

The Freeman's Wesleyan

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The Fullness of Jesus.

My sins on Jesus.— Lev. xvi. 21.
The spotless Lamb of God; Heb. ix. 14.
He bears them all, and frees us Heb. ix. 28.
From the accursed load. Gal. iii. 13.
Bring my guilt to Jesus. Acts xiii. 38, 39.
To wash my crimson stains. Rev. vii. 14.
Whitens his blood most precious. 1 Pet. i. 19.
Till not a spot remains. Eph. v. 27.

I lay my wants on Jesus.— 1 Peter v. 7.
All fullness dwells in Him. Col. i. 19.
He heals all my diseases. Psal. ciii. 3.
He doth my soul redeem. Gal. iv. 4, 5.
I lay my griefs on Jesus. Psal. lv. 15.
My burdens and my cares; Psal. lv. 22.
He from them all releases.— Isa. lxxiii. 9.
He all my sorrows shares. Heb. iv. 15, 16.

I rest my soul on Jesus.— Deut. xxxiii. 27.
This weary soul of mine; Cant. ii. 28.
He right hand me embraces. Cant. ii. 6.
I on his breast recline. John xiii. 53.
Love the name of Jesus; 1 John iv. 19.
In whom Christ the Lord! Matt. i. 23.
Like fragrance on the breeze. Cant. i. 3.
His name abroad is poured. Phil. ii. 9, 10.

Hang to be like Jesus.— 1 John iii. 2.
Meek, loving, lowly, mild; Matt. xi. 29.
Hang to be like Jesus.— 1 Pet. ii. 21.
The Father's holy child. Acts iv. 27.
Hang to be with Jesus. Phil. i. 23.
And the heavenly throne. Rev. vii. 3.
To sing with saints his praises. Rev. v. 13.
To learn the angels' song. Rev. xiv. 3.

The Swiss Basket-Maker.

One Sabbath morning, when Henri and Lina, two little Swiss peasant children, went with their parents to the village-church, the minister took for his text that passage in the Gospel which tells of the Saviour, on the Sabbath, curing a man born blind. The pastor spoke with great earnestness of the child belonging to the Christian Sabbath; the works of love in which we may engage at that holy day, and the importance of abstaining from all unnecessary labour. Even Lina understood, and was interested by what he said.

"Well, Lina, were you not very tired?" "No," said the little girl; "I liked to be at church very much; and I should like to go every Sunday."
"I am glad to see that," said her father, "if you understood what our good pastor said."
"He told us," said little Lina, "that we must not work on the Sunday, but think of our Saviour's love, and try to do like Him."
"Well, Lina, you remember well; and I hope you and your brother will love your Saviour, who died for you, and keep His day holy."

In the afternoon, the two children were sitting near the cottage, on the bank of a small stream, when suddenly Lina looked serious, and said, "Henri, do you remember what the minister said?"
"Yes, Lina,—that we ought to love the Sabbath more than any other day, and do not work on that day; but that we may comfort any one in trouble."
"Oh, Henri, to-day I saw blind Joseph making baskets; but perhaps he does not know that the Sunday belongs to the Saviour." The little girl stopped, and appeared to reflect for a few moments; then she continued, "Henri, let us go and tell blind Joseph that to-day belongs to the Lord Jesus."
"Yes," said Henri; "and as he is very poor, let us take him our new half-pence that Rudolf gave us. Blind Joseph is often obliged to beg his bread."

Lina joyfully agreed to this, and the two children set out for Joseph's cottage. They found the poor old man seated on a bench in his little garden, making a basket. Lina walked up very close to him, and said in a gentle tone, "Joseph, I think that you do not know that Sunday belongs to the Saviour, and you must not make baskets to-day."
The blind man appeared taken by surprise, and in a rough manner said, "Who are you, and what do you want?"
"I am Henri," said the little boy, "and this is my sister Lina."
"And you are come to tell you," said Lina again, "that the Sunday belongs to the Saviour, and that we ought to love the Sunday, because it is His day."
At these words the blind man made an impatient movement, knit his brows, and went on hastily with his work. For a time he kept silence, and the children remained quietly standing before him. If he could have seen them, he must have been touched by the expression of pity on their young countenances. At last he said to them, "That is nothing to you; go back to your home."
"But, Joseph," said Henri, "we must first give you what we have brought you; and here are the two pieces of money into the blind man's hand."
Astounded and confused, old Joseph exclaimed, "My children, why are you come here to me?"
"We wished to bring you our money," said the two children; "and tell you," added Lina, "that you must not work on the Sunday."

"But what can I do?" said old Joseph. "I am blind, and half-deaf; how could I go to church?"
Henri drew from his pocket the little Testament that had been given him at the Sabbath-school, and said, "If you will leave off your work, I will read you what the minister read to us this morning at church."
He then sat down on the grass, with Lina beside him, close to the old man. The latter involuntarily laid his hands, and listened attentively. The little boy read a part of the ninth chapter of John's Gospel. It is that which relates to the miracle of a man who was born blind, to whom the Saviour gave sight.
This appeared quite new to the old man, and at times a ray of interest escaped him. When the reading was finished, the children rose, taking hold of his hand, bade him good-bye, Lina saying, "Do love the Saviour, Joseph, and do not work any more on this day."
When they were gone, Joseph felt unable to return to his basket-work. Deep in meditation, he remained silent, until the sun had gone down, when he went into his cottage, took the supper his old housekeeper prepared for him, and then went to

bed. Those words of the children, "The Sabbath belongs to the Saviour," had touched his heart and begun to agitate his conscience.

The week afterwards, when the children came again to Joseph, they found him ill in bed. They sat down by his side, gave him some cakes they had bought for him, and then Lina said to the old man, "Would you like to hear Henri read again to you from the Bible?"

"Yes, O yes!" said the sick man; and a deep sigh escaped from his throat. Henri opened his Bible, and read the fifth chapter of John's Gospel. Joseph listened with great attention, and when Henri had finished, said, "I wish I could often hear something of this Jesus; but I have only you, Henri, to read to me. Can you not come in every evening to your house, and read to me?"
"Yes, certainly we can," cried the two children; "after school, we could come every evening to your house, and read to you."
"But," said little Lina, with much earnestness, "don't you know who Jesus is?"
"No," replied the man sorrowfully, "in my childhood, I often heard His name; but since then, I have forgotten all I heard, because I have never been to church."
"Let me try to tell you all I can about the Saviour," said Henri. The little boy, in his simple way, told Joseph that Jesus was the Son of God; that he came down from heaven to die for us; that He was born in a stable, where He was crucified in a manger; that when He grew up, He went about doing good, giving sight to the blind, curing the lame, and calling even the dead to life; that he came to show sinners the way to heaven; that the Jews sinned to believe in Him, and at last crucified Him; that when on the cross, he prayed for his murderers; that after his death he was placed in a new sepulchre, from which he rose on the third day, and after forty days ascended to heaven, where he sits now on the right hand of God; that by His death He purchased eternal life for those who believe in Him.—Henri ended by repeating to old Joseph the following words of Holy Scripture:—"God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."
"Ah," said little Lina, "you are ill, Joseph, come to Jesus, and He will do you good."

"But," answered the old man, with a sigh, "Lina, I am a wicked man, and I have never loved the Saviour."
"Love him now then," said the little girl. "He has long loved you."
Old Joseph could not reply, but tears ran down his cheeks. The children now obliged to leave him, as it was getting late.
After that day they came every evening to see and read to their poor old friend. The minister, old Rudolf, and their parents also, frequently came to visit poor Joseph.—The Lord was about to cure his mental blindness; but before this blessing was bestowed upon him, the wise and good Physician of souls saw fit to send upon the blind man a long and painful illness, from which he did not recover until the following Spring.

One evening when Henri was reading to Joseph of Jesus, the Friend of those who are weary and heavy laden, the old man treated Henri to go and ask the minister to come to him. The good pastor soon came, and had a long conversation with old Joseph. Peace had at length entered his soul. The Lord had given him mental sight. The eye of his understanding being opened, he now saw something of the love of that dear Saviour who had died for him. He had first been shown his danger as a poor sinner, and then the Holy Spirit had applied to his wounded conscience the words of Holy Scripture:—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

Some weeks afterwards, on a fine Sabbath, a spring morning, when the trees and lawns were clothed in green, and the meadows were covered with fresh verdure, the bell called the villagers to the worship of God. The blind man, led by Henri and Lina, joyfully bent his way to the church. There had been joy in heaven over this repenting sinner, and there was joy in this little village. The pastor took for his text those words of our Saviour, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength." (Psal. viii. 2.) From that time, every Sabbath the blind man occupied his place at church. Those who had known him before, and saw him now, were often tempted to ask each other, "How was this man, being born blind, received his sight?" for upon his countenance, and in his words and actions, shone the light of God's Holy Spirit; of that Spirit of grace which changes a heart born in sin, into a heart washed in the blood of Jesus.

Lina and Henri knew from their parents, and from old Joseph himself, what had taken place in his soul; and they were full of joy on the Sabbath when they first led him to church. On the evening of that day, when Lina said her prayers, she added in her childish simplicity these words, "Lord Jesus I thank Thee that Thou hast cured poor Joseph, and that Thou hast made him love Thee."—*Tract Magazine.*

The Three Glances.

A pious man was once asked, whence it came, that in spite of all the calamities of life, he could still preserve such equanimity. He answered:
"It comes from this, that I take good care of my eyes; for all evil comes into the heart through the sense, but good, also, by the same way."
Upon further questioning how he did this, he said:
"Every morning, before I go to my business and among men, I direct my eyes thoughtfully to three things: First, I raise them to heaven, and remind myself that my chief business and the aim of my life and endeavour is up there. Secondly, I lower them to the earth, and consider how little room I need, one day, to find me a grave there. Finally, I look upon myself, and think of the multitudes of those whose fortune is worse than mine. In this way I have patience in all my sorrow, and live with the world and men contented in God."
—*Auerbacher.*

WISDOM is the handmaid of virtue—the creator and soul of happiness.

Dancing Schools.

Those who have seen a little girl preparing for a dancing school exhibition may easily trace the germ of every possible form of vanity, frivolity and worldliness. The love of display, the stealthy glance around for admiration and applause, the boldness of demeanor, and even the commencement of coquetry and flirtation take the place of the graceful timidity and simplicity which we expect and admire in the youth.

How unlike are these precocious offspring of fashion to the little children who seek Jesus early, and are sure to find Him!
Yet, alas! there are to be seen in this hot-bed of premature worldliness, the sons and daughters of Christian professors, and even of the elders and deacons of evangelical Churches. How much trouble such parents are laying up for themselves! In vain will they seek, in after years, to keep their children from craving after the places which almost all agree in deeming wholly unsuited to the members of Christian families.

The taste has been acquired by them when young, their imaginations have been fascinated in early years, and the desire now becomes irresistible. Then come the pangs of a pious heart, the yearning of parental anxiety over scenes of gaiety and dissipation where no children of the Church ought ever to be seen, but where these children insist upon going. But the reply is made: "I could not bear my children to reproach me, when they grow up, for their awkwardness and ungracefulness; and there is nothing like a dancing school for improving the figure, and teaching girls to walk well." The latter declaration is a total mistake; but, even if it were true, who would rather hear ten thousand reproaches of this kind than only once have a child say, "Father, mother, you first sent me into the world's ways, and gave me a taste for them. I have continued in them, and now I find it impossible to get out of them." How sensible parent would rather his child should never even know the difference between the Virginia Reel and the Schottische, than that she should run even the smallest risk of acquiring a destructive taste. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

Paul's Cloak at Troas.

Infidels have sometimes sneered at the Scriptures as wanting dignity, and have referred among other passages, to Paul's request to Timothy in the tenth verse of the fourth chapter of his second epistle, to bring the cloak that he had left at Troas, as proof that this charge is well founded. How little could these men understand the calm feelings of the Apostle when he wrote the passage, amidst the circumstances in which he was then placed. The late Robert Haldane, of Edinburgh, whose name, especially among the Baptists, must be dear to the end of time, gives in his exposition of this text, a beautiful specimen of the forcible and simple manner in which he "opened the scriptures." He says:

"On the approach of winter, in a cold prison, and at the termination of his course the apostle Paul appears here to be a follower indeed of Him who had not where to lay his head. He is presented to our view as actually enduring, in a manner so affecting, he describes in a manner so affecting. 'In prisons, in cold, in nakedness.' He had abandoned, as he elsewhere informs us, all the fair prospects that once opened to him, of worldly advantages, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, and had suffered the loss of all things. And in this epistle he has said, 'I have become all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.' He is about to suffer death for the testimony of Jesus; and he requests one of the few friends that still adhered to him, to use his diligence to come before winter, and to bring him his cloak. Here in his solemn farewell address, of which the verse before us forms a part, the last of his writings, and which contains a passage of unrivalled grandeur, the apostle of the Gentiles exhibits a situation greatly adapted to affect us. We behold him standing on the confines of the two worlds—in this world, about to be crowned as righteous by the King of kings,—here deserted by men, there, to be welcomed by angels—here, in want of a cloak to cover him, there to be clothed upon with his house from heaven."—*Watkinson & Reformer.*

Sacred Paradoxes.

BY REV. G. COLES.
"As unknown, and yet well known."
The Christian is often unknown to the many, but well known to God. Being neither a hero, nor a conqueror, nor a statesman, nor a politician; and having but little to do with the world, being mostly a man of business, and of one book, he seeks neither popularity nor praise. Yet, though he is not a hero, nor a statesman, a poet, nor a philosopher, he is well known to his intimate friends, who can properly estimate his character, and to God, who knows his real worth and usefulness on earth. To the poor and despised, the persecuted and forsaken, it is matter of great consolation that God knows all his thoughts, temptations, trials, troubles, difficulties, dangers and sorrows. Men often forget those whom they once well knew, not so with God.

"As dying, and yet well alive." From the moment we begin to live we begin to die; the seeds of disease and death spring up, grow, blossom, and bear fruit in full perfection. This world is rather the land of the dying than that of the living, "for the living know that they shall die." And considering the many disasters and calamities to which we are exposed, it may well be said "we die daily."
"Fate steals upon with silent tread, Found oftentimes in what we least would dread; From the storm with angry brow, And in the smile strikes the blow."
The grave is the house appointed for all living. Man is encircled with diseases and dangers; they aim their arrows at him from every point of the compass, and yet he lives, unburnt in fire, alive in ocean, upheld in air, upborne by etheric divine grace—"immortal till his work is done." Nor is this the more true of natural life than of the spiritual. Every true child of God is "chastened" of the Lord, and many have been scourged of men, yet "not killed," not annihilated, "not destroyed."

The superincumbent air does not crush him, but sustains him. Afflictions of every kind work together for his good. It is true he must die at the appointed time, that is when God shall see fit, but till then his life in His hand, and whether on earth or in the ocean, malignant diseases cannot hurt him; the pestilence touches him not. A thousand fall at his right hand and ten thousand at his left; but it does not come nigh him; for God doth give his angels charge concerning him, and in their hands they bear him up. As He will not destroy Christ while an infant, nor Peter till his work was done, so the children of God are safe under the shadow of the Almighty wherever their lot may be cast.

"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." The true believer begins his spiritual life in a gaily sorrow for sin, but even this sorrow is attended with
"The holy rest, the pleasing smart, The meekness that looks for sin's return, The tears that look for sin's forgivance, The sighs that wait our souls to heaven."
When set free from the law of sin and death, we are no longer under the bondage of the wicked, and on account of persecutions, temptations, and trials, yet amidst all these he rejoices in hope of the glory of God. While in this state of tears he weeps with those that weep, yet rejoices in the prospect of eternal deliverance. As a son he may feel sorrow for his unconverted parents; as a father for his children; as a husband for his wife; as a citizen for his countrymen; as a Christian for a world lying in wickedness; as a Pastor for his flock, when any go astray, or are sick, or afflicted in any other way; yet, in all these relationships of life he may rejoice in a sense of the Divine favor.

"As poor, yet making many rich." Strange paradox, but strictly true! Look at Christ who for our sakes became poor that we through his poverty might be rich.—Look at the fishermen of Galilee, how poor, how wretched and obscure, how despicable among men, yet how rich in faith and every Christian grace, and how do they enrich the world by their heavenly doctrines and holy lives. Each one who like the "poor wise man who deflected the city." Each one was like a "candle set on a candlestick, giving light to all that are in the house," or as the poet says,
"Like as a little taper throws its beams, So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

How to Treat Enemies.

"Love your enemies." So taught the Saviour; and he illustrated the sacred lesson by his example. It was to bless and save his enemies that he came into the world. He commended his love to enemies by doing good to them. It was for enemies that he yielded up his life! How impressive the divine precept, enforced by the high example! And if your enemies persist in their efforts to injure you, and attempt to block up your path, what then is to be done?
"Walk around them, and mind them not; do your duty, regardless of spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—his is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that it resists nothing, while every one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive, active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark, 'They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.' Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute with them, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let them talk—there will be a re-acton if you perform your duty; and hundreds who were once your bitter enemies will flock to you and acknowledge their error. Follow this advice, and you will never have cause to regret it."—*Phil. Chr. Obs.*

Keep Close to the Saviour.

"Keep close to the Saviour, Mary," tenderly whispered the aged father as he took the hand of his dying child. After a long and painful sickness, the sufferer seemed about to be released. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, gathered in a group around the bedside, to see their loved one in the fearful clutch with the king of terrors. At times she seemed almost to fear taking the dread plunge into the unseen world; then reassured by the cheering words of her father, the dying one, with renewed faith, would cling the more closely to Him who alone can save. Unbelieving parents! to whom can you point your dying children, and to God, who knows his real worth and usefulness on earth. To the poor and despised, the persecuted and forsaken, it is matter of great consolation that God knows all his thoughts, temptations, trials, troubles, difficulties, dangers and sorrows. Men often forget those whom they once well knew, not so with God.

Wonderful Increase of Bibles.

The Rev. Dr. Dowling, of New-York, in his recent address at National Hall, at the anniversary of the Philadelphia Bible Society, stated the remarkable and encouraging fact, that more than ten times as many Bibles have been printed and issued in the last fifty years as had ever been issued in the whole world previous to that time. It has been ascertained, said Dr. Dowling, by the most accurate data, that previous to the present century, all the editions of God's word we printed, amounted to less than four million copies, in almost every direct language, whereas, within the present century, more than forty million copies have been issued by Bible societies alone exclusive of the millions of copies that have been printed by private publishers. Since the epoch of modern missions, added the speaker, this blessed volume has been translated for the three hundred and sixty millions of China, for the twenty or thirty millions of Burmah, and has been printed in not less than one hundred and sixty different languages and dialects, into one hundred and twenty of which the Bible had never been translated before. Of these forty million of Bibles, the British and Foreign Bible Society, established in 1804, has issued about twenty-five millions, and the American Bible Society, established in 1816, about eight millions. Of the remaining seven millions, about one million have been issued by the American and Foreign Bible

Society established in 1837. The other six million copies have been issued by about sixty other Bible societies in different parts of the world. Of these societies six are in India: the Calcutta, the North India, the Madras, the Bombay, the Colombo, and the Jaffna Bible Societies. "What an interesting fact," remarked Dr. Dowling, "that the six societies in India, that land till so lately enveloped in pagan darkness, have alone issued over sixteen hundred thousand copies of the sacred Scriptures!"

A Serious Charge Against the Editor of the "Christian Guardian."

MR. EDITOR,—Before preferring the charge I beg the indulgence of a few remarks. I need scarcely remind you, sir, that you are a living, acting enemy to the system of popery; that you hate anti-christ with a perfect hatred; that you have been talking, writing, toiling, and praying for its utter extermination ever since you discovered its fearful tendency to ruin and death; that from the moment you took your seat in the "Editorial Chair" to the present time, you have been furnishing your numerous readers with fearful descriptions of the bewitching, degrading, and destructive system of the "Man of Sin;" that in fact every copy of the paper you issue goes to show that as Cato felt in regard to Carthage, so you, sir, feel, in regard to popery.—I conclude that popery must be destroyed.

Now, it has so happened that during the last four months, your editorials, &c., &c., on this subject have fallen under the eye of an intelligent Roman Catholic, who went immediately from the "Christian Guardian" to the Bible. In the former he was told that popery is a system of error and sin; that a careful reading of the latter he was fully convinced of the truthfulness of your assertions; and was led to a discovery of the fact, that Christ is the only foundation of the sinners hope of salvation.

He next repaired to a Protestant place of worship; solicited an interest in the prayers of God's people; struggled and agonized in prayer for two or three days, when he experienced a clear and satisfactory evidence that God for Christ's sake had pardoned all his sins.

Now, Mr. Editor, I charge you as being one of the chief, and, I believe, the leading instrument of inducing this intelligent young man, first, to utterly abandon the Church of his fathers, and, secondly, to give his heart to God, and unite himself to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. I suggested to the young man the propriety of taking the subject into their serious consideration, and of awarding you the punishment which in their wisdom may deem your crime so justly deserves.

As an evidence of the genuineness of his conversion, I may state that early on the following morning—as we learned afterwards—he started for the country to make restitution to persons he had formerly wronged; although the parties had no knowledge whatever of the wrong he had done them.

He next paid a visit to the priest to relate to him what God had done for his soul, when the following conversation took place:
Priest—"Do you want to come to confession?"
C.—"No, sir, not to you."
P.—"How long is it since you were to confession?"
C.—"Nine months."
P.—"Where have you been?"
C.—"In Newburgh."
P.—"Ah! you have heard something different there, I suppose."
C.—"Yes, I have heard that Christ died for sinners, and I believe it."
P.—"I never heard broader Protestant principles since I was ordained a priest: the protestants rely wholly on the merits of Christ."
C.—"Did not Christ die for sinners?"
P.—"Yes, but you do not understand it, and I can prove it."
C.—"Jesus Christ has said there is salvation in none but him."
P.—"There is no such passage in the Bible."
C.—"There is, for I have read it."
P.—"You must come to me."
C.—"I am sorry I ever did come to you; I'll go to a greater than you, sir; Jesus Christ has invited all, and I shall go to him; he has promised to receive me, and he has received me."
P.—"What will you do if you commit a mortal sin?"
C.—"Jesus Christ is able to keep me from committing sin."
At this stage of the conversation the priest took up a newspaper, and betrayed signs of anger, so conversely said,—"You need not be angry. I simply came to state my views; so, good morning, sir."
C. F.
—*Chr. Guardian.*

A Scotch Sabbath.

The following from *Frazer's Magazine* for last month is remarkable as affording a testimony in favor of the strict Sabbath observance of the Scotch, from one who only looks at the matter in a worldly point of view.—"A Sunday at the sea-side, or as Scotch people prefer calling it, a Sabbath is an enjoyable thing. The steamers that come down on Saturday evening are crammed to the last degree. Houses, which are already fuller than they can hold, receive half-a-dozen new inmates—how stowed away we cannot even imagine. Every one, of course, goes to church on Sunday morning; no Glasgow man who values his character durst stay away. We shall not soon forget the beauty of the calm Sunday on that beautiful shore—the shadows of the distant mountains, the smooth sea, the church spire faintly heard from across the water, the universal turning out of the population to the house of prayer, or rather of preaching. There is a general air of quiet; people speak in lower tones, there are no joking and laughing. And the Frith, so covered with steamers on week days, is to day unruffled by a single paddle-wheel. Still it is a mistake to fancy that a Scotch Sunday is necessarily a gloomy thing. There are no exaction terms, no pleasure trips in steamers, no tea-gardens open, but it is a day of quiet, domestic enjoyment, not addressed, but followed, by the recognized sacredness of the day. The truth is, the feeling of the Sabbath is so ingrained into the nature of

most Scotchmen by their early training, that they could not enjoy Sunday pleasuring.—Their religious sense—their superstition, if you choose—would make them miserable on a Sunday excursion."

Methodism in Ireland.

Amrugh—Interesting Experience—Triumphantly Death—The two Brothers—Remarkable Conversion in answer to prayer.
Amrugh, anciently Ardmactha, the Hill of Willows, was a grant from a prince of Ulster to the first missionary of Christ in Ireland. On it he founded the earliest church and seminary of the island, which became celebrated for learning and piety in Scandinavia, and to the "Ulma Thule" of the poets.

"Fair Amrugh's shrine, whose sacred light broke the dark spell of Lene's night, Landed on the gloom a glorious ray, On Thy red rock a Gospel day, Hang o'er the North a radiant smile, Lately given to Amrugh's soil."
It rose, renewed from frequent conflagrations, until the swarthy Danes who made it and kindred institutions chosen points of attack, were finally driven from the country by the patriotic victory of Clontarf. A cruciform cathedral, elaborately ornamented, a rectangular tower rising from the transept, now crowns the summit, overlooking a handsome and growing city, the residence of the primate of the National Church.

A true and spiritual taste perceives a more excellent glory at the tomb of the second Mrs. Judson, who died in the Bay of St. Helena, in the missionary career of her husband, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II. It is attracted rather by the inimitable scenes of redeeming grace in human life, than by literary amusements that savor not of Christ. As a traveller loves to linger amid the pleasant fertility of low-lying valleys, it turns from the lively ecstasies of the tourist and historian, to find a richer delight in the melting scene of her Saviour, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II. It is attracted rather by the inimitable scenes of redeeming grace in human life, than by literary amusements that savor not of Christ. As a traveller loves to linger amid the pleasant fertility of low-lying valleys, it turns from the lively ecstasies of the tourist and historian, to find a richer delight in the melting scene of her Saviour, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II.

Several years since a Wesleyan Minister visited a family on a remote border of the County Armagh; the journey was long and toilsome, their accommodations were of the slenderest character, but he was comforted by knowing that his "labour would not be in vain in the Lord." In twelve months three of the family professed converting grace; in one of whom, a youth of fourteen, pulmonary disease was rapidly developing.—When compelled to remain in his room, and spend his days in the weary task of fever, he rejoiced in the unclouded testimony of his divine adoption. A fountain unsealed, he poured forth his joys in praise and prayer; his anticipations of heaven were pronounced in the highest key of feeling, his exhortations were impressively eloquent. His friends sat around him in tears, and did not know how to restrain their sobs, as he wept at the borders of the celestial mount, its echoes were breaking from his lips—
"My happy spirit wings its way To everlasting rest; Forsook the torment of day To lean on Jesus' breast."

was audibly spoken by his exhausted lungs, and shortly afterward the silver cord was loosed. An act of faith in the atonement of Christ justified the ungodly, and followed by the witness of the Spirit of adoption. In that moment of assurance the testimony of their own spirit can have no place; it is forbidden by the character of their antecedent life. In all those cases of justification occurring at the approach of death, the testimony of the conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity we have our conversation in the world as also ex-cluded, nor can the undoubting certainty of our reconciliation be attained by inferential deduction from a holy life, for this would render the direct testimony of the Holy Spirit superfluous. These remarks are only intended to correct the mistake of many who substitute the testimony of conscience for the direct witness from above, a mistake that disturbs the harmony of the evangelical system, and is injurious to a close communion with God.

The Scriptures do not sustain the assertion that we may become the children of God without perceiving the change of relation. Adoption without a divine evidence to our intellectual and moral nature, is a doctrine unknown to them. That is not a conversion which fails to come to the understanding. Forgiveness, without consciousness, is a root of bitterness, and has not been with us from the beginning.—A foreknowledge of the conversion of souls is by no means a novelty with those who dwell high on the mount of prayer. The sober-minded prelate and systematic divine, the intelligent pastor and interceding mother, the godly merchant and private slave declare unto us this secret of the Lord.—Faith is foreknowledge: "And this is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us, and if we know that he heareth us, we know that we have the petitions we desired of him."

On a fruitful hill, presenting a godly prospect of the land, the Lord has blessed, with the town of Tandarage in the blue distance, resided, in separate cottages, the families of two brothers. In the house of the elder brother, during the life-time of his pious father, the itinerants of the Wesleyan connection found a home. They unrolled the parchment of salvation to eyes of faith; and that place became a mount of God; until on the surrounding slopes, eight classes, the watchfires of Methodism, were glowing through the night. The venerable man departed to his bright abode; the younger brother formed a separate establishment, and rose to uncommon piety and usefulness among the people. Unhappily, the elder brother, who had made no religious profession, resolved to discontinue the ministrations of the word in his house, and to entertain the Romish priest, with whom he had become intimate.

The next visit of the Rev. John Holmes, the circuit minister, he determined should be his last. This resolution greatly afflicted his brother, and the surrounding Protestant community. On his way to fill the appointment the above-named minister met the younger brother, and was surprised to find him, as he had heard, and W. R. of graceful celebrity, in the parlor of the latter at Hockley. They bowed together before the throne of grace, Protestant Churches.

and the sublime simplicity of the beseeching king, directed the eye of God to the writing that was written: "What things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." They believed the promise of God, and each rose from his knees with the assurance that their petition for the conversion of the elder brother would be accomplished. They journeyed, ascended the hill, and were received with hospitality. The congregation assembled, the man of God stood in his place, and delivered the gracious words, styled by our Anglo-Saxon fathers God's spell. The bolt of the Divine word drove back the deceiving angel of Rome on his serpent trail, and furrowed the heart of the sinner. He fell to the earth, his outward senses were suspended, and a blissful religious profession subsequently evinced that God drew nigh to his soul in the overwhelming power of saving grace. "The right that vails the seraph's face, And all the silent hours of love."
—*Chr. Adv. & Journal.*

Claude of Turin.

The valleys of Piedmont seem to have been expressly selected as a place of shelter for the ark of God during those periods when all Europe resounded with war and national commotion. Christianity was driven from churches and palaces by the onset of the Northern invaders, or it lingered only to be perverted and debased. But amidst these tranquil recesses, which were as yet too humble and secluded to tempt the approach of the spoiler, a primitive race of men had dwelt, who had continued to worship God in simplicity, notwithstanding the prevalent deterioration. It has been asserted, indeed, that the Gospel had been maintained there in a state of comparative purity since the apostolic ages, and this testimony is borne out by some of the Romish historians who have written their histories, although they might be expected, they term the creed of the Waldenses a pestilent heresy. In the several Papal Synods and Inquisitorial Courts, also, in which it was condemned, it is generally spoken of in bitter terms, as having been of long continuance—as being the earliest of all existing heresies—as having existed, even so early as the fourth century, and stretched its ramifications into almost every country.

The first notice, however, which we have of the Waldenses as a regular religious body, is from the history of Claude, Bishop of Turin. This eminent individual who has been frequently honored, and justly honored by historians, with the title of the "First Protestant Reformer," was a native of Spain, and in his youth was appointed one of the chaplains of Louis the Meek, King of France. This sovereign anxious for the instruction of the Piedmontese, among whom the errors of image worship had made fatal progress, appointed Claude Bishop of Turin, in the year 1175. As soon as the good man entered upon his pastoral charge he commenced his labors with apostolic purity. His beginning was against the worship of images and pictures with which the churches were filled, and to which the people were wont to render idolatrous homage. Not only Romanists of our day, but Protestants tending Romanwards, and silly enough to ape that corrupt communion, might take a lesson from Claude.

It was in vain that they endeavored to save their favorite toys by the supplications which the Church of Rome has so accustomed to urge in their behalf.—They alleged that they by no means believed in a divine power inherent in these images—that they only revered them in honor of the holy personages whom they were designed to represent. The Bishop sternly told them that if after quitting the worship of devils, they still continued the images of the saints they had not yet quite shed their idols, but only changed the name of the objects. "Whether," he adds, "you paint upon a wall the effigies of Peter or Paul, or those of Jupiter, Saturn, or Mercury, they are now neither gods, nor apostles, nor men; the name is altered, but the error remains. If men must be worshipped, the absurdity would be lost in worshipping them while living, and when they are dead, they are no longer stocks and stones." After these unanswerable arguments he proceeded to destroy the obnoxious emblems. With the same ardor, also, he proceeded against relics, crosses, screens, and other such trumpery, which had now accumulated to an extent almost wholly to shut out the light of heaven.—The monks became well-nigh frantic at the destruction of their beloved idols and gew-gaws, and reviled him as a heretic and blasphemer, and in many cases the common people were so incensed against the Bishop, that his life was repeatedly menaced; but in spite of their hostility his career was prosperous, and his end was peace.

In studying the life of this early Reformer, and pastor of the Waldenses, we know not whether to admire the integrity of his labors or the purity of his doctrines. It was not enough that he merely lopped off the excrescences of that poisonous tree which was throwing its branches around, and dropping death among the nations; but he laid the axe to the root, by denying boldly the usurped supremacy of the Church of Rome, and asserting Jesus Christ to be the head of the Church. In the same spirit he controverted the authority of tradition, asserting the completeness of the revealed Word of God as the only rule of faith and practice. The worth of human observance in accomplishing our salvation, and upon which the Church of Rome so constantly impugned, he boldly and constantly impugned, and endeavored to teach, both in his sermons and writings, the great doctrine of justification by Faith, as the Apostle Paul had taught it. These important truths, that seemed so greatly to startle the eyes of the sixteenth century, as innovations hitherto unheard of, were, surprisingly, and effectually announced by Claude, Bishop of Piedmont, in the ninth century. For at least twenty years his ministry was continued among the secluded valleys of Piedmont, and its fruits are to be found in the multitudes that were converted to the faith, and the churches that were planted and organized, and the firmness with which the Waldenses adhered to the truths he had taught, amid the depression of universal darkness and centuries of oppression and bloodshed.

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