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Religious Miscellany.

Adoration.

O Master! at Thy feet
I bow in rapture sweet.
Before me, as in darkling glass,
Some glorious outlines pass
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power,
I own Thee, O Christ, and bless Thee for
this hour.

O full of truth and grace,
Smile of Jehovah's face,
O tender heart of love untold!
Who Thy praise unfold?
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords, and King
of kings
Well may soaring seraph hymn with veiling
wing.

I have no words to bring
Forthy of Thee, my King;
And yet an anthem in Thy praise,
I long, I long, to raise.
The heart is full, the eye entranced above,
But words all melt away in silent awe and love.

How can the lip be dumb,
The hand all still and numb,
When Thee the heart doth see and own
Hear, Lord, and God alone!
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
And open Thou my lips, that I may show Thy
praise.

Yes, let my whole life be
One anthem unto Thee;
And let the praise of Thy name
Enter all my senses,
O Jesus, Master! be Thy Name supreme,
Of heaven and earth the one, the grand,
the endless theme!

—Sunday Magazine.

A Monomaniac.

I have an intimate friend who, alas! is a monomaniac.

As the world implies, her mania is confined to one subject. She is extra-sensible otherwise. But that "one subject" is the all-important one of dress and fashion. She doesn't regard the subject as of primary importance, but labours under the hallucinations that the culture of the mind and heart should take the precedence. She says as if decency and comfort were actually the main purposes of dress, and as if, those ends accomplished, all were right.

She has a laud intention now and then, to be sure, when she devotes herself with great zeal to her wardrobe, and has dresses, &c., made much like other folks; but it is soon over, and she again relapses, giving her first care to something else, and just wearing the new garments on, and on, regardless of the changing fashions, till, sometimes they actually begin to wear out.

It is just so in regard to her children. She is for ever attending to their studies, or work, or play, while she makes warm flannels and knits lamb's wool stockings for them; but as to a real study right-out, they never have it. It actually gives me the headache to see them so wrought by their own mother, and they such dear, bright, good, pretty children too.

The fact is, she gives no more time or thought to the momentous matter of dress than is really necessary.

You would not believe how oblivious she is to new fashions.

"How do you like waterfalls?" said I to her last spring.

"I like them very much," she replied.

"Do you?" said I, surprised; "what kind?"

"Of every kind," she replied. "I never saw one I didn't like."

"Why in the world, then, don't you wear one?" cried I; "you have just the head and hair for it, and I will show you—"

I was cut short by her look of utter bewilderment, and remembering her mania, realized she did not know what a waterfall was, but actually thought I was talking of—of (what shall I call them?) water tumblers, Niagara, and such!

Oh, let us watch our own hearts, and ponder well the effect of our influence on others lives, for God will not hold us guiltless if the influence is not upon the side of truth and holiness.

Death and the Victory over Death.

Oh death! dark hour to hopeless unbeliever!
Hour to which in that awful of despair, no hour shall succeed!
Being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness even the shadows of an avenging tribulation were brightness and relief!
Dost! what art thou to Christian assurance?
Great hour of answer to life's prayer, great hour that shall break under the bond of life's mystery, hour of relief from life's burden, hour of reunion with the loved and lost, what mightiest hopes hasten to their fulfillment in thee!
What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars! What dread emotions of curiosity, what deep meditations of joy, what hallowed imaginations of never experienced purity and bliss, what possibilities shall deliver forth unmistakable realities to the soul, all owing to their consummation in thee!
Oh death! the Christian's death! what art thou, but the gate of life, the portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity!

"Thanks be to God—let us say it, Christians, in the comforting words of Holy Scripture—'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!'" What hope can be so precious as the hope in Him? What emblem can speak so bereaved affliction, or to dying frailty, like those emblems at once of suffering and triumph, which proclaim that Jesus the Forerunner has passed through death to immortal life! Well that the great truth should be signified and sealed upon our hearts in holy ties! Well that amidst mortal changes and hastening to the tomb, we should from time to time set up an altar, and say, "by this heavenly ordained token, do we know that we shall live forever!" God grant the fulfillment of this hope! through Jesus Christ.

True Giving.

Every man's beneficence should be proportioned to what he can spare by self-denial.

"My Brother's Keeper."

One of the grand old "fathers" in the church was wont to pray that God would forgive, not only his own actual sins, "the children of his evil nature," as he called them, but also the sins of other people which his evil example and influence had caused them to commit. Their sins he styled "the grand-children of his evil nature."

When we come to the greater crimes, which receive punishment at the hands of men, we do not too often find that the greatest criminals go free. It is not so much the little child who steals to satisfy the cravings of hunger, who deserves a term in the common prison, as it is the degraded father or intemperate mother who has forced him to such an extremity by cruelty and neglect.

When Mr. Tyng crossed the threshold of St. James's he was out of their care. Let them condemn him, then, and they would do a great wrong. All he asked of them was to interpret the canon as he had hitherto interpreted it. Let it not be supposed that in this canon "own" means those who are the immediate pastoral care of the minister, and in another group the reverend.

In conclusion, Mr. Fullerton said: I now pass the question involved in this as over from my conscience to yours. I have discharged my duty to the best of my feeble ability, and I can do no more. Convince my friend of the charge preferred against him in the presentment, and although you will not impair his usefulness or weaken the hold he has upon the affections of the Christian community, yet through him you will inflict a wound on the Church of which you and he are themselves, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have risen over and above all considerations other than a desire to do justice, and to relieve the Protestant Episcopal Church from the reproach with which she now stands threatened. If you convict him, then let the blow come. He will not be responsible for it, or for the consequences that it inflicts. Let the punishment come. He can bear it. The canon requires that it shall be pronounced in a public place. Let it be the most public in this city. "Trinity ring out her loudest bells and call together a great congregation of people to look upon the Christian martyr of the nineteenth century." [Great applause.]

Religious Intelligence.

The Tyng Trial.

This trial is before a Ecclesiastical Court in New York, on a charge against Rev. S. H. Tyng, Junr., for having preached in a Methodist Church in New Jersey. We give an extract from an Address before the Court by Judge Fullerton, one of Mr. Tyng's counsel:

When men got up and passed resolutions sustaining the bishop in the persecution of Mr. Tyng, it was right that his [Mr. Tyng's] friends should assemble also and write a counter-statement. Here it is, [exhibiting the declaration signed by Dr. Newton, Tyng, and others, and already published.] I am not ashamed of it, nor any of its signers; it stands forth as a document of which any one may be proud. [Applause.]

He did not call the Episcopal Church "the Church," and all other Churches "societies" or "congregations." He spoke for himself, Dr. Stubbs, in his warning letter, had called St. James's Church a "Methodist society." There were more communications, Methodists, when that letter was written, in the little state of New Jersey (he begged pardon for calling it "little," for he meant came from it.) [Applause] than there were Protestant Episcopal communicants in the whole of the United States. The Methodist Church had lately held its Centenary, and subscribed \$3,000,000 for the spread of the Gospel. The spirit of John Wesley was still with them, and that Church would still press for its spite of efforts to bring it into ridicule.

Now, what would be the result of the trial? If Mr. Tyng were found guilty it would not silence him, and, on the contrary, if not, it would be the means of a spread of liberal opinions, which would not and would not be hindered. If found guilty of any crime, it would simply be for preaching the Gospel. The speaker then read the canon under which Mr. Tyng was tried, remarking that Dr. Stubbs had trumped this objection canon from the dust of ages, and when he [Mr. F.] wished to put ministers on the stand to show the usage of the Church in the matter of preaching, the counsel on the other side admitted it, because they knew that such testimony, given orally, would damage their case. The charge was that Mr. Tyng preached in St. James's Church without the permission of Dr. Stubbs and Boggs. Rev. Mr. Baker, on the other side, presented with the permission of Dr. Stubbs and Boggs, he had not the "express permission" of a majority of two, and it takes both Messrs. Boggs and Stubbs to make a majority of three. [Laughter.] Now Mr. Tyng did not, it was true, receive permission of Messrs. Boggs and Stubbs—why? Because he did not offend St. James's Church, or any of these gentlemen. He had obtained permission of the authorities of St. James's Church, where he did preach. Mr. Fullerton then detailed the circumstances

under which Mr. Tyng officiated; the notices of the case in the newspapers by Mr. Myers and Dr. Boggs' action on reading that notice; his going to Dr. Stubbs, and his again going to the bishop, not to deter Mr. Tyng from preaching, but, "to promote the unity of the Church, and to promote concord among brethren."

The counsel taken by Dr. Stubbs and Boggs was only calculated to urge Mr. Tyng on instead of deterring him. He was not the first who was ordered not to preach the Gospel—Peter and John obtained into the eyes of the Sadducees [great laughter], the latter desired them to desist. But what did they say? "Whether it is right in the sight of God to obey you more than God, judge ye." And that should be Mr. Tyng's reply. Had Dr. Stubbs spoken to him and he replied, "I cannot go back now, because I have been announced to preach, and must preach the Gospel," Dr. Stubbs should have answered, "Go in peace, I will not trouble you." But preaching was not his only offense. He threw aside his robes and appeared in plain citizen's dress, and gave a hymn from a Methodist hymn book, containing

Hasten sinners to be wise,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun:
If, instead of reading prayers in a Methodist Church, Mr. Tyng had gone into St. Alban's and taken part in the hollow monkeries and idle forms which prevailed in that Church, if he had read the prayer for the dead, which is in a manual edited by Dr. Dix himself, (and which the gentleman read amid much sensation,) there would have been no ecclesiastical censure passed upon him. Put in this case they might try and condemn him, but their victory would be their defeat. [Immense applause.]

The president requested that such demonstrations should not again occur.

Mr. Fullerton—I join in the request. I speak to the court, not to the audience, and I say again that a victory of Mr. Tyng's enemies will be their defeat, and the candles of St. Alban's will be snuffed out. [Laughter.] They might try and condemn, but they could never hinder God's ministers from preaching the Gospel.

Even Mr. Tyng said in his resignation before the principle involved. If St. James's Church again wanted a minister, or his friends in New Brunswick wanted any family prayer he would not serve them, for Dr. Stubbs would find it out, and say to the bishop, "Baldhead he prays with out my permission." [Laughter.] The speaker then related an event which took place in Philadelphia, where two evangelists met and prayed together, to the great joy of the Christian world. If this can be so interpreted as the presenters required, then indeed would the ministers be subject to censure, for did not Episcopal ministers pray in a Presbyterian meeting-house? [Laughter.]

He next alluded to the canon and the implied meaning of the word "own." The word meant the converts of the temporary extreme and archaic, and even the members of court had put the same construction on it. He would not condemn and challenge those who came there to seek their brother, whether they ever considered a Methodist congregation within their care; or he would challenge them to show, whether they kept a list of families other than those of their congregation? If Mr. Tyng were guilty so were they, and in condemning him they condemned themselves as well as the people of St. James's Church were not in the care of Dr. Stubbs and Boggs, and the moment Mr. Tyng crossed the threshold of St. James's he was out of their care. Let them condemn him, then, and they would do a great wrong. All he asked of them was to interpret the canon as he had hitherto interpreted it. Let it not be supposed that in this canon "own" means those who are the immediate pastoral care of the minister, and in another group the reverend.

General Miscellany.

A Word to a Dyspeptic.

You have asked me to prescribe for you. You expect medicine. Perhaps you hope for whisks; just now the rage for chronic maladies. But I shall give you nothing to swallow. You swallow too much already.

All of the maladies, dyspepsia is the most distressing. To get rid of its horrors, you would part with your right arm. I believe you. But will you part with a portion of your table luxuries? I fear not. But presuming that you are in earnest, I will prescribe for you.

1. Rise early, anger being out. If strong water, if weak, summer. Drink cold water three times. Of all cold baths, this is the best for the dyspeptic. After a half hour come in for breakfast.

2. For breakfast eat a piece of good steak half as large as your hand, a slice of coarse bread and a baked apple. Eat very slow. Talk very pleasantly with your neighbours. Read the cheerful columns of boys' journals. Avoid corned beef as you do hot biscuits and strong coffee. Drink nothing.

3. Digest for an hour, and then to your work. I trust it is in the open air. Work hard till noon, and then rest and mind till dinner. Sleep a little. Drink water.

4. For dinner (2 or 3 o'clock) eat a slice of mutton or fish, as large as your hand, a potato, two or three spoonful of other vegetables, and a slice of coarse bread. Give half an hour to this meal. Use no drink.

5. After dinner, play an accordion for an hour. Now for the social, for pleasant games—a good time.

6. No supper. A little toast and tea even for supper, will give you recovery very slow.

7. In a warm room, bathe your skin with cold water, and go to bed in a well-ventilated room, before nine o'clock.

Follow this prescription for three months and your stomach will so far recover that you can indulge for some time in all sort of irregular and gluttonous eating.

8. If you have recovered, in the fear of heaven to present your bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God, you will continue to eat and work like a Christian. Your distressing malady will soon be forgotten.—*Doc. Lewis, M. D.*

The Old Puritans.

Macaulay thus describes the old Puritan character:

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the subordinate homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of attending to the ceremonial duties of the Church, they were ever observing with awe and reverence the living God, who they applied to gaze full on His intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence or (ignited their contempt) for terrestrial distinction. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interior which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title but that of the Father, and, confident of His favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the work of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the courses of

PROTESTANT	ROMAN CATHOLIC	TOTAL POPULATION
AMERICA, 27,500,000	42,700,000	72,000,000
EUROPE, 67,000,000	145,200,000	237,000,000
ASIA, 70,000,000	4,600,000	78,000,000
AFRICA, 10,000,000	1,100,000	188,000,000
AUSTRALIA AND POLYNESIA, 700,000	400,000	3,800,000
		96,000,000
	195,000,000	1,300,200,000

In America, the immense majority of the population in every country is connected with either the Roman Catholic or one of the Protestant churches, and no non-Christian organization of either ancient or modern origin has anywhere a prevailing influence upon society. In Europe, one single country, Turkey, remains under the rule of a Mohammedan prince; but in the European provinces of the Turkish empire, the Christians largely outnumber the Mohammedans, and the expulsion of the Mohammedan sovereign, and the overthrow of the Mohammedan political ascendancy, have for many years appeared to be imminent. Whatever this expected establishment of a Christian country on the ruins of the Sublime Porte occurs, Europe, like America, will contain none but Christian countries. The same will be, within a few years, the condition of Australia. The only civilized States in that part of the world—the English colonies—are all Christian, and the pagan population in the small islands of Polynesia is rapidly disappearing, either by conversion to Christianity or extinction. In Africa and Asia the Christians form as yet only a minority of the aggregate population; but a look at the wonderful political transformation which is going on in both divisions of the world at once establishes the important fact, that even at this moment, Christian nations control the destinies of both Africa and Asia, and Christianity and Christian civilization are triumphantly advancing into the most remote recesses of these countries. The great powers of Asia are Russia and England. The whole of Northern India is passing under the rule of France. In Africa, the English and French possessions, and the Christian republic of Liberia are extending their territory. Of all the non-Christian countries that remain—such as China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Egypt—not one is equal to any of the great Christian nations in America and Europe. In every one of them, the number, and still more the social influence of the Christians, are steadily on the increase.

It is therefore, an undoubted fact, which no man who keeps his eyes open can gainsay, that Christianity continues to make remarkable progress in shaping the destinies of the human race.—*Methodist.*

Wishing.

BY JOHN G. BALE.

Of all amusements of the mind,
From people down to children,
There is not one that you can find
So very deep as "wishing."
A very choice diversion, too,
If but we rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse was something fatter;
That I may cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As gold can only make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As gold can only break it.

I wish—that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That scorn and jealousy and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were banished fully fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were so few,
I wish the bad were so few;
I wish that persons never forgot
To heed their plow teaching;
I wish that preaching was not
So different from preaching.

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candour;
I wish that innocents were free
From jealousy and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women were more reverent;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovable.

I wish, in fine, that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come everywhere throughout the earth
To the great glorious end,
'Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

The Candle and Snuffers.

"You are a great snuff-taker," said the candle to the snuffers.

"For your good, not my own," replied the snuffers.

"You are indebted to me for snuff," said the candle.

"And you to me for snuffing," responded the snuffers.

"Your phis is foul," said the candle.

"It has been in contact with yours," retorted the snuffers.

"All you have you receive from me," said the candle.

"What I receive from you," rejoined the snuffers, "is worth less to you, and useless to me."

"You are cold and dark! I am a burning and shining light," said the candle. "I give my body to be burned; my light shines before men, and for their good I burn up."

"No, you are burning down," said the snuffers. Here they submitted the query to the candlestick, to decide whether the candle was burning up or not. The candlestick, who held all the light there was on the subject, stated that the candle was neither burning up nor down, but burning out. A puff of wind extinguished the candle. "A temporary light," said the candlestick, "cannot burn puffing."

"I care not," said the snuffers, "whether the candle went up, or down, or out—so long as that I survive my opponent!"

"The candle looked long," said the candlestick, "you look long. He that exalts at the fall of a rival shows that he feared him, and that he fears a foe will fall a friend. In all your debate," continued the candlestick, "self was in the ascendant; and self is but another name for sin, and savors more of him who fell from heaven than of him who saw him fall!"—*Fables.*

Glass Eyes.

The following facts about material and manufacture of artificial eyes will be read with interest because new:

The manufacture of these eyes is done entirely by hand. A man sits down behind a jet glass frame, which is pointed and directed as by a blow pipe. He takes what is called an optic, or the white of the eye, which has been blown from the end of a glass tube, and looks very much like a half-open white rose-bud with a small hole at the top of it. This optic is made of a peculiar white enamel, which looks so near the color of the white of the human eye that it is difficult to tell the artificial from the natural. As Boissonneau says in his book, "The eye artificial is composed of enamel, and modelled in the lap of the enameleur." The optic is held and turned in the flame till it is a certain red hot, the glass being almost in a state of fusion. At this point the iris is introduced into the opening in the end of the optic, being melted in from the end of a small stick of glass of the color of the eye which it is wished to imitate. If the eye is brown, brown glass is used; if blue, blue glass is used.

The pupil of the eye is always made with a drop of black glass imbedded in the centre of the iris. The blood vessels seen in the white of the eye are easily put in with red glass while the optic is glowing with heat like a ball of gold. The whole eye can be made inside of an hour, and is at once ready to put in. The reader should know that it is simply a thin glass shell, which is intended to cover the stump of the blind eye. After being dipped in water, this shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids. The secret of imparting motion to it depends upon working the glass eye so that it will fit the stump—if it is too large it will not move; if it is too small it moves in every particular like the natural eye, and it is quite possible, in many cases, to tell one from the other. The operation is not in the least painful, and those

DAVIS' Pain Killer.

Family Medicine Age!

VALLEY CURE, Weak Stomach, Canker, Liver, Rheumatism, Cramp, etc.

VALLEY CURE, Nervousness, Headache, Stomach, etc.

VALLEY CURE, Stomach, Liver, Rheumatism, Cramp, etc.

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