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Religious Intelligence.

Trust.

Rock of my strength, to Thee my faith is clinging,
Assailed by doubt, beset by care and fear,
Smiling thro' tears, and in my sorrow singing,
I hear thy welcome words, 'Be of good cheer.'

What tho' my foes break out in bitter taunting?
What though their curses crown my humbled head?
Yet while they insult me as men are flouting,
My Saviour says, 'I'll be not afraid.'

If God be for me, who can be against me?
Who shall condemn if He my soul approve?
Since Christ in heaven makes intercession for me,
How can I doubt thefulness of His love?

Who shall divide me from that deep affection
That binds the living Father to His own?
Who shall disturb me under His protection,
Resting in God, and trusting Him alone?

Not all the angel hosts that have existence,
Not all the powers of darkness and of death,
Nor lapse of ages, nor the bounds of distance,
Can pluck me from this resting-place of faith.

Nep and trouble, sorrow or affliction,
Famine or peril, nakedness or sword,
Or job me of that heavenly benediction,
The love of God in Jesus Christ our Lord.

—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

The Believing Wife.

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me,
but weep for yourselves and for your children,"
said the compassionate Saviour to the weeping
women who followed him to Calvary, forgetting
himself in his concern for them. He saw their
unattended by their husbands, who doubtless
were unbelievers. He saw them and their off-
spring exposed to coming tribulations; but more
than this, he saw their husbands and their chil-
dren exposed to the loss of the soul forever.
He looked down through the ages and fore-
saw countless families thus exposed. And he now
beholds mothers at the sacramental board, weep-
ing perhaps at the sufferings once endured by
him, but too unconscious for their offspring,
bereaved of a father's useful counsel and care.

Daughters of Zion, thus responsibly attend,
the writer, deeply anxious to awaken your in-
terests in this subject, invites your attention to
the following facts carefully gathered by a mat-
ernal association:

In a neighborhood of ninety-eight families,
they found that in twenty-seven both parents
were pious, and of ninety-eight children eighty-
four were believing Christians. They found
nineteen families having but one believing par-
ent, in which of ninety-five children but thirty-
one were hopeful converts. In the remaining
fifty-two families having no believing parent, out
of one hundred and ninety-three children, only
thirteen were converted. And facts like these would
be found to exist in other parts of our country.

Look carefully at these facts. The first class
of children, both of whose parents were pious,
shows, out of ninety-eight, all converted except
fourteen; and where one parent only was pious,
not quite one-third converted. What an alarm-
ing fact! More than two-thirds of those who
have but one believing parent still out of Christ!
Weep you may for your children, and for your
nephews. Can you longer rest, and not lay it
to heart, that your husband's failure to aid you,
and lead in the appointed prayer and religious
teachings of the family, is probably the main
occasion of this sad result?

Are you despairing as to his conversion, and
therefore do you make no agonizing effort?—
Many years ago there settled in Montreal from
England, a Mr. B., and his pious wife.
He became a member of the Canadian Parlia-
ment, a legislator from the States came to labor
in the church of which Mrs. B. was a mem-
ber. A revival ensued. She prayed importu-
nately for her husband. He became deeply
anxious and sought to ease his burden by visit-
ing a place of amusement. She saw it and re-
turned to her room to pray against it. His burden
continued. He said, "My wife is praying for
me, I know." He returned, found her kneeling
in supplication, and said, "O cease, cease, I
will not be troubled." "How can I cease?" she replied.
He repaid to the church where he knew prayer
was then ascending to God for him and others.
And there his proud spirit yielded. He believed,
and was happy with his happy wife; and he
was faithful, and showed his faith by persistent efforts
to save his legislative associates. Then, mother
in Israel, how came for the "suffering of his
house," some of whom became burning and
shining lights in the church of God. And was
not this conquest worth the cost, the agonizing
struggle of the wife? Yes, the watchful angels
saw it and rejoiced. The omniscient Saviour
also here "saw the travail of his soul."

Will you not also arise, cast off the world,
silence unbelief, and do likewise? Have you
overlooked the scripture appeal made directly
to you: "How knowest thou, O wife, whether
thou shalt save thy husband?" A plain intima-
tion that you may be the main instrument of his
conversion; and another scripture urging you
so to live, that the husband may be "won by
the conversion of the wife." Powerful is the
persuasion of a consistent, pious wife.

To render your prayers prevailing with the
great Intercessor, you must necessarily be self-
denying; must not encourage your husband by
your prayers; must not encourage your husband by
questioned because faith demands it; must
not labor to stir children for the care of this
God-forgotten world—Christ will notice it.
The Spirit is easily given. Take your children
when young to the prayer circle, rather than al-
low them in the gay midnight dance, the de-
moralizing theatre.

Put the Saviour to the proof, who says to you,
"If two of you shall agree as touching any thing
that they shall ask, it shall be done for them."
By all means agree weekly for your husband's
conversion. The writer knew of two young
mothers who met steadily for years, hoping
against hope, but wrestling for their ungodly
husbands till both were given them in answer to
their prayers.

In the meantime erect the family altar, and in

the face of customary neglect, adverse opinion,
natural timidity, and Satan, worship with your
children daily, in the father's absence if it must
be so; he will feel the effect of it. This has
been done, within the knowledge of the writer,
by some such mothers, and the Spirit has con-
verted their husbands and their households.

The writer indulges the fond hope that you
will not regard this appeal to you as unneeded,
or as requiring too much from the sisters, though
it may be shrinking matter. Her hope will be
in neglect venture to abide the judgment
day, when you may see two-thirds of your grown
offspring wanting among heaven's gathered
jews; and the husband lost forever. God
forbid that you should; yet if you continue in
sin all this must be realized. O eternity, eter-
nity, what a record will thou unfold!

Ye privileged members of a kingdom bought
by Immanuel, appointed as the guardians of
your dear ones, you are under charge to be faith-
ful to them. Find for review that divine statute,
"These words shall be in thy heart; and thou
shalt teach them diligently unto thy children,
and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy
house, and when thou walkest by the way, and
when thou liest down, and when thou risest up;"
Deut. vi. 6, 7. Thou shalt do, thou, the mother
certainly, if the father refuses. The command
is peremptory, thou shalt. No excuse is admit-
ted. The duty is too important to be neglected.
Souls are in jeopardy. This fearful hour to dis-
obey. It is Jehovah's grand method to people
heaven, whose great harvests are gathered from
wondering households.

Night and day instruct and talk of divine
truths, "always with prayer." You must do it
if with fasting, or even expiring, as one said who
did not expire but lives to see her numbered
family hopeful for heaven; and better rewarded
is she than to see her sons and daughters com-
mon heathens as the prayerless favorites of the world.
Beginning early thus to teach and to pray, the
task will be found comparatively easy; happy
control will be secured, the services will be re-
lied, and the little home sanctuary be pleasant
to the household. Beginning late, the task will
be more formidable; but the mother must be
steadfast in performing duty, and soon a son,
and her husband also, by the power of the
divine Spirit be brought to lead the praying
group.

Happy church where all families are such.
Happy earth when the millions of households,
on every shore, shall lift up to heaven their morn-
ing and evening sacrifice. Glorious heaven,
whose vast family, made up of such, shall serve
and praise the Father of spirits forever. Let
compassion render earth like heaven as speedily
as possible.—Am. Tract Society.

Friends of Jesus.

What infinite condescension in Jesus to call
us worms his friends! But he not only calls us
so, but treats us as such, and expects us to do
what he commands us. In Jesus thy friend? Then
visit him often, let him hear thy voice in prayer
and prayer; then trust him confidently, let him
see a proof of thy faith in thy dependence;
then walk with him in love, let him enjoy much
of thy company; then expect him to be thy
friend in sickness and in health, in poverty and
in plenty, in life and in death. If Jesus is our
friend, he will never be desertive; if father and
mother forsake, he will take us up and take us
down; we can never be misdealt, he will receive
us and be a Father to us; we can never be neg-
lected, for He will never fail us nor forsake us,
but will do for us all. He has promised in his
word. He will defend us from his foes, visit us in
sickness, and cheer and support us in death.
Precious LORD Jesus be thou my friend, call
me thy friend, and treat me as such in life, in
death, in the judgment, and before thy Father's
face forever.

Where are the Converts?

Christian friends, where are all the converts
of last winter? This question demands more
than a passing thought when even the limited
observations of the writer proves that in many
places a large part, and sometimes the largest
part of those added to the church go back to the
world. And statistics gathered on this point
not only prove the truth of a limited obser-
vation, but give truly deplorable figures. Figures
and facts which are reliable, prove that of those
added to our church as probationers, the most
of whom, it is believed, were truly converted,
many by thousands merely, but tens of thousands,
do almost yearly disappear from our numbers
as a church. During one year of the past no
less than 75,000 were dropped from our lists.
There is a startling eloquence in such facts
which leads us seriously to inquire, Can we not
in any way prevent this fearful "drawing back
to perdition?" Who will be responsible for
many of these precious souls if finally lost?—
We, as members and ministers will be, most
certainly. Let us who have had them under
our watch-care, and have led to do our duty
toward them, carefully look into this matter,
and see what duties we have failed to perform.

Have we done our duty in encouraging the
young convert? In this various trials did they
have they had our sympathy and love? O how
many lambs of Christ's fold have yearned for a
sympathizing, Christian friend, and have at
last been driven back to the world by the self-
ishness, the cold indifference shown to them
by members of the church: We owe to those
who so "offend these little ones!" And who
can tell the injury done to our holy cause, the
sorrow brought upon the name of Christ, by
those who thus go back to the world? God
help us to deliver our souls from the blood of
our brother, and save us from bringing dis-
honour upon his name!

What are our duties as Christians to the young
converts? how may we prevent the fearful
work of their backsliding? Are questions, which
demand serious consideration and study. My
sincere desire is, by it a few thoughts penned,
to call the attention of all Christians to this
subject. Allow me, dear Christian friends, in
conclusion to ask, "Where are all the converts,
the probationers, which have been taken into
the care of the church of your community
during the past six or eight months? Are they
still found regularly in the class-room?—In the
prayer-meeting? Are they still on their way to

heaven? Do the young disciples have your
encouragement and counsel—your earnest
prayer? Do you still feel a deep interest in
their spiritual welfare, or was your solicitude
only felt at the time of their conversion, and
have you none now for their final salvation? O
how many Christians thus let their love for
souls—their zeal for Christ's cause die with
the revival! But for which should you feel the
most anxiety, the starting-point or the final
triumph? To labour for a soul's conversion is
a great object—a blessed work; but to labour
for the final salvation of a soul is an object
much greater—a result more glorious. And
how many souls might, through our instrument-
ality, be finally saved, if we did what we could
to prevent their backsliding? God help us to
do our whole duty, especially in trying to aid
the young Christian on the way to glory.—
Christian Advocate.

Forgive Seventy Times Seven.

Consider that unfruitful tree about which per-
mission was begged to dig and await a fruit.
Verdicts should not often be final. Com-
mon kindness with faith in the promise of evan-
gelism, ask for a new trial. We do not throw
away a gun for missing fire. Will you not down
a man for being behind time once? He has
lost one life, but that is enough, men say;
but we are not all fishes. We are of bankrupt
stock; and it is to-day's duty to try one another
again.—Failure of confidence often strangles
kindness and women to death. A year ago sworn
enemies, now coolness, scandal and despair.
O, ye who love, let there be no beginning of
mistake; for none can order his affections as
captains order their troops, and estrangement
and more may come of it. God does not give
up whom we separate from. Elevate the man
of errors and sins by kind intentions. There is
a best to affection, and that is warmth well
applied. The myrtle gives a glossy green, yet
youthful but leaves. In a deep sleep it dreams
of a more genial home under a kinder sky and
a warmer sun, and the upping lands blossom
into beauty. It was of but decent behaviour till
the longer season came, and the light of a war-
mer countenance shone upon it. Put in sunshine
upon the night and half-days of men, and the
springs that were in immaturity will illuminate
the land with reason. The sunny vegetation of
the mountain rocks may be the monarch of
plants in the valley. A letter soft as mullin
leaf was sent in answer to a bitter one. It
brought a return note of repentance and bless-
ing.

You adjust your trellis with great pains as if
you loved it. Do as well with your wife as you
do with your grape vine. Think you there is no
one to be her spring? Is she not a Christian?—
Carries set down as feminine weakness—these
are the ways of mock manliness and broken
hearts. Sad as speech of ocean wave is the
alienation of friends.—The town, as the smile
of evening eaves, let us take in the spirit of
Jesus's rule of forgiveness, and put aside sev-
enty times seven faults. Two servants quarrel-
ed and could not think of working together
another day. But instead of scolding each
other and pulling hair, there came forgiveness
and agreeable talk, and sewing at the same kit-
chen table and by the one lamp were the results.
The politician and the preacher quarrel with
the editor; and the latter gave a morning note
to the "my paper" of mad partnership in it.
Towards friends as well as blows. The
paper that shows me my blunder is the mission-
ary sheet. Are we to be boxed off into circles
and mutual admiration societies from the
world of humanity and action? Your compan-
y at our arm stumbles, and you instinctively
draw her up. Will you let her fall when a
mental obstacle is in her way? Try each other again.
Much contempt is cast upon what are called fail-
ures, failures of business, bank business. But
are we not all failures? Try again. Begin
another morning and, though your partner
will come without reaching up to the practice of
your thought, life will grow brighter than past
ideals of it. How slim are old imaginations
when needs begin to outline them.—Dr. Bar-
tol.

Children Christians.

What is it to be a Christian? Practically an-
swered, it is to obey Jesus, and love him, and
trust him and be evermore true to him. And
precisely this the child can do more easily than
the man. In fact, the Christian life itself is but
transferred childhood in Christ Jesus. Look at
your little child, he has in his father and mother
unlimited faith he has in his father and mother!
Why he believes that he can do anything! And
whatever they say, he believes it, though all the
world say contrary. And then he has no anx-
iety about the future. He knows that his pa-
rents love him, and that they will feed him, and
clothe him, and take care of him; and why
should he be troubled about the morrow? And
so he lives on from day to day, anxiously,
trustfully, hopefully, peacefully, with a simple,
undistracted heart, just because he is a little child,
and lives with an unwavering confidence in the
devotion of his parents. Precisely so in the new
life in Christ Jesus a glorified childhood, living
in the heavenly Father's protection and smiles,
moulded by his rule, content with his love, un-
troubled for the future, feeling certain that the
Father who took care of him yesterday will take
care of him to-morrow. And this is the very
test of piety.

Before a man can become a Christian he must
come into the infantile state. Jesus took a little
child and set him in the midst of them; and when
he had taken him up in his arms, he said unto
them: "Except you turn and become as little
children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom
of heaven."

Therefore it is that, of all persons, little chil-
dren are most likely to become Christians; and
the younger they are the greater this likelihood.
It is not in spite of their being young, but be-
cause they are young, that their case is hopeful.
The real wonder is, not that little children are
converted, but that men and women are.
The reason that he is a little child, is of all per-
sons the most capable, because the most willing,
to receive Christ and his salvation. When Je-
sus says to him, "You are a sinful little child,"
he believes it. When Jesus says to him, "I died
on the cross that ye might be saved," he believes

it. When Jesus says to him, "Come to me,
little ones, with your weary hearts, and I will re-
fresh you," he believes that, and comes, and is forgiven.
And thus, while the man of mature years is
hesitating, and vacillating and postponing, and
arguing and talking about moral inability, and
election, and fear of falling out by the way, and
not feeling enough, and imperfections of church
members, and what not, the little child jumps at
the pardon which Christ offers, just because he
is a little child, and believes everything Jesus
says. "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and
said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and
earth, that thou hast hid these things from the
wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto
babes; even so, Father; for so it seemed good
in thy sight."—George Dana Boardman.

Religious Miscellany.

Times of Refreshing in Australia.

No tidings can be more cheering to a Chris-
tian's heart than those relating to the prosperity
of Zion. The prayer that daily ascends from
his closet to the throne of God is, "Lord, re-
vive Thy work." If the interests of the Church
are depressed, and discovers reason for the deepest
humiliation and sorrow. God is dishonoured,
immortal men pass into scorn, unbelief, un-
Christian people are at ease, Zion, the richest
purposes of divine mercy are frustrated, like
warm exultants wander from the fold, and Sa-
tan exults in triumph over our exalted Lord.
But when the church is revived, how is the pious
soul filled with joy! His adorable Saviour is
honoured—drooping saints are quickened in
faith and piety—nominal Christians are born
again in the spirit—backsliding wanderers are
reclaimed—the young, climbing the hill of life,
consecrate their service to the Lord—and the
aged, as they go down into the valley, see a
new light, the token of a coming day of ever-
lasting bliss.

And is not this reason for grateful joy that in
these times of prevailing error and vice, God
is still visiting his church with remarkable
tokens of reviving power? On the one hand
Popery, with stealthy steps, is encroaching
on our population; infidelity is infecting
our literature, and corrupting the people; im-
morality, in the form of intemperance, licen-
tiousness, and Sabbath-breaking, is nesting
amongst us, and perpetually sending out its
hideous and obscene blood. On the other hand,
the Spirit is visiting his church with remark-
able tokens of reviving power, encouraging their
prayers, rewarding their faith, and so inviting them
to noble and adventurous deeds. Blessed be
the Lord God of Israel for the great accessions
that have been made to our Zion in the States
of North America. Blessed be God for nearly
six thousand increase to our societies in Eng-
land! Blessed be God for the revival of the
Baptist and Independent churches in all re-
vived prosperity. "O house of Jacob, is the
Spirit of the Lord straitened?"

The Conversion of a Jewess.

The Pacific narrates the following interesting
incident that occurred in the course of the re-
cent revival in San Francisco, California:
"One evening, when opportunity was given
to all to speak who so desired, a young woman
arose and told the story of her conversion,
which was of deep interest to all present. She
was a Jewess, who had been instructed in the
Old Testament scriptures as understood by her
people. The idea of the Messiah had taken
strong hold upon her mind. She wished that
He might come, and longed for a knowledge of
Him. Thus affected, she was led to study the
New Testament and to converse with her Chris-
tian acquaintances. Soon she began to inquire
for whom Jesus of Nazareth was not the One
whom she had so deeply longed. She be-
came convinced that Jesus was indeed 'He that
should come.' She spoke of this to her parents
and friends. At first they laughed at her; then
they tried to compel her to give up her belief.
"She, however, remained steadfast; for the
more she thought upon the subject, the more
convinced was she that she was right. Time
went on. She was married, and became a
mother. Her conviction was so strong that she
felt it her duty to give up her old religion and
publicly announce herself to the disciples of
Jesus. She told her husband of her purpose. He
was enraged, and said to her:—
"If you become a Christian, you by that
act divorce yourself from me, and are no longer
my wife. If you do so I will leave you. No man
can take your child from you. No woman can
take your husband from you. No man can take
me. If you love Him, as Christians say, you
cannot love me. You must take your choice:
either abandon your religion, or I must leave
you."
"But she said, 'Only try me for a while, and
see if I cannot love Jesus and you too. I am
sure I can. Just try me and see.'"
"He, however, was inexorable, and she had
to choose between her husband and child and
Christ."
"She did not hesitate long, but soon made
an open profession of her faith. Her husband
was true to his threat. He took their child and
left for the eastern states."
"He has been gone," said she, "now a year,
and I get no word from him; but I am sure he
will come back. I pray for him every day, and
will come certain that God will show him his
error. He did mislead me and bring him and
child back, so that we shall be happy together.
Will you pray for him too?"
"Her story, of which this is only a brief out-
line, was told with such modesty and touching
simplicity, that all who heard it were deeply
affected, and many shed tears as they thought
of the great trial she had endured for the sake
of the Redeemer. Christian sometimes think
they have to make great sacrifices for Christ—
How few in this land of ours have ever been
called to such self-denial as this young daugh-
ter of Israel!"

The Southern Churchmen, discarding of ritual-
ism, chasubles, etc., says:—"It is impossible,
as it appears to us, for Christian men to make
much of little matters without making their
own minds little.

grace of God. Our efforts were next directed
to St. Kilda. There the congregations were
exceedingly encouraging, and upwards of twenty
persons received the pardoning mercy of God.
Some of these cases of conversion presented
features of peculiar interest, impelling to special
gratitude to that Saviour who is able to save to
the uttermost. We are still praying and labor-
ing in expectation that the good work will con-
tinue and spread."

In the Fourth Melbourne Circuit, where great
efforts are being made in the enlargement, im-
provement and erection of sanctuaries, the Lord
is making bare His arm in the sight of all the
people. On the Sabbath of the re-opening of
Richmond Church, the communion was sur-
rounded with penitents, fifteen of whom bore
testimony to the enjoyment of pardoning love;
and both there and in other parts of the circuit
there are tokens of blessing such as have not
been witnessed for many years.

General Miscellany.

The Welcome Guest.

AN ENIGMA.
The following appears as an anonymous se-
lection in one of our exchanges. Without know-
ing the original application designed by its writer,
we suggest the enigma may be solved by any
one on reading \$2 for the Provincial Wesleyan,
Week by week, into our homes
A friend we welcome ever comes;
His brow is very white and fair,
Yet lines of thought are written there;
He will not deign to wear disguise;
We read his mission in his eyes.

Aristocrat he cannot be,
For in the humblest cot he lies;
And yet his footsteps noiseless fall
In many a rich and tasteful hall;
And on this feature may we reflect,
He enters each with due respect.
Both old and young claim him their friend;
To him they eager hands extend.
The little ones he don't forget,
Their portions in a corner set;
He, like a man of culture true,
Gives each as culture suits his due.
Quite varied is the news he brings;
At first we list the song he sings;
Then care and pain he soon dispels
With glowing stories which he tells;
He gleams rare gems from many a page,
Our leisure moments to engage.
Of politics he seldom speaks,
And from his hoarded treasure seeks
A portion for the great and wise,
While he the humblest don't despise.
He has for such a word of cheer,
And brings the far off to near.

His voice in sweetest music swells
When'er he speaks of marriage bells;
With tearful and averted face
He tells who rest in death's embrace
Thus we, in all our life-path, find
The grief and joy close intertwined.
But let me whisper in your ear,
(We will not let the stranger hear.)
This friend must live, as well as we,
He has dependent ones, you see,
And surely should not beg his bread
When he's so worthy to be paid.

What a Good Wife is Worth.

A Kentucky farmer furnishes the following
evidence of the money value of a wife. The
companying of such a wife was even more
precious than her industry and economy.
"I have been farming twenty years. The
first four years I was unmarried. I began farm-
ing with two hundred and fifty acres, in the Blue
Grass region. I handled cattle, hogs, sheep, and
horses—principally the two first named—and
lived, I thought tolerably economically, spent
scarcely anything for tobacco in any way,
never betting a cent or dissipating in any way,
and yet, at the end of the four years, I had made
little or no clear money. I then married a young
lady eighteen years of age—one who had never
done any house work, or work of any kind, ex-
cept making a portion of her own clothes. She
had never made a shirt, dress, pants, or waist-
coat, or even sewed a stitch on a coat, and yet,
before we had been married a year, she had
made me every one of the articles of cloth-
ing named, and knit numbers of pairs of socks
for me—yes, and mended divers articles for
me, not excepting an old hat or two. She had also
made butter, sold eggs, chickens, and other
fowls, and vegetables, to the amount of nearly
\$2000, or even sewed a stitch on a coat, and yet,
during the four years that I was single, I had
never sold five cents' worth,—besides making
me purely happy and contented with, and my
own home. And so far as making of money,
we have made money clear of expenses, every
year since we were married, in everything that
we have undertaken on the farm, and she has
made from \$500 to \$800 every year, except one
year, during the time, selling butter, eggs, and making
of different kinds. My yearly expenses for
the clothing, &c., before I was married, were
more than my yearly expenses were after I was
married, combined with the expenses of my wife
and children, and our farm has increased from
250 to 620 acres; and I believe that if I had not
married, it never would have increased but little,
if any; and I have never been absent from home
six nights, when my wife was at our home since
we were married, and her cheeks kiss as sweetly
to me as she did the morning after we were
married."

A Story of Mr. Spurgeon.

Mr. Spurgeon's illness in London has caused
a good deal of anxiety among the multitude
who are counted his admirers. There is so
much humor about him, as well as original and
genuine kindly feeling, despite the narrowness
of his theology, that he is a general favorite.
The last story is to the following effect:
A short time ago, a daughter of the Established
Church expressed to a dissenting acquaintance
a desire to hear Mr. Spurgeon, and asked to be
informed of the place and hour in the event of
a preaching visit of that gentleman to the
neighborhood.
A visit of the kind happened to be soon after-
ward made, and the clergyman hearing of it,
went with his wife to the service. The reverend
gentleman happened to be put in a front pew
up in the gallery by the side of the pulpit. He
was an attentive listener, and saw a good deal
of merit in the sermon. When it was over, a
collection was made, the organist indulging in
a voluntary during the proceeding. The clergy-
man having put his contribution into the plate,
thought he would wait for the concluding
prayer, but would get out before the crowd was
in motion, so he signalled his wife to rise.
However, it was no easy task to pass before the
other occupants of the pew, and the clergyman,
getting nervous at the rustling of dresses and
knocking down of hymn books, pulled his wife
and whispered to her to come back. She,
however, thought the worst was over, and con-
tinued her journey. Again he tried to stop her,
with a similar result, when Mr. Spurgeon, who
had been looking on, and who divided the pul-
pit to eternal life.

Ten Guineas' Worth of Advice.

The following anecdote is told of the cele-
brated Henry Fielding: "The son of one
Boaz de Pabon, a celebrated Jew, was on the
point of marrying a Christian lady. His father
made no objection to the intended wife's reli-
gion, but was greatly dissatisfied with the match
on account of her small fortune, in consequence
of which he refused his consent. The son who
was desperately in love, threatened the father
that he would marry her without his consent;
and the father, in his turn, threatened that
he would not give him a shilling. The young Jew
answered that he would force him to do it; and
that if he refused dividing his substance with
him, he would get himself baptized in order to
benefit of the English law, which (then) assign-
ed to a Jew child becoming a Christian the half
of the father's property. Boaz, confounded at
this answer, went to consult Fielding, to know
if such a law really existed. Fielding told him
that it did exist, and was in full force; but ad-
ded, if he would give him ten guineas he would
put him in a way of frustrating his son's hope,
so that he should not be able to get a farthing.
Boaz instantly told down ten guineas. Field-
ing, having pocketed the money, told him his
remedy was to 'turn Christian himself!'"

Obituary.

WILLIAM HOLLAND, WILMOT, N. S.
What are the records of human life but as
words written on sand, destroyed by the wave
of the next hour; yet as waymarks, it is well
at times to find a transient trace of those who
have gone before, who, though bested with
mortality, sin and care, have possessed a good
and laid hold on eternal life. William
Holland, the subject of this sketch, was of Eng-
lish ancestry, and was born in the county of
Tyron, Ireland. His parents had been mem-
bers of the Church of England, but became
identified with the Wesleyans. At the age of
thirteen years he sought and found peace with
God, and from that time till the close of life,
he ever with his face toward the celestial city.
His own account of his spiritual state in early
manhood was, that although he had not wickedly
departed from his God, yet he had too much
impaired the spirit of the world. Those familiar
with the History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798
will form some idea of the trials of those who
in any measure mingled in the contest. His
recollections of the events of that period, and
the reliable information of the century preced-
ing, would present some historians as being
largely inaccurate. Having become familiar
with the use of arms, and with the spirit and
discipline of a soldier, in connection with the
voluntary movement of that time, his inclination
was toward a military life, which he only re-
sisted in obedience to the laws of his country.
In reference to that period, he has heard to say
for several years he only looked for death amid the din
and carnage of the battle field, or that, had he
followed his own counsel he would have been
just ripe for Waterloo.

This crisis past, his mind became deeply ex-
ercised about his spiritual interests, and he in a
great measure regained his early love and zeal.
He was looked upon, as one who by grace as
well as natural gifts, was destined for a high
sphere of usefulness in the Christian Church; yet
from self-distrust, the opportunity was allowed
to pass. But in the local circle, he was not idle,
but zealous for his Lord and Master, in pro-
claiming the glad tidings of salvation. In re-
ference to the public ministry, he would fre-
quently say, that he served them a good part
of their work—the work of calling sinners to
repentance, and would at times express himself
in such a way, as implied that the conviction lay
on his mind, that his path in life was not his
providential one. During the summer of 1812,
with his wife and child, mother and brother,
he left Ireland in an American ship, which was
captured by an English sloop of war; the result
to him was, that with his family and friends
he was thrown into Nova Scotia, and after taking
the measure of its people, soil and climate, he
made it his adopted country.

The Wesleyans it appears were not slow in
taking him by the hand and encouraging a con-
tinuance of his public religious services, and in
these he continued many years, as a class-leader
and local preacher to the spiritual profit of many.
But as one by one of those with whom he had
taken sweet counsel were passing away, and he
engaged for a few years in Legislative duties
as a member of our Provincial Parliament, al-
though in the opinion of his most intimate
friends not retarding his own spiritual progress,
yet materially interfering with his former pub-
lic religious duties, and when released from political
strife, the absence of his helpers and friends of
his own flock, and the infirmities of age gather-
ing around him, his public ministrations came gra-
dually to a close. Yet it was evident that while
the outward man bowed beneath the weight of
years, he rose to the stature of a man in Christ
Jesus. His conversation was rich with personal
religious experience and scriptural knowl-
edge. At times, conflicts and doubts and fears, and
wondering at being a prisoner in Doubting
Castle, yet there was a key in his bosom which
was not allowed to gather rust, and his evidence
of present and future acceptance grew brighter
and stronger, until on the 24th Sept., 1867, in
the eighty-sixth year of his age, without a sigh
or struggle, the weary wheels of life stood still.
The immediate cause of his death was paralysis.
He had been twenty-seven years a widower.
The wife of his youth and the mother of his
children (a truly Christian woman for having died
Sept. 5, 1840), the occasion of his interment
was improved by the Rev. G. M. Barratt, in a
very appropriate discourse, and the remains con-
signed, "dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to
ashes, in good hope of a glorious resurrection
to eternal life."