

# THE WESLEYAN.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."

Scripture.

VOLUME I.

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## POETRY.

From the Scottish Guardian.

ON A CHILD, TWO AND A HALF YEARS OLD, WHO  
WIPED THE TEARS OFF HIS FATHER'S FACE WITH  
HIS DYING HAND.

PALE was the little polished brow  
That lately bloomed so fair,  
And speechless lay the baby boy,  
His parent's pride and care.

The struggle and the fever pang  
That shook his frame, were past ;  
And there with fixed and wishful glance,  
He lay to breathe his last.

Upon the sorrowing father's face  
He gazed with dying eye,  
Then raised a cold and feeble hand  
The starting tear to dry

And so he wiped those weeping eyes,  
Even with his parting breath ;  
Oh ! tender deed of infant love,  
How beautiful in death !

Yes, as that gentle soul forsook  
The fainting, trembling clay,  
It caught the spirit of that world  
Where tears are wiped away.

And still its cherished image gleams  
Upon the parent's eye :  
A guiding cherub to that home  
Where every tear is dry.

## MINISTERIAL.

### THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THOMAS SECKER, L.L.D.

Late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Extracted from his Lectures on the Catechism of the Church of Eng.  
THE Scripture word, translated *Church*, originally signifies any regular and orderly Assembly of persons, called to meet on any occasion. But in the Bible it signifies, almost always, a religious assembly. And when used in its largest sense there, it comprehends the whole number of good persons, in every age: all those who from the beginning of the world, under whatever dispensation of true religion, have believed in God, and served him according to the degree of their light; and shall in the end of it be gathered together, and rewarded by him, according to the degree of their improvement. This is the *general Assembly and Church of the First-born which are written in heaven*, as the Epistle to the Hebrews calls it. (Heb. xiii. 23.) And since the salvation of all these is owing to Jesus Christ, the only name by which men can be saved; they are all in that respect, members of the Church of Christ, how obscure and imperfect soever, their knowledge of a Saviour may have been. But the word is usually taken in a narrower sense. And

thus it is sometimes applied to the Jewish Nation: which in the Old Testament is called, by a phrase of just the same meaning, *the Congregation of the Lord*. (Num. xvi. 3, &c.) and by St. Stephen, the Church which was in the wilderness. (Acts vii. 38.) But the Church more especially meant here in the CREED, is the *Christian*; which, though in some respects the same with the Jewish, in others differed from it; which therefore our Saviour, in the Gospel, speaks of himself as about to build; and accordingly, immediately after his ascension, in the Acts of the Apostles, we find it built: that is, we find an Assembly of believers in Christ, met together at Jerusalem under their proper teachers and governors, to worship God, and edify one another, in the manner which he appointed.

This was the original Christian Church: small indeed at first; but the Lord, we read, *added to the Church daily such as should be saved*; till the Gospel spreading every way, the number of Christians, which in the beginning required no more than one congregation, was of necessity divided into several. And henceforth we find many Churches spoken of at some times, yet all these many spoken of as one, at others. For since they all proceeded from the same source; are all, as the Apostle argues, *one body*; and are directed by *one Spirit*; even as they are called in one hope of their calling; as they have *one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all*; so are they in great propriety of speech, though *many*, yet *one* in Christ. (Eph. iv. 4, 5; Rom. xii. 5.) His Church therefore, is the whole number of those who believe on him. How much soever they may differ in some opinions and practices, yet they are one in all things essential. How wide soever they may be dispersed throughout the world, they shall at last be *gathered together unto him*. (2 Thess. ii. 1.) We can judge only according to appearances, and therefore to us all those *must be* members of Christ's Church, who make a visible profession of being Christians. But God sees every secret thought; and in his eye, they alone belong truly to his Church, who truly serve him in the *hidden man of the heart*, (1 Pet. iii. 4) that inward sincerity, which to human eyes is invisible. And this invisible true Church of Christ, here on earth, is militant: carrying on a continual war, against the outward temptations of the world and the Devil, and the inward struggles of every wrong inclination: till having faithfully fought the good fight; and really, though not perfectly, gotten the victory in this life; it shall in the next become triumphant, and receive the crown of righteousness. Such then being the Church of Christ in its different states: let us proceed to consider the two qualities ascribed to it in the CREED: that it is *holy*, and that it is *catholic*.

To be holy, is to be separate from all defilement and impurity, particularly of the moral kind. Thus God is perfectly holy: angels and good men are so in their different degrees. And because nothing unclean or impure, in any sense, ought to enter into the service of God, therefore whatever is set apart from common use, and dedicated to his worship, is called holy also. Hence the places, times, and things, that are so employed, have that name given them. And the persons, who attend on his ministry, are styled holy on account of their outward relation to him, whether they are really and inwardly such as they ought, or not. Now in outward profession, the whole visible Church of Christ is holy: separated and distinguished from the rest of the world, by acknowledging his holy laws, and using the means of holiness which he hath appointed. But in the inward sense, and the only one which will avail hereafter, they alone are indeed members of his holy Church, who by the help of these means, do really improve themselves in piety and virtue, *becoming holy in all manner of conversation, as he which hath called them is holy* (1 Pet. i. 15) and such as are truly so here, shall be made completely so hereafter. For Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water: and present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, but that it should be holy and without blemish. (Eph. v. 25—27.) Ask your hearts then: Are you giving your best diligence to cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God? For without it no man shall see the Lord. (1 Cor. xiii. 1; Heb. xii. 14.)

The word *Catholic*, applied to the Church in our Country, is never used in Scripture: but frequently in the early Christian writers; and it means *universal*, extending to all mankind. The Jewish Church was not universal, but particular; for it consisted only of one nation; and their law permitted sacrifices only in one temple; nor could several other precepts of it be observed in countries at any considerable distance from thence; but the Christian consists of *every kindred, tongue, and people* equally; and offers unto the name of God in *every place*, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same; incense and a pure offering. (Rev. vi. 9; Matt. i. 11.) The *Catholic Church* then is the *Universal Church, spread through the world*; and the *Catholic faith* is the universal faith; that form of doctrine, which the Apostles delivered to the whole Church, and it received. (Rom. vi. 17.) What this faith was, we may learn from the writings, contained in the New Testament; and, at so great a distance of time, we can learn it with certainty no where else. *Every Church or society of Christians, that preserves this Catholic or universal faith, accompanied with true charity, is a part of the Catholic or universal Church*; and because the parts are of the same nature with the whole, it hath been usual to call every church singly, which is so qualified, a *Catholic church*. And, in this sense, churches that *differ* widely in several notions and customs, may, notwithstanding, *each* of them be *truly Catholic Churches*. But the Church of Rome, which is one of the most corrupted parts of the Catholic Church, both in faith

and love, hath presumed to call itself the *whole Catholic Church*, the universal church: which it no more is, than one diseased limb, though perhaps the larger for being diseased, is the whole body of a man. And by attempting to exclude us, they take the direct way to exclude themselves, unless God impute their uncharitable way of thinking and acting, as we hope he will, to excusable ignorance and mistake. **THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND** pretends not, *absurdly*, to be the *whole Catholic Church*; but is undoubtedly a sound and excellent member of it.

### THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

#### PARENTAL AFFECTION.

There are emotions too powerful to be expressed; too ethereal to be substantiated; too spiritual to be embodied. Such are the vivid, varied, and attenuated anxieties of parental tenderness; yet Solomon's powerful genius arrested and perpetuated them: and such is his commanding eloquence, that they scarcely seem to lose any thing, by being clothed in language; his expressions are the types of his affections; his appeal rises warm from his heart. "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. For I give you good doctrine, forsake you not my law. For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words; keep my commandments, and live." This is not egotism: it is the expression of powerful feeling, and manifests the heart to be more deeply interested for others than for himself. A man may speak of himself, when it is to benefit others; to give greater weight to his counsels; to take deeper root in the affections; and to obtain a firmer hold upon them, for their instruction and advantage, without being an egotist. Egotism is a compound of selfishness and vanity; in the above text, there is not a particle of either. It is full of paternal emotion: and, while the father speaks of himself, he is thinking of his children; he speaks of himself only to interest them more effectually, and give force to his instructions; and never thinks of himself less, than while he is proposing to them his own examples, and that of his parents; to whose memory a gush of filial tenderness breaks forth, and commingles with his paternal anxieties.

There is in this admonition, I know not what charm of recollection. The past comes again, clothed in the bright radiance of hope, such as it once appeared, before reality had extinguished its light, and broken its day-dream. Childhood returns with all its intensity of ardour, all its simplicity of character, all its buoyancy of spirits, all its fearless confidence, all its lively gaiety, all its thoughtless mirth, all its varied emotions, all its warm affections. The vivacity which beguiled the parent of many a smile, and drew forth also many a tear—which, in placing before him all he loved, shewed him at the same moment all he had to fear—returns upon the father: he remembers what he was as a child, and what his parents were to him; he remembers counsels little heeded at the time, and too much neglected afterwards; and without forgetting that he is himself a parent, he places before his own children the wisdom of his father, and the result of his own experience. It is impossible for me to convey to others in any adequate language, the emotions which this passage, so full of feeling and of gentleness, awakens in my bosom. It seems to me to speak on the part of the writer, of departed joys, recalled by the occasion, but not to be retained: the flashings of youthful pleasures, and vivacity upon old age, like the fitful coruscations of the aurora borealis upon the northern sky at midnight—enchancing, but momentary; bright, but



## LITERARY.

## CREATION.

A LECTURE,—DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, ON DEC. 12, 1838.

BY THE REV. C. CHURCHILL.

ONE of the most striking confirmations of the Mosaic history of the creation, from heathen sources, is the general adoption of the division of time into weeks, which extends from the christian states, of Europe to the remote shores of Hindostan, and has equally prevailed among the Hebrews, the Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks, Romans, and Northern Barbarians. The other divisions of time rise from natural causes respecting the sun and moon. The division into weeks, on the contrary, seems perfectly arbitrary, and to have been derived from some remote tradition, (as that of the creation) which was never totally obliterated from the memory of the Gentiles.—T. H. HORNE.

THE impossibility of comprising distinctly, in a single lecture, the outlines, even, of that vast subject, which has been announced as the theme on which we are this evening to be engaged—perhaps, ought to have been sufficient to deter from the present attempt; but the consideration that subjects in themselves, when extended and diffused beyond the grasp of common intellect, may, in a condensed form, be received and impressed upon the mind, not only in their general bearing, but for purposes of usefulness—has induced the desire to throw together a few ideas, or rather to separate a few principal features, from the general mass of information on this subject,—to illustrate the generally received and popular account, of the CREATION.

At the same time, it is, perhaps, better distinctly to avow, that it is intended, on this occasion, to take the word of God as the foundation of the argument, and to endeavour, not to bring the standard thus furnished down to the level of human reason—but to raise reason itself to the standard, and to elevate the powers of mind, furnished to us by the Great Creator, so as to endeavour to comprehend the subject in the light of Divine Revelation.

It would, indeed, be a vain attempt, to try to accumulate entirely fresh matter, on a subject which has been so diligently and elaborately illustrated:—it will be, therefore, due to this audience to state, that the present lecture sustains, not so much the character of original research, as of varied and collated compilation.\* Perhaps it may be thought interesting, before we enter more fully upon the subject, to present some of the crude notions, which have been entertained and held, by men of enterprising minds, in former periods, respecting the world, and its formation.

Burnet, in his 'Theoria Sacra', observes: "The earth was first invested with an uniform light crust, which covered the abyss of the sea, and which being broken up for the production of the deluge, formed the mountains by its fragments."

Whiston, in his 'New Theory,' remarks: "The earth was formed from the atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the rain of another. The heat which it retained from its origin, was the cause of exciting

\* NOTE. The different authorities, to whose writings reference has been given, or from which extracts have been freely made, in this lecture, are not all noticed as they occur. The principal works which have been made use of are, Buckland's and Roget's Bridgwater Treatises; Dr. Dick's Lectures on Theology; Watson's Institutes; Clarke's Commentary, &c. &c. &c.

its inhabitants to sin; for which they were all drowned, except the fishes, which, having been fortunately exempted from the heat, remained innocent."

Another writer [in the Leibnitz Protogea] says: "The earth was an extinguished sun, avitrified globe, on which the vapours falling down again after it had cooled, formed seas, which afterwards deposited limestone formations."

"The Deluge" says Woodward, "was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies; the whole of the globe was dissolved, and the paste thus formed became penetrated with shells."

"God raised up", says Snenckzer, "the mountains, for the purpose of allowing the water to run off, and selected those places on which were the greatest quantities of rocks, without which the mountains could not have supported themselves."

Again, Demaillet writes: "The whole globe was covered with water many thousand years. The water gradually retired. All the land animals were originally the inhabitants of the sea; Man was originally a fish; and there are still fish to be met with in the ocean, which are half men, on their progress to the human shape; and whose descendants will, in process of time, become men."

Buffon's Theory introduces the following view: "The earth was a fragment of the sun, struck off red hot by the blow of a comet, together with all the other planets, which were also red hot fragments. The age of the world, then, can be calculated from the number of years which it would take to cool so large a mass, from a red heat down to its present temperature. But it is of course growing colder every year, and, as well as the other planets, must finally be a globe of ice."

The two following ideas are extracted from the German Philosophers:—

"All things were originally fluid. The waters gave birth to microscopic insects; the insects, in the course of ages, magnified themselves into large animals; the animals, in the course of time, converted a portion of water into calcareous earth; the vegetables converted a portion into clay. These two substances, in the course of ages, converted themselves into silex, and thus the silicious mountains were the oldest of all. All the solid parts of the earth, therefore, owe their existence to life, and without life, the globe would still be entirely liquid."

Again: "The earth is a great animal; it is alive—a vital fluid circulates in it—every particle of it is alive—it is instinct and volition, even to the most elementary molecules, which attract and repel each other according to sympathies. Every mineral has the power of converting immense masses into its own nature, as we convert food into flesh; the mountains are the respiratory organs of the globe. The schists are the organs of secretion,—the mineral veins are abscesses,—and the metals are the products of disease, for which reason, most of them have a repulsive smell!"

Such are the opinions of men, who have blindly followed the tortuous and mazy windings of a wild imagination; who have scarcely followed the leadings of

reason, and hardly deserve the opinion of the Poet, as men who

"Stick up their inch of wisdom on the point  
Of philosophic wit, called argument:  
And then, exulting in the paper, cry,  
Behold the Sun!—and Ind in-Like adore."

These extracts may serve to expose the awkward attempts of infidelity, to evade the authority of Revelation; but there is an evident want of probability of proof, and of moral certainty,—and the exhibition of a basis on which such views could rest, is as far from possibility, as man's wildest theories of the philosophers' stone of transmutation, and perpetual motion.

In endeavouring to obtain a precise idea of Creation itself, the mind of the intelligent and christian enquirer is naturally, as to a true source, led to the account offered to us in the sacred volume. It is there said, with emphasis, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth"; yet, even here, in the extreme simplicity of the expression, the majestic simplicity of truth—there appears to be a vacuum in the answer to the enquiry, inasmuch, as to the terms themselves, there is no precision of meaning affixed. To the Greek term, *κτίσις*, is generally applied the meaning, "to make something out of nothing"; and perhaps this may assist us somewhat in introducing the subject under consideration.

The heathen Philosophers believed in the eternity of matter; or, that the universe was created out of pre-existent materials; and that this confused mass or chaos of disorganized matter, awaited but the forming hand and arranging skill of the Divine Power; but even this appears incompatible with the scriptural account, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God;—so that things which are seen, were not made of things which do appear. (Heb. xi. 3.)

Here they are distinctly stated, not to have been made out of pre-existent matter,—because, if they were, *that matter*, however extended and modified, must be so far tangible and apparent, as to be seen in that in which it was compounded or modified; and it consequently could not be said, that the things which are seen were *not* made of things *which do appear*. We are therefore hereby instructed, that the present mundane fabric was *not* formed or reformed, from one anterior—but that it was in fact, created by the power of God from nothing.

The eye of every observer discovers in the world which we inhabit, the existence of organized matter, divided into sections: animate and inanimate, in motion or inert. The earth and the sea are confined to the separate bounds of their habitation, guarded by decrees, and impassable beyond certain limits; herbs and vegetables, trees, shrubs and flowers, studding the vegetable world;—while the animal world comprises the various orders of nonsentient and irresponsible, but animate and instinct existence;—above which, and holding subordinate government over which, is placed Man—an accountable and sentient being;—while over all is hung a canopy of bright cerulean expanse—itsself spangled with worlds travelling through illimitable space, and lighted up with orbs which, by their brilliancy, obscure the vision, and control the research of man.

The question before us, then, is—how the rude mass of matter was first created, and by what means it was brought into the beautiful assemblage of parts, by which it is characterized, and which arrests the admiration or strikes the attention, of every beholder—what time was occupied in that formation and arrangement—and what was the design and intention of the whole.

The principal features in the argument respecting the eternity of matter, ought, perhaps, to precede other observations on this part of our subject. The arguments, objections and answers, may be classed as follows:—

The world, or the universe, is eternal—or the material of which it is made, existed from all eternity.

To this we may answer—If we suppose that the world existed from all eternity, it argues that it must be self-existent; if self-existent, necessarily existent; if necessarily existent, matter must have filled all space, must have existed every where, either in motion or at rest,—and thus we are at once launched into the midst of a palpable absurdity.

Again: We argue against the eternity of matter from the nature of Time. Time is a succession of moments, as matter is an aggregate of atoms. Time cannot be reckoned *ab infinito*—it cannot be positively infinite because it is composed of finite parts; and if so, these finite parts must have had a beginning, therefore, the sum total both of time and matter, by a parity of reasoning, must have had a beginning likewise.

A third reply is, the absence of all data prior to the Mosaic account of the Creation.

It is true that Plato, in his *Critias*, mentions Atlantis as having been buried in the ocean about 9000 years, before the age in which he wrote. He asserts this to have been well known to the Egyptian priests, and to the contemporary inhabitants of Attica. But where is the historical record of the fact? Even the learned now generally agree in pronouncing his account, not only to be fictitious, but never intended by him to be regarded otherwise.

It has been said, that the Chinese regard the world as some hundreds of thousands of years older than the Mosaic account; that the Chaldeans carried back the origin of society 473,000 years; that the Egyptian priests reckoned between Menes and Sothou 341 generations—but with the latter, the accounts are so discordant and so slenderly supported by evidence, that we cannot hesitate in pronouncing them fictitious and false; and with respect to the former, the researches of a late traveller, the Rev. W. H. Medhurst, of the Church Missionary Society, go to prove the falsity of the assertion, by shewing that the Chinese traditions, and their books of record, go far to confirm the chronological data of Moses, both with regard to the deluge, and to the Creation itself. A late Review of this work, enables us to place within a very small compass, his remarks on this subject.

\* Commencing with the early history of China, we may be allowed to correct an error into which many have fallen, relative to the assumption of an extravagant chronology by the Chinese. It has been generally supposed that the Chinese nation maintain an antiquity of myriads of years, and that their historical records, stretching far back into the vista of more than a thousand ages, are not such variance with the comparatively recent account of Moses, as to oblige us either to question the one or the other. This was, at one time, gladly caught at by the sceptics of Europe; and they

thought they had discovered, in the high antiquity of the Chinese, combined with the Hindoo and Egyptian races, an argument which threw discredit on the chronology of the Bible, and weakened the evidence of its divine authority. The fact, however, is, that the Chinese, like most other heathen nations, have a mythological, as well as a chronological period; the one considered by themselves as fabulous, and the other as authentic; the one connected with the history of their gods, and the other with that of their men. In the former they speak of their celestial Emperor, who reigned forty-five thousand years; their terrestrial Emperor, who reigned eighteen thousand years; followed by their human Emperor, who reigned as long; without condescending to enlighten us as to the names, characters, events, or circumstances of these wonderful individuals, without so much as telling us whether their dominions were established in heaven or earth, or whether they referred exclusively to China, or included other nations. In short, the vague and indistinctly furnished of these fanciful Emperors shows that they were merely the figment of the imagination, introduced to supply a deficiency, and to compass the credulity. Indeed, so little credit is attached to this fabulous period by the Chinese themselves, that one of their most respectable historians, Chou-footze, does not venture to allude to it, but, passing by these extravagant assumptions, commences his relation at a much later period, when events and circumstances of a concrete character stamp the records of the age with greater marks of credibility."

A second class of objections to the Christian scheme may be noticed as the theories of Epicurus and Lucretius: these upheld the doctrine of the eternity of matter, and endeavoured to fix a time when this matter was organized and arranged in its present form. But what was the character of the ground they stood upon? They believed that the present component parts of this Sphere, were atoms moving about in the immensity of space; at the same time, no reason was given why they were found in motion, nor any, in fact, why they are now at rest—but that, by a mechanical contrivance, the result of necessity, these atoms came together in fortuitous connection, and by an action of the same laws, the present order, and arrangement, and beauty, and government, were established for the satisfaction, and comfort, and enjoyment of man.

To this argument, in a short time, an answer will be given.

A third, and more popular class of objections, is found in the views of some who experience a difficulty in reconciling the chronological data of the Bible with references drawn from prejudices, which prejudices are founded on premises of their own construction. The most tangible form in which this objection can be presented, is in the idea of a primitive chaotic ocean, containing the elements of all things, afterwards to be resolved, by the process of time, from a fluid to a solid state; and it has been conceded by some, that the doctrine of the eternity of matter, might have lurked in the account given by Moses, because he states the mass to have been "without form and void"; and a further concession has been granted by some, by introducing the supposition, that the six days spoken of in scripture were extended periods of unlimited time; but we object to both these concessions, and to the argument itself, in a sense which we shall shortly explain; and it is because these will soon form part of our general outline and filling up, that we pass on to another part of the subject.

Having stated these objections, we come in the first place to notice, *the act of Creation itself.*

This, as we before observed, signifies the bringing into being something which did not previously exist, and the matter or mass out of which the present world was arranged. For, although the heathen Philosophers understood not the possibility of the fact, it is not for one moment to be imagined, that for the same reason, we ought to reject it too.

We acknowledge, as the first dictate of our reason, the existence of a *First Great Cause*; and it is but just that we allow to succeed such an acknowledgment, the fact, that we cannot measure our own limited knowledge, by the same standard. Again: as there can be no possible limitation fixed to the power of this Great First Cause, [for who shall be found bold to affix the same?] it is, therefore, necessarily allowed by the simplest process of ratiocination, that God could create something, nay, could create any thing, out of nothing; because it is plain, that the denial of this would involve a contradiction. For, if his power *could not create any thing conceivable*, his power would not be the greatest conceivable; and if we allow this, we Undeify the Creator—we attach a finite limit to one of his essential attributes: and if there is finitude in one, there is finitude in all. But, on the contrary, believing in the infinitude of his Power, we admit the creation of any thing and every thing, under any circumstances or in any time, to be within the reach of that Power; and, therefore, we are hereby led to the fact, that there existed power adequate to create the materials of the universe from nothing, *in an instant*,—and that they were accordingly created by that Power: "the things which are seen not being made of things which do appear."

You will observe, that the division is made into two distinct portions in the earliest part of the sacred narrative; those two portions being, the heavens and the earth; and there is no doubt at all, but that the latter occupies a space in the wide field of creation, but as a drop in the mighty ocean! As an illustration, take the following computation:

It is supposed, that there are not less than 75 millions of suns in the universe—the fixed stars being all suns, and having, like ours, numerous planets revolving round them;—the solar system, to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, attached to it: the circular field of space which it occupies is, in diameter, 3,600 millions of miles, and that which it controls, much greater; the sun which is the nearest neighbour to ours, is Sirius, distant from us about 22 millions of miles:—now, if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other, as ours is distant from Sirius: or if our system be the average magnitude of all,—what imagination can grasp the immensity of Creation!—It stands, as a plantation, containing 75 millions of circular fields, each 10 billions of miles in diameter!

Why, then, is the Earth even mentioned, amidst such an overwhelming concatenation of creative power? Because, it is the allotted habitation of the family of man—it was to be the sphere of extraordinary manifestations—it was, therefore, accounted worthy of peculiar distinction,—and, it is on similar grounds, that we give a prominence of notice to this portion of our subject, on the present occasion. (*To be continued.*)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Aylesford, Dec. 5th, 1838.

DEAR SIR.—As the conversion of a sinner from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, is at any time a circumstance worthy of being regarded by all who feel a lively interest in the salvation of men, and as I believe there are many of this class who peruse your valuable miscellany, it may perhaps be interesting to some of them to read the following narrative. It relates not only to the conversion of a sinner, but also to the particular state of the individual, at the time of her conversion, which seems to render the whole more particularly interesting, and leads us to exclaim, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" Never did I perceive the value of time as on that memorable night, when the person referred to was brought to rejoice in God her Saviour; only two hours before she exchanged time for eternity; and I may add, never did I more clearly discover the value of that atonement, by which a poor, guilty, but penitent sinner, becomes reconciled to God.

On the 23rd of September, 1838, after dismissing the congregation at my regular preaching place in Cornwallis, I was requested to visit Mary, the second daughter of Mr. Samuel Condin, who had for some time been a member of my congregation, but had not obtained an experimental knowledge of her interest in Christ.

On entering the room I found her very much dissatisfied both in body and in mind; she was dying without a prospect of future happiness! Here was a scene calculated to penetrate the most obdurate heart, and call forth the strongest sympathies of those who had any disposition to feel for a fellow-creature! She expressed her fears of dropping into eternity without a preparation to meet God, and cried earnestly to the Lord for mercy! After conversing with her for a short time, we all engaged in prayer; and surely the scene was distressing! Father, mother, sisters, and friends, all bathed in tears! but while we were at prayer, I was persuaded that the Lord would set her soul at liberty; and immediately after rising from our knees, I endeavoured to encourage her, by stating that this was my persuasion. But soon after this she seemed as if she had expired, and lay for a few moments with her eyes fixed, and her countenance looking frightfully! And who can describe the distressing feelings of her poor mother on that occasion? when her piercing cries seemed to indicate that the departed spirit was gone to a state of misery! But O the goodness of God! in a few moments she revived again, and soon after this the Lord was pleased to speak peace to her soul. She then called the different members of the family, and embracing each of them in the most affectionate manner, exhorted them all to prepare to meet her in heaven!

The scene, which before was so distressing, was quite changed. The disconsolate parents were now willing to resign their dear child into the arms of her heavenly Father; and all around were ready to unite with the dying Believer, in praying that the Lord Jesus would receive her spirit. Her pain was not so excruciating as it had been, but her thirst was so intense that every attempt to allay it was in vain; this became very distressing, her disorder being such as would not permit of any thing to remain on her stomach: so that every drink she took, immediately increased her affliction. And never shall I forget the affecting manner, in which, when in this state, she said to me "it is all right." She lived about two hours in a very happy state of mind, and then it pleased the Lord to release her happy spirit, and unite her to that blessed company, who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb," on the 23rd September, about 11 o'clock,

P. M. She was in the 17th year of her age, and continued her regular exercises until the Monday before her death; when her state became a lively comment on the 6th verse of the 99th Psalm. The funeral took place on the 24th, and the occasion was improved by the Rev. W. Chapman, who delivered a very solemn discourse, from Colossians, iv. 1. May the Lord sanctify the painful remembrance of the parents and surviving friends! and may her former companions prepare to meet her in that state of blessedness, where sorrow, pain, and parting shall be no more.

Yours truly, Wm. Mis.

DEAR SIR,—You will not oblige a Subscriber by inserting in the Wesleyan the following extracts from the Rules of the Society of the people called Methodists, and Mr. Wesley's Sermon on the use of money.

"It is therefore expected of all who continue therein, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation: First,—By doing no harm, by averting evil of every kind: especially that which is most generally practised, such as—Drunkenness, Laying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, except in cases of extreme necessity."

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell any thing which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire erroneously called drams, or spiritous liquors. It is true these may have a place in medicine—they may be of use in some bodily disorders, although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner. Therefore such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their consciences clear."

But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse them. But all who sell them in the common way—to any that will buy—are Poisoners General. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep, and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them: the curse of God aboves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the uttermost hell! Blood—blood is there—the foundation, the floor, the walls are stained with blood. And canst thou hope, oh thou man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day? Canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven—therefore, thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul! Thy name and shall perish with thee!"

SELF OPINION.—Opinion of ourselves, is like the casting of a shadow, which is always longest when the sun is at the greatest distance. By the degrees that the sun approaches, the shadow shortens; and under the direct meridian light, it becomes none at all. It is so with our opinions of ourselves. While the good influences of God are at the greatest distance from us, it is then always that we conceit least of ourselves. As God approaches, the conceit lessens, until we receive the fuller measures of his grace, and then we become nothing in our own conceit, and God appears to be all in all.—Dean Young

I admire genius: respect talent, and regard learning; but, when any one of these is united with an overbearing quantity of self-conceit, I would rather pay my homage to an uncultivated New Zealander.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONNET.

WHEN I survey the wonders of that skill,  
 Which formed yon bright cerulean canopy—  
 The dazzling orbs of light which shine on high,  
 Create from nothing by the eternal Will—  
 The seas of rushing light—the worlds which roll,  
 System on system—sphere encircling sphere—  
 The word of power which sustains the whole,  
 Fixes their orbits—and revolves them there—  
 I'm lost—I sink beneath the lofty thought—  
 Lord! what is man—that thou shouldst think on him?  
 Less than the hosts of shining seraphim,  
 Which circle thy bright throne—yet thou hast brought  
 His soul, the richness of thy grace to prove—  
 The unworthy subject of heaven's everlasting love.

## REVIEW.

*A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants.* By JOHN WILLIAMS, of the London Missionary Society. London, 1837, pp. xviii. 590. 8vo. (Concluded.)

THE first voyage which the Messenger of Peace took after being thoroughly fitted out, was to convey Messrs. Pritchard and Simpson to the Marquesan Islands; the Directors having determined to endeavour to re-establish the Mission among the savage inhabitants of that group. At the expiration of this voyage, which, with the time of repairing the vessel, occupied about twelve months, she sailed for the Hervey Islands, Mr. Platt intending to visit them.

The important time had now arrived for commencing the voyage, on which the mind of Mr. W. had so long set, and for which the Messenger of Peace was built. The Rev. T. East, and the Rev. J. A. James of Birmingham, had generously responded to his call, and prepared a large supply of ironmongery, for the undertaking. Mr. Bartf, his fellow-labourer, had consented to accompany him; and eight members of his church offered their services for this enterprize of mercy. They cleared the harbour on Monday, the 24th of May 1830, having with them seven teachers, and intending to augment the number from the Hervey Islands, which they proposed to visit on their way. After touching at Parapara, and spending a day with Mr. and Mrs. Platt and family, they shaped their course for the Hervey group; and in four or five days, reached in safety the island of MANGIA. After having spent a few days on this island, preaching to the people, visiting the heathen chiefs, attending the schools, and giving advice and instructions to the teachers, they prepared for their departure. In 1831, and subsequently, in 1833 for the last time, Mr. W. visited this island, and was made a blessing to the people. Leaving Mangia, they proceeded to ATIU, which, after two days pleasant sail, they reached in safety: their time was occupied night and day, one sleeping whilst the other was awake, in teaching the people to sing, and explaining passages of Scripture. This island also, Mr. W. subsequently visited. On the day after their arrival at Atiu, a heavy gale of wind arose, and there being no anchorage, their little vessel was driven out of sight of land; and as there

was no one on board who understood navigation, they never expected to see her again. But after having been tossed about for many days, a strong wind in the opposite direction drove her back again: they hoisted sail immediately, took leave of the kind people and pursued their voyage.

On visiting the two small islands of MAUKE and MITIARO, they found the natives, who possessed but few axes, were burning down trees, for timber to erect chapels. Mr. W. gave them some tools, encouraged them to persevere in their work and promised to return, and open their chapel in six or eight months. On his next visit he had the satisfaction of seeing two well-built, substantial places of worship: the pulpit at Mauke was a most remarkable specimen of native ingenuity and perseverance, for it was hewn entirely out of one large tree.

Leaving Mitiaro, they sailed for RAROTONGO, where they arrived, after a pleasant sail of two days, and received a cordial welcome on the beach from their esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Buzacott. A most dreadful and deadly disorder was raging among the people, and sweeping them away as with a deluge. They soon left this island and directed their course to the last of the Hervey island group, which was AITUTAKI. During their stay, their time was occupied in examining the school children, explaining different passages of Scripture, and supplying information and advice upon subjects of a civil, judicial, and religious character. "During my previous visit to this island," says the Narrator, "I was explaining to the people, one evening, the manner in which English Christians raised money, to send the Gospel to heathen countries. On hearing this, they expressed their regret at not having money, that they also might have the privilege of 'helping in the good work of causing the word of God to grow.' I replied, 'If you have not money, you have something to buy money with.' This idea was quite new to them, and they wished to know at once what they possessed which would buy money. I said to them, 'The pigs I brought to your island on my first visit have multiplied so greatly, that all of you have now an abundance; and if every family in the island were to set apart a pig for causing the word of God to grow,' and when the ships come to sell them for money, instead of cloth and axes, a valuable contribution might be raised." The idea delighted them exceedingly, and early the next morning, the squeaking of the pigs, which were receiving a particular mark in the ear for this purpose, was heard from one end of the settlement to the other. In the interim a ship had been there, the captain of which had purchased their pigs, and paid for them most honourably; and now, to my utter astonishment, the native treasurer put into my hands £108, partly in bills, and partly in cash! This was the FIRST money they ever possessed, and every farthing of it was dedicated to the cause of Christ."

The circumstance which renders the narrative of the work of God at Aitutaki, Atiu, Mangia, and Mauke, more particularly interesting is, that all the beneficial changes which have been effected in these islands, are the result of the labours of native missionaries, no European Missionary having ever resided at either of them.



They now took their departure, accompanied by the teachers, with their wives and children—altogether thirty persons. They touched at Savage Island, but could not succeed in establishing a Mission Station. They succeeded however, in inducing two of the natives to accompany them to the Society's Island, for the purpose of keeping them a short time, loading them with presents, and then restoring them to their home. Of the inhabitants of this island, the Narrator says, "they are certainly the most wretched and degraded of any natives I have ever seen, except the aborigines of New Holland."

On leaving Savage Island, they steered a direct course for Tongatabu, which is about 350 miles west, and entering the channel from the east, between the main land and a row of beautiful islets which stand and adorn the reef on the north, they steered their devious and dangerous way, amidst shoals and rocks, without pilot or chart, until they reached their destination, off the interesting Missionary settlement, *Nukualofa*, where in July, 1830, they dropped anchor. "On reaching the shore we received a most cordial welcome from our Wesleyan brethren, Messrs. Turner and Cross, who, with their excellent wives, kindly invited us to take up our abode with them during our stay. To this we readily agreed, and were delighted with the opportunity of observing the untiring diligence with which they were prosecuting the objects of their mission, and the encouraging prospects of success which sustained and animated them in their labours."

Here they met with *Fensa*, a chief of the Navigators Island, whose wife was a Christian, and who himself was favourable to the *lotu*, or new religion. He offered to accompany them, and employ his utmost influence with his relatives, the chiefs, and with his countrymen generally, to induce them to receive the teachers kindly, and attend to their instructions. After due enquiry, they accepted the offer, and found him to be an invaluable acquisition.

After spending a fortnight most pleasantly and profitably with their kind friends, they prepared for their departure. They intended to take the Vavan Island in their way, to which group their colleague, Mr. Ormond, had some time ago sent three native Missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Cross, (the latter of whom was in delicate health), accompanied them to the Hapai Island, which they had to pass on their way to Vavan. They soon descried *Lafuga*, and after escaping imminent danger, reached it in safety. Mr. Thomas met them on the beach, to welcome them to the hospitalities of his house. On landing with Mr. and Mrs. Cross, they were happy to find that a great work was going on among the people. They were also informed that Firan, the chief of the Vavan Island, with many of his people, were at *Lafuga*. This was agreeable news, as his presence would prevent the necessity of their visiting that group. From the arbitrary conduct of Firan, who threatened immediate death to any of his people that embraced Christianity, they were deterred from leaving a native Missionary. Speaking of the gracious results attending the labours of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Hapai, Mr. W. says,— "It shows us that God does not in-

terfere to convert the world by any means, or by any Church; but by whomsoever the Gospel is propagated in simplicity and godly sincerity, the stamp of his gracious approbation will be impressed on the success, which will crown their labours, as in the case of Firan."

They now again bent their course for the Navigators or Samsa Islands. Fanea, the chief, was on high spirits, from the prospect of seeing his home from which he had been so long banished; yet there appeared an expression of great anxiety and solicitude. He informed Mr. W. that though the chiefs would gladly receive him and the other people all readily attend to Christian instruction, yet there was a person there called *Fanofana*, and if he opposed them, he feared the progress would be impeded; this man was he, in whom the spirit of the gods dwelt, and he was so much the terror of all the inhabitants, that, if he forbade the people to receive instruction, they would be afraid to place themselves under their instruction. Not until the seventh day after leaving *Lafuga*, in the month of August, 1830, the cloud capped mountains of the beautiful island of Samsa, which is the largest of the Navigators group, were visible. As soon, however, as they neared the shore, a number of natives came off in their canoes, of whom Fanea asked a variety of questions, to all of which he received satisfactory answers. At length with a tremulous voice, as if afraid to hear the reply, he said, "And where is *Tamafinga*?" "O!" shouted the people, with evident delight, "he is dead, he is dead!" He was killed only about ten or twelve days ago!" Fanea, with joy at this unexpected intelligence, leaped about the vessel, and ran towards Mr. W. shouting, "*Ua mate le Diavolo, ua mate le Diavolo!*" "The devil is dead, the devil is dead! our work is done; the devil is dead!" Astonished at this singular exclamation, I enquired what he meant, when he replied, the obstacle we dreaded is removed. *Tamafinga* is dead; they have killed him; the people now will all receive the *lotu*." This was providential: the recency of this event prevented another person from being appointed to this important office. By ten o'clock they reached the settlement of Sapapehi, where they intended to commence their labours, and to which Fanea belonged. Their vessel was soon surrounded by canoes, and when they were on board *Tamafalangia*, son of the chief, the brother of *Mabetsa*, the principal chief of Sapapehi, invited them to Fanea. The object of their visit was to make a request was made for permission to land, and a number of many of whom were suffering severely from the confinement in the vessel—a canoe was dispatched to Upolu for *Mabetsa*—the next day, the chief, his wife, five women and ten children, took their departure with them, and left the vessel anchored in the bay. The poor heathen was as much delighted as the natives. Thus auspiciously, in the month of August, 1830, was this important mission commenced. Mr. W. was on board in the afternoon, the chief *Mabetsa* arrived, and said he had heard of the *lotu*, and was desirous of instruction, was truly glad that they had come to impart it." The following day, a number of canoes, while *Mabetsa* was on board, surrounded our vessel, with great numbers

and climbing over the boarding-nettings, very soon filled the ship. This had excited in the young man I had as captain, some apprehensions, and unknown to me, he loaded a small brass blunderbuss with eight bullets, and returned it to its usual place. The old chief perceiving this weapon, and thinking it would materially assist him in the conquest of his enemies, took it down and began to examine it. He cocked it, with its muzzle directed towards myself (Mr. W.) and was just about to pull the trigger, when John Wright, our interpreter, said, 'Stop, perhaps it is loaded.' At this moment the Captain rushed from the deck into the cabin, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Sir, you have nearly been blown to atoms! why did you let the chief touch that blunderbuss? I had just loaded it with eight bullets! Thus I have been preserved from dangers and from death, by sea and by land, some designed and some otherwise.'

Four teachers, by especial request, were stationed with Malietsa, and four with his brother Tamalelangi. The interview between the Missionaries and the chiefs was most gratifying. The former spent the evening of the day with the teachers in prayer and conversation, and were much pleased with the spirit they evinced.

'Having now accomplished all we could, we thought of our beloved wives and children at home, and prepared for our departure. After commending our friends to the gracious protection of God, and supplicating his special blessing upon their labours, we walked down to the beach, accompanied by the teachers, their wives and children, who wept bitterly at parting from us. Many hundreds also of the natives crowded round us, by all of whom we were treated with the greatest possible respect, and these rent the air with their affectionate salutations, exclaiming, *Ole alofa i le alii*, 'Great is our affection for you English Chiefs.'

Matetau, the chief of the neighbouring island of Monono, who was a very large and powerful man, came to see them, and on urging exceedingly to have a teacher, obtained a promise that one should be sent. Arriving off the beautiful island of Monono, they presented their gigantic guest with two axes, two hatchets, four knives, two pairs of scissors, a small looking-glass and some blue beads, on receiving which he seized them by the head, gave them a hearty rub with his nose, leaped hastily into his canoe, and sailed away, highly delighted with his present, and not less so with the prospect of having a teacher to instruct him. He speedily returned to express his gratitude by bringing them some food for their long voyage.

They designed to visit Savage Island, in returning, in order to leave the young men they had taken from thence, on one of whose minds very favourable impressions had been made, but were prevented from accomplishing their object by head winds: they were however subsequently sent home from Raiatea in the Messenger of Peace, which was employed in conveying Mr. and Mrs. Crosh to New South Wales. Failing in reaching Savage Island, and their provisions being scanty, they steered for Rorotonga, which they happily reached in seven days, having sailed in that time a distance of eight hundred miles due east! an extraordinary occurrence in these latitudes, where the trade wind, with few variations, prevails from the

eastward. They remained here but a few days, having found the pestilence, which was making such devastation when they left, entirely subsided; and as the wind continued fair, they called at Mangia and Rurutu. Leaving Rurutu, they reached Tahiti, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, in 49 hours! It is worthy of especial notice, that after the fair wind sprang up, 200 miles west of Savage Island, they sailed, in the short space of 15 days, a distance of 17 or 19 hundred miles to the eastward—an instance perhaps, unparalleled in the history of tropical navigation. On arriving at Tahiti they were cordially welcomed by their brethren, who having heard of numerous shipwrecks since they sailed, had entertained serious apprehensions on their account, but now were delighted to hear of the success of their enterprize. After having remained a Sabbath with their beloved friends Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, they sailed for Huapine, where Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Platt were spending a few days with Mrs. Barff, anxiously waiting their arrival. It is superfluous to add, that it was a happy meeting. Safe and happy themselves, their joy was complete when they found their wives and families in health, and their stations in prosperity. Thus terminated this important voyage, the blessed results of which will be as valuable as the soul, and enduring as eternity.

In 1832, Mr. Williams paid another visit to the Navigators Islands; on his former voyage he visited only two of the Islands, Savaii and Upolu, the largest in the cluster, but the farthest west; in this, he determined to touch at every island in the group; and as he was sailing from the east he resolved to take them in rotation. On the morning of the 17th October they descried land, which proved to be the island of Manua, the most easterly of the Samoa group, and about 250 miles from that on which the Missionaries were residing. On nearing the shore, a number of canoes approached, in one of which some natives stood up and shouted, 'We are Christians; we are waiting for a *falau lotu*, a religion-ship, to bring us some people whom they call Missionaries, to tell us about Jesus Christ. Is yours the ship we are waiting for?' A Missionary was promised. Orosenga and Opi, two islands separated by a narrow channel, about two miles from Manua were next visited. Early the next morning, they made Tutuila, a large island about 40 miles from Manua: at a district called Leone, on the south west, they found about 50 persons who professed to have embraced Christianity, and had built a chapel. A Missionary was here also earnestly requested; but one could not be given. In recording his painful feelings in being compelled to deny this request, Mr. W. says, 'I trust that the day is not distant when Missionaries will not be doled out as they now are, but when their numbers will bear a greater proportion to the wants of the heathen. And why should not this be the case? How many thousands of ships has England sent to foreign countries to spread devastation and death? The money expended in building, equipping, and supporting one of these, would be sufficient, with the Divine blessing, to convey Christianity, with all its domestic comforts, its civilizing effects and spiritual advantages, to hundreds and thousands of people.'

On the following day they reached Upolu, where a similar request for a Missionary was made, and received a similar denial.

"On Saturday afternoon we reached Monono, and as we were passing this little garden island, my colossal friend, Matetau, came off to us. After embracing me cordially, and rubbing noses quite as long as was agreeable, he said, 'Where's my Missionary? I have not forgotten your promise.' 'No more have I,' was my rejoinder; 'here he is.' I then introduced Te-ava and his wife, when he seized them with delight, saluted their noses with a long and hearty rub, and exclaimed, *lelei, lava*, good, very good; I am happy now."

They reached the station of Malietoa about 5 o'clock, when the teachers and people manifested extravagant joy at seeing them. Here they learned that Malietoa, his brother, the principal chiefs and nearly all the inhabitants of their settlement had embraced Christianity—that in the large islands of Savaii and Upolu the Gospel had been introduced into more than thirty villages,—and that the great body of the people were only waiting Mr. Williams' arrival to renounce their heathen system. This was most delightful information, and drew forth tears of gratitude to God, for having in so short a time granted such a rich reward. They also, received a very interesting account from the teachers of the prosperity and extension of the work of God, but which we must omit, at present, for want of room. Visits were also paid to neighbouring settlements, with much pleasure to the Missionaries and profit to the people. After this short but important visitation, they steered for Rorotonga, calling at Keppel's Island in order to take to their home the widow and family of Pura, formerly their native Missionary to Rurutu. After having proceeded from Keppel's Island about 300 miles, a serious disaster befel them. "At midnight the mate awoke me," says Mr. W. "with the startling announcement, 'you must get up immediately, Sir; the ship has sprung a leak, is half full of water, and is sinking fast.' I ran on deck instantly, and found, to my consternation, nearly four feet of water in the hold. I at once perceived that no time was to be lost, and that every individual must exert himself to the utmost; for the alternative was pump or sink." In an hour they gained six inches, and by morning they succeeded in pumping the ship dry. The greater part of the night was spent in an unsuccessful search for the leak. At length, pumping the whole time without intermission, they reached Vavan. Not finding the leak, they put to sea again, and having to contend against a head wind, they were five days instead of 24 hours, in making Tonga. Aided by Captain S. Henry, and Captain Deanes, with their crews and the natives, they succeeded in hauling down the vessel, and, after a close scrutiny, discovered the cause of their danger in a large auger hole in the keel, into which a bolt had never been driven. This had been filled with mud and stones in the hurricane at Rorotonga, which had kept the vessel from leaking six months, during which time she had sailed several thousands of miles. A stone was very fortunately wedged in the hole, or it would have been impossible, in the estimation of the Captains and carpenter, to have kept the vessel from sinking.

"With my short visit to Vavan I was much delighted. It will be recollected that, on my former voyage to the Friendly Islands, I met Finan at Lefuga, who not only refused to embrace christianity himself, but threatened with death any of his people who did so. My satisfaction, then, may be imagined at finding this once despotic, but now docile chieftain, with all his people, receiving the instructions of Mr. Turner (Wesleyan Missionary). At the time of my arrival they were erecting a large place of worship to accommodate a congregation, which, on the preceding Sabbath, consisted of more than two thousand persons. All this had been effected in two years. At my former visit to the Hapai Islands I found a number of respectable Vavannans there in exile, who had forsaken all to enjoy the instructions of Mr. Thomas (also Wesleyan Missionary.) There they acquired a fitness for future usefulness: and when, by the conversion of Finan, they were permitted to visit their own island, they began at once to impart to their countrymen the inestimable knowledge they possessed. Thus was the wrath of man made to praise God.

"With Mr. and Mrs. Turner I spent a most pleasant evening. Their prospects of usefulness were very encouraging, and their hearts appeared to be thoroughly in their work.

"In my visit to Tongatabu, [Wesleyan Mission Station] I was truly delighted to find that the Missionaries had received a printing press, and that it was most actively engaged in preparing the word of life for the people. Its invaluable operations were commenced in April, 1831, and by November, 1832, *twenty-nine thousand one hundred* copies of small books, containing *five millions seven hundred and seventy two thousand pages* had been struck off. Such facts furnish delightful evidence of the untiring diligence of the Missionaries who supplied the matter, and of the perseverance of Mr. Woon, who had the charge of the mighty engine. Indeed, if sterling piety, and entire devotedness to the cause of God among the heathen, can insure success, our Wesleyan brethren at the Friendly Islands will have a distinguished portion.

"After spending a fortnight of most pleasant and profitable intercourse at this place, our vessel being ready for sea, we sailed for Rorotonga, which we reached in safety, in January 1833, having been absent fifteen weeks. After this, I remained several months at Rorotonga, during which period we completed the revision of the translation which I brought to England, and of which, I am happy to add, the British and Foreign Bible Society has printed *Five Thousand Copies*. This precious treasure I shall have the unspeakable satisfaction of conveying back with me."—[217—276]

We shall now conclude our present notice of this volume with an extract containing a commendation of Missions to the *Statesman*, the *Philosopher*, the *Merchant*, and the *Nobleman*, and which forms the conclusion of this admirable work.

"Apart entirely from the value of Christianity, to enlightened *Statesman* can regard labours which secure such results as those I have enumerated, with indifference: for new havens are found at the antipodes for our fleets; new channels are opened for our commerce; and the friends of our country are every where multiplied.

"To the *Philosopher*, too, such exertions present their claim: for new fields of discovery have been opened, new regions explored, and wilds previously inaccessible to the traveller, penetrated by the Missionary. In addition to this, languages before unknown have been mastered and reduced to a system; and has been presented under circumstances the most peculiar and interesting; and new facts have been added to his natural and moral history.

"An enterprize, beneficial in so many ways, presents a universal claim; and we hope the day is not approaching, when the *Merchant* will not only consecrate the gains of his merchandize to its promotion,

but when he shall also add the facilities which commercial intercourse affords to further the great design; when the man of science shall make his discoveries subserve the godlike work; and when not only the poor, but the *rich* and *noble* will feel honoured in identifying themselves with Missionary operations, and in consecrating their influence, their wealth, and even their *sons* and their *daughters*, to this work. And why should not the *son* of a nobleman aspire to an office that an angelic spirit would deem an honour? Why should not such become active agents in an enterprise which is to regenerate and bless our world? They aspire after *military* and *naval* glory, but here they may obtain distinctions far higher than these:—here, instead, of inflicting death in the acquisition of their laurels, they would scatter life and comfort and peace to unborn millions. And is there more glory in spreading misery than in conveying mercy? Is it more honourable to carry the sword of war than the Gospel of peace? Is it a higher dignity to bear a commission from an earthly sovereign than from the King of Kings? Oh! that the minds of the noble youth of our country could be directed to this field of labour and of love, and that the soldiers of the cross were as high in the estimation of our nobility as those who bear commissions from our King. It will be a blessed day for our world, when the first nobleman's son, influenced by a spirit of piety, and constrained by the 'love of Christ,' shall devote himself to go among the heathen 'to turn them from darkness to light.' But whether such forward it or not, the work will go on, enlargement and deliverance will come, until the earth, instead of being a theatre on which men prepare themselves by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple to the living God, in which the children of men shall learn the anthems of the blessed above, and be made meet to unite with the spirits of the redeemed from every nation, and people, and tongue, in celebrating the jubilee of a ransomed world!"— [588—590.]

#### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

##### FRAGMENTS OF PIOUS MEDITATION.

NO. III.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

SURELY this solemn declaration of the Prophet is realized at this present moment, in the experience of thousands.

The God of Love has blessed us with an abundant harvest, has spared us another season, and drawn us with the sweet attractions of his benevolence, that we may recognize his bountiful Providence, and turn unto him with grateful, thankful hearts, and live by faith, in the merits of his dear Son!—But, alas, all nature seems to answer the designs of a gracious Creator,—but thoughtless, guilty man; and hence the Prophet's lamentation, "the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallows, observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

And thus it is at the present day: the judgments of the Almighty are abroad in the earth, and we lay it not to heart. We read of the Famine and the Pestilence destroying thousands, and heed it not,—we hear of the ravages of dark rebellion, and bless ourselves that we are secure,—indeed, as a people, we have abundant reason to rejoice in the goodness of Almighty God,—but let us rejoice with trembling.

It is true we have been blessed with the precious fruits of the earth, highly favoured with the sweet comfort of general health, enjoying the happiness of internal peace, under the paternal protection of a mild and righteous government.

These are certainly privileges which ought to inspire our bosoms with holy gratitude to the great

giver of every good and perfect gift, and render us more determined than ever to improve these great blessings to his glory, by being more humble, more holy, more zealous in his blessed service, that he may delight over us as his people, and spread the shield of his love over us continually for good.

And let us never mistake his character: He is indeed a great King, but benign in his government; His laws are most holy, but not severe; His commandments are imperative, but not grievous; His service requires diligence, but is perfect freedom; it delights the soul and keeps the bosom free,—for we should be ever careful to observe, that in keeping the commandments of our God, there is a present reward,—in every deviation, a pang of misery; the one dignifies our imperfect nature, and renders us meet for eternal glory,—the other degrades our best affections, and fits us for future woe.

And we should ever remember, with bosoms burning with sacred love and praise, that our God is the great fountain of benevolence, and cannot take pleasure in the misery or wretchedness of any of his creatures that his hand has formed, for he has said in his own word, "I am the Lord, which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

Therefore, all our moral and physical evils are procured by our sad *transgressions* and *rebellions* against God; hence, the Prophet makes this sad and solemn appeal to Israel, when surrounded by calamity, "Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord, thy God? Know therefore, and see, that it is an evil thing, and bitter that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts."

Therefore, it is evident, if the sons of men did but reverence their great Creator, render a willing obedience to his most holy laws, and cordially love one another, man would be a happy being, and this beautiful world would be a Paradise of delights. But, alas! sin is the bitter root, from whence springs all our woes, and pollutes the fountain of human happiness,—experience has confirmed the above in every age—and its baneful influences are felt and seen on every hand.

Can we ever forget that dark and cloudy day of affliction, when the Angel of Death held his sceptre over our devoted town? Then did all places gather blackness,—joy withered away,—and lamentation, mourning and woe was written on every countenance—then we heard the tolling bell, saw the opening grave, and the mourners going about our streets, then did the minister of the Lord stand between the living and the dead, and cried,—Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach. Every mind was impressed with a solemn sense of eternal realities, every heart was humbled under the mighty hand of Almighty God, and that sacred Being that despiseth not the sighing of the lowly, contrite heart, heard our petitions, and sent us deliverance, causing the joy of health and thanksgiving to be heard again in our dwellings.

How many solemn vows are now on the records of eternity, made in that season of affliction? But alas! these holy resolutions in reference to many, were "as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away."

But blessed be God, we are still the spared monuments of his long suffering mercy, still the objects of his kindest care, and as this goodness is intended to lead us to repentance and newness of life, let us ask our hearts the solemn, all important question, "are we saved?" or; in other words, have we forsaken all our sins, and turned from dead works, to serve the living God? by faith that works by love, are we endeavouring to alleviate the afflictions of our suffering fellow-men, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, letting the oppressed go free, pleading the cause of the widow, and causing the orphan's heart to sing for joy,—if those things are so, and abound in us, then our hearts will not condemn us, but we have confidence towards

God, and feel in our bosom, the sunshine of his approving love.

But are we still barren and unfruitful amidst so many means and mercies? If so, let us no longer linger in the plains of danger and transgression, but escape for our lives, while we have time and opportunity. "Come, for all things are now ready: the Father of mercies, still waits to be gracious, his Holy Spirit is striving with us, the world's great Saviour has died to redeem us, and rose again for our justification, and now pleads his precious merits in our behalf. The holy angels are waiting to rejoice over us, good men are engaged to promote our conversion.

O let us live for eternity! Time flies, death urges, judgments threaten, heaven invites, the Trinity, angels and men, are all interested in our future destiny.

"Oh God, mine inmost soul convert!  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness."

O thou Almighty Father, the great Author of all good and benevolence, whose tender mercies are over all thy works, thou hast so loved us as to give thy well beloved Son, a ransom for us, that whosoever believeth on him with the heart unto righteousness, may not perish, but have eternal life, for his sake blot out all our sins, and cancel all our rebellions, and send down thy blessings for the renovation and conversion of the whole human family; and especially vouchsafe the outpourings of the Holy Spirit upon the inhabitants of this land, may thy holy worship be established in every house, thy praises sung by every family, and thy love felt by every heart.

Thou knowest, O mighty Father, the secret windings of the thoughts of men, thou weighest our motions and actions as in a balance, thou judgest the hypocrite, and acknowledgest the humble, contrite heart,—purify our souls from all evil, that we may perfectly love thee, and do those things that are pleasing in thy sight.

And thou, sweet Prince of Peace, bless the feeble endeavours of thy most unworthy servant, and cast a beam from thy all-searching light upon these lines, that those who read, may feel the sanctifying influences of thy love flowing into their hearts, and enable them to resolve by thy grace henceforth to consecrate all their ransomed powers to thy glory, and to cast their eternal interests upon the broad basis of thy all prevailing merits, for time, and for eternity, that they may be among thy jewels in that great day when thou shalt make them up, to sing the triumphs of redeeming love, for ever and ever. Amen. F.

#### CANADA INTELLIGENCE.

From the Montreal Courier.

##### A PLAIN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE LOYAL VOLUNTEERS AND THE REBELS AT ODELLTOWN.

MY DEAR SIR,—The dispassionate, but determined manner, in which the Journal under your prudent direction, endeavours to remonstrate with the disaffected, encourage the well disposed, and support the Government, induces me to believe, that the subjoined narrative will be favoured with a place in your columns. These incontrovertible statements, when circulated through the Courier, will reverberate as the echo of loyalty, at once bracing the nerve, and cheering the hearts of our gallant Volunteers, and afford to their misguided enemies a reason why they should relinquish the idea of taking Canada, inasmuch as 1,000 of them are unable to wrest a border Village from 150 rural militia, addicted to the pursuits of industry and peace.

The revolt, which had been brooding for some time, assumed a tangible form on Saturday, the 3d instant. The insurgents, directed occasionally by

Drs. Nelson and Cote, and the notorious Gagnon, or either of this magnanimous triumvirate, gathered in large bodies at Napierville and its vicinity. They commenced operations by disarming the few loyalists in the neighbourhood; and these they imprisoned in Napierville Jail. Having issued a burlesque Proclamation, announcing the capture of a town that was never taken: and in which, surrounded by hundreds of rebels, not more, perhaps, than 8 or 10 loyalists resided, they proceeded to occupy the different posts leading from Napierville to the Province Line, through Odell Town. With this view, a strong guard of the most ferocious that could be selected, were stationed within three miles of Lacole Village; and on the receipt of this intelligence, the loyalists flew to arms, and took up a good position at Lacole bridge, on the road to Odelltown.

Sunday, 4th.—All was dismay and confusion; the Wesleyan Chapel, the only regular place of public worship in this neighbourhood, was closed; the men that would gladly have been listening to the gospel of peace, were obliged to stand forth in defence of their homes and their families; the roads were covered with waggons loaded with women and children, all hurrying on to the United States; and illustrating by their condition, the singular aptitude of our Lord's advice—"Pray that your flight be not in winter nor on the Sabbath day."

Monday, 5th.—The insurrectionists made an incursion by the lower road running parallel with Lacole river; and while the Militia and Volunteers were securing passes in the interior, marauding parties of rebels, headed by Gagnon, as chief brigand, made some prisoners and plundered several houses near Masten's settlement. To prevent a recurrence of this, a party of Volunteers, consisting of twenty men, were posted at Lacole Mill.

Tuesday, 6th.—The picquet was attacked by a strong body under Dr. Cote; but were repulsed by an incessant fire, kept up from behind a rude stockade, or breast work, which the Volunteers had hastily constructed. In this reconre, many of the rebels were on horseback, and several of them were observed to fall.

Lieut. Col. Odell being informed that this body had crossed the lines, and that another force was coming from Douglassville, in order to surround him, very prudently abandoned his position at Lacole Village, and retreated from Odelltown. A despatch was sent to Major Schriver, requesting him to come with all his disposable force. During the night of Tuesday the 6th, and early on the following morning, a party of the rebels, under the personal direction of Cote and Gagnon, were busily employed in bringing in a cannon, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition from the United States and with which they eventually entered the Province. Their intention was to take Odelltown, to establish their head quarters either at the Wesleyan Chapel or in Messrs. Odell's stone ware-house, and thus command all the avenues connecting Napierville with the United States.

Wednesday, 7th.—The rebel force amounting probably to more than 400, formed themselves into battle array, in the fields between the Lake shore and Odelltown, and about 2 miles from the latter place. A little before 11 o'clock A. M., the action commenced, between a small party of the volunteers, and some of the enemy's riflemen; while this was going on, Major Schriver, with the Hemmingford men arrived, these being joined by Captain Shaker, Captain Marsh, Captain Fisher, and Captain Weldon's companies, formed a force, in all likelihood, of 850 or 950 men, and all of them under the command of Lieut. Col. Odell, marched down and impetuously attacked the insurgents. The centre and the left were occupied by the Hemmingford men, under Major Schriver—Captains Marsh and Shaker, with their companies, were placed on the right, and the flanking was performed by the companies under Captains Weldon and Fisher. The action was maintained with great

obstinacy on both sides for nearly 35 minutes, when the rebels fled in every direction. The loss on the part of the loyalists was 3 killed and 2 slightly wounded. The rebels lost sixteen killed, and nine wounded, two of whom, it is affirmed, have died since. A six-pounder, the only field-piece they had, and about four hundred stand of arms, and a large quantity of ammunition, fell into the hands of the volunteers. Nine were taken prisoners, among whom was a Mr. Mott, of Alburgh, Vermont. The sympathiser brought over a cannon, and was a bombardier during the engagement. The skill and bravery of Serjeant Beatty, and a private of the 1st. Royals, materially contributed to the result of this battle. This defeat, inflicted by undisciplined militia men, covered the rebels with shame and confusion, and will, it is to be hoped, cool the ardour with which our neutral neighbours across the lines are espousing the virtuous cause of sedition, robbery and murder.

Friday, 9.—The rebels consisting of 1000 or 1100, all armed, and commanded by Dr. Nelson in person, assisted by one Ducoigne, now in custody, attacked 150 to 180 of the militia, concentrated at the Odelltown Wesleyan Chapel, under the command of Lieut. Col. Taylor. The piece of ordnance taken in the first action, was planted opposite the Chapel door, and effectively served by Serjeant Beatty, of the Royals, Lieut. Curren of the Militia, and a few men who had formerly been in the Artillery. The presence and example of Col. Taylor, imparted fresh vigour to the small band of Spartans, who were fighting against such unequal odds; and while Col. Odell and the main body were contending in the fields, Col. Taylor and a party threw themselves into the Chapel, two hours and a half kept up a very smart fire from the doors and windows, and successfully drove back the rebels in their repeated attempts to recover the cannon. The action lasted for nearly two hours, when the insurgents retreated in the utmost confusion. Considering the disparity of numbers, and that the men were almost worn out by watching and fatigue, it is not saying too much to assert, "*The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.*"

In this engagement, 5 of the Militia, viz. Captain M'Allister and 4 privates were killed—and Lieut. Hiram Odell and 3 others wounded. According to the best accounts, from 60 to 70 of the rebels were killed, and a great number wounded. The leaders, Nelson &c., never exposed themselves, they always kept in the rear, driving on their infatuated adherents like sheep to the slaughter.

There are two incidents which I shall place in juxta position, and with them close this account, already longer than I intended. A large quantity of the Universalist Watchman, published at Montpelier, Vermont, and a liberal assortment of other newspapers, addressed J. Harding, Esq. Alburgh, and intended for cannon wadding, was found after the first action; and an Irishman named Ried, took off his coat, and made cannon wadding of it in the second action. Col. Taylor when he arrived at Odelltown, very opportunely brought with him a quantity of ammunition, and Ried, who was in the chapel during the battle, made the prisoners bite the cartridges, and thus reluctantly promote the destruction of their quondam friends. I take the liberty to send these particulars to the Courier, because it has more readers in this neighbourhood than any other paper.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Yours truly,

ROBERT COONEY, *Wes. Mis.*

WESLEYAN METHODISM.—It is nothing new, for the Methodists to endure reproach, and to be subject to misrepresentation. Perhaps something of an exclusive spirit may have grown up among us in consequence; but, if so, it has this palliation, that we are quite as expansive as the circumstances in which we have been placed, could lead any reasonable man to

anticipate. It might almost be said of us, 'Lo, the people shall dwell alone.' The high Churchman has persecuted us, because we are separated; the high Dissenter has often looked upon us with hostility, because we could not see that an Establishment necessarily, and *in se*, involved a sin against the supremacy of Christ; the rigid Calvinist has disliked us, because we hold the redemption of all men; the Pelagianized Arminian, because we contend for salvation by grace; the Antinomian, because we insist upon the perpetual obligation of the moral law; the Moralist, because we exalt faith; the disaffected, because we hold that loyalty and religion are inseparable; the political Tory, because he cannot think that separatists from the church can be loyal to the throne; the philosopher, because he deems us fanatics; whilst some infidel liberals generally exclude us from all share in their liberality, except it be in their liberality of abuse. In the meantime, we have occasionally been favoured with a smile, though somewhat of a condescending one, from the lofty Churchman; and often with a fraternal embrace from pious and liberal Dissenters; and if we act upon the principles left us by our great Founder, we shall make a meek and lowly temper an essential part of our religion; and, after his example, move onward in the path of doing good, 'through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report,' remembering, that one fundamental principle of Wesleyan Methodism is, *Anti-sectarianism, and a Catholic Spirit.*—R. Watson.

## THE WESLEYAN.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 31, 1838.

REV. MR. WILLIAMS' NARRATIVE.—We have, in this number, brought our Review of this very interesting volume to a close; and though it has gone through several numbers, we feel confident, that, containing as it does extracts of the most important and interesting character on a variety of subjects connected with the establishment and progress of Missions in heathenlands, it will amply repay an attentive perusal. In presenting to our readers a condensed view of the several routes of Mr. Williams and his colleagues, we have not been put to a little trouble: but our toil has been cheerfully sustained by the conviction that we were preparing it for those who were capable of appreciating our motives and labour. Our desire is, that the reading of it may, in this part of the British Empire, excite to increased zeal and enlarged acts of benevolence, in the God-like cause of Christian Missions.

### REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR.

THE human mind is much affected by the recurrence of particular seasons. The day of one's birth,—the time of our first acquaintance with God,—the season, (gloomy and painful in the extreme) when we wept beside the bed of a dying friend, and thought of the coldness of the grave, and of the loss of affection, and counsel, and happiness we were about to experience; all these, and other similar periods, bring with them a class of emotions which soften the heart and render us thoughtful. The commencement of a New Year affects us in a somewhat similar way. It is a resting-place in the journey of life, where the human traveller stops for a moment and reviews the past, and anticipates the future. It is an elevated position from which we command an extensive view of the road

along which we have passed, and the reflecting and the serious part of mankind may frequently be observed availing themselves of its advantages. The trifler passes heedlessly on, but the thoughtful and the pious sit down in serious mood to retrace their steps and estimate their moral progress. At the commencement of the year 1833 we possessed a specific moral character. Has that improved or has it deteriorated? Have we been brought nearer to the Bible standard, or, are we farther from it than we were then? Reader, what was your moral condition at the beginning of the last year? Does conscience tell you that it was one of impenitence and unbelief? One of estrangement from God, and enmity towards him? Oh it was most criminal in you so to commence a new period of time; ungrateful to your Benefactor, an enemy to your best and only Friend, alienating your affections from him who endowed you with them, and sacrificing your soul to present and sinful ease. But what is your state now? Has it undergone an important modification, an essential change. Look back on the events of the year that has closed. Are they uniform in their character, though deepening in their guilt. Has this portion of your life been terminated in the same spirit with which it was commenced; or are you gratefully conscious of that transition from darkness to light, from enmity to love, from unbelief to faith, of which the scriptures speak in such glowing and impassioned terms. Remember that life and death, yea heaven and hell are connected with a reply to these queries.

The christian reader may profitably pursue a similar course of enquiry. It is natural for him to ask, as he reviews the past, whether it has been a time of progress. What says your conscience, christian reader? Are you more humble, more penitent, more believing, more diligent and zealous than you were? Does your improvement bear a proper relation to your privileges, or your gratitude abound in proportion to the mercies bestowed? Much self scrutiny is requisite to secure all the benefits of such a review. We must especially be on our guard against the delusive influences to which our judgments are exposed. We shall inevitably err if we do not exercise much caution here, and our error is productive of fearful consequences.

We must not rest in the facts of our moral history. Curiosity might thus be gratified, but religious improvement would not be advanced. We must, therefore, use them as the philosopher does the phenomena he observes. We must combine, and arrange, and pronounce judgments on them, upon scripture principles, that we may be prepared to correct what is evil, and to promote the development and maturity of every christian grace.—*Christian Almanack.*

Among the list of passengers in the packet ship *St. James*, from London, at New York, we notice the name of the Rev. J. P. Hetherington, lady, and family; we suppose, on their way to Canada.

#### NEWS BY THE PACKET.

The English Packet which arrived yesterday has brought but little additional news. A Falmouth paper of the 10th of November contains the following items.

We understand that the running of Steam Packets to Halifax is to commence with the January Mail. London November 8.—The breach between Lord Durham and his Colleagues was deemed irreconcilable. The Treasury prints had opened on his Lordship. The Mayor of Dieppe had appointed a commission to enquire the best means of improving the Steam Navigation between that port and England. The Yellow Fever had made ravages on board the French blockading squadron, Gulf of Mexico.—Portugal, at latest dates was in a miserably unsettled state. A conspiracy had been discovered at Madrid, the object of which is said to have been the destruction of Carlists and moderate politicians.—A steam communication is proposed from Bristol to India through Egypt.—Queen Adelaide attended the consecration of a new Protestant church at Gibraltar. Prince George of Cambridge will

remain at Gibraltar 3 months, and will be absent from England two years.—Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has established himself in England, and been visiting the Bank and other public places. The Duke de Tromoulle, after many years of childless marriage, has in his 70th year been presented by his lady at Paris with a son. A mass of letters and other documents written by Napoleon between the age of 15 and 21, have been discovered in Corsica. Two Mandarins of high rank are on their way to England, with a pagoda, as a present from the emperor of China to Queen Victoria. Mr. Gahan has been appointed Judge at the Bahamas.—Lord Brougham has been often perambulating the neighborhood of Dover in the company of the Duke of Wellington.

A letter was received yesterday by a house in the city, from Constantinople, which came by an extraordinarily quick conveyance, stating that Lord Ponsonby had written to the British admiral to enter the Dardanelles without delay, to proceed to Constantinople and the Russians had collected a very large naval force in the Black Sea, and, from all appearances, meditated entering the Bosphorus.

The specific information as to the actual order given to the British admiral to enter the Dardanelles rests on no official authority; the intelligence previously received certainly lends a countenance to it.—*Morning Chronicle Nov. 7.*

#### CANADA.

A large meeting has been held at Buffalo in favour of the Canadian Rebels, and against the Neutrality Law of the United States. As a specimen of the wicked spirit which pervaded the meeting we copy the following: Resolved: "That we recommend to our fellow citizens in every county on the northern frontier, to call public meetings on the 29th December, the anniversary of the BURNING OF THE CAROLINE, to remind our Government that that bloody outrage upon the lives and property of our fellow citizens has neither been atoned for, revenged, nor forgotten." This is the accursed war-spirit all over—but how different is the spirit of christianity. "Avenge not yourselves. Lay aside all malice. Put off anger, wrath and malice. See that none render evil for evil."

Some of the prisoners taken at Prescott have been executed. Among others Von Schoultz the leader of the shameful expedition.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, HALIFAX.—Mr. W. M. Hoffman delivered a very interesting lecture on Biography, last Wednesday evening. The President, Mr. A. McKinlay, will lecture next Wednesday evening on Electricity, should the weather be sufficiently dry for experiments.—*Ibid.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, N. B.—St. John evinces the spirit for which it has become noted, in this matter. A subscription list was opened, and £308 subscribed in one day.

The members amounted to 240, and 92 others were in nomination! Well done;—in the race of knowledge and public spirit, they who are left in the rear, triumph, by witnessing the success of those who 'go ahead.'—*Ibid.*

\*\*\* MSS. is received.

#### MARRIED.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev John Marshall, Mr James Hay, sculptor, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Hugh Bell, Esq. M.P.

On Thursday evening last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. John Hawkins, of Jedore, to Miss Charlotte Nichols of Halifax.

#### DIED.

Wednesday morning, Mrs. Lanigan, relict of the late Mr. John Lanigan, in the 61st year of her age.

At Westchester on Monday the 17th inst. Mr. Henry Stonehouse, native of Whitley, Yorkshire, after a few days illness, in the 47th year of his age.

At River Philip, on the 19th inst, of the measles, Matilla, wife of Mr. Asa Fillmore, leaving an affectionate husband and eight children, together with a large circle of friends to lament her loss.

In the press, and soon will be published, 12mo, price 3s 3d

#### THE METHODIST MINISTRY DEFENDED

Or, a Reply to the Arguments, in favour of the Divine Institution and uninterrupted succession of Episcopacy, as being essential to a true Church and a scriptural Ministry; stated in a letter to the Author, by the Rev Charles J. Shreve, Rector of Guysborough;—in a series of letters, addressed to that Reverend Gentleman.

BY ALEXANDER W. McLEOD

## POETRY.

For the Wesleyan.

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

SAD was the day to Israel's num'rous host,  
When God took Moses from his honour'd post;  
And told the Prophet Nebo's mount to rise,  
And thence, through death, to reach his home,—the skies.  
Not one, that loved him, permitted to behold,  
This faithful shepherd leave the earthly fold,  
To hear his last sad words when death was nigh,  
And learn from him its terrors to defy;  
To mourn, with fond affection, o'er his bier,  
And see the corse of one they held so dear;—  
To stand around his grave—their sorrows own,  
And yield his honour'd dust a nation's moan.—  
These favours, were to Israel's hosts denied,  
By him who wished their wayward hearts to guide:  
To keep their passions under due restraint,  
He hides the body of his favour'd saint!—  
Lest Israel, prone to blind idolatry,  
Should in his wither'd bones, a Saviour see!  
Forget the hand that led them through their woes,  
And brought their years of travel to a close,—  
Through parched wilds, and hungry deserts led,  
Their hosts in safety nourished, clothed, and fed.

Moses, for Israel's good, must die alone,  
Without a friend to make his sorrows known,—  
To drive the fear of cruel death away,  
And point the soul to realms of endless day.  
But God commands him Nebo's steep to gain,  
And Moses will not of the word complain.—  
What though no friend, from Israel's tents, is there,  
With heart of sympathy, and voice of prayer—  
Upon that mountain he shall meet a friend,  
Who will not leave him at his journey's end;  
A friend whose voice can every passion move,—  
Arouse with zeal, or calm the mind by love,  
Impart a peace, no earthly power can shake,  
And in the soul a heaven of glory make.

But when he cast a parting look around,  
On Israel's tents, and saw the promised ground  
From Nebo's summit, was his visage bright—  
Did no warm gush attend the Prophet's sight—  
No soft remembrance of the trials past—  
The howling wilderness, the stormy blast  
With Israel known, and num'rous mercies felt,  
The dying Prophet's tender bosom melt?  
Or was he wrapt in visions pure and high,  
And dead to all beneath the expanded sky?  
He was a man, and formed for man to feel,  
A saint devoted to the public weal;  
Who oft for Israel's peace and welfare prayed,  
And oft the thunderbolt of vengeance stayed!  
In early life he chose a court to leave,—  
Left pleasure's paths with Israel's sons to grieve.  
To leave them now must cause his heart to move,  
For next to God, he Zion's friends must love.  
His tears fall fast, his prayers ascend on high—  
He bears his love of Israel to the sky—  
He wiped his tears—a joy immortal fell  
Upon his soul,—a bliss no tongue can tell;  
But midst that joy,—his heart with praise expands,  
That his loved people see their promis'd lands;—  
The heritage, with God's own goodness bless'd,  
By Israel's wearied tribes to be possess'd.

As death around his sable curtains drew,  
The earthly Canaan faded from his view;  
But soon a better land of promise,—bright  
With God's own glory, cheered the Prophet's sight.  
Jehovah called him near his radiant throne,  
And did with joy his faithful servant own;  
Bade Angels bear his mortal part away,—  
In Israel's stead sepulchral rites to pay  
His honour'd body, destin'd yet to rise,  
And join its kindred spirit in the skies.

T. H. B.

Prince Edward Island, 23rd. October, 1838.

[Selected.]

## A COTTAGE MELODY.

By W. B. BAKER.

How fair are the bright recollections of childhood,  
The green hills and valleys that lured us to roam,  
The torrent that dash'd through the glens of the wild wood,  
The mother's sweet kiss when she welcom'd us home;

The visions that rose, like the crest on the billow,  
To sparkle and cheer in the spring-tide of youth;  
The peace, when we sank on the star-lighted pillow,  
Soft, hush'd by the prayer of affection and truth!

How sweet the dear passion, when virtue excited  
The heart first to open its fountain of love;  
The tone of deep feeling in which we delighted,—  
'Twas the sun-smile of spring, and the voice of the dove!  
When thus we review the bright dream of romances  
That tempted us onward through pleasure and pain,  
A tinge of regret but the picture enhances,  
Like moonlight o'er scenes which we visit again.

How sweet to remember the pine-shaded dwelling,  
The cottage that stood on the flower-cover'd slope,  
Where daily the song of thanksgiving was swelling,  
And blessings invoked at the altar of hope!  
The pines are all gone, and those sweet voices wanting—  
The hearth is all cover'd with dead winter leaves;  
The nettle and thorn on the flower-bed are flaunting,  
The martin no more builds her nest in the caves.

Ye scenes of my childhood, still must I revere ye,  
Though ruin's rough mantle upon you is spread;  
There are ties round my heart that will ever endure ye,  
Pure innocent pleasures, sweet home, and the dead!  
Though parents and kindred death from us may sever,  
And friendless and lonely our pathway below,  
There's a home where we meet to be happy for ever!  
A land never swept by the tempest of woe!

O bright is the day-spring that, bursting immortal,  
Above life's dark valley a glory displays;  
'Tis the smile of the Lord, looking out thro' heaven's portal,  
To cheer us poor pilgrims and kindle our praise!  
Sweet, sweet is the retrospect view of past pleasure,  
Of kindred and home in a world such as this;  
But sweeter and dearer the love and the treasure  
The Christian lays up in the mansions of bliss!

In the Press, and shortly will be published, in one volume, royal 16mo.—  
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## MEMOIRS

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