

# The Provincial Wesleyan.

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## Religious Miscellany.

### To the Memory of the late Rev. James Mann.

Who died suddenly, at N. E. Hartung, (near Shelburne) on Christmas day, 1820, in the 7th year of his age, and 34th of his ministry, universally regretted.

Written shortly after his demise.

Servant of God, well done,  
Thy toil and woes are past;  
Are all exchanged for purest joy,  
That shall for ever last.

The fight was well sustained,  
The conquest sure was thine;  
Armed by the Captain of the Host,  
In canopy divine!

Through many a wearied day,  
And many a tiresome hour;  
Thy course by heavenly ardor fired,  
Was strong in Jesus' power.

The Gospel trump to sound,  
Thy lord's and soul employ;  
To point the sinner to the Cross,  
Was o'er thy crowning joy.

Thy tongue o'erjoy'd to tell,  
The story of the Cross;  
Whilst all of worldly worth's esteemed,  
As vain and sordid dross.

Though rough the stormy way,  
Still glorious was the end;  
Twas all thy business here on earth,  
To preach the sinner's Friend.

To tell each wandering one,  
Those words (tongue of fire)  
By which salvation is secured;  
When earth and globes expire.

To heal the broken heart,  
Hell's captives to release;  
And lead the weary-laden soul,  
To streams of joy and peace.

These were thy cheerful tasks,  
Nor tired nor faint thy way;  
Till called from earth, by death's stern voice,  
To share eternal day.

We miss thy welcome form,  
Thy friendly grasp and voice;  
So wont to raise the sinking head,  
And bid the sad rejoice.

Tho' sudden was thy call,  
Yet safe it was for thee;  
And bright the crown thy brow shall wear,  
Through all eternity.

1821.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.

### Stories for the Young.

BY A PILGRIM FATHER.

NO. 7.

No one in heathen lands is more trusted than the Christian Missionary. Where the people have a religious system and masters of their own they may, indeed, be jealous of any strange doctrine and prejudiced against every new way. And so when the white man—the Teacher who has left home, friends, and native land far across the seas—takes his stand in front of a pagoda, or on the steps of a temple, and opening his Bible, begins to tell the passers by in their own tongue of Jesus and of his wonderful love to guilty men in suffering and dying in their stead, some may mock, others will laugh, and while perhaps a few will go away saying we have heard strange things to-day, it may be that none will turn at his reproach. And when he enters their villages and visits their habitations, or mingles with them in the busy bazaar, speaking of forgiveness through the only sacrifice of Christ, and inviting them to come unto him and be saved, they may say "We will see thee again of this master," impatient of any innovation on their practices, or interruption to the course by which they buy and sell and get gain. Yet although they seem indifferent regarding the subject of the teaching, they cannot be altogether uninfluenced by the teacher himself. If he had come to traffic with them—to barter, to buy or to sell for profit they could have understood him, but that "Out of pity and of love" he should have come to do good to them is something beyond their comprehension. For a time they are suspicious of some covert design, but as they study the character of the gospel of peace and good-will and become familiarized with his self-denying life and labours—as in all circumstances of trial and triumph ; of service and sacrifice ; of provocation and peril, they find him sincere, submissive and kind—ever forgiving and forbearing—they gradually arrive at the conclusion that he is "the friend of all; the enemy of none." And if still the servant of the Lord should say "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" It is worthy of note that the effect of the gospel that he lives is indubitably shown in the confidence reposed in himself because of the beautiful harmony and consistency of his principles and practice. Yes! the Missionary is fit as the harbinger of the better times to come of which he tells, when "Violence shall be no more heard in their land, wasting nor destruction within their borders," as the following incidents may serve to illustrate.

A poor woman, resident in Lower Bengal, was left a widow with one child. She was a worshiper of idols, and being ignorant of the love and consolation of the sympathizing saviour, might have been ready to say, "It is better for me to die than to live." There is so much of sorrow and shame and suffering in the condition of widowhood in India that it is still thought by many that the custom of Suttee or the burning of widows with the bodies of their husbands should not have been abolished, and multitudes would go back to it again if the humane British law did not forbid. However, it may have been in the feeling of this poor, lonely one in the desolation, she found in her little daughter a charm for life and a motive for effort. The world was not altogether void of pleasure, nor the future of hope in the presence of that hapless and fatherless babe. She was already a blessing, and even the cares she created were comforts for her sake. The mother was happy in her child, and never lost sight of her, except when she required to fetch water, or for some such purpose to be absent, and then her fondness made her feet of foot and hastened her return. Posing her water vessel on her head one morning, in the simple

and graceful manner of the women in the East, she proceeded to the village tank for water, leaving her darling amusing herself in the pleasant sunshine near the door of her humble hut. Having filled her pitcher, she again set it on her head, and with steady step and cheerful heart returned to her dwelling. The tank was at a considerable distance, and concealed from view by a top or clump of trees. She had not been long away, however,—no longer than usual,—and she expected to find everything in the same order as when she left. But her child was gone! The prattling little creature was nowhere to be seen. Hastily searched every corner inside the house, and then continued her search in the jungle outside, assisted by her neighbours, who, at the sound of her lamentations, had come out and joined in the quest. But all was in vain. No trace of the missing one could be obtained, and further exertion was abandoned. The interest of the case soon centered in the village, and the people generally allowed the circumstances gradually to pass away from their thoughts. It was otherwise with her who had been bereft. She ceased not to sorrow for the lost, nor did she ever altogether despair of her restoration. Perhaps she was alone in the impression that the child still survived. The prevailing belief was that an evil beast had devoured the innocent—a very common occurrence in many parts of India—that it had fallen into a gully, or wandered into the thicket, or in some other way been deprived of life; but, hoping against hope, the mother clung to the idea that her child had been kidnapped, and might one day be restored to her again. This thought supplied a fresh stimulus to her heart and to her hand. The desire to recover her daughter was added to the motive she had always cherished, to live and labour for her. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and the delay and disappointment of her expectations, from day to day and week to week, must have sadly and sorely sickened her heart. Month after month went past, year after year rolled round, and still the widow waited and waited, but still there was no gleam of light, and no brighter prospect of the long lost being found. Yet bravely and nobly she ever hoped on with a spirit that faltered not amidst the gathering discouragements that thickened round her path. To her there was music in the very name of her forgotten child, and if she was saddened at the silence being broken only by the echoes of her own voice when she called it out, the sweetness of the sound and the memories, it revived mingled pleasure with her pain, and lent new energy to her patient work and watching. Such is a mother's love!

It happened one day, that in passing the gate of a large native establishment situated in the suburbs of the principal city in the province, she caught a glimpse of a little girl in the compound. Something in the appearance of the child fastened her attention. She did not know what it was that fascinated her, but she felt that her much missed and mourned daughter was before her. All her instincts and her affections burned within her. The hour for which she had so ardently longed had come, and her eye once more beheld her. But the girl was evidently unaccustomed both to the endearing tones and sound, and repelled by a startled and inquisitive gaze on the highway, ye don't bid him stop and prove to you that he was ever born, for ye know that he was not, or he wouldn't be there alive," replied Patsey.

"So when ye see one like father, once dead in sin, now alive and walking in the road to heaven, ye may know he's born again, without him proving it to ye."

"What sir! I sell heaven where mother and the baby is, and give up Christ? Och ! no sir ! ye havn't gold enough to buy the new heart out of Dan O'Blaize," answered the boy, folding the Bible to his breast.

"How can you prove, boy, that a man is born again, as you call the change you talk about?" asked the Squire.

"Jesus didn't try to prove it to the ruler, sir, nor will I to ye. If ye see a man walking on the highway, ye don't bid him stop and prove to you that he was ever born, for ye know that he was not, or he wouldn't be there alive," replied Patsey.

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The scoffing smile faded from the lip of the gentleman, as he stood before the poor child, who evidently pitied him. "Pat," he said, "there was a time when I wanted this same faith myself. I had nothing to ask for, but I knew I could not carry my treasure to eternity: so I wanted something beyond. I asked the Squire."

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influences of domestic love soon learned how much she was indebted to her, and to the grace of God in a Christian Missionary.

### Patsey and the Squire.

Patsey O'Blaize was a poor ragged boy, living on a wild Irish moor. He folded the sheep stacked the peat, and dug the potatoes, without hat or shoes, for his owner neither. He also cooked the food, and swept the clay floor; while his father herded the cattle of the Squire, who owned all the lands and cottages around them. There was a poor dwelling, with its one window, and with the thatch falling from the roof; but it was home, and therefore dear to me.

"I never knew, Patsey, that there was so much malice in your heart," exclaimed the Squire.

"Och ! sir, and its all cleaned out entirely," said the boy. "But I give it no rest, for I'll never shelter an enemy of Jesus here in peace."

"And how do you feel towards my brave boys?" asked the Squire.

"How do I feel now, is it? Och ! sir, but I love the very sound of the hoof that brings them to me. I cry out, 'Lord love the jewels!' Give them every blessing thou hast to give below, but don't be putting them off with earthly good; give them thy grace now, and after this a mansion better than the Hall, that will be eternal in the heavens." "Deed sir, I love the whole world now, and I'm just the happiest lad in Kilkenny. I don't envy the young prince nor any body else, mind my cattle will a heart full of blessed thoughts. And sir, if ye go to Jesus like that poor needy sinner ye are, not like Squier Phelan, he'll take ye, too, for his own, and then ye'll know what the new heart is like—Independent."

**One Prize Won, and Another Lost.**

The son of a pious parents graduated with honor at his university. He had been nursed in the lap of prayer, and consecrated in his parent's purposes to the ministry of Jesus. But he harbored piety, and set his heart on winning political distinction.

Distinctly his parents consented to let him study law. In time he was admitted to the bar.

He married an excellent lady, and began to practice with prospects of eminent success. Still abhorred piety, and set his heart on winning political distinction.

Then his wife died, and let us see what like he sometimes showed, and let us seek to set like them. . . . The more our Church shall be what it ought to be, the less shall we have to fear Methodism. Wesley used to say: "My business is to save souls," and "the world is my parish." Do we not say too often, "My parish is my world?"

Professor Rigenbach, of Basle : Methodism is Christianity in its essential parts. An important point of Methodism is that it represents a real, not an ideal fact; as a real change, and not only as a change in the ideas of a man.

Dean Grob, of St. Gall (Canton of Zurich), complained that the Methodist preachers went into parishes without being invited, and that coming from a country where there is full liberty, they did not sufficiently take into account the position of the Established Churches. He confessed, on the other hand, that much could be learned from them: they insist on the new birth, which we have too much left out of our sermons; they go to the people, which we know not how to do; they have faith in the word of God, which we have not.

Dr. Ernest Stebelin, of Basle : The greatest advantage of Methodism is that it is known man, and does not take him to be better than he is.

We hold all men to be Christians, which is unchristian. The Methodists know how to catch hold of the conscience of their hearers; they have a boldness to take hold of them hand to hand. We preach the new birth from the pulpit; but do we, as they do, mention the subject in private, and put the question to every individual?

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my people! my people! this whole place!" On the morning of the 26th of March, 1843, he sank slowly into a sleep which deepened and deepened until his spirit passed without a groan to the presence of his Saviour.

The tidings of his death fell cold on many a heart, and nearly every eye in his parish was red with weeping. The road was thronged by the thousands who gathered to his burial. They laid him in his narrow bed amid sobs and quivering tears, and even to this day his smitten flock often speak his name with moistened eye, and lips trembling with emotion. Although he died a few weeks before his exodus from the Old Establishment, the Free Church of Scotland numbers him among her dearest sons, and writes his name on the same lofty scroll of her founders with the names of Chalmers and Cunningham and Hugh Miller.

"How art thou unfeignedly set? Why should I be wroth for thee? Thy bright and dewy corse Is rising o'er the sea."

N. Y. Independent.

## Obituary.

JOHN F. TODD, OF DOUGLAS.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of another of our members upon the Mainland Circuit. Within a few months the finger of God has written mortality upon aged, middle-aged and young, thus solemnly admonishing the living. The recent letter of our ex-Chairman in the Provincial Wesleyan is, doubtless, fresh in the memory of most of its readers. Mr. Henshaw calls attention to the strange coincidence that those who were brought to God at the revival which took place at Lockhartville in the winter of 1860, several have been called from the midst of life to meet their judge. We now regret to add to the melancholy roll the name of John F. Todd, who was converted to God during that "memorable revival," and has since been a consistent member of the Wesleyan Society. While it could be said of the former, "these all died in faith," we rejoice that it can be so asserted also with respect to the latter. Bro. Todd, after patiently bowing to the will of God during a painful and protracted illness, departed this life on Thursday, the 20th inst., in the 33rd year of his age, leaving an affectionately devoted wife and four helpless children to the care and protection of a covenant-keeping God. It was our privilege to visit this dear Bro. toward the close of life, so that we witnessed the two evident changes. As life ebbed out, faith and hope glowed in. While the former drained the sinking body, the latter filled the aspiring soul. Never, we believe, was there a more patient sufferer. Often he would say, "If the Lord will have me suffer more, I am quite willing to remain, but I am ready, and would gladly go." The conflict with the king of terrors was severe; but viewing by faith the issue of the contest, his hope remained steadfast, and his reason bright to the latest moment. His end was truly triumphant. Among his last words were, "All is well." "I'm going home to die no more." These, with many more precious assurances, are treasured up in the hearts of his mourning friends. His mortal remains were interred on Saturday, 22nd. The occasion was improved by the writer from Num. 23, 10: "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his." Of truth, the "Lord of hosts was with us." Seldom have we seen such grief; but, thanks be to God, our stricken hearts mourned not as those without hope. We fervently commend the widow and fatherless to God, praying that he may give "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Douglas, Nov. 22. L. G.

## Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, DEC'R. 10, 1863.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains with the Observatory, Herald, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the sphere of the Commissioners, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

### The Tidings from Africa.

The recent letter from Dr. Livingston, upon the afflictive dispensation which has left him a sorrowful widower, calls attention afresh to the momentous enterprises now being pursued in the interior of the African continent, and which are hopefully supposed to be associated with the future liberation of that country from the cruelties of ignorance and slavery. Every real philanthropist will accord a tribute of gratitude to the man who can arise from the disengagement of the most impressive and harrowing of all afflictions, to struggle against obstructions which may retard the progress of his own existence, for the welfare of debased tribes whose moral degradation must prevent them from erecting even one rude monument to his memory. The Zambesi, a name to be associated in future with the grateful immortality which faithful endurance and unselfish ambition have secured for the eminent explorer himself—will henceforward be more indefinitely recorded upon his heart and memory. Blended with the prophetic vision of busy scenes and widely extended commercial operations in the field of his own discoveries, will now loom up before the good man's mind the mournful reminiscences of days too brief in their hope and gladness, and the image of one whose tender solicitude would have soothed his spirit in every future emergency but for the relentless interposition of the last enemy—Death.

His communication breathes submission the most admirable, while it speaks of circumstances the most distressing. It is easy to perceive, that even while paying the willing tribute of praise and gratitude to her memory, his emotions were only suppressed as the fiercely-rushing waters are restrained in their surging attempts to burst in under the strongest barriers. His future pathway may be illustrious; but it will nevertheless be sorrowful. There is no severer test presented to the Christian's faith, than the powerful blow which paralyzes his energies in the midst of labours more abundant for the promotion of God's glory and the general good. The grace which alone can hum the murmur, check the sigh, and solve the otherwise mysterious problem, is now the Doctor's only hope and consolation.

A plan most ingenious in its construction, and most prominently introduced in Dr. Livingston's "Travels," was that which he intended to have pursued in the transmission of his wife and crew to the interior. A swift steamer of proper dimensions, conveyed a pieces by a sailing vessel to the coast, and designed for prompt reconstruction beyond certain rapids in the rivers to be navigated, was to urge her way with every speed through the unhealthily regions to a pure atmosphere in the higher country. But some provoking cause of detention—over which the Dr. in his letter lingers musingly for a moment—lengthened out one step of the programme until to the perplexity of suspense, were added the pangs of disease and the sorrows of separation. Little did the noble mind which contemplated a continent's deliverance through me-

thods of genius and benevolence which itself was assisting to devise, imagine that the first experiment was to be accomplished at the expense of our tenderest attachments.

It is to Western Africa, however, that particular and painful attention is at present directed. The thrill of horror which followed the announcement, several months ago, of the atrocities committed in the name of religion by the infatuated King of Dahomey, was in part mitigated by the hope that the ambassador sent by Great Britain to remonstrate against such wholesale murders of innocent though enslaved beings, would avert any recurrence of the sanguinary act. We are informed now, that this same monarch, who last year deliberately contemplated the effusion of human blood sufficient to float a canoe, as a sacrifice commemorative of his father's death, and designed to propitiate his departed spirit, has been enlarging his scale of fiendish operations. The presentation of human sacrifices to the gods has been for thousands of years a characteristic of pagan worship; and the early history of Africa is dark enough with such deeds of cruelty emanating from the superstitious fancies of men whose prowess and triumphs have otherwise graced their country's name with no ordinary lustre. The superior light of the present day, reflected from innumerable surrounding centres, might have been supposed to modify, if it did not annihilate, the barbarities of a land to which Europeans have had continuous access. But so far is this from being the case in respect to Ashantee, that its hideous gloom is only more apparent from its contrast with the light of many lands not vastly distant. The proximity of Dahomey to the Equator upon the one hand and to Sierra Leone on the other, gives the cruelties of despotism a hundred advantages. Exposure to the deadly climate prevents any large accession to the number of Europeans who have inter-communication with the natives might produce a most salutary transformation in their univilized habits; while a disciplined army of fifty thousand men, under the King's absolute control, affords a too ready means of subjugating or harassing the hapless refugees and natives who inhabit the localities lying to the North and West.

It is a question of some force and consistency, whether Britain ought not to interfere in this case. If she should prove to be truth, that a native missionary was among the number massacred—having been crucified with every form of attendant torture—we cannot see how prompt and imperative reprisals can be avoided. A population of nearly fifty thousand colonists at Sierra Leone,—many of them liberated Africans or their descendants, who have been granted a home beyond the exacting tyrant's lash—cannot surely be left a prey to a tyrannic voice unseen under the sway of a fanatical negro despot. The benevolence of Wilberforce and Buxton, Pitt, and Fox, has not been totally extinguished among British statesmen; and the arm which wrenches asunder the unshod chain can surely prevent it from being forged afresh. Altogether Africa's woes are dark enough; but the demands which it presents after twelve centuries of neglect from Europe—during which time a new continent had been presented as a claimant for favor, and received it to the exclusion of a single tribe to the old—should be met and responded to with cheerfulness and alacrity.

With this in view there is blended a large measure of hope for Africa. It cannot avoid public attention and enterprize much longer.

With its three majestic rivers, penetrating from the ocean to the centres or borders of magnificient lakes, it invites and will receive its share of commerce. And should the investigations of Capt. Speke really result in the discovery of a connection between the Nile and Lake Victoria Nyanza, there will be announced to the world a new highway to the centre of the continent, and stretching over thirty degrees from north to south, through a country as fertile and productive as the sun this day shines upon. Over this highway the world's fleets may glide until their blended flag float proudly out to the breezes of Africa's equatorial regions.

BRO. R. WILSON writes:—"Our congregations are good, and steadily increasing, and we have reason to thank God and take courage." We have extended our sphere of labour to Belgrave and Hampton, and at the former place, especially, there is a promise of lasting good being done. In Kingston Village in spite of the pressure of High Church principles we get a large and deeply attentive congregation."

ONE OF THE DEPUTATION.

Bro. S. F. Huestis writes as follows:—"Bro. Tuttle has been engaged in special services at Williamson for about three weeks past. The Lord has pour out His Spirit upon the people—sinners have been converted, back-siders reclaimed and believers very much quickened and revived. Oh! that this may be the commencement of a glorious revival of religion throughout this County, in which we now have three Circuits.

Our Missionary meetings have been held on the Woodstock and Jacksonville Circuits, and the results have been exceedingly favourable. We were favoured at two of our meetings with the presence and valuable aid of our beloved Chairman from Fredericksburg.

KINGSTON, N. B.

BRO. R. WILSON writes:—"Our congregations are good, and steadily increasing, and we have reason to thank God and take courage." We have extended our sphere of labour to Belgrave and Hampton, and at the former place, especially, there is a promise of lasting good being done. In Kingston Village in spite of the pressure of High Church principles we get a large and deeply attentive congregation."

HOPEWELL, N. B.

The Rev. R. TWEEDIE writes:—"Five weeks ago I was thrown out of my wagon, a dark, wet night—had my collar bone broken, and sustained other injuries—I am slowly improving—but not able to resume my work for some weeks yet—I find it good to be in the desert, apart from Jesus—I hope to be better qualified for my work by the affliction."

P. H. ISLAND.

BRO. R. DUNCAN gives the following:—"The season of our almost entire isolation from the sister Provinces and the world at large will not come. We are not greatly distressed in view of this however. We expect to breathe just as freely, and to think and speak with just as much liberty as if our intercourse with your favoured province were not interrupted, or old winter did not hold the Straits of Northumberland under his rigid rule.

Favoured by a benign Providence with a plentiful harvest; as it was "meet right and our burden duly" to do, we have just observed our day of public thanksgiving. In addition to which the thank-offering, to be devoted to the relief of the suffering Cotton-spinners has been, or will be presented from nearly all the districts in this our island-home. You will be prepared to learn that the members of our own Church have not been behind their brethren in this good work.

Besides Subscriptions and Donations in money and materials presented to duly authorized Collectors by our people privately, public Collections have been made in nearly the whole of our chapels. The collection for this object in Charlottetown amounted to £25."

THE OLD CABINET;

OR, MY GREAT GRAND FATHER'S VARIETY BOX.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan:

Without taking upon myself to decide whether so antiquated a Depository is likely to produce materials deserving of notice in the present enlightened and improved state of society, I have concluded to copy some of the manuscripts found thereon and "for the benefit of posterity" should they be deemed as suitable for the columns of your useful paper, I may at some future time again dip into the old box, and copy some of its contents for the Wesleyan.

Respectfully yours,

ANTIQUE.

Old Town, November, 1862.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Pass that by; I don't mind little things. My time is too precious. I must occupy my mind and attention on subjects which will repay and compensate for the labour and time devoted to them." Very good, neighbour. It was nevertheless a wise man who laid it down as an axiom, and with an authority not to be disputed, "He that despiseth little things, by little and little shall he fall;" and, although not of equal authority, there is some truth in the maxim, "Take care of the pence, the pounds will look after themselves."

The amount of work already done is in the aggregate very great. It consists of an entire remodelling of the system of water supply in the city by the substitution of large pipes for small ones in most of the principal streets. There are now laid down, connecting the waters of the lakes with the city, two main pipes—one of 24 inches, and one of 16 inches in diameter by which two mains the present supply of water may be considered to be more than equal to three times the former supply. There having been set aside but two 12 inch mains leading into the city, where there are now, what are equal to seven.

With the aid of powerful fire plugs at the corner of every square, the preservation of the inhabitants from the justly deserved scourge is now rendered more secure, and indeed it seems impossible that any configuration if timely resisted could prevail against the volume of water which may now be an instant brought to bear upon it.

The cost of such a desideratum as an unlimited supply of this useful element is necessarily large, but we are persuaded that no citizen who is sensible of the advantages which it confers, in the increased personal comfort and the security against fire, will have cause to complain. We may affirm that the saving to the public in insurance

alone will more than pay the interest on the cost.

After a summer's experience of the inconvenience of a short supply, or no supply at all, while a commodity so indispensable in domestic matters is "turned off," we doubt not housekeepers will unforgivably rejoice because their vexations in this particular, at least for the present, will have terminated. We learn from the Report alluded to, that it is the ultimate intention to add to the present system, a reservoir and high service for the benefit of the upper parts of the city.

In concluding this brief notice of what we must consider a most valuable civic improvement, we deem it due to the Commissioners of Water Supply, to commend the energy with which this important work has been so far pushed towards successful completion.

Extracts from Correspondence.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY, N. B.

One of the brethren in the land of Saints, as Charlotte County is often designated, writing to us on business, apprises the following:—

"Perhaps I may as well say, as I have a half sheet to spare, that we held our Missionary meetings in the Circuits in Charlotte County according to notice to us from the Report.

"The Deputation proceeded to St. David Circuit, where they had a half sheet to spare, to that it is the ultimate intention to add to the present system, a reservoir and high service for the benefit of the upper parts of the city.

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## VIRONS.

spent in London residence of a lord. The em- twenty miles. A river Thames, ward the great as I do not reflect America, and In various districts the mansions of the splendid do- in the opinion d to leave these fading Pope of

we taking a drive and, we asked the road, and were back.

invited Mrs. Fiel- e closely connect- be taken through- able, we might as- a heroine of the

retained that the Bosanquet, an aristocratic situated a little of Leyton Stone, It is still own- at present re- the same name as Bosanquet, direct- from FOREST from her excellent

has quite the ap- plication. Perhaps it nated, for though d. as the present expects a very neat is situated in the hand- by majestic appearance bespeak past generations.

the rear of the beau- The fine flowers with tropical fruits, of a century since, Bosanquet was told adid her from the which led to her loss. "You will soon our father's house in. There you the common street, to fine large gar- such delighted."

a daughter of Mr. assure us in leading us the commodious she came to one at on the second floor, now the door wide

ROOM." said, as the present with the Metho- nity of hundred s amiable and de- from that dwelling

she occupied be to generation? Is in the fact, though the parental roof. Surely the righting remembrance."

He was a John Wes- appearance a fac- tures Wesley, the seen to the Inter- increased some won- bearing this, to us exceed the pleasure, and so indeed we

Though younger- was at the time assemblance to his being. We saw him undon, but he invited me, and told on we portrait of Charles would interest us. engagements prevented

John Wesley is Though he vener- and father, Charles though doubles a self more enthu- particularly to rever- place of John Wesley, his in store, man."

arts so affectionate- and seen so little. On my individually have

John and Charles had an abund- them into the ever- and Saviour Jesus in reserve for them our prayer that we ministered unto you your coronation. crown?" His eyes we parted.—N. Y.

## General "Stonewall" Jackson.

The Times correspondent, in mentioning the enthusiasm with which Jackson's name is received, describes his christian bearing on the field of battle.—

"Upon one topic only did Washington show any excitement. Strong and eager was the anxiety shown to obtain a photograph of the hero of the moment, "Stonewall" Jackson. A few appeared in one of the shops, and were instantly snapped up. Thousands, and tens of thousands, could be sold in the cities of the North. The interest excited by this strange man is as curious as it is unprecedented. A classmate of McClellan's at West Point, and there considered slow and heavy, and unfavorably known in Washington as a hypochondriac and *mota* *imaginaria*, he has exhibited for the last ten months qualities which were little supposed to reside in his rugged and unsmiling frame, but which will hand his name down for many a generation in the company of those great captains whom men will not willingly let die. More apt for the execution than the conception of great movements, leaning upon General Lee as the directing brain, and furnishing the promptest hand, the most dauntless heart, the most ascetic and vigorous self-denial, the greatest rapidity and versatility of movement as his contributions towards the execution of Gen. Lee's strategy, his recent operations in turning General Pope's right, and passing with a force believed not to exceed 30,000 men to the rest of such an army, massed close to its base of operations, and in the act of receiving daily large reinforcements, command universal wonder and admiration. It is said that, like Hannibal, he is accustomed to live among his men without distinction of dress, without greater delicacy of fare, and that it is almost impossible, on this account, for a stranger to recognise or distinguish him among them. Every despatch from his hand has, as its exordium, "By the blessing of God!" Continual are the prayer-meetings which he holds among his men, invoking a blessing upon his arms before the battle and returning thanks for preservation and (as it has rarely failed) for victory after it is over. In fact, they who have seen and heard him uplift his voice in prayer, and then have witnessed his vigor and prompt energy in the strife, say that once again Cromwell is walking the earth and leading his trusting and entrapped hosts to assured victory. It is not necessary to add that Jackson's men idolize and trust their leader enthusiastically, and have the most implicit faith in his conduct, otherwise the bold and daring steps which he has frequently taken, and from which he has never failed to come off triumphantly, would have been utter impossibilities."

## General Intelligence.

### Colonial.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Nov. 19.—Once more the Yankee nation is evidently essaying an "On to Richmond" march. McClellan, who had seen the elephant on that "journey of death," was unwilling to go about it with the heat the abolitionists had created, and so he has postponed his march to the 1st of December, and the undivided attention of the audience. The Hall was densely crowded, and very many were unable to gain admission. The Lecture on Tuesday evening next, will be by His Worship the Mayor.—Subject—Physical Geography.

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# The Provincial Wesleyan.

## The Family.

### The Winter is Coming.

BY D. G. COLESWOOD.

Winter is coming—cold and drear—  
See ye the poor around?

O, when the wrathful storms career,  
And snows o'er-spread the ground;  
Will ye not take them by the hand,  
Or to the hovel go,

And around the dying embers stand,  
And wipe the tears that flow?

Winter is coming—he ye not?

The mother's earnest cry?

For dark and dreary is her lot—  
No real friend is nigh.

For wood and bread she asketh now,  
O! shall she ask in vain?

Sorrows stamped upon her brow,  
And mark the orphan train.

Winter is coming—every drawer  
Should be unclod to-day;

Whom do you keep that shooting for?

Why not give it away?

Come pull it out—a cloak, a vest,  
Whatever you can give,

Wrapped snugly round the orphan's breast.  
Will make the dying live.

The closet watch—a pair of shoes,  
Half worn—and here's a cap,

Which you perhaps may never use—

A hat with roses a nap—

A pair of pants—a rusty coat—  
O, give them to the poor;

What is not worth to you a great,  
Will health and warmth secure.

What's in your garret? Have the moths  
For months been busy there?

Ay, they have quite destroyed the clothes

You've prided with care.

Come pull them out, perhaps what we may

Find something that will make

A poor man rich, if given to day.

And bless the hearts that ake.

Winter is coming—give, O give

Whatever ye can spare;

A min will make the wretched live,

And smooth the braw of care.

When Plenty smiles around your door,

And comfort dwells within,

If you forget the worthy poor,

Twill be a grievous sin.

The Babe of Heaven.

"DOES YOU LOVE GOD?"

The question came from a sweet pair of lips.

Opposite sat a young gentleman of striking exterior.

The man and the child were travelling in a stage coach.

The latter sat on her mother's knee, his little face beautiful beyond description, looking up from a frame of delicate lace-work.

For four hours the coach had been tolling on over an uneven road, and the child had been very winning in her little ways, lisping songs, lifting her bright blue eyes often to her mother's face, then falling back in a little old-fashioned, contented way, into her mother's arms, saying by the mute action, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour the dear babe, scarcely yet entered her fifth year, had been answering the smiles of the young man, who had been pleased with her beauty. He had nodded his head to her little tones; he had offered her his penknife to play with; and at last her heart went over to her at every glance of a holy love and a trusting faith, which made his pulses leap with a pure joy; and as the coach rattled on, he began to wish the end of the journey were not so very near.

The child had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes regarding the young man with a glance that seemed almost solemn, neither smiling at his caresses, nor smiling at the dear face that bent over her. A thoughtfulness seemed to spread over the young boy that had never yet been shadowed by care; and as the coach stopped at the inn door, and the passengers moved uneasily preparatory to leaving, she bent toward the young man, and hissed in her childlike voice these words—

"Does you love God?"

He did not understand at first, in the confusion, and bent over nearer; and the voice asked again, clearly, almost eagerly: "Does you love God?"—the thoughtful, inquiring eyes meantime beaming with joy.

The young man drew back hastily, blushing up to the very roots of his hair. He looked in a sort of confused, abrupt way at the child, who, frightened at his manner, had hidden her face in her mother's bosom, turned to the coach door, gave another look back, as if he longed to see her face, and then left the coach.

He hurried to his hotel, but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart constantly repeating the question of the child—

"Does you love God?"

Several gay young men met him at his hotel. They appeared to have been waiting for him, and welcomed him with mirth that was almost boisterous. They had prepared an elegant supper, and after he had been to his room, escorted him to the table. The full glass of the gay fell upon the glittering furniture; red wines threw shadows of a lustre crimson hue through the snowy linen; there were mirth, wit, faces lit with pleasure, everything to charm the eye and please the palate; but the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again, and over and anon he seemed to hear her words,

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The principal element in piety is purity. The principal element in tobacco habits is filthiness.

How can they go together? What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? Or what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?

I met a young man early in a beautiful spring morning with a charming new-blushed rose in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth.

"How sweet was that rose  
To his chimney nose!"

The rose in that man's hand made me think of the jewel of gold in the swine's snout!—His flower he looked at, his pipe he enjoyed. That pipe represents the tobacco devotee's religion.

"It supplanted." Tobacco has usurped its place.

But the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again, and over and anon he seemed to hear her words,

"Does you love God?"

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in careless revelry; he strove to sleep it away, he heard it in his dreams. The next night he had a fashionable friend. He was to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in her dazzling robes. The gleam of pearls and the luster of silk and lace vied with each other to enhance her loveliness; but even as she conversed into the room, with smiles upon her young, red lips, and a welcome in her words, there came, too, floating noiselessly about her side, the presence of that angel child. The better feelings her innocent presence had awakened were wary yet; and, before he knew it, the young man said quickly and earnestly—

"Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, with a start of surprise.

"I was thinking, as you come in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied. "As I was in the act of leaving the couch, she suddenly looked up and asked me that question."

"And what, pray, put it into the child's head?"

"What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say I was not prepared

with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes.

That night pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the aisles of the dance, his smiles were forced, and more than once it was said of him, "He does not seem himself."

No, he was not like the gay, thoughtless self of former years. There was a still pool lying in his bosom, the waters of which had never before been disturbed.

Now, a little child had dropped a pebble in, and the vibration was to go on through eternity.

Dust-soiled and travel-weary, a thoughtful man walked through the principal streets of a large city. As he went on, apparently absorbed in his own meditation, his eyes accidentally encountered a free-looking down from the window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly changed—he paused an instant, looked eagerly at the window—and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle. He was ushered into the very room where sat the lady of the house.

How the breath of a minister who rolls up as a sweet morsel under his tongue must aid the devout reflections of females at the communion table! And how the pipe and quid exhalations from his person must facilitate their conversations, when conversing with them let us to the altar of prayer. And what a heightened idea they must imbibe of the purity of the religion which he is recommending. Should not such a disciple of the undressed Jesus, such a follower of the self-denying Wesley, exclaim, "Woe is me! For I am a man of unclean lips?"

And in consequence of my example, "I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." O that one of the seraphim might be commissioned to fly unto him, with a live coal from off the altar, and lay it upon his mouth. Or else that the man of his own record might throw away his pipe and using a tooth-brush and fuller's soap instead, might be able to say, "Mine iniquity is taken away, my sin is purged."

Was not a good preacher, a zealous revivalist, but an inveterate smoker. I have seen him at a camp-meeting one moment exhorting from the stand like a son of thunder, and in five minutes afterwards he was equal beside a camp-fire puffing away at his pipe, and under the exciting tides, jolly as a sailor. He meant no harm, but it looked!

Strange that in his eagerness he did not notice the palpit cheek, the quiver of the mother's lips, the sudden placing of her hand against her heart, Strange also, that he did not mark the absence of patterning feet, of little gentle indications that a child's fingers had been busy in the room about him!

Suddenly, as he ceased speaking, there came over him a startling consciousness. He saw the garments of somber hue; he heard voices reigning within.

"Madam—is it she?"

"She is in heaven," came low and broken from the trembling lips.

The young man ast back on his seat, agitated, dumb, sorrowful that he had with so rude a touch torn open the still bleeding wound in that womanly heart.

"This is bad tidings," he said, after a long pause, and his voice was trembled; "dear little angel! she is then speaking to me from her grave."

The mother rose and beckoned him to follow her. Into a little hallowed chamber she went, where, in a case, were the books her child loved, her Bible, her beautiful rewards, her childish toys.

"There," said the mother, now quite broken down and sobbing as she spoke, "there is all that is left on earth of precious Nellie."

"No madam, that is not all that is left; I am a monument of God's mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a thirty year's grudge for the injury a short and bitter experience of them inflicted on me when young and thoughtless. But of snuff I steeled myself to bear it, and was told that it would not attack the lungs. Brown's Brethren, I have seen them at a camp-meeting, and in five minutes afterwards he was equal beside a camp-fire puffing away at his pipe, and under the exciting tides, jolly as a sailor. He meant no harm, but it looked!

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