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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 thee as me are flouting,  
My Saviour says, 'Thy I, 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 me to the living Father by 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.

Nay pain or trouble, sorrow or affliction,  
Famine or peril, nakedness or sword,  
Or pain 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 foresaw  
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 saved.

And facts like these would probably  
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!

Woe to 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  
New England, a Mr. B., and his pious wife.  
He became a member of the Canadian Parlia-  
ment. A minister from the States came to labor  
in the church of which Mrs. B. was a mem-  
ber. A revival ensued. She prayed importun-  
ately 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 repented 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 "sinner of all  
sinners" 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, but by the example of your life;  
must not labor to stir children for the care of  
this God-forgotten world—Christ will notice  
the Spirit's earnest prayer. 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 venture. Her hope will  
not 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  
wretched 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 with the profligate 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.

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 instrumentality,  
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  
faith 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 heart to affection, and that is warm will be  
as then to see her sons and daughters com-  
mon heathens with the profligate favorites of the world.

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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 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

glory 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 laboring  
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.

Christians, here is something that should in-  
terest you more than gold-finders and electric  
telegraphs, and all the wonders of commerce,  
art and science. And now the question arises,  
shall we have a revival in all our circuits and  
throughout the colony? Why not? Surely  
we need to be revived. There are the masses  
everywhere in the power of godliness.  
Every direction is in curd congregations with a  
perishing soul to Christ; the number of conver-  
sions is yet uncounted to God! the  
children are leaving our schools unevangelized,  
joining the ranks of the foe; many even of our  
church members know nothing of the new birth  
unto righteousness; our sermons, prepared  
with study and prayer, are often powerless in  
bringing souls to Christ; the number of conver-  
sions is deplorably incommensurate with the  
amount of our labors; the growing taste among  
the professors of religion for fashionable amuse-  
ments is a sad indication of an unevangelized  
heart; while inconsistencies of religious character  
are lamentable proofs how many carry the form  
who know nothing of the power of godliness.  
We tremble while we write. The need of a general  
revival is urgent and affecting. And again we  
ask, shall we have this revival? We say, The  
faithful God promises His Spirit to them who  
ask Him. Christ is seated on His throne, "henceforth  
expecting" till His purposes are accomplished.  
The work will go on concerning the Church:  
"I will visit the house of my glory."  
And why should we not expect thefulness of  
the Spirit's power? Oh, Christians, Christians,  
ye men and women concerned by profession for  
the glory of God and the salvation of souls,  
do you go speedily to pray before the Lord, and  
to seek the Lord of hosts. "To your knees with  
earnest, importunate, and believing prayer! Be  
this the resolve of every individual Christian—  
"For Father's sake will not hold my peace, and  
for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the  
righteousness thereof go forth as brightness,  
and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burn-  
eth." Drink into the spirit, catch the fervor,  
imitate the boldness, and maintain the persever-  
ance of these burning words. And do you think  
that from such prayer as this, God could, or  
would withhold the fulness of the blessing?—  
Melbourne Wesleyan Chronicle.

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 were not the  
words she had so deeply longed for. She be-  
lieved 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, and  
take your child from you. No woman can be  
a follower of Jesus and be faithful as a wife to  
me. If you love Him, as Christians say you  
do, 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. As he did mine to 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. Christians 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-  
istics, 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.

## 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 each 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, 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  
companyship 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  
nothing of the money 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  
\$500, 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 600 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 like 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 Establish-  
ment 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  
resolved to do as he pleased, and that if he  
did not give him his substance with him, he  
would get himself baptized in order to enjoy  
the benefit of the English law, which (then) as-  
signed 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. Fielding,  
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 left behind 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 will of his parents.  
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  
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 gathering  
around him, his public ministrations came grad-  
ually 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  
wonderful peace of 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."