Provincial Meslevan.

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume V. No. 13.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1853.

Whole No. 194.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

The Dream of Rosa Madiai. ()! T've been to-day, far, far away In the shadowy land of dreams-For childhood's hour had visited me With a thousand twilight gleams,-And I lay me down with a heart that yearn'd

For earth and all its streams! For the sunlight and the starry flowers-And the soft winds wandering free, And ocean with its banner'd barks, Like wild swans on the sea-And the olive trees and the myrtle bowers

Of my own bright Italy. Oh! my heart had died within my breast -For I long'd to gaze once more on the deep blue-sky and the mountains high

With their giant summits hoar, And the coral wreaths and ocean shells That strew the glittering shore. On my ear the song of summer sounds,

The humming bird and bee, The earth with all its melodies Of hidden things and free-And the glorious sun !-O! nevermore Were things so bright for me!

I had thought of the hour, long, long ago, When sitting by his side, My love, from whom I'm sever'd now-First named me as his bride, And I clung like a child on my husband's breast

Aud now he is barr'd in a mouldy vault, And his face I may never see-And his gentle eve! oh! nevermore May its love be shed on me. For we never shall see thy sky again. Italy-Italy!

And sadly on my dungeon floor, The-hard and chilly stone, With my weary spirit faint and worn, And my heart so sick and lone-I lay me down in the murky gloom-

And my prayer was a feeble moan My Father! thron'd in you blue heaven, Thou piere'st my prison gloom, For thou mark'st the homeless sparrow's flight. And thou bid'st the myrtle bloom-

And I know thou can'st make my dangeon light-For thy woice can rend the tomb

"()! Son of Man, who came to break The fetters of the slave. To staunch the wounded hearts that bleed, The sinner's soul to save-To win the weary from despair-The dving from the grave—

" Give me to feel thy sovereign power While pouring forth my prayer, O! give me strength to keep thy faith, O! Heaven is far-earth pitiless,

With its clouds of human care " Teach me to love my very foes With the thought of going home, To the mansion where nor rack nor vault Are found beneath its dome-And my blood add not to the crimson'd soul

Of the Mitred Murd'ress, Rome.' And on the dungeon stone I slept, And the Dream-land bright swept by-And twice ten thousand dazzling suns,

All lit in the vaulted sky, Were pale before the vision's light That cross'd my slumb'ring eye.

berthy of be

YAN.

et work!v

und varied

: Litera-

· ulture:

issue to

A lerge

rical is

it is rting

Provincial

en shillings

g the ad

Subscrip-

period less

пстенз:пд

it to the.r

. g 0

kinds of

Pill Frade,

t short no-

e book bind

Methodist

arges.

-idence

()! there was music on the air. Suchastrains earth never knew. It seem'd to fill the realms of space, And swell creation through, And the stars afar in the universe All join'd the chorus too.

Even now that strain thrills every vein No creature there was dumb, And still through heaven's eternal years This chorus was the sum :-" Thrice Holy is the Lord of Hosts, Who was and is to come!"

Nor ear hath heard, nor eye hath seen In this dim world of pain-And it never lit the radiant dreams Of the poet's burning brain, Of a realm so fair as "the Rest of God," (1) Where the glorious martyrs reign.

And I saw nor sin nor sorrow there-Alternate night and day, The rage of man and the demon's scorn, And the pangs of human clay-Were things forgotten, like a dream,

With morning, past away And then ten thousand glorious saints, Who were the martyr's crown, On starry wings, went singing by, And they cast their sceptres down

And a longer burst of triumph rose, Like the pæans of renown And the song they sang forevermore Was - Worthy is the Lamb, Who has redeem'd us, with his blood, From kindred, tribe and name:-While everlasting ages roll,

We glorify I AM." And one-a white-hair'd man-went by, He were a crown of gold, He held the conquering palm aloft, Like a victor's wreath unroll'd-Twas-he who wrote the mystic Book

In Patmos' Isle, of old.

And still there came another name, Of Tarsus erst was he-And eighteen hundred years have roll'd Down Time's tempestuous sea, Since, thundering on the "Hill of Mars," He preach'd salvation free.

And there were those who bore of old, Through Rome's Imperial day, The cross of shame through fire and flood, And gladiatorial fray- (2) And they wore immortal robes of light For the garments erst of clay.

And the blood-bought peasants of Vaudois Were there with crowns of gold, Unnumber'd souls, as seen by John,

That the tongue bath never told-

Jerome and Huss, and Rogers stern, In Smithfield burnt of old. And all the martyrs sang one prayer,

And thus their accents drew: When wilt thou judge thine enemies, Almighty Lord and True-And pour upon the harlot red,

The vengeance overdue!" (3) And Prophet, Saint and Seraphim The mighty chorus swell'd, And through the empyrean space it roll'd, Where the stars their journeys held-And lo! "a still, small voice" replied,

And shook the hills of Eld "Work! Church of God! yet for a time, Until thy task be done, Till Truth be preached in every clime. And countless millions won.

To shout 'salvation' through the blood Of the all atoning Son. Rest! martyrs, till the mystery Of God be all reveal'd;

Lo! as the Prophets have declar'd. The Elect must vet be seal'd, Till, o'er the earth, the 'serpent's bite The woman's seed has heal'd.' (4)

For all Judea's Prophet-bards Have said shall be fulfill'd .-The saints of God must struggle yet, And their blood must yet be spill'd And the witnesses for Jesus' faith Iu Babylon be kill'd. (5)

My people! come ye forth from her, Partake not of her woe-For death, and desolation's night Her pomp shall overflow. And she be hurl'd, like a millstone, down

To the bottomless Hell below! And the plum'd and laurell'd kings Shall wail and weep for her, When heaven's eternal thunder-bolts Her seven hills shall stir-

For strong is that Almighty One— The God who judgeth her!' (6) And here is the patience of the Saints Who keep the words of God, Who pour their blood for Jesus' faith Upon the reeking sod,

And tread the path, with bleeding feet, The 'Man of Sorrows' trod Thrice blessed are the dead who die Upon the Saviour's breast. Their works shall follow them on high Through 'God's eternal Rest,' And tears be wiped from every eye

In the Heaven of the Blest. (7) O! woman of the fearful heart, The soul that fain would lay Its sorrows on the Saviour's breast,-Pursue thy weary way-Death shall be swallow'd up in life,

And night in endless day. Oh! trembling prisoner for the Lord, While sia's dread powers are rife, Let nothing shake thy trust in God. Be firm in all the strife-

'Oh! be thou faithful unto death. And win the crown of life." (8) And, as when many waters roll,

The voice still higher swell'd-"Be strong! and trust that living God Who once the saints upheld-He gives to thee the martyrs' faith

Which moved the hills of Eld.' The slumber pass'd, that with such power My weary eyelids kiss'd,-

And I felt no more the cold, hard stone. Nor the earth's free breezes miss'd, And I hardly reck'd, when I woke that day, That gyves were on my wrist.

(3) Rev. vi. 10, 11 (4) Gen. iii. 15. (5) Rev. vi. 11. (6) Rev. xviii. 4, 8. (7) Rev. xvi. 12, 13. (8) Rev. ii. 10.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Biographical Sketch.

MRS. SUSAN HANNAH, OF ST. JOHN, N. B. By the Rev. Richard Knight.

" Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints." Then it is, He removes them from this world, oft the scene of sorrow and suffering, to that where, no "slightest touch of pain-or sorrow's least alloy can violate their rest."

But though "the righteous are taken away from the evil to come," and the word of God assures us of the fact, that such as suffer with Christ on earth shall reign with Him in glory. Still, their removal is the last words, but also, and even more especialsundering of ties, rendered all the more tender and endearing, because the graces of the Holy Spirit were their adorning, while they formed a part of the family circle, and discharged those obligations to which their peculiar relations called them. Just to the ame extent as relative duties have been, faithfully, affectionately, piously, and uniformaly discharged, will the blank left in the addened domestic band, be sensibly felt.-Connubial love, maternal tenderness, filial affection, and fraternal fidelity, will deepen, but subdue, and by the grace of God sanctify the sorrow which the surviving are destined to feel. But when the loved ones of our hearts, "die in the Lord" blended with our

nature's sorrow is the extacy of Christian Thus it is, as regards her, in connection with whose religious life, and triumphant death we submit the following notice.

Our departed Sister, was a native of Ire-She was early educated. Before ner mar
(1) There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of
glorious,—Heb. 19, 2—1as. xl. 10.

(2) The primitive Christians were not unfrequently completed to partake in the inhuman combats of the arens
pelled to partake in the inhuman combats of the arens
pelled to partake in the inhuman combats of the arens
so consistant a member. When the event

She was early educated. Before ner martriage, she had, however attended the ministry of that section of the Church of Christ,
the verbal utterance of "Glory, Glory."—
the verbal utterance of "Glory, Glory."—
This was repeatedly the case, especially as
so consistant a member. When the event

Now what an outcry! But soon all
you are drifting, you will be lost.

above alluded to took place, she had joined glory, to her God," who did so graciously was over. Forty souls, mostly youth, had

the Weslevan Church. plished the vessel sprung a leak; and of so monitions draw from the eyes of those who serious a nature was it, that no hope of the came to see her in her affliction, and always salvation of either life or property, for the did she find the Lord richly to reward her time, presented itself. All of this worlds for her affectionate faithfulness.

end of the time above stated, a vessel bound afforded her supreme gratitude toward her to the Bay Chaleur, hove in sight, came Heavenly Father. promptly to their assistance, and brought the passengers and crew to land in safety.—
While our Christian relatives are both to leave In a few brief hours the wreck disappeared us—we are equally unwilling to be left. beneath the blue deep waves of the Atlantic. Grace, and grace alone, in either case, can Passengers hired a schooner came to Bay the occasion of my last interview with the DeVert, and from thence, the deceased and deceased, which was but a few days prior to her husband came to this City. And from her departure, when the wearled wheels of that time to the present, though, what they life were scarcely in perceptible motion,—

pathway of their life.

place of her spiritual nativity.

This was effected some fourteen years the Divine favor. She could then say

"The Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me, I am born of God." From that time to the period of her death, she held fast a soul satisfying consciousness of this inestimable relation. She had the

holiness." That sanctified in part, it was her duty and privilege to be "sanctified

protracted affliction, by which she was rendered unable to fulfil them, and which even-

tuated in her death. During this long affliction, divine grace purpose of increasing her confidence and

Some two months before her death her soul fixed again its sincere desire for the return of that full salvation which had in by-gone years so delighted her. This, by the grace of God, she regained, in conversation and prayer with one whose deep piety. sound counsel, and Christian friendship she ever highly valued,-Brother D. Collins. Under the placid, joyous, influence of this precious, promised, and, in her, fulfilled state of grace, she lived until her glass of life shed its last sand, when saving grace was

merged in crowning glory.

The last sayings of the afflicted and the dying, make the most vivid and abiding impression upon the minds of the surviving. Thus it is, not merely because they are the ly, on the account of the associating circumstances which surround them, and the sentiments they convey-Words of despairing anguish from the lips of dying impenitents, sink into the souls of the thoughtful, producing painful sensations as they sink, -and so deeply engraving their contents on the marble of the memory, as scarcely ever to be erased. The reminiscences in connection with the triumphant moments of the dying Christian, though of an entirely different

character, are not less indelible. With these we have now to deal. Truly, the affliction of our departed sister wrought patience, patience experience, and experience hope, and hope " made her " not ashamed because the love of God was shed abroad in" her "heart by the Holy Ghost, which' was given unto her. During the last stages of her affliction "wearisome nights were appointed her." But "peace was the pillow of her head." Frequently, during the silent land. That existence which has ended so watches of the night, was her soul filled glorifyingly to the grace of God was com- "unutterably full of glory and of God." Lest n Shentonagh in the County she should disturb the slumbers of her hus-Tyrone. Her parents name was Stewart. band, wearied by daily attendance to busi-They were members of the Presbyterian ness, and nightly watchings by the bedside

sustain her." Upon her death bed, she found a watery grave, and just above the In 1837 she left her flative land, together vowed unto the Lord that she would speak surface of the lake floated the flag, bearing with her now sorrowing husband, for the to all who might visit her whom she had rea-the inscription. "Sabbath-breaker," pro-State of New York; not anticipating the son to think were not as they should be, in claiming to the passers-by that there is a tiring and sleepless industry in setting snares man. disastrous providences which were to meet carnest about their soul's salvation—and she God in heaven who judgeth righteously. them in their intended passage thither.— did not permit that vow to lie upon her unWhen the voyage was about half accomfulfilled. Many a tear did her affectionate

substance they had taken with them, (and it | Even to the Christian, the unqualified surwas considerable) had to perish with the render of those, who by the closest ties of Ship, with the exception of some few arti- flesh and blood are so entwined around the cles, which the necessity of the case required heart, that they are all but inseparable from Hast thou forgotten me, Mother, hast thou forthem to retain. The vessel, became a float- self, is a struggle almost always severe. It ing wreck, on which, under the endurance frequently holds out to the last,-and seemof much suffering and anxiety they remain- ingly, not to say really, keeps back the soul, ed for five days and nights. Dark, indeed to all concerned, must have been this dis-like the dove and be at rest." This, our depensation, while day and night succeeded to parted sister, with a countenance radiant with each other, and left them thus exposed to a resignation, told the writer of this hasty watery grave. Providence however, with a sketch of her last hours on earth, -God had smiling face" was approaching to deliver given her grace to do. The laying of this last them from their perilous situation. At the sacrifice on her part, on the altar, evidently I know a wreath of victory encircles thy glad

Arriving at Bay Chaleur, thirty of the enable us to sign the deed of separation. On in the land of their Fathers "appointed her articulation thick and indistinct, there was God disappointed," has it been shown by one word fell plainly on my ear. It was the an unbroken series of events, that the unerr- word "Robert," the name of the partner of ing hand of their "Father who is in heaven" her ardent affection, who stood by the bed has marked, directed, and controlled, the side weeping. It was found, by close attention to the words which followed, that she Among the early events, which befel the had thought he had not fully given her up to departed in this the land of her adoption, is God, and that such withholding had prolongthe one, to which must be referred the ed her stay. But, said she, with countenance foundation of all that renders this life of heavenly aspect, he has now given me back to God. And, never shall I forget the It has been stated above, that ere she left placid smile which beamed out, when she her native land, she had become identified added "O! how thankful I am to him for it, by membership, with the Wesleyan Church. I shall soon go to my longed-for rest." She Though an earnest seeker, she had not desired him to make a verbal surrender, beobtained, a sense of her acceptance with fore God, on his bended knees, by her own God, though faith in Christ. The land of bedside, when no eye saw them but His, on her adoption was destined to become the whose altar this last and bleeding sacrifice

was presented. To this life, there must be what we emago under the ministry of Rev. S. Bamford. phatically understand by the last moments. She obtained a distinct and joyous sense of And however long death may be engaged in the consummation of the deed to him allowed -there are still these last moments-and though expectation of the solemn event may have been long ago and repeatedly sinc avowed, the keen cutting edge of these last oments is scarcely at all blunted. To the abiding witness of the Spirits direct testi-

mony, acting in sweet unison with her own, the evidence of Spirit with Spirit, in attestice. But she was prepared to meet them. She requested to be lifted from the pillow tation of her sacred relationship to God. on which she had so long laid her weary Thus blessed, she saw, and felt the necestiv of a deeper baptism of divine grace.—

In which she had crossed the threshhold,—
make haste, said she, and lay me down. She was fully persuaded that God did not Raising her attenuated hand, she gently intend to keep her in a state of Spiritual thrust back the covering of the bed, and i infancy. That there must be an aspiring to distinct accent said, "O! I am going to be full maturity. That God was to be served crowned—I am going to be crowned. I am "without fear, in righteousness, and true going through the valley, but there is no dark-

During the latter days of her affliction. To this higher state about ten she had expressed a strong desire to leave this years ago she was brought through faith, world on the day of the holy Sabbath. still in Him whose "blood cleanseth from This desire she expressed just before the time of her departure. The reason of this Causes—reference to which is not now desire was asked by her surviving husband, necessary—led to her privation of this inestimable blessing. Her confidence in God from the grave." This she knew, but still however, as her reconciled Father, she she had HER reasons, for on this day died still maintained—and hence under this her dear son, Charles, and moreover, this remaining tranquil trust, she proceeded in a day was the type of the Heavenly rest. faithful performance of those duties, which her On this hallowed day she did die, to go situation in life required,up to the time of that where death can no more have dominionnight of the 6th inst. she breathed her last. and sped her flight to glory.

Thus has left us one who filled her doa member, and has left a husband and fam-child to buy for them as to go themselves. comfort, without receiving a full compensa- ily to mourn a loss which time will be in-That which was competent to redeem. Her death was im- we have no such instances among ourselves, tendered was so piously and gratefully re- proved last Sabbath evening, to a crowded but for the purpose of suggesting the great ceived, that the giver received more in congregation in Germain Street Chapel, value to any business man of such a characreturn than he felt himself empowered to where, for years, she was a constant and ter, and the exceeding agreeableness to dealdevout worshipper.

A Remarkable Incident.

wealth and independent manners. He dis- his money, he is still a man of capital, of convenience. He commenced building a of large moneyed means. boat principally for pleasure excursions on But the beauty of the thing is this, that broad, would afford opportunity for Sunday tunity of winning confidence as the millionwill prove a Sabbath-breaker." I'll name my boat. I've been thinking some who prefers integrity to gold. time what to call her, and you just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called The Sabbath-breaker." he said this, he bid the minister good-day, with a chuckle at his evident surprise and mortification. The building went on, and especially on Sunday. She was soon ready to launch and was launched on Sunday, and named the "The Sabbath-breaker," the cheers of some twenty or thirty half intoxicated men. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the way she struck the water. but the folly usual to such an owner hid his eyes to the truth. She was rigged and fitted for an excursion.—She must go out on Sunday. A general invitation was given, Perhaps he said, "It is too pleasant to be the steamer was floating the name in large there in taking a stroll into the woods letters, "The Sabbath-breaker." She put out. Several, seized by an indefinite dread and sitting on the bank to fish? as they read the name over them, sprang on What harm? Why, the harm is that shore; others would have done so, but she God is disobeyed, who says, "Remember They were members of the Presbyterian ness, and nightly watchings by the bedside was off. She sailed well enough for awhile. the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." The mo-Congregation in that place. In the doc-trine and discipline of this denomination.— of his afflicted partner, she would strive to subdue the swelling emotion, until unable pline of this denomination.— subdue the swelling emotion, until unable educated. Before her mar- longer to suppress the rising tide, she has

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.) To my Mother in Heaven.

From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth

Dost thou remember not, in Heaven, the love I bore to thee?

Thy tender care, thy thrilling smile, I muse on fondly yet, And oh, I cannot bear to think, that thou dost

I know, surrounded by the blest, that thou art happy now, I joy to think that from earth's toils forever thou

dost rest. That care and sorrow cannot find an entrance in thy breast. But is the memory of the past to thee but as

That quickly vanishes before the sun's enlivening beam. The home of which thou wert the light, our

happy home of yore, feet to wander more. The voices of thy children dear, thy husband's loving smile,

ntercourse of heart with heart that could life's toils beguile; ell me, did these memories

thy-dying breath, And are the holiest ties of earth dissolved indeed by death?

were so, from haunts of men far rather would I dwell, In some secluded forest home, or hermit's lonely Than live, by many heart's beloved, and fondly

Yet weep, in bitterness, to know affection's wealth is vain:

That those whose words of sympathy could hope and strength impart, whom, with warm, implicit faith, fondly re posed my heart,

passed from earthly scenes away, could all my love forget, mingling with the hosts above,

ne'er had met. oh, forgive the cruel doubt, scarce breathed ere it is fled, thought unworthy of the heart that

the sainted dead;

will not deem that time or death love can chill, its waters still.

heart's desire to thee, The prayer thy dying lips breathed forth, that How very brief the available portion of our thou permitted be

wardness to chide, By visions of that happy land, where thou dost blest abide. Life's snares and quicksands safe to guide their

wandering footsteps through, Until, in Heaven, with joy they share a mother's love anew.

Character and Integrity.

We have somewhere seen a notice of a mulated fifty thousand dollars by his own for about ten minutes before twelve on the industry, punctuality, and integrity; and it was remarked of him that he never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and would never take more than a reasonable both sustained and comforted her. "Lambboth sustained and comforted her. "Lamblike patience armed her breast." No one
like patience armed her breast." No one could visit the chamber of affliction for the an ornament to the Church of which she was would as willingly send a blind man or a

ers with him of the confidence he inspires.-And we affirm nothing extravagant in saying, that the character for strict integrity acquired is of as much zeal worth to its possessor In a quiet village situated on the shores as the pecuniary savings of his industry .of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some Let such a man lose by any misfortune all

sailing, he was called on by a minister, who aire. Integrity in small things is even more the wand of enchantment. with him, as the enterprise would increase And after all that men may say in praise of surance said. "Yes it will; that's just what who had rather be honest than wealthy, and

First Step to Ruin.

"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he lay tossing from side to side on the straw bed in one corner of his prison-house"-" my first step to ruin was going fishing on the Sabbath. I knew it was wrong; my mother taught me better: my minister taught me better; my master taught me better; my Bible taught me better. I did'nt believe them, but I did'nt think it would come to this. I am undone! I am

and numbers crowded on board. On the cooped up here in church. What harm is What harm in carrying my fishing tackle

A Dangerous Seducer.

The great deceiver and invisible enemy explain yourself. of man, is always busy working on with unto seduce, betray, and ruin the souls of men. "I said that I never had a bad morning It is the imperative duty of all watchmen to for every morning even if I am pinched keep a watchful look-out and give a timely with hunger, I praise God. If it rains, or and as far as may be of the ways and means and therefore I never have a joyous morning Prof. Shepard, of Bangor :

keeping with this instrument. 'For,' says be unhappy, because my will is always resign-Christ, 'he is a liar and the father of it.' ed to God's will. In the Revelation it is said, 'he deceiveth the whole world.' We have seen that he is down to hell." god of this world, that he blinds men. His "I have two arms, Faith and Love, by blinding them is on a large scale, by getting which I would hold on to my God and Sain false religions and systems of error. It is viour, and would not let him go-and I in this way, rather than by direct instigation, would rather be in hell with God, than in he is represented as working in the children heaven without him." and craft of that mighty intellect. By these man's answers, asked him from whence comprehensive manœuvres; by extending and came. establishing false religions; by getting accepted great swaying superstitions in some sections; in others, the polluting and destroying doctrines and rites of paganism, he is enabled, tude from a very large majority of the human family. In those parts he knows that, without any special efforts or care, all will be allegiant to him while those great schemes

of falsehood remain. there must be Christianity in some form, to world." get in, if possible, a corrupt form. He does introduce some great religious error, it goes for Christianity-goes for religion; though there be not a particle of the spirit and power of religion in it. These corrupt forms are various, to suit different orders of mind, tastes, and degrees of cultivation. These

The Brevity of Human Life.

How to appropriate the Scriptural emems of the shortness of our stay on earth. "All flesh is grass—the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." "We all do fade as a leaf." The life of man, brief at best, is for practical Also, by the days of unreflecting childhood, oh, methinks that God hath given thy and by various circumstances of sorrow, care, indecision and the perplexities of life. To watch above thy children dear, their way- inquire, how many are the days that I have

time. Well may the Christian seriously profitably lived. The result of such examination would be startling. Diligence in the improvement of mind and heart, earnestness in doing good in every possible way, fervent piety toward God, characterize all who are suitably impressed with the brevity of life.

Every excuse for the neglect of personal piety is based on the assumption, that much time is allotted to man's abode on earth; hence listless inactivity in relation to a preparation for a future state. Dreaming of long years of pleasure here," they heed Rotterdam thread merchant, who had accu- not the voice of wisdom, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." Let not the young postpone life's great business, but seek first the kingdom of God. If we seriously consider "how short our time is," we shall see its inestimable value as a probation for eterand so number our days as to apply our hearts to wisdom.

The Bible.

How comes it that that little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, smoke in his anxiety, and make his principles act like art and science were but in their childhood, smoke in his eyes, and thorns in his flesh. has exerted more influence on the human He is an Atheist to day, and a deist to-mormind and on the social system, than all the row; and as the Lydians invented play as a other books put together? Whence comes remedy against hunger; so the Devil fills it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinion of mankind- not seek peace or pursue it. During his has banished idol worship—has abolished whole life he is walking in darkness—agitaregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued weight, of influence, and is the superior, on infanticide—has put down polygamy and ted by his very doubts, which seem to haunt his business or pleasure as best suited his mere business calculations, of many a man divorce—exalted the condition of woman— him like spectres. He has a lie in his right raised the standard of public morality— hand and does not know it—he feeds on created for families that blessed thing, a husks-air-and ashes, and imagines he fares the lake. While he was proceeding with the enterprise, which, it was whispered a limited his capital, has just as good an opporopen and expansive, to spring up as with more faith in the existence of God, than he the wand of enchantment. What sort of has in that of Jove, or Saturn. Compare sailing, he was called on by a minister, who are. Integrity in small things is even more inquired about the boat, and expostulated impressive than integrity in great things.— book is this, that even the winds and the such an one with Millton, the sweet singer waves of human passions obey? What of Paradise—with BUNYAN, the Prince of the wildness and immorality of their village. the enterprise, skill shrewdness, and tact of other engine of social improvement has opedreamers—with Johnson, the Colossus of 'I am afraid." said the minister, "your boat particular business men, there is one charac- rated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? The man ter towards which all minds instinctively Since it appeared, many boasted plans of Newton and many others, and the contrast looked him in the face, and with much as render their reverence—and that is, the man amelioration have been tried and failed, will render scepticism more hideous and many codes of jurisprudence have arisen revolting.

But you would say, has a skeptic no He feels deep veneafter empire has been launched on the tide object to homage—yes—He feels deep vene of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on ration for Transcendentalism, and Rational the waters. But this book is still going ism; It is true, he knows but little about about doing good, leavening society with its them; but he supposes that this results not holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with from any ignorance in him, but from sublitroubled spirit-and soothing the pillow of many and Gods many-the Temple is his death. Can such a book be the offspring of own proud heart, it is as cold as an iceberg human genius! Does not the vastness of and within its narrow and gloomy portals its effects demonstrate the excellency of the neither grace, nor virtue ever enters. power to be of God?

A Happy Man.

ly that God would teach him the perfect palm belongs to infidelity. Well may we way of truth, was directed in a dream to go adopt the language of the bard. to a certain place, where he would find an instructor. When he came to the place he found a man in ordinary attire, to whom he

wished good morning.
"I never had a bad morning," replied the

"That is singular; I wish you may always e as fortunate.' "But I never was unfortunate," said the

"I hope you will always be as happy," said the divine.

"I am never unhappy," replied the other.
"I wish," said the divine, " you would

That I will very cheerfully do," said the warning against the machinations of enemies, snows, or hails, I am still thankful to God,

by which mankind are exposed to fatal inju- It I am miserable in outward circumstances, ries and irretrievable ruin. In illustration of and despised, still I praise God. You wishthe ways and means, we quote the following ed that I might always be so fortunate; but graphic passages from the powerful pen of I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing can befal me but according to the will of God "Error is the grand instrument of all the and I believe that his will is always good, devil's achievements, as truth is of Christ's: in whatever he does, or permits to be done. and his character and name are in perfect You wished me always happy; but I cannot

"But what if God should thrust you

of disobedience. Here we see the strength The divine, who was astonished at the

" From God," said he. "Where did you find God?"

" Where I left the world." "Where did you leave him?"

" With the pure in heart." " What are you?"

"I am a king." "Where is your kingdom?" "It is in my bosom. I have learned to rule my appetites and passions, and that is The next manœuvre or method is, where far better than to rule any kingdom in the

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

The Skeptic—A Sketch.

BY THE REV. R. COONEY, M. A. The great art of poetry, is to mix truth fundamental errors are embraced; and just with fiction. In this way, the credible and so far as the adversary can blind men, and the incredible are joined together. This induce them to believe these errors, all is union often produces reverence-it always deemed safe; he has no concern about those does so in uncultivated minds; but in minds ndividuals so long as the errors are adher- of an opposite class, the results of its influence are hesitation and distrust. The opinions, or rather, notions, a "A SKEPTIC are a labyrinth of his own construction, but the intricacy of it so far exceeds his design and differs from it, that, while he can get others into its meshes, he can get neither

them nor himself out of them. In Philosophy a skeptic is a sort of Job says: "my days are swifter than a maintains that no certain inferences can be weaver's shuttle." The measure of our drawn from the reports or evidences of the PYRRHONIST, or disciple of PYRRHO. He days is an liand-breadth; and carrying this senses, and ergo, he doubts every thing.—
with us, we may always be reminded that He doubts the reality of any principle—he doubts the truth of truth itself. In Theolopurposes very much abridged by sleep—one third nearly of our time is thus taken away believe in the reality of principles or systems, or facts, he asserts, with repulsive dog matism, that Christianity is not of divine ori gin. Whatever may be the peculiarities of the skeptic, modesty is certainly not of the

number. Edward Gibbon was a skeptic, and strange to say, while his genius shed a light upon the dark portions of medieval history, his infidel-

ity leads many into "the blackness of dark-One of these creatures will try to put religion out of countenance with a sneer, and rush our faith in Christ by a conundrum .-He is by turns a Cynic and a Parasite-now denouncing virtue and piety, and anon spreading the slaver of his adulation over meanness and vice. With him miracles are no evidences, and facts are far less valued than fables. His logic is destitute alike of either argument or reason; and his invectives are distinguished by nothing but an effort to be sarcastic, and an attempt to be witty.

We are not drawing a picture to framed, and hung up as an ornament; but describing a character that is to be condemned and avoided, But is he not to be pitied; yes verily he ought to be pitied. His incredulity keeps his mind filled with problems that are never solved; and his endeavours to treat the most conclusive reasoning as he would the most facetious speeches, increase smoke in his eyes, and thorns in his flesh .his mind with all deceivableness that he may English literature—with LOCKE BOYLE

consolations-strengthening the tempted mity in them. He worships the analytical -encouraging the penitent - calming the powers of reason-these are his Lords

The Greeks said wisdom was virtue !-The Romans declared it was valour; the Italians claimed the honour for art; LaBelle France, like the currier in the A zealous divine who had prayed earnest- fable, wiser than all the rest, insists that the

"O judgment, thou art fied to brutish beasts And men have lost their reason."

You'll generally find one of the class. I am delineating, in every village, or small town; they esteem themselves wise but are in reality fools. They indulge rather freely in foolish jesting; but lest the puerility of this habit, should inspire you with a low opinion of their understanding, they save ne character of their intellect by their profanity; and curse and swear, in order to convince you that they are men of sense.