

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"Nothing was more remarkable," says Mr. Cecil, "than Mr. Newton's constant habit of regarding the hand of God in every event, however trivial it might appear to others. On every occasion, in the concerns of every hour, in matters public or private, like Enoch, *he walked with God*. Take a single instance of his state of mind in this respect. In walking to his church he would say, 'The way of man is not in himself, nor can he conceive what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I turn down Lothbury or go through the Old Jewry—but the going through one street and not another, may produce an effect of lasting consequences. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later, I had not been here; as the exchange of crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the sea shore at the time a ship passed, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England.'"

We cannot wonder that Mr. Newton had so strong an impression in the latter part of his life, of a particular Providence superintending and conducting the steps of man, since he was so often reminded of it in his own history. While he was yet in his carnal state, and but little concerned about his salvation, "a companion had agreed to go with him, one Sunday, on board a man-of-war. Mr. N., providentially coming too late, the boat had gone without him, and was upset, by which his companion and some others were drowned. He was exceedingly affected at the funeral of this companion, to think that by the delay of a few minutes, (which at the time created anger,) his life had been preserved."

"With my staff I passed this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." "These words of Jacob might well affect Mr. N., when remembering the days in which he was busied in planting some lime, or lemon trees. The plants he put into the ground were no higher than a young gooseberry bush. His master and mistress, in passing the place, stopped a while to look at him; at length his master said: 'Who knows, but by the time these trees grow up and bear, you may go home to England, obtain the command of a ship, and return to reap the fruit of your labours; we see strange things sometimes happen.'"

"This," says Mr. Newton, "as he intended it, was a cutting sarcasm. I believe he thought it full as probable that I should live to be King of Poland; yet it proved a prediction, and they (one of them at least) lived to see me return from England, in the capacity he had mentioned, and pluck some of the first limes from those very trees. How can I proceed in my relation, till I raise a monument to the Divine goodness, by comparing the circumstances in which the Lord has since placed me, with what I was in at that time. Had you seen me, Sir, then go so pensive and solitary, in the dead of the night, to wash my one shirt upon the rocks, and afterwards put it on wet, that it might dry upon my back while I slept; had you seen me so poor a figure, that when a ship's boat came to the island, shame often constrained me to hide myself in the woods, from the sight of strangers; especially, had you known that my conduct, principles, and heart, were still darker than my outward condition, how little would you have imagined, that one, who so fully answered to the *stugeloi kai misountes*, (hateful, and hating one another) of the Apostle, was reserved to be so peculiar an instance of the providential care, and exuberant goodness of God."

WASHINGTON.—When it has been earnestly enquired of the mother of Washington, what course she pursued in training up her illustrious son, the reply was, "I only required *obedience, diligence, and truth*."

PERSEVERANCE in any profession will most probably meet its reward, without the influence of any contingent interest.—*Lord Nelson*.

The entire population of the United Kingdom, including England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, was estimated, in January, 1839, at about 27,267,844.

## CHARLES WESLEY, ESQ.

"As a performer upon the organ," says his biographer, "Mr. Wesley has rarely been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed. Those who have never heard him can form but a very inadequate conception of his powers. The instrument, under his hands, really seemed to speak, and to be endued with intelligence and feeling; while the entranced hearer seemed to be transported beyond the precincts of the material creation, and placed in those regions of purity and love where are heard 'thousands of blest voices uttering joy.' In every mind that was capable of being affected by hallowed sounds, he produced sensations of wonder and delight, resembling those which Milton cherished when he sung:—

But let my due feat never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ bow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

"Mr. Wesley was once dining with a venerable prelate, remarkable for his theological learning, and the zeal and ability with which he has defended the principles of Protestant Christianity. In the company was a young clergyman, who seemed desirous of attracting attention by the avowal of his partialities as a minister of the Established Church. 'My lord,' said he, addressing the bishop, 'when I was passing through —, I saw a man preaching to a crowd of people in the open air. I suppose he was one of John Wesley's itinerants.'—'Did you stop to hear him?' rejoined the bishop.—'O no!' said the clergyman, 'I did not suppose that he could say any thing that was worth hearing.' The bishop effectually ended the conversation, by saying, 'I should think you were very much mistaken, Mr. —. It is very probable that that man preached a better sermon than either you or I could have done. Do you know, sir, that this gentleman,' pointing to Mr. Wesley, 'is John Wesley's nephew?'"

## RESULTS OF PROBITY &amp; GOOD CONDUCT.

THE late R. Farthing Beauchamp, Esq. was son of a poor farmer at King-ton, near Taunton. He was sent to London, decently clothed, and with half-a-crown in his pocket, to fill the place of a junior clerk in the house of Messrs. Esdaile & Co., where his conduct caused him to be frequently advanced; and after having remained there twenty years, he engaged himself to Mr. Morland, of the house of Ransom & Co., where he filled a responsible post, was a frequent guest at Mr. Morland's table, and generally took charge of his daughters when they went to the opera. He had frequent correspondence and occasional interviews with the great Rothschild, and through him realised £1,500 by the share of a loan. He afterwards gained £2,000 by a judicious purchase of opera boxes, and made some other advantageous speculations. He received the dividends, and managed the finances of an elderly lady who kept a large account at Ransom's, and at her death his useful offices were rewarded by a bequest of the whole of her property, about £70,000. This lady, whose maiden name was Beauchamp, was the widow of a brick-maker near London, named Hudson. The will was disputed, but its validity was established, and Mr. Farthing, taking the name of Beauchamp, retired from London to Walford, where he purchased a house and grounds, on which he resided till his death, last week, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He has left no children; and, after providing for his relations, who reside in humble life at Kingston, and giving many legacies, varying from £5,000 to £100, he devised the whole of his landed estate, valued at £60,000, to his friend and neighbour, Richard King Meade King, Esq., of North Petherton—who, with J. Squire, Esq., jun., are his executors. The house, plate, and furniture also go to Mr. King at the death of the widow, who has £3,000 per annum. Mr. King and Mr. Squire are his

residuary legatees. The total amount of property is calculated at £200,000.

## PROGRESS OF VICE.

No one becomes vicious all at once. The way of a transgressor is like that of a stone down hill, which, when it is once set going, moves at every revolution with accelerated speed. He begins with little sins, and these lead on to greater ones: from acts he proceeds to habits—from habits to inveterate custom—from custom to glorying in his wickedness. "Vice first is *pleasing*—then it grows *easy*—then *delightful*—then *frequent*—then *habitual*—then *confirmed*—then the man is *impetent*—then he is *obstinate*—then he *resolves never to repent*—and then he is *damned*!"—*Rev. J. A. James*.

INGENUITY OF THE BLIND.—During the last week, the Royal Victoria Asylum for the Blind, at the Spital, has been visited by crowds of ladies, for the purpose of inspecting a shawl made entirely by the blind inmates, and intended to be presented to Her Majesty. The shawl is six feet square, knit of the finest Berlin wool in a tasteful manner, the centre being pure white, and the border displaying no less than fourteen different shades of pink. The visitors expressed great admiration of the beauty of the workmanship, and the skill displayed by the pupils, who all contributed their aid in its manufacture.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

## POETRY.

## HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE REV. W. JAY IN THE PASTORAL CHARGE OF THE CHURCH WORSHIPPING IN ARGYLE CHAPEL, BATH, JAN. 30, 1841.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A BLESSING on our Pastor's head,  
Lord God! we fervently implore;  
On him, this day, a blessing shed  
For life, for death, for evermore,

For all that Thou in him hast wrought,  
For all that Thou by him hast done,  
Our warmest, purest thanks be brought  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord, thy Son.

To Thee he gave his flower of youth,  
To Thee his manhood's fruit he gave—  
The herald of life-giving truth,  
Dead souls from deathless death to save.

Forsake him not in his old age,  
But while his Master's cross he bears,  
Faith be his staff of pilgrimage,  
A crown of glory his grey hairs.

With holier zeal his heart enlarge,  
Though strength decay and sight grow dim,  
While we, the people of his charge,  
Shall glorify thy grace in him.

So, when his warfare here shall cease,  
By suffering perfected by love,  
His ransom'd soul shall join in peace  
The church of the first-born above.

## AGENTS FOR THE WESLEYAN.

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