The Provincial Wesleyan.

women, "music and dancing," carnivals and the theatres, profound cunning and profound servility, cruel despots upon the throne, crazy demagogues in the streets, cities full of beggars, and prisons full of victims, mountain robberies and midnight assassinations—unity nowhere—liberty nowhere—misery everywhere. God help thee Italy!

But surely there is light and freedom in France—La Belle France? Thrice hath she striven to reconstruct Universal Empire—once under Charlemagne, once under Louis le Grand, and once under a greater and grander than either—that Napoleon whose rapacious Eagles swooped down on every capital in Europe save one. Great is France in military deeds and in arts—greater still in science; rich in Poetry, History, Oratory, and Philosophy; possessed of Greek vivacity and almost Grecian taste.—In pursuit of freedom she hath drenched her hearths with the best blood of her children; constructed guillotines, and reared barricades; overturned thrones, and slain or exiled their occupants; slaughtered rank, and genius, and beauty, and counted no sacrifice too costly to win Liberty. What then of France? France laughs, and sings, and blasphemes, and shouts "Vive le Empereur." France in blouses and in silks—in steel armour and in purple vineyards—in florid Cathedrals and in lowly Cottages, rejoices, by consentaneous suffrage, to enthrone her Tyrant *de jure*, as well as *de facto*; to place beneath the feet of a perjured egotist whose sole claims are his cunning, his daring and his success, her genius, her press, and her conscience. The soul of France is in chains—but France deserves pity neither of God or man.

Turn aside from the Pyranees; the land of the Cid mourneth; the Spanish soil nurtures no tree of liberty, though British blood fell upon it, like "the early and the latter rain."

What of that Germany which Imperial Rome never conquered—of that Teutonic race which was free even to anarchy?—Book-devouring, book-making, plodding, unwearying, rationalistic, pantheistic, vague, dreamy, constitution-making Germany hath no real freedom. Brute force everywhere prevails. The House of Hapsburg presses heavily on the Austrian heart, and Hungary lies bleeding at a hundred wounds.

And in the North, the once mysterious North, the *officina gentium*, in collossal proportions stands threateningly, the mighty Master of Sixty Millions of submissive men, who better know how to die, than to fly from death. A million of trained soldiers are ready to obey his stern behests. Whither, and when shall they issue forth? Shall the untamed Cossach bivouac on the Seine, the Po, or the Gaudalquiver? Shall the Slavonic Infantry march to the Golden Horn, and sweep the waning Crescent from its place of pride, forever; or shall they rush through the passes of the Himalaya, and on the banks of the Indus contest the prize of India with British valour? But whithersoever, and whensoever their Imperial Lord may launch them forth, they neither partake of manly freedom themselves, nor will they ever win it for others. No Russian enjoys rational, political freedom; and millions of that race are still literary slaves, *adscripti glebæ*—bound to the soil.

But Greece, regenerated Greece, is not she, at last free? Oh! yes, free from Turkish misrule—from Moslem cruelty—but Greece is only a name of the past.—True, you can find Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylæ—you can stand on Mars' hill; see where Plato taught, and what Pericles constructed; and behold the rock from which the sublimest of Orators "wielded, at will, the fierce democratie." You can find the classic Isles, the storied hills, and the founts and vales embalmed in deathless song; but Greece is a memory, mighty and heart-inspiring—still only a memory.

Scandanavia, Belgium, Sardinia, and Switzerland exist by the sufferance of those who are afraid to strike the quarry, lest they should fall out about the possession of the carcase.

Is there, then, no people in that renowned Europe, at once progressive, powerful, and free? Where is that People whom the great Saxon Alfred willed "to be as free as their own thoughts? After a lapse of a thousand years, they are still in their "fast-anchored Isle"; freer, happier, greater than was ever imagined by that illustrious, patriot King. Sacred from the polluting foot of an alien for six hundred years—for William of Orange was of her own dynasty, and aided by her best sons—the white-cliffed Albion has, for generations been the Palladium of the World's liberty—the asylum of dethroned tyrants and exiled patriots—the "home of the brave—the land of the free"—the Pharos of the Earth, from which, across the bosom of dark clouds of political gloom, have shot forth rays of hope and of guidance.

Unrivalled in commerce, and in the industrial arts, covering her precious soil with the most splendid monuments of enterprise and public spirit ever reared by the hand of man; whitening every navigable sea of the globe with the sails of her richly freighted ships; yearly sending forth thousands to found new Empires, or to enrich existing competitors; the heart of dear, old England, glorious, world-worshipped England, is as sound, as brave, as strong, as when, surrounded by her guardian waves, she first claimed to be self-crowned Queen of the Seas. True, dangers many and great have oft thickened around her, and "the bravest held their breath for awhile"; but her patriot children, trained to self-government, *tenax propositi*, powerful in their moderation, their manly, vigorous common sense, have hitherto borne her unscathed through the hour of trial. No human names command more respect from the intellect—more love from the heart, than those of Bacon and Newton, of Shakspeare and Milton, of Penn and Howard, of Chatham and Burke, of Nelson and Wellington, and a brilliant constellation of scarcely inferior names. "*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!*"

Should the sad day ever come, when her marts shall be deserted, the busy hum of her industry be hushed, her fields lie waste, and her "cities be without inhabitants," it can only be because her sons and daughters have betaken themselves, with all their household gods, to other, and broader lands, commensurate with the widening energies of their peerless race. And then, if an exultant alien should demand where are to be found the enduring memorials of England's former greatness, though the imperishable truths of History should lie unheeded, and the rains of London be as undistinguishable as those of Babylon, yet would the free, brave descendents of Britain's self expatriated hosts, while their Anglo-American, Anglo Australian or Anglo Polynesian hearts beat faster at the thought, answer with manly pride: "*Si tu requirus monumentum, circumspice*"—If thou seekest a monument, look around thee!

Charlottetown. ERASMUS.

The contemplation of distress softens the mind of man and makes the heart better. It extinguishes envy and ill will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that insolence which is apt to get into the minds of the fortunate.

Obituary Notice.

ELIZABETH MULLINS.

The subject of this notice was a daughter of **William and Eleanor Mullins, of Mill** Village, County of Queens. From the early part of her life she had an opportunity to attend the house of God and Sabbath School. She was one of those persons who said but little, and it was difficult ever to get an answer from her when spoken to on religious subjects; but what cannot grace effect. During the last year of the Rev. R. Weddall's labour on this Circuit, he held a protracted meeting, when there was a gracious outpouring of the Spirit, and very many souls were converted to God, among the rest was our dear sister, Elizabeth Mullins.

Her lips and tongue were now unsealed, her mouth was now filled with praise, and could you have witnessed the changed countenance, the clearness of expression, the bright and heavenly power, you would almost have realized that she was not of this world, and when she would speak there was something so uncommonly delightful and heavenly, that called the attention of all who heard her.

But oh, how mysterious are the ways of God. She was just born as one in due time. For a few weeks after her happy conversion to God she was laid on a bed of affliction, and though called to suffer for several months, she was not known to utter a murmur.—"Oh," she would say, "how good the Lord has been to me, I feel him precious all the way through my affliction, the Lord knows what is best, and I am willing to suffer."

The writer having an opportunity to see her a short time before her death, on speaking relative to her trust in God, she said,—the Lord had never left her, and she knew he would not leave her now; there was only one thing for which she wished to get better, that she once more might be permitted to tread in the courts of the Lord's house, where her soul had been made so happy. But it pleased God in his unspeakable goodness on the evening of the 30th December, to take her to himself in the 16th year of her age. Up to her last moments she exhorted all around to prepare to meet her, endeavouring to impress upon their minds the necessity of improving the means of grace while they had health and strength. We trust that the dying words of this young christian will not pass unheeded. She was uncommonly attached to the Rev. R. Weddall, who had been instrumental of her conversion to God, and expressed a wish that he would, if possible, preach her funeral sermon. This he not being able to accomplish, the Rev. R. Morton well improved the occasion on Sabbath last, by preaching a most suitable and heart-searching sermon from Amos iv. 12. "Prepare to meet thy God." May God grant to seal it upon every heart.

L. N. Y.

Mill Village, Jan. 4, 1853.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1853.

Fidelity Rewarded.

Persons are not unfrequently placed in situations where fidelity to duty exposes them to danger, if not the loss of life. Such has been the case in times and seasons when the civil power has been arrayed against conscience and the exercise of a proscribed religion. Fears for personal safety have induced individuals to yield to the dominant power, and seek security by base compliance; but admonitory has been the subsequent experience of many of these misguided persons. When too late they have found how little the promises of men were to be trusted, who sought to tyrannize over conscience by the strong arm of power.

On the other hand, the faithful in such seasons of toil have realized the interposition of a watchful Providence, who has rescued them from threatening calamities, and caused the designs of their enemies to redound to their advantage.

It is recorded of LATIMER, when on being promoted to the bishopric of Worcester he was summoned to preach before HENRY VIII, he formed the resolution of faithfully doing his duty as a Minister of Christ, though aware of the tyranny and ferocity of the king. The sermon gave great offence,—it was denounced as seditious, and was condemned before a Bench of Bishops. The king on hearing of his condemnation called on Latimer for his defence. The man of God was firm and undaunted. His reply is worthy of being kept on record:—"I never thought myself worthy," said he, "and I never sued to be a preacher before your grace, but I was called to it; and would be willing, if you mislike it, to give place to my betters; for I grant there may be many more worthy of the room than I am. And if it be your grace's pleasure, to allow them for preachers, I could be content to bear their books after them. But if your grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire you to give me leave to discharge my conscience, and to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt indeed, to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your grace." Here were true boldness and christian fidelity, "not fearing the wrath of the king." They had their reward. The malice of Latimer's enemies was defeated,—the anger of the king passed away—and Latimer's security and interests were promoted. Different would have been the result had he, with craven heart, quailed before the stern eye of the Monarch, and confessed faults of which he had not been guilty, and promised to smooth his tongue and use flattering words, when addressing the ears of royalty. In this instance Providence took care of its own, and signally wrought for the deliverance of this faithful servant from the gathering storm, and the intended harm.

Let the youthful christian not shrink from conscientious duty, even if perils threaten and seek to intimidate. The God of Daniel—of the faithful *three*, and of thousands of others, who stopped the mouths of lions, divested fire of its native properties, and has turned the *wrath* of kings into *favour*, will prove his shield and buckler, his armour on the right hand and on the left. Set out with a fixed determination to be *faithful* to the calls of duty, and you may commit the keeping of your body and souls in such well-doing, with implicit confidence, into the hands of a faithful Creator.

Is it Nothing?

Is it nothing to promise and not fulfil? To render your word unworthy of credit?

Is it nothing to deceive, and peradventure injure others by deceptive representations?

Is it nothing to smile in one's face, and aim a blow at his back?

Is it nothing to sin to-day with the intention of repenting to-morrow?

Is it nothing to forget God, his grace, and Providence, in your daily business—to act on the principles of Atheism in wordly things during the working days of the week, and then compliment Him on the Sabbath, by attending on sanctuary ordinances, and by reading His Word?

Is it nothing to take the holy name of God in vain—to indulge in the vulgar, senseless, sinful habit of swearing—to rob God of the glory due unto his name—whilst you reprove and correct your child for speaking disrespectfully to yourself, and for robbing you of a small portion of your property?

Is it nothing to form habits in youth, which will prove your ruin and disgrace in old age?

Is it nothing to take advantage of other men's ignorance or necessities, whilst you resent any such attempt on yourself?

Is it nothing to cherish hatred, and revenge against those who have designedly or undesignedly done you an injury, whilst you pray to the Father in heaven—"Forgive us *our* trespasses as *we* forgive *those who have* trespassed *against us?*"

Is it nothing to pamper the body and starve the soul?

Is it nothing to live as if you were to live on earth forever, forgetting that you are mortal, and that "after death cometh the judgment?"

Is it nothing to gain the world and lose the soul—to labour exclusively for the meat that perisheth, and, in the end, wake up in eternity, and find that of all the things you delighted in under the sun you have nothing, and that the bargain you have made is one that excludes you from heaven, and confines you to the eternal dungeon of misery and despair?

Is it nothing, that these questions have met your eyes, and that God, through them, has made one other effort, to teach you the right, and lead you into the path of consistency, virtue, security, happiness, and fadeless honour?

Is it nothing, that when you lay this record down, your responsibility is greater, than when you took it up, and for this and every other warning and entreaty, you must give an account?

Heresies.

Heresies began early to infect the Christian Church, by the means of which many were drawn aside from the simplicity of the truth into dangerous and fatal error. We note the four following, which were productive of great injury to the interests of the true religion.

Arius denied the Godhead of Christ, or that he is by nature God in the sense that the Father is, though he considered him more than man.—This heresy was condemned by the Council of *Nice*, convened by Constantine, about A. D. 325.

Macedonius denied the personality of the Holy Ghost, the third person in the adorable Trinity. His followers were called *fighters against the Spirit*. This heresy was condemned by the Council of *Constantinople*, summoned by Gratian and Theodosius, about A. D. 380.

Nestorius made Christ to have persons as *two* natures. This heresy was condemned by the Council of *Ephesus*, under Theodosius the Second, about A. D. 431.

Eutyches, in opposition to Nestorius, attributed to Christ but *one* nature, thus confounding his natures, as Nestorius had derived his person.—This heresy was condemned by the Council of *Chalcedon*, under Martianus, about A. D. 451.

Some of our readers, perhaps, are unacquainted with the decisions of the above Councils, but whilst they adhere to the standard of all true doctrine, they will be at no loss in what view to regard the blessed Redeemer and the Eternal Spirit, as well as the glorious Father. On this sublime doctrine of faith, the Sacred Scriptures use no equivocal language, but to the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, equal honor and glory are ascribed, as being equally interested in the great and supremely benevolent work of human redemption.

Sayings of Old Divines.

The best estate of God's people is ever hindmost; their last estate is their best, just contrary to that the wicked have to expect. When the temporal happiness of the wicked shall turn in a curse, then sighing and weeping shall pass away from the people of God.

A praying man may expect a benefit by Christ's intercession while he improveth it, which one that prayeth not, cannot expect; both are necessary, but not in a meritorious way. The merit cometh alone from Christ, but both are called for in the command, and in the promise God hath knit them together.

It is a rare thing to be eminent and humble; to be great and in prosperity, and yet to be lowly. Prosperity and gifts are a snare to many; it had been an advantage to many if they had never had them, considering how they have been abused by their pride and other corruptions.

Many deceive themselves, who mean to profess religion so long only as they may enjoy peace and crédit, and the applause of the world, so long as they may see Christ with a golden crown and sceptre, and follow him unto Jerusalem with hosannas. But they have not cast their accounts right, nor weighed the difficulties of sound profession of Christ, and therefore, like the foundation of the foolish builder, when winds and floods rise, they fall down right; with shame they forsake Christ, and religion, and all; they look back and run back to the filthiness of the world, they embrace a course which standeth with their own ease; but never shall they have the honour of honouring God, or of effecting anything which shall bring God true praise, and themselves true peace.

It Satan can foil the Leaders, the bands are soon overcome. Smite the Shepherd and the sheep will be scattered. Cast down Cedars and they will crush many shrubs with their fall.

Theological Notes.

THE GOLDEN GIRDLE, Rev. i., 13. A girdle was used for rendering the long robe, worn in ancient times, neat, for binding it up that it might not be cumbersome to men in their employment, "Gird thyself, and serve me." Luke xvii., 8. A *golden* girdle signifies authority and eminence; so the girdles of Kings signified, Isaiah xxii., 21. When Eliakim was constituted a Ruler, it is said, "I will clothe him with thy robe, and strengthen him with thy girdle;" the meaning of which is expounded in the words immediately following, "I will commit thy government into his hand: and he shall be a father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and to the house of Judah. And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open." The girdle of Christ is spoken of in Isaiah xi. 5,—"Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." The expression in Rev. i., 13, implies his authority and eminence in his kingly and priestly offices, and that he is in the highest sense qualified, prepared, and ready to discharge the duties inherent in the same, and to meet the utmost expectations of those who confide in him.

THE HIDING PLACE, Psalms xxxii., 7. This is a comparison taken from animals, who, being in danger from pursuers, have their hiding places for concealment and defence; so the lion has his den, the fox his hole, the coney his burrow. In like manner the righteous man has his asylum or refuge. The Lord is his refuge, his hiding place. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." Prov. xviii., 10. The Lord places his faithful ones in their biding place, by taking them under his own immediate protection. "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." Ps. xci., 4,—a figure borrowed from birds, which by their wings keep their young both from suffering injury from the weather, and from ravenous hawks and birds of prey. A man without God is like a bird without a nest, or a hunted beast without a den, liable to any danger that threatens, but the comfort of the godly is great, as they know where to flee for safety from their pursuing foes.

Prospectus.

The last *Athenæum* contained the following notice of a work shortly to be issued, drsigned to bear upon the progress of the great and good cause of Temperance. We commend it to the favorable consideration of our readers:

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS: OR JAMES MASON AND HIS VISION.

The above is the title of a work shortly to be published, the MS. of which has been submitted for our examination, and to which we unhesitatingly accord our entire and hearty approval. The writer is a gentleman of ability, well fitted for the task he has undertaken, and ably has he executed it. His motive has not been personal gain, but to produce a work that must tell upon the interests of the Temperance cause at the present time in these Provinces, treating in an exceedingly interesting manner of a variety of subjects connected with the Reform, with an especial aim to produce conviction as to the necessity of a prohibitory Liquor Law. In our judgment it will be a book for the times. Its narrative and imaginative style will render it popular, and serve well in bringing out various features which could never be presented so forcibly in any other way. After all that has been spoken and written upon the Temperance question, we have not heard or seen anything that so strongly and feelingly brings home the principal points of the argument, as does this narrative.—The difficulties of the poor inebriate in his attempts at reformation, the injury of the liquor business, and the justice, reasonableness and general excellency of a prohibitory measure are exhibited in a most convincing light, awakening an intense hatred of the rum traffic. The interest of the story is well sustained, and indeed we may say, without exaggeration, that what the cause of freedom in the United States may hope for from Mrs. Stowe's heart-touching book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the cause of Temperance in these lands may hope for by an extensive circulation of "The Guardian Angels;" and with the expectation that this may be the result we are induced to notice the production thus early, in order to enlist in its behalf all who take an active interest in the cause, advising that earnest attempts be made in every town and village in the Provinces to obtain subscribers, and to let us know at an early period the result of their effort, or the probable number of copies that could be disposed of in their respective localities. The work will contain from 150 to 200 or more pages, and will be published in coloured covers at the low price of 1s. 6d. An edition of 1,000 copies will be struck off, but it is expected, as the book becomes known, further editions will be speedily in demand. Editors of other Journals favourable to Temperance will oblige by calling attention to this notice. Good service would be done to the cause by its circulation in the other Provinces, as well as in our own.

Digby Circuit.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—It is to be feared that the spirit of worldliness is increasing on this Circuit generally; by consequence there is an alarming indifference to the care of the soul and vital godliness. Yet, I am happy to record, light breaks here and there, upon the surrounding gloom; the clouds which sin and unbelief place between mercy's rays and the soul, are parted by the power of prayer; and faith's eye looks beyond the limits of time—the things which are spiritual and eternal are disclosed, the pleasures and the gains of earth sink into their comparative insignificance—whilst heavenly objects acquire an increasingly attractive force. In such cases, the soul, yielding to divine, gracious influence, seeks and finds the pearl of great price, and true pleasures, suited to the immortal mind; the counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.

Thus it has been in a few instances, with us. Three young persons were admitted to one of the classes, last month, and gave evidence of the work of grace begun upon their hearts. May the "Chief Shepherd" enable me to feed these lambs of the fold. A young man was received into the Church, in town, by baptism — *not immersion*—on the 28th ult., and two young women on Sabbath, 12th inst, on Digby Neck. Our rejoicing is that these have peace with God, being justified by faith; and are now walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost; having given themselves to the Lord and unto us by the will of God. While building up themselves on their most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keeping themselves in the love of God,—may they ever look unto Him who is able to keep them from falling, and to present them faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy. To Him be all honour and praise.

I may be excused for saying that, the number of adults who have been admitted into our branch of the church, by baptism, within the last eight months, is nine.

The parents of the young persons first referred to,—very wisely, take the *Provincial Wesleyan*, and five of the subjects of baptism receive its weekly visits.

Yours truly,

J. T.

Digby, Dec. 31, 1852.

Hopewell Circuit.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—The past year has been one of mercy to myself personally, to the inhabitants of this fine section of New Brunswick, and to our beloved people. We have been called to follow but three to the grave during the year elapsed, out of our various Congregations. The first, Jeremiah Milburn, a native of Weardale, England, but for years a settler on Cape Muscle Creek—he died on the 8th of last May, of diseases contracted in lead mining—aged about 70. He joined Society in the early days of Methodism on this Circuit, but failed to afford so great satisfaction to his ministers, by his walk, as was desirable, during his connection with us, owing to a hasty and unyielding temper; but as eternity drew near his soul was humbled under a sense of past unfaithfulness and heart-evils, and he earnestly besought the Lord, and gave more pleasing evidence of lowliness and meekness until he died.

The next was James Read, of Memel Settlement, but a native of Scotland, who died of aneurism of the aorta, after suffering for upwards of a year. He experienced religion while labouring under his disorder, in Rockland, State of Maine, about a year ago, and attributed his conversion, under the divine blessing, to the Methodist Minister stationed at that time in Rockland; hence, when he came back, expecting to die, he wished to be buried by the writer among the people of his choice. He attended the Camp Meeting twice, and expressed himself to his minister as much blessed therein. It may afford some satisfaction to the attendants at the Camp Meeting to know that the surplus of their generous collection on the ground, helped to alleviate his sorrows as the closing scene drew near. He was delivered from the fear of death by faith in Christ—possessed a blessed hope of heaven, and is gone to the place prepared by his Redeemer. He died in November last, aged about 40 years.

The last we buried was Isabella Stewart, who died of consumption in the early part of last month, in the 22nd year of her age—she was the daughter of William and Elizabeth Stewart, of Salmon River. She was brought to God under the ministry of Bro. Allen, and adorned her profession. In the first part of her illness her mind was not so peaceful and happy as toward the last. Her death was sudden: she had been sitting sewing most of the evening previous, and retired no worse than usual, but about midnight awoke her sister, and requested her to tell her mother to hasten to her, if she wished to see her "breathe her last."—Her sorrowing mother approached her bed in time to hear her faintly say, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul, and receive me to thyself."—Appropriate prayer! and doubtless answered.

The Lord has added to our branch of His Church during the year some sixteen souls altogether, and has preserved the Societies in peace. For these and all His great mercies, we feel called to praise His holy name.

Yours affectionately,

R. A. CHUSHEY.

Hopewell, Jan. 7th, 1853.

Cincinnati Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—Christmas Day so hallowed in our memories and associations is past, and the world is as it were stopping to take breath before bidding adieu to the good old year whose retreating footsteps still linger as it loathe to leave us, and entrust us to the care of a stranger. There is something beautiful to me in the recurrence of these festivals, for they recall the innocent pleasures of early youth, when the chimney corner concealed a mine of treasures and well-filled stockings were cornucopias of joys. Those pleasures were simple, and trifles light as air sufficed for our happiness, yet it may be that the larger rewards of mature years do not bring a purer joy than St. Nicholas brought in years gone by. Everything that makes home attractive and cements family ties, is valuable;—and the observance of these holidays in the happy family circle, brings a delight which years of strife and turmoil in the world, cannot efface; and are the bright spots in manhood's memory, around which cluster the best and holiest affections of the heart.

At this time also I recall what I have read of Christmas in "Merrie England," and visions rise before me of long baronial halls decked with holly and mistletoe, where the Baron and—his host of retainers made merry together around the sumptuous board, with the portraits of a long ancestral line looking down upon them from the walls, and grim statues of warriors peering out from their niches on the festivities in which they once took part. Then when the tables were cleared and young and old decked in ancient costume, took part in the games of olden time, it might almost seem that the prim figures had stepped down from their time-worn frames, and the warriors from their elevated station as lookers on, to celebrate once more the sports of their youth.

Then more vividly still comes up the picture of a far-off land, where centuries ago the first Christmas morning dawned. When the angels of heaven brought "good tidings of great joy" to a waiting world, and with watching shepherds shouted the anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men."

I see far in the distant east the star of Bethlehem arise, and gradually unfold its brightness until the uttermost parts of the earth rejoice in its pure light, and with thankful heart at each recurrence of that blessed day, join with a rejoicing universe, in singing,

"Glory to Him! Hope, to the suffering breast!
Light to the nations! He hath rolled away
The mists, which gathering unto death—like rest!
Between the soul and heaven's calm ether lay
His love hath made it day
With those who sat in darkness;—earth and sea,
Lift up glad strains for man—by truth divine, made free."

"The Fir tree, the Pine and the Box together," were made to beautify the places of God's sanctuary, and the Episcopal churches of this city looked most beautifully with their Christmas decorations. The weather was damp and gloomy; nature seemed disposed to celebrate the day in tears rather than adorn it with glittering robes of sun as is her wont. This may more properly be called the *wet* season than the cold—for instead of clear cold air and wintry skies, day after day of pouring rain has deluged the country. Even now while I write the drops come dashing against the window panes, so thick and fast as almost to shut out from view the forlorn pedestrians, who splash by, with a most comically meek look as if all rebellious feelings had been soaked out of them, The rivers are swollen to their utmost extent, and we begin to fear a general inundation. Part of the railroad and its bridges between Hamilton and Dayton have been swept away, making travel in that direction impossible and if the rain should continue it will doubtless cause much loss of property and suffering.

Horace Mann has delivered two lectures before the Mercantile Library—subjects, "Thoughts for Young Men," and "Woman." He attained his chief celebrity as the founder of the public school system, which has done so much to benefit New England, and in their turn all the other States, His mind is of a didactic turn, and he looks what he is—an excellent pedagogue; but I would rather read his school books, than listen to his lectures. His style is verbose, climacteric and abounding in metaphors, which rather misnify than explain his subject, and *proper* as he undoubtedly is many of his audience would have dispensed with his repetitions of well known truths, for something a little more entertaining and original. We are anticipating much pleasure in the next lecture to be delivered by Mr. Meagher (the Irish patriot); subject—"Australia." Great credit is due to the enterprizing young men, who by means of their association, afford so much pleasure and improvement to the community. That their efforts are well appreciated is shown by the crowded audience present at every lecture. Trusting I may have something more entertaining for my next leter,

I remain, your's truly,

MOLLY BAWN.

Cincinnati, December 27, 1852.

Letter from Cape Town,

FROM A PASSENGER BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA IN THE *Great Britain* STEAMSHIP.

The following letter from a gentleman who left this Province last summer for Australia *via* England, will be read with interest:—

MR. EDITOR,—As it is more than probable some of your readers may be disposed to emigrate to the land of promise, *alias* Australia, I beg leave, through your columns, to offer a few suggestions respecting their choice of conveyance. I would strongly advise them to take their own country ships, sailing from their own locality, with a limited number of passengers, assuring themselves that the character of their future associates and the arrangements of the ship, are such as are calculated to afford the fullest amount of comfort and convenience that can reasonably be expected on a voyage of such length. My reasons for tendering this advice will be easily gathered from a very brief description of the arrangements and society in the fore saloon of the *Great Britain*, a ship said to have been fitted up in the most complete and convenient manner, in all that concerned the comfort and safety of the passengers, without regard to cost or care, and from the high charge for passage, sure to secure a superior class. In the first place then, there are six persons in each state or sleeping room, measuring—inclusive of the space taken up by the berths—about nine square feet; these persons, in most cases, have met here for the first time, and are forced to live together on the most intimate terms during a voyage of some eighty or ninety days, however unsuited in habits or character. Where they all prove sober, well-behaved men, mutual concessions may make things agreeable; but such is not the case here, and I can assure you it is anything but comfortable to be forced, after retiring for the night, to listen to obscene, profane language, from drunken men, for several hours. The females are similarly situated, their apartments adjoin ours, and in some cases are between them, where conversation in an ordinary tone can be distinctly heard in the next room. In the warmer latitudes the bed room doors had, of necessity, to be kept unclosed, and they all opening on one main corridor, with a continual passing and re-passing, utterly precluded the possibility of anything like privacy. In the fore and after cabins the arrangements for the females are even worse. The Saloon, as it is called, serves the manifold purpose of dining, sitting, drinking, gambling, lounging, and drawing room. Drinking and gambling prevail to an alarming extent, and as liquor can be purchased without limit, it is often the theatre of the most uproarious exhibitions. Ladies are virtually excluded from it, except at meals, and even then they have often to listen to offensive language, from sottish men, professing to be *English Gentlemen*: two of these prominent gentlemen have had an introduction, of two days duration, to the *Blacksmith's Daughter*, which has had a most beneficial effect upon their gentility. Gambling is the principal amusement, if such it may be called, from betting on the ship's run, to *rouge et noir* in all its different forms and degrees, according to the purse of the players. By the latter game I have seen the bankers take twenty pounds in less than half an hour, and share fifty, the proceeds of a night's winnings. I have seen ten sovereigns staked on one play, which the player declared to be his whole capital, and felt the nervous trembling of his whole frame, as he intensely gazed upon the box, which in a few seconds, by the display of a particular colour, would declare him penniless; the same man might be heard the next day offering his services for six months to a capitalist, for the purpose of procuring an advance of wages. There is a seductive influence about this vice which but few can withstand, when unavoidably thrown in its way, and men who have been hitherto free from its power, are here found devoting four-fifths of their time to the card-table, and gamble with all the eagerness and perseverance which, when on shore, they devoted to their legitimate business. The only arrangements carefully made, and fully carried out, are those connected with the sale of liquor, cigars and cards, and the only good attendance on board is to be found at the bar of the grog-shop. The prevailing state of society on board is such as is best suited to the frequenters and patrons of bar-rooms: and, indeed, I mainly attribute to the sale of spirituous liquors, and the unrestricted use of them throughout the ship, the real cause of having to return to St. Helena for coals, and also very much of the dissatisfaction which prevails among the passengers.

I now repeat the advice given at the commencement of this letter, and say to Nova Scotians, if you come to Australia, come in your own country vessels, fitted out and sailed by men who have both knowledge and inclination to do it well. Allow no greater number in one room than is absolutely unavoidable, and be particularly careful that the arrangements for your wives and daughters are such as will secure them the utmost possible convenience and privacy.—An ice house, well stored with fresh provisions, is almost indispensable; iron tanks for water are also very necessary, or otherwise filtering stones; preserved vegetables, particularly potatoes, can easily be procured, we have them almost daily, and also milk in the same way, and you will find that any additional outlay, to secure objects of so much importance, will prove an investment which will yield you a large dividend. I will not suggest to you the propriety of keeping your ship and community free from liquor and gambling, the moral principles and abstemious habits of my countrymen, are a guarantee to that effect, but will simply say, keep the seducer out, he is your sworn enemy. Our voyage thus far has been remarkable for fine weather and smooth sea, not a day but the children have played about the decks, and they of all ages from nursing infants upwards Sea-sickness is now scarcely thought of, and at the commencement of the voyage was rather the exception than the rule. There has not been a death among from six to seven hundred passengers, and several persons who came on board hopeless cases of consumption and dropsy are fast recovering their wonted health. To my friends halting between two opinions, I would say, the latest news from Australia is most cheering; decide quickly; take your old townsman's advice, *sell your houses and burn your lands*, and go, not to *Caledonia*, but to Melbourne, and when we have gathered a sufficiency of nuggets, we will return and make the railroad delusion a reality. This is the best month to pass the Cape, the north-westers and south-easters, the prevailing winds, are exchanging the blow-pipe, and, consequently, are on a low key.

A PASSENGER

IN THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAMSHIP FOR MELBOURNE.

Cape Town, October 15, 1852.

From a private letter accompanying the above, from the same gentlemen, we make the following extracts:—

I would not wish it to be understood that all the passengers are drunken gamblers, for such is not the case; on the contrary there are among them many sober, superior men, while others, possessed of good principles, and well disposed, have yielded to temptation; but there is another class of both sexes of whom "the least said is the soonest mended." What I wish is to expose the system on which this, and most emigrant ships are fitted out and sailed, the consequent evils and the necessity of avoiding them. This voyage would have proved very pleasant and agreeable to me, but for this revolting system. I can compare it to nothing better than to living in a tap-room of the commonest description, altogether I consider an emigrant ship of this description a most dangerous place for young persons who have virtue to lose. We have a —— Minister with his family on board, but regret to say that he is a slave to intemperance, his services on the Sabbath have in consequence been dispensed with. His wife is said to be his companion, even in his cups. A local brother, of our own Church is very acceptably received instead, indeed we have gained many hundred fold in the exchange.—We have a capital choir also, who perform our old familiar tunes with a pathos which brings to one's mind the recollection of other days.—While here I have had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Messrs. Barnabas, Shaw, Moister, and Godwin. The former is an open-hearted, fine old man, with a full flow of spirits, and a sunburnt countenance, which make him seem like an old English farmer. He and Mr. Moister reside in a delightful spot, *Rondebosch*, about four miles from *Cape Town*. The country around is beautiful, almost a paradise.

Tuscany.

The Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. *Christian Advocate*, under date of Dec. 6th, says:—

The *Spener Gazette*, as quoted by a Paris paper, informs us that the Count d'Arnim Blumberg has been sent by the King of Prussia to the Grand Duke of Tuscany with a request in favour of the Madiai. The mission of the Count, the *Gazette* informs us, "must not be considered a diplomatic one" "The Count does not represent the King of Prussia at the court of Florence as a Protestant sovereign, but simply as a member of the Evangelical Church." He has had an audience of the Grand Duke, was received with much affability, has presented his message and a reply was transmitted to him.

The consul reports that the Madiai have been treated with indulgence, and his testimony is corroborated by the English members of the recent European deputation, and so far, the publicity given to their case, and the manifestation of public opinion, has been of use.

On the 16th of last month the Grand Duke issued a decree declaring that "crimes have increased to an alarming extent," (such as that of which the Madiai are convicted, perhaps) "and that it has been found necessary to increase *the severity of the laws*," and therefore he re-establisheth "the punishment of death for crimes," &c., &c., and against religion." (Reading Bible has been condemned as a crime against his religion.) And as if to meet such cases as that in which a Christian man and woman have been condemned for reading the Bible it is added, "sentence of death may be pronounced when the judges are not unanimous" Oh, yes, take away the lives of those who read the Bible. Nobody will intercede for them, then. How long, O Lord, how long?

The law thus promulgated may, perhaps, be applied *administratively*, as they call it, that is, without the intervention of the tribunals, and even where they have discharged an accused person, by a branch of the administration. It is so at least with the penalties pronounced till now against "those who may have attacked the religion of the State" An order of the 25th of April last year, determines this. It authorizes the council of prefecture, (the prefect and his councillors.) to condemn any individual, guilty of the offence above described, to the highest penalty which the law then pronounced—imprisonment with hard labour. This law has not been suffered to remain a dead letter. Under it a respectable and rich native of Florence was condemned to a year's imprisonment, with hard labour, at Porto Ferrajo, in the Island of Elba. *He was guilty of having taken his children to the Swiss Protestant Chapel.*

But a stronger case is that of a physician named Mazzinghi. He was present with one of his friends at the sick bed of a Christian brother who was near his end, as it was thought, when the Cure, sent by another physician, a great partisan of the clergy, who had heard the sick person speak of the peace he enjoyed through faith, in the Saviour and his promises, came in and asked abruptly the seemingly dying man, if he believed in the Pope. "No;" replied Fallai, "but I believe in Jesus Christ." This led to rather a lively discussion, which fatigued the patient so that Signor Mazzinghi said, "You have made a good confession, that is enough for this time." Irritated by this, the priest, with fury in his looks, ran off to the prefecture. Immediately the house of Fallai was invaded by thirty gen'darmes, and Mazzinghi, and an old man who was with him, called Carini, were taken to prison. The apartment was taken possession of by the soldiery, and no one but the wife and brother of the sick man were permitted to enter. Even these were sent out when the priests, with more than ordinary pomp, brought him the viaticum. Fallai was no longer in full possession of his faculties, and, it is said, they were obliged to force open his mouth to put in the wafer, after which they went back telling the people in the street that a damned soul had returned to the faith. But the same evening, Fallai, having regained his presence of mind, had to suffer the interrogatory of the Chancellor in criminal affairs, to whom he declared that he was not conscious of having received the wafer, and that if he had known it he would not have consented, seeing that since 1837 he had ceased to belong to the Church of Rome. This declaration exonerated his two friends, Mazzinghi and Carini. The tribunal before which they were tried liberated them, on the ground that if Fallai had ceased to be a Catholic many years since, his friends had not been the cause of his leaving it. But afterwards the council of the prefecture, in virtue of the before mentioned order, took on itself to condemn Mazzinghi to six months detention at Piombino, in the *maraisma*, (the unwholesome marsh lands,) and to that fortress he was taken really, but his punishment has been commuted into 10 months banishment. Carini was expelled from Tuscany.

The confessional is made use of to intimidate people, and oblige them to inform against their relations. Thus a father, who had been told by the priest that he should not have absolution unless he accused his two sons to the police, has done so, and they were arrested and imprisoned. In another case, a wife informed against her husband at the instigation, and excited by the threats of her confessor.

The Jesuits are remarkably active in these persecutions. The preachers labour to convince the people that the Bible which is circulated is not the real