

principle, were inexorable to her entreaties. The trial came on at an early period of the assize, and the prisoner was found guilty and condemned to be hanged. His sister left the court and instantly proceeded to Scotland. There were no railways in those days, and she had to rely on carriages and postchaises, and she travelled for four days and nights without stopping or removing her clothes, and carrying a petition with her from house to house amongst her titled and powerful Scotch friends. With this she returned to the city at which the assizes had been held, just as they were concluded. The judges were descending through the cathedral nave, after partaking of the holy sacrament, when the petitioner cast herself at their feet, and held forth the document. Baron G. was of notorious obduracy; but her devotion and energy were irresistible. He received her petition; and her brother's sentence was eventually commuted to transportation for life. But his story is not yet finished. The forger was placed in the hulks prior to transportation; and, before this took place, he had forged a pass or order from the Home Secretary's office for his own liberation, which procured his release, and he was never afterwards heard of. This "Jeanie Deans," who was the means of saving the life of her worthy relative, was described to me as a person of extraordinary force of character. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise. She prevailed with the solicitor, who before had been a stranger both to her and her brother; with the main body of the prosecutors; with the petitioners in Scotland; and ultimately with the judge himself. My friend, who lived in his father's house during the several weeks she stayed there, told me that night and morning when he passed her door, she was always in audible prayer; and he was convinced that her success was attributable to her prayers having been extraordinarily answered. Her subsequent fate, even in this world was a happy one. She became a wife and a mother, and possibly is so still. —Notes and Queries.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan Rev. Mr. Knight's Letter.

DEAR DOCTOR.—In my last communication, you found me at Chatham, having brought the business of the missionary meetings in that Circuit to a close. The following morning, we intended to proceed to Bathurst. We were however unexpectedly delayed, owing to the sudden illness of our much respected Brother Temple. Being desirous of the efficient help, we well knew, he would afford us, as well as the pleasure of his company, we deferred leaving until the afternoon; but found then, that to take him with us, was entirely out of the question. He was quite ill. Commending him therefore to God, and hoping he would soon be better, we proceeded without him. Brother Allen having returned to his Circuit the day before, our agency became diminished just one half. After some delay in crossing the noble Miramichi River, we found the route on the opposite side both pleasant and picturesque,—the country around everywhere presenting, by the charred trees, still standing, the effects of the fearful and devastating fire, which more than a quarter of a century ago, so furiously raged over some hundreds of square miles of the then flourishing forest. The road leading from Chatham to Bathurst is hilly, and therefore differs materially from the even, and easily travelled road lying between the former place and Richibucto. The land for the first twenty-five miles is also of a far worse quality; and, what I presume, as a consequence, the country very thinly settled. The distance from Chatham to Bathurst is 48 miles; being rather too great a distance to be accomplished on the day we left,—having travelled twenty miles of the way we rested under comfortable circumstances for the night. The remaining part of our journey to Bathurst we performed the next morning before breakfast. This was the more necessary, as in pursuance of our arrangements, we had to attend a missionary meeting at New Bandon, a thriving settlement on the N. B. side of the Bay of Chaleur. The distance from the place where we rested for the night, to Bathurst, is eighteen miles. This part of our route was more pleasant than that we passed over the preceding day, owing to the improved condition of the road, and the more fertile aspect of the adjacent landscape. The immediate vicinity of Bathurst cannot fail to gratify the lover of natural scenery. The Village on the way from Chatham, is reached from the crossing of the river, which is perceptible to the eye at some small distance above the ferry, where it suddenly conceals itself from the view behind a black

bluff headland, when it wends its way I know not whither. There are many fine rivers between the Bend and Bathurst, flowing from the interior to the sea, whose volume at the estuaries is increased by the swelling tide, but to be crossed by means of a more miscellaneous character than any I had ever before seen. There are bridges of diversified construction, from pure simplicity to complexity of invention, setting at defiance all intelligible description. Professor Johnston tells us that the Bridges between the Bend and Richibucto alone, would in their united length reach to the distance of nearly two miles, and that they were all in a safe travelling condition. If so, the tooth of destruction has since that time been busily and effectively engaged, for they are at present, almost without exception, in a very dilapidated condition. The method by which we cross the Nepisiguit, for the purpose of entering Bathurst, adds to the varied modes of water transit, to which I had been destined previously to submit. A lengthened line of hawser is stretched from the one side to the other, the ends on the extremes fastened to large boulders. On each end of the ferry boat, there is placed a very simply constructed roller, over which the hawser is directed, for the wise and economical purpose of keeping its strands from the chafing edge of the craft. The boat may be said to have neither stem nor stern, or if you award to it these technicalities, it must be admitted to possess the faculty of transforming what must be called the latter when going East, into the former, in returning West; and thus with alternating honours it works its watery way, from "dawning morn till more than dewy eve." The width of the river is from one fourth to one third of a mile, at and near the place of ferrying; the consequence is, that the hawser by its own weight, in almost its whole length, is submerged—while the lateral force of the river current forms it into a kind of double curve. Hence, while the operation of crossing is in progress, dismissing from the mind for the moment the manipulation of the ferrymen, and fixing the eye on the hawser as it consecutively emerges, forming a running ripple, you may easily imagine that one of the inmates of old Neptune's watery household is ferrying you over, doling out his mysterious tact, inch by inch, until he has measured out the whole distance; the hawser all the time rising at the stem, and disappearing at the stern of the boat. We were however soon, and safe, on the other side; and were not long in pursuing our way to the Mission House, where we were most hospitably and cordially received by our affectionate Brother Prince.

My visit to the North has been marked by some events of more than ordinary occurrence. However, recapitulation is not necessary; suffice it to say, that we found the Mission house at Bathurst—the scene of that which in point of interest was second to no one of them. Our arrival had been just preceded by that of two princesses, rendering the mission domicile one of unenvied importance.

Our journey of eighteen miles had quite prepared us to enjoy a substantial breakfast, which we soon found provided for our use. Thus refreshed, we started for New Bandon, where, in the evening, we intended to hold a Missionary Meeting. The interesting, and to myself and travelling companion, unanticipated event of the Mission House, would, of course, by every conceivable consideration justify us, in leaving our beloved brother Prince behind us, on the pleasure and profit of whose company we had reasonably presumed. However under existing circumstances, we could easily believe, that the lack of our presence was not so great to him as was his to us. The route to New Bandon is singularly formed; passing as it does over all but a uniform eminence, raised some two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Unwisely have the settlers denuded the margin of this elevation of its forest growth. Hence "blustering old Boreas" smartly punishes them for their folly. The northern winds sweep over the expansive Bay of Chaleur, with telling vengeance. Of this, on our return, we were very sensibly convinced.—To keep the hat upon the head required the constant service of one hand, and to secure the person in possession of the vehicle, required the ministrations of the other,—while the fitful, angry gusts, which at times pressed upon us, were seemingly resolved to carry all before them.

Taking "time by the forelock" has ever been considered a wise maxim for travellers to pursue. That we arrived to our journey's end of forty miles, by noon, was of this an additional proof.

Hospitality breathes freely in the North. This I proved all my journey through. New Bandon was no exception. The kind friends expected us. Twenty miles in the distance, we were told that Mr. Southwood, a warm-hearted Englishman, expected us to dine with him. Arriving, we found that the hope which his expectation had created was not cut off. In this place there is one of the best grindstone quarries I have ever seen. With this establishment our host is connected. After dinner we surveyed the quarry, located on the estate of Mr. R. Dawson, an old settler, a man highly respected by the people, and a worthy official member of our Church. The resources of the quarry are immense. We saw some thirty workmen, with

their noses almost literally to the grindstone; producing hundreds upon hundreds of models, presenting great variety of diameter and thickness.

In the evening we held our Missionary Meeting. The service was commenced by a sermon from Titus ii. 11, 12. The Chapel was all but crowded—the attention pleasing,—the interest in the mission-cause encouraging, and hence, the liberality was nearly tripled in its amount above that of the last year.

R. KNIGHT. St. John, N. B., January 21, 1852.

For the Wesleyan.

The Christian Visitor versus Wesleyan Methodism.

The caption of this article assumes, that the above named paper is opposed to Wesleyan Methodism. This we conceive to be a matter of fact, still it will be denied by the Editor, and may be questioned by many of those that do not read his paper. To satisfy candid Christians, I refer them to the numbers of that Journal for Sept. 14th, and Oct. 19th, 1849, to Dec. 5th, 1851, and any other numbers that contain any reference to Wesleyan matters; and they will perceive by consulting the character of those articles, and the sources whence they have been derived, that all these extracts, nearly, touching Wesleyanism have been evidently calculated, if not designed, to disparage it in the estimation of his readers, and to represent its ministry, with the exception of those expelled from the Body, as tyrants and hypocrites. If this be not hostility, there can be no such thing. But let it be observed particularly, that in the No. of Dec. 5th, 1851, the Editor publishes on the first page one of the most abusive attacks on the Wesleyan system, Conference and Ministry, ever given to the world, with the exception of a few others from the *Sol Deum*, "Reformers" of Methodism, and endorses it with the following language:—"Rev. Mr. Manly has been for many years a Missionary in Jamaica. Here, as in other quarters of the English Colonies, difficulties have arisen in regard to the decisions and general policy of the Conference. . . . The ability as well as the position of this gentleman may be easily inferred from the following extracts." &c.

Now in reference to Mr. Manly, it will be quite a sufficient antidote for Wesleyan Methodists, to read the following extracts, while it will evince the *Visitor's* views of our Zion, and his feelings towards us. "The contrary of the Wesleyan Methodism pithy to the New Testament compels me to withdraw from Wesleyan Methodism!" "The degenerate developments of modern Methodism have disclosed a practical conspiracy against the rights and liberties of Christianity!" "Nothing parallels and illustrates it, but Popery in general, and the society of the Jesuits in particular!" "It is the many-headed beast of Popery!" "No man should succumb to it for a moment who has any regard for truth, righteousness, and liberty!" "The very Vatican is rivaled, and eclipsed by Wesleyanism!" There, Mr. Editor, and Wesleyans, what think ye of the *Visitor's* model Reformer? There's a Minister of —. Ah! no I must not say it even satirically. But, there's a Reformer of the 19th century! We are some years this side of the millennium, according to the above doctrines. If Methodism accords with such statements, the Reformers have a herculean task before them. This is the way the noble-minded *Visitor* hunts his elvish aid. Methodism ought to be pulled down; rooted up, not reformed, if these men are right; and then, according to the *Visitor*, the "Reformers," or razers of Methodism, must be brought over to the *Visitor's* views of Baptism, before they will be perfect. There seems however, a very remote prospect of the realization of this consummation.

But the *Visitor's* paragon, it seems, clung to to this awful system "many years," corrupt as it was; and four years ago, if Jamaica papers speak the truth, so intemperately defamed and praised it, that a certain Editor of a Jamaica paper gave him a fatherly rebuke for it; and yet he seems never to have seen the corruption till he was "exiled," as his speech tells us, to Woodstock, N. B., instead of being called home to happy England. I presume that more of our beloved Missionaries would see corruption and turn Reformers if they had less of the spirit of the gracious Being who came from heaven to earth, and chose the despised town of Nazareth for the scene of his Ministry; for, if to be sent to Woodstock, N. B., as second preacher, is an exilement, many have been worst-treated; and these too, men at least, of equal talents with the great Reformer. But we dismiss him to pursue his course, content to wait the aspects of the Reform movement in 1856, to show those who may live so long, the righteousness and success of the conferees of the *Visitor*. Meanwhile we will reason a little about the *Visitorial* interference with Methodism.

We suppose that few readers of the *Visitor* and *Wesleyan* will deny, that the Church that patronizes the *Visitor*, and the Methodist Church, are branches of the Church of Jesus Christ, and that while conscientiously differing on some points, they both "hold the head," and have been

* This number of *The Christian Visitor* has not as yet reached us.

sanctioned by the King of kings in their organization and efforts. If so, what right can an Editor, employed by either Church, have, to interfere in the affairs of the other, and publish with commendation the vindictive attacks and misrepresentations of those who have been excluded from her pale? If it be wrong in the Wesleyan Church to exercise controul over each other as preachers, members, or societies, (the *Visitor's* opinion,) is it not the height of impertinence in him to step over the bounds dividing his church from ours, to inform us that our church is rotten and wants reforming? Yea, worse, to foment, as far as possible, divisions, suspicions, and heart-burnings? I remember well that when the Acadia College Deputation was interfered with, in England, by the Editor of the *British Banner* (!) (so complacently quoted now by the *Visitor* in the matter of the circulation of the Anti-Wesleyan paper) this same brother of the *Visitor* politely speaks of him, as "an Ishmaelite," whose "hand is against every man's;" &c.; now he joins the *British Banner* in peppering Methodism. But I remember, that Herod and Pilate could become friends when Christ was to be crucified.

But I forget—the *Visitor* only gives the savoury extracts by way of a treat to his readers, who are supposed to need the information, that other churches have their troubles and difficulties, and that there are worse tyrants in other churches than in their own; for, in the *Visitor* of Dec. 28, 1849, there is a somewhat severe reflection thrown upon the lady, for not employing and paying the ministering Brethren,—in the course of which the information is given, that in the E. Association of N. B., there are twenty-five ordained ministers, of whom the churches only employ ten as pastors; in the W. A., N. B., twenty-two ordained ministers and only thirteen employed pastors,—i. e. in plain words, the Churches would rather be without Pastors than pay, and be ruled by one half of their ministers. This proves that the *Visitor*, dwells in a "glass house," and a Wesleyan, so minded, passing along, and "marking" her bulwarks, might be tempted to thrust a long pole through the edifice, to the great pain of the *Visitor*; for doubtless, if the glass would not stop its progress, the paper used for blinds, would prove mere gossamer. And then, suppose some of those sprinkled Wesleyan Babies, ("unconscious Babies," as Mr. Mc Lay used to call them,) these "man-made christians," as others insultingly term them, should amuse themselves by throwing stones for stone, and stick for stick; would it not be an awful sight!

But to lay aside irony for which the *Visitor* must blame himself, let me ask solemnly, if it would not be far better for a Christian minister, and conductor of the organ of a Church, to attend strictly to the affairs of his own fold, unless attacked, and let other Churches attend to their's? For, in this highly favoured age, none need join the Wesleyan Church unless they please, nor stay any longer than is consistent with their souls' safety and comfort. For the writer's part he can truly say, that having proved Methodism for half a score of years and more, and having heard the slander of foes, and witnessed the treachery of false friends, he, with tens of thousands, can and will, bless God for the precious system, both of doctrine and discipline; fully believing, that as Her Redeemer has borne her triumphantly through the opposition of hosts of Calvinists, and the treachery of intestine foes, when she was neither so fully rigged nor manned; so, He will bring her out of her present trials, more fully consecrated to God, and with more implicit reliance on Him, than ever.

She loves Him, who is the Head over all, so far as the majority of her ministers and members are concerned; and we know who hath said, that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." We can easily believe, without loving the system a whit the less, that there has been a Laodicean spirit pervading many minds, and we needed correction, and we feel that we have reason for humiliation and prayer; and while internal and external foes are trying which can shout loudest, "Popery!" "Jesuitism!" "Reform it!" "raze it!" "stop the supplies;" "starve the ministers;" and while they invoke the aid of jealous and envious ministers and members of other churches; we will, in submission, hide ourselves in the Rock till these calamities be overpast. We will stand and see the salvation of God, and with Zion of old, utter the admonition, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy," &c. See Micah vii., 8, 9, 10.

Hoping that the above reproof will produce its designed effect, and praying that the Lord will forgive the enemies of truth and righteousness, I remain, though unworthy the privilege,

ONE OF THE WESLEYAN MILLIONS.

For the Wesleyan.

Cumberland Auxiliary Bible Society.

The General Annual Meeting of this Society took place in the Presbyterian Meeting House here, on Wednesday, the 7th inst., at six o'clock, P. M. Rev. Alex. Clarke, President, in the chair. The Rev. Wesley C. Beals opened the meeting by prayer; after which, the Report of the Committee was read by the Secretary, a