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Sarsaparilla
PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
ed cure of the following complaints:
d Scrofulous Affections, such
s, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions,
Pustules, Blotches, Boils,
and all Skin Diseases.
OREANS, Ind., 6th June, 1859.
Co. Gentn: I feel it my duty to ac-
d your Sarsaparilla has done for me.
a Scrofulous infection. I have suffered
ss ways for years. Sometimes it burst
n my hands and arms; sometimes it
and distressed me at the stomach. Two
e cut on my head and covered my scalp
e sore, which was painful and loathsome
ing. I tried many medicines and several
without much relief from any thing. In
r grew worse. At length I was rejoiced
hoped Messenger that you had prepared
Sarsaparilla, for I knew from your reputa-
hing you made must be good. I went to
t it, and used it till it cured me. I took
, in small doses of a teaspoonful over a
almost three bottles. New and healthy
n to form under the scab, which after a
y skin is now clear, and I know by my
disease has gone from my system. You
that I feel what I am saying when I tell
you to be one of the apostles of the age,
gratefully, Yours,
ALFRED B. TALLEY.
y's Fire-Rose or Erysipelas,
d Salt Rheum, Scald Head,
s, Sore Eyes, Dropsy.
, Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th
st he has cured an inveterate case of
threatened to terminate fatally, by the
of your Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous
ipelas by three doses of the same; says
mmon Eruptions by it constantly.
le, Goitre or Swelled Neck.
of Prospect, Texas, writes: "Three bot-
saparilla cured me from a Goitre—a hid-
n the neck, which I had suffered from
a or Whites, Ovarian Tumor,
lceration, Female Diseases.
banning, of New York City, writes: "I
comply with the request of your agent in
mend your Sarsaparilla a most excellent
he numerous complaints for which we
remedy, but especially in Female Diseases
its diseases. I have cured many inveter-
orrhea by it, and some where the com-
d by ulceration of the uterus. The ulcer-
soon cured. Nothing within my knowle-
r these female derangements."
arrow, of Newbury, Ala., writes, "A dan-
fasse on one of the females in my family,
d all the remedies we could employ, has
completely cured by your Extract of Sar-
physician thought nothing but extirpa-
relief, but he advised the trial of your
the last resort before cutting, and it
. After taking your remedy eight weeks
he disease rejudiced."
s and Mercurial Disease.
NEW ORLEANS, 26th August, 1859.
: Sir, I cheerfully comply with the re-
ent, and report to you some of the effects
with your Sarsaparilla.
with its in my practice, most of the com-
ch it is recommended, and have found its
derful in the cure of Venereal and Mer-
One of my patients had Syphilitic ulcers
which were consuming his palate and the
pitals. Your Sarsaparilla, steadily taken,
ive weeks. Another was attacked by sec-
ons in his nose, and the ulceration had
considerable part of it, so that I believe the
soon reach his brain and kill him. But it
administration of your Sarsaparilla: the
and he is well again, not of course without
shes to his face. A woman who had been
same disorder by mercury was suffering
n in her bones. They had become so sen-
sitive that on a damp day she suffered ex-
n in her joints and bones. She, too, was
by your Sarsaparilla in a few weeks. I
formula, which your agent gave me, that
n from your laboratory must be a great
quently, these truly remarkable results
surprised me.
nally yours, G. V. LARIMER, M. D.
m, Gout, Liver Complaint.
PENCE, Preston Co., Va., 6th July, 1859.
n: Sir, I have been afflicted with a pain-
mpotence for a long time, which baffled the
ans, and stuck to me in spite of all the
d find, until I tried your Sarsaparilla. One
in two weeks, and restored my general
h that I am far better than before I was
ink it a wonderful medicine. J. FREAM.
chell, of St. Louis, writes: "I have been
ears with an affection of the Liver, which
health. I tried every thing, and every thing
me; and I have been a broken-down man
from no other cause than derangement of
bodered pastor, the Rev. Mr. Epp, advised
Sarsaparilla, because he said he knew you,
you made was worth trying. By the bless-
cured me, and has so purified my blood
w man of me. I feel young again. The
s said of you is not half good enough."
ancer Tumors, Enlargement,
n, Caries and Exfoliation of
s.
y of cases have been reported to us where
ormidable complaints have resulted from
emedy, but our space here will not admit
f them may be found in our American
the agents below named are pleased to
all who call for them.
Heart Disease, Fits, Epilep-
Melancholy, Neuralgia
kable cures of these affections have been
erative power of this medicine. It stimu-
functions into vigorous action, and thus
ders which would be supposed beyond its
remedy has long been required by the ne-
people, and we are confident that this will
that medicine can do.
Cherry Pectoral,
OR THE RAPID CURE OF
olds, Influenza, Hoarseness,
Bronchitis, Incipient Con-
tion, and for the Relief
Consumptive Patients
in advanced Stages
of the Disease.
dy so universally known to surpass any
of throat and lung complaints that it
to publish the evidence of its virtues. Its
cellence for coughs and colds, and its truly
ses of pulmonary disease, have made it
hout the civilized nations of the earth.
communities, or even families, among them
some personal experience of its effects—
phy in their midst of its victory over the
gerous disorders of the throat and lungs.
he dreadful fatility of these disorders, and
too, the effects of this remedy, we need not
to assure them that it has now all the vir-
d have when making the cures which have
y upon the confidence of mankind.
y Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Wholesale by
CO S WELL, Holl S reet, Halifax
d by all druggists

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# The Provincial Wesleyan.

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

VOLUME XIII. No. 9. HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1861. WHOLE No. 607.

## Religious Miscellany.

### Morning Hymn.

New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around as as we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If in our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures, still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—a road
To bring us daily, nearer God.

Seek we no man; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:
The secret this, of rest below.

Only, O Lord! in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

### The Beloved Physician.

It is no disparagement to Dr. Palmer to say that he is the husband of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, the authoress of several important practical religious works which have exercised a wide-spread and most salutary influence on the churches in America and our own country, and who has been honoured by the great Head of the Church to contribute very largely to the revivals of evangelical religion which have taken place in the Wesleyan and other communities during the past few years. "The woman is the glory of the man." And the man who has one who is "heir" with himself of the "grace of life," and who has both gifts and graces to eminently serve the Church of Christ, may well and greatly glory before God. It does not follow that the husband is not the glory of the wife; and in the case of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer we rejoice to say the grounds of glorifying and thankfulness are mutual. Thousands in this country and others will be glad to know somewhat of the personal and religious history of one whom they have the highest reason to esteem and love. W. C. Palmer was born in New Jersey, United States of America, on February 7, 1804. While still an infant, his parents removed to the city of New York, where the largest portion of his life was spent. The most important event of life—the conversion of the soul to God—took place at the age of thirteen—a fact, from amongst thousands which proves that the Divine and saving influences on the hearts of children are not, as many erroneously suppose, ephemeral. Why so? when youth is the time beyond all others, when the mind is most susceptible to religious influences—*the* period which the Creator has appointed when He should be remembered and His favour sought. But the Lord works by means.

Thousands of parents mourn the profitless course of wayward children, who might have had their offspring walking hand in hand with them in the paths of usefulness and piety had they pursued the course which Dr. Palmer's parents did with their son. These parents first gave themselves to God, and then trained their infant charge for immortality and eternal life. To the glory of grace it is due to say that he was, from a very early age, under the restraining influence of the all-gracious Spirit. He was particularly the companion of his pious parents. With them he walked to the house of God in company, and talked of the blessed ways of Zion; and from an early age he learned experimentally that—

"The ways of Zion yield
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly hills,
Or walk the golden streets."

He sidd along through his early childhood he had one standing wish, and that was that he might know that he was truly born of the Spirit, and that his sins were blotted out. The happy privilege was awarded him on his thirteenth birthday. His young heart had long been in an inquiring state whether it was the privilege of children young as himself to enjoy experimental realizations of adopting grace, and he had now come to the conclusion that youth was the time above all others when the heart should be given up to God, and the outgoings of life established by being made conformable to the Divine will.

Though so young, his desire for usefulness had already developed itself, and he stood one among a noble band of Sabbath-school teachers. All the week prior to the Sabbath which was to usher his thirteenth birthday he had been thinking, "What a blessed birthday it would be for me if I might know on Sabbath that this long settled question in regard to my adoption could be decided by my being consciously born into the kingdom of grace!" According to the faith of his youthful heart it was done unto him. On that eventful Sabbath in the large room where the Sabbath-school was held, an opportunity was given for all who desired to confess their need of an interest in Jesus to manifest it, when young Walter nobly came forward to confess openly, in gratitude to his Saviour, the desire for salvation that had so long been the moving principle of his heart.

Amid a company of sorrowing penitents he knelt, and from the outgushings of his inmost heart began to cry "*My* Saviour, save me, *me!*" And he thus began and continued to plead, unmindful of the presence of any but the Saviour at whose feet he was now casting himself, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, who greatly loved the work of directing lambs to the fold, knelt down by him and began to whisper, in loving, assuring terms, "My little son, and is not Jesus your Saviour? You are saying '*My* Saviour, my Saviour!' and is he *your* Saviour?" "Yes He is my Saviour, *my* Saviour!" exclaimed the youthful believer, and in a moment the oil of joy was given for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

The subject of our sketch, from his youthful days, felt that he was called to work in the vineyard of the Lord. His mind was seriously impressed with the question whether it might not be his duty to give up his favourite project—the study of medicine—and enter upon the specific work of preparing for the holy ministry. But after considerations convinced him that no calling on earth could be more Christlike in its aims and purposes than that of the pious physician. To be scientifically acquainted wtth the mechanism of the human body, built by an Almighty hand, and redeemed at an infinite price for the purpose of being a habitation of God on earth—what an ennobling science! And to possess a correct knowledge of the healing art, so as to know how to go about doing good, not only to the souls of the redeemed family, but to their bodies, how like to treading in the footsteps of the Heavenly Healer when on earth!

After completing his academic studies, in which he so succeeded as to meet the approval of his preceptors, and the abiding love of his fellow students, frequently bearing off the palm where patient, manly investigation was most required, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York.

He passed through all the required gradations of study in medicine and surgery with honour, unscathed by the blighting influence of irreligion and scepticism by which he was surrounded. Often he has been heard to adore the riches of grace in reviewing the dangers to which he was exposed from sceptical surroundings during this critical period in his life, declaring that had it not been for the strong girdings of piety thrown around him in his youthful days, he must have fallen into some of the many snares laid for his feet.

As a medical man he soon became master of lucrative practice. As years rolled on, the pressure increased, and few have known more of the toils and pleasures of the successful physician. That there are toils and solicitudes in the career of the faithful physician, of which other professional men may know but little, is true, but there is also satisfaction in the life of the successful pious physician of which few can partake.

Nothing is more sure than that there is a point beyond which human science or skill, however mature, may not reach. "It is appointed to man once to die," and to witness the dissolving tabernacle and weeping friends is sad; but even amid these dissevering ties, how grateful the presence of the pious, sympathising physician must be to the patient.

But, though Dr. Palmer adopted medicine as a calling, and has been favoured with success above not a few of his fellows, it has been a settled conviction with him that his secular business as a medical man should ever be manifestly subservient to the duties of his religious calling. If the toils of his profession have been financially encouraging, these earthly gains have not been heaped up in coffers. It is his belief that the Christian man is as truly called to do a business for God as the missionary among cannibals, or in unhealthy climes, is called to minister for God. One is called to the less sacrificing work of ministering with his open purse and prayers, and well-concerted plans, and the other to present the sacrifice of home comforts and friends, time, health, and often life—"In the great cause of man's salvation greatly valorous." More than one prosperous mission owes its origin to plans with which he has stood connected, and to which his ever open purse has offered the first instalment.

His name has long stood as one of the able board of managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America; and when the philanthropists of America began their first mighty movements against the monster Intemperance, he was chosen president of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society. He has ever been a lover of the young, and a sustainer of Sabbath schools. So long as the arduous duties of his calling would admit, he retained his place as Superintendent of a large Sabbath school. However pressing the duties of his medical profession, he has, perhaps, succeeded in not permitting the demands of the outer life to trespass on the inner life. This blended with the early training of grace, has had much to do with the promotion of that vigorous, winning, symmetrical piety with which his life has been characterized.

His natural tendencies are hopeful and humorous; but these having been brought early under the control of grace, have admirably fitted him to enliven the depressed sufferer, and not only give a joyous, hopeful tone to homes of the physically diseased, but have also rendered him a well-known comforter to the morally and the spiritually depressed,—so that the beloved physician and the son of consolation have blended.

Few have had more ample opportunities of entertaining the wise and good of various sects. A bishop and his lady having made a visit sufficiently protracted at his hospitable residence to observe his vivacious yet peaceful piety, diffusing itself in loving, cheerful streams on all around, the lady of the bishop exclaimed, "How is it Doctor, that you always seem to be happy? We never hear you speak of trials and temptations; do you ever have any?"

The Doctor looked thoughtful, and then gave an answer so characteristic of the man that our sketch could scarcely be complete without it. The reply was about thus—"Really Mrs. H., I have so much to do in sympathy with the trials and afflictions of others, being so constantly about among the sick, that I find no time to parley with the enemy Satan, you know is a conquered foe, and Christ is his conqueror. So when he comes I say, Glory be to Jesus, glory be to Jesus, my Saviour! There is nothing Satan hates so much as to hear the name of his conqueror praised. You know nothing could be more disagreeable to a foe conquered than to be compelled to remain within hearing distance while the name of his conqueror is being praised; and therefore Satan does not stay with me long."

Among the more important traits of Dr. Palmer's life has been the marked catholicity of his spirit. Though from his boyhood a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, the boundaries of his love and labours have not been circumscribed by denominational barriers.

It is now almost a quarter of a century since his drawing rooms were thrown open on Tuesday afternoon of every week for Christian people irrespective of sect. Here it is not unusual to see ministers and people of four or five denominations mingling together for gracious converse as one, on the common platform of Bible-Christianity—entire devotion to God. Of these blessed convocations it may be said—

"Here names and sects and parties fall,
And Christ alone is all in all."

So great has been the attendance, that the three capacious drawing rooms have, within the past few years been thrown into one, making a room of seventy feet deep, and still at times the place is too strait. These meetings have often been spoken of as furnishing the precedent for the many "Union Meetings" which have latterly been so eminently owned of God.

During the past three or four years calls from near and remote regions, demanding his time as a lay labourer, have been so abundant and imperative, and Providence having favoured him him with a competency, he has given himself up to the work of the lay Evangelist.

How few, comparatively, follow the course of this inestimable man. Having been blessed by Providence with a competency, where are the men who devote their labours sacredly to God, and thus become valuable lay ministers in the Church of Christ?—*Chr. Cabinet.*

### The Origin of Tai-ping-wang.

The following passage is translated in the *Chinese Mail* from a Canton newspaper published in the Chinese language:—

"The American missionary, Mr. Roberts—*Lo-heaontsuen*—has gone from Shanghai to Soochow. In the 24th year of Taou-kwang, this Mr. Roberts used to expound the doctrine of Jesus, morning and evening, in a church situated near the Jetty of the Son of Heaven at Canton. It was at that time that Hung-seu-tseuen happened to come to Canton to attend a literary examination, at which he was unsuccessful. When in front of the college a book was placed in his hands, from which, having read it attentively, he learned that there is but one God—a Being who exists of himself and by his own proper nature—and that all the other image-represented gods are false ones. He then went to the Son of Heaven's Jetty, and there attended the preaching of the Word. He became desirous of enrolling himself as a member of the sect of Jesus; but Mr. Roberts, seeing that he had no proper occupation at Canton, did not dare to give full credence to his words. After that he returned to his native place, when, notwithstanding that he had not in person become a member of the sect, he removed from his house the images, falsely styled gods, and where he refrained from placing a tablet to the holy man (Confucius) in the school that he had opened. He likewise taught his fellow-villagers to cast aside their image-gods, and to believe in the one true and only God. Of the villagers there were some who received his teaching, and there were others who looked upon him as a mad-man. In the 27th year of Taou-kwang he went to Kwangse, when he taught and established a brotherhood, worshipping the one true God. At that time the officials were treating with great severity a gang of banditti, and some of the members of Hung-seu-tseuen's Shang-te sect were ill-treated by them. The officials, without making any proper or accurate distinctions, proscribed Hung-seu-tseuen as the leader of the banditti. Thence resulted the patriotic rising at Kin-teen. Time rolled on, and, in the third year of Hien-fung, Hung-sue-tseuen took Kin-lin. In the course of the same year Mr. Roberts, at Canton, received a yellow envelope from him, containing a letter, in which he was requested to repair to Kil-lin and there teach his doctrine. In the same year, too, Englishmen and Americans visited Nankin, making investigations relative to the Long Haired, and inquiries were then made of the visitors by Mr. Long Haired respecting Mr. Roberts. Subsequently, when Mr. Roberts heard that he had in this way been asked for, he became desirous to go to Nankin, and there propagate his doctrines; but the difficulty of communicating with that place has, up to the present, prevented him from carrying his wishes into execution. He has now, however, arrived at Soo-chow, where he is preaching the holy doctrine."

REPENTANCE.—To-day, this day, this hour, this moment alone is ours! What was yesterday but all our past life renewed, all our memories reiterated? *To-day* is the stern reality of our existence; let not the sun go down upon our disobedience, but *repent* ere yet the recording angel takes his flight!

### To a Cloud at Sunset.

BY MISS C. A. GARDNER.

Beautiful cloud with the golden wing!
Thou seemest some bright-robed fairy thing!
Sailing along neath the sky's blue dome,
Sporting on high in thy airy home;
Georgeously bright thou art to behold—
Sparkling in wealth of crimson and gold!

Whither dost wander beautiful cloud,
Wrapping the sunbeam in misty shroud?
Whence hast thou flown in thy trackless flight,
Gleaming along like a halo of light?
Dost speed to the land of song and dance,
To blush to the orient sun of France?

Or art thou seeking the frosty north,
Where winter has hung its ice-gems forth—
Where spring-germs sleep 'neath mantles of snow,
And streams are stopped in their gentle flow—
Where the frost chilled boughs and the crispy grass
Crackle beneath our feet as we pass?

Dost speed where the orange-flowers blow,
In sunset tints of a deeper glow?
Art thou sailing on—thy brilliant dyes
To flash in the glow of India's skies,
Where the sea sleeps calm in deepest blue
And the earth is decked in brightest hue?

ANSWER.

Beautiful child; I am melting away
In the burning glance of the sunset ray;
Like the joys of earth, I feel the blight
Of the beams that lend me hues of light;
For on all things fair such blight must fall—
Sorrow and tears are the fate of all.

## Religious Intelligence.

In our disappointment at not receiving our usual Home Correspondence, we clip the following from the N. Y. Methodist.—[ED.

FEELING FOR THE AMEICAN UNION IN ENGLAND.

It may now seem rather late, and out of date, to wish my American readers "the compliments of the season," as the Christmas holidays and the first week of 1861 are past. I do, nevertheless, most sincerely wish them "a happy New-Year." And I do it the more earnestly, for the grief I feel at the threats of disunion which have been uttered among you, the reports of which have reached us on this side of the Atlantic. I believe that in this country there is but one sentiment on the subject; the fulfilment of such a menace is universally deprecated. We hailed the election of such a man as Abraham Lincoln, because it did you credit, and was a step in the right direction; and we deprecate any compromise by which its effect may be neutralized. But we are profoundly convinced that a dissolution of the Union, with no other provocation than this, would overwhelm with just reproach those States which adopt such a course, diminish your just influence throughout the world, and bring a reproach on the cause of constitutional freedom at which tyrants will rejoice. I do therefore most sincerely hope that "the bands of Orion will not be loosed," nor the stars which form your constellation either separate or grow pale.

The weather throughout the country has been remarkably severe; an intense frost set in before Christmas, and still continues; the snow lies deep on the ground, and the rivers are taken captive, and bound in icy fetters. It is the severest winter that has been known in Great Britain for many years. Mr. E. J. Lowe writes from the Beeston Observatory near Nottingham, as follows:—"I herewith send you a report of perhaps the most extraordinary cold ever known in England—certainly exceeding every record but one, and that record being looked upon as an error, and, indeed thought to be an impossible temperature in England. This morning the temperature at four feet above the ground was eight degrees below zero, and on the grass 13° 8′ degrees below zero, or 48° 8′ degrees of frost. This was on Christmas day.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The week of special services commenced on Sunday, January 6th, when discourses were delivered throughout the country by the evangelical ministers of all denominations, on "The Promise of the Spirit." Union prayer-meetings will be held during the week-days, and on Sunday next will be a day of thanksgiving for the revival of the past year or two; and the enforcement of the solemn responsibility which every Christian is under to spend and be spent in making known the name of the Lord Jesus at home and abroad. The following is the concluding paragraph of the address in which the proposition was made, signed by more than a hundred eminent ministers, and many distinguished laymen of all denominations, and which has been very extensively circulated: "Every day the standard of the cross advances. Every day new fields of holy warfare open before us. Every day the conflict thickens. The aggressions on the camp of the enemy are stirring up all his wrath. The very successes of Christ's soldiers call for reinforcements. Our only hope is in God, our expectation is from Him. Shall we not with one heart and one voice call upon Him from whom our salvation cometh? The Lord hath done great things for us. Let the posture of the Church be that of Elijah, prostrate in importunate prayer. It was when all the people shouted with a great shout that the walls of Jericho fell. Who will refuse to raise the voice of supplication? The last recorded words of the Son of Man are reverberating throughout Christendom. Surely I come quickly. Who will not respond, "Amen, even so; Come Lord Jesus?" A series of meetings of the Evangelical Alliance will be held on a large scale during the week, in Freemason's Hall, Exeter Hall, and Willis's Rooms. The special services for Sunday evening during the winter in Westminister Abbey commenced on Sunday last; the preacher was the Rev. Lord John Thynne, Sub-dean of Westminster. Arrangements have also been made for commencing the special Sunday evening serves in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 27th inst., on which occasion the Bishop of London will preach.

WESLEYAN MAGAZINE AND METHODIST HYMNOLOGY.

The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* opens well with the commencement of the year, by a large increase in its circulation, owing to the liberal and judicious arrangements of our venerable Book Steward, the Rev. John Mason; and by the variety, interest, and importance of the articles contained or commenced in the January number. I particularly refer to the following: "Augustine, his canons, and his order;" from the pen of the Rev. Samuel W. Christophers, of the Birmingham West Circuit, who has already enriched the *Magazine* by an essay on "Eastern Monachism," and other articles. Mr. Christopher's investigations and remarks on that critical period of Church history in which St. Augustine lived, are not only curious and interesting in the light they throw on various ecclesiastical customs and vestments, and their origin, but they are especially instructive as cautions and warnings against certain tendencies of our own times, and evils against which we ought still to be on our guard. The "Anecdotes of Early Methodism in Ireland" are well worth preserving. "Wesleyan Methodists in the Army, from the pen, I believe, of Dr. Rule, gives a stirring view of that subject, and on the necessity of increased assistance among the soldiers in our Camp at Aldershot. Under the head of *Horæ Biblicæ* appears an essay on "the *Millenium*." It is to be continued in successive numbers, and is, I believe, the first attempt which has been made in the pages of our *Magazine* to grapple with the premillenial theory, the advocates of which have of late been unusually zealous and indefatigable in disseminating their views. And, lastly, a paper on the authorship of two of our hymns, by the Rev. William P. Burgess, the talented author of a volume entitled "Wesleyan Hymnology," which was published about fifteen or sixteen years ago. In this work Mr. Burgess had erroneously ascribed to the Rev. Thomas Olivers, the hymn (our 66th) beginning:—

"Lo he comes with clouds descending;" and to Andrew Marvell, the friend of Addison, and a writer in the *Spectator*, the hymn beginning: "When Israel out of Egypt came." He now corrects these errors. With respect to the last mentioned hymn (the 223 in our hymn book,) he says: "There is no foundation at all for the opinion that the hymn in the Methodist collection was composed by Marvell. As no other competitor remains, it must be ascribed to Chas. Wesley. It is found in the collection of Psalms and Hymns, with the names of the two brothers on the title-page, of which the fourth edition was published in 1748."

The hymn, "Lo! he comes with clouds descending," appeared in a tract first published by the Wesley's in 1758, entitled, "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind." It therefore "appears to be settled," says Mr. Burgess, "beyond all reasonable doubt, that for the fine hymn," "Lo! he comes," we are indebted, not to Thomas Olivers, but to Charles Wesley.

The fine melody entitled, "*Helmsley*," and adapted to this hymn, was composed by Thomas Olivers, who was also, as you are doubtless aware, author of the magnificent hymn of twelve stanzas, which appears in the appendix of our hymn-book, in three parts, beginning:—

"The God of Abraham praise."

The late venerable John Hickling, so lately deceased, told me that he once heard this hymn sung by its author.

MR. BURGESS AND DR. BUNTING.

With respect to Mr. Burgess's *Wesleyan Hymnology*, I have an anecdote to relate which may interest your readers. On its first appearance, umbrage was taken at its publication by some of our leading ministers, and it was disparagingly reviewed in the *Magazine*. Besides this, the London Book Committee decided against allowing it to be advertised on the *Magazine* cover in the usual way of business. At the ensuing Conference held in Liverpool, A. D., a letter from Mr. Burgess, complaining of this treatment was read from the platform at his request; and his representative, the Rev. Robert Young, moved "that the London Book Committee be requested to re-consider their decision." This was opposed by several members of that Committee who were present and on the platform, and among the rest by Dr. Bunting, who argued "that as the Hymn book is ordinarily used for devotional purposes, it ought not to be criticised; because such criticism would unavoidably interfere with devotion and have an injurious effect on the mind." The Doctor was immediately followed by a comparatively junior minister who thus replied to his argument: "Mr. Burgess is no more to me than any other brother; but I cannot but consider the remarks which have been made on his book hypercritical, and its treatment severe and undeserved. The Church of Rome invented the bondage of the Press; she has her *Index of Prohibited Books*, and I would have you beware of imitating her example. Envy not the oppressor and choose none of her ways. Deal with books as with men. If they misbehave themselves, punish them. You have your Literary Police for that purpose, (pointing to the editors;) but do not seek to hinder their birth, nor brand them underservedly on their entrance into the world. It is said, we must not criticise the hymn-book, because it is used in devotion. Do we not criticise the authorized version of the Sacred Scriptures? Do not commentators, and the collators of manuscripts, in their choice among the *various readings*, criticise the original itself? And is the hymn book holier than the Bible? As to the effect of criticism on the mind, I can answer from experience. When very young I read Addison's critique in the *Spectator* on *Paradise Lost*, in which he points out faults as well as beauties; for it has its faults, and there are spots in the sun; and yet he rules and enlightens the world. The effect of reading that criticism on Milton was, that ever since *Paradise Lost* has been enshrined in my heart next to the hymn-book and the Bible." After a few more glowing observations advocating freedom of speech in Conference and freedom of the pen and the press out of it, the speaker seconded Mr. Young's motion. This speech was not replied to. The motion on being put had so near an equality of votes that the President had to decide on which was the majority; and although he decided that it was not carried, it was acted on a few weeks after, and the advertisement of Burgess's *Wesleyan Hymnology* duly appeared on the *Magazine* cover.

Of course, the question, "Who is to be our President at the next Conference?" has began to be discussed among the preachers. The Conference, as you are aware, will be held in Newcastle. As far as I have had an opportunity of judging, the contest will mainly lie between the Rev. John Lomas and the Rev. John Rattenbury. Mr. Lomas has already filled the Presidential chair; namely, at Bradford, in 1853, and is again eligible. On the other hand Mr. Rattenbury is an indefatigable brother, and in the number of votes last Conference was far ahead of all the other candidates, except the successful one. If he is ever to be President it should be at the next Conference. I find, however, that some of the brethren think, that he then passed his perihelion. THETA.

*England, January*, 1861.

### Norway.

The reader will see in the following letter from the Rev. S. A. Steenson, dated Frederikshald, Norway, December 22, 1860, to Rev. C. Willerup, superintendent, how much the fruits of our missions in Norway, Sweden and Denmark resemble the fruits of early Methodism in England and America. Read and ponder well:—*Am. Paper.*

"We are all tolerably well, and the Lord is with us. The work of God, I think, is advancing. Last night we had again the saving finger of Jesus pointed directly at us, insomuch, that after preaching and a few words of invitation, twenty-three mourners came forward, casting themselves at the foot of the altar, weeping, crying, yea, screaming right hard, wanting to be prayed for. Mr. Svendsen, who owns so many houses here, and the one we live in, was also deeply affected; but having no power to rise up and come forward, he lay across the seat, weeping. It was a good beginning of more refreshing seasons from the Lord. Two found peace while we prayed, agony was increased in others, and we were greatly strengthened in our faith, and filled with love. Many of our aristocracy were out, some were standing right up on their feet, gaping and looking on, others hung their heads down with tears and sorrow. Finally, after singing and prayer, we closed the meeting, and went home with good courage, determined to plunge deeper into the waters of life. To-morrow evening we are to have an extra meeting for and with the seekers. The Lord be with us in the power of his might!

"You ask how I find myself in the new place, to which I can only remark: I have not been here more than five weeks yet, and so I am not prepared to say much of anything; though I think, as far as my experience goes, that we stand a good chance by faith. I understand, however, that the devil is here as well as at Sharpsborg; the Lord, too. As to me, personally, I am pleased wheresoever kind Providence may fix my field of labor. I have the same battle to fight wherever I am in the world. And may the Lord remain in our camp to the end of the world. Pray for us. I trust that you are now joyfully getting along with the erection of your new church. I am sure that you will have reason to be glad when you get that ready; for, to say nothing of what you have suffered from the smallness and inconvenience of that little poor room you have had for a meeting-house, it has certainly been a great hindrance to your progress among the rough as well as the civilized inhabitants of Copenhagen. The good Lord provide for you, for his cause and for us all! The want of a paper, which we have so often spoken about, is becoming more and more urgent every day. Let us bear these things to God in prayer. We beg an interest in your prayer. A friendly greeting to you, your family, and the Church. From your. unworthy brother in Christ."

### Dangers of Bible Circulation in Spain.

Captain Lakey, of the cutter "Sarah Ann," now loading at the port of Villavicaosca, in Spain, with a cargo of fruit for Messrs Ivens & Chessell, of this city, has been compelled to fly from that country for the safety of his life, leaving his vessel to be brought to Bristol by any person the British Consul may put on board. It appears that Captain Lakey has traded to that port for many years, and being on friendly terms with the people, and finding them very willing and anxious to know something of our bible, he presented his friends with one, and distributed some tracts. This coming to the knowledge of the priests, created such a sensation and disturbance that a guard of four men was put to watch the vessel for seventeen days, and had the captain gone on shore he would have been taken prisoner. Finding the anger against him so great, Captain Lakey resolved upon planning some means of escape. He accordingly got over the side of the vessel at night, and laid himself down in his boat, taking with him one of his crew to bring the boat back. He landed at another part of the coast, and made friends with a Spaniard whom he met, and got him to conduct him to the mountains, there to wait another guide to take him to Gijon. Having passed in disguise the first and second sentry at the entrance of the town undetected, he came to the pier and fell in with an English captain, who kindly took him on board his vessel, and locked him in his state-room for six hours, when, taking advantage at night of crossing the harbor in disguise, he got on board a vessel just on the eve of sailing for Liverpool, and thus made his escape. He is now waiting the arrival of his vessel daily expected at that port.—*English Paper.*

## General Miscellany.

### Narrative of the Escape of a poor Negro Woman from Slavery.

When some years ago Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the whole world read the story of the wrongs of the black man, some there were who did not hesitate to say that though such things might exist in the brain of the novelist, they could nowhere else be found. We lay before our readers to-day a brief account of the sufferings of a poor negro woman, caused by the brutality of a master, which for hideous malignity and fiendish cruelty were beyond the imagination even of a Legree, and a recital of her escape from bondage, which for a romantic interest is far beyond anything we have ever heard of, and another proof that truth is stranger than fiction. We have the account from the lips of the woman herself, who arrived in this city on Monday last, and we have also the statement, over his own signature, of Dr. Reddy, under whose treatment she now is, which fully bears out every word of hers regarding the cruelty to which she had been subjected. Her history in brief is as follows:—

Born in Washington of free parents, she was while yet an infant stolen from there, with two or three colored men and thirty or forty other "cattle" by a man named Tom Watson, now expiating the theft by imprisonment for life in Richmond Penitentiary. She was taken down to the neighbourhood of Galveston, Texas, as the property of Wm. Whirl, and whose wife, Polly, performed to her the part of a mother. It was from Polly Whirl she learned all these particulars, she being of course too young to know anything. Until she was thirteen or fourteen she was brought up as a "show girl," taught to dance, sing, cackle like a hen, or crow like a rooster, so that you could not tell the difference, and perform in various other ways; Whirl always being able to attract a crowd from the country round to see her perform. After that time she was sent into the cotton field with the other field hands, where the treatments were cruelly severe. Scarcely a day passed without their receiving fifty lashes, whether they worked or whether they did not. They were also compelled to go down on their knees, and harnessed to a plough, to plough up the land, with boys for riders, to whip them when they flagged in their work. At other times, they were compelled to walk on hackles, used for hackling flax. Her feet are now dotted over with scars, caused by this brutality. She often over and over again attempted to escape, but having no knowledge of the way, was easily overtaken and brought back. On one occasion, she and her husband, (if he could be called so) made an unsuccessful attempt to fly. The poor man had on his legs for two years irons which had grown into the flesh; these impeded him in his flight, and caused their capture. He was then shockingly beaten, and otherwise cruelly ill-used, so that he died under the treatment, and she was brought back. Her Mistress, Polly Whirl, at last told her of Canada, that refuge for the hunted fugitive, and pointed out to her the North Star as her guide by night. This of course was done without the knowledge of the brute Whirl. She again started, and travelled on foot without clothing, subsisting on herbs and nuts, sometimes parched with thirst, until she actually reached a place in the State of Mississippi called the "Shades of Death." Here she gave birth to twin children, one of them dead. The other she gave in charge to a woman there. While at the "Shades of Death" she was arrested as a fugitive, put in jail, and claimed by Whirl who had come in quest of her, and taken back by him to Galveston. This first regular flight was commenced in March 1858. On her return to Texas, her master having had some difficulty in proving her identity swore that he would mark her in such a manner that hereafter there would be no such trouble. He slit both her ears, then branded her on the back of her left hand with a hot iron, cut off with an axe the little finger and bone connected therewith of her right hand, searing the wound with a hot iron, and also branded her on the stomach with a letter. He heard she had tried to incite more of the slaves to escape to Canada, and tried to force her to tell who had told her anything about Canada, promising not to whip her if she did so. She with the spirit of a martyr refused to give any information, whereupon he had her fixed in what is there technically called a "buck." This was doubling her in two, until her legs were passed over her head, where they were kept by a stick passed across the back of her neck. This violence was the cause of the distortion mentioned in the doctor's statement.