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## To an Absent Friend.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WELFARE.]  
A calm sweet summer's eve it was, when first we met,  
And firmly cherished in my heart, lingers its memory yet;  
Like some sweet, touching melody, that tells of days gone by,  
And wakens, by its mystic spell, sad recollections' sigh.  
Oh! many months have passed since then, and summer's reign is o'er,  
The woodland and the shady grove, her presence cheers no more;  
Silent the very stream that ran with tripping steps along,  
For Winter's frowns and furious voice, have banished nature's song.  
And thou, beyond the deep, blue sea, again within thy home,  
Hast found the peace too oft denied, to those who sily roam,  
And while the evening north wind sweeps, with fitful wail along,  
Seated beside thy cheerful hearth, doth list to Jesu's song.  
For me, 'twilight steals apace, and deeper shadows fall,  
Alike upon the gloomy street, and on the pattered wall,  
With absent gaze I watch the light, the rosy ebon cast,  
For Fancy, transient, loves to dwell upon the pleasing past.  
"The memory of sweet summer eves," she brings again to me,  
Of balmy scents, and fragrant flowers, and woodland melody;  
And, for the teardrop's voice, I hear the zephyr's gentle sigh,  
As, laden with unnumbered sweets, it passeth softly by.  
Nor yet, forgotten are the friends, who shared these hours with me,  
For, withered, Ereos, dost thou cheer the light, how dreary earth would be,  
For kindly words have magic power, to dwell within the heart,  
And, as they come forth one by one, what warm emotions start.  
I think of those I may not hear, of forms I may not see,  
And fill the silent, vacant room with their blest company;  
Meth that can blend with sober thought, and warm affection's smile,  
And sacred song, and converse sweet, the laughing hours beguile.  
But ah! such moments quickly pass—like all earth's charms they fly,  
Each has gone forth to struggle with life's cold reality;  
Stern duty heeds not Friendship's tears, but points to rugged height,  
Where new and to the sunny spots that cheer the traveller's sight.  
But, oh! though life has diverse paths, though wide apart we roam,  
It matters little, if at last, we reach our Father's home.  
There shall our wandering feet be stayed, and in those bowers of rest,  
No thought of parting shall disturb the meeting of the blest.  
M. E. H.

## Revivals.

### MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The attitude of God towards his church is that of unmitigated love and tenderness. With infinite desire he bestows himself, and his mercy. There is no reluctance to bless, no unwillingness to impart, in Him. The whole mediatorial system proclaims this. It is a restorative scheme, a grand effort of the deity to restore, pardon, and sanctify a sinful world. It is therefore impossible to doubt the disposition of God to revive his work. He is always ready, ever willing, constantly waiting, to command the clouds that they drop fatness and blessing upon his people. Would the churches only "prove" him, he would certainly pour out a perennial stream of blessing.  
This being conceded, the church has but to fulfill the conditions on which alone the divine energy can be shed abroad, and the work is done. How to bring a lukewarm church to do this, is the great problem.  
Whoever looks carefully at the history of the church, will not fail to discover the intimate relation which has always subsisted between the spirituality and fidelity of the church, ministry, and like people; more than a proverb, it is a fact. To be sure, it has its exceptions, but in the main it is ever so. A faithful, holy ministry becomes a well-spring of life to the church; and the church, in seeking, unfeeling ministry spreads desolation and corruption all around. Rarely—perhaps never—is the standard of piety in a church higher than that of its ministry, while the fruitage of a lifeless ministry is almost invariably a dead or lukewarm church. On the other hand it is a rare fact to find a dead church under a living ministry. It may be hard to awaken such a church to life; it may put every grace of a devoted pastor to the severest test, but sooner or later it will feel his power, and revive under his ministrations. If divine grace fill the heart of the ministry, it will overflow and spread to others. It is not only in the nature of things it should be so, but church history proves that, as a matter of fact, it has always been so. Look at all those great revivals, whose records fill the pages of the last century? Were not the ministry through whom flowed the unceasing stream of the Reformation? By whom did the churches of New England rise in 1740? By whose labours came the great Wesleyan revival of the last century? Were not the ministry the first to receive the hallowed quickening in every instance? Was not Pentecost preceded by a baptism of fire on the apostles? Did not the Reformation owe its existence to the spiritual power of Luther in Germany, and Zwingli in Switzerland? Before their voices sounded the battle-cry which roused the people of Europe, their glowing cells bore witness to their mighty struggles, their divine light and life, and beheld the animating of their great souls from heaven. So in New England, Edwards and Tennent,

and in Great Britain, Whitefield and Wesley, were the first to be filled with the quickening power, which, passing through them, aroused thousands to seek a higher spiritual life, and brought tens of thousands of sinners to Christ. The same fact is true of local revivals in individuals churches; with few exceptions—generally—though not uniformly—the pulpit first receives, and then conveys to others the quickening flame.

On the other hand, the history of the church presents a startling fact, that at every period of her apostasy, her ministry has been worldly and corrupt. In no age can a living ministry and a dead church be found in juxtaposition. Uniformly a dead ministry and a dead church stand linked in mutual corruption and mutual enervation. The church has been led into her apostasies by her ministry. Did not worldly ambition and prelatric pride first lead the Christian church astray, until it transformed her from the simplicity and purity of her primitive character, into a pompous antichrist? So in Scotland, in England, and in America, prior to the era of modern revivals, the ministry led the church into darkness and death, by first lapsing into formalism, and then publishing anti-evangelical doctrines, whose virus poisoned and killed her spiritual life. How obviously do these facts display the intimate dependency of the church for spiritual prosperity upon the fidelity of its ministry! What an impressive lesson of responsibility they teach to us as ministers of Christ. With us is lodged a measure of good or evil. By strict fidelity, by a proper devotion of ourselves personally to Christ, we can conduct the church into green pastures and cause her to delight in Christ. Yea, we can stimulate her to buckle on her armour, enter the field of spiritual battle, and contend for the triumph of the kingdom of Christ! But by selfishly living at our ease, by indolence, by pride, by lukewarmness, we can lead her into worldliness, weakness and shame. The possession of such a power involves a responsibility for anything beyond that which is committed to God holds every man accountable for the use he makes of the power committed to his trust. With the due exertion of that power his responsibility ceases, let the consequences be what they may; for he is not accountable for anything beyond his own duty. Let him fulfil the requisitions made by Christ on his ministers, and God will acquit him, though not a soul be saved by his efforts—which, by the way, is almost impossible. But if he fail of fulfilling his obligations, he must account both for that failure, and the evil resulting from it, to the church and to the world.

A man of science once asked, What would have been the state of society if Galileo, Newton, Watts, and kindred minds, whose discoveries have done so much to increase human knowledge and human power, had died before they made their discoveries?—Assuredly the world would have suffered immensely by their premature death. But how inconceivably great would have been the loss to mankind if Luther and Zwingli, or Wesley and Whitefield had died before they received their baptism for their respective missions! The mind shivers at the vision of priestly despotism, unbridled wickedness, and terrible depravity which the apostasy would have brought upon the church.

Suppose we change the question a little, and ask what would have been the measure of responsibility meted out to Luther, Zwingli or Wesley, had they refused to fulfill their duty? Would they have been held to a responsibility for the apostasy, and the contempt of the church, and the fear of Papal persecution and a desire for ecclesiastical preferments, had suppressed their convictions, and thus failed to arouse the heart of the world? Would they not have been held to a responsibility for the apostasy, and the contempt of the church, and the fear of Papal persecution and a desire for ecclesiastical preferments, had suppressed their convictions, and thus failed to arouse the heart of the world? Would they not have been held to a responsibility for the apostasy, and the contempt of the church, and the fear of Papal persecution and a desire for ecclesiastical preferments, had suppressed their convictions, and thus failed to arouse the heart of the world?

But this question admits of another application. It is applicable to every minister of Christ. The same principle in the divine administration which would have held Luther or Wesley to a strict responsibility for the apostasy, and the contempt of the church, and the fear of Papal persecution and a desire for ecclesiastical preferments, had suppressed their convictions, and thus failed to arouse the heart of the world? Would they not have been held to a responsibility for the apostasy, and the contempt of the church, and the fear of Papal persecution and a desire for ecclesiastical preferments, had suppressed their convictions, and thus failed to arouse the heart of the world?

And who can tell what vast results may grow out of an omitted duty? What would have followed, if that lady, who is said to have nursed Napoleon during his sickness at Lyons, had disobeyed the benevolent impulse which sent her to his bedside, and that great warrior had died in consequence? The mind cannot grapple with the inquiry. What Europe did suffer, by his life, is known. What evils it might have avoided, if that worse thing might have befallen it, had he then died, cannot be told. Even so with our acts and omissions. They take hold of the future. They set on the ages to come. The want of fidelity in a minister, who labours in the smallest of churches, may send mighty minds from that congregation into the world unconverted, to act with ruinous power upon thousands; his faithfulness may make these minds a savour of holy influence to multitudes. He knows not to whom he preaches. He cannot fathom the influences of his work. How momentous a thing, then, is ministerial responsibility!

In view of these facts, how should the minister regard his relation to revivals in his particular church? What should he do to promote them? We think he is authorized to believe, that if he fully met his obligations to Christ, God will honour him by doing great works through his ministry! He will grant him his desire, and give increase to the seed he sows. Animate, therefore, by this faith, he should seek a personal spiritual baptism. With Moses he should enter the Mount of God, and commune with

him until his glory shines in the spirituality of his thoughts and manners, and  
And not tremble, like time, as we,  
And not tremble, like time, as we,  
This prepared in his own spirit, made mightily through a steadfast appropriating faith, he has but to aim at bringing his church nearer to Christ, and at the conversion of sinners in every sermon; to preach with a firm purpose under God to achieve it, and his soul will swell with overpowering emotion, God will speak in his utterance, an unwonted spiritual influence will act on his people, hearts will melt, tears will flow, the prayer of penitence and faith will arise, and revival will begin to spread, to a greater or less extent according to the measure of operation on the part of his church.—Zion's Herald.

## Bishop Roberts and the Lawyer.

Bishop Roberts was a man of great sweetness of disposition, perfectly child-like and simple in his manners. You felt very soon that you could approach him as a father.—He had no affected staidness of manner, but looked for all the world like some plain, respectable farmer. This was, perhaps, one cause of the many curiosities, and sometimes laughable incidents in his history; in which his person and character were entirely mistaken. We give one of these incidents as reported to us. Bishop Roberts was in a steamer, on the Mississippi river, and was sitting off by himself, on the hurricane deck, when a gentleman, an eminent lawyer, residing in the southwest, approached him, and entered into conversation with him. Supposing from his appearance, that he was a religious man, he began to converse with him in reference to a number of preachers with whom the lawyer was acquainted, with several of whom the old gentleman seemed to be acquainted; finally the lawyer concluded to question him in reference to the Bishop. "Sir," said he, "I have heard of you in the Methodist Church, and think him a very able man; do you know him?" "Yes," said the old man, "I have known him a good many years, and agree with you fully as to his talents as a preacher."  
"Then," said the lawyer, "there is a small man who visited our town some time since, I think they called him Dr. Emory; I did not hear him, but heard him highly spoken of as a preacher."  
Here again his old friend knew the little Dr., and nodded all the good that had been said of him. "And," continued the lawyer, "there was another, an old man, who preached not long since in our place; I think they called him Bishop Roberts; they say he is a most excellent man, but no great preacher."  
"Do you know the old gentleman," I have been acquainted with him for a good many years; I believe the old man is honest, and tries to do the best he can, but he's not much of a preacher."  
"And the lawyer descended to the cabin, and going up to his wife, "my dear," said he, "I have just had a long talk with a very interesting old gentleman on deck; I think he must be a Methodist preacher."  
"Why husband," said the wife, "that is Bishop Roberts, and he baptized me."  
"O," said the lawyer, "(who was reported to be a very modest man) "I'm ruined."  
He hastened back to his old friend on deck. "Sir," said he, "I owe you an apology for my rudeness; my wife told me you were Bishop Roberts; and he went on to apologize, but the good man seemed to enjoy the joke finely; told him no apology was needed, and to the last insisted that he believed Bishop Roberts was an honest good man, but could not preach much."  
Southern Christian Advocate.

## Holy and Unholy Ambition.

That youthful poet and eminent scholar, Henry Kirke White, toiled hard for fame. His ambition was, that his name might not be forgotten; that among the claimants for earthly honours he might be recognized, and his genius acknowledged. It was this that made him mournfully inquire,  
"Fifty years hence, and who will bear my name?"  
Under this impulse, he sacrificed health, and even life. He trimmed the midnight lamp with a hand tremulous and bony, and scanned the classic page with an eye almost dawning in death. Having received, according to his old plan, the highest honors of the university, he exclaimed, respecting these laurels, which he had so hardily won, and which, as the sequel proved, he was so soon to relinquish,  
"What are ye now,  
But shadows of a name,  
In sacrificing health to fame, however Henry Kirke White, saw his error in time to reach that higher, purer motive, which combines with feelings of regret and sorrow the hopes and aspirations of the Christian.  
Another Henry toiled in the same path of greatness, but with an eye more steadily fixed on a higher prize. Martyr, the sainting missionary, stood relatively in the grade of university honours where Kirke White had stood. But a higher impulse than earthly ambition had taken possession of him.  
"I hear," said he, "the voice of suffering humanity, calling from the dark places of the earth for relief. What but the Gospel can afford it? I hear, at the same time, the voice of my risen Saviour, saying, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Shall I stay at home, and enjoy the learned leisure of a fellowship? Shall I compose eloquent sermons, and preach them in crowded cathedrals? Or, shall I lay my honours at the feet of Jesus, and consecrate my being to the enlightenment of pagan nations?"  
The question was soon settled; and Martyr's name and memory are embalmed in the hearts of thousands, turned "from darkness to light" by the force of his example, and the labours of his short but consecrated life.  
Napoleon and Henry Martyn! Behold in one the soldier of ambition, and in the other the soldier of the cross! The one sacrifices his own imperial honours; the other sacrifices his own life to place the crown in the hair of his countrymen. Napoleon mortal upon the ransomed pagans. Henry Martyn, in the pleasing consciousness of his own power. These are his all, when he is his impulse. When

these are gone, all is gone. But Martyr's life is found in God, and in the service of God; sources which never can fail, a fountain of felicity which never can dry. Who would not prefer to follow the footsteps of the youthful missionary over burning plains, and through benighted cities, with the lamp of life and salvation in his hand, than to mingle in the stormy career of the conqueror, with the wheels of his chariot dripping in gore; and his ears saluted alternately with the praises and maledictions of mankind?

## THE TRUE AMBITION.

There is a loftier structure, let me say to the youthful aspirant embarking on the rough waters of strife, than the one faintly imaged in yonder clouds. There is a temple of God, adorned with moral beauty and grandeur, such as pearls and gems and rainbow tints can but faintly symbolize. Let thy ambition fix on this bright object. Be all thy energies enlisted in reaching it. There is a field of enterprise, too, here below, where the highest intellect may find scope, and the purest benevolence be exercised. It is found in turning men to righteousness. They who labour successfully in this field shall not only have a calm satisfaction in the work, but shall shine at last "as the stars for ever and ever."  
Withdraw thine eye, then, from that cloud capped tower; or, rather, lift it higher, to the New Jerusalem, clothed in the sunlight of heaven, with its white-robed inhabitants, its scenery of undying loveliness; rise to this altitude of glory, and say,  
"The golden palace of my God,  
Towering above the clouds I see,  
Deeper than the darkest shade,  
Higher than angel thoughts can soar,  
How can I in these courts appear  
In wedding garments?  
Consecrate, then, this life-giver,  
Conduct me through the robes of light,  
And lead me through the darkness night,  
My Saviour and my God!"

## This Massacre of the Vaudois.

This is one of the most fearful episodes in the history of human crime: It was perpetrated against the peasant inhabitants of the Canton of Vaud by the Pope's Legate Catenano. The tragedy is thus related in a just published work.  
The Vaudois, feeling that they could not resist a force twenty times greater than their own, abandoned their poor habitations, placed their old people and children in their rustic carts, with their domestic utensils, and such provisions as they could collect, and driving their herds before them, and singing canticles, retired to the rugged slopes of Mont Peloux. This part of the Alps, which has since been named the *Mont Peloux*, is a high range of mountains, and such provisions as they could collect, and driving their herds before them, and singing canticles, retired to the rugged slopes of Mont Peloux. This part of the Alps, which has since been named the *Mont Peloux*, is a high range of mountains, and such provisions as they could collect, and driving their herds before them, and singing canticles, retired to the rugged slopes of Mont Peloux.

## He was Praying.

What was our Lord Jesus Christ doing when the Spirit of God descended visibly upon him, and his dignity was proclaimed by a voice from heaven?—He was praying. "It came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased." Luke iii, 21, 22.  
"What was Jesus Christ doing when he was transfigured in the presence of his disciples and of visitors from heaven?—He was praying. "As he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. And, behold, there stood with him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Luke ix, 29, 30.  
"What was Jesus Christ doing when, in the garden of Gethsemane, an angel was sent to cheer him in the prospect of his final sufferings?—He was praying. "He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and knelt down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou wilt, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." Luke xxii, 41-43.  
"What was the prophet Daniel doing when the angel Gabriel was sent to assure him, and give him a new period the Messiah should come to make atonement for sin, and fulfill the other gracious purposes for the accomplishment of which he had been promised?—He was praying. "The whole multitude of the people were praying without ceasing in the garden of Gethsemane, and there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord standing on the right side of the altar of incense. And when Zacharias saw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him. But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias; for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. . . . And many of the children of Israel shall be turned to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Luke i, 10-17.  
"What was Saul of Tarsus doing when, having seen the light of the way to heaven, and humbled himself before the Saviour, Ananias was sent to restore his sight and guide his steps?—He was praying. The Lord said to Ananias, 'Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul; for he is praying; he prayeth, and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight.' Acts ix, 11, 12.

## Christian Eberality Rewarded.

For God is not ungrateful to forget your work and labour; love, which ye have ministered to the saints, and make it to be a memorial to the saints, and do minister. Heb. vi, 10.  
The most marked interpositions and signal blessings, every of *earthly prosperity*, have descended upon the pious Christian liberality in every age. Volumes might easily be filled with well-attested instances of the remarkable manner in which God has honoured and rewarded those who, in faith and obedience, have devoted their property to the relief of the poor. The Christian Church should feel so little interest in recording such instances, to the glory of its Lord; that we should be so slow of heart to believe them when they are recorded; for what do they prove, but that God is not ungrateful to forget his promises?—and that his people should give him so little opportunity of illustrating his paternal character, by trusting their temporal affairs more completely to his hands. *Spiritual prosperity* is inseparable from *Christian liberality*. For "God

loveth a cheerful giver; and God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." As often as you practise this duty in an evangelical spirit, you must be conscious that the best part of your sanctified nature is called into exercise; your heart is partially discharged of its remaining selfishness; your mind is braced more for Christian activity; your sympathy causes you to feel fresh your alliance with man; your beneficence enables you to rejoice in your union of spirit with Christ, and adds a new bond to that power of affection which binds you to his cause. And, while other duties bring you nearer to Christ, this may be said to place you by his side, and to exalt you into a real though humble imitator of his divine benevolence.

## FOR THE PROVINCIAL WELFARE.]

Leaflats.  
Forget us not to remember to forgive them who trespass against us.  
Daylight has past away,  
The hour of dreams is come,  
The time to look into the heart,  
Who lookest thus can find,  
No link that must be riven?  
Or say, rejoicing, that they have  
No sin to be forgiven?  
Oh! very few, I ween,  
Can breathe "Our Saviour's Prayer,"  
And feel they have no need to lean  
On each petition there.  
The Angel who to heaven bears  
The records of each day,  
Hath trespasses for each, and all  
Some stain to wash away.  
Thy sweet to be forgiven,  
Even as we forgive  
Those who by thoughtless acts  
Our hearts have chanced to grieve.  
To feel that we remain each word  
With kindly answering tones,  
As we forgive their trespasses  
God will blot out our own. ORIA.

## The Influence of the Family Newspaper.

The sound sense and practical wisdom contained in the following article taken from a late number of the *Montreal Witness* induces us to recommend it heartily to our numerous readers, at the same time indulging a hope that they will be influenced by it.  
A certain minister when blamed for preaching the same sermon over and over again, replied that he did not yet see the importance of spreading newspapers, and other periodicals all over the country.  
There is no vehicle other than the good family paper by which the same amount of varied and useful information, instructive lessons, faithful yet unresented rebukes, and unobtrusive advice may be conveyed, and all for a sum so small, and of which perhaps causes the vehicle to be undervalued.  
It is not in parental instruction only that line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, are exemplified. The moral and religious paper in its regular and persevering visits to the family conveys knowledge and instruction precisely the way of divine appointment, and the longer it is read the better it is liked.  
Let us, for the sake of example, suppose two farmers, types of classes which probably number many thousands in Canada. Both have families, both are doing well, but one takes a good family newspaper, and the other does not. Which of these families, we would ask, all things being equal, will grow up most intelligent, best informed, best prepared for the battle of life, and best fitted to act their part with credit in any sphere in which their lot may be cast? There is no need to answer this question. Whilst the one family will probably scarcely know the commonest topics of the day, either in respect to their own or any other country; which other family will have the globe on which they dwell mapped out before their minds, and know something of the character and condition of every considerable nation in it, besides being familiar with numberless items of information in the arts and sciences, and especially with lessons and maxims for self-government, the result of the experience of the best and greatest men, to which the others will be strangers. This family will be able to fill with credit any position to which industry and prosperity may raise them, whilst the other, with the wealth of India, would only be ignorant clerics. And all this result for ten shillings a year! Nay, we hazard little in saying, that though the farmer who did not take the newspaper had a farm and barns and purse, twice as large as his neighbour, the newspaper would not equalize the difference in the future character and prospects of the family. But it so happens that a family which does not take a newspaper does not feel the want of it, and if it ever take it, the pressure must come from without. Now, it is doing a family incalculable service to induce it to take a good newspaper, and this ser-

vice only pastors and friends and neighbours can render. Friends, friends and neighbours of families which are taking no newspapers, or only such as contain nothing good, will you not make efforts to see that every family in your neighbourhood is induced to supply itself with something suitable in the way of a family journal. As well for your own interest in the long run, as well for theirs for it is a law of society, established by Infinite wisdom, that no man may neglect the moral and physical welfare of his neighbours with impunity.

## Heaven the result of Redemption.

Our highest conceptions of the felicity and glory of heaven are derived from redemption. Collect all the beautiful imagery of Scripture on this subject. Think of the celestial paradise in perennial beauty, freshness and bloom. Think of the crowns and thrones of glory, and of the palms of victory. Think of the city whose walls are of gold, whose gates are of precious stones, and whose light is the glory of God! Think of the inhabitants of heaven, the cherubim and seraphim; the thrones, dominions, principalities and powers; the patriarchs, prophets and apostles; the noble army of martyrs; the great multitude which no man can number, who have been saved out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue. Think of the music of heaven; the harpers with their harps, and the "million of blessed voices uttering joy," in sounds of sweetness and power surpassing all that ear has ever heard. Yet your deepest impressions of the happiness of that place are derived from the consideration that it is a happiness merited by the blood of Christ, and bestowed upon righteous spirits. In favour of each the great object of holy and grateful attraction is the Lord Jesus, who appears in the midst of the throne, as "a Lamb that had been slain." "Sir, we would see Jesus," said the Greeks to Philip, none of the Jewish priests; but with higher hopes than these strangers ever cherished, the believer dies and rises to enjoy through eternity the presence and vision of his glorified Lord.—*Wesleyan Magazine*.

## FOR THE PROVINCIAL WELFARE.]

## New Testament Incidents.

NO. IV.  
JESUS FEEDS THE FIVE THOUSAND.  
The grand object of the Saviour's mission was to redeem man from the terrible curse of God's broken law—thus opening the way for his introduction into the favour, the sanctification of his nature, and ultimate adoption—a pure and spotless spirit—into mansions of eternal blessedness. But the Son of God, in the accomplishment of the higher object of his visit, to carry out the redemption of the human race—does not forget the alleviation of those sorrows and afflictions of fallen man, incident to time. At every step the Saviour beholds the disastrous effects of sin's blighting curse, and, as his heart melts at the sight of human woe, he oft pours the balm of consolation into the afflicted heart. Thus, in the daily display of his miraculous power, while he might have hurled mountains from their heights, drained the ocean of its depths, or turned the course of the rolling river, he looks away from such grand display of his omnipotence, which must have thrown around the Son of God a halo of glory, to succour and to bless the sorrowing among men, feeding the multitude, giving sight to the blind, healing the lame, restoring the leper, and raising the dead.  
Jesus is at Capernaum, and the fame of the great teacher—of his glowing eloquence, and of his unbounded pity to frail man—has spread through all the cities, towns and villages of Galilee, and thousands press to the temporary resting place of the divine Day by day Jesus—his countenance beaming with love—standing upon the beach, close to the calm, unruffled waters of the sea, unfolds some new and momentous truth to listening multitudes—and then, as one draws nigh, all loathe some of the sick, at the word of the Son of God, the sick man turns away restored to health.  
It is early morning—the sun is just showing its rosy tints in the distant east; the soft balmy air floating by hardly makes a ripple upon the calm surface of the sea of Galilee. Close by the spot where Jesus had oft addressed the multitude, a frail bark launches forth upon the bosom of the placid lake, and moving slowly onward, steers straight for the opposite side. Jesus and his disciples occupy the ship; they have left Capernaum for fear of persecution, and are earnestly desirous of repose amid the solitude of the desert. They cross the lake and reach the shore; but rapidly the eager crowd hurries around the beach and meet them as they land. Jesus looks upon the multitude as sheep that had no shepherd; and the stings of his heart's warm affections are loosed; and fatigue of mind and body gives place to deep pity for lost men, and strong desire to lead them in the way of life. Ascending an eminence near at hand, the Saviour sits, surrounded by his disciples, and with words that fall like music upon the ear, and yet move to action the hidden energies of the soul, he "speaks unto the people that have need of healing."  
The sun is vast verging toward the western horizon, and soon the shades of evening must gather around the desert. The disciples drawing more closely to their Master whisper, "Send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals." But Jesus, with the intent of giving force to his teachings by a fresh display of power divine, replies: "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." But the hungry fainting disciples have but a scanty allowance for themselves; and the Master; how can they feed thousands? They say unto him, "We have here but five loaves and two fishes." The mighty Jesus—"the only begotten Son of God,"—conscious of resources in his possession as vast as thousands in rank of hundreds of billions, in deep suspense the people preserve a silence as unmoved as the still waters of the











The Blest Realities.

My sky's unveiled;
The sun's sweet bow bursts on my ravish'd sight;
I see it, and my eye unswail'd
Turns towards its holy light.

Miscellaneous.

The New Monster Telescope.

We have already alluded to the fact that an enterprising gentleman of England, the Rev. Mr. Craig, has for some time past been busily engaged in constructing, at his own cost, an immense achromatic telescope.

Interesting Paragraphs.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII NOT INSTANTANEOUS.—Pompeii was not destroyed by a single eruption. Eight successive layers have been traced above its ruins.

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Agriculture.

Drought and Deep Tillage.

The depth to which the roots of wheat, corn, clover, &c., penetrate the earth, under favourable circumstances, is much greater than is generally supposed.

Interesting Discoveries in Persia.

We have had the pleasure of listening to a letter written in Persia, to a gentleman in Boston, which gives an account of some recent and interesting discoveries in that country.

Interesting Paragraphs.

THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—The population of the globe is supposed to be less than one thousand millions—937,000,000.

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Lime in the Soil.

Many farms which once produced good crops of wheat, because there was lime enough in the soil to supply the requisite quantity to the grain, are now unproductive.

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