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Religious Miscellany

Vanity of Earthly Bliss.

Oh, carry me back to the days of my youth,
And seat me in solitude 'neath the green
Willow-tree.
There alone to examine my prospects on earth,
And see what enjoyment time promised to me.
As the twilight approaches, the evening bird
Sings.
As if to invite to drawn care in repose;
But my thoughts are drawn forward to more no-
ble things,
And reflect on my life, its beginning and close.
And I said to my soul, my affections and will,
"Can earth make us happy with plenty of
gain?
Can we have all the good, and reject all the ill?
Can we not eat on pleasure and drive away
pain?"
"No, no," says the substance undying within;
"No happiness dwells in these regions be-
low."
Wealth, honor and fame pass away like a
dream,
And trouble all we are certain to know."
And is this the lot of frail mortals below?
And is there no comfort, no bliss to be
found?
Do we strive for delight, and obtain only woe?
Do we seek rest, and find it—alone under
ground?
Then I said to my body, "Thou moving ma-
chine,
So frail and so mutable, where art thou
from?
Art thou formed for affliction, for sorrow and
pain,
To suffer and sicken, and drop to the tomb?"
"And must I careen then, thou worm of the
dust,
And labor thy earth-born desires to fulfil,
And then lay thee low in earth's bosom to rest,
And bid thee a final, eternal farewell?"
"Ah, restless complainer," my body replied,
"Tis true I must moulder low down in the
grave;
But, spirit immortal, look up to the skies,
Thy gracious Redeemer is mighty to save."
"His grace is sufficient, his righteousness sure,
For body and soul be an offering become,
Then trust in thy Saviour, his mercies adore,
And thy body immortal shall arise from the
tomb."
"Then body and soul shall forever unite,
And in triumph shall rise to thy Saviour's
throne,
Will, eternally clad in heavenly light,
Forever be happy in Jesus' love."
—Northern Christian Advocate.

Wonderful Career of Vincent Ferrer.

THE WHITEFIELD OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
It was near the close of the year 1308,
and at the age of forty-two years, that Vin-
cent gave himself up fully to the work in
which all the feelings of his heart were so
strongly enlisted. Spurning, as unworthy
brides, all the dignities and honors that
invited his ambition, and were within his reach,
he set forth upon his mission with a zeal
which permitted no intermission of his labors,
and scarcely the rest of a single day till the
close of his wonderful life. Almost every
portion of the Christian world was the scene
of his labors, and the most surprising ac-
counts are given of the success of his mis-
sion. His fame spread from land to land,
and princes and people were alike anxious
to hear a man who conjoined to all his other
qualities the reputation of a saint. Wherever
he went, invitations met him from abroad to
visit distant cities and villages; nor was the
fire to hear him gratified by a single visit.
His longest absence in any place was usually
but a few weeks, and when his work seemed
completed in one city or neighborhood, he
hastened to another. From Aragon, his na-
tive country, he went to Barcelona, thence
to southern France, in the regions of Savoy
and Dauphine, thence to Switzerland, Gene-
va, and Savoy. The Duke of Burgundy
invited him to his territories; the King of
England besought him to visit his kingdom,
and sent a vessel to bear him across the
straits. Not in London only, but in various
parts of the kingdom, as well as in Scotland,
did he gather wondering throngs to
listen to his words. The closing labors of
his life had northern France, the regions
of Normandy and Brittany, for their field
of successful effort. At the time of his death
there was not a voice in Christendom that
had not listened to him by so many thousands
—we might safely say millions—as his own.
His career had no parallel in these later
ages, unless in the course of Peter the Her-
mit, or our own Whitefield. A letter of
the Duke of Burgundy to the Duke of Br-
tany, gives us some idea of the course
which he usually adopted. "The incessant
claims of my duty leave me but little leisure
to write to you, as I should be glad to
Crowd follow me wherever I go, and I can-
not deny to them the bread of life. After
having performed mass, I preach to them
two or three times every day, and, besides
this, I am obliged to journey from place to
place, so that I scarcely find time to take
rest or necessary food. While on my jour-
ney I prepare my sermons."
In the course of his journeyings he fell in
often with those whom he calls Heretics.
With a wisdom that did not belong to all
the members of his Order, he declined to
employ against them, in order to their con-
version, the weapons of the temporal arm.
We no where meet with any evidence that
he invoked against them the terrors of ex-
communication. The instruments of his
persuasion were his own extraordinary elo-
quence, his blameless life, and a fervor which
was at least the fruit of genuine devotion.
His success was correspondent to his efforts.
One village which he visited, and found so
corrupt and vile, that its very name bore
the stigma expressive of disgrace, was so
changed by his instrumentality that it was
become known by an appellation quite
reverse. His indignation at sin did not
quench his pity for the guilty, and we may
safely believe that a true benevolence was
the impulse to labors that are marked with
self-denial, and could expect no temporal re-

Stretch out thy Hand.

Sinner, sinner! come to Jesus; for "all
things are of God." You are naked; the
robe in which you stand is dressed in
God. You are filthy; the washing is of
God. Come and be washed. But you are
unworthy; your worthiness must be of
God. Come as you are, and He will cleanse you.
You are guilty; your pardon is of God.
Come to Him and His pardon shall be freely
granted. You say you are hard-hearted.
True prayer is to give up the heart of
flesh and sin, and take away the heart of
stone. You say you are unbelieving.
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flesh and sin, and take away the heart of
stone.

You are Wanted.

In the great battle between light and darkness,
between truth and falsehood, between
sin and holiness, every human being bears
his part—his part for or against. There is
no neutral position, and to be against the right
is to be for the wrong. It is a crime, an
indifference a fault. There is much to do,
and little time to do it in; for "the night cometh
when no man can work." Work while the
light lasts, work hard, work well; these
should be the resolves of all the friends of
true Christianity, some of whom can do a
great deal—all can do something, little
though it may be; yet that little is essential
to the completion of the great work; as in
driving wheel as the smallest pin or most di-
minutive screw. Every temptation resisted,
every passion cherished, every lust mortified,
every pure desire purified, every good deed
done, every kind word spoken, every sym-
pathetic look, every cheering smile, every sym-
pathetic word for a brother's sorrow or a
sister's tear, is something done towards the
redemption of humanity to its high rest hard by
the throne of God. And there is not a hu-
man being but can do some of these things.
There is work for all, and work that all can
do. What magnificent encouragement is
do. What magnificent encouragement is
do. What magnificent encouragement is
do. What magnificent encouragement is
do.

Purity of Character.

Over the beauty of the plum and the
apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more
valuable than the fruit itself—a soft delicate
glow that overpreads its blushing cheek.
Now, if you strike your hand over that, and
it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it
never grows back. The flower that hangs
in the morning, imparted with dew,
arrayed as no queenly woman ever was
arrayed with jewels, once shaken so that
the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water
over it as you please, yet it can never be
made again what it was when the dew fell
silently on it from heaven. On a frosty
morning you may see the pane of glass
arrayed with landscapes—mountains, lakes,
and trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic
picture. Now, your hand upon the glass,
and by a scratch of your finger, or by the
warmth of your palm, all the delicate trac-
ery will be obliterated. So there is in
you a beauty and purity of character, which
when once touched and defiled can never be
restored, a fringe more delicate than brook,
and which, when torn and broken,
will never be re-embroidered. He who has
spotted and soiled his garments in youth,
though he may seek to make white again,
can never wholly do it, even were he to wash
them with his tears. When a young man
leaves his father's house with the blessing of
a mother's tears still wet upon his brow, it
he once long and exhausting labors, it
is a loss that he can never make whole
again. Such is the consequence of crime!
Its effect cannot be eradicated; it can only
be forgiven.

Remorse and Despair.

Charles IX. of France, was a modern
Nero, as the memorable St. Bartholomew's
massacre, conducted under his auspices, can
distinguish. The day after the butchery of thirty
thousand Huguenots, he observed several
fugitives about his palace, and taking a
bullet to the heart, he said, "I am a murderer."
It was strange that he died in peculiar hor-
ror. "What blood," he cried out; "what
murders!"—ah! I have followed wicked
advice. O my God! pardon me and be
merciful. I know not where I am, I am so
perplexed and agonized, that I will not
think. "What shall I do? I am lost for-
ever; I know it!"
During the Papist persecution in England,
one Rockwood distinguished himself for his
pious malignity, and in his last sickness he
said, "I am a murderer." He was called
"a murderer," and he was called "a murderer."
It was strange that he died in peculiar hor-
ror. "What blood," he cried out; "what
murders!"—ah! I have followed wicked
advice. O my God! pardon me and be
merciful. I know not where I am, I am so
perplexed and agonized, that I will not
think. "What shall I do? I am lost for-
ever; I know it!"

Religious Intelligence.

Union in Prayer, January, 1861.
The Evangelical Alliance calls attention to
the fact that the recent Missionary Con-
ference at Liverpool having considered a pro-
posal for the setting apart of a week for uni-
ted prayer at the commencement of next year,
expressed their earnest hope that such a pro-
posal might be carried out. The cause of
this is briefly: In the first place, the
archbishop himself had no intention
whatever of carrying out such an important
step in reform. He has never been known
to give the people five minutes spiritual talk
in his life. In the second place, the priests
were very ignorant; the most of them are
barely able to read, and some of them do not
know that much. Besides they are very
worldly-minded, having almost without ex-
ception bought the sacred office, and entered
upon its duties from motives of personal gain.
Such men, of course, are not the men to be
good preachers.
One came to me a short time ago and told
me that he wished to instruct his people, but
he could not, and wished to know if I had
not some book to give him, from which
might be read a sermon to his people, and
thus profit them better than by anything
which he might say. I directed him to com-
mence the careful study of the word of God,
accompanying it with fervent prayer for the
enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit. I
showed him how to commence by a compar-
ative examination of the four gospels, and
noted for him some particular passages. He
promised me that he would undertake it;
but I fear he will not keep his word. I told
him that the first business was self-examina-
tion, and investigation into the state of his
own heart. Did he himself enjoy that
which he wished to preach to others? Our
conversation was protracted two or three
hours, and I earnestly pray that it may not
be without fruit. If we only had access
to this people! If they were only allowed
to regard us as Christians, as brothers, ready
to counsel and instruct them, many would
listen eagerly to us, and a glorious work
might be accomplished. Many of the obsta-
cles found here can be but little appreciated
by those who have been accustomed to free-
dom of thought and action.
A Bulgarian serdom, if ever sits down to
think over the spirit of religion profes-
sed by him true or false. That is some-
thing which has nothing to do, and
Monday, 7.—An especial blessing on the
services of the week, and the promotion

Mission in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria, as a province of Turkey in Eu-
rope, partakes to some extent in the agita-
tion and uneasiness which have been fre-
quently revealed in Syria. But the Christian
population in Bulgaria, and the near pres-
ence of powerful Christian states, are too
strong to allow the Mussulman population to
rise against the Christian. There is not
much if any danger of a conflict. But in
regard to the missionary operations in Bul-
garia there is a powerful obstacle in the
prevalence and bigotry of the Greek Church.
And the power of this Church is much in-
creased over the common people because
they regard the Emperor of Russia as the
protector of their Church, and as bound
to restore the Christian religion to its
ancient position in Constantinople, from
whence Russia and Greece received it. Hence all ad-
ministrations and decrees of the High Church
authorities have great influence with the
clergy and common people. The authorities
of the Greek Church seemed to be filled with
apprehension at the presence and conduct of
our mission in Bulgaria; and particularly in
Silvova, as will be seen by the following
letter from Rev. A. L. Long. We give it
to the Church, and feel assured that it will
be read with deep interest.—Cor. Sec.
More than six months have now passed
away since we opened public religious ser-
vices in this city. Here we have toiled till
passed without my having some hearers.
The most severe denunciations have been
uttered in the Churches against our meet-
ings, slanderous and foolish tales have been
put into circulation, and many have very
strangely refused to attend. It is not in-
sulting to mention the fact that the govern-
ment against me; but still every Sab-
bath, when the hour for service arrives, I find
some friends (generally from ten to fifteen
persons) assembled ready to listen with at-
tention to what I have to say. This is a
great encouragement; and I also find from
private conversation that the truth appears to
be taking root in some hearts, although the
soil here is very stony and extremely diffi-
cult of cultivation.
Two priests from a town about twelve
miles distant have lately visited me. We
had a long and I trust profitable conver-
sation. They gave me a very pressing invita-
tion to visit them, assuring me that they
would find me a congregation to preach to.
I promised to visit them at my earliest con-
venience.
A few days ago, while walking up one
of the most retired streets of the city, I over-
took a priest who had once called upon me.
Seeing no spectators near he saluted me
very cordially, and upon my inquiring how
he prospered he replied with a sigh, "I de-
sire very much to come and have a good talk
with you, but it is forbidden me." He is
the best educated of the city priests, and
generally in his service reads the Scriptures
in the simple language of the people, hold-
ing in his hand the old Slavonic version but
reading in the modern Bulgarian. Whenever
good desires he may have, however, are re-
strained in their operation by the grinding
tyranny of his ecclesiastical master.
I am sorry to inform you that the order
issued last winter by the archbishop to
suspend all the churches has entirely
prevented me from putting into execution.
The cause of this failure is briefly: In the first
place the archbishop himself had no intention
whatever of carrying out such an important
step in reform. He has never been known
to give the people five minutes spiritual talk
in his life. In the second place, the priests
were very ignorant; the most of them are
barely able to read, and some of them do not
know that much. Besides they are very
worldly-minded, having almost without ex-
ception bought the sacred office, and entered
upon its duties from motives of personal gain.
Such men, of course, are not the men to be
good preachers.

General Miscellany.

Make your Mark.
In the quarters about you,
Make your mark;
Do you give upon the soil?
Make your mark;
In what ever path you go,
In what ever place you stand,
Moving swift or slow,
With chariot and horse and hand,
Make your mark.
Should opponents hedge your way,
Make your mark;
Work by night or work by day,
Struggling manfully and well,
No on obstacles oppose,
None right shall ever fall
By the weapons of his foes—
Make your mark.
What though born a peasant's son,
Make your mark;
Good by poor men can be done—
Make your mark;
Peasant's garb may warm the cold;
Peasant's work may calm a tear;
Better far than hoarding gold,
Is the drying of a tear,
Make your mark.
Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark;
Marks of some kind must be made,
Make your mark—
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of truth—
Make your mark.

Beauty and Intelligence.

It is not the most perfect in outward form
who usually inspire the deepest love. His-
tory shows us that the most lasting and pro-
found attachments were lavished on women
possessing but a moderate share of personal
attraction. Beauty in itself is so alluring
and captivating, that it is worth our while to
concern in what consists the mysterious and
subtle charm which has the power to enchain
the heart in spite of the eye's criticism.
Women have in all ages regarded beauty as
the most effectual weapon to conquer and
subdue man; and the desire to possess it
we beg to suppose, results not from any pas-
sion for domination, but from a laudable
desire to influence him for his own comfort
and happiness; however this may be, well
intentioned or not, their solicitude for the
possession of beauty has induced women of
all times and nations to search after things
which seem to offer a chance of concealing
imperfection and enhancing or embelli-
shing their natural attractions. This has
led them into numerous follies and extrava-
gant attachments were lavished on women
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possessing but a moderate share of personal
attraction.

Fashionable Friends.

The hardest trial of those who fall from
affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity,
is the discovery that the attachment of so
many in whom they confided was a pretence,
a mask to gain their own ends, or was a
mischievous shallowness. Sometimes, doubt-
less, it is with regret that those frivolous fol-
lowers of the world desert those upon whom
they have lavished; but they can forget them.
Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes
are empty. The parasites that cluster
about the favorite of fortune, to gather
his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with
the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of
a storm, as the leaves cling to the tree in
winter weather, but drop off at the breath
of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging
blast. Like ravens settled down for a ban-
quet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how
quickly, at the first sound of calamity, these
superficial earthlings are specks on the
horizontal surface.
But a true friend sits in the centre, and is
for all times. One need only reveal to him
more fully, and binds him more closely to
us. Prosperity and adversity are both re-
vealers—the difference being that in the
former our friends know us, in the latter we
know them. But, notwithstanding the in-
constancy and greediness prevalent among
most of us, there is a vast host of earnest
follow-yearnings that is ever outwardly
shown. There are more examples of un-
adulterated affection, more devoid of self-
love and magnanimity than is usually sup-
posed. Our misfortunes bring to our side
real friends, before unknown. Benevolent
impulses, where we should not expect them,
in modest private ones, many a scene of
beautiful woman, amid plaudits of angels,
And upon the whole, fairly estimating the
glory and the use, and the actual help that
the friends of the friendly sentiment, we
must cheerily strike the lyre, and lift our
voices to the favorite song, confessing that
every complaint is ended, that
"There is a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
We need not roam to bring a home,
Though far there be the distance;
We seek not high for things close by;
For life hath here no charm so dear,
As home and friends around us."
—North American Review.

Health and Long Life.

Socrates used to say that it was pleasant
to grow old with good health and a good
friend; and he might have reason; a man
may be content to live while he is no trou-
ble to himself or his friends, but after that
it is hard if he be not content to die. I
know and esteemed a person abroad, who
used to say, a man must be a mean wretch
who desired to live after three-score years
old. But so much, I doubt, is certain, that
in life, as in war, the man who will die if
good must not draw it to the dogs. Where
this happens, one comfort of age may be,
that whereas younger men are usually in
pain whenever they are not in pleasure, old
men find a sort of pleasure when they are
out of pain, and as young men often lose
or impair their present enjoyment by cre-
ating after what is to come, by vain hopes
or fruitless fears, so old men relieve their
wants of their age by pleasing reflection upon
what is past. Therefore, men in the health
and vigor of their age should endeavor to fill
their lives with reading, with travel, with
the best conversation, and the worst ac-
tions, either in public or private stations;
they may have something agreeable left to
feed on when they are well by pleasing re-
membrances.—Sir W. Temple.

The Thugs of India.

Dr. Hooker, in his "Himalayan Journals,"
gives an account of the Thugs, some of
whom belonging to the approvers of the
establishment for the apprehension of Thugee,
by himself saw. Of these, he says, the first
was a mid-looking man, who had been born
and bred to the profession; he had com-
mitted many murders, saw no harm in them,
and felt neither shame nor remorse. He
explained to me how the gang would be
unwary traveller, enter into conversation
with him, and have him suddenly seized,
when the superior throws his own linen girdle
round the victim's neck, and strangles him,
pressing the knuckles against the spine.
Taking off his own, he passed it round my
arm, and showed me the turn as coolly as a
sailor once taught me the hangman's knot.
The Thug is of any caste, and from any
part of India. The profession have partic-
ular stations, which they generally select
for murder, throwing the body of their vic-
tim into a well. The Danai (darker, or
robber) belong to a class who rob, but
never commit murder—arson and house-
breaking also forming part of their profes-
sion. These are all the high-class Rajpoots,
originally from Guzerat; who, on being
conquered, vowed vengeance on the
British, and were admitted into the army
and the office of the British government, and
the other-wise extinct Gazer language; this is
generally in the extreme, and very singular in
sound. They are a very remarkable people,
found throughout India and called by various
names; their women dress peculiarly, and
are utterly devoid of modesty. The man
I examined was a short, square, but far more
powerful Napaiese, with high arched eye-
brows. These people are great cowards.
The Poisoners all belong to one caste, of
Pasie, or dealers in toddy; they go singly
or in gangs, haunting the traveller's resting
places, where they drop half a rape weight
of powdered or whole datura seeds into his