

THE WESLEYAN.

For the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."—SCRIPTURE.

VOLUME II

HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1839.

NUMBER 19

Original Poetry.

BETHLEHEM.

The evening star had risen with brilliant light,
A gem of beauty on the brow of night,
And proudly sitting on the star-lit throne
Night's silvery Queen in soften'd lustre shone,
On Bethlehem's plains; where quiet flocks repose
The faithful Shepherd's pious thoughts disclose:
A thousand objects in the heavens above,
Attuned their hearts to piety and love;
Jehovah's praises now their tongues employ,
And fill their hearts with ecstasies of joy.
To Revelation's pages now they turn,
And from the sacred songs of Zion learn
The promise of Messiah's holy birth,
And all the glory of his saints on earth:
When war's rude tumults shall forever cease,
And ev'ry nation know the Prince of Peace;
Their richest offerings bring to Judah's Lord—
By a saved world, and ardent heaven adored:
Whose miracles of mercy, widely shown,
Shall make the glories of the God-head known,—
And pour on men such blessings as disclose
The sacred source from whence his goodness flows.—
The sightless eye shall know his sov'reign will,
And on the deafen'd ear shall joyous words distil;
The lame and weak his words of pity know,
And start to meet him like the bounding roe:
The dead and buried shall his accents hear,
And from the dreary grave with wond'ring looks appear.—
The wounded soul, by poisonous sin oppress'd,
Shall find a shelter in his pitying breast;
Shall hear his lips pronounce its sorrows o'er,
And healed by him, shall learn to sin no more.
Tormenting passions mildly he'll reprove,—
Expelling hatred by the power of love:
Pride, rage, and envy, all the baneful train
Of vice and misery, no longer reign:
Changed by His word that shakes the gates of hell,
The humbled sinner can no more rebel—
The war and tumult of his passions cease,
And in his bosom dwell the joys of peace:—

Such was the theme the happy shepherds knew,
Tending their flocks amidst fields of pearly dew:
Such was the theme that kept their eyes unclosed
When thousands in the arms of sleep reposed,
When lo! from heav'n a sudden glory's seen,
Outshining ev'ry star, and night's fair Queen;
Above their heads the radiant glory threw
Ten thousand beams of mild and benedictive hue.
As if a lovely star had come to move,
From distant worlds the sons of men to love,
And prompt their hearts to raise melodious song
To Him who rolls innumerable orbs along.—
A fearful awe the trembling shepherds feel,
And on the ground with strong devotion kneel:
When lo! an Angel, in the form of love,
Descending gently from the light above,—
With accents sweeter than the tongue can tell,
And words of joy that all their fears dispel,
He proves himself a messenger from heav'n,
To Bethlehem's favoured shepherds giv'n:—

To lift from sorrow's path their weeping eye,
And point their hopes where fadeless pastures lie;
And lead their souls beneath a Shepherd's care,
Whose fields of bliss perennial blossoms bear,—
Where peaceful rivers always gently glide,
Whose fertile banks a plenteous store provide
Where, 'midst cloudless skies a sun refulgent reigns,
And decks with fadeless flow'rs the everlasting plains—
"Fear not," he said, "on this auspicious morn
To you, of David's line, a Prince is born—
A Saviour who is Christ the glorious Lord,
By principities and pow'r's in adord:
In David's native city you shall find
The royal babe, in swaddling clothes confind.—
"Though in a manger you the Saviour meet
Pour your heart offerings at his infant feet."

And as the Angel spake behold a throng
Of bright celestials join—and lo! a song
Of melody, more grand, and rich, and clear,
Than ever burst upon the raptur'd ear
Of saint, or prophet, favoured to behold
Celestial shepherds from the heavenly fold.—
"Glory to God who reigns enthroned above—
To man on earth be peace, and angels' love;
Good will to those whose nature Jesus wears,
And for whose sake the form of mortal bears.
Eternal praises be to Christ the King,
Eternal honours let all creatures bring."
The song is hush'd—the shades of night retreat,
And morn's first beams conduct the shepherds' feet
To Bethlehem's village—there the child they see,
And bow with grateful heart and willing knee.
To Him, whose lips shall all their sorrows end—
Their Brother! Saviour, Advocate, and Friend!—
Lord of the worlds above—whose hand shall guide
Their souls through death, and living streams provide,
Forever flowing from Jehovah's throne,
With joys that mortals here have never known.—

Fill'd with the thoughts of God's redeeming love
The happy shepherds from the scene remove;
Again rejoicing on the plains they guide
Their fleecy charge, and think of much beside—
The Angel visitants,—their beauty and their song,
Full oft their sorrows hush—their joys prolong;
And when the storms of life around them beat,
Point up to heaven,—the saints' secure retreat—
Where, raised in bliss, they'll tune their hearts to praise,
And emulate the songs that angels raise;
While listening seraphs shall the strain prolong,
And learn from Man, Devotion's loftiest song.

Prince Edward Island, 22nd Sept., 1839.

T. H. D.

Biographical.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER, VICAR OF MADELEY, SHROPSHIRE.

THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER was born at Nyon, in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, on September 12, 1729. In his infancy he discovered a lively genius, and great tenderness of heart. One day, having of-

fended his father, who threatened to correct him, he kept himself at a distance in the garden, till seeing his father approach, and fearing his anger would be renewed by the sight of him, he ran away. But he was presently struck with deep remorse, thinking, "What! do I run away from my father? What a wicked wretch! It may be that I may live to grow up and have a son that will run away from me!" And it was some years before the impression of sorrow, then made upon him, wore off.

When he was about seven years old, he was reproved by his nurse-maid, saying, "You are a naughty boy, and the devil takes all such." After he was in bed, he began to reflect on her words, his heart smote him, and he said, "I am a naughty boy, and perhaps God will let the devil fetch me away." He got upon the bed, and for a considerable time wrestled with God in prayer, till he felt such a sense of the love of God, as made him quite easy.

He went through the usual course of academical studies, in the University of Geneva. One of his uncles who was, at that time, a General Officer in the Imperial service, then invited him into the same service, promising to procure him a commission. But just as he came into Germany, the war was at an end. Being so far on his way, he was then invited into Holland, by another uncle, who had, a little before, been desired, by a correspondent in England, to procure a tutor for a gentleman's sons. He asked Mr. Fletcher whether he were willing to go into England, and undertake this office. He consented, and accordingly went over to England, and took the care of Mr. Hill's two sons, at Tern-Hall, in Shropshire: and he continued in that office till the young gentlemen went to the University.

When he entered Mr. Hill's family, he did not know Christ in his heart. One Sunday evening, as he was writing some music, the servant came in to make up the fire, and looking at him, said, "Sir, I am very sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's day." He immediately put away his music, and from that hour, became a strict observer of that holy day.

Not long after, he met with a person, who asked him to go with her and hear the Methodists. He readily consented. The more he heard, the more uneasy he grew: and doubling his diligence, he hoped by *doing much* to render himself acceptable to God: till one day hearing Mr. Green he was convinced he did not know what true faith was. This occasioned many reflections in his mind. "Is it possible (said he) that I who have made divinity my study, and have received the *premium of piety* (so called, from the University) for my writings on divine subjects; that I should be so ignorant as not to know what faith is?" But the more he examined, the more he was convinced; then sin revived, and hope died away. He now sought, by the most rigorous austerities, to conquer an evil nature, and bring heaven-born peace into his soul. But the more he struggled, the more he was convinced, that all his fallen soul was sin, and that nothing but a revelation of the love of Jesus could make him a Christian. For this he sought

with unwearied assiduity: till one day, after much wrestling with God, lying prostrate on his face before the throne of grace, he felt the application of the blood of Jesus. Now his bonds were broken, and his free soul began to breathe a pure air. Sin was beneath his feet, and he could triumph in the Lord, the God of his salvation.

From this time he walked valiantly in the ways of God: and thinking that he had not leisure enough in the day, he made it a constant rule to sit up two nights in a week, for reading, prayer, and meditation, in order to sink deeper in that communion with God, which was become his soul's delight.

Notwithstanding the nights he sat up, he made it a rule, never to sleep, so long as he could keep awake. For this purpose, he always took a candle and book to bed with him. But one night, being overcome of sleep, before he had put out the candle, he dreamed his curtains, cap, and pillow, were on fire, without doing him any harm. And so it was. In the morning, part of his curtains, pillow, and cap were burned. But not a hair of his head was singed. So did God give his angels charge over him.

Some time after, he was favoured with a particular manifestation of the love of God: so powerful, that it appeared to him, as if body and soul would be separated. Now all his desires centered in one, that of devoting himself to the service of his precious Master. This he thought he could do best by entering into Orders. God made his way plain, and he soon after settled in Madeley. He received this parish as from the immediate hand of God, and unweariedly laboured therein, and in the adjacent places, till he had spent himself in his Master's service, and was ripening fast for glory. Much opposition he met with for many years, and often his life was in danger. Sometimes he was inwardly constrained to warn obstinate sinners, that, if they did not repent, the hand of God would cut them off, and the event proved the truth of the prediction. Notwithstanding all their opposition, many were the seals of his ministry.

He had an earnest desire that the pure Gospel should remain among his people after he was taken away. For this purpose he surmounted great difficulties in building the house in Madely Wood. He had not only saved for it the last farthing he had, but when he was abroad, proposed to let the Vicarage-House, (designing, at his return, to live in a little cottage near it,) and appropriate the rent of it for clearing that house.

Since the time I had the honour and happiness of living with him, every day made me more sensible of the mighty work of the Spirit upon him. The fruits of this were manifest in all his life and conversation, but in nothing more than in his meekness and humility. It was a meekness which no affront could move; a humility which loved to be unknown, forgotten, and despised.* How hard is it to find an eminent person who loves an equal? But his delight was, in preferring others to himself. It appeared so natural to him, that it seemed as his meat, to set every one before

* I think this was going to an extreme.—Mr. Wesley.

himself. He spoke not of the fault of an absent person, but when necessary; and then with the utmost caution. He made no account of his own labours, and perhaps carried to an extreme his dislike of hearing them mentioned.

Patience is the daughter of Humility. In him it discovered itself in a manner which I wish I could either describe or imitate. It produced in him a ready mind to embrace every cross with alacrity and pleasure. And for the good of his neighbour (the poor in particular,) nothing seemed wearisome. When I have been grieved to call him out of his study, from his closet-work, two or three times in an hour, he would answer, "O my dear never think of that: it matters not what we do, so we are always ready to meet the will of God: it is only conformity to this which makes any employment excellent."

He had a singular love for the lambs of his flock, the children, and applied himself with the greatest diligence to their instruction, for which he had a peculiar gift; and this populous parish found him full exercise for it. The poorest met with the same attention from him as the rich. For their sakes he almost grudged himself necessaries, and often expressed pain in using them, while any of his parish wanted them.

But while I mention his meekness and love, let me not forget the peculiar favour of his Master in giving him the most firm and resolute *courage*. In reproving sin and open sinners, he was a *Son of Thunder*, and regarded neither fear nor favour, when he had a message from God to deliver.

With respect to his communion with God, it is much to be lamented that we have no account of it from his own pen. But thus far I can say, it was his constant care to keep an uninterrupted sense of the divine presence. In order to this he was slow of speech, and had the exactest government of his words. To this he was so inwardly attentive, as sometimes to appear stupid to those who knew him not: though few conversed in a more lively manner, when he judged it would be for the glory of God. It was his continued endeavour to draw up his own and every other spirit to an immediate intercourse with God. And all his intercourse with me was so mingled with prayer and praise, that every employment and every meal was, as it were, perfumed therewith. He often said, "It is a little thing, so to hang upon God by faith, as to feel no departure from him. But I want to be filled with the fullness of his Spirit." "I feel," said he, "sometimes, such gleams of light, as it were wafts of heavenly air, as seem ready to take my soul with them to glory." A little before his last illness, when the fever began to rage among us, he preached a sermon on the duty of visiting the sick, wherein he said, "What do you fear? Are you afraid of catching the distemper, and dying? O, fear it no more! What an honour to die in your Master's work! If permitted to me, I should account it a singular favour." In his former illness he wrote thus, "I calmly wait in unshaken resignation, for the full salvation of God; ready to venture on his faithful love, and on

the sure mercies of David. His time is best, and is my time: Death has lost its sting. And I bless God I know not what hurry of spirits is, or unbelieving fears."

For some months past, he scarcely ever lay down or rose up without these words in his mouth,

I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.

In one of his letters which he wrote some time since to his dear people at Madeley, some of his words are, "I leave this blessed Island for awhile; but, I trust, I shall never leave the kingdom of God,—the shadow of Christ's cross, the clefts of the Rock, smitten and pierced for us. There I meet you in spirit: thence, I trust, I shall joyfully leap into the ocean of eternity, to go and join those ministering spirits, who wait on the heirs of salvation. And if I am no more allowed to minister to you on earth, I rejoice at the thought that I shall perhaps be allowed to accompany the angels, who, if you abide in the faith, will be commissioned to carry you into Abraham's bosom."

The thought enlivens my faith! Lord, give me to walk in his steps! Then I shall see him again, and my heart shall rejoice, and we shall eternally behold the Lamb together. Faith brings near the welcome moment! And now he beckons me away, and Jesus bids me come!

For some time before his last illness, he was particularly penetrated with the nearness of eternity. There was scarcely an hour in which he was not calling upon us to drop every thought and every care, that we might attend to nothing but drinking deeper into God. We spent much time in wrestling with God, and were led in a peculiar manner to abandon our whole selves into the hand of God, to do or suffer whatever was pleasing to him.

On Thursday, August 4, he was employed in the work of God, from three in the afternoon till nine at night. When he came home, he said, "I have taken cold." On Friday and Saturday he was not well, but seemed uncommonly drawn out in prayer. On Saturday night his fever appeared very strong. I begged of him not to go to church in the morning; but he told me, "It was the will of the Lord!" in which case I never dared to persuade. In reading prayers, he almost fainted away. I got through the crowd, and entreated him to come out of the desk. But he let me and others know, in his sweet manner, that we were not to interrupt the order of God. I then retired to my pew, where all around me were in tears. When he was a little refreshed by the windows being opened, he went on with a strength and recollection that surprised us all.

After sermon he went to the Communion Table with these words, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the Cherubim, before the Mercy-seat." The service held till near two. Sometimes he could scarcely stand, and was often obliged to stop. The people were deeply affected: weeping was on every side. Gracious Lord! How was it that my soul

was kept so calm in the midst of the most tender feelings? Notwithstanding his extreme weakness, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered several lively sentences of exhortation. When service was over, we hurried him to bed, where he immediately fainted away. He afterwards dropped into a sleep for some time, and on waking, cried out, with a pleasant smile, "Now, my dear thou seest I am no worse for doing the Lord's work: he never fails me when I trust in him." Having got a little dinner, he dozed most of the evening, now and then waking full of the praises of God. At night his fever returned, though not violently; but his strength decreased amazingly. On Monday and Tuesday we had a little paradise together: he lay on a couch in the study, and though often changing posture, was sweetly pleasant, and frequently slept a good while. When awake, he delighted in hearing me read hymns and tracts on Faith and Love. His words were all animating, and his patience beyond expression. When he had any nauseous medicines to take, he seemed to enjoy the cross; according to a word he used often to repeat, that we are to seek a perfect conformity to the will of God, and leave him to give us what comfort he sees good. I asked him, whether he had any advice to leave me, if he should be taken from me? He replied, "I have nothing particular to say, the Lord will open all before thee." I said, "Have you any conviction that God is about to take you?" He said, "No, not in particular; only I always see death so inexpressibly near, that we both seem to stand on the verge of eternity." While he slept a little, I besought the Lord, if it were his good pleasure, to spare him to me a little longer: but my prayers seemed to have no wings, and I could not help mingling continually therewith, "Lord, give me perfect resignation." This uncertainty made me tremble, lest God was going to put into my hand the bitter cup, with which he lately threatened my husband. Some weeks before, I myself was ill of the fever. My husband then felt the whole parting scene, and struggled for perfect resignation. He said, "O Polly, shall I ever see the day when thou must be carried out to be buried? How will the little things which thy tender care has prepared for me in every part of the house, how will they wound and distress me? How is it? I think I feel jealousy! I am jealous of the worms. I seem to shrink at giving my dear Polly to the worms!"

Now all these reflections returned upon my heart with the weight of a millstone. I cried to the Lord, and those words were deeply impressed upon my spirit, "Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory." This promise was full of comfort to my soul. I saw, that in Christ's immediate presence was our home, and that we should find our re-union in being deeply centered in him. I received it as a fresh marriage for eternity. As such I trust forever to hold it. All that day, whenever I thought on that expression, *to behold my glory*, it seemed to wipe away every tear, and was as the ring whereby we were joined anew.

Awaking some time after, he said, "Polly, I have

been thinking, it was Israel's fault, that they asked for signs. We will not do so; but abandoning our whole selves into the hands of God, we will lie patiently before him, assured that he will do all things well."

"My dear Love," said I, "if ever I have done or said any thing to grieve thee, how will the remembrance wound my heart, shouldst thou be taken from me!"

He entreated and charged me with inexpressible tenderness, not to allow the thought; declaring his thankfulness for our union, in a variety of words, written on my heart as with the adamant pen of friendship.

On Wednesday, after feeling all day, in an extraordinary manner, the power of God, he told me he had received such a manifestation of the full meaning of those words, "God is Love," as he could never be able to tell. "It fills me," said he, "every moment. O Polly, my dear Polly, God is Love. Shout, shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth. But it seems as if I could not speak much longer. Let us fix on a sign between ourselves, (tapping me twice with his finger,) now I mean, 'God is love.' And we will draw each other into God. Observe! By this we will draw each other into God."

Sally coming in, he cried out, "O Sally, God is love. Shout, both of you: I want to hear you shout his praise." All this time the medical friend who diligently attended him, hoped he was in no danger; as he had no bad head-ache, much sleep, and not much delirium, and an almost regular pulse. So was the disease, though commissioned to take his life, restrained by the power of God.

On Thursday, his speech began to fail. While he was able, he spoke to all that came in his way. Hearing that a stranger was in the house, he ordered her up, though uttering two sentences almost made him faint. To his friendly doctor he would not be silent, while he had any power of speech. After saying, "O Sir, you take too much thought for my body: give me leave to take thought for my soul." When I could scarcely understand any thing he said, I spoke these words, "God is love." Instantly, as if all his powers were awakened, he broke out in a rapture, "God is love! love! O for that gust of praise I want to sound;"—Here his voice again failed. He suffered in many ways but with such patience, as none but those then present can conceive. If I named his sufferings, he would smile, and make the sign.

On Friday, finding his body covered with spots, I felt a sword pierce through my soul. As I was kneeling by his side, with my hand in his, entreating the Lord to be with us in this tremendous hour, he strove to say many things, but could not: pressing my hand, and often repeating the sign. At last he breathed out, "Head of the Church, be Head to my wife!" When, for a few moments, I was forced to leave him, Sally said to him, "My dear master, do you know me?" He replied, "Sally, God will put his right hand under you." She added, "O my dear master, should you be taken away; what a disconsolate creature will my

poor dear mistress be?" He replied, "God will be her all in all." He had always delighted much in these words,

Jesus's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

Whenever I repeated them to him, he would answer, *Boundless ! boundless ! boundless !* He now added, though with great difficulty,

Mercy's full power I soon shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

On Saturday afternoon his fever seemed quite off, and a few friends standing near the bed, he reached his hand to each, and, looking on a Minister, said, "Are you ready to assist to-morrow?" His recollection surprised us, as the day of the week had not been named in his room. Many believed he would recover; and one said, "Do you think the Lord will raise you up?" He strove to answer, saying, "Raise me up in the Resur,"—meaning the resurrection. To another, asking the same question, he said, "I leave it all to God."

In the evening the fever returned with violence, and the mucus falling upon his throat almost strangled him. It was supposed the same painful emotion would grow more and more violent to the last. As I felt this exquisitely, I cried to the Lord to remove it; and, glory be to his name, he did. From that time it returned no more. As night drew on, I perceived him dying very fast. His fingers could hardly make the sign, (which he scarce ever forgot,) and his speech seemed quite gone. I said, "My dear creature, I ask not for myself, *I know thy soul*; but for the sake of others, if Jesus is very present with thee, lift thy right hand." He did. "If the prospect of glory sweetly opens before thee, repeat the sign." He immediately raised it again; and, in half a minute, a second time: he then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this, his dear hands moved no more: but on my saying, "Art thou in much pain?" He answered, "No." From this time he lay in a kind of sleep, though with his eyes open and fixed. For the most part he sat upright against pillows, with his head a little inclining to one side: and so remarkably composed and triumphant was his countenance, that the least trace of death was scarcely discernible in it.

Twenty-four hours he was in this situation, breathing like a person in common sleep. About thirty-five minutes past ten, on Sunday night, August 14th, his precious soul entered into the joy of his Lord, without one struggle or groan, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

And here I break off my mournful story: but on my bleeding heart the fair picture of his heavenly excellence will be forever drawn. When I call to mind his ardent zeal, his laborious endeavours to seek and save the lost; his diligence in the employment of his time; his Christ-like condescension towards me, and his uninterrupted converse with heaven; I may well be allowed to add, my loss is beyond the power of words to paint. I have gone through deep waters: but all my afflictions were nothing compared to this.

Well: I want no pleasant prospect, but upwards; nor any thing whereon to fix my hope but immortality.

On the 17th his dear remains were deposited in Madeley churchyard, amidst the tears and lamentations of thousands. The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hatton, Rector of Waters-Upton, whom God enabled to speak in a pathetic manner to his weeping flock. In the conclusion, at my request, he read the following paper:

"As it was the desire of my beloved husband to be buried in this plain manner, so, out of tenderness he begged that I might not be present. And in all things I would obey him.

"Permit me, then, by the mouth of a friend, to bear my open testimony to the glory of God, that I who have known him in the most perfect manner, am constrained to declare, that I never knew any one to walk so closely in the ways of God as he did. The Lord gave him a conscience tender as the apple of an eye. He literally preferred the interest of every one to his own.

"He was rigidly just, but perfectly loose from all attachment to the world. He shared *his all* with the poor, who lay so close to his heart, that, at the approach of death, when he could not speak without difficulty, he cried out, 'O my poor!' what will become of my poor?' He was blessed with so great a degree of humility as is scarcely to be found. I am a witness, how often he has rejoiced, in being treated with contempt. Indeed, it seemed the very food of his soul, to be little and unknown. When he desired me to write a line to his brother, if he died, I replying, 'I will write him all the Lord's dealings with thee;' 'No, no,' said he, 'write nothing about me. I only desire to be forgotten. *God is all.*'

"His zeal for souls I need not tell you. Let the labours of twenty-five years, and a martyr's death in the conclusion, imprint it on your hearts. His diligent visitation of the sick occasioned the fever which, by God's commission, tore him from you and me. And his vehement desire to take his last leave of you, with dying lips and hands, gave, it is supposed, the finishing stroke, by preparing his blood for putrefaction. Thus has he lived and died your servant. And will any of you refuse to meet him at God's right hand in that day?

"He walked with death always in sight. About two months ago, he came to me and said, 'My dear Love, I know not how it is, but I have a strange impression, Death is very near us, as if it would be some sudden stroke upon one of us. And it draws out all my soul in prayer, 'Lord, prepare the soul thou wilt call. And, O stand by the poor disconsolate one that shall be left behind.'

"A few days before his departure, he was filled with love in an uncommon manner, saying to me, 'I have had such a discovery of the depth of that word, *God is love*, I cannot tell the half. O shout his praise.' The same he testified as long as he had a voice, and continued to testify to the end, by a most lamb-like patience, in which he smiled over death, and set his

last seal to the glorious truths he had so long preached among you.

"Three years, nine months, and two days, I have possessed my heavenly minded husband. But now the sun of my earthly joy is set forever, my soul is filled with anguish, and only finds consolation in a total resignation to the will of God. When I was asking the Lord, if he pleased to spare him to me a little longer, the following promise was impressed upon my mind with great power, (in the accomplishment of which I look for our re-union,) 'Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory.'—Lord, hasten the hour."

"There is little need, says Mr. Wesley, "of adding any farther character of this man of God, to the foregoing account, given by one who wrote out of the fulness of the heart. I was intimately acquainted with him for above thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon, and night, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles. And in all that time, I never heard him speak one improper word, nor saw him do an improper action.—To conclude, many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years. But one equal to him I have not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God. So unblamable a character, in every respect, I have not found in Europe or America. Nor do I expect to find another such on this side eternity."

As it is possible we may all follow him as he followed Christ, let us labour without ceasing to do this; that, whensoever we are called away, we may be found ready like him, to enter into the joy of the Lord.

Review.

A Memoir of the late Rev. William Black, Wesleyan Minister, Halifax, N. S., including an Account of the Rise and Progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia, Characteristic Notices of several individuals; with copious extracts from the unpublished Correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. Freeborn Garretson, etc. By MATTHEW RICHEY, A. M., Principal of Upper Canada Academy. Halifax, printed by William Cunnabell 1839. pp. x. 370. Royal 12mo. Cambrie, 6s. 3d.

(Continued from page 260)

THE REV. W. BLACK, the subject of this Memoir was born of respectable parents, at Huddersfield, a large and flourishing town in West Yorkshire, in the year 1760—emigrated with the rest of the family in 1775 to Nova Scotia, and located in Cumberland. He was early the subject of divine and serious impressions, but was led astray by the vain amusements of the world, until he was about nineteen years of age, when he experienced the salvation of his soul. The following is a circumstantial account of this interesting event, drawn up by Mr. Black himself:—

"In the spring of 1779, the Lord began in a more powerful manner to operate upon my mind. The occasion of it was as follows:—A few of the old Methodists who emigrated from England, some years

before, having had something of a revival in their souls, began to hold their meetings for prayer and exhortation. God blessed their word, some were awakened; and it was presently rumoured abroad, that such and such were converted. This helped to set the people at thinking and enquiring whether these things were so.

"One day, my brother John had been over at Fort Lawrence. On his return he informed me that G. Swinburn told him that John Johnson and another man were converted, and knew their sins forgiven, and that he ought to seek the same blessing. 'But,' said he, 'I do not believe it, for Johnson was playing cards, at such a time.' I replied, 'Brother, it signifies little to us how the case is with them, whether they are converted or not, we must alter the course of our lives or we cannot see the kingdom of God.'—He said, 'I intend to do it.' 'But,' said I, 'let us determine and covenant to lead a new life.' We accordingly entered into a covenant that we would set out on a new course, leave off dancing, card-playing, &c., and attend the meetings for prayer; and shook hands as a seal of the same. But, although we had thus solemnly covenanted together, we durst not enter into conversation about the state of our souls, for nearly a fortnight after; and yet, we longed to open our minds, and were together every day.

"About this time I went over to Mr. Oxley's. They were seeking the Lord, and exhorted me to do the same. Their conversation was made a blessing to me. I was full of good desires. On the Sabbath I went to meeting, and felt still greater desires; for several days after I felt my mind continually drawn to prayer and meditation. Religious concerns alone possessed my mind; nor had I the least inclination to return to my old companions or ways; so that I said, in my heart, 'I wish all the world knew how easy it is to be religious,—surely they would all turn to God.' But alas! I knew very little what was in my heart, or of real religion.

"One night we had a meeting at Mr. Oxley's. We had desired an old man to come and pray with us. His name was John Newton, from Pradhow, near New Castle. He gave out a hymn; but before he had sung many verses, the tears began to gush from my eyes, and my heart to throb within me. I could not but cry out for mercy, as in little time most of the company did. One young man, at first, began to laugh at us. He thought, 'What! you never committed murder, or did any thing so dreadful, that you need make such fools of yourselves, and roar out like mad people.' But God soon turned his laughter into sorrow. An arrow of conviction fastened in his heart, and he roared out louder than any, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Ten or eleven continued thus crying for some time. In about an hour God graciously set Mrs. Oxley at liberty. Her soul was brought out of dismal darkness into light truly marvellous. Oh! how did her soul exult in the Redeemer, and magnify his blessed name. We continued our meeting for two or three hours, and then parted. I went home with my three brothers and sisters, weary and heavy laden. It seemed to me if an hundred people had been there, they must have been all awakened.

"From this time, for some months, we met almost every night, to sing and pray; generally continuing from a little after sun-down, until midnight. Frequently I with another remained till day-light. To weep—to fast—to pray—was now become as my meat and drink. I did not desire any thing else until I found Jesus. I thought, I talked, of Jesus; nor could I bear to hear of any thing but what had a tendency to lead my soul to him. It filled me with amazement to see men endowed with reason, and capable of enjoying God's love, or of bearing

wrath, f
the mos
"Re
pressed
over pr
your fat
had bee
quested
put it of
I went
father,
family,
ther, w
out in
prayer,
bed in s
upon hi
of Mr.
in his le
ly desc
man. I
what w
I cannot
array be
helpless
hanging
quently
I met w
never to
lived;—
not.

"N
expecti
of my s
so holy
He said
for too
instead
an exh
hard an
I could
the vile
wrath,
am und
Alas!
ble stat
and far
not mo

"T
Mr. Fo
my eyes
prayer
home v
heart th
sins a g
might b
to shed
scene w
rable to
self jus
wish I
nite me
ous and
augmen
time, br
nial of
am wre
heart.

"Aft
said, 't
thou art
have de
Francis
good old
the Lord
night, b
deavour

wrath, forever, spending their precious moments in the most trifling and unprofitable conversation.

“Returning one night from meeting, it was impressed upon my mind,—‘The curse of God hangs over prayerless families; God is not worshipped in your family; this is *your* sin.’ Before this my mind had been distressed on this account, and I had requested my father to pray with us; but he always put it off saying, ‘I will, when I get more strength.’ I went home saying within myself, ‘If neither my father, nor my elder brother, will pray with the family, I will.’ Just as I opened the door, my brother, who had been exercised much as I was, broke out in prayer; from which time we had family prayer, morning and evening. That night I went to bed in sore distress. The powerful effect produced upon his mind soon after this by the pungent appeal of Mr. Wells, in his exhortation, to which he refers in his letter to Mr. Wesley, he thus more particularly describes:—‘Lord,’ thought I, ‘I am the very man. I sin and grieve; and then I sin again. Alas! what will such repentance avail. I must be holy or I cannot be happy. Now my sins were set in battle array before me. I saw myself wretched, miserable, helpless and undone. I went about from day to day, hanging down my head like a bulrush, the tears frequently streaming down my face in abundance; yet I met with no deliverance. However, I determined never to rest until I should know that *my* Redeemer lived;—I would not be comforted because he was not.

“Not long after this, I went to Mr. Scurr’s, fully expecting he would say much to me about the state of my soul; and promised myself much benefit from so holy a man. But I was greatly disappointed. He said but little to me. How apt are we to look for too much from man, to lean upon an arm of flesh, instead of looking to the Lord. That night he gave an exhortation at his own house; but alas! I felt hard and stupid. If a tear could have saved my soul, I could not shed one. I thought, surely I am one of the vilest wretches on earth. I know I am a child of wrath, and an heir of hell; and should I die here I am undone forever, and yet I cannot shed a tear. Alas! alas! I am worse than ever. In this deplorable state I laid me down, concluding I was farther and farther from God. I mourned because I could not mourn, and grieved because I could not grieve.

“The day following was our monthly meeting, at Mr. Foster’s of Fort Lawrence; and such a day, my eyes never beheld, before or since. Mr. Wells’ prayer was just suited to my case; every word came home with keen conviction, and sank deeper in my heart than ever. Formerly, I longed to feel my sins a greater burthen, and prayed that my distress might be increased; I seemed greedy of sorrow, and to shed tears afforded some relief. But now, the scene was changed. My sins were a burthen intolerable to be borne. I was weary of life. I saw myself justly condemned, and said within myself, ‘I wish I was dead: if God pleases to save, it is infinite mercy; if he damns me—be it so—it is righteous and just; I cannot help myself. Every thing augmented my sorrows. A cock crowing, just at this time, brought strongly to my recollection Peter’s denial of his Master. I cried within myself, ‘Oh! I am wretchedly denying the Lord Jesus a place in my heart. I like Peter, have denied the Lord.’

“After the meeting, John Newton came to me and said, ‘Surely, Willy, there must be something that thou art not willing to give up, or else God would have delivered thy soul ere now. I replied, ‘I am in Francis Spira’s condition. ‘No! no!’ said the good old man; ‘I believe it will not be long before the Lord deliver thy soul. Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy shall come in the morning.’ He endeavoured to encourage me much, and entreated me

to give up all my soul to Jesus, assuring me that I should find relief. My distress was great. I thought, if I were in hell I could not be much more miserable than I then was. A wounded spirit, who can bear? Soon after, the extremity of my distress went off, and I remained for two days under a heavy sort of melancholy. All the time, I felt an awful sense of God, and of my lost condition without help from heaven. In the evening, I went to Mr. Oxley’s. Mrs. Donkin was there. She knew my distress, and asked, ‘Can you believe?’ I answered in the negative. She said, ‘you are reasoning with the enemy; come to me; I have got a sweet promise for you.’ I went; she presented me with a passage in the Bible, which she thought suitable to my condition. I said, ‘I have seen many such sweet promises in the Bible to-day, but alas! they are not for me.’

“Mr. Freize came to me; and after enquiring the state of my mind, and praying, took an affectionate leave of me, saying, ‘I believe God will deliver you before morning.’ I tarried still at Mr. Oxley’s. We continued singing and praying about two hours, when it pleased the Lord to reveal his suitableness, ability, and willingness to save me, so that I could cast my soul upon him with,—‘I am thine, and thou art mine,’ while our friends were singing,

My pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am—
A sinner believing in Jesus’s name.

“I could then claim my interest in his blood, and lay fast hold of him as the hope set before me—the Lord *my righteousness*. Instantly my burden dropped off—my guilt was washed away—my condemnation was removed—a sweet peace and gladness were diffused abroad in my soul—my mourning was turned into joy, and my countenance, like Hannah’s, told my deliverance—it was no more heavy. After returning public thanks, I went home praising God. All my song was,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

“But though I look upon this as the time of my espousals with Jesus, I have many times experienced far greater joy than then.

“The next morning, my brother John came to enquire the state of my soul. I said, ‘O! blessed be the Lord, I am happy; he hath graciously delivered me, and makes my heart to rejoice in his name,’ &c. He went and told my brother Richard, who, some time after, came to propose a similar question. In the mean time, not feeling an equal degree of joy, I began to question whether I had indeed found the Lord? or whether the peace I now felt was right or not! I said, ‘I cannot tell you; I do not feel as I did. My mind is at peace, but not so happy as it was.’ Soon after his departure, while I was reading, the Lord again smiled upon my soul, and cheered my heart, as with the new wine of his kingdom. My scruples were all removed, and I could cry, ‘My Lord! and my God!’

“Now, I concluded, my mountain is strong, and cannot be removed. But what are we, if God for a moment hide his face?

“The same evening we went to Mr. Oxley’s, where, seeing many in great distress, I said, ‘Oh! that you would all come to Christ: surely you may all believe if you will; it is easy to believe.’ It was instantly suggested to my mind, ‘you are deceived, you are inflated with pride;’—and that with such power, that all my comfort fled, and I was constrained to cry out in the presence of them all, ‘Oh! what a wretch am I. I said a few minutes ago, you may all believe if you will; and now I cannot believe myself.’ I went into the field, and throwing myself on the ground, cried to the Lord for help. He heard

a revival in their
s for prayer and
ord, some were
umoured abroad,
This helped to
quiring whether

been over at Fort
rmed me that G.
nson and another
ir sins forgiven,
blessing. ‘But,
nson was playing
Brother, it signi-
th them, whether
t alter the course
kingdom of God.’
t,’ said I, ‘let us
w life.’ We ac-
at we would set
ng, card-playing,
ayer; and shook
although we had
we durst not en-
of our souls, for
ve longed to open
day.

Mr. Oxley’s. They
rted me to do the
ade a blessing to
On the Sabbath I
eater desires; for
continually drawn
s concerns alone
e least inclination
ways; so that I
world knew how
ey would all turn
little what was in

Mr. Oxley’s. We
and pray with us.
m Pradhow, near
; but before he
gan to gush from
thin me. I could
little time most of
at first, began to
! you never com-
dreadful, that you
es, and roar out
rned his laughter
on fastened in his
man any, ‘God be
eleven continued
out an hour God
Her soul was
light truly mar-
exalt in the Re-
name. We conti-
e hours, and then
ree brothers and
It seemed to me
e, they must have

hs, we met almost
berally continuing
il midnight. Fre-
ill day-light. To
y become as my
ny thing else until
ed, of Jesus; nor
t what had a ten-
It filled me with
with reason, and
or of bearing

D Y N A C O L O R S A F E T Y A F F I L M

my prayer, he saw my distress and filled my soul with love, and bade me go in peace. 'Lord! what a wavering, inconstant soul am I! Sometimes I feel thy love,—I behold thy fulness,—I see thee altogether lovely,—and conclude that I shall never doubt thy love again. But no sooner does the storm come on—the winds blow—and the seas run high—than I begin to doubt; and the more I doubt, the more I sink, and should perish altogether, if thou didst not stretch out thine arm to me, as thou didst to sinking Peter.' However, these temptations from the enemy confirmed me the more, for proportional comforts always followed them; if my distress was great, my deliverance was greater. This, I find, has been the case to the present time. I now went on my way rejoicing.

Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!
On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

Every thing conspired to make me happy. Whether I looked upon the heavens above, or the earth beneath, they sparkled with the Creator's glory; all creation seemed to smile upon my soul, and speak its Maker's praise. The fields broke forth into singing, and the trees clapped their hands. The glory of Lebanon was given unto them—the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, because the glory of God, and the excellency of our God. In man and beast, I saw the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, shine conspicuously. I was filled with wonder, and felt the utmost tenderness and love for every creature God had made. With glowing admiration I have beheld, and with grateful praise confessed, the imitable skill of his all-creating hand in the formation of a fly, and the painting of a flower. More especially when I considered,—'This is not barely the work of God, but of my God, my father, and my friend.' When I reflected on death, judgment, heaven, or even hell, it filled me with comfort; but above all—at the name of Jesus, my heart took fire, and kindled into love."

We have inserted this account of Mr. Black's conversion entire, because it affords so striking a proof of the reality of experimental religion, and accounts satisfactorily for that ardent love he afterwards felt for the salvation of perishing souls, and the burning zeal he evinced in the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom. No minister can feel as he ought for the welfare of his fellow men, and rightly, fully, and successfully discharge the duties of his high and holy office, except he is from personal experience acquainted with the plan of salvation. True conversion is a *sine qua non* in the qualifications of the ministerial character.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRD-MESSENGER. The imagination never conceived a more exquisite picture of beauty, than the dove of the ark gliding towards Ararat with the olive branch, over the still, solitary, measureless surface of the waters, gazing down upon its own shadow, and listening to the music made by its own wings.

DEATH.—Death is the great treasure house of love. There lies buried the real wealth of passion and of youth; there the heart, once so prodigal, now grown the miser, turns to contemplate the hoards it has hidden from the world. Henceforth, it is but the common and petty coins of affection that it wastes on the use and things of life.

Original Communications.

THE PRESENT LIFE CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO ETERNITY.

It is an important truth, theoretically believed, yet not generally acted upon, that this life has reference to another. The mere probability of a future state of existence is sufficient to awaken in the minds of the subjects of it a very anxious concern respecting the character of that state, whether it will be one of happiness or misery; and in proportion to the doubtfulness which surrounded the subject, it might reasonably be supposed, would be the anxiety experienced.—Various are the arguments, derived from analogy and other probable sources, in favour of the immortality of the human soul, and of a future state of rewards and punishments: but the matter is now fully set at rest, and the strongest assurance given of the absolute truthfulness of the doctrines mentioned, and which at the very best, were viewed but as probable, by Socrates, Plato, and other distinguished pagan Philosophers. "Life and immortality" have been "brought to light through the Gospel"; and it is now made a matter of direct and authoritative revelation that man is immortal—immortal not by the constitution of nature, but by the will and appointment of his Creator. It is not therefore, an optional matter, whether or not, we will exist hereafter—exist we must—existence, in another state, is bound upon us as an inalienable inheritance—it is something that we cannot possibly shake off. There is something very solemn and affecting in this thought, that the remotest ages imaginable of eternity, so to speak, will witness our conscious being,—that tho', over the graves of our bodies, the sun, and moon, and stars, will rise, and set, our deathless spirits will witness their decay and destruction, and be present at their obsequies, and then shall continue to live for ever and ever! The thought is affecting, even were we conscious of the future state being to us a happy state: how much more so is it, when, there is a probability of the reverse of this being the case, and of eternity, with its interminable ages, proving to us painful and miserable in the extreme!—This possibility is not a chimera—an offspring of fancy—a mere dogma of hard-hearted religionists. The Scriptures of Truth reveal it—and decide, beyond all successful contradiction, that men, in certain circumstances, possessed of certain dispositions, guilty of certain actions entering into eternity with these unchanged and unforgiven, shall "perish", and "go away into everlasting punishment." This punishment is not an arbitrary act of the Great Creator—results not from any supposed sovereign decree, dooming them, "or ever they were born," to this state of remediless woe, God forbid that we should for a moment entertain so dishonourable, so cruel, so horrifying an idea of that merciful and just Being, who has solemnly asseverated, that *He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, and is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* The future misery of the

wicked is represented in the Word of God as proceeding from themselves, from their own perverted wills, and contumacious behaviour,—from their pursuing a course of sin avoidable in itself, and in plain and direct opposition to the most faithful warnings, and the most tender exhortations of their loving Lord. In our circumstances, then, as fallen, and depraved, and sinful beings, immortality does not necessarily imply happiness, but may be associated with the keenest sufferings. Now, this future condemnation and misery are to be guarded against, and their opposites, approbation and happiness provided for, *in the present life only*. “There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave” whither we go. Hence the force of the exhortation, founded upon the view of the case, addressed to every human being capable of moral action, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide.

Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene:
For to! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

Viewed in these aspects, the bearing of the present life upon the future state becomes affectingly apparent: and the solemn lesson should be learnt by every person, to use life for the purposes for which it was given, to employ diligently every opportunity of receiving good from God, and in the great duty of personal salvation, to “work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work.” The right improvement of the present state of being, is a matter of infinite importance: in the manner in which life is employed, depends an eternity of happiness or misery. This should not only be theoretically believed, but practically acted upon:—and this life should be primarily employed in preparing for another.

“The time which we occupy in the present state is that which God allots for our personal probation and trial. All God’s dispensations in respect to us, whether of providence or grace, refer to this period, and have their limits fixed by it. This suggests a most important thought, that, in this respect there is not an action we perform in our present probationary state, but has some reference to eternity, but will, in some measure contribute to our eternal joy, or our eternal pain.” To the reader of this article, I would earnestly and affectionately address an exhortation clothed in the words of the late Rev. Richard Watson, “Redeem then, the opportunity while you have it, and let the consideration of the rapid flight of time, and, as to you, its short duration, induce you, without delay, to flee to the refuge set before you; to secure your best interests by faith in Christ; and having done this, to take care that all your future days, whether they be many or few, be entirely devoted to him, and be spent in working out your own salvation.”

Sept. 17, 1839.

L.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ISAIAH XXII. 22. “And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder.” “The commentators,” says a celebrated writer, “are much embarrassed as to the meaning of this passage, not understanding how a *key* can be carried on the shoulder; which is by no means applicable to the keys which are now in use. This difficulty will cease when they know, that in the early ages they made use of certain crooked keys, having an ivory or wooden handle.

This is evident from the testimony of Homer, where he says, Penelope wanting to open a wardrobe, took a brass key, very crooked, hafted with ivory.

“A brazen key she held, the handle turn’d,
With steel and polished *elephant* adorn’d.”

Odyss. xxi. 9.

On which Eustatius remarks, that this kind of key was very ancient, and differed from the keys having several wards, which have been invented since, but that those ancient keys were still in use in his time. These crooked keys were in the shape of a sickle. But such keys, not being easily carried in the hand, on account of their inconvenient form, they were carried on the shoulder, as we see our reapers carry their sickles on their shoulders, joined and tied together. The key was an emblem of prayer.

“*Thou wast not salted.*” Ezekiel xvi. 4. It was an ancient custom to salt the bodies of new-born infants. It is probable that they only sprinkled them with salt, or washed them with salt water, which they imagined would dry up all superfluous humours. Galen says, “A little salt being sprinkled upon the infant, its skin is rendered more dense and solid.” It is said the inhabitants of Tartary still continue in the practice of salting their children as soon as they are born.

The Greeks in the Crimea preserve the custom of sprinkling a new-born infant with salt.—*Holderness on the Manners and Customs of the Crime Tartars*, p. 20 *Burder’s Orient. Lit.*, vol. 2, p. 183.

“Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive that your wickedness is great.” 1 Samuel xii. 17.

“And what was there extraordinary in this? may the mere English reader ask. Does it not often thunder and rain in wheat harvest? True, in England it does; but not in Judea; and when it does so there, it is deemed pernicious, as is evident from Prov. xxvi. 1. Josephus, Art. lib. vi. cap. 5, 6, paraphrasing the passage, makes Samuel say, ‘But that I may prove to you that God is displeased and angry with you for desiring a kingly government, I will manifest by strange signs, for what none of you ever saw before in this country, a storm in the midst of summer, this by my prayers will I move God to shew unto you.’ And in another place, De Bel. lib. iii. cap. 7, 12, speaking of Galilee, he observes, ‘In this country it rarely, if ever, rains during the summer.’ Volney says, ‘In the plain of Palestine, thunder is exceedingly uncommon in summer, and more frequent in winter.’”

ter."—*Compshaw's Travels*, p. 136—335.—*Homer's Observations*, vol. 1, p. 5—9.—*Parkhurst*.

"And she painted her face." 2 Kings ix, 33.

"Though thou rentest thy face with painting." Jeremiah, iv, 30.

"For whom thou didst wash thyself, paintedst thou thine eyes." Ezekiel, xxiii, 40.

The first text, "she painted her face" is, literally, she put her eyes in painting." In the English margin of the second text, the term "face," is rendered "eyes."

Sandy's Travels, p. 55, speaking of Turkish and Grecian women, says, "They put between the eyelids and the eyes, a certain black powder, with a fine pencil, made of mineral brought from the kingdom of Fez, and called *Al-cohole*, which, by the most disgraceful staining of the lids do better set forth the whiteness of the eye."

Dr. Shaw (*Travels*, p. 229, second edition) says, that the Moors, to this day, call the powder of lead ore, with which the ladies tinge their eyelids, *Al-cohol*.

Dr. Russell says, (*Nat. His. of Aleppo*, p. 102,) "Upon the principle of strengthening the sight, as well as an ointment, it is become a general practice among the women to black the inside of their eyelids, by applying a powder called Ismed. This is made of a substance called also Ispahany, from the place it is brought from. It appears to be a rich red ore, and is prepared by roasting it in a quince, apple, or truffle, then it is levigated with oil of sweet almonds on a marble stone. If intended to strengthen the eyes, they often add flowers of olibanum on amber. Their method of applying it is, by a cylindrical piece of silver, steel, or ivory, about two inches long, made very smooth, and about the size of a common probe. This they wet with water, in order that the powder may stick to it; and applying the middle part horizontally to the eye, they shut the eyelids upon it, and so drawing it through between them, it blacks the inside, leaving a narrow, black rim all round the edge. This is sometimes practised by the men, but is then regarded as foppish."

The practice of tinging the eyes or eyelids with black, was anciently common, not only among the Jews, but also among other oriental nations, and even among the Greeks and Romans.

"For thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto." Mark xiv, 70.

From various examples produced by Lightfoot and Schoetgen, it appears the Galileans used a very corrupt dialect and pronunciation, interchanging the gutterals and other letters, and so blending or dividing words as to render them unintelligible, or convey a contrary sense. Thus when a Galilean would have asked "*Immar laman?*" where is the lamb? he pronounced the first word so confusedly that it could not be known whether he meant "*chamor*," an ass, "*amar*," wool, or "*immar*," a lamb. A certain woman intending to say to a judge, "My Lord, I had a picture which they stole; and it was so great, that if you had been placed in it, your feet would not have touch-

ed the ground," so spoiled it by her pronunciation, that her words went, Sir Slave, I had a bean, and they stole thee away; and it was so great, that if they had hung thee on it thy feet would not have reached the ground.—*Comprehensive Bible*.

Poetry.

PROCRASTINATION.—Acts xxiv, 25, 26.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Alone he sat and wept. That very night,
The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal
Of eloquence had warned him to repent,
And, like the Roman at Drusilla's side,
Hearing the truth, he trembled. Conscience wrought,
Yet sin allur'd. The struggle shook him sore.
The dim lamp waned—the hour of midnight tolled;
Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed
Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch
And bade the spirit of his God depart.
—But there was war within him, and he sigh'd
"Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One!
Return when youth is past, and make my soul
For ever thine."

With kindling brow he trod
The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice,
And Beauty's smile, his joyous pulses woke.
To love he knelt, and on his brow she hung
Her freshest myrtle-wreath. For gold he sought,
And winged Wealth indulged him, till the world
Pronounc'd him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime
Swelled to its climax, and his busy days,
And restless nights, swept like a tide away.
Care struck deep root around him, and each shoot,
Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree,
Shut out with woven shades, the eye of Heaven,

When, lo! a message from the Crucified—
"Look unto me and live." Pausing, he spake
Of weariness, and haste, and want of time,
And duty to his children, and besought
A longer space to do the work of heaven.
God spake again, when Age had shed its snows
On his wan temples, and the palsied hand
Shrank from gold-gathering. But the rigid chain
Of habit bound him, and he still implor'd
A more convenient season:—

"See, my step
Is firm and free—my unquench'd eye delights
To view this pleasant world, and life with me
May last for many years. In the calm hour
Of lingering sickness, I can better fit
For vast eternity."

Disease approached,
And Reason fled. The maniac strove with Death
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries,
Till darkness smote his eyeballs, and thick ice
Closed in around his heart-strings. The poor clay
Lay vanquish'd and distorted. But the soul—
The soul, whose promised season never came
To hearken to its Maker's call, had gone
To weigh his sufferance with its own abuse,
And bide the audit.

Religious Intelligence.

EBENEZER CHAPEL. ANTIGUA.

WE insert an account of the new EBENEZER CHAPEL belonging to the Wesleyan Methodist connexion in St. John's Antigua, for the information of friends in the country and neighbouring Islands who may be interested in the cause of missions. This substantial magnificent Chapel, the foundation of which was laid in the beginning of 1857

the Ho
of Ass
ship of
August

On
James
service
reading
book o
that v
tany :
preach
parts
verse,
resting
thy pri
and let
ing of
Wall V
of the
faithfu
verses
and th
self sh
he wri
there."

On t
were
James
Isaiah
John C
verse.
between
Ebene
At 3
from
asham
of Go
to the
night t
ing con
"Save
seech
ing the
chap.
faithfu
us fron
ces we

The
keeper
£1792
has bec
friends
Englan
the lay
St. Joh
the am
ladies c
ceeds o
also, £
differer
July 31
propos
would
the leg
the late
or £93.
£123 9
sionary
receive
on the
liberali
the thro
collecti
rency,
the inte

the Honble. Nicholas Nugent, Speaker of the House of Assembly, was opened and set apart to the worship of Almighty God on the 1st, 4th, and 5th of August.

On Thursday morning at 11 o'clock the Rev. James Cox, Superintendent of the Circuit began the services by giving out the hymn on the 665th page, reading for the lessons the 8th chapter of the first book of Kings, and the 132d. Psalm, concluding with that very comprehensive form of prayer, the Litany: immediately after, the Rev. John Parkes preached to a large congregation collected from all parts of the Island from 2 Chronicles, 6th chap. 41st verse, "Now therefore arise, O Lord God into thy resting place, thou, and the ark of thy strength; let thy priests O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness." On the evening of the same day at 7 o'clock, the Rev. George Wall Westerby of Lebanon, a minister of the Church of the United Brethren or Moravians, preached a faithful and impressive sermon from Psalm 87th, verses 5 and 6, "And of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her; and the highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there."

On the following Sabbath, the opening services were continued, afternoon, and night. The Rev. James Cox again read prayers, taking for lessons Isaiah 69th, 2 Cor. 4th chap. Afterwards the Rev. John Cameron preached from 1 Saml. 7th chap. 12th verse. "Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, hitherto hath the Lord helped us." At 3 o'clock the Rev. Lancelot Railton preached from Romans 1st chap. 16th verse, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." And at night the Rev. Jesse Pilcher preached to an overflowing congregation from the 118th Psalm, 25th verse, "Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord I beseech thee send now prosperity." On Monday evening the Rev. T. Pearson preached from 1 John, 1st chap. and 9th verse, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The opening services were then concluded with a prayer meeting.

The chapel and out-houses, stables, and chapel keeper's house together with four large cisterns, cost £1792 12s. currency. Towards, this £2567 9s. 9d. has been received as subscriptions and donations from friends in the Island, including a few small sums from England. In addition to this, the collection made at the laying of the foundation stone was £45. The St. John's Juvenile Society presented donations to the amount of £62 1s. 4d. Two Bazaars held by the ladies of Antigua, produced £361 12s. 7d. The proceeds of two Tea Meetings by the ladies of Antigua also, £116 12s. 2d. Public monthly collections in the different Chapels in the island for this purpose up to July 31st 1839, £211 2s. 9d. Mr. D. B. Garling's proposal to give twenty pounds if any other parties would raise eighty for this object, £100. Part of the legacy of £1000 sterling, left to the Mission by the late Wm. Brown, Esq., received £450 sterling or £935 7s. 10d. currency. Gain on minor exchanges £123 9s. 9d. These together with grants from the missionary committee in London and pew rents already received, make in all £8684 13s. 3d. leaving a debt on the premises, of £9236 13s. 9d. The Christian liberality of the different congregations assembled on the three opening days, was manifested by six large collections, amounting to the sum total of £253 currency, which will reduce the debt to £3983 13s. 9d. the interest of which must be paid by pew rents and

monthly chapel collections in every place where we have Sabbath preaching.

As it regards the building itself, the exterior presents a most imposing and massive appearance, being a regular Grecian Doric edifice of three stories, 98 feet in length from East to West by 68 feet in breadth, and 42½ feet in height. The walls of the first story are 54 inches in thickness and of the two upper stories 36 inches. The front wall is built of beautiful white stone, the munificent gift of the Rev. N. Gilbert of Gilbert's, surmounted by a pediment with the following inscription cut in large block characters

"EBENEZER 1839."

The roof is low and of one span covered with patent Welsh Slate, screwed down upon the rafters according to a new principle lately tried in some parts of England, and surrounded by a parapet wall of 18 inches in height. The interior is also fitted up with the same unity of design, strength and pleasing simplicity. The galleries supported by 20 solid iron pillars, (4 inches diameter) extends all round the building. The pulpit and desk, stand out from the east wall about 17 feet, with the communion immediately behind, and the two stairs leading up to the galleries from the west door. The number of pews above and below is 155, and though double the number that were in the old chapel, are already let, except five. The whole is calculated to seat about 2000, and one half of the body of the chapel, (in addition to the whole of the east gallery which is to be occupied by the children of the Sabbath School,) is benched off in free sittings for the poor, affording sufficient accommodation for 600. The pulpit, desk, and doors, are beautifully painted Wainscot, the front of the galleries and ceiling a light blue, lined with white. The large opening in the ceiling for ventilation and sound, is enclosed above by an arched corridor, painted white, presenting throughout, an air of neatness and comfort, seldom to be witnessed in these Islands. Below the chapel, there is a large space fitted up for the purpose of conducting a large Infant School during the week days, and a Sabbath School on the LORD'S DAY; the remainder to be laid out in Vestries, or Class-Rooms.

This Chapel is intended to answer all the purposes of Methodism in St. John's for future years; and is built upon a scale somewhat more extensive than present circumstances may demand. But having to go to such a depth for the foundation of the walls and pillars, and having to expend such a very large sum in order to bring the building to a level with the ground, considering the rising importance and general prosperity of the town, it was thought safer to extend the walls somewhat beyond the bare space necessary for ordinary congregations and thus contract a few hundred pounds more of Chapel debt rather than be exposed to the contingency and expense attending a future enlargement—and though the most rigid economy has been maintained in the expenditure of money whether raised or borrowed, every precaution has been adopted to secure suitable materials and workmanship necessary for strength and durability. Considering the price of materials, carriage, &c. and the comparative difficulty attending such an erection in this part of the world, the remaining debt though heavy, ceases to be a matter of astonishment. Considering in the sound and liberal principles of this well proved community, this undertaking was projected, engaged in, and is now completed. Some extra efforts will be required to pay the interest and assist in the liquidation of the principal. But the work is God's, and in its necessity, importance, and blessing, is commended to the sympathies, assistance, and prayers of "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," and desire to benefit mankind.

onunciation, that
a bean, and they
, that if they had
have reached the
xiv. 25, 26.
ce wrought,
re.
nt tolled;
ad closed
ouch
gh'd
soul
e trod
ce,
ought,
world
us prime
h shoot,
e,
eaven,
ake
snows
l chain
y step
hts
me
ur
oached,
th Death
d cries,
k ice
poor clay
oul--
ame
ue,
igence.
ANTIGUA.
e new Ebenezer
an Methodist con-
the information of
ouring Islands who
missions.
chapel, the founda-
inning of 1837 b

On Sabbath June the 30th. a new Chapel School belonging to the Wesleyans, 60 feet by 29 in the clear, was opened and set apart for Divine Worship. This chapel is in the Belfast division, and was built for the congregation and Schools lately belonging to the Sion Hill Chapel. The land on which it stands was kindly presented to the Mission by the heir of the late Admiral Tollemache through the Rev. Edward Fraser.

Another small Chapel School 35 feet by 16, is in the course of erection for the free village of Liberta, and will be completed in a few weeks.

CENTENARY OF WESLEYAN METHODISM IN LOWER CANADA.

THE Wesleyan Methodists of Montreal, and the Wesleyan Ministers throughout the Provinces, cordially responding to the call uttered by the connexional efforts of their brethren and friends in the parent country and in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, held a meeting on Wednesday evening last the 4th instant, for the purpose of contributing to the British fund, which has been raised for the accomplishment of objects connected with the religious observation of the centenary. The meeting took place in the Wesleyan Chapel, St. James's street, and although the congregation was admitted by tickets, that spacious edifice was filled at an early hour. The Rev. Dr. Alder, one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London, presided on the occasion. In explaining the object of the meeting, Dr. A. in a luminous and eloquent speech, glanced at the origin, progress, present condition and prospects of Methodism throughout the world, and specified the objects upon which the centenary contributions were to be expended. Among these objects, prominence was given to the Theological Institution—suitable premises as a Mission House—a Missionary ship to be employed principally among the South Sea Islands—the relief of burdened Chapels, by a donation to the Chapel Loan Fund Committee—and a fund for the support of aged Ministers, their Widows and Children. These various objects so important to the conservation and enlargement of the great work, in which the Wesleyan Connexion by its domestic Ministry and Missionary Agencies is engaged, in seeking to promote the salvation of men throughout the world, were recognised by the meeting as deserving of their cordial support, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved 1st—That the plan and object of the centenary fund in England are most cordially approved of by this meeting, and that immediate measures be adopted to carry them into the most efficient operation in this province.

Resolved 2d—That John and David Torrance, Esquires, be requested to act as General Treasurers of the centenary fund for the province of Lower Canada, and that the Rev. J. P. Hetherington, Wm. Lunn, John Matthewson, and James Ferrier, Esquires, be requested to act as General Secretaries for the same.

Immediately on passing these resolutions, the spontaneous thank-offerings of the congregation to Almighty God for the benefits personally derived and resulting to the world from Wesleyan Methodism, began to pour into the hands of the Treasurers, and within an hour the donations amounted to £1730 0s 0d, additional contributions amounting to £487 10s 0d, were made the next day, making a total of £2217 10s 0d, and still further augmentation of the funds is confidently expected, and as similar meetings are to be held in Quebec, Odeltown, Dunham, Stanstead and other places, it is believed that the total amount will be proportionably liberal and large with that of any other district at home or abroad.

The Meeting was characterized by the most hallowed and delightful feeling, all hearts seemed to be deeply and gratefully impressed with a sense of the divine goodness, and each was led to enquire "What shall I render to the Lord?" The donations were in the strictest sense voluntary, appeals and solicitations were unnecessary, "The people gave willingly"—and the offerings of the poor, equally with those of the rich, were characterized by uncommon liberality; sums from the *fourpence* of the Sunday school scholar to the five hundred pounds of the wealthy merchant, were cast into the treasury of the Lord.

A list of the names of the subscribers is in preparation and will shortly be published.—*Canada Paper.*

Miscellaneous.

THE UNHOLY MINISTRY.

Every sin which is committed by a minister of religion is more than one, and it is as soon espied to; for more men look at the sun when he is in an eclipse than when he is in his beauty; but every spot, I say, is greater, every mote is a beam; it is not only made so, but it is so; it hath not the excuses of the people, is not pitiable by the measures of their infirmity; and 1. It is reckoned in the accounts of malice, never of ignorance; for ignorance itself in them is always a double sin; and it is very remarkable, that when God gave command to the Levitical priests to make atonement for the sins of ignorance in the people, there is no mention made of the priests' ignorance: God supposed no such thing in them, and Moses did not mention it, and there was no provision made in that case, as you may see at large in Levit. 4, and Num. 14. But 2. Because every priest is a man, also, observe how his sin is described, Levit. iv 3, "If the priest that is anointed do sin according to the sin of the people; that is if he be so degenerate and descend from the glory where God hath placed him, and do sin after the manner of the people, then he is to proceed to remedy: intimating that it is infinitely besides expectation: it is a strange thing, it is like a monstrous production, it is unnatural that a priest should sin according as the people do; however, if he does, it is not connived at, with a sentence gentle as that finds which is a sin of ignorance, or the sins of the people: no, it is not, for it is always malice, it is always uncharitableness, for it brings mischief to their congregations, and contracts their blessings into little circuits, and turns their bread into a stone, and their wine into vinegar: and then, besides this, 3. It is also scandalous, and then it is infinitely against charity; such ministers make the people of God to sin, and that is against the nature of their office and design of their persons: God sent them to bring the people from sin, and not to be like so many *Jeroboams* the sons of Nebat, to set forward the devil's kingdom, to make the people to transgress the covenant of their God: for they who live more by example than by precept, will more easily follow the works of their minister than the works of God; and few men will aspire to be more righteous than their guide; they think it well if they be as he is; and hence it is no wonder that we see iniquity so popular. *Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam*; every man runs after his lusts and after his money, because they see too many of the clergy little looking after the ways of godliness. But then consider, let all such persons consider, that the accounts which an ungodly and irreligious minister of religion shall make, must needs be intolerable; when, besides the damnation which shall certainly be inflicted upon them for the sins of their own lives, they shall also reckon for all the dishonors they do to God, to religion, and for all the sins of the people, which they did not in all jus

ways endeavour to hinder, and all the sins which their flocks have committed by their evil example and undisciplined lives.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AFFECTIONATE PREACHING.—No employment awakens and calls into action all the generous emotions of the mind more than that of the preacher. He comes to his fellow-men with a message infinitely more interesting and more useful than any other. He is sent on an errand more expressive of tenderness and good will. He comes to disclose the boundless mercy of God to mankind, as manifest in the condescension, life, and death of the Redeemer, in the forgiveness of sin, and the renovation of the soul; in its safe conveyance through the dangers of this world, and its final admission into heaven. This message he brings to his fellow-men, guilty and ruined in themselves, exposed to infinite danger and hopeless suffering. What subjects can be equally affecting? What employment can equally awaken all the tenderness of virtue?

An affectionate manner is in itself amiable and engaging. Men naturally love those who appear benevolent and tender-hearted, and, most of all, require and love this character in a minister of the gospel. This character, or its opposite, can hardly fail to appear in his discourses. There are so many things in the subjects of his preaching which naturally call forth tenderness and affection, that, if he possess this disposition, it cannot fail to appear in his sentiments, in his language, and in his manner of utterance. Wherever it appears, it will be acknowledged and loved, and the words of a beloved preacher will always come to his flock with a peculiar power of persuasion.—*Dwight.*

THE IVY AND THE OAK.—The following beautiful allegory is from the interesting volume of "Algie Researches," just published by H. R. Schoolcraft:

"A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. 'Oak,' said the ivy vine, 'bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me.' 'My support,' replied the oak, 'is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb even as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong, and the strong receive aid from the weak.'

'But I wish to grow independently,' said the vine, 'why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent upon you?' 'Nature,' answered the oak, 'did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone, and if you try it, the winds and rain, if not your own weight will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and yon, among the trees. The trees will begin to say, it is not my vine, it is a stranger, get thee gone, I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire thee, or pity thee.'

'Ah, me,' said the vine, 'let me escape from such a destiny; and with this, she twined herself around together.'

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.—I once knew a minister who never failed in having quite a revival on every circuit he traveled. He was considered a man

of ordinary talents, but yet the close of each year told a large increase of members, and a general success in the work of the Lord. Among several of his brethren in the ministry he was familiarly known as "the giant." His presiding elder once, in representing his character in conference, said, that "he was a strong man, but for his life he could not tell where his strength lay." He just then remembered that he was very faithful in making pastoral visits. "There is the secret of his strength," rejoined the bishops. "The secret of his strength is indeed," thought I. "Yes," my heart responded, "the grand mystery is discovered." This man reported from 300 to 500 increase every year, and he was *always* successful. Believing, then, that the secret of his success has been discovered, I would say to my brethren and to myself, Let us go and do likewise.

July 12, 1839.

HONEST POVERTY.—One of the most extraordinary things in life, is to see the things that people are ashamed of, and the things that they are not ashamed of. To see that there are men of sense and education, ashamed of not being rich; ashamed of not being able to keep a carriage; ashamed that, in the division of worldly things, enough has not fallen to their share to enable them to enjoy expensive pleasures; to wear expensive clothing, &c. One may excuse them for being sorry, but not for being ashamed. There is something extremely beautiful amid this world's hollow and idle pomp; amid its heartless and wearying show; its parade bought with tears and crimes. There is something extremely beautiful in the sight of a man poor, and not ashamed of being so; of one with just enough to live upon, with industry and economy, and content to pass through this pilgrimage without an appeal to the common sentiments of the crowd.

THE GRAVE-YARD.—"I never shun a grave-yard. The thoughtful melancholy which it impresses is grateful rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me more pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion whose chambers I must occupy soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there, —but the folly, the bustle, the vanity, the pretensions the pride of humanity, are all gone. Men are there, but their passions are all hushed, and their spirits are still. Malevolence has lost his power of harming; appetite is estimated; ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done ranging; all disputes are ended, and revelry is over; the fiercest animosity is deeply buried; and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thick-piled clouds of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the tramp of the archangel and the voice of God." —*Greenwood.*

RELIGIOUS MEDITATION.—I was once wont to meditate most on my own heart, and dwell all at home, and look little higher. I was still pouring either on my sins of wants, or examining my sincerity; but now, though I am greatly convinced of the need of heart-acquaintance and employment, yet I see more need of a higher work, and that I should look oftner upon Christ, and God, and heaven, than upon my own heart. At home I find distempers to trouble me, and some evidences of my peace; but it is above that I must find matter of delight and joy, and love and peace itself.—Therefore I would have one thought at home upon myself my sins, and many thoughts above, upon the high and amiable and beautifying objects.—*Richard Baxter.*

The Wesleyan.

HALIFAX, MONDAY, OCTOBER 7.

SINCE the publication of our last, Centenary Meetings have been held at Liverpool, Lunenburg, Horton, and Windsor. As we have not officially received the lists from the local Secretaries, we shall not announce the amount till the lists are sent for publication in our columns. We believe that the most liberal and hallowed feeling pervaded each of these meetings. The result, in a pecuniary point of view, in some of the above mentioned places, was indeed honourable and surprising.

We would suggest that the Secretaries should take an early opportunity of forwarding us their lists. We have not yet received the list from Charlotte Town.

ERRATA.—We are requested to correct an error in the first page of our last number: on second column, 11th line, for "eagles, read, "angels."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters have been received from A. H. Cocken, Esq.; L. Marshall, Esq.; Rev. T. H. Davies; Rev. W. Wilson; Mr. M. Burns.

TO AGENTS.

We are obliged to repeat our earnest appeal to our country Agents to forward, *without delay*, the sums in advance, for the second half year of the present volume, now due as well as for all arrears.

We have not heard from our Agent at St. John, N. B.

From the Colonial Pearl.

ITEMS—FOREIGN, DOMESTIC, & C.

In our last we gave the chief items brought by the British Queen. The Royal Speech at the prorogation of Parliament has since come to hand, but it does not contain anything of sufficient interest to call for republication in our Summary. Its substance is as follows:

A definitive treaty, mediated by the five powers, had been concluded between Holland and Belgium,—the same powers had provided for the peace of Eastern Europe, and had determined to uphold the independence of the Ottoman Empire. Great Britain had succeeded in causing a reconciliation between France and Mexico. A convention had been concluded with France, for arranging difficulties regarding the fisheries. The Queen expressed her determination to persist in endeavours for the extinction of the slave trade. The differences with Persia had not yet been satisfactorily adjusted. Prospects were in favour of late British movements in India. Her Majesty cheerfully concurred in measures calculated to preserve internal tranquillity in England and in the reduction of Postage bill. The conversion of unfunded debt into stock, afforded evidence of the confidence placed in the credit and resources of the country. It was with pain that her Majesty was compelled to enforce the laws against those who resisted, by force, the lawful authorities, but Her Majesty relied upon the good sense of her

people for the maintenance of that order which was necessary for the prosperity of all classes.

The Dublin Precursor Society has been dissolved.—Mr. O'Connell announced his determination to advocate Repeal,—a new Society, called the New Registry Association, has been formed, and is intended to take the place of the Precursor Society.

Some Russian losses on the coast of Circassia are recorded. The Russians had been victorious in a battle, but had suffered severely.

It was confidently reported that Don Carlos was a prisoner, and that the civil war in Spain had been, consequently, concluded.

STEAM.—An American paper gives a list of Steamers expected to navigate the ocean in 1841. These amount to, 32 British Steamers,—and 10 French,—their burthen equal to 58,260 tons, and their power, 18,048 horses. The European ports of these are, Bristol, Liverpool, London, Portsmouth, Glasgow, Falmouth, Havre, Brest, Bordeaux,—and their American, and other places of call,—New York, Boston, Halifax, West Indies, Brazils, Havana, U. S. Southern ports, Egypt, and Vera Cruz.

UNITED STATES.

MAINE.—Governor Fairfield has been re-elected majority over his opponent, of 8000 votes.

THE AMISTAD.—Much interest continues in this case. Arguments regarding jurisdiction have been heard before the courts. It appears to have been decided, that the district court has jurisdiction.

Melancholy accounts are furnished of the prevalence of yellow fever, to the southward. Some unfortunate emigrants, French and Germans, seeking refuge in the new world, and tempted by high wages, dared the pestilential cities, and were swept off with awful celerity.

CONFLAGRATION.—Another destructive fire occurred in New York on the afternoon of Sept. 23. The New York Gazette gives the following account of this disaster:

"At about five o'clock yesterday afternoon the interior of the National Theatre, in Church street, was found to be on fire, and in a very short time the whole of that fine edifice was so completely enveloped in flames as to render it quite impossible to extinguish them, and the entire building has, at this moment, nothing left but the walls. So rapid was the conflagration, that we believe the whole mass of magnificent and costly scenery, as well as the immense properties of every description belonging to this great establishment, shared the fate of the building. By this disaster, Wallack has lost at one fell swoop, the fruits of years of indefatigable enterprise, and unremitting industry. The intrinsic loss to M. Wallack is enormous, to say nothing of his misfortune in other and extraneous aspects of the case. He had just fitted up this large, and by far the most magnificent of our theatres, at a very great expense, and has recently brought across the Atlantic a company of performers of the first class,—some of them at the very head of their profession in both hemispheres, and now he and themselves in one sad hour of disaster, find all lost! By this calamity one hundred and fifty individuals are directly deprived of their only means of support—many of them in utter destitution, and more than

one thousand more or less dependent on the establishment for their daily bread, are thrown resourceless upon the world! Speedy means we trust will be provided for them.

The fire is understood to have originated from the bursting of a gas pipe, and communicated so rapidly with combustible materials at the interior of the Theatre as to defy all efforts to arrest its progress. The flames of course communicated at once with the splendid French Protestant Church, adjoining the Theatre, and situated on the corner of Church and Franklin streets. This church is built of marble with a splendid dome, and portico in the chastest style of Grecian architecture. When we left the scene the copper covering of the entablature was melting and falling in, and nothing but the walls and the noble marbles pillars were left. The large and handsome Dutch Reformed Church, a few doors off in Franklin street, also took fire, and was in a short time a mass of smouldering ruins. This building had recently undergone expensive repairs. A small dwelling house between the two churches in Franklin street was also destroyed, though an intervening brick dwelling house was saved, or at least was standing comparatively uninjured when we left the ground.

The spacious African church at Leonard street, directly opposite the theatre, is also entirely destroyed, with the exception of the walls which are still standing. The loss falls heaviest on Mr. Wallack, whose property was not insured at all. That gentleman's private ward-robe alone was worth from seven to ten thousand dollars, and his whole loss will not fall short of \$25,000. Other individuals connected with the establishment will lose nearly as much. The churches destroyed or nearly so, were very valuable, and the whole loss will probably be two hundred thousand dollars at least—some estimate it much higher. The members of the Theatrical company are severe sufferers, one of the orchestra corps lost a tremolo violin which cost about two thousand dollars.

As is correctly said in the Courier & Enquirer, it has probably never occurred before, in this country at least, that a great Theatre like the National, and three large churches, all within a stone's throw of each other have been seen in flames at the same time.

(Besides the public buildings, about 7 or 8 dwelling houses appear to have been partially or totally destroyed.)

COLONIAL.—The Episcopal church at Chippewa was destroyed by fire on Sept. 12. The conflagration was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The Rev. R. Alder and Rev. M. Richey had arrived in Toronto. The Quebec Gazette remarks, in allusion to Sir P. Thompson's appointment, that they should be glad to have a governor who could have a fair trial, for that they change governors in Canada more frequently than in the United States,—in 31 years they have had 23 governors in Canada.

A fearful mortality is said to prevail among the corps in garrison at Demerara, St. Lucea, and St. Vincent. Many had died, including several officers.

YARMOUTH.—Launched, at Chebogue, on Wednesday last the Brig *Sterling*, burthen 161 tons, new admeasurement, owned by Rueben Clements, Esq. built under the superintendence of Mr. John Richards.

The *Leander*, a fine Brigantine of 112 tons, built at Bartlett's River, owned by Mr. Benjamin Porter and others, arrived in Yarmouth harbour, Sep. 26.

PICTOU.—On the evening of the 5th Sept. H. M. Ship *Andromache*, struck on an unknown rock, off Entry Island, one of the Magdalens, she remained 10 hours on shore, but got off without any material damage.

The rock lies a quarter of a mile due E. by N. from the high rock or Islet off the N. E. Point of Entry Island. It has 11 feet water on it, with 4, 5, and 6 fathoms between the islet—close outside of it there is a depth of 7 fathoms. The rock is not laid down in the recent or any previous survey, and was unknown to the pilot.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Mr. Murphy, of Sheet Harbour, experienced a very distressing casualty in the gale of Sep. 13, and came to town on Wednesday last, for surgical assistance. During the gale he became entangled in some coils of a cable, it appears, and was dragged overboard; he was thrown on deck again, and endeavoured to regain his footing, but fell, and found that one of his feet had been completely torn off. He received such attendance as was at hand, and remained from that until Thursday, a period of about three weeks, without effectual assistance; on Thursday the stump was amputated, we understand, by Dr. J. Hume. This second renewal of the sufferer's fears and pains, must have been very trying. Mr. Murphy was accompanied to town by his wife and child. The former, no doubt, to act the part of the assiduous nurse,—the latter was an innocent, a year and half old, who lay in its cradle beside its suffering father, entirely unconscious of the care of mortals.

Mr. Murphy was conspicuously active in the rescue of the passengers of the *Aid de Camp*, when that vessel was wrecked near his dwelling, during last summer. He lost a vessel this spring,—and had another seriously injured in the late gale. The latter, it appears, was repaired by the assistance of his sympathising neighbours.

CAUTION.—A family in New York, recently partook of a dish of stewed mushrooms. The fungus called a toads tool was in the mess, and caused extreme sickness to those who partook of it. The mother of the family died in consequence. —A mistake, in giving laudanum for paregoric, caused the death of a child, lately, in Boston.

The Countess of Westmoreland arrived last evening, from Boston. Her Ladyship stays at Government House. *Pearl.*

Arrived, yesterday, Her Majesty's Packet Brig *Star*, Lieutenant Griffin, from Falmouth, 29 days, Passengers,—Viscount Glamis, 69th Regiment, Mr. Wm. Young, Mrs. J. McNab, Miss Jenkins, and 2 Miss Griffins.

MARRIAGES.

At Londonderry, on Thursday the 26th inst. by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. Robert Pearson, to Lavinia, eldest daughter of M. P. Martin.

On the 22nd inst, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Thomas Harrison, to Miss Jessy Paton Ried, of this place.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday morning, in the 82d year of her age, Mary widow of the late honorable Michael Wallace.

Suddenly on Tuesday, Mrs. Charlotte Gorham, aged 42 years. At Pictou, on the 5th inst, in the 56th year of her age, Ann Waddel, spouse of Mr. James Kilier, -cur.

THE CURIOSI.—There is one sect in the religious world, which, although not mentioned in any book of denominations, or in any theological dictionary; which, although it has neither distinct creed nor separate temples, still it is entitled to a specific notification; this sect I shall denominate *Curiosi*. Their identifying trait is a *love of novelty*. They may belong to any preacher, who, for the time, can interest them by something new; and they attach themselves to every congregation that has something going on out of the common way. Thus they are carried along the stream of profession, like chips and twigs that are floating near the edge of a river, they are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

INCONSISTENCIES IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.—An old and some-what eccentric English writer makes the following remarks, which we regard as well worthy of attention:—"Most preachers begin low, and this is the only way to obtain audience, for it warns the people to listen if they intend to hear. On the contrary, if the speaker sets off loud, they will not be afraid of making a noise: for they will think they are sure to hear, make what noise they will. People who come late, after the worship is begun, are great disturbers, and they ought to leave off the lazy habit, or sit down as soon as they get in at the door. Coughing, again, is another common disturbance. Just as the preacher is going to utter that one word on which the sense of a whole period depends, out issues a cough from some wide mouth, which shakes all the air, prevents the hearing of five hundred people, and gives half the house the headache. They who have bad coughs should keep at home; they who cough by rate should be reproved; and they who have colds, and yet think it proper to attend, should cough into handkerchiefs, and so lessen the noise. Every cough is a kind of attack upon the preacher's voice, and it is miserable for him to stand up merely to be pelted. The most and best a public speaker can do in such a case, is to utter his sermon by periods, and by making proper pauses between each, to give the people time to ease their lungs."

The practice of sleeping in places of worship—a practice not prevalent in any other place of public resort—is most distressing to ministers, and most disgraceful to those who indulge it. If the apostle indignantly inquires of the Corinthians, whether they had not houses to eat and drink in, may we not, with equal propriety, ask those who indulge in this practice, whether they have not beds to sleep in, that they convert the house of God into a dormitory?

THE SOUL A DIAMOND.—What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence, which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an idea of your thoughts and feelings? What care, what caution, would you exercise in the selection! Now, this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe, every day, and every hour, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for, or against you, at the judgment day.—*Payson*

RELIGION IN PAPISTS, says Shelley, has no connection with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout, and without any shock to public sentiment confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society in Italy, and is according to the temper of the mind it inhabits—a passion, a persuasion, an excuse, a refuge—*never a check.*

DANCING.—It is well known that the Asiatics of either sex, of any respectability, never dance themselves. Throughout Hindoostan, whether among the Hindoos, Mahomedans, or Parsees, the master of a feast sends for the public dancing girls and musicians to entertain his guests; for himself, his family, or his company to do either, would be quite inconsistent with propriety, and the gravity of character they generally preserve. An Indian of respectability could never consent to his wife or daughter dancing in public, nor can they reconcile English country dances, to their ideas of female delicacy. I remember an amiable Hindoo at Bombay, being taken to a verandah overlooking the assembly room, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were going down a country dance; on his conductor asking him how he liked the amusement, the mild Indian replied, "Master, I not quite understand this business, but in our caste we say, if we place butter too near the fire, it will melt." I have thought of this Hindoo when present at some particular waltzing in France and Germany.—*Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.*

EDUCATION.

THE MISSES TROPOLET, Granville Street,

CONTINUE to instruct young Ladies in English Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, Ancient and Modern History, Geography, Plain Needle Work, and Fancy Work, Music and Drawing, and the Use of the Globes.

REFERENCES.—*Rev. R. Alder, General Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Rev. John Marshall, Halifax; Rev. William Bennett, Newport; Rev. E. Wood, St. John, and Rev. William Temple, Miramichi, New Brunswick.* August 12, 1836.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

THAT new and well-finished Dwelling and Lot of Ground, in Argyle Street, south of the Old Wesleyan Chapel. The situation is very eligible. The house is contrived and finished in such a manner as to make it an uncommonly comfortable residence. Persons desirous of purchasing may inspect it on application to Halifax, July 15. *HENRY G. HALL.*

Terms &c.

The Wesleyan each number containing 16 pages (imperial octavo) is published every other Monday (evening) by *Wm. Cunnabell*, at his Office, head of Marchington's wharf, Halifax, N. S. Terms: Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum; by mail, Eight Shillings and Ninepence (including postage) one half always in advance. All communications must be addressed to the Agent of the Wesleyan, Halifax, N. S.

N. B.—Exchange Papers should be addressed to the Office of the Wesleyan, Halifax, N. S.

Halifax, General Agent—*John H. Anderson Esq.*
Windsor—*Mr. T. McMurray.*
Liverpool—*John Campbell, Esq.*
Yarmouth—*Mr. Daniel Gardiner.*
Guysborough—*E. J. Cunningham, Esq.*
Lower Rawdon—*J. J. Blackburn, Esq.*
The Gore—*Wm. Blois, Esq.*
Shubenacadie—*Richard Smith, Esq.*
Horton—*J. N. Crane, Esq.*
Wolville—*R. Dawolf, Esq.*
Bill Town—*N. Tupper, Esq.*
Cornwallis—*J. Lockwood and H. Harrington, Esqrs.*
Newport—*Rev. W. Wilson,*
Kennetcook—*Mr. C. Haywood.*
Digby—*N. F. Longley, Esq.*
Lawrence Town and Kentville—*S. B. Chipman, Esq.*
Aylesford—*Rev. Peter Sleep.*
Annapolis and Bridgetown—*Rev. G. Johnson.*
Shelburne—*A. H. Cocken, Esq.*
Lunenburg—*Rev. W. E. Shenstone.*
Wallace—*Mr. S. Fulton.*
Parrsboro'—*Rev. H. Pope.*
Amherst—*Mr. Amos Trueman.*
Sydney, C. B.—*Lewis Marshall, Esq.*
Charlotte Town P. E. I.—*Mr. Isaac Smith.*
Bedeque, P. E. I.—*John Wright, Esq.*
St. John, N. B.—*Henry J. Thorne, Esq.*
Fredericton, N. B.—*Rev. F. Smallwood.*
Richibucto, N. B.—*Thomas W. Wood.*
St. Davids, N. B.—*D. Young, Esq. Esq.*
Westmoreland, N. B.—*Stephen Trueman, Esq.*
St. Andrews, N. B.—*Rev. A. Desbrisay.*
Miramichi, N. B.—*Rev. W. Temple.*
Bathurst, N. B.—*Rev. W. Leggett.*