns, yet with transfigured faces; and as they take their places in the upper sky, a sacramental host of God's elect, the moral heaven is filled with celestial rays. They come from every age and clime; and the pure and true whom we have known go up from our homes, from the places of loyal service of man and God, to God, to join their blessed company. O, blessed martyrs—compass us about—the earlier and the later gone—and fill our hearts with your eternal life, and take us up into your own fellowship and rest!—*Christian Examiner.*

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

A Serious Question.

The following powerful sketch appeared some years ago in a European publication, and was copied into the *Musical Magazine*, New York, Thomas Hastings Esq. editor:—It affords matter for much serious reflection.

A Province in the remotest part of a certain empire had rebelled against its sovereign.—There were some circumstances in the history of this province which rendered the guilt of such a movement on its part exceedingly aggravated.

Its inhabitants were poor to the last degree of dependence. Their food, dwellings, —we may say their lives, were so many gifts from their king. He had been kind to them beyond degree.

No want or woe endured by the meanest of them was disregarded by him. He had even condescended to teach them such arts and inventions as were calculated not only to render present existence easy and delightful, but to elevate them in mind and character. But under all these and innumerable other obligations, these subjects rebelled.

It was not a mere murmuring against authority in some specified instance, but a bold declaration of independence. "We will not have this man to reign over us." Intelligence of this proceeding reached the king. One course only seemed to be before him. The rebels must be punished. A short time previous a few others had rebelled, and although high rank, intellect, and previously unsullied character, were in their favor, no alternative was afforded. They were destroyed by the law of justice; and could these degraded, diminutive culprits hope for a better fate? . . . . . The whole realm was armed.

A writing had gone forth signed by the royal hand, actually offering pardon to the rebels of that far province. The princes and noblemen at court studied and planned, and men of the keenest discernment spent days in the investigation, but all in vain; the reason of this mysterious interest was impenetrable. It existed however in the bosom of the king, and in truth he was willing to pardon his ungrateful subjects.—Messengers were dispatched with the edict of mercy. They delivered it to the insurgents and were torn in pieces by them. Others were sent and they too were put to death.—The king's patience was yet unexhausted. It was unaccountable, but he would not give those insurgents over to wrath. He had a son left, an only son the hope of his empire, the pride of his heart, and he sent him. When the rebels saw this proof of their king's sincerity and amazing mercy, some were melted to submission, and laid down the weapons of their rebellion at his feet. They were however, but few. The vast majority were more than ever enraged and slew the son also. Yes, slew him by a lingering cruel torture, and as his royal blood dripped upon the earth, they mocked at the sufferer.

Can the king forbear now? will he not now destroy them? Unutterable mystery! Mercy without analogy in heaven or earth! He even again urges these wretches to return to him and to duty. A thousand messengers go out in every quarter of the domain, crying "repent." Still only a few return.

There was bustle and preparation in the chief city of that rebel province. Its largest building was decorated, and when night came, a noon-tide light blazed upon the gorgeous chandeliers within these walls.—Thousands of citizens thronged the seats and aisles. The sound of music arose, now in the sweet melody of a female voice, and now in the deep thunder of united sounds, when voice vied with instrument, and instrument with its fellow, to swell the chorus. And what is this? Is there no shame? no blush? no sense of awful trifling? no dread of blasphemy? They have written the story of their rebellion—the tale of that base, ungrateful, horrible return of their monarch's kindness;—the murder of his son!! and set it to music, and brought from the theatre and the bar-room, those who sing it to them. And the audience who are they? They are the polite, the fashionable, the gay, the pleasure hunter, the idler, the gentlemanrake; and oh! oh! that I must say it; there too are some of those *reclaimed rebels*, as cordially and quietly listening as if they were unconscious that the singers and audience were engaged in the dreadful mockery, and that their own presence furnished a specious plea of moral and innocent enjoyment to the rest. *Is it, to say the least, consistent? Is it right?*

Jerusalem.

The gilded crescent of the Mosque of Omar still glitters in the morning and evening sunlight, upon the summit of Mount Moriah. The walls and dome which inclose and cover the "sacred rock," are still a standing memorial of the youthful conquests of Islamism, a sepulchral monument commemorating the fall of Judaism. From the consecrated area of the ancient temple both Jew and Christian are still barred, and to force an entrance is to rush upon certain death. What are the present aspects of this dominant religion, of Mohammedanism in the holy city?

From all I can learn, Mohammedanism is as effete and dead here as in the other portions of Turkey which we have traversed. Since the day I left Christian soil behind at Belgrade, and entered upon the Sultan's dominions, *I have not seen, so far as I remember, one new mosque in the process of erection, nor one lately finished.* I have seen unfinished churches, unfinished synagogues, unfinished convents, but no unfinished mosques. They all look as if they had been built by a departed people, and passively inherited by these later generations. Although most of them enjoy extensive revenues from their great landed possessions, they are allowed to grow as shabby as the elements can make them. Very seldom is a piastre expended for repairs.—Little interest is manifested in their religious exercises, except the ostentatious or fanatical. See a Mohammedan saying his prayers in a good conspicuous place, and he is extremely heavenly-minded, or let him see you attempting to look into the gate of the Mosque of Omar, and you would think him ready to die for the sanctity of his shrine; but apart from these two forms of exhibition, the interest of the Moslems in religion is almost imperceptible. Unless Egypt shall present some religious phenomena different from anything I have yet witnessed in the great Mohammedan Empire, I shall not hesitate to pronounce the religion as dead as the heathen ones of the Roman Empire were in the third century of the Christian era. Thus far everything is stagnant, dead, putrescent.

The influence of Mohammedanism upon the public life of the city, through the channel of the government, is unimportant. So strong are the representations of other religions, and so influential the official agents of the nations claiming the exercise of a religious protectorate over one sect or another, that the government is forced to confine itself to its appropriate functions, and to hold itself almost entirely aloof from religious complications. Indeed, there is less confusion of political and religious life here than in many of the Christian states. Still, the government is so little systematized that somewhat depends upon the personal character of the governor. For instance, the last one was so far impregnated with the liberal ideas which have been adopted at Constantinople, that he commanded the gates of the harem to be open to such "unbelievers" as were willing to pay a pound sterling a piece for the privilege of viewing the holy place. Thus for the first time for centuries was a chance offered for the full inspection of the interior of the temple area, by the Occidentals, and the procurement of data requisite for the settling of the vexed question respecting its shape. Very many availed themselves of the opportunity, and can now have no cause to regret it, since the present incumbent of the gubernatorial office has closed the gates again upon all except the faithful. We had an opportunity a day or two ago to witness the fanatical zealousness with which they attempt to keep their holy ground unpolluted by the touch of infidel foot. Returning from a visit to the Jews' Wailing Place, we were passing the open gate of the court, and stopped to look at the interior. Immediately a great yelling was raised by a dozen or two of men, women, and children, and although no attempt had been made to enter, they bustled up in a turbulent phalanx into the gateway, gesticulating so furiously and menacingly in the faces of our party, two of whom were ladies, that we narrowly escaped a "free fight." The temptation I assure you was very great, and I have a very distinct recollection of seeing Prof. G.'s umbrella go through some rather significant motions above the head of a brawling Ethiopian who had made himself rather conspicuous. We enjoyed, however, afterward, a very much better view of the whole ground from the top of the barracks at the northern end, and although I was not allowed to pluck a commemorative leaf from one of the trees within, a fine sprig of sycamore lies here upon the table beside, which a kind little friend, Miriam by name, was so good as to send me yesterday.

The present Mohammedan population of the city amounts to but very little more than a third of the whole, and the ratio is constantly decreasing. They are entirely destitute of the enthusiasm requisite for aggressive operations by moral agencies, and dare not make use of force. It is a common remark, that the governor invariably yields to any unanimous wish of the consuls. Consuls rule here, just as the embassadors rule at Constantinople. Indeed, Jerusalem is only a miniature Stamboul, in all political respects, and all the interesting political problems and prospects which present themselves to the eye of an observer here, are only ramifications of the great problems whose solution will constitute the history of the Ottoman Empire. Of these, I have already spoken enough, perhaps more than destiny will validate.

For many years past, there has been a growing interest throughout the Christian world in the outcast and scattered children of Israel. Societies exist in every Christian land to labor for their in-gathering into the true fold, and the *constitutionally Christian* states, in their desire to atone for the oppressions of long and dark centuries, grieve that their political constitution will not allow the absolute equality of the Jews with their Christian subjects. About twenty years ago, an unusual movement of this outcast people toward their ancient land, turned all eyes hither, and the knowing bade us watch for the immediate fulfilment of a prophecy in the "restoration of the Jews." How progresses the work?

Slowly. The cause of the sudden influx alluded to, was the opening of new dwelling-places, especially Damascus and Tyre, which had been shut against them for years. The present increase by immigration is not important. It is true there is constantly a stream setting back toward the lands of the fathers. But this stream is composed almost exclusively of the old, whose souls yearn to behold for once the sacred heights of their true father-land, and then to repose in its bosom. Hence a considerable immigration is necessary to maintain their number undiminished, there being very little natural increase to make good the ravages of death. There was one of these "returning" Jews upon our steamer, as we came to "the land of promise," and on making his acquaintance, I found he was a widower, and having got through with the world, as he said, was going up to die, and be gathered unto his fathers.

Most of the Jews residing here are of Spanish origin, and speak according to circumstances, Spanish, Hebrew, or Arabic. They have four large synagogues, all of which I visited. Another one, of more architectural pretension, is in the process of erection near by, and will be, when finished, one of the most splendid edifices in Jerusalem. Besides the Spanish Jews, however, there is quite a community of Polish ones. They own two small synagogues, situated, like the others, upon the eastern portion of Mount Zion. They are regarded as more devout than the others, spend more time in reading the Law, and mingle much less with the world. I visited one of their synagogues last Saturday morning, and was really quite affected with the earnestness and feeling manifested by the reader. Soon after, I sat down in the crowd beside a good natured looking man, who soon offered to share his book with me. I was agreeably surprised to find he could converse in German, and so a question or two passed between us, after which he suddenly turned to me, and said:

"You are a *Christian*, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied I.

"*We* don't believe in *wooden gods*," resumed he in a very earnest, almost bitter under tone; "we only believe in what the Lord God has revealed by his servant Moses, and by the Prophets."

"Ay, good," I replied, "and *there are Christians* who don't believe in 'wooden gods' either."

A change in the services here interrupted our conversation, and my companion soon rose to go.

As might be expected, the conversion of the Jews here goes forward but slowly. In the first place, the Jewish population here is, as we have seen, almost exclusively a population of old people. Secondly, a class of people whose religious convictions were strong enough to draw them hither from the ends of the earth, leaving kin and native land, and all the associations and charms of home, could not be expected to prove a particularly easy class to proselytize. Of the missions among them, we must speak further on. Supported in a great measure by alms from brethren abroad, the Rabbins in Jerusalem have ample leisure for the study of the Scriptures, and, probably, surpass in this respect those of every other part of the world. It may yet please God to raise a chosen apostle from their number, bringing him through the agency of that old "schoolmaster," the law, "to Christ." May he hasten it in his good time.

The position of the Christians is much as it has been for several years. They compose, as near as can be ascertained in the absence of all official census returns, one third of the population. By a decree of the Fourth General Council of the Christian Church, Jerusalem was elevated from a bishopric to a patriarchate, two metropolitan sees being contributed by the patriarchate of Antioch, and two by that of Alexandria. From that day to this, through all the vicissitudes of a terrible history, it has remained one of the constituent patriarchates of the Eastern Church. In the beginning, the Jerusalem patriarch had four metropolitan sees; sixty-eight bishoprics, and twenty-five suffragan bishoprics under him; now there are but fourteen sees, and not all of these filled; indeed, but two are filled by *resident* bishops, namely, those of Acre and Bethlehem. The number of Greek Christians in the city at present is about two thousand. They are all native Arabs, except the monks, who are Greeks, and their services are performed in the vernacular. The spiritual charge of them is intrusted to six native priests.

The Convent of St. Salvator is the center and ægis not only of the Latins of the city, but of all the Catholics in the Holy Land. It contains forty or fifty Franciscan monks, half Italian, and half Spanish. It is the headquarters of the great monastic army which garrisons the "Terra Santa," and hopes to bring it over one day to popery. This army is styled the "*Custodia della Terra Santa*" and the commander-in-chief, "*Guardianus Sacri Montis Sion et Presul Terræ Sanctæ.*" This establishment dates back to the time of the crusaders, and there are little circles of native Catholics which have gathered around each of the twenty subordinate converts. Here, in Jerusalem, there are about one thousand who belong to the Latin communion, and who receive alms from the convent. For many years, Rome pursued the ruinous policy of making the convents of Syria a sort of Botany Bay, and allowed their superintendent to reside in Italy, but for some time past he has been compelled to reside in Jerusalem, and the monkish delegates have been selected with more reference to their missionary abilities.

Of the Armenians, Copts, etc., we could learn nothing of interest. They appear to be doing nothing, except enjoying their revenues, and watching jealously their respective interest in the cathedral of the Holy Sepulcher.

The few lines which remain of the space at my disposal in this letter, must be devoted to the latest born of the Christian sects at Jerusalem, the Protestant. The first attempt to spread the light of pure Protestant Christianity here in the city where Christ was crucified, was made by our own countrymen, not with a design to *Protestantize* the Oriental Church, but to *spiritualize* and *vivify* it.—In the end it failed, and the field was abandoned. Meantime agents of the London "Society for the Spread of Christianity among the Jews" had come in and commenced their labors. In 1840, a well meaning friend of the mission, Federic William IV., changed the whole face of things by conspiring with the dignitaries of the Anglican Church to found an English bishopric on Mount Zion, he promising to furnish one half the endowment. The bishopric was founded, as all the world knows, the Sultan being glad to get back Syria from Mohammed Ali's hands by so slight a concession to the Christian powers, to whom he owed its restoration. Thenceforth Jerusalem possessed not a Protestant mission, but a Protestant sect.

It is true, that this Anglo-Episcopal establishment here still lays claim to a missionary character, and labors to convert the Jews, but having become a part and parcel of the great British Circumlocution Office, a fitting ease and dignity have supplanted the ardor and fire of the genuine missionary. It has a sort of completeness, is an "*establishment*," and more than half conscious of the fact, has "institutions," and "interests," and "officers;" in a word, it has ceased to be a mission, and become the representative of a sect. All which is said without the slightest reflection upon the brethren who labor here at present, or those who have "ceased from their labors."—*Cor. of Chris. Advocate & Journal.*

Gospel Philanthropy.

Examine its history and you will find that even when Christianity has, for obvious reasons, produced but slender *spiritual* results, the inferior benefits which it has scattered have rendered its progress through the nation as traceable as the overflowing of the Nile is, by the rich deposit and the consequent fertility which it leaves behind. This is a well known subject of devout exultation in many of the inspired epistles. The Apologies of the Father prove it, and the records of profane history unintentionally but abundantly confirm it. Virtue went out of it in every age and wherever it came. The Roman Empire was rushing to ruin; Christianity arrested its descent, and broke its fall. Nearly all the tribes of Europe were sitting at a feast upon human flesh or immolating human victims to their gods. It carried them away from the horrid repast, and extinguished their unholy fires. The spirit of Christianity brooded over the chaotic mass, and gradually gave to it the forms of civilized life. When it could not sheath the sword of war, it at least humanized the dreadful art, It found the servant a slave and broke his chains. It found the poor—the mass of mankind—trampled under foot, and it taught them to stand erect by addressing whatever is divine in their degraded nature. It found woman—one-half of the species—in the dust, and it extended its protecting arm to her weakness, and raised and placed her by the side of man. Sickly infancy and infirm old age were cast out to perish; it passed by and bade them live, prepared for each a home, and becoming the tender nurse of both.

Yes! Christianity found the heathen world without a single house of mercy. Go, search the Byzantine chronicles and pages of Publius Victor, and though the one describes all the public edifices of ancient Constantinople, and the other of ancient Rome, not a word is found in either of a purely charitable institution. Go, search the ancient marbles in your museums, question the many travellers who have visited the ruined cities of Greece and Rome, and descend and ransack the graves of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and say, if amidst all the splendid remains of statues and amphitheatres—temples, aqueducts, and palaces—mausoleums, columns, and triumphal arches—a single fragment of inscription has been found telling us that it belonged to a refuge for human want, or for the alleviation of human misery. The first voluntary and public collection ever known to have been made in the heathen world for a charitable object was made by the churches of Macedonia for the poor saints at Jerusalem. The first individual who built an hospital for the poor was a Christian widow. Go search the lexicons for interpreting the ancient Greek authors, and you will not even find the name which divine Christianity wanted, by which to designate her houses of charity; she had to invent them. Language had never been called on to invent such conceptions of mercy. All the asylums of the world belong to her.—*Sermon by John Harris, D.D.*

Creeds.

A very pious brother said to us the other day, in regard to a very severe affliction—the misconduct of a member of his family—that it had ceased to trouble him. On further inquiry, he said he believed he had in all integrity tried to do his duty to his child from infancy, that his efforts to bring the boy's soul to Christ had failed, and that in his sad career he either had no reproach on his own conscience, or was able to see his own faults laid on Christ. The long and bitter agony of a father's heart was now over. The color and complexion of all earthly things were indeed changed from what they were before his fond hope was blasted, but his victory was complete. He could think, and talk of his woes, without losing for an instance the deep peace of soul which faith imparted. "Thy will be done," had become a glad utterance, and he could see that this particular disaster, seeing that his son had chosen a career of evil, was the one to best humble, chasten and purify him. "They are the sword, the hand is thine."—Our friend is a Methodist. "Ah," said a worthy member of a Calvinistic Church, "that is my creed. You have come to that, I am glad to see." My mind ran curiously off on the inquiry as to what is the actual difference between the Arminian and Calvinistic creed. It seemed as if a little of both—a composite creed—was what men practically entertain. It looked as if a high Calvinist could never heartily labour to persuade men to resist the suggestions of a depraved nature, and turn to the Lord. It looked as if a high Arminian could never know the contentment of perfect acquiescence in the divine will. Yet Calvinists *do* labour for souls, Arminians *do* acquiesce in the will of God. We find nobody fully carrying out his creed. We naturally infer that creeds are not very perfect transcripts of the sentiments of the soul. By a sort of linguistic weakness, men often say more than they mean, and a creed seems to overstate its own meaning. Men live and love to labor inside of the formulas of their creed, as freely and easily as they can think inside of their hats. The rim of the hat is not the outline of their brains, neither is the wording of their creed the limit of their Christian life. All the phenomena of faith and practice, find room far within, or, if you choose, beyond the stiff outward bulwarks of fixed fate, free will and immersion.—*North. Christian Advocate.*

The Starting Point of Virtue.

It is the poor man's Sabbath, which is the source of his week-day virtues. The rich may have other sources, but take away the Sabbath from the poor, and you inflict a general desecration of character upon them. Taste and honor, and a native love of truth, may be sufficient guarantees for the performance of duties to the breaking of which, there is no temptation. But they are not enough for the wear and exposure of ordinary life. They make a feeble defence against such temptations as assail and agitate the men who, on the rack of their energies, are struggling for subsistence. With them the relative obligations hold more singly upon the religious; and if the tie of religion, therefore, be cut asunder, the whole of their morality will forthwith go into unhingement. Whatever virtue there is on the humbler levels of society, it holds direct of the Sabbath and of the sanctuary; and when these cease to be venerable, the poor cease to be virtuous. You take away all their worth when you take away the fear of God from before their eyes; why then should we wonder at the result of a very general depravation among them, if before their eyes should be held forth, on the part of their earthly superiors, an utter fearlessness of God?—The humbler, it ought not to be expected, will follow the higher classes on the ground of social virtue; for they have other and severer difficulties to combat, and other temptations over which the victory would be greatly more arduous. But the humbler will follow the higher on the ground of irreligion, only they will do it in their own style, and perhaps, with the more daring and lawless spirit of those who riot in the excesses of newly-felt liberty.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Power of Religion in Death Illustrated.

Does a preacher wish to exhibit the power of religion in enabling its possessor to die in peace? He may cite a Jacob, exclaiming with his dying breath, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord;" or he may point to a Boardman in the jungle, witnessing the baptism of thirty-four of his beloved Karens, and then meekly exclaiming, before he closes his eyes in death—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Or turning again to the Scriptures, he may point to a Paul, as he gazes upon the grisly king of terrors, and exclaim—"O grave where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting." Or he may point to a dying Baxter, replying with feeble voice to the question—How are you?—"Almost well." To a Rutherford, exclaiming. "I feel, I feel, I believe, I joy, I rejoice, I feed on manna! my eyes shall see my Redeemer, and I shall be forever with him. . . . . Christ is mine and I am his! Glory, glory to my Creator and Redeemer forever!—Glory shines in Immanuel's land! O for arms to embrace him! O for a well tuned harp!" Or to a Payson, with a body racked by inconceivable agony, and cheeks pale and sunken by disease, exclaiming, like a warrior returning from the field of triumph, "The battle's fought! the battle's fought! and the victory is *won!* The victory is won forever! I am going to bathe in a ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness, to all eternity!"

Obituary Notices.

MRS. MARTHA SQUIERS, the subject of the following sketch, was born at St. Andrews, N. B. in the year 1783. Her father, Capt. Hammond, was a true Loyalist, and commanded a British vessel during the war with our disaffected colonies in North America.

Having removed his family to the above mentioned place as a safe retreat from the Revolutionary struggle, his daughter's was the first female birth in that town.

After his disease, Mrs. Hammond moved with her children to St. John. It was there in the year 1805, under the ministry of the late Rev. Joshua Marsden, that Martha was convinced of her guilt and utter depravity, and was enabled to flee for refuge to the atonement of Jesus. Having obtained mercy she united herself to the people of God, to whom, through the whole of her subsequent pilgrimage, she maintained a close and affectionate attachment.

It was here also that she was married to Mr. J. C. Squiers, originally of Long Island, N. Y., one of those whose preference of British liberty to Republican rule, led him to forgo the advantages of his native place, for a home in the dependencies of his fatherland. After their marriage they removed to the County of Carleton, where the family has since resided.

Mrs. Squiers' life was characterized by numerous afflictions, and during the last twelve months they were of unusual severity. Yet she felt asured that her heavenly Father was doing all things well. No murmur escaped her lips, but rather the language of devout prayer that she might patiently endure all the will of God.

She often spoke of death, not with alarm, but with hope. Anticipating the repose for a time of her body in the grave, she rejoiced to think that then her absent spirit would be "with the Lord," and she looked forward to that blessed consummation, when the former should be raised again, "a glorious body," and both re-united, should be caught up to meet Him in the air.

Her death took place on Thursday the 10th Dec. 1857, and her remains were committed to the tomb on the following Saturday.

"Though dead she yet speaketh," and will long continue to do so, by the memory of her precepts and example, in the hearts of her aged partner, her children, and a large circle of acquaintances, who held her in high esteem.

T.