

But we are not left without a people, and without congregations. If we have not a church sufficient to fill our places of worship, they are not unfrequently filled, from other congregations, with our own people. This particularly is the case, in the Town of St. Andrew's, where a friendly feeling prevails, between members of the different Protestant churches. As a Wesleyan, I have no disposition, but in feeling and conduct, to quadruple with this spirit. "To be a friend to all, and an enemy to none."

At public worship, the word of the Lord is heard, with reverence and attention; and I trust it is not without its salutary and corresponding effects. Our ordinary religious services, connected with the closing of the old year and the commencement of the new, were favoured with spiritual manifestations, from the Divine presence. Contemplating the fact, that we were approaching a remarkable period in time, which never more than once, occurs in the history of any one human individual, the Centre of a Century, and with us the centre of the nineteenth Century, and when passed, the like should never again happen, to any mortal then present, might well have its exciting impulse. This imbuing influence from above, was in a high degree realized, on new year's day, at the Quarterly Love-feast, and particularly while the Covenant was renewed. Most all the members of Society present, gave testimony to what God had done for their souls. But it was in the act of Renewing our Covenant, with our Saviour God, that the sacred union of the Holy Spirit, was more sensibly felt. Such a watering from on high, I have not witnessed for many days. My regret was that so few were present. But among this few, was the irrefragable evidence, God has not yet forsaken his people here. To his name be all the glory.

The 22nd ult. the Rev. I. Sutcliffe, from Mill Town, preached a good Missionary sermon, in the evening, at St. Andrew's, preparatory to our Missionary meeting. On the close of the sermon, David W. Jack, Esq. was called to the chair. This gentleman, who belongs to another Church, taking the chair, kindly directed the attention of the meeting, to its grand object, the glorious missionary enterprise, in which we are engaged; and subsequently the assembled congregation, was addressed by the Rev. Geo. Barrett and the Rev. I. Sutcliffe, &c. &c. Notwithstanding the great scarcity of money in the place, the collection was much better, than was anticipated; and at the time, a public subscription was opened, as a new thing here, which at a future period we hope, will gain in popularity. The Sabbath following, I preached in the forenoon at St. Stephen's, and in the evening at Mill Town. Monday evening, in my humble way, I assisted the above named Brethren, in holding the Missionary Anniversary for the Mill Town Circuit. Our friend James Albee, Esq., presided on the occasion; and the appeal made to the benevolence of friends to missions, in aid of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, was not in vain. On Tuesday evening, the Missionary meeting, was held at St. Stephen's, when Bro. Crocker occupied the chair. Here the friends have hearts to feel for the perishing millions of the Heathen, destitute of the blessed Gospel, of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wednesday evening, we held a meeting at the Lodge, and the following evening, we held one at Oak Bay. But the final result of these meetings, will be better known, at a future day. Previously, I had arranged for returning to St. Andrew's, on Thursday, but one of my Brethren, thought he had some connexional demands, for my services that evening; therefore I yielded to his claims with the cheering prospect, of his company to my home, on Friday. Here accounts between us were balanced, and we happily found ourselves in a position, to open a new score, when circumstances should require it. Throughout this Missionary tour, we met with kindness and hospitality in all directions. But it is highly probable, those missionary meetings, would have been more financially productive, were they held, at an earlier period of the season.

Yours truly, G. M. M. M.
St. Andrew's, N. B. March 6, 1850.

[We are pleased to hear so favourable an account of these Circuits on which we spent two years of our nursing-tender life. May God bless them!] Ed. W.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

Charlotte.

Charlotte was a young Portuguese. She lived in the island of Madeira, that beautiful island, whose hills are crowned with grapes, and whose air is so soft and balmy that invalids often flock there in quest of health. Charlotte's own father was dead, but her mother was still alive. Besides Nicola, a brother six years older than herself, whom she tenderly loved, there were other brothers and sisters who shared her affection. Charlotte was a sweet and amiable girl; she was devout, and tried to learn the will of God; as her family were all Roman Catholics, she confessed her sins to the confessor, prayed to the Virgin Mary, and hoped she should get to heaven if she paid the priest well for the pardon of her sins.

A gentleman from Scotland, Dr. Kally, came to live in Madeira. He was a good and noble man. He was a Bible Christian also; not a Christian without the Bible as many a poor Catholic thinks he is. It was not long before he saw, in his walks among the people, how ignorant they were of true religion; their minds were blinded and their consciences burdened by ceremonies and observances, which not only did no good, but which did much harm, by shutting out a knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Dr. Kally sighed and prayed over the subject for some time, until he thought he would open some small schools in his neighbourhood, just to teach the children who were growing up, how to read; nobody could object to that, he was sure. The poor islanders were much pleased; they were very glad to be taught. As soon as they could read pretty well, the doctor gave the little ones some good and pretty books; then he distributed a box of Testaments, which he had received from Scotland. Soon he gave a Bible to one and sent a Bible to another, which were read with the greatest interest. The Bible was a new book to them, yet, quite new, for the Romanists do not think it safe to allow the people to read it. Now that they did get it, they were very glad indeed; they kept knocking and knocking at the good doctor's door. "Please give me a Bible," "Please give me a Bible." One day Dr. Kally met Nicola, Charlotte's brother, and into his hands he put the precious book. Nicola went home: "See," said he, "I have got one of that good Scotchman's Bibles; let us all read it, and see what it contains."

In the evening, the family flocked round the young man, and he read to them. I do not know where he began to read; but we can easily see how much interest they must have become, because we, who have always had the Bible, never get tired of it; the story of Moses and David is just as delightful to us to-day as it ever was. Evening after evening Nicola continued to read. How eagerly they listened; how thoughtful it made them. When they came to say thing which perplexed them, I dare say Nicola used to go to Dr. Kally and beg him to explain, which the doctor was delighted to do.

But nobody listened more attentively than Charlotte. Her eyes are fixed on Nicola; she will not lose a word. All along, Charlotte had thought her sins were pardoned. The priest told her so; she had heard him say, "Daughter, thy sins be forgiven thee." As her brother read on, she found out that the priest had used language that he had no right to; that though her sins were paid for, they might not be pardoned. She saw that she was a sinner, and nothing that the priest could do would give her comfort. Then she heard the words, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It was Jesus' voice. She found there was no other high priest but Jesus; no other mediator between her and her God but Jesus; there was nothing that could wash away her sins, but the blood of Jesus. To Charlotte's troubled conscience, those truths were more precious than gold and sweeter than honey. She forsook the confessor and the confessional, and gave herself up to seeking God through Jesus Christ. The priest was very angry, and threatened to punish her; but no matter, God was on her side, and she came out a clear Bible Christian. So did her mother, so did Nicola, and so did several others of that little household. Nicola soon opened one of the doctor's schools in his mother's house, and Charlotte helped him. These schools of love proved additional employment to this brother and sister; they were never so happy in their lives.

Meanwhile a terrible storm was brewing; a black cloud gathered over the hills, and the thunder muttered in the distance. Like Charlotte's family, many others had for some time been labouring under the storm; the storm soon burst; it was the day of judgment and persecution. The priests of the island, who would not let it alone, they had

the Bible and the Bible readers, and they were determined to be avenged. Madeira was altogether in the hands of the Romanists; so they could do as they pleased. They raged like hungry wolves. One day, they sent soldiers to Charlotte's house who broke rudely into it, seized her mother and all the family who were at home, bound them with chains and drove them to prison. When the poor women did not go fast enough, they pricked them with iron-pointed ox-goads, such as people use to drive cattle with, while a rabble of wicked boys and men scoffed and spoke cruelly to them as they passed along. They were driven to prison, and fastened up. Here they were denied all comforts; the prison was very gloomy, but they did not mind it; God comforted them and made them so happy that they sang hymns of joy.

This made the priests terribly angry, and they said, "You shan't sing—you shan't pray; give up your errors, and come back to us." Their Bibles had all been seized and burned in a bonfire; but sometimes their friends contrived to send them a leaf of the Bible or an epistle in some food—perhaps hid in a loaf of bread, or covered up with a layer of grapes. Here Charlotte's family were confined two whole years, until they were let out—not to go home again, but to be banished into unknown lands; to have their all taken from them and to be put on board ships, poor and destitute, and sent away, never to come back to the island again. "Become Catholics, and you may stay," said the priests; "but if you continue Bible readers, you shall go."

They said, "We will go; the Lord will take care of us." These poor exiles, hundreds in number, first were carried to Trinidad, but have now found their way to this land. We are glad to help them. Should you not like to see Charlotte, or Carolina Vasconcellos, as her Portuguese name is? How much she could tell you. I suppose she is now in Illinois, where her people are gone to live. How thankful they must be to read their Bibles on the beautiful prairie lands of Illinois, with nobody to trouble them or make them afraid.

All this, children, shows three things. 1. That the Romanist priesthood now-a-days is very much as it was in the days of the Huguenots, about whom I told you—a priesthood persecuting those who read and honour the Bible. 2. That those who love the God of the Bible, value the Bible as their chief treasure. 3. That it is the reading, and the spread of the Bible which has made our country the home of the persecuted, the land of true freedom.—*Cor. American Messenger.*

Evening Hours.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours' toil? What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Hearken to these facts! One of the best editors of the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter on the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Edinburgh Witness was a stonemason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhynie; the principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a saddler at Huntly; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading mechanic on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the richest iron-founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clarke, Her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff; James Home was a sailor; Mr. Macgregor, the member for Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire; James Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.—*North of Scotland Gazette.*

Depend on Yourself.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset in life, in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to them, if they rely on their own strength and industry, it is not only a blessing, but a necessity. Many a poor man, who starts up by the aid of his own strength and industry, has become a wealthy man. I see who has been in business at that time, and who has not, and how they have prospered or failed; how many of them who were poor at first, have become rich, and how many who were rich at first, have become poor.

lost their places in society, and are passed by their own boon companions with a look which plainly says, I know you not!

The Christian Mother.

The Christian mother with her child is the loveliest vision that rises out of the troubled waters of our nature. The great master of Christian painting delighted to represent the mother of Christ and her spotless child under every aspect of tender communion; making it the aim of life to portray the ineffable graces, the meek self-oblivion, the rapture of devoted love, which belong to the Christian mother.

STANDING REGULATIONS.

Correspondents must send their communications written in a legible hand, and, unless they contain the names of new subscribers, or remittances, free of postage; and entrust us in confidence, with their proper names and addresses. The Editor holds not himself responsible for the opinions of correspondents—claims the privilege of modifying or rejecting articles offered for publication—and cannot pledge himself to return those not inserted. Communications on business, and those intended for publication, when contained in the same letter, should, if practicable, be written on different parts of the sheet, so that they may be separated when they reach us. Communications and Exchanges should be addressed to the Editor, Halifax, N. S. Issued weekly, on Saturday Morning.—Terms Ten Shillings per annum, exclusive of postage—half yearly in advance.—Single Copies three pence each. The Wesleyan Ministers of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Districts are our Agents; who will receive orders and make remittances.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, March 30, 1850.

THE COMING SEASON.

MANY speak of the failure of our crops for the last four years, as if no recurrence of this grievous calamity need be dreaded for the future. The coming season is arrayed in all the beautiful sunshine of certain prosperity, and the belief is confidently entertained that the days of comparative want will be numbered with the things that were. We have no wish to throw a pall over these brightening prospects or check the indulgence of these cheering and animating hopes. Our earnest desire is that they may be realized to the fullest extent—that plenty may crown the circling year—and kind heaven prove propitious to us in all the departments of lawful enterprise. But, as a religious Journalist, we deem it proper to remind our readers of the true grounds of all national wealth—the blessing of Almighty God, "the governor among the nations." However an infidel philosophy may endeavour to shut out the fact, or refuse to recognise it, yet verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth"—and by various significant acts testifies to men of considerate minds the reality of his providential interference with human affairs. "Cleanness of teeth"—"want of bread"—"with-holding of rain"—"blasting and milder"—"pestilence"—"the taking away of the fishes of the sea"—are ascribed to him as punitive acts, inflicted on communities on account of their sins. And who can reasonably doubt that God has recently visited us, as well as others, for "these things"—for our general forgetfulness of Him, neglect of duties, breach of his laws, devotedness to mammon? For our past privations, was "there not a cause?" Have our calamities "sprung out of the dust" or happened by chance? Or has God "willingly afflicted" us thus? No—the "sure word of prophecy" assures us, that "because of swearing, and other sinful practices, 'the land mourneth.' Our 'sins have with-held good things from us'—these have been a chief cause—however other causes may have concurred in procuring the result—of the derangement which has been experienced in our temporal prosperity, as a people or as a nation. Such we believe to be the emphatic teaching of Christian philosophy—a philosophy based on the unerring decisions of divine revelation and truth.

The well-ascertained cause points remedy; and to this point we earnestly attention. During the past days of public humiliation before God were observed, with effects less beneficial at the time, we have seen to doubt. But has this spirit been brought forth—have our minds continually penetrated with a consciousness of our absolute dependence on God for all as well as spiritual good—have we our various business or carnal life with reference to our relation and in accordance with Christian requirements of justice and mercy, have we "rendered to the Lord, the things that are His?" These are questions which at this time demand serious thought, investigation, honest replies. It is temporary humiliation of a day meet the exigencies of our case the claims of God.

The season, so important to the farmer and to those who draw their sustenance from the briny deep, to say the least, engaged in other avocations rapidly approaching. How much to the blessing of God, if their labours prove successful. If the seed-layers—if the weather be unpropitious—if the fruitifying shower and all influence of the sun be withheld—unimpaired rains be poured down—skies—if drought should prevail—stormy winds sweep the finny tribes take not the season at the proper season—in view is cast into the sea, and the seed lies in the earth. In either case, labour and expense will be unproductive. The hope of the husbandman will be disappointed, and the expectation of the fisherman will be disappointed.

Would it not then be wise for us to believe in the over-ruling of God, who are convinced that blessing nothing can prosper, and is a loud call to general repentance and attention that early in their several localities to the provincial prosperity? We would suggest to our Brethren Christian Ministry of what we to the heads of families who the propriety of bringing this season and prominently before the congregations and families, and to see in it all their approaches to throne of grace. Churches who to observe days of humiliation with the same object in view, neglect this "bounden duty" become thereunto by the civil authorities a day of general humiliation, to be consentaneously by all Christians the population at large within is exceedingly desirable, it were per for the constituted authorities waiting until the season is over, to appoint a day at and for the duty and purposes specified serve the Lord your God, bless thy bread, and thy water, take sickness away from the

WESLEYAN MINISTERS AMONG THE

From the letter of the Rev. J. H. M. of which appears in the present issue of the Wesleyan, we are the Pastors of no number of churches in the Province of Nova Scotia. We are confirmed in our faith by the Wesleyan Ministry of the over-ruling of God, who are convinced that blessing nothing can prosper, and is a loud call to general repentance and attention that early in their several localities to the provincial prosperity? We would suggest to our Brethren Christian Ministry of what we to the heads of families who the propriety of bringing this season and prominently before the congregations and families, and to see in it all their approaches to throne of grace. Churches who to observe days of humiliation with the same object in view, neglect this "bounden duty" become thereunto by the civil authorities a day of general humiliation, to be consentaneously by all Christians the population at large within is exceedingly desirable, it were per for the constituted authorities waiting until the season is over, to appoint a day at and for the duty and purposes specified serve the Lord your God, bless thy bread, and thy water, take sickness away from the