

ANECDOTE OF MEHEMET ALI.

A short time since a young man had been sent over to obtain a knowledge of engineering; whilst residing here his mind became enlightened, and he was led to embrace the Christian faith. On his return to Alexandria he made no scruple of avowing his new sentiments, although he was surrounded by a host of persecutors; those persons, however, one day brought him before Mehemet Ali, saying: "We beg to bring a case before your Highness, in which you will be called on to act as supreme judge: this man was a Mahomedan by birth and faith; he was sent to England, where he abandoned his own religion, and embraced that of the Christians, and, therefore, by our law he ought to die; all that is necessary is to enter into a judicial course of enquiry, to bring forward facts, and to establish and authenticate them, and then if the case be proved, it remains with your Highness to enforce the law." Well, the case was gone through, the facts were all proved, till at length the young man was asked by Mehemet Ali, "Have you embraced Christianity?" The young man got up, and with an intrepidity which a consciousness of being right inspired, and with the grace of God, which, when it finds its way to the heart, always enables a man to face his greatest enemies, said, "I am a Christian." The next question put by Mehemet Ali was, "Why have you embraced Christianity?" when he made this noble reply, "Do you ask me why I embrace Christianity?—my reason is this: I embraced it because I believe it to be true." His enemies around him said, "What need have we of further argument: he has acknowledged his guilt; nothing remains now but that your Highness should particularize the sentence." Mehemet Ali said "All the circumstances that have been brought forward have been clearly established, but with respect to this young man, I beg leave to state that I know him well; he was sent to England to learn engineering; he learnt that science; he came back again, has been employed in that service, and has proved himself a valuable member of society; I find him still in that place where I employed him. It appears that he has changed his religion, but I do not find that in doing so he has acted from any unworthy motive; he continues to perform his duties satisfactorily, and with reference to his change in religion, I shall leave him to settle that matter between God and his own conscience."—That young man is now going about the streets of Alexandria, a noble monument of the liberality of Mehemet Ali.—*London East India Telegraph.*

SINGULAR BOAT FOR THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

THERE is now constructing, in the boat-house of the Woolwich dockyard, a boat of a singular appearance, being formed similar to some of the shallow creels used for carrying fish in seaport towns. The boat is about twenty feet long, and ten feet broad, and about two and a half feet deep; and yet it is so light that it is capable of being carried any distance on the shoulders of four men. It is formed of thin stripes of wood about two inches broad, and woven together exactly in the same way as Indian matting, and it is intended to cover the outside with water-proof canvass. The purpose for which it will be used is to cross shallow creeks and rivers, and, from its size, appears capable of carrying thirty men. It will be placed above the life-boat on board the steam vessel when not in use, and will answer as an excellent protection to it from the rays of the sun in the tropical climate to which the expedition is bound.

A STATE prisoner at Smyrna, sentenced to die of hunger in prison, was found alive twenty-eight days after his incarceration. This unfortunate man, whose sentence has been commuted, confessed that he had prolonged his existence by a box of wafers, which also contained a small piece of gum elastic, and a morsel of sealing wax. After having lived some time by economising this substitute for food, he began to eat the miserable pasteboard box which contained these objects. Part of the lid of the box was left unconsumed when he was visited.—*London paper.*

THE MAELSTROM WHIRLPOOL.

THIS celebrated whirlpool is situated between two islands off the coast of Norway, between Drontheim, the most northern port of commerce, and the North Cape, in latitude 67, 40 N. As ships seldom pass that way, but little is known of it. The following extract of a letter from a gentleman in Washington to Judge Woodward, of Florida, will therefore prove acceptable to the reader:—

I had occasion some years since, to navigate a ship from the North Cape to Drontheim, nearly all the way between the islands or rocks and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot, about the practicability of running near the whirlpool, he told me that, with a good breeze, it could be approached near enough for examination, without danger. I at once determined to satisfy myself. We began to near it about ten, A.M. in the month of September, with a fine leading wind north-west. Two good seamen were placed at the helm, the mate on the quarterdeck, all hands at their station for workingship, and the pilot standing on the bowsprit, between the night heads. I went on the maintop sail yard with a good glass. I had been seated but a few moments, when my ship entered the dish of the whirlpool; the velocity of the water altered her course three points towards the centre, although she was going eight knots through the water. This alarmed me extremely for a moment; I thought that destruction was inevitable. She, however, answered her helm sweetly, and we run along the edge, the waves foaming round us in every form, while she was dancing gaily over them. The sensations I experienced, are difficult to describe. Imagine to yourself an immense circle, running round, of a diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximated towards the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue colour to white—foaming, tumbling, rushing, to its vortex; very much concave, as much so as the water in a tunnel when half run out; the noise too, hissing, roaring, dashing—all pressing on the mind at once, presented the most awful, grand, solemn sight I ever experienced.

We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage. From its magnitude I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says that several vessels have been sucked down, and that whales have also been destroyed. The first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter.—*Family Visitor.*

SINGULAR COMPUTATION.

It is computed by Dr. Casper, that there are on the earth 960,000,000 human beings, and that the average deaths are 29,000,000 annually, 80,000 daily, nearly 3,700 hourly, and 55 every minute; the greater number of deaths occur after midnight, or the first in the morning. In Great Britain 18,200 die annually; in European Turkey, 33,000; in Greece and Italy, 33,000; in the Low Countries, 26,500; in France, 26,000; in Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, 25,000; in Denmark, Poland, Germany, Flanders, European Russia, 22,000; in Sweden and Norway, 21,300.

COST OF WAR.

It is stated in an American paper, that there were slain, by sea and land, during the last war between England and France, 2,100,000 men. The cost to England was £1,058,000,000—the greater part of which is still unpaid in the national debt!

THE *Westphalia Mercury* states that Kunapfel, the murderer of the Bishop of Frauenburg, has been condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, beginning with his lower limbs. When asked if he intended to implore the mercy of the king against this sentence, he replied, "No; I have frequently the toothache, and I shall not suffer more on the wheel." Kunapfel is visited daily by the priest, and behaves with propriety while he is present, but makes a mockery of religion as soon as the priest has quitted him.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

UTILITY OF TOADS IN GARDENS.

PRACTICAL men have been long aware that toads live chiefly on insects, particularly beetles. Some persons have even made it a point to place them on their hot beds, for the purpose of destroying wool-lice, ear-wigs, &c. &c. Mr. Reeve, an ingenious horticulturist, who has long employed toads as guardians of his melon and cucumber frames, fully corroborates all that has been said respecting their usefulness in such situations, and is so attentive to them, that, when they have cleared his bed of insects, and he finds them uneasy in their confinement, he actually feeds them, in order to keep them there. He offers them the different insects which are considered noxious in gardens, all of which they devour; even slugs are eaten by them. Thus we see that this despised reptile is a beneficial assistant to the gardener.—*Com. Mess.*

"I RESOLVE," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." "A golden rule," Bishop Home remarks, "the observation of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and declamation from the earth."

DIED,

On the 4th March, at Wainwern Lodge, near Pontypool, in the 102d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Rees. Her faculties remained unimpaired to the last. She well remembered Mr. John Wesley, for it was under the influence of his powerful ministry, when preaching at Carmarthen about seventy years ago, that she dated her conversion. From that time to her decease, she remained a consistent member of the Wesleyan Body.

POETRY.

[FOR THE WESLEYAN.]

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."—GEN. I. 3.

THUS spake th' ETERNAL, whose omniscient word
Primeval darkness heard, and through the realms
Of gloomy chaos fled obsequious.
Now glowed the firmament with stars and suns,—
And planetary worlds, with borrowed light
Magnificently shone, and rolled in orbits
Wide, through th' ethereal space harmonious.

"Let there be light!" again the FATHER said,
When o'er the horizon of our dark world
With bright effulgence rose the glorious SUN
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, resplendent, infinite
Beyond the congregated glories of
Ten thousand suns concentrated in one orb:—
Before whose beams divine the dark dense clouds
Of ignorance and mental night, that long
O'erhung the human mind, fled down to hell;
From whence, in teeming vapours, they arose.

THEE, Sacred Fount of heavenly light and life,
We hail! "Light of the world!" and life of all
That dwell in dust, or breathe the empyrean air!
Be thou our guide, be thou our strength, as through
The wilderness we fighting urge our way,
Or darkling tread the dreary vale of death,
Where gloomy horrors ranged in black array,
Affright the pilgrim saints. O guide—illumine!
O cheer us—bring us to thy glorious throne.

MARCUS.

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