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Religious Miscellany.

Thou Knowest.

JOHN XXII. 15-17.

"Thou knowest," Lord, the weakness and sorrow of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest, O care of to-day and burdens of to-morrow, Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed; I come before Thee at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet, Thou knowest Lord.

"Thou knowest" all the past, how long and blindly On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed, How the Good Shepherd follow'd, and how kindly He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid, And heald the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain, And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

"Thou knowest" all the present, each temptation, Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear; All to myself assign'd of tribulation, Or to beloved ones, than self more dear! All painful memories as I journey on, Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

"Thou knowest" all the future gleams of gladness, By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;— Hope of sweet fellowship and parting adieu, And the dark river to be cross'd at last; Oh, what could confidence and hope afford To treat that path, but this, "Thou knowest Lord."

"Thou knowest," not alone as God all-knowing; As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved On earth, with purest sympathies overflowing;— O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved!

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come, And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home. Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying, And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet, On venturing strength my weakness staying, Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete, Then rising and rejoicing, I leave Thy throne, And follow on to know as I am known.

Comfort for the Bereaved.

I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners—Isaiah xvii. 18.

We have here the utterance of God's thoughts to the bereaved mourner. He who looked down on the thoughts of his heart, "I know the sorrow" he who in a later age wept in the midst of his grief, and hastened to the rescue of faithful disciples, says to each poor afflicted one, "My thoughts are upon thee. I have appointed thy trial. I have decreed that early, or that unlooked-for grave. Let faith trust me in this dark hour, when fainting human nature may fail to comprehend the mystery of my dealings from a beautiful gradation. God's eyes, he knows, he 'leads,' he 'comforts'! He sees, he hears, he knows my case, my character, my circumstances. A little while before he stopped cursing, and began to pray. You never saw anybody so changed as he is.

"Poor Dick" he was a jolly fellow when things went well with him; I'm sorry if the pious ones had got hold of him and made him blue." "Ah Bill, you're all out now; Dick Stevens is anything but blue. He told me yesterday that he never was so happy in his life; and he wants us all to know how good it is to have God our friend; to love and pray to him, instead of cursing and abusing him."

"Where is Dick now? I haven't seen him for months." "He's got a place to tend in a stable. There's a lot over it, where he sleeps; and he has persuaded several of the fellows who work near him, to come in these evenings and read the Bible and pray together. I was there last night myself; and Dick asked us all to join in praying for you, Bill."

"Praying for me?" "Yes, he was busy—'I stole a glance at the talkers—Bill's head was drooped into his bosom; while the comrade who was seeking his welfare, held him by the hand, and looked earnestly in his face. Just then, the car for which I was waiting took me from the street; and he was out of sight, I saw Bill's coat alone drawn hastily across his eyes; and then the two boys, arm in arm, walked away together."

"On the power of the Gospel!" "He stopped cursing and began to pray." "Oh the blessed spirit of Christian love!" "He wants us all to know how good it is to have God for our friend." "He prayed for you, Bill."—*Congregationalist.*

Death's Donation.

Twenty-seven hundred years ago a funeral procession was moving along a house of mourning towards the burial place. The corpse there is one heart ever throbbing with thought of unalterable love. Weeping one! thou canst say, in the midst of intensest solitude, and through anguished tears, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—*A Pastor.*

A Present Heaven.

He who lives by faith is independent of present circumstances. He communes with objects in an entirely distinct sphere. While surrounding objects, upon which men of the world depend for happiness, continually fluctuate and disappoint them, he who maintains his faith in spiritual realities may be calm, contented, and happy. To him, spiritual objects are alone real and important. All that sense or mere understanding perceives, grand and worthy of supreme devotion as it may appear to the worldly mind, is to him only vanity of vanities. He surrounds himself with divine and eternal objects. He communes with God in prayer. He finds endless treasures of wisdom, and sources of refreshment in the word of God. The love of Christ, the friendship of God, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the covenant of grace well-ordered in all things and

sure, the power of prayer with God, inward strength and encouragement in time of trial, the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ and transformation into the same image from glory to glory—these are realities to the believer. With a fast hold on those glorious objects by faith, he is content to let "earth roll nor feel her idle whirl." Worldly objects have roared; faith has given the victory over them. Though hunted on the mountains, and fleeing with his life in his hand, like righteous David, he tunes his harp and sings his psalm of trust, of hope and of rapture. Though his soul is among lions; though he lies among men whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongues a sharp sword, yet his heart is fixed; he will sing and give praise; he will awake early to utter his overflowing joys. Like Paul and Silas, in the inner dungeon of a Roman prison, with their feet fast in the stocks, and with bodies sore and bloody from shameful scourges, at midnight night they can sing praises, and bear such testimony to the power of sustaining grace.

But as heaven is not made up of inaction, of mere repose, or even of specific acts of worship and praise exclusively, but also of great deeds and of the zealous service of doubly consecrated nature and exalted powers; so the heaven realized by faith on earth, is not one of withdrawal from earth to contemplative solitude and selfish seclusion. That which truly overcomes the world knows how to use it; that which flies from the world, how does it conquer it? Faith is discriminating. It sees in man and in man's works and pursuits, and in nature's powers and arrangements, the material for the establishment of God's kingdom on earth. It sees in history the gathering up and gradual organization of these materials. Faith has but one eye open, it can discern no spiritual relationships and adaptations in worldly things and events. It may be a nice function, but it does truly belong to faith to see these qualities, and to find in them a field for the spiritual activity of the renewed man. It is no part of our present heaven to ignore them—to grow sick of the world and weary of life—to press up an indiscriminate crusade against the world. It must be a very vague and very ill-defined paradise—the product of our fancy rather than that of faith—which in no manner tolerate our secular interests or pursuits within its precincts. A very artificial and unwholesome place we must consider it; much in need of daylight and of air. We must find our heaven largely in serving God in the activities of the present life, or postpone it entirely to the next world. We must work humbly, faithfully, rejoicingly for God in our daily pursuits. We must see in them a sphere for serving God and advancing his kingdom on earth, as truly, though not so on great a scale, as any angelic finds in managing the winds or the flaming fire to execute God's will.—*Am. Presbyterian.*

Paul's Estimate of Heaven.

In speaking of the glories of the eternal world, the apostle does not escape him as a reality of the imagination, as a thought awakened by a sudden glance at the object; he does not express himself at random from the sudden impulse of the moment, but in the sober tone of calculation. "I reckon," he says, like a man skilled in the spiritual arithmetic, "I reckon," after a due estimate of their comparative value, that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

No man was ever so well qualified to make this estimate. Of the sufferings of the present world he had shared more largely than any man. Of the glory that shall be revealed he had a glimpse granted to no other man. He had been caught up into paradise. He had heard the words of God, and seen the vision of the heavenly world, and the result of his privileged experience was, that "he desired to depart and be with Christ;" that he desired to escape from this valley of tears; that he was impatient to recover the celestial vision, eager to perpetuate the momentary foretaste of the glories of immortality.—*Hannah More.*

The Last Call.

There is something awfully fearful in neglecting the last call of the gracious Redeemer.—The last rays of the setting sun may return again. The last look of a beloved friend may be renewed in another world. But beyond the last call of the Redeemer there is no other. That lightning bolt, the soul dies—eternity. He that is young man when the call came to him, instead of saying, "I will think of it," gave himself to this work—followed the intimations of the Spirit, what joy would there have been in heaven and on earth? That was a golden moment, which, if seized, would have placed a never-fading crown upon his head. That moment fled, and the soul that might have been saved suddenly to the presence of the Judge. Reader, perhaps this golden moment is your own. If so, seize upon it eagerly. Close instantly with the offers of mercy. Hear the voice of Jesus, and make him your Saviour. Make your eternity sure. Plaster not yourself that you will again have so good an opportunity. This may be your last call.

Who is Old?

A wise man will never rust. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Young, and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits.

It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? It is the man of energy; not the day laborer in sin, and not the man of sin; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, to whom all things wear a gloom of gloom. Is he old? Is he active? He can breathe freely and move with agility? He can be active of gray-head, to those who prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who turn pale as at a lion in their path, at a harsh word or a frown.

Religious Intelligence.

Can you wonder that we wept! Read the following letter to the Corresponding Secretary from Dr. Johnson: STURTEVANT, N. H., Sept. 9, 1863.—In our station we have a Bible class composed of all the missionaries, (three families), our three native preachers, and from twelve to fifteen of the largest of our orphan boys. This class in addition to our regular Sabbath work; such as preaching in the chapel and barn, class and prayer meetings, and Sunday School, etc. You are precluded from using the Baptismal Service, and consequently (as we must infer) other offices of the Prayer Book, unless they omit all such passages as assume the truth of the Mosaic history. (Part II, p. xxii.)

Now, it cannot have escaped you that the inconsistency between the office you hold and the opinion you avow is causing great pain and grievous scandal to the Church. And we solemnly ask you to consider once more with the most serious attention whether you can, without harm to your own conscience, retain your position, when you can no longer discharge its duties or use the formularies to which you have subscribed. We will not abandon the hope that, through earnest prayer and deeper study of God's Word, you may, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, be restored to a state of belief in which you may be able with a clear conscience again to discharge the duties of our sacred office; a result which, from regard to your highest interests, we should welcome with the most unfeigned satisfaction.

"We are, your faithful brethren in Christ, (Here follow the signatures.)"

The Hindoo Goddess.

You would hardly think that boys who had learned about the true God and his commandments would worship idols. Many of them say, "Yes, we know it is not right, and Jesus is the only Saviour; but they are not willing to leave their friends and give up their sinful customs for the sake of Christ."

The goddess most worshipped in India is Kalse, the wife of Shiva the Destroyer. Some of the little boys from the school came one day to ask if they might stay at home a few days. "This is the feast of our goddess Kalse," they said, "and there is a beautiful image of her now in the bazaar, and we go every day to worship her."

Though we generally stay away from their sinful doings, we went this time to see the idol they had made. We entered a long room hung with pictures and lighted with many lamps suspended from the ceiling. It was filled with people; women had brought even their babies to bow before the image. A red curtain concealed the goddess, but they willingly drew it aside for us. She looked very bright and dazzling, covered with shining clothes and precious stones reflecting the light. She had two hands and her foot was upon a lion. In her right hand she carried spears and swords, and a human head which showed what a horrid blood-thirsty person she was. A large neck-lace represented human skulls. On her right hand was her son Ganesha, with the head of an elephant on his body. There was also a bull, another god mounted on a peacock. The people were bowing before her and offering incense.

Thousands of animals are, in some places, killed in her worship; and in one of their sacred books it is written that she is pleased with the blood of animals, but if any one offer her a human head she is pleased a thousand years.

Children do you pray for the boys in the mission schools? For, until the Chinese change their hearts, they will not turn from their idols.—*S. S. Visitor.*

General Miscellany.

MILTON AND GALILEO. Milton, the disciple of the ancients and of liberty, serious and gentle, austere and poetical, learned and inspired—his words and his deeds, the grand advance of his country toward liberty of conscience—would not leave Italy without visiting Galileo, and paying homage to the prisoner. Imagine, then, these two noble faces, I know nothing more touching than their contrast. Galileo is blind. The nun, his daughter, the only one left to him, supports him as he totters along, while with his stick he tries to find his way on the stone of the hill, where Milton could step with a bound. The Italian head seems to sparkle with the rapture of genius under the white locks which cover it; in the symmetry of the profile, in its greater contour, in the graceful breadth of brow which contains the universe, you recognize the majesty of thought and race. A few soft touches, a delicate smile, shades of expression feminine in refinement, betray to the world the son of a society that is exhausting itself in artifice and guile. The young Englishman is an antique simplicity. His dress is free from all flattery; long, curling locks of golden tinge which has such a peculiar charm, fall over his shoulders and harmonize admirably with his large, thoughtful blue eyes, his melancholy, earnest smile, and his pale face, whose purity has never been sullied or changed either by coarseness or violent passion. As they sat together on the stone of the hill, where Milton could gaze on Florence with its high marble palaces, its domes, and its bridges over the Arno, what were his thoughts? Had he any premonition of his future destiny and of that of England? Did any inner voice inform him that one day he too, should become illustrious like Galileo—blind like him, like him condemned to isolation in his latter days, and to the reprobation of his contemporaries?

SIR WALTER SCOTT. "Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history," says a contemporary of Scott, "did literary art receive a homage so universal as that of Scott. His reputation was co-extensive, not only with the English language, but with the boundaries of civilization. In one year, too, his literary productions yielded him £16,000. The King conferred on him a baronetcy, and wherever he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the hour. All the good things of life were his by right. His mansion at Abbotsford, which he had purchased as a poet's imagination, and seemed to be a poem in stone. His company was the most honorable of the land, and his domestic enjoyments all that his heart could desire. Yet he was not happy. Ambitious to found a family, he got into debt, and in old age he was a ruined man. When about to leave Abbotsford for the last time, he said: 'When I think on what this place now is, and what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished wretch.' (Part I, p. xii.) And we understand you further to intimate that those who think with prayer to meetings, and Sunday School, etc. You are precluded from using the Baptismal Service, and consequently (as we must infer) other offices of the Prayer Book, unless they omit all such passages as assume the truth of the Mosaic history. (Part II, p. xxii.)

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Power of Public Sentiment.

The N. W. Alcotts give the following from an address by Bishop Simpson: I recollect some years ago, in addressing a missionary meeting, using a scientific illustration that I must refer to-night to express fully what I mean, to show the increasing power of Christian public sentiment in these latter days. You know the properties of the galvanic battery, how plate beside plate with proper substances intervening generates the electric spark. You know if the plates be large enough, developing quantity, and if they be numerous enough, developing intensity, there is no substance can resist the power of this spark which shines emanates from these plates; yet nothing is seen until the moment of contact; you add plate to plate and plate to plate and the whole battery is entirely harmless; no result seems to be following. Not until you join the poles does the spark flash which accomplishes the great results. Such is the power of this influence, that you may take one or two plates and join the wire and straw will burn; you add another plate, and paper will burn; you add other plates, and a little iron wire will burn; you add other plates and a great iron rod will melt as easily as the straw. Could there be plates large and numerous enough, and could you bring poles to bear on these mighty plates, all this great earth would be burned up in the twinkling of an eye just as easily as straw disappears from an ordinary battery. Such is the power of Christian public opinion. It results from the combination of nations, the growth of public sentiment, the advance of what we call civilization. It is Christian sentiment, and we have seen it under many forms manifested by nation after nation when came out those great principles to which my brother as a statesman alluded—such as the great *Magna Charta*, the Declaration of Independence, the sentence of Church and State, the great principles of the well being of society came out age after age, and always in evolution, eliminating some great principle. It was when King John endeavored to give his kingdom to the Pope, and barons met on the plain of Runnymede, and when they threatened that palace which stood in all its glory—it was then, in the midst of that evolution the great *Magna Charta* was signed. The pole of public opinion had been put together which evolved the spark that taught the sovereigns he dare not give his kingdom to another, for the people would not be transferred. When England sought to oppress this land of ours, and the great struggle of 1776 came on, it was in the midst of that that the great Declaration of Independence was penned, which became the *Magna Charta* of our great and glorious nation. In the midst of great struggles there have come out those great combinations and great results. Still, there were other evils in the world to be done away with. I have been waiting and looking. I saw this revolution coming. We knew not its form as it was coming strangely over our land, but I saw there was a battery and some hidden power. I knew not whose hands were to join the poles or where the sparks were to come from. I saw the battery placed, and plate after plate; the national mind excited, and the States all wrought up to the highest possible pitch. I saw Europe standing and looking on; I saw Napoleon wishing our downfall; I saw treacherous England coveting our ruin; I saw all Europe waiting for the overthrow of democratic institutions. I knew not what would be the result, as I saw some men tremble, but I saw the battery arranged and the wires prepared. I saw the hand of the great and mighty Euler taking hold of these wires as if to bring them together. I saw between the wires that pile of manacles, all those instruments of torture that cursed and degraded the whole land, and then I saw that the first day of last January, when the great Chief Magistrate touched the poles together, in one moment the manacles were melted from three millions of slaves.

Peculiarities that Distinguish Men.

In what extreme confusion must the world forever have been, but for the variety which we find in the faces, the voices, and the handwriting of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man; no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery and lust. But now man's face can distinguish him in the light; his voice in the dark; and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a divine superintendence?

Thought Essential to Health.

If we would have our bodies healthy, our brains must be used and used in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life-giving streams of force may flow down from them into the expectant organs, which can minister but as ministered unto. We admire the vigorous animal life of the Greek, and with justice we recognize and partly imitate the various gymnastic and other means which they employed to secure it. But, probably, we should make an error if we omitted from our calculation the hearty and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation and politics, were pursued by them. Surely in their case the beautiful and energetic mental life was expressed in the athletic and graceful frame. And were it a mere extraneous

then criticized by all who feel inclined, when the subject is brought up for a short discussion of a general character. You at once see the importance of our subjects. We have just concluded the sixth question: "What can God do?" Of course the essayists both agreed that he can do all things; but this question was asked: "Why has God not destroyed the idolatry, and saved the world before this time?" This was considered sufficient to occupy another day, and last Sabbath it was discussed quite thoroughly, something after this manner: First, Man, wherever found, is in great need of the gospel. Second, The gospel is admirably adapted to man. He is helpless and wretched; the gospel brings deliverance, and elevates and makes happy. Third, There is nothing in the great depravity of the human heart, nor in the habits of vice, nor the power of Satan, but what the gospel can and has overcome. Fourth, God has provided salvation for all men, and has done all that he (though all-powerful) can do to give it to all men, and at the same time have regard to moral agency in man. He has given his Son to die upon the cross, and through his atonement, has sent the Holy Spirit to every heart, and has revealed himself to man in his holy word, and therein made man's duty plain. In short, he has redeemed the world by his own precious blood, established his kingdom in the earth, and provided every possible means and agency for its efficiency. From this conclusion the question came again: Why is not the kingdom of Christ established everywhere? Why is Christianity so slow in subduing the world? Why is Satan so strong and great power? Why so many millions bowing down to gods made by their own hands? And why is the majority of the human family to-day without hope and without God in the world? Upon whom is this great responsibility? The answer was self-evident. The Church must account for this. Can you wonder that we wept and wept? Why is Christianity so slow in subduing the world? Next, what is the matter with the Church? A want of love, and consequently a want of interest. Many in the Church, by their deportment, bring the religion of Christ into disrepute; many, whose deportment is good, do comparatively nothing for the spread of the gospel; and, finally, there are but very few who are true Christians. There are many who, though they profess to be Christians, do not love God, and do not love their neighbor as themselves. They are not interested in the great need of the world. Next, what is the matter with the Church? A want of love, and consequently a want of interest. Many in the Church, by their deportment, bring the religion of Christ into disrepute; many, whose deportment is good, do comparatively nothing for the spread of the gospel; and, finally, there are but very few who are true Christians. There are many who, though they profess to be Christians, do not love God, and do not love their neighbor as themselves. They are not interested in the great need of the world.

Eighteen hundred years ago the eternal Son of God died; and Oh what a death! O that bloody sweat! O that agonizing cry! But today there are millions on earth, and many millions in heaven, once dead in trespasses and sins, and now alive for evermore. And all this life comes from that death—And this same death will be the source of all the life that will thrill and flash and sing at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

In this life you? If not, for what are you waiting? For God to fill some coffin with the remains of the dearest of your earthly treasures? Will you not go to the communion table till you go over the grave of mother, father, wife or child?—*Am. Messenger.*

Paul's Estimate of Heaven.

In speaking of the glories of the eternal world, the apostle does not escape him as a reality of the imagination, as a thought awakened by a sudden glance at the object; he does not express himself at random from the sudden impulse of the moment, but in the sober tone of calculation. "I reckon," he says, like a man skilled in the spiritual arithmetic, "I reckon," after a due estimate of their comparative value, that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

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"We are, your faithful brethren in Christ, (Here follow the signatures.)"

Power of Public Sentiment.

The N. W. Alcotts give the following from an address by Bishop Simpson: I recollect some years ago, in addressing a missionary meeting, using a scientific illustration that I must refer to-night to express fully what I mean, to show the increasing power of Christian public sentiment in these latter days. You know the properties of the galvanic battery, how plate beside plate with proper substances intervening generates the electric spark. You know if the plates be large enough, developing quantity, and if they be numerous enough, developing intensity, there is no substance can resist the power of this spark which shines emanates from these plates; yet nothing is seen until the moment of contact; you add plate to plate and plate to plate and the whole battery is entirely harmless; no result seems to be following. Not until you join the poles does the spark flash which accomplishes the great results. Such is the power of this influence, that you may take one or two plates and join the wire and straw will burn; you add another plate, and paper will burn; you add other plates, and a little iron wire will burn; you add other plates and a great iron rod will melt as easily as the straw. Could there be plates large and numerous enough, and could you bring poles to bear on these mighty plates, all this great earth would be burned up in the twinkling of an eye just as easily as straw disappears from an ordinary battery. Such is the power of Christian public opinion. It results from the combination of nations, the growth of public sentiment, the advance of what we call civilization. It is Christian sentiment, and we have seen it under many forms manifested by nation after nation when came out those great principles to which my brother as a statesman alluded—such as the great *Magna Charta*, the Declaration of Independence, the sentence of Church and State, the great principles of the well being of society came out age after age, and always in evolution, eliminating some great principle. It was when King John endeavored to give his kingdom to the Pope, and barons met on the plain of Runnymede, and when they threatened that palace which stood in all its glory—it was then, in the midst of that evolution the great *Magna Charta* was signed. The pole of public opinion had been put together which evolved the spark that taught the sovereigns he dare not give his kingdom to another, for the people would not be transferred. When England sought to oppress this land of ours, and the great struggle of 1776 came on, it was in the midst of that that the great Declaration of Independence was penned, which became the *Magna Charta* of our great and glorious nation. In the midst of great struggles there have come out those great combinations and great results. Still, there were other evils in the world to be done away with. I have been waiting and looking. I saw this revolution coming. We knew not its form as it was coming strangely over our land, but I saw there was a battery and some hidden power. I knew not whose hands were to join the poles or where the sparks were to come from. I saw the battery placed, and plate after plate; the national mind excited, and the States all wrought up to the highest possible pitch. I saw Europe standing and looking on; I saw Napoleon wishing our downfall; I saw treacherous England coveting our ruin; I saw all Europe waiting for the overthrow of democratic institutions. I knew not what would be the result, as I saw some men tremble, but I saw the battery arranged and the wires prepared. I saw the hand of the great and mighty Euler taking hold of these wires as if to bring them together. I saw between the wires that pile of manacles, all those instruments of torture that cursed and degraded the whole land, and then I saw that the first day of last January, when the great Chief Magistrate touched the poles together, in one moment the manacles were melted from three millions of slaves.

Peculiarities that Distinguish Men.

In what extreme confusion must the world forever have been, but for the variety which we find in the faces, the voices, and the handwriting of men! No security of person, no certainty of possession, no justice between man and man; no distinction between good and bad, friends and foes, father and child, husband and wife, male and female. All would have been exposed to malice, fraud, forgery and lust. But now man's face can distinguish him in the light; his voice in the dark; and his handwriting can speak for him though absent, and be his witness to all generations. Did this happen by chance, or is it not a manifest as well as an admirable indication of a divine superintendence?

Thought Essential to Health.

If we would have our bodies healthy, our brains must be used and used in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life-giving streams of force may flow down from them into the expectant organs, which can minister but as ministered unto. We admire the vigorous animal life of the Greek, and with justice we recognize and partly imitate the various gymnastic and other means which they employed to secure it. But, probably, we should make an error if we omitted from our calculation the hearty and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation and politics, were pursued by them. Surely in their case the beautiful and energetic mental life was expressed in the athletic and graceful frame. And were it a mere extraneous

then criticized by all who feel inclined, when the subject is brought up for a short discussion of a general character. You at once see the importance of our subjects. We have just concluded the sixth question: "What can God do?" Of course the essayists both agreed that he can do all things; but this question was asked: "Why has God not destroyed the idolatry, and saved the world before this time?" This was considered sufficient to occupy another day, and last Sabbath it was discussed quite thoroughly, something after this manner: First, Man, wherever found, is in great need of the gospel. Second, The gospel is admirably adapted to man. He is helpless and wretched; the gospel brings deliverance, and elevates and makes happy. Third, There is nothing in the great depravity of the human heart, nor in the habits of vice, nor the power of Satan, but what the gospel can and has overcome. Fourth, God has provided salvation for all men, and has done all that he (though all-powerful) can do to give it to all men, and at the same time have regard to moral agency in man. He has given his Son to die upon the cross, and through his atonement, has sent the Holy Spirit to every heart, and has revealed himself to man in his holy word, and therein made man's duty plain. In short, he has redeemed the world by his own precious blood, established his kingdom in the earth, and provided every possible means and agency for its efficiency. From this conclusion the question came again: Why is not the kingdom of Christ established everywhere? Why is Christianity so slow in subduing the world? Why is Satan so strong and great power? Why so many millions bowing down to gods made by their own hands? And why is the majority of the human family to-day without hope and without God in the world? Upon whom is this great responsibility? The answer was self-evident. The Church must account for this. Can you wonder that we wept and wept? Why is Christianity so slow in subduing the world? Next, what is the matter with the Church? A want of love, and consequently a want of interest. Many in the Church, by their deportment, bring the religion of Christ into disrepute; many, whose deportment is good, do comparatively nothing for the spread of the gospel; and, finally, there are but very few who are true Christians. There are many who, though they profess to be Christians, do not love God, and do not love their neighbor as themselves. They are not interested in the great need of the world. Next, what is the matter with the Church? A want of love, and consequently a want of interest. Many in the Church, by their deportment, bring the religion of Christ into disrepute; many, whose deportment is good, do comparatively nothing for the spread of the gospel; and, finally, there are but very few who are true Christians. There are many who, though they profess to be Christians, do not love God, and do not love their neighbor as themselves. They are not interested in the great need of the world.

Eighteen hundred years ago the eternal Son of God died; and Oh what a death! O that bloody sweat! O that agonizing cry! But today there are millions on earth, and many millions in heaven, once dead in trespasses and sins, and now alive for evermore. And all this life comes from that death—And this same death will be the source of all the life that will thrill and flash and sing at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

In this life you? If not, for what are you waiting? For God to fill some coffin with the remains of the dearest of your earthly treasures? Will you not go to the communion table till you go over the grave of mother, father, wife or child?—*Am. Messenger.*

Paul's Estimate of Heaven.

In speaking of the glories of the eternal world, the apostle does not escape him as a reality of the imagination, as a thought awakened by a sudden glance at the object; he does not express himself at random from the sudden impulse of the moment, but in the sober tone of calculation. "I reckon," he says, like a man skilled in the spiritual arithmetic, "I reckon," after a due estimate of their comparative value, that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

No man was ever so well qualified to make this estimate. Of the sufferings of the present world he had shared more largely than any man. Of the glory that shall be revealed he had a glimpse granted to no other man. He had been caught up into paradise. He had heard the words of God, and seen the vision of the heavenly world, and the result of his privileged experience was, that "he desired to depart and be with Christ;" that he desired to escape from this valley of tears; that he was impatient to recover the celestial vision, eager to perpetuate the momentary foretaste of the glories of immortality.—*Hannah More.*

The Last Call.

There is something awfully fearful in neglecting

For whom? By whom? In whose presence? From whom? Why? From what cause? For what reason? For what end?

Of course only some of these questions apply to any given subject. When you dwell on a fact, you may describe the place or scene, the action, the persons concerned, the time, the posture, state of mind, occasions, associations, or trains of thought of the circumstances and individuals mentioned.

When you take up a miracle, you may ask, What general or special lesson does it teach? What features of our Lord's character does it exhibit (divinity, tenderness, majesty, &c.)? What does it symbolize? Does it teach by action? Considered as an evidence, notice the nature of it, the number and character of the witnesses, time, place, &c.—corroborative circumstances.

When you speak of sins, you may dwell on the features, tendency, influence, forms, causes, results, power, remedy, &c.

If a critic you may take a hint from "Watts' Logic" and inquire, What are the principles of it? the rules of it? the tendencies of it? the false virtues that counteract it? the real virtues that oppose it? the evils that attend the neglect of it? the rewards for the practice of it here and hereafter?

What particular notions of the terms in which your text is expressed, and bring out their force by contrast of the climax.

CHARLES DIXON, Esq., of SACKVILLE, N. B. I have been anxiously waiting for some notice of the recent death of our much and deservedly esteemed friend and brother in Christ, Chas. Dixon, Esq., of Sackville, N. B.

The deceased was a branch of a large and respectable family—whose history stands intimately connected with the rise and progress of Methodism in that community.

Charles, who was the son of Edward Dixon, Esq., of blessed memory, was born April 3rd, 1803. In early life, he was converted to God—did not retain at all times that happy state of mind of which he was then the subject, until after his marriage, which occurred April 30th, 1827.

His beloved wife, who he married in 1827, was a sister of the late Rev. Mr. P. E. Dixon, of the Methodist Society, and walked in the fear of the Lord, and comfort of the Holy Ghost.

The doctrines, discipline, and spirit of Wesleyan Methodism they admired, and were always ready to support. After remaining in Windsor a few years, they returned to Sackville. It was at this place that the writer had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with them.

As a pious leader, exhorter and local preacher, the deceased was truly honoured and blessed of God. Many could testify to the spiritual good received through his instrumentality and fervent prayers.

His society and conversation, were always interesting, and his house a place of attraction to many. The Wesleyan ministers often benefited by the kindness and hospitality of the family. As our friend advanced in years he evidently grew more spiritually minded, less concerned about this life, and more anxious to be fully ready for his final change.

His last affliction was of short duration—his end came sooner than was expected—and his experience was that of the apostle when he exclaimed, "I know if the earthly house, &c., and calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

His widow still survives to evince her attachment to the same Saviour—to fill her place in the family—in the church, and in the community—patiently waiting for the moment, when her happy spirit will be conducted to the mansions of glory. We sympathize with the widow and hope finally, we have been deprived of such a husband and father, and trust that his afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence may have been designed to effect.

St. John, N. B., July 29, 1864. FRANCIS W. COOK, of QUÉBEC. Died at Québec on the first of July, Francis W. Cook, in the 42nd year of his age. Mr. Cook had been serious and thoughtful from his youth, and very frequently under the influence of strong emotion, he resolved to give his heart to God, and his life to the service of the Church; but alas! his "goodness was like the morning cloud, and the early dew, it passed away." At length the hand of God was laid heavily upon him, and in season he became aware that he must die; though it seemed possible that he might linger through the months. Thus time was mercifully afforded for reflection and repentance. The writer having visited him very frequently during his very protracted and painful affliction, saw good reason for believing that the season was improved. He sought the Lord with strong crying and tears, and was at length enabled to testify that "He had loved his cry, and found his mourning in the arms of his Saviour." Death at length released him from suffering, and he breathed his soul in prayer to "him who gave it." This brief tribute of respect is penned with earnest sympathy for his sorrowing partner, and parents and relatives; and with the sincere desire that this solemn event may be sanctified to them all; and that at length they may all meet in that eternal home above. Québec, July, 1864. G. W. T.

MRS. CHAS. COPP, AMHERST. At Amherst, on the 5th inst., after a lingering illness, Ruth, the beloved wife of Charles Copp, aged 27 years. During a revival of religion on this Circuit in the winter of '62, Mrs. Copp made a public profession of faith in Christ—became a member of the Wesleyan Church and so faithfully observed, until death released her from her earthly toils, to "the disembodied host." Amherst, Aug. 12, 1864. A. M. DESBRISAY.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1864.

Hope, an Instinct of the Soul.

The Psalmist writes,—"Thou didst make me as I was, in my mother's womb." It is as surely a part of the complete soul as the eye, or any other member, is a part of the complete body. It is true, the body may exist without the eye, but only as an imperfect state; so the soul may exist without hope, but in an incomplete. Sad and gloomy is the condition of the man from whom hope has taken its flight. Darkness and despair are on every side. No light to cheer, to comfort, or to guide him, he wanders on forlorn and desolate. There are emaciated souls, with deadened senses and broken faculties, unable from their weakness to use the powers which are God-bestowed. There are souls which, by sinful pampering to the body, and following the desires of the flesh, have become so dead that the closest scrutiny can scarce detect the slightest evidence of life or energy; but even in these souls, hope will occasionally flash forth, it may be faintly and feebly, and with perverted action, yet it is there to prove that every faculty of that soul has not been destroyed.

This instinct grows with man's growth and ripens with his life. It is not confined to youth or age, but permeates through all and endures every human heart. In the young—hope does not possess that stability which is its characteristic when developed in maturer years. The poet has beautifully illustrated the existence of this power.

"He smiles on the boy from the hour of his birth, To the youth it gives bliss without limit; It gleams for old age as a star upon earth, And the darkness of death cannot dim it. It says will give even batonless gloom, And the pilgrim of life will glow in its tomb."

From the constitution of humanity hope can have nothing to do with the present. The perceptive faculties take in all that is around us. The eye sweeps over the field of vision, and rests here and there upon beautiful or new objects. The ear drinks in the sounds that float to us upon the wings of the wind, and every sense is on the alert to catch and present to the perceptive powers all that we live amongst; that we may enjoy and revel in the bounties of nature prepared for our use by the loving hand of the Creator.

Memory goes to the past, and it will call up the images of loved forms, or brings upon its tablets scenes in which we have been actors. Independent of time or circumstance this power is the human mind reveals at all the events of life, the days of childhood, the acts of riper years, and in the cause of pleasure or pain as recollection turns to themes or events which when present were joyous or sad. These faculties, whose empires are the present and the past, cannot pierce the future. The dark veil which overshadows the great to-come eternally forbids an entrance upon its hidden mysteries. Imagination may clothe days, which are yet unborn, with beauty or with gloom; it may conjure scenes gorgeous or hideous which shall leave their impress upon mind and heart for many a month; but this is all its power.

When there is an endeavour to realize the unseen and unknown, faith takes the place of sight and knowledge. This faculty recognizing the nature and the volume of inspiration, of the existence and character of God, the immortality of the soul, and every doctrine of grace and truth that has reference to man's being and well-being, realizes the existence of an unseen world where there is neither day nor night, for the Lamb is the light thereof; that there are mansions there for the glorified spirits of the just; that there are enjoyments beyond the swelling tide of woes which compass us about, in violation of which the world has nothing to offer. But faith alone, that faith here described, although its vision is all absorbing, can bring no comfort or consolation. This is left for the twin sister of the morning—hope. Hope, that with undimmed eyes looks through the mists of the future, and looks with present abated. Hope, that with unflinching pinion stays not at the verge of time, but sweeps onward into eternity, only to return to the struggling, labouring soul, bringing back the joys it has seen for the comfort and solace of wretched man.

Hope with undimmed eyes, set free from earth, On steady wing sails through the immense abyss, And crosses the soul while yet a mourner here, With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear."

Charlottetown Jubilee Services.

In addition to the attractions which at this season the Island of Prince Edward presents in the salubrity of its climate, and its rich agricultural fertility, there are other considerations present with the brethren appointed to attend the Central Jubilee Meeting in the Island, in their anticipations of satisfaction in the discharge of the duty which called them there. It was not forgotten by that deputation, that Charlottetown Methodists are noted for their christian hospitality, and their very liberal support of the institutions of the church.

Three of the ministerial members of the Deputation were on the ground at the appointed season. The Rev. Chas. Stewart, on the forenoon of the Sabbath, preached an appropriate and richly evangelical discourse, which was listened to with deep attention. The Rev. Dr. DeWolfe, with deep laboring under indisposition, presided at the silver trumpet of Jubilee in the evening, to the edification as well as the delight of the large congregation then assembled. The afternoon was pleasantly and profitably occupied by a service appropriate to the occasion, for the special benefit of the Sabbath Schools, at which addresses were delivered by several ministers. The Jubilee Meeting was held on Monday evening, at which Dr. Riechy presided, who opened the exercises by an eloquent address. The several members of the Deputation having spoken, our venerable brother Strong, greatly interested the audience by his narration of personal recollections in relation to the formation of the Society, the departure of Dr. Coke and his missionary band for India, and the early history of Methodism in Canada, P. E. Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The distribution of the cards throughout the congregation for contributions to the Fund, resulted in subscriptions amounting to nearly \$700—which will probably be supplemented by other contributions that will raise the sum to \$1000. This does not include the subscriptions of two esteemed lay brethren of the deputation, who were unavoidably prevented from being with us, whose subscriptions were announced at the meeting, one for \$20 P. E. I. and another for \$300.

Those of our readers who may have anticipated a larger Jubilee contribution from Charlottetown, will bear in mind that the resources of our people in that city have been heavily taxed, by the erection of the spacious sanctuary which is now near completion, the cost of which will be upwards of \$7000. This heavy expenditure

might, by some persons, have been deemed a sufficient reason for not including Charlottetown in the plans for holding a Jubilee celebration. But from the prominent position which that place occupies in the Methodism of these Colonies, and from the great interest which for many years has been practically exhibited by our friends there in the cause of the world's evangelization, we could not, in our arrangements for the Missionary Jubilee celebration, have overlooked the honour due to Charlottetown on such an occasion; and we are happy to say from the spirit in which the offerings were presented at the meeting just held, we have good reason for believing that under other circumstances, Charlottetown would not have been second to any result in these Provinces in the amount contributed to the Jubilee Fund.

In another column will be found an announcement for meetings on the Sussex Vale Circuit. We are happy to perceive that our brethren in the St. John District do not shrink from affording each principal congregation an opportunity of presenting their Jubilee offerings upon the altar of the Lord. We think the more judiciously the present which should evince sentiments of gratitude to God in every Methodist heart, and will not press again for fifty years, should not be allowed to pass without a suitable service or services in each church or chapel. Apart from pecuniary considerations, we believe that the spiritual results of such meetings may be made of the highest value. We hope that in every church there will be a hearty response to the offering of deriving from them large advantages in the quickening of the church; and that the ministers will find themselves thereby to be amply repaid for any additional tax upon their time and labours which the celebration may impose.

Our Conference. SKETCHES FOR THE YOUNG. Had my young friends wandered to the Railway station on the Monday morning succeeding the services we attempted to describe in the last sketch, they would have been amused at the general preparations for starting every where visible by half-past seven. A great, vigorous looking locomotive, hissing and snorting like some mythological fire-demon, but glistening externally in all the polish of refined handicraft, comes puffing under the bridge, leading carriages full of smoke among the spectators, who are looking down from the railway, till they resemble those boys from whom Turner delights to paint, half obscured in clouds and darkness. Gliding up to the train, it seems to grasp the adjoining car with a crunching grip that promises never to unclasp itself. Looking back toward the city, you observe a dozen cabs, laden with passengers, coming rattling down a declivity amid the sharp creaking of wheels and the rattle of ribbons, which adorn the ladies on the side-walk. Coach-men are a bustling set; they give you a general idea of Jehu and John Gilpin out on a festival; and though they treat their human cargo very politely when they enter, there is precious little kindness when they leave. But who are these gentlemen descending from the coaches? A cap that looks as if it might have been made in Paisley, is the general brow of a man; may we call him Doctor Thornton. Then there is that same massive form from Hibernia, Robinson Scott. They are bound for "Our Conference." We shall accompany them; how could we remain with such an opportunity. It is beyond my sphere. But there are some "young" ministers in our church, for whose honour and usefulness we are deeply concerned. They are solemnly professed to believe that they are moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them the office and ministrations of a preacher of the Gospel—that is, they profess to believe they are divinely called to cultivate, and to exercise the holy art of promoting the salvation of souls. To their consideration I beg to propose a paragraph in the memoirs of that great man of Science, and greater man of God—the late Dr. Chalmers:

"His nearest neighbour and most frequent visitor was old John Bonthon, who having once secured a seat in the ministry he was admitted to an easy and privileged familiarity in the exercise of which, one day, during the memorable illness, he said to Mr. Chalmers, 'I find you are busy, sir, with one thing or another—but come when I may, I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath.' 'O, an hour or two on the Saturday evening in my study, sir, is what I call my minister's answer. But now the change had come, and John on entering the manse often found Mr. Chalmers poring eagerly over the pages of the Bible. The difference was too striking to escape notice, and with the freedom given him, he said, 'I never come in now, sir, but I find you are at your studies. I find you are at your studies.' The significant reply. Yours truly, A CONSTANT READER.

August, 1864. [In giving insertion to the foregoing strictures upon an article which recently appeared in our columns, it is but right to say that we do not hold ourselves accountable for the opinions of correspondents; that the reverend gentleman referred to, is not to be held by us in the highest estimation, and we therefore regret that any of the statements made in the "sketches," should have been at all unguarded and open to remark; and that pressure of duty on the eve of leaving for P. E. Island alone prevented us from appending such explanatory observations as would have placed the matter in a more satisfactory point of view to the correspondents. It is but due to the correspondents, upon whose productions animadversion has been made, to say that it was entirely disinterested on his thought to pen a line with an intention of making an unfavorable impression as to the abilities of either of the honoured strangers with whose presence our Conference was favoured; and that the valuable counsel and aid rendered during the session, our connexion is much indebted.—E.]

What the Pulpit Wants.

Among Methodists it has always been an accepted idea that a divine call to the work and office of the ministry, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, are essential prerequisites to superintending the spiritual welfare of man. He is simply an interpreter. And he is not at liberty to enter upon the duties of an interpreter without a regular and direct commission from the court of heaven. "No man taketh this office upon himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." No culture, even the most liberal, can supply the absence of such a special divine call to the ministry. Erudition, polished, stores of knowledge, fine address, answer great and important ends, but their influence is overstated when regarded as adequate preparations for the pulpit without the call and qualifications of the Spirit of God. Such is the doctrine of our Church. It is assumed in our Book of Discipline that none will become candidates for the ministry but such as have been moved to preach by the Holy Ghost.

This initial call to the work and office of the ministry needs to be supplemented, as years and experiences multiply, by frequent baptisms of the Holy Ghost. Ministers always succeed in their work of alarming the conscience and enlightening the understanding in direct proportion to the fervor with which they are themselves renewed and drawn up to the summit of holiness, and a hungering for the salvation of souls. The closest should always be as a super to the pulpit. Wrestling Jacobs, passing from immediate and recent communion with the Almighty into the presence of assembled congregations, carry with them a divineunction and unutterable yearnings for the salvation of perishing sinners. Such ministers always succeed in evangelizing the community, because they seek to be qualified for their work by special divine aids. God speaks through them. Divine power attends their

kindred element, and offering no obstruction to the ambition of the husbandman, and while we have a harvest, we will sow, and while I gain for the boys saltmire, still in violation of usage if not of law, let me request that they deem themselves worthy of this very great privilege.

PETER PAPERMASTER. Photographically, August, 1864.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.

MY DEAR SIR,—Permit me to say a word in reference to the "Sketches for the Young," which have appeared in recent numbers of your paper. I should be happy to see anything of the kind published in the Wesleyan, and I am glad to see the selected and original articles of the Provincial Wesleyan. But then it is respectfully submitted that the transparent aim should be to profit, as well as to please. Hence articles of doubtful tendency should be withheld, just as a good nurse would by no means administer a poisonous diet to her child, if a pure, and better could be had. I have said in my article on the sketches that the present is not anything of the kind adapted to promote that wide-spread and perilous infirmity of "itching ears"—or sitting in judgment on style, address, and even the address of the "ambassadors for Christ," in lamentable forgetfulness that they proclaim "the word of reconciliation." This is directly contrary to the solemn, standing charge, "Is that have an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

The sketches of Mr. Scott, and of President Thornton, fleetly struck me as being wholly unfit for publication in the journal of our church. I could not but reflect on the surprise and regret which the most valued people, and the ministers of Methodism in England and Ireland would feel, if by any accident these sketches should be published in their journals. It is not that they are unwelcome to me, but that they are unwelcome to the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, which has been inserted in the Provincial Wesleyan. And yet, they both are Provincial Organs, the former of the parent Body, of which the President of our Conference is the editor; the latter of our church in these Provinces, of which the Editor is the Secretary of our Conference. It is conceded that we are at liberty to differ in our views on the subject of liberty of the press in England. But these sketches are no improvement. It may not be in my power to suppress the intended series. You are the better judge what effect on our cause the literary productions of the author of the sketches may hitherto have had. But as a child may weep when his mother is injured, and his anguish is relieved by his tears, and his grief is assuaged by the Holy Ghost to take upon them the office and ministrations of a preacher of the Gospel—that is, they profess to believe they are divinely called to cultivate, and to exercise the holy art of promoting the salvation of souls. To their consideration I beg to propose a paragraph in the memoirs of that great man of Science, and greater man of God—the late Dr. Chalmers:

"His nearest neighbour and most frequent visitor was old John Bonthon, who having once secured a seat in the ministry he was admitted to an easy and privileged familiarity in the exercise of which, one day, during the memorable illness, he said to Mr. Chalmers, 'I find you are busy, sir, with one thing or another—but come when I may, I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath.' 'O, an hour or two on the Saturday evening in my study, sir, is what I call my minister's answer. But now the change had come, and John on entering the manse often found Mr. Chalmers poring eagerly over the pages of the Bible. The difference was too striking to escape notice, and with the freedom given him, he said, 'I never come in now, sir, but I find you are at your studies. I find you are at your studies.' The significant reply. Yours truly, A CONSTANT READER.

August, 1864. [In giving insertion to the foregoing strictures upon an article which recently appeared in our columns, it is but right to say that we do not hold ourselves accountable for the opinions of correspondents; that the reverend gentleman referred to, is not to be held by us in the highest estimation, and we therefore regret that any of the statements made in the "sketches," should have been at all unguarded and open to remark; and that pressure of duty on the eve of leaving for P. E. Island alone prevented us from appending such explanatory observations as would have placed the matter in a more satisfactory point of view to the correspondents. It is but due to the correspondents, upon whose productions animadversion has been made, to say that it was entirely disinterested on his thought to pen a line with an intention of making an unfavorable impression as to the abilities of either of the honoured strangers with whose presence our Conference was favoured; and that the valuable counsel and aid rendered during the session, our connexion is much indebted.—E.]

words. The guilty tremble. Penitents find peace. Saints rejoice. If ministers would seek such a baptism of the Holy Ghost on every occasion when they occupy the pulpit the whole history of the Church would speedily be revolutionized. Divine aids need not be let us content ourselves with adding one or two worthy of note that have recently occurred. One is the Parish Will Case. Mr. P. left three codicils to his will, which were all controlled by his brothers on the ground of undue influence and incapacity. In the second and third \$10,000 were bequeathed to the Bible Society, \$10,000 to the Orphan Asylum, \$10,000 to St. Luke's Hospital, and \$20,000 to the Eye Infirmary. The surrogate, after the proceeding which extended through two years, admitted the will and first codicil, but rejected the other codicils, and his decision was confirmed by the Supreme Court. From this, in 1858, the case was argued before the Court of Appeals. The court being equally divided in opinion, ordered a reargument, when the judgment of the Supreme Court was finally affirmed. "With the suit was pending Mr. Parish died, and her next of kin became parties to the suit. The evidence fills three volumes, and is said to reveal a tissue of false colour, and motive rarely exceeded in works of fiction. A more remarkable case is that of the distinguished English artist Turner, who by means of industry, self-denial, meanness, and genius, succeeded, notwithstanding his miserable earnings, in amassing \$700,000. To his uncle and nephews, his housekeepers and executors, he made trifling bequests; while the bulk of his property was destined to found a charity for impoverished artists, to be called Turner's Gift, and thus to perpetuate his name and memory. His will, however, was so ungrammatical, intricate, and puzzling that it led to a lawsuit, the result of which was that the heir at law got the real estate, and the remainder was divided between the next of kin, after paying a legacy to the National Gallery, and another to the Royal Academy, and assigning a thousand pounds for a monument. We doubt the wisdom of him who hoards his wealth with a view to bequest it to some benevolent object when he dies. He deprives himself of unspeakable pleasure, sets his children and friends a bad example, and runs the risk of having all his good intentions frustrated, and his heirs injured by his surplus means. We doubt his piety also. He gives only when he dies; that is, he holds to his wealth as long as he can, and when death compels him to yield it he gives it to a good object, as if with a view to atone for his avarice, or secure a posthumous fame. Had Cornelia pursued this course the age of God would hardly have said to him, 'Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.' Had the good Samaritan adopted it, the poor man that he saved might have died by the roadside. We have apostolic directions in regard to giving week by week, according to the Lord hath prospered us; but we know of no apostolic directions about making legacies to benevolent and religious purposes. We would not deny that there may be cases in which they are proper, but as a general rule we believe men should dispense their bounty with their own hands. They will find it a discipline for their own hearts for him who gives and him who receives.—Christian Advocate.

The Sin and Folly of Scolding.

"Pre not thyself in any wise to do evil."—Psalm 101. 1. It is a sin against God. It is an evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Pre not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting and scolding, keep silence. 2. It destroys affection. No one ever died, for fear, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives or domestics, have no affection for a peevish, fretful fault-finder. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them; may bear with them; but they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles, or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and to disputation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been miserable by a peevish, fretful husband. 3. It is the bane of domestic happiness. A fretful, peevish fault-finder in a family, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another. Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temper. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company. That her children give her so much trouble. That domestics do not like to work for her. That she cannot secure the good will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her, but do not love her. She never yet gained the affection of young people, nor never will till she leaves off fretting. 4. It defeats the end of family government. Good family government is the blending of authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the great secret of managing young people. No young fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions, from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. F. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She seldom gives a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. "When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, snaps their heads, etc. The children cry, pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he will not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus. 5. Fretting and scolding make hypocrites. As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them anything disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. Now children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and mosquitoes. 6. It destroys one's peace of mind. The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always be conscious of fret. Especially if he or she has the burden of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right; they will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.—Am. Presbyterian.

How were the Apostles Baptized?

We have seldom seen so much said as to few words on this vexed question. The subject is simple and cogent, and difficult to answer. At any rate, it is one to refute which must tax the ingenuity and hermeneutical ability of our Baptist brethren. After his resurrection, and before his ascension, Jesus said to the eleven disciples, "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with many days hence." In the next moment he added: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Now these Scriptures plainly refer to the same event. Baptism by the Holy Ghost is thus described by the Great Teacher himself, under the idea of the Holy Ghost coming upon the persons to be baptized. The baptism promised by Jesus to the disciples took place on the Day of Pentecost. This, we believe, was never denied. It is a capable of proof amounting to demonstration. In expounding this baptismal scene of the Day of Pentecost, Peter said to the skeptical Jews: "This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, 'I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh.' . . . And on my servants and on handmaids I will pour out in those days of my Spirit." Thus Peter explains the baptism of the Spirit on the Day of Pentecost as a pouring out of the Spirit. Joel, before him, had called it. They are both reliable witnesses. Peter's testimony is not yet finished. "As I began to speak," he afterwards testified, "I was saying unto you, 'Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with many days hence.'" The Holy Ghost fell on them as it was at the beginning. Then remembered the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost."

All this is plain. Criticism can make it plain, and is unable to pervert it. Peter being judge, the baptism of the Holy Ghost promised by Jesus to the disciples, and actually experienced by them on the Day of Pentecost, was the baptism of Cornelius' household, was by the pouring out of the Holy Ghost. We saw up, then, as follows: Immersion is not Scripture baptism. It finds no color of support in the Word of God. It should not be practiced. The subjects of spiritual baptism are never immersed, plunged, dipped. Not an instance of the kind does the Bible afford. God pours out his Spirit upon men. This is God's baptism. Jesus says so, and Peter as well.—Congregationalist.

Heart Work.

How shall society be reformed? How shall social vices be cured? By what process shall festering evils be healed, and the disgrace of civilization be removed? These questions are very far from being new; they have vexed themselves upon political economists, philanthropists and Christian teachers through many years, and to day they are difficult as ever. We cheerfully concede that teaching men and women cleanliness and ventilation is a step toward heaven. We hail every man who provides cheap, but comfortable homes for the poor as a benefactor; we welcome industrial schools and schools of trades, but none of these, nor all of their class, effect a thorough and radical cure. The Saviour gave a stinging rebuke to the men who were busy washing the exterior, when the interior was foul and loathsome and demanded the interior cleansing. The shortcoming of all secular plans is, they leave the corrupt moral nature unchanged, and consequently it will produce the same fruits of bitterness. "This carnal mind is enmity against God. This is an axiom. It must be destroyed in all fabrics of mental philosophy, and estimated in all reformatory schemes. It sets up an opposition to God, and all that is godlike, and he who devises a system for the rescue of men and ignores it, will find he has run in vain. "It is only by the change of this nature we can have the effect of permanent reformation. We must cut away the limbs of the evil leaf, and pour a cluster of limbs comes in place of each removed. You cut down the tree, and a half dozen stand in its place. You tug it up, for training will not restrain it, and there is no process by which it may be changed. You cannot cure social evils by trimming. Remove the subject, it never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet the soil of every heart has remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty, that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unattached to God, and as totally unpossessed of love to him as before. "He records his experience that not till there came that change in his own preaching—wrought by the heart change in himself—in which the great doctrines of evangelical religion were preached with his rugged grandeur and powerful simplicity, did he hear of these subordinate reforms, which aforetime made the earnest and zealous, but," he says, "I am afraid, at the same time, the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations."

Rising from the consideration of mere reform, and remembering the grand design of all preaching is salvation, the importance of close, persistent, determined preaching of the change of the heart by grace, through faith, that the blood of Christ applied to the penitent believer by the Holy Ghost, can and does save instantly. "I have held first and last, now and then, among the New children concerned as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and mosquitoes. 6. It destroys one's peace of mind. The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always be conscious of fret. Especially if he or she has the burden of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right; they will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.—Am. Presbyterian.

Married couples resemble a pair of shears, says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

