

Ladies' Department.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

Random Thoughts.

My thoughts are far away to night, Mid scenes of other days, As on the burning fire-works, With variant eye, I gaze—

And think of the bright happy group, Who in this very room, In other days have clustered here, Without a thought of gloom.

A happy band of youthful friends, Bound by affection's chain— But all within this dear old room, May never meet again.

For Time in his unceasing round, Hath made us have here, And for the memory of those, We wipe the falling tear.

The eldest born—the darling child— The father's joy, and pride— The comfort of his heart, and home— Sleeps near the ocean tide.

And she, who watch'd my infancy, And sooth'd my childish grief, And for my ev'ry little woe, Would kindly bring relief.

She too is gone, forever gone, And in a distant land, Sleeps now her last deep, quiet sleep, Amid a stranger band.

With him, who was her chosen love, The idol of her heart, From whom no earthly human power, Not even Death, could part.

While here amid her childhood's friends, Whose love will never roam, Among the scenes of infancy, Her orphan finds a home.

And for the father of them all, He too, hath sought to rest, And with the saints of other days, He's now forever blest.

Yet in his place there hath been rais'd, A child indeed of grace, Who in all things hath ever tried To fill his parent's place.

To soothe the dying sister's hour, When naught can give relief, To point him to a Saviour's stain, And strive to calm his grief.

To pour into the wounded hearts, Of weeping mourners here, The only balm of heav'nly peace— And wipe away the tear.

To preach the gospel of the Lord— To point out the narrow path, And warn in time, the sinner now, To fear the coming wrath.

These are his offices shall come, And oh, how dear shall seem, Will he not in his Saviour's arms, Then find a peaceful home.

And thus, how kindly hath our God, Bless'd with a smile, a tear, The heart that beats with high hope, He chasten'd them with care.

And taught us to look unto Him— To lean our hearts on earth, And live him in our hours of grief, As well as those of mirth.

And while we mourn the dearly lov'd, We know they are at home, In that bright world, above, where tears, Or sorrow never come.

And we think too, of those who still Remain with us below, And glad the cup of happiness, Unmingled yet, with woe.

And there is one, the last of all, "The Baby" yet we name, Though to the eyes of the world grown, We call him still the same.

And strange it seems when we were told, That by his friend's hand, To share his ev'ry joy or woe, He'd placed a happy bond.

And we would pray in coming years, His life may happy prove, And unto him be ever spared The objects of his love.

Baltimore, Md., U.S. ANNIE T. SHANE.

Doctors' Trials.

"Doctor, you will certainly call." "Yes, in an hour at least—depend upon me. I'll just get a mouthful of supper; have hardly been able to take a meal to-day."

"Doctor, there are three patients in the office; they have been waiting for you all the afternoon." Hungry and tired, the poor man throws off his coat, for he has been riding through the rain, and hurries in to hear a string of symptoms that would have answered Puck's purpose very well for a griddle to bind the earth. These interesting cases consume another half hour—when twang! was there ever such a pull at the door bell before?

"Sent for again. An old lady is taken suddenly ill, and will be come without further delay?" "Doctor, you'll just take a mouthful of supper," pleads the wife, laying her hand coaxingly upon his arm.

"Can't stop a minute, keep the tea hot, may be I'll be able to slip a little about ten o'clock if I'm not called away before"—and off goes the doctor through the drizzling rain.

His wife returns to the cheerless supper-room, sits down and sighs, as she rocks the drowsy babe in the cradle. She thinks now seldom he is with her—how few her darling plans she can unfold, or how little of his sympathy receive; for doctor is always in such a hurry. How little she dreamed of this in the rosy days of courtship. Now, there stands opposite his empty chair—at its elbow his slipper, the doctor's carriage at last. How pale he looks—a cup of tea receives him; he sits down to it, but so staid, so sleepy he looks, that she cannot see the tears on his wife's lashes, nor forbear an ungentle "hush!" because the baby starts and cries. So he retires, to be waked up in an hour, hurried off to the suburbs, and kept till daylight, before he can return and sleep his "nap."

This is only one of the labor endured by a successful practitioner. To many he is the man of pills and lotions, the bugbear of dyspeptic dreams—the man of all others to be avoided. To others what an easy life, seems his; driven about town—apparently

plenty of pleasure, just to pop into some sick chamber—feel the pulse, write a few cabalistic words—say "good morning," and jump again into his chair. So there are those who dread the doctor, and those who know not his worth. But let sickness come—see then how you covet that quick tread, and look for hope in the eyes that scan your symptoms. And if your medical adviser be one who has experience and tact, who can win your thoughts away from "dark disease" by cheerful converse, and happy shrewdness, believe us you will ever prize his friendship as one of the few good gifts of life, and learn to appreciate the value of the services that wear out the hardest frames, and shorten the lives of those who spend all their time for the benefit of others. As for us, we'll never hear the doctor slandered.—Office Branch. [M. A. D.]

"Oh no, we'll never hear the Dr. slandered." "As for us, for gentle memories Awake when he is named, And for the sake of kindness past, We'll never hear him blamed. We mind us of the hopeful words, And of the cheering tone, That left a spell of healing Even when he was gone. We mind us of the midnight call, So cheerfully obeyed, Unto the suffering ones of earth, Affording kindly aid— We mind us of the thoughtful care, The soothing word and smile, That soothed in sad and weary hours, Our sufferings and our grief. We think of this, and with the thought A blessing and a prayer, All silently, known but to One, Follow him everywhere. A blessed memory is his own, 'On which the angels smile. Seeking Him, Ours the lowly One, To do good all the while. Oh! may the Great Physician, Look kindly on His own, Succeed each friendly effort, And bless his hearth and home. May those he loves be near to God, To him, and then be given, Their treasure for all who lay Their sweets reward in Heaven!"

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the distinction we make between nations and individual men, will appear from the consideration, that the same exist as such, that is, in their capacity as nations, and if they are in this world, and if they are in this manner previously indicated, they must receive punishment in that capacity, if it be right and just; they must receive it in this world, for the reason before assigned—they have no existence as nations in a future. On the other hand, individuals are to appear before another tribunal, in another state, where the wrong committed in this life will receive their full complement of punishment, and where the majesty of violated law will assert its claims to adequate vindication.

That the punishment of national sins accords with the principles of inflexible rectitude, and with the known principles of God's moral government, we suppose none would deny, except those who presumptuously imagine, that Deity has retired within himself in the highest heaven and abandoned the earth and all its affairs to the management of men, whose supreme rule of action might possibly be, to do right or wrong, to fine or imprison, to confiscate property or punish with death, to speak the truth or deceive by lies, to defend or oppress the weak, to cultivate peace or devastate by unprovoked war, to acquiesce in the commission of God or deny his authority, to uphold and maintain the christian religion as the perfection of divine dispensations to mankind, or to repudiate it and foster and encourage idolatry or an anti-christian ecclesiastical policy, as worldly policy or expediency might dictate.

(To be continued.)

Origin of the Christian Element in the Chinese Insurrection—Duty of Christians.

(Continued.)

The practical point to which we wish to direct the attention of our readers on this subject, relates to the probable influence or bearing of the movement on the Missionary cause, and what is the duty of Missionaries and the friends of Missions in reference thereto. But here caution is necessary. A Missionary in China, at the very fountain-head of information, has recently remarked—"The whole movement came before us in a mixed character: before we either strongly approve, or decidedly condemn, we must know us, at our distance from the theatre of action, to wait until we "know more," before we give utterance to any very confident opinion on the whole case, which coming events may soon place in a very different light. But looking at its present aspect, there appears to be cause for both fear and hope. There is enough to awaken apprehension, and which the insurrection is committed as likely to ensue, or otherwise. Should it fall in attaining its object, and be put down, the Chinese government might then attempt to close the door against Missionary enterprise, on the plea of its being dangerous to the State. And were the insurgents to attain their end and overthrow the present dynasty, the establishment of such a mixed and imperfect system of religion as they now possess, might prove seriously detrimental to the cause of pure Christianity. But if there is cause for apprehension, there appears to be also ground for hope, that whatever be the errors or excesses to be deplored, the cause of Christ may be ultimately promoted by a movement, in which tens of thousands of Chinese are seen to be roused, to a great extent, the national idleness; to possess a considerable amount of Gospel truth; who observe the Sabbath; regularly celebrate Christian worship; have established such a system of order and moral discipline as has been hitherto unknown in a Chinese camp; and who have so remarkably thrown off their arrogant national exclusiveness, as to welcome foreigners, of the same faith as themselves, as their "brethren."

While, however, we express ourselves with diffidence on the character and tendencies of the movement, we can adopt a more decided tone on the subject of Christian duty. That it behoves the friends of Missions to watch the progress of events in China with prayerful solicitude, we cannot doubt; seeing that it is the duty of the followers of Christ to pray for the blessing of the Kingdom come; and to make the "signs of the times" indicative of its approach. The development of a scene is rapidly taking place in China unparalleled in modern history. A movement is in swift progress, which threatens to shake to its foundation, and invest with a new character, a nation which has subsisted from remote antiquity; which embraces in its bosom one-third of the entire human family; and which has hitherto sat itself up in its own mysterious enclosure, refusing to associate with the rest of mankind. And all this is not the effect of a foreign invasion. The movement is strictly national, Chinese; and, strangely enough, exhibits an impress of Christianity. This momentous struggle, invested as it is with some of the characteristics of its sublimity, it would be criminal in the friends of Missions to treat with coldness and indifference. There is manifestly the duty of fervent and persevering prayer; that the great Head of the Church, as the merciful Father, should be the earlier times by which His cause has been promoted, may, in this instance also, so direct the course of events in China, as to educe the good, and overrule the evil, to the furtherance of His truth. In social prayer, and in the closet, China now especially claims to be remembered; and all who love the Lord Jesus Christ appear to be providentially called upon earnestly to pray, that this shaking of the greatest of all earthly nations, may prove but the preparation for the establishment of His own glorious Kingdom.

But prayer alone will not suffice. It is God's will, as we have already seen, that the length and breadth of Missionary effort, should be the result of the present eventful movement—what then? Ought not the church to be in readiness to co-operate with her great Head? Woe then vain will it be for the friends of Missions to pray for this result, if they do not give themselves for the service which this result will demand. Agencies of evil will be ready for mischief. Popery is on the alert. It has long been at work in China; and will be prepared to improve any opportunity which may occur; and the friends of Protestant Missions must also be ready to put forth their energies on a scale commensurate with the emergency which may arise.

Some additional Missionaries are already being sent to China, and appeals are made for more.—We cannot refrain from referring especially to one. The Bishop of Victoria, (Hong-Kong) in his recently-published letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, pleading for more Missionaries, says—"I offer then the facilities of St. Paul's College for their first reception and preparation. They might soon go northward. I would myself accompany them, if I were not so occupied, and whether I am not willing to accompany and leave them. We are ready to break up our family and domestic ties. We, who have wives and children, are willing to be as those who have not. At present we can do little but take our measures and arrange our plans. But we must have men here at once, and without delay, to study the language and prepare for the battle; for a great and effectual door will soon be opened to us."

My Lord, my heart is full of this consideration; I pour them forth to you, your friendly ear and sympathizing heart, as

my metropolitan; and through you I sound the trumpet of appeal to the church at home, on the occasion of China's exigency, which may become Britain's golden opportunity.

Whether this excellent Prelate, who is an ornament to the Church to which he belongs, may not be too sanguine as to the result of the present movement in China, is not just now the point.—We give this extract for the sake of the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice which it breathes, so worthy of imitation by Missionaries of every evangelical Society; and also, on account of the practical suggestion which it contains, that considerable time is required for new Missionaries to learn the language before they can enter with efficiency upon their work in China. Whilst other bodies are thus preparing for increasing exertion, the question for our own consideration is, Whether we, as a Society, can be blamed if we refuse to respond to the call which is providentially made to come "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty," if it is a case of thankfulness, that our infant mission at Canton, as appears from Mr. Piercy's letter, has made such a favourable beginning. What proportion, however, does a Mission on so small a scale bear to that of the field to be done in China, so far as the field there is already open, and as to which we are fairly devoting up on our own Society? It is evident, that we ought to be making preparations for greater effort; but the Committee are not able to do this. The support of the existing Missions of the Society, more than absorbs its annual income. Further debt cannot be contracted for the extension of the work. It remains then for the friends and supporters of the Society, to determine whether the Society's income should be so augmented as to enable the Committee to meet the present call.

As we have before them the case of China, together with the claims of the Missionary cause, with the utmost earnestness, we commend the whole to their most thoughtful and prayerful consideration.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

St. Andrew's Bazaar and Robins Town Camp Meeting.

DEAR BROTHER,—Our Bazaar "came off" on 18th and 19th of August, and you would have heard earlier about it but that our "Caterer" for the refreshment tables has been so very ill as to be rendered incapable of attending to business; and since the rendering of his account, I have been confined to my room. However, this I have ascertained—that we shall clear full £100. Perhaps it will not be unacceptable to your readers to be put in possession of some particulars respecting our effort. We were favoured on the occasion with the gratuitous use of a lot of land, some 80 by 140 feet, in a very eligible position. Some of our friends also gratuitously erected on the west side of this lot, booths and tables extending 130 feet—others employed themselves in erecting fresh spruce booths on the other three sides of the square, and ornamenting the booths and ground, so that the effect was equal to our being situated in a most pleasant spot.

Seventy feet in length of the Ladies' useful and ornamental work; but were not sufficient by more than one half; as they had to have recourse to lines on which to suspend the larger portion of their goods. Sixty feet of table was occupied by refreshments of the best quality, and a good reserve was at hand in case of necessity.

The whole exhibition was thoroughly creditable to the parties who got it up and elicited in all quarters expressions of admiration and pleasure. We had been most generously promised by Mr. King, Esq., and others of the St. Andrew and Quebec Railroad Contractors, two or three trips on the road so far as the rails were laid down, the proceeds of which were to be appropriated to our fund; the Messrs. Huthway and Small, Steamboat Proprietors, put a boat on from Fredericton to St. John, and another from St. John to St. Andrews, at reduced fares, for our advantage; as also did the proprietors of our Boat, the Neptune of Esquimaux, and the James Porter of Calais, between this and those places.

The 19th opened with projecting shadows ominous of its subsequent character. Shortly after noon our Merchandise, &c., were compelled to be removed amid no small danger, the rain descending in torrents, to a place of comparative safety. Few of our visitors by the St. John boat came upon the ground—and although Mr. King was most kindly in attendance, personally to run a train for us, but few individuals would venture on the risk at an expense of drenching. The 20th was also did the proprietors of our Boat, the Neptune of Esquimaux, and the James Porter of Calais, between this and those places.

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name of the place from which its occupants came, and at the lower end was the preacher's stand. I looked about me, and believe I was the only person so employed. I soon ascertained that each tent had its "test-master," who was responsible for the conduct of all who belonged to it, and that there was a Committee of Order, whose duty it was to maintain order on the Camp ground, and its vicinity, at all times during the whole period of the Camp Meeting;—that the bell was rung in the morning at six and at noon—and at five o'clock in the afternoon, to prepare for meals; and at 10 1/2 A. M., 2, and 7 P. M. for public services. In the intervals of public service and meals, there were Prayer Meetings, Inquiry Meetings, &c. The males and females sat at the public meetings in the old Methodist hall, in a separate, and no public service was commenced until every person was seated, excepting the Committee of Order. At 9 o'clock, P. M. all was quiet, and the lights in the tents extinguished. I spent two nights on the Camp Ground, and, after a searching scrutiny, if rendered keen by any fears, yet controlled by the fear of God and an honourable regard for my brethren, I must and do ingeniously say that I never witnessed greater decorum in the most decorous assembly which I have witnessed at home or abroad, during a public life of now upwards of forty years.

The Lord was present with his people. I have not heard the precise number who profess to have obtained religious benefit at the meeting; but I think there were more than thirty. I think that conducted with the known prudence and piety of my brethren in these districts, Camp Meetings might be advantageously graded on the stock of our provincial usage.

I am, my dear brother, yours, W. TEMPLE. St. Andrew, N. B., October 24, 1853.

Sydney Circuit Missionary Meetings.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—This Circuit has recently been graced by a visit from our beloved Chairman, the Rev. Dr. EVANS, accompanied by Rev. Messrs. STARR and MCKINNON. Taking advantage of such a force of assistance, we held our Annual Missionary Meetings during their stay, and it is with much satisfaction we find in saying that meetings of this nature, more interesting and profitable have never taken place in Sydney.

On the evening of Sabbath, September 18th, the Chairman preached a Missionary sermon before a large and attentive congregation, and on the following evening the Church was again filled by those interested in the evangelization of the world. The chair was filled by D. B. McQUEEN, Esq., M.P.P., who effectively discharged the duties of that office. At the close of the Secretary's report, Mr. J. MCKAY in a most timely and judicious address spoke of the beauties of the gospel and his joyful efforts upon the heathen mind. Mr. McKinnon laid out the broad foundation of right action, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Mr. HARRINGTON concisely showed the already won triumphs of the cross and pointed to future conquests. Evans treated largely upon the great evangelistic machinery—the resources and necessary expenditure, gave some startling facts relative to the vast number of souls yet mantled by "gross darkness" in the "coral strand" of India—within the lately fallen walls of China—riving his remarks upon the attention of the audience by a rehearsal of reminiscences of Missionary life among the red men of Canada. It was a matter of regret that the lateness of the hour prevented Brother Starr from addressing the assembly. The monetary results of the Meeting were highly gratifying showing an advance upon last year.

The next day, a delightful drive over a fine road bested with interesting scenery brought us to "the Mines," and the Meeting here although second in order was by no means second in interest or effect to the former. We had great pleasure in seeing our friend Mr. ARMSTRONG in the chair. The genuine Methodist Missionary spirit was strong on the platform when it spread and freely circulated among the warm hearts below, and before separation our friends in their own region, by their spontaneous liberality, gave valuable evidence of their love to a perishing world flamed brightly on their hearts' altars. The contributions here also were said to exceed last year's amount.

Let such a spirit of devout effort, of determined advancement characterize all the movements of evangelism during this and other successive years, and what a glorious prospect at once opens to the Church! how quickly will the darkness flee away and the promised morning dawn! when returning angels shall proclaim the Saviour's universal dominion over a holy and happy world! With such a prospect, who does not joyfully say— "How happy day! Mine eyes so long to see, When every one of Adam shall be free."

I am happy to say that the Provincial Wesleyan is a very popular journal hereabouts, and is working its way in all directions. It is a welcome guest to many a fireside, where the respective merits and literary rank of "Oria," "The Banner," "The Lullaby," "Edith Earle," "Flora Seal," "Ranoke," "Mari- on," &c., are not infrequently the subject of animated discussion.

A. McL. DEARBREAVY. Sydney, C. B., Oct. 21, 1853.

Obituary Notice.

DEAR SIR,—We have just returned after performing the last sad rite over the remains of NANCY JONES, of the Parish of Greenwich, County of Kings, who died on the 17th instant, in the twenty-second year of her age.

About a year since, it became too evident that consumption had marked her for its victim. From the first of her illness she seemed to be impatient for the Lord. Her sickness would be unto death. This led her to think very seriously upon her state as a sinner before God, and it has seldom been my lot to witness more evident signs, and willingness to be taught those things that concerned her soul's salvation. It was indeed very interesting, as well as deeply affecting, to see her so earnestly engaged for her soul, while her pale cheek and sunken eye plainly indicated that her end was approaching. Her fervent supplications were not in vain; God heard her cries,—she was enabled to say, "having waited patiently for the Lord, He heard my cry, and delivered me from all my fears." Having received Christ's broken body and shed blood, the Rev. Mr. KNIGHT being present, attending to his duty as Superintendent of the Circuit, we made arrangements for having service in her father's house.—The subject of his discourse was peculiarly applicable to the occasion, and while he showed the progress of the work of God in the soul, as presented in the parable of the seed which was cast into the field, a deep seriousness rested upon all present; but, as we bowed together at the table of the Lord, His hand was felt to be there; and if the redeemed in heaven have any knowledge of earth's transactions, I have no doubt there lingered over that company the spirit of one who had but recently passed through similar trials—a beloved brother, an affectionate son, a few months before had passed away, shouting triumphantly, as he entered the dark world.—"The best of all is, God is with us! A few days after our sister's decease, I called to

see her. I found her weak in body, but calmly waiting until her change should come. To some enquiries respecting the state of her mind in view of death,—she expressed the strongest confidence in God; she spoke of her death with great composure, and requested to be buried beside her mother. A few hours before her death she seemed to be favoured with a special manifestation from on high; and, exclaiming, "a glory!" she added, "you do not know how near to heaven I have been," and thus, with heaven full in view, she passed away from earth, "to be forever with the Lord."

We sincerely sympathize with the afflicted parents and family, as this is the second bereavement they have been called to mourn within the last few months. During the past summer, very many have been called by death, most of them in the prime of life. I hope that these dispensations of God's providence will impress upon all affected thereby, the importance of working "while it is called to-day."

Yours very truly, WILLIAM TREWENT. Long Reach, N. B., Oct. 20, 1853.

The Mormons at Home.

When Joseph Smith, the inventor of the "Book of Mormon," he could not have anticipated the extraordinary success which has attended that imposture. Not only in America are the adherents of his doctrine increasing in numbers, but they are also becoming numerous in this country; and in South Wales, it is said, they have lately received an accession of strength in several portions of middle-class station. An extensive department of Mormon converts took place, a short time ago,