The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

Volume XV. No. 7. HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1863. Whole No. 709.

Religious Miscellany.

"The Disciple as his Master."

Shall I, a blood-bought sinner, dare,
Presume to shun my Master's lot?
Shall I whose guilt he deigned to bear,
Let his example be forgot?
What though he trod a thorny path!
What though he met a cold world's frown!
Enough be this; the servant hath
His Master's lot—"No cross, no crown."

Christ had his work. His meat and drink
Were just to do his Father's will.
From pain, from toil, he would not shrink,
But bore the cross unmurmuring still.
Christ had his work: his work is ours:
If in our hearts his spirit glows,
We bear the cross, we task our powers,—
We scorn to seek a base repose.

Christ had his trials: sore they pressed
Like thorns upon his bleeding brow,
Though he had gained triumphant rest,
He wears a blood-stained vesture now.
Christ had his trials: and shall we,
Who from his death derive our life,
Repel the thought like him to be,
To bleed to suffer in the strife?

Christ has his crown—of duty done—
Of victory over death and hell;
Angels before his glorious throne
In rapturous strains his triumph tell.
Christ has his crown, and so hast thou,
If thou his path of struggle tread;
His foes and thine to thee shall bow,
And thou shalt reign with him that bled.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Stories for the Young.

BY A PILGRIM FATHER.

NO. 10.

"*A man overboard! A man overboard!*" is a cry which, once heard, cannot easily be forgotten. It is as strange and quite as solemn as the sound of the soil as it falls on the new-laid coffin in the deep, dark grave. Many years have elapsed since I heard it first in the English Channel, but still the echoes of that piercing shout survive and linger in my ears and heart. In the interval, I have heard it several times, alas! too often, and always, save with one exception, with increasing anguish, because the efforts that the cry called forth were unavailing for the rescue of the lost.

On one occasion, while on the downward passage of the Red Sea, a sad and saddening circumstance of this kind happened. The day had been, as usual, in that interesting region, hot and stifling, but, at the approach of night, the passengers appeared upon the poop to breathe with greater freedom in the somewhat cooler temperature. The awning was taken down, and, as there was only sea enough on to give a gently undulating motion to the ship,—rather pleasant than otherwise,—the occasion was improved by the company according to their respective tastes, some enjoying the delicious luxury of "music on the waters," as rendered with effect by tuneful amateurs, some disposed in little groups engaged in gossip, personal narrative, or still more profitable converse, others prompted by a love of exercise, or impelled by force of habit, varying the monotony by promenading up and down the measured course; while, by themselves, a few congenial spirits kept apart, and sought for mutual solace in the oft-replenished bowl—a taste, if not created, certainly fostered, by the fatal facilities provided in the practice adopted by the company on this line, as well as in many of the other ocean routes, of including wines and liquors in the rates of passage money. The hours thus pleasantly beguiled sped quickly past, and hurried evening into night. As the hour for extinguishing the lights drew on, the lively little circles were broken up by the withdrawal of the ladies to their cabins, while among the gentlemen the interest was varied at the will of humour or convenience by the fashionable antidote to *ennui* that cheroots suggest, and the progress of arrangements on the part of those who meant to spend the night on deck. I was among the latter, preferring the night air with its damps and chills to the steaming closeness of my box-like berth, and, seated on a chair on the quarter deck, wished and waited the good offices of sleep. The wind began to rise, yet steadily the ship steamed on her way—the voice of song, the sound of instrument, and the music of merry-hearted children were no longer heard—the watch upon the bridge gave back the cheering answer, "All's well," to the challenge borne aft upon the breeze from the watch ahead as six bells chimed to note the passage of another hour, eleven o'clock, when suddenly, as, if in spiteful contradiction, the cry was heard, "*A man overboard!*" and soon the scene was changed from placid stillness to one of deep emotion and quickened earnestness. For some time before, I had observed a party of gentlemen sitting round the projecting gangway amusing and enjoying themselves with stories and cigars. As soon as six bells had gone, one of the number, seated next the rail, got up to leave, but, finding one of his friends asleep, and not wishing to disturb him, he stepped, or tried to step, upon the gunwale, when, missing his footing, I noticed him fall heavily upon the ladder over the side, and heard the plunge that followed as he rolled or stumbled headlong into the deep abyss of waters. At the moment it was not known who it was that had gone over, nor did any one take time to ask, it was enough that a fellow-creature was perishing, and might possibly be saved if help were speedily afforded. The first thing done was to throw over a couple of life buoys kept in readiness behind the wheel, and the next was to man and lower down two of the boats suspended over the quarter. While these preparations were in progress, the captain, roused by the sharp, shrill sound of "*A man overboard,*" hastened from his cabin, caused the engines to be stopped, officered the boats, and ordered the ship about.

The moon, which had till then been walking in brightness, became obscured, and withdrew her light just as it seemed to be needed most. The sea, too, suddenly grew rough and boisterous as the wind freshened and the clouds gathered in masses overhead. Yet away went the boats to the scene, each with a look-out at the prow, and a steersman in the stern sheets, the gallant crews pulling with a will inspired not only by a high sense of duty, but also by the hearty good wishes that prompted many a manly voice to bid them God speed in their mission. By this time most of the passengers had mustered, and were busy in discussing the circumstances, expressing regrets, and weighing the probabilities against the improbabilities of the missing one being found. And then the inquiry arose: "Who is the missing one?" and, in reply, it was discovered that he was the Admiralty Agent, proceeding to Galle, to take charge there of H. M. Mails for Australia, where his aged and widowed mother and his sisters watched and waited for his coming. It was remembered, too, that he was present at the service on the previous Sabbath when the death of a passenger on board was solemnly improved; and that, on retiring, he remarked in an impressive manner, "Well! we know who has been taken first from our midst, but God alone can know who the next may be!" Round and round a circuit of a mile or two we slowly swept; but, alas! no sound but the fitful dirge-like wail of the sullen wind was heard, nor any object seen upon the waters save the lights in the boats bobbing up and down as the billows rose and fell with the swell of the sea. Once, indeed, our hopes revived as we noticed a blue light burning in that direction, and which our sympathies interpreted as a signal that the lost was found. A short time sufficed, however, to teach us that the true meaning of the sign was to indicate the exact position of the boats and prevent their separation, and our spirits sunk again. The night wore on, but, O! how tardily the moments tarried, and how long the hours appeared! Suspense and anxiety lingered long and patiently to feed the flame of hope, but gradually all gave way to a saddening certainty that a man and a brother had been snatched from our side, and, in a moment, hid in eternity, no more to have fellowship with us, but to mingle forever with unseen realities. Still the search was not to be given up, even when we hoped against hope.—Possibly the object of our solicitude had managed to lay hold of a buoy, for the buoys were not yet recovered, and might be clinging to it, although too faint to let his voice be heard. The barest possibility was sufficient to justify unwearied effort, and for too long hours and a half the quest was continued, when, as the appearance of the weather indicated increasing danger to the boats, they were recalled by a signal gun from the ship, and as they returned with a blank report our fondly cherished fancies of a successful issue were relinquished for the sad and sorrowful conviction that all was over. But not even yet was the exploration finally abandoned. Not until the sun rose to reveal only the lifeless scene, and to shew that there was no speck of surviving animation upon the troubled waters, far as the straining eye or glass could spy, did the ship resume her course and hasten from the spot. On the following day the personal effects of the deceased were arranged in readiness to be forwarded with the distressing intelligence to his friends abroad, and in due time the lamentable event was communicated to the public in the following paragraph, which went the round of the papers:—

"Commander Edmund Webber, R.N., was accidentally drowned from the Candia, in the Red Sea, on the 9th ult. The deceased was son of the late Rev. Simon Webber, rector of Fontmill Bishop, Wilts. He passed his examination in 1845, was promoted to the rank of Commander, September 7, 1857, and has been employed as Admiralty Agent on board a contract mail steam-vessel since January 15, 1858."

How Far may we Trust the Lord?

For many years I had been a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, and had truly believed that in his hands might safely be trusted all of the soul's interests. To Him I prayed, and unto Him rendered thanks. When sickness came, and the dark shadow of death approached those that were dearest to me, my faith ventured another step, and I prayed, not only for the salvation of the child, but that it might also be restored to health, beyond this I never used to go. The wide field of temporalities, where the Christian finds his trials, his defeats, or his conquests, to me was practically beyond the care of the Almighty. The every day business of life I dared to transact without praying to Him for success in it, or asking his wisdom to guide me. Thus I passed through several years of extensive business transactions with almost unvaried success, and was esteemed rich. A terrible financial crisis which fell suddenly and with crushing force upon every part of the country, brought embarrassment for me also. My property was not lost; my securities had not depreciated, and my name had not been dishonoured; yet I owed money, not in large sums, only such amounts as I ordinarily could have obtained in an hour. The times were very hard; my neighbours were begging for loans; still I felt confident that I could obtain what I needed from any of several quarters. The time for payment came nearer, and with it the pressure grew harder, and more than all, came that universal distrust which made men doubt even their own flesh and blood. I applied to one after another for temporary loans, and went away from each disappointed. Then I attempted to sell property, which at another time would have found ready sale at its full value, but now it would not sell at any price. The money must be paid; a business reputation, which had cost many year's labour and many sacrifices, was at stake, and to preserve it I was willing to give all of the wealth that I possessed, but no one of my friends could or would help, and no one would buy.

I had but a day left, and went home at night with a sad heart. My dear wife was devoted and faithful as ever, and when I saw the sweet joy that my coming gave her, I thanked God for the gift of such a wife. My only son came with beaming eyes to tell me of his success in the school examination, which had that day taken place. His joy was contagious, my heart softened, and I thanked God for that child. Then little Ellen came, the youngest, so fair, so innocent and happy, and climbed up into my lap; in her little hands my heart became a harp of the sweet est melody. Again I thanked God for His infinite and His constant love. And with the prayer a blessed thought came into my mind. "You are discouraged; you have applied to friends for relief; you have used all the means in your power to obtain it, and have been everywhere disappointed. Why not now go to your Father in Heaven."

This seemed to be whispered not into the ear but into the heart. It seemed to me to be a suggestion from above, and I followed it. That night I prayed that the Lord would relieve me from my embarrassment, and no one who has not experienced the same feeling can tell what a burden that prayer removed, or how much courage it gave me. "The Lord is my Shepherd," constantly came into my head and up to my lips for utterance. A sweet and refreshing night's sleep was enjoyed, and in the morning I went to my office, without money it is true, but with a faith and hope that left no place for fear, and only patiently waiting for the fulfilment of its desire. Before that day had gone, a gentleman to whom I had before applied and who had refused me assistance, called and asked what amount of money I required, I named the sum, and he sat down and made out his check for the amount. That day my debts were paid, my property was saved, my business reputation was preserved, and best of all, I that day learned to trust the Lord in temporal matters, as well as in spiritual concerns.

HERMAN.

The World-wide Offer.

The full benefit of the atonement is offered to all men—to each and all of the human family. God makes the offer; and He makes it in sincerity and in good faith; and He expects that His views and feelings in this will be respected and honoured by all who presume to speak in His name. He has never commissioned any class of men to make a partial offer of salvation; to limit the invitation to any favoured class—few or many—of mankind; to show any special respect in this matter to any rank, to any complexion, to any kindred or tongue. It is never to be forgotten that the offer of salvation is not made by *man*, but by *God*. The offer stands recorded in His own word; the business of the ambassador is to go and proclaim that, and that only. It is the risen Saviour's commission—His solemn charge, when He was about to ascend to heaven—that the offer of salvation should be made to every creature. It is not the fault of His commission, or to be traced to any limitation in the merits of the atonement, that all that dwell upon the earth have not heard it:—that every Hindoo, African, and Islander has not long since been told that he might be saved through a Saviour's blood. I have no "right hand of fellowship" to extend to any scheme which does not teach that God sincerely offers all the bliss of heaven to every child of Adam, be he a Caffrarian, a Hindoo, a Laplander; a beggar, or a king; a man of wealth, learning, and respectability, or an abandoned wretch;—to the man that, by the grace of God, will ultimately reach heaven,—and to the man that by his own fault will wander for ever as an outcast on the plains of despair.

This scheme of salvation I regard as offered *to the world*, as freely as the light of heaven, or the rains that burst on the mountains, or the swellings of broad rivers and streams, or the bubblings of fountains in the desert. And though millions to whom it is offered do not receive it, and are not savingly benefited by it,—though in regard to them the provisions of the plan may be said to be, in a certain sense, in vain,—yet this result does not stand alone in the arrangements of God. I see in this the hand of the same God that pours the beams of noonday on barren sands, that sends showers on desert rocks, and that gives bubbling springs where no man is—to *our* eyes, but not to *His*, in vain. It is the overflowing of benevolence, the richness of the Divine mercy, the profusion of the gifts of the Creator, the fulness of compassion, that can afford thus to flow over all the earth—even on wastes and solitudes; for the *ocean* of love can never be exhausted or diminished.—*Barnes's "Way of Salvation."*

The Cloudy Sabbath.

"Are you going to church to-day, husband?" asked Mrs. Z. of her better half, one Sabbath morning a few weeks since. "Well, no, not this morning, I think, my dear," replied Mr. Z., as he looked out of the window and gazed intently at the sky a few moments. "I think it would scarcely be prudent, judging from the present appearance of the clouds;" and really, dear reader, if you could have heard Mr. Z. speak you would have thought he was deciding about taking a journey of some hundreds of miles, instead of going a dozen rods to the house of God. "Then of course it is not fit for me to go out, if it is not for you, so I guess I'll stay at home this morning at any rate, but I hope somebody will go to meeting, for Mr. X. preaches such good sermons that I should be sorry if he did not have some hearers, even if it is a little cloudy;" and having thus spoken Mrs. Z. leaned back in her easy chair with a religious newspaper in her hand, but judging by her closed eyes, I hardly think that she was much edified by the contents thereof.

Now let us suppose for a moment that each one of said Mr. X.'s parishioners had acted upon the same principle as the above mentioned couple, methinks his sermon must have been very personal, being preached only to himself and the sexton, that functionary being probably present more from necessity than devoutness. But all his society didn't thus act, hence he had a small congregation who were more than rewarded for any slight exertion they might have made to be present.

As Mr. Y. was going home from meeting at noon on the Sabbath referred to, he stopped at Mr. Z.'s door and said, "Any of your family sick, Bro. Z.?"

"No," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Why, I didn't see any of you at meeting, and I thought something might be the matter."

"Well, you know it looked this morning as though it might rain, and I thought I would wait until afternoon, and see what the weather proved to be."

You've lost a sermon that would have paid you for going through a northeast rain-storm, and it has not rained a drop after all, and will not to-day, I think," and he pointed to the sun as it suddenly shined out from behind a thick cloud.

And now, illustrations aside, are there not a large number like the aforesaid Mr. and Mrs. Z.? I think that if the clouds had presented the same appearance on a week day as on the Sabbath referred to, our Mr. Z. would scarcely have thought of refraining from going to his daily avocations, but 'twas Sunday, and he perhaps felt wearied by the toils of the week; and then he should have an opportunity to listen to two sermons, even if he did not go in the morning, he probably said to himself; so he indulged the inclination which he felt, and thus opened the way for many Sabbath mornings to be spent in the same manner.—*Zion's Herald.*

Work and Wages.

In the beautifully figurative language of the Redeemer, "he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." No work of faith, no labor of love can be overlooked. So extensively does this principle of remuneration obtain, in the empire of Christ, that not even a cup of cold water given in his name shall in any wise lose its reward.

When the Lord Christ was upon earth, thinking of the whitening fields, He was anxious to send laborers into the harvest. He found one man, by the lake of Galilee, who though brought up a fisherman, possessed many suitable qualifications for a successful reaper. Simon had not been long at work, however, before he began to think of the wages, which he, and his companions, should receive. "We have left all and followed thee. What shall we have therefore?" Think of the reply of Jesus, when the Son of Man shall sit upon the throne of His glory, ye shall sit upon thrones judging the tribes of Israel. Such was to be the recompense of the men who had given up their boats and nets—enthronement with Christ in glory.

"If any man serve me" was the language of the Saviour, "him will my Father honor." Bind, if you will, the chaplet around the conquerors brow; inscribe the deeds of the statesman upon the marble tablet; give to the merchant millionaire, his shining mausoleum; let the poet tune his lyre and sing his lay for distant ages; but when the warrior's wreaths have faded, and the monumental marble has perished, and the glittering mausoleum has crumbled to dust, and the poet's lyre and lay have been forgotten: then shall ye gaze upon the long line of those who have hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus, and ye shall read in characters incorruptible as the light; "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."—*Rev. J. Lathern.—Extract from Missionary Sermon.*

An Allegory on the Banks of the Tiber.

"JANUARY 1.—The Pope received the officers of the French army of occupation to-day.

"In a long speech his Holiness expressed his conviction that repentant Piedmont would fall at the feet of the chair of St. Peter, as Jacob prostrated himself before the angel after having wrestled with him all night in ignorance of his origin."—*Times, Jan. 2.*

An Allegory is a dangerous thing
For e'en a Pope his new year's guests to bring
aforе;
As difficult to a fine point to bring,
As that most ticklish of all tropes, a Metaphor.

For when you've got your Allegory square,
And on four legs have set it well a-going,
The hard-mouthed figure will run here and there,
And where t'will land you, really there's no
knowing.

See poor old Pio Nono mounts to ride
His Allegory from the old Evangel,
Where Jacob stands for Piedmont in its pride,
And Pio Nono for the wrestling angel.

He perks him on his Allegory's back,
And with a touch of the off-heel awakes him,
Forgetting that, like Gilpin on his back,
The Pope must go where Allegory takes him.

Jacob, says, Pio Nono, bowed him low
Before the angel he had striv'n all night with;
But the same verse says Jacob ne'er let go;
Until the Angel blessed him he did fight with.

The Angel asked his name, and victory's dower,
The quondam Jacob he as Israel hailed,
"For as a Prince," he told him, "thou hast power
With God and with mankind, and hast prevailed."

Then Jacob asked the Angel's name, who said,
"Why askest thou my name?" but then and
there
He called a blessing down on Jacob's head,
Before the sun o'er Penuel rose in air.

Is this the inference Pio Nono drew—
From Jacob, victor in the strife confest,
With power o'er spiritual and temporal too,
Jacob, as Israel hailed"—not banned, but
blest?

* Evidently a foreshadowing of the transformation of Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont, into Victor Emmanuel King of Italy.

Religious Intelligence.

Revival in Runcorn, England.

The following letter gives an interesting account of the commencement of a very gracious revival now in progress in the town of Runcorn, Cheshire County, in connection with the labours of those devoted servants of Christ, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.

HOW A REVIVAL COMMENCED; OR, PERSONAL EFFORT IN BRINGING FRIENDS TO JESUS.

The blessed revival flame has caught in this town during the past week. We came on Monday evening last in the midst of cold and storm Services having been announced for the evening, we made our way to the chapel, and while the heavens were pouring refreshing rain without, the Lord poured showers of grace upon His people within.

We told the company of disciples there assembled that the God of all grace was ever more than willing to revive His work; but that if we would be watered we must be answerable to the conditions of grace and water others, and it was only for us to secure an outpouring ourselves as the disciples of the Saviour, and through us, as members of Christ's body, God would do great and mighty things. We had truly a most blessed

"Season of grace and sweet delight",

as we together prostrated ourselves low, and with one accord sought the full baptism of the Spirit. Though our message had been to the church rather than to sinners that night, yet the Lord of the temple condescended to touch the hearts of three sturdy men, who, ere they left the altar of prayer, were happily converted.

Ere we separated, we asked all who would pledge themselves to work for Jesus on the coming day by taking some individual on their heart to pray for as their own soul, and then make a specific effort to bring that one to the services on the ensuing evening. Several raised the right hand, and among them was the excellent circuit minister.

The next day his circuit duties required that he should walk a journey of eight miles, and be absent from the town all day. He rose ere it was day, and, mindful of his pledge, he asked that he might be directed to some individual with whom he might be successful in giving the Gospel invitation. His mind was directed to one of his hearers who had long been a neglecter of salvation. He took the sinful man on his heart to the mercy-seat; but, as he had to leave town about daylight it was too early to call at his residence. When the minister returned in the evening, he went to see the one who had been the subject of his prayers throughout the day, and on meeting him, said about thus, "I have got in a little difficulty; can you help me out?" "What is it; and if I can do anything, I'll try?" "I think you can. It is this: last night I pledged myself to bring one to the chapel to night, and all day I have been thinking and praying about you." The man seemed a little confounded, and said his mind had been impressed on the subject all day. He willingly accepted the invitation, and the minister found him at the chapel that evening deeply interested about his soul. After some earnest persuasion on the part of the minister he came forward as a penitent seeker, and ere the close of the meeting was a joyful witness of pardoning mercy. That night eleven were born into the kingdom of grace, the most of whom were men and heads of families. The greater part of these, we have reason to believe, were, as the one whose case we have narrated, brought to Jesus by the dint of personal effort. When this one brought by the minister rose to declare what God had done for him he exclaimed, "I am now going home to my wife to tell her she has got a new husband." He suited the action to the word, and at once bounded out of the chapel.

The next day, at noon-day meeting, one of the newly-baptized brethren said, "He never had it presented to his mind as a duty to bring his friends to Jesus as from what he had heard the evening previous. He had long been praying for his unconverted brother, but this morning he resolved he would go and try and bring him to Jesus. He had brought him to this noon-day meeting, and now the Lord had saved him." Would that I could describe to you the exceeding happiness of these two brothers. Said the new-converted one, "Now I'm going home to tell my wife." He went, and the result was his wife was found among the penitents at the communion rail, and was happily converted the same evening. The next day that wife was seen going from doot to door, inviting her friends to come to Jesus. Her brother-in-law met her as she was thus passing from house to house, when she heroically exclaimed, "I am resolved that I will bring my one or more to Jesus to-day."

It was thus the work went on from day to day, each man marking his man, each woman her friend; so that during our short stay, many were brought to the Lamb of God. My object in this little narrative is to show the importance of personal effort in soul-saving, and to encourage church communities not only to pray for revivals, but to begin at once to work for a revival. But church communities are made up of individuals If each church member reading these lines would resolve to bring one to Jesus, the revival element might at once be thrown into many churches, and a flame commence which might burn on until thousands are brought into the fold.

PHEBE PALMER.

Field Preaching in Wales.

A delegate from the Irish Presbyterian Church to the Synod in Wales in autumn last, gives the following account of some of the public services on that occasion:

A finer sight than that field presented, when the Welsh Presbyterian Association met in Bangor, you could not well fancy: A poor hand at description, I shall nevertheless attempt to sketch it: At the point of the triangle, a large strong platform has been raised, covered with sailcloth, provided with seats, approached by a ladder from behind, and furnished with a desk in front, covered with the Union-Jack: for Bangor, you must not forget, is a seaport. This platform will accommodate two hundred people, at least. It is flanked, at a respectable distance, right and left, with others less pretentious, and without the desk, and these wings are continued with a row of carts that look as if they had got newly painted for the occasion. Now, fancy the platform crowded with ministers and others, many of them old and young, and the field filled with a well-dressed, earnest, dense, orderly mass of Welsh people, (you can see a tall black hat here and there on some venerable matron), and as the preacher behind the Union-Jack urges home his appeals, you may see them swaying to and fro like the cornfield in the breeze, while a suppressed "Gogoniant" (the Welsh "Glory") is the response to the stirring point he makes at the close of his divisions. There are ten thousand people there—some said twenty—but such is the capacity acquired for field preaching, that young men and old make themselves heard all over the field. I saw the Oxford and Cambridge Volunteers, the most hopeful youths of England, in uniform and in arms in Hyde Park, and I was not insensible to the sublime significance of their appearance there—as though they said, "We are not soldiers exactly, but we mean to defend this England of ours;" but the sight had no such charms to me as that field, with the glorious Gospel ringing over it, and awakening responsive echoes in ten thousand hearts.

This field-preaching, at first a necessity in Wales, is now retained as an institution in stated connexion with the meeting of Association or Synod, and corresponds in some of its features with the great "Sacramental Seasons" in Scotland. It is known far and near who will preach, and when. The leading ministers are reserved for these occasions, and the people can tell when Mr. Rees, or Mr. Edwards, Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Hughes, will preach. Two sermons are preached in succession at a diet held in the forenoon, and two at another in the afternoon, preceded and followed by services in the largest chapels, at periods when committees are discharging their duties. It is sometimes felt that too little preaching and devotional exercise mingle with the deliberations of the General Assembly; and the feeling is deepened by observing the mode of proceeding among the Welsh brethren. When the preaching or the prayers of a great leader, uttered with flowing tears, have melted to tears a whole audience, ministers and people, friends and opponents, if he have any, there is likely to be less bitterness—is there not?—in the discussion that follows soon after. The time so spent is not lost if it help to unanimity in deciding; and if there be any use in preaching at all, the best sermons of the best ministers must produce a mighty effect in such circumstances. The people come expecting to hear something worth listening to, and think little of the fifteen or even twenty miles they travel, sometimes on foot. They will hear something to speak of and remember until the next Association. Mr. Morgan, for example, picturesque, graphic, and brilliant, will seize their imagination, and photograph upon it his stirring pictures, with many a dexterous allusion to the plan of benevolence which he happens at the time to have in hand. Mr. Edwards, the President of the College, calm, quiet, argumentative, for he "is a deep thinker," the Welsh will tell you, until his positions have been proved and illustrated, and then the quiet stream becomes a cataract. Never have I seen such an effect produced by a sermon as in the concluding five minutes' of Mr. Edwards'. But the greatest anxiety is felt to hear Mr. Rees, whose inimitable pathos invariably elicits floods of tears. Indeed, the people weep new before he begins at all, as a Welsh minister said—"They know they shall have to give way, and they may as well at once as not,"—so much of eloquence is there in the hearer, or rather so much does the effect of speech depend on the idea entertained of the speaker. Who has not seen the smile that anticipated the witticism of some noted wag before he opens his lips?

The revival in Ireland stimulated that in Wales; and from Wales it reached the east coast of our island, and brought good to Kingston and Dublin. The day, we hope, need not be apprehended, when union among free churches will be needed for mutual protection against political encroachment; but the day, we do think, is not remote, when union among free and sound churches will be necessary against heresy, backed, it may be, by wealth, influence, and possibly by Parliamentary sanction. That would be a mistaken friendship to Presbyterianism that would refuse it comprehensiveness enough to include such peculiarities as are the harmless product of locality, education, and circumstances; and, for our part, we should hail the day with gladness, when English Presbyterians (E. P.'s and U. P.'s having become one, as they ought) could invite to London their Presbyterian brethren from the motherland of Scotland, from our own island, and from the hills and vales of Cambria, to make common cause at the centre of civilisation, for the truth which, by God's grace, is most surely believed among us.

Our Young People.

Methodism in the Family.

From that excellent monthly, *The Ladies Repository*, we take the following article, it being one of a series from the pen of R. A. West, Esq., entitled, "Letters to my daughter."

MY DEAR ——, I now enter upon the last of the special topics embraced within the purpose of this correspondence. Let me remind you that the history of Methodism is "the providence and grace of God illustrated." The Methodist societies were, beyond all doubt, raised up of God as a special agency for the conversion of the world. The Methodist Church of the present day is surpassed by none in piety and zeal, and equalled by none in the opportunities and facilities it affords to its lay members for becoming "co-workers with God" in rescuing our race from the domination of the evil one. That these are your views, as well as mine, I rejoice to know, and I wish you not to be unmindful that such convictions entail upon you a solemn obligation to educate your children into a loyal and ardent attachment to Methodism as a divinely-approved form of Church organization. I should grieve to see you numbered among those Methodist parents, of whom, alas! there are too many, who neglect this very obvious duty. When the children of such parents grow up and mingle with society, instead of being rooted and grounded in Methodist doctrines and economy, they are as unstable as water and as weak as a reed shaken by the wind, easily seduced from the Church of their fathers by the first person who will take the pains to instruct them in the theology and discipline of some other denomination. May God inspire you to act a better and wiser part toward the dear children he has given you!

The parental neglect I have referred to has at times attracted the attention of the pastors of the Methodist Episcopal and English Wesleyan Churches, and measures have been devised to avert the evils resulting from it. Some of our own ministers have been commendably solicitous to counteract the evils by throwing around the young people of their congregations adequate protection from the proselyting tendencies of other denominations. Their success, however, has necessarily been only partial. Could the evil have been prevented, where Methodism now counts its thousands it would have numbered its tens of thousands, and its agencies and power for good would have been immeasurably increased. The reformation must begin with parents, and not with the ministry.

The true and only remedy is *the constant, consistent representation of Methodism in the family circle*—the introduction there of Methodist topics, Methodist usages, Methodist doctrines, and Methodist literature, and, in a word, of Methodist life. Not that such themes should be unseasonably introduced or arbitrarily enforced upon the attention of our children; this is neither necessary nor expedient. Your own judgment will devise a better way. When you are instructing your loved ones in Bible truths, take pains to tell them what doctrines Methodists hold to be taught in God's Word, and why they so hold. Be equally careful to enlighten them on the nature of and the authority or reason for those religious customs and institutions which are peculiar to Methodism. Thus will your children become Methodists intelligently, and be ready at all times to give a reason for their denominational faith. It has been a taunt, not altogether unmerited, that our laity know but little of, and are too often incompetent to defend, the distinctive doctrines of Methodism, and have no thorough knowledge of the principles and the practical workings of its discipline. That Wesley or Asbury taught this or ordained that, has been too commonly the only reason given to the world for our adherence to Methodistic faith and practice, while we ought to have filled our mouths with arguments drawn from the Word of God, ecclesiastical history, and personal observation.

I know well, my dear ——, that to reach the standard I would have you attain in this regard will involve not only constant care and watchfulness, but much thought and study. But when you gratefully remember how much your parents and yourself owe to Methodism, how specially it has been owned and honored by the God whom you love, and how many hundreds of thousands of precious souls will yet be saved by its instrumentality if its doctrines and instructions are faithfully perpetuated, you will, I am sure, count no labor too great which shall help to keep your children within its communion. Let me say, too, for your encouragement, that aids are provided for you which your parents did not possess. I refer specially to the greatly-increased range of Methodist literature, with which, thanks to the larger development of the Church's talent and enterprise, the denomination is now quite fully supplied.

There is one book, however, long and widely known, which, for delightful reading, I do not expect ever to see surpassed. You will readily surmise that I refer to Wesley's Journal, for you will not have forgotten the many pleasant and profitable hours spent under you father's roof in the reading of that book, and in the interchange of views on the wondrous facts and earnest thoughts it brought before us. I think also that you will testify that you had in your younger days no more favorite book, and that the frequent reading over it had a large and permanent influence in forming and maturing your preference for Methodism over all other forms of Church organization. To this day I find Wesley's Journals one of the most charming works in my library, and this my verdict upon it will be approved by all my children. It has all the charms of a romance, so rapid and full of action is the narrative, and so marvelous are the incidents recorded. Moreover, you may dip at random into its pages, and employ but a few hurried moments in reading, and yet always light upon something to awaken thought and reflection. Acquaint your children with this delightful and fascinating narrative of almost superhuman labors and corresponding fruits, of special interpositions of Divine Providence and gracious manifestations of Divine mercy, and they cannot fail to learn and to be deeply and permanently impressed with the knowledge that Methodism is the child of a special and divine providence.

But you have further aids than this. What in your parents' days was left to their labor and research has been done for you in the most perfect manner. In Dr. Stevens's most admirable History of Methodism you have not only a neatly-arranged compendium of the facts of Methodism, but also a masterly exposition of the philosophy of Methodism. The work has many high and peculiar merits—that of its marvelously-graphic and cultivating style, which will always give it favor with young people, being one. But in my judgment its highest merit lies in the fact that it is wonderfully adapted for Methodist education in the family. In this regard I hold Dr. Stevens's History of Methodism to be of priceless value. My wonder and my regret is, that the Book Agents, zealous as they have shown themselves in providing wholesome and useful literature for the Church, have not prepared and published a question-book based on this popular work, to be used in Methodist families, schools, and seminaries. It would be productive of much good. You, however, can dispense with such help, and I would affectionately counsel you, as the basis of your denominational training of your children, to combine this history with Wesley's Journals. You will, I feel sure, have your full reward in seeing your dear family grow up in your own faith, having an intelligent conviction of its adaptation to the spiritual needs of the world, and to the promotion of personal piety.

As your children grow in years and intelligence, the study of the Book of Discipline will become an instructive and pleasing employment, as you have learned. Your children are, perhaps, yet too young for this branch of Methodistic training; but I charge you not to omit it when the proper time arrives if you would perfect the tuition of your loved ones in hearty attachment to the Methodist Church. Of course, I assume that, while thus training and informing the minds of your children, so as to gain their intelligence on the side of Methodism, you will at the same time seek to influence their hearts by bringing them under the influence of a Methodist ministry, and of those admirably-devised means of religious and spiritual improvement which are the glory of Methodism. This must you do, and not leave the others undone. I have not dwelt upon this, for happily I knew it to be unnecessary, and that in this respect you are setting an example of family government worthy of all commendation. Continue to walk by the same rule, and mind the same things, and your happy children shall rise up to call you blessed.

And now, my dear daughter, the task that I set myself is accomplished, imperfectly I feel, but to the best of my ability, and "out of a pure heart fervently." Perhaps I should add, though, knowing you as I do, I can not think it necessary, that the counsels of this letter are not designed to foster bigotry or denominational exclusiveness. That be far from me; but, preferring Methodism to all other Church systems because I believe it to be the best, I have thus written. An intelligent, pious, good Methodist loves Christians of all denominations, and cordially respects their preferences. I know that you will attach to all that I have written in these letters quite as much importance as it deserves. That I have misdirected you in any important matter, I do not believe. That I have laid too much stress on some points and too little on others, is quite possible. But I have used my best judgment, and a tender love has prompted all that I have written. I could not have said less than I have, and have satisfied my sense of parental duty. Fervently commending you and yours to the watchful care of that great and good and wise "Father who is in heaven," to the mercy of Jesus Christ, and to the gracious guidance and influences of the Holy Spirit, I shall ever remain, my very dear daughter,

Your affectionate father.