

THE WESLEYAN.

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

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

VOLUME II.

HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY, JULY 1, 1839.

NUMBER 11.

Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

STANZAS.

My ransom'd soul is wreath'd in smile,—
The glory from above,—
And greatly scorns the daring guile,
That doubts the Lord of Love.
Doubts of the work of God in me,
Yet, O my grief sincere;
I look, alone on what I see,
And list, to what I hear.

Cold is the heart of unbelief,
To earthly sense confin'd;
And brief the comprehension, brief,
That bounds adoring mind.
Mind infinite in highest Him,
To whom the dark is day;
Who bent beneath the seraphim,
To raise this wondrous clay.

And shall an only care remain,
A perfect love to kill?
Is every spirit ask'd in vain,
My bosom void to fill,
Jehovah—Jesus—understood;
The impossible o'erthrown;
I dwell in light—"It is not good
For me to be alone."

A. J. WILLIAMSON.

Toronto, U. C., May 21st, 1839.

Biographical.

THE LIFE OF FENELON.

THE celebrated and virtuous Francis de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon, of an ancient and illustrious family, was son of Pons de Salignac, marquis de Fenelon, and was born at the castle of Fenelon, in the Province of Perigord, which now forms the department of Dordogne, August 6th, 1651.

He received private instruction in his father's house till he had attained the age of twelve; then he was removed to the university of Cahors; and completed his studies at Paris, under the superintendence of his uncle, Anthony, marquis of Fenelon, of whom the great Conde said, that he equally shone in conversation, in a campaign, and in the cabinet. So great were young Fenelon's natural talents and capacity, that the most difficult studies proved to him mere amusements. He assumed early in life the ecclesiastical habit; and before he had attained his twentieth year, he preached at Paris, with so much success as to attract the notice of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, the most celebrated divines of that age. His

uncle, apprehensive that indiscriminate praise might excite presumption, and corrupt the mind, persuaded his nephew to retire from public view, and continue his studies in solitude and silence. Fenelon evinced his discretion and power of self-denial by a cheerful consent, and by applying with unremitting zeal to the study of theology and the cultivation of polite literature. In truth, his retirement from the world only rendered him more worthy of it. At the age of twenty-four, he entered into holy orders, and gave at this early period, such proofs of exemplary piety and discretion, that three years afterward the Archbishop of Paris entrusted him with an office which required strict conduct and judgment; namely, that of superior to newly converted Catholic women. No one was more adapted to this employment than Fenelon; for no one knew better how to soften the authority of his mission by the most gentle manners, and to adapt the arguments of his warm and persuasive eloquence to the female temper and delicacy. His success in this ministry raised his reputation exceedingly, and rendered him known to Louis XIV. Occupied with the idea of abolishing by force the reformed religion, that monarch selected Fenelon to undertake a mission to the provinces of Santonge and Aunis, for the conversion of heretics. But Fenelon refused to undertake the office, if it was to be supported by military force, declaring that he would convert only by persuasion and argument, never by persecution; and would represent God such as he believed him to be, not an object of terror, but the benevolent Father of his creatures. The monarch approved of this liberality of sentiment, of which none was inherited by himself. To the spirit and toleration of Fenelon these provinces were indebted for an exemption from the dreadful persecution which deluged with blood the rest of France.

On his return to Paris, he resumed his former humble office, incapable of fawning for preferment and power. His reputation, however, as an excellent preacher, a good man, and a profound scholar, daily increased.

In 1688, he published his *Treatise on Female Education*; and a work *Concerning the Functions of the Pastors of the Church*. In 1689, he was appointed preceptor to the dukes of Burgundy and Berry.

He owed this appointment solely to the duke of Beauvilliers, governor of the young princes; who thought him the only person he knew who seemed capable of fulfilling this important trust. Fenelon entered with enthusiasm on this laborious and difficult office. To give up his own comforts, and devote

himself solely to the government of his pupils; not to utter a word which did not convey a lesson; and not to perform an action which was not an example; to remind them of their high station, that they might become acquainted with its importance; to annihilate their pride; to combat those passions which flattery encourages, and to eradicate those vices which are peculiar to a court; to reprove them without losing their confidence; to correct them without forfeiting their friendship; to add to the consciousness of their duty, and to diminish the consciousness of their power; in a word, never to deceive his pupils, his country, nor his conscience, was the task of Fenelon; to whom the monarch said, "I give you my sons," and to whom the people cried, "Give us a father."

His plan of education is said to have been a masterpiece of judgment. When he entered on his charge, he found the duke of Burgundy haughty, imperious, and passionate, or rather furious to excess, on the most trifling opposition to his will. He was of so untractable a disposition that it was apprehended, should he attain the age of maturity, he would be the scourge of mankind. He was exceedingly obstinate, fond of voluptuous pleasures, the chase, and gaming. He was naturally stern, barbarous, and tyrannical. Yet the extent and sagacity of his understanding were prodigious. One subject of study at a time was too trifling for his attention; the most abstract sciences were play. So proud was he, that he regarded himself as on a level with Omnipotence, and he looked on men in general as mere atoms in the universe. Instead of adopting a painful train of arguments, Fenelon ordered, when any of those passions were in agitation, that his studies and amusements should be immediately suspended; that the most profound silence and an air of deepest melancholy should be maintained by all who approached him. The prince finding himself thus avoided, and considered as unworthy of attention, always grew weary of solitude, acknowledged his faults, requested forgiveness, and endeavoured again to conciliate esteem and favour. Fenelon ever received his humiliation with complacency, and then took opportunities of representing the unhappy effects of such violent passions, both to himself and to those around him; and that, if persisted in, he would be regarded as an object of consternation and terror.

Fenelon's system of education was regular, yet design was not obvious; every measure appeared the effect of accident, and derived from necessary occurrences. He laid down no regular hours for application, yet every hour and every place were made subservient to improvement and instruction. At dinner, at play, riding, walking, or in company, his curiosity was continually excited by casual hints, and judicious remarks were introduced in the course of the most desultory conversation; these hints led to questions and explanations. His pupil's studies were generally engaged in at his own request. In short, by the power of education Fenelon transformed his royal pupil; rendered him, from the haughtiest, the most humble; from the most ungovernable, to the

most easy of control; and from the most passionate and furious, one of the meekest of mankind. On any accident or situation, which was either calculated to correct a foible, or to recommend any particular virtue, Fenelon wrote a tale, a fable, or a dialogue. In this mode of instruction, he showed that crooked policy in a sovereign always recoils upon himself; that to deceive his subjects, or his enemies, is not only immoral, but prejudicial; that greatness, which is purchased with crimes, yields neither glory nor happiness; that tyranny is more baneful to the sovereign than to the subject; that a prince can only find happiness and security in the love of his people; that the complaints of subjection, and the cries of misfortune, if rejected, ascend to the throne of God; that the glory of a wise and pacific prince is more solid than that of an unjust conqueror; that the frenzy of wars is the epidemic distemper of kings and ministers; and that, except under the pressure of natural calamities, as times of pestilence and famine, it is the fault of those who govern if the subject be unhappy. Such are the exalted maxims which may be found in the *Dialogues of the Dead*; a work abounding with the soundest historical knowledge and the purest principles of government:—in the *Directions for the Conscience of a King*; which has been styled the catechism of princes:—and more particularly in *Telemachus*, that masterpiece of genius.

Such is the power of a wise and pleasing mode of education, that from an impetuous character arose a prince, affable, mild, humane, patient, modest, and humble; austere towards himself, benevolent to others; zealous to fulfil his duty, and to be worthy of his future destination of ruling a great kingdom. This astonishing change of character was formed by gradual and almost imperceptible degrees.

Fenelon wrote against the Jansenists.* The idea he had formed of the divine goodness, rendered him averse to the doctrines of Father Quesnel, which he called cruel, un pitying, and tending to plunge their votaries into despair. "What a terrible being," said he, "do they make of God! for my part, I consider him as a good being; and I can never consent to regard him but as a tyrant, who, having fettered us, commands us to walk, and then punishes us because we cannot obey him."

He continued at court eight years, with no other benefice than a small priory. At length the king bestowed on him the abbey of St. Vallery. He afterwards promoted him to the archbishopric of Cambray. On accepting this promotion he resigned the Abbey of St. Vallery. When pressed by the king to retain it, he answered that "the revenues of the archbishopric were amply sufficient, and that he would not keep what might provide for some deserving person." But while acting thus disinterestedly, and thus promoted, he was suddenly removed from his office, and banished from court.

Several causes contributed to his disgrace. Abso-

* A sect of Roman Catholics in France, who followed the opinions of Dr. Jansenius, in relation to grace and predestination, which were Calvinistic.

lute perfection is concomitants of the visionary and Guyon, whose conferences held a book entitled, *Les Saints*. His relation; he was extravagant notions carried to Rome, the book was con-

To enter into dispute would be his to remark, that the enthusiastic and pure heart and evidenced in the *Reflections for et* to be the last of l

His mystic cause of his disgrace the Duke of Burgundy to the conduct of the monarch thought *Telemachus* his own

It has been justly archbishop of Cambray his politics that the persecution, solution. He neglected his enemies, and him; he neither tion. When Bp. Pheemer, he milit with abuse instead call my arguments Fenelon were forgotten Cambray; his friends were deprived of

Madam de Sevres, says, "Fenelon and the Duke the pupil were and correspond who could enjoy not without the obedience of his that Fenelon was for the atrocious *Telemachus* for Louis the Great 'I knew M. de I never before heart,' I feel it right to compla

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lute perfection is unattainable, and foibles are the concomitants of men. He became captivated with the visionary and enthusiastic tenets of Madame de Guyon, whose spiritual ideas he supported, in the conferences held at Issy to condemn them; and in a book entitled, *An explanation of the Maxims of the Saints*. His religious principles were now questioned; he was publicly accused of maintaining the extravagant notions of Quietism, and the cause was carried to Rome, to be decided by the Pope, by whom the book was condemned.

To enter into a detail of this theological dispute would be highly interesting. It may be sufficient to remark, that the opinions of Fenelon, however enthusiastic and extravagant, were the effusions of a pure heart and warm imagination, as is strikingly evidenced in the present little manual, containing his *Reflections for every Day in the Month*, which is said to be the last of his works.

His mystic opinions, however, were not the sole cause of his disgrace; the education which he gave to the Duke of Burgundy was an indirect disapprobation to the conduct of Louis XIV.; and that haughty monarch thought he saw in the *Adventures of Telemachus* his own despotism and ambition censured.

It has been justly remarked, that the heresy of the archbishop of Cambray might be attributed more to his politics than to his theology. Fenelon endured the persecution, as became him, with firmness and resolution. He neither complained of the virulent abuses of his enemies, nor of the cabals employed to disgrace him; he neither descended to invective nor altercation. When Bossuet called him a heretic, and blasphemer, he mildly replied, "Why do you load me with abuse instead of argument? Is it because you call my arguments abuse?" All the services of Fenelon were forgotten; he received an order to retire to Cambray; his friends were exiled; and his relations were deprived of their employments.

Madam de Sillery, while recounting her own distresses, says, "It is known that, in the case of Fenelon and the Duke of Burgundy, the preceptor and the pupil were forbidden to write to each other, and correspond in secret. We must hate the man who could enjoin such a command; but Fenelon is not without blame, for having authorized the disobedience of his pupil. For the rest, when I consider that Fenelon was hated and disgracefully dismissed for the atrocious crime of writing the *Adventures of Telemachus* for his pupil; when I recollect that Louis the Great, after reading this work, exclaimed, 'I knew M. de Cambray possessed a weak mind, but I never before suspected him of having a corrupt heart; I feel the fullest conviction that I have no right to complain.'"

The duke of Burgundy always considered his venerable preceptor as a father and a friend. In the height of an abominable persecution, when it was dangerous to mention the name of Fenelon at court, his amiable pupil wrote thus: "At last, my dear archbishop, I find an opportunity of breaking the silence which I

have been constrained to keep during four years. I have since suffered many evils; but one of the greatest has been, my not being able to prove to you what I felt on your account during this interval: and how greatly my friendship has increased instead of being lessened by your misfortunes. I look forward with delight to the time when I shall be able to see you; but I fear this time is still very distant. I was greatly shocked at the treatment which you have met with, but we must submit to the divine will, and believe that whatever happens is for the best. —Versailles, Dec. 22, 1710."

Fenelon passed the last sixteen years of his life at his diocess, performing not only the usual functions of his episcopal office, but exercising the duties of an ordinary priest. Many of the letters which he wrote at this time were published after his death, and show a perfect knowledge of the windings and turnings of the human heart, a pure and unaffected piety, and great mildness toward the defects of others. At Cambray was a seminary for the instruction of persons in his diocess designed for holy orders. He frequently assisted at the examinations, and himself questioned each candidate before he ordained him. He explained to the students, every week, the principles of religion; exhorted them to lay before him any difficulties or objections which occurred to them; listened to them with patience, and answered them with candour and mildness. Ramsay, his disciple and biographer, who was frequently present at these conferences, says he does not know which to admire most, his extreme condescension, or the sublimity of his discourses. He preached frequently, during his visitations; and always adapted his discourses to the capacity of his hearers. That voice which had charmed the court of Louis XIV.; that genius which had enlightened Europe, spoke to peasants and mechanics; and no style was foreign to him in his endeavours to improve mankind.

He often walked alone in the environs of Cambray; entered frequently the cottages of the poor, conversed with them in the most familiar manner, partook of their coarse fare, and soothed and assisted them in their difficulties and afflictions. Long after his death, the chairs on which he sat were regarded with veneration.

The saying of a man of letters, on viewing the destruction of his library by fire, that "he should have gained little from his books if he knew not how to bear the loss of them," has been justly admired. Fenelon, who lost his library by a similar accident, expressed himself, if not so exaltedly, at least not less affectingly: "God be praised," said he, "that it was not the cottage of some poor family!"

In one of his rambles, observing a peasant in great distress, he demanded the cause. "Alas!" said the peasant, "I am driven from my cottage, and the enemy hath taken away my cow; ah, sir! I shall never possess another!" Fenelon instantly departed under the protection of his passport, after much trouble found the cow, and brought her to the peasant.

Fenelon, during the ravages of a war which had driven many unfortunate country people from their habitations, received them into his palace; maintained and even waited on them. When the army of Flanders, the only defence of the kingdom, was unprovided with magazines, and on that account incapable of acting, he opened his granaries, and set the example of disinterested liberality, which was followed by neighbouring districts; the troops were supplied; and Flanders saved. Nay, after the battle of Malplaquet his palace became a hospital for the sick and wounded, a refuge to persons of distinction, and an asylum for the poor; to whom, like a beneficent angel, he distributed succours and consolations.

A veneration for Fenelon was not confined to the French armies; Eugene and Marlborough sent detachments of troops to guard his estates from pillage, and ordered grain for his use to be escorted to the gates of Cambray.

In 1711 the dauphin* died, the duke of Burgundy became heir apparent, and the advanced age, and increasing infirmities of Louis the XIVth, rendered the prospect of his accession to the throne no distant event. But having attained his twentieth year, beloved and esteemed by all, his wife, the duchess of Burgundy, on whom he doted, was seized with the smallpox, and died after a few days' illness. He bore this afflicting stroke with apparent calmness, yet he grieved exceedingly. He unfortunately caught the same distemper which had hurried his wife to the grave, and which also proved fatal to him. In this last scene he acquitted himself as became the greatness of his mind, with profound composure, and invincible patience.

Thus fell, in the year 1712, a prince which France did not deserve, which earth did not deserve; he was fit only for eternity.

Though Fenelon bore this stroke with perfect resignation, yet the loss of one under whose auspices he fondly expected to see his country recovering from a long series of calamities, so deeply affected him, that, in grief of his soul, he exclaimed, "All my ties are broken!" He survived this irreparable loss only three years, lingering not living. In the commencement of 1715, an inflammation of the lungs brought on a violent fever, attended with excruciating pains. He bore his sickness with Christian resignation which is equally removed from timid superstition and philosophic indifference; and died with the composed tranquillity of a good man, who sees in death the end of all his woes.

It is remarkable that Fenelon died without leaving any debts to discharge, or any wealth to be disposed of; there remained only what was sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral.

It is said that Louis the XIVth, toward the close of Fenelon's life, became reconciled to his conduct; for almost every one else had deceived or misled him. On hearing of his death, he exclaimed, "Alas! we have lost him when we required him the most."

* The heir apparent to the throne of France—the young prince.

The qualities which rendered Fenelon an object of esteem and admiration, and which will endear his name to every future age, consisted in a temper always mild and serene; a polite yet simple address; an animated conversation; a mild cheerfulness, tempering the dignity of his station; and a wonderful perspicuity of expression in explaining the most abstruse and difficult subjects. He possessed also the power of reducing himself to a level with persons of all capacities, and never appeared anxious to display the superiority of his own understanding. His exalted talents and profound learning, instead of filling him with pride and superciliousness, rendered him more humble and unassuming.

A collection of all the religious works of Fenelon was printed at Rotterdam, under the inspection of the Marquis of Fenelon, his grand nephew, when he was ambassador to the States General.—*The Female Mentor; D'Alembert's Eulogy.*

Historical.

VISIT TO MOUNT SINAI.

BY M. LEON DE LABORDE.

[This intelligent traveller has carefully examined that "waste howling wilderness," in which the children of Israel journeyed for forty years, and ascertained many of the localities of the scriptural narration, which had long been regarded as unsettled, by the learned.]

Continuing our course towards the north we arrived within sight of Sinai, by a series of valleys which expand or become narrow according to their composition and the rapidity of the currents that flow through them. After passing a considerable ridge of the mountain which forms the two grand outlets of the peninsula, (one, that of Wady Cheick, which takes its course with Feiran into the gulf of Suez, the other, that of Zackal, which descends towards the gulf of Akaba,) we perceived the Convent of St. Catherine, standing silently in the midst of the majestic mountains by which it is commanded. On the left rises Mount Horeb, a prolongation of Sinai; and in the distance extends the plain where the people of Israel encamped on their journey through the wilderness.

When we entered the convent near Mount Sinai, we were surprised, after having just quitted the desert, where we had seen only a wretched and unsettled people, to find the interior so neatly arranged and in such excellent order, and inhabited by so many cheerful and healthy looking monks. Ascending to their apartments, we beheld from them that magnificent prospect, to which no artificial addition has been made to increase the charm of reality. The air of tranquillity, however, which we observed, is far from being uniform: clouds frequently lower over this peacable horizon. During my sojourn there, a pilgrim received a ball in the thigh, skilfully aimed at him by a Bedouin, who thought he was paying off one of the monks to whom he owed some grudge. He had remained some time on the watch for his prey, upon the top of one of the rocks which command the walls. The convent was all in alarm, for their disputes with the Bedouins seldom proceed to the extent of bloodshed. A parley was held; and, doubtless, the affair was arranged after my departure. This continual state of anxiety, which pervades so tranquil an abode, must have become a sort of habit. Looking through the innumerable narratives of pilgrims, we find each

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occurrences to be of very old date. In 1599, Har- rant de Holchitz de Polschitz was obliged to visit Mounts Sinai and St. Catherine, accompanied only by some Arabs, none of the monks daring to attend him through fear of being molested or made prisoners by the Bedouins.

In order to complete my pilgrimage, it was necessary that I should ascend Mount Sinai. None of the Monks were disposed to accompany me; they lent me therefore one of their Arabian servants, a sort of Helots among the Bedouins, to be my guide, as well as to carry the provisions which were necessary for this fatiguing journey. I fastened myself to the rope, and the windlass being turned round, I was gently deposited at the foot of the walls. The rope was rapidly drawn up again to assure the poor monks that they were perfectly isolated in the midst of their hostile desert.

The window, which is the only entrance,—the cord, which is the only communication with the external world,—give to the whole of this building a grave and solemn appearance. When I was drawn up by means of this machine, I felt the same impression as if I heard the creak of the hinges of a large door which closes on the visitor who enters through curiosity a state prison. This peculiarity appears to have existed from the time when the monks were obliged to protect themselves from the repeated hostilities of the surrounding Arabs. Har- rant de Polschitz, in 1598, and M. Monconys, in 1647, entered the convent by the great gate: but the superior of the Franciscans, in 1722, was hoisted through the window. Sandy, who, in 1619, entered by the iron door, speaks also of a window through which alms were usually dispensed to the Arabs: it is probable that, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the latter had forced the gate, and from that period the window before appropriated to alms was used for the admission of strangers.

Mount Horeb forms a kind of breast from which Sinai rises. The former alone is seen from the valley, which accounts for the appearances of the burning bush on that mountain, and not on Sinai.

"Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush."

Our course towards the summit of Sinai lay through a ravine to the south-west. The monks had arranged a series of large slabs in tolerably regular order, which once formed a convenient staircase to the top of the mountain. The rains, however, have disturbed them, and, as no repairs had been for a long time attended to, the stairs were in many places in ruins. Just before reaching the foot of Sinai, immediately after quitting Horeb, the traveller sees a door built in the form of an arch; on the key-stone of the arch a cross has been carved. A tradition, preserved by the monks, and repeated by many pilgrims, informs us, that a Jew, having been desirous of ascending Mount Sinai, was stopped by an iron crucifix, which prevented him from pursuing his way; and that, to remove the enchantment, he had baptized himself at the head of a stream which runs into the ravine. An affecting custom used to take place near this door: one of the monks of the convent employed himself there at prayer, and heard the confessions of the pilgrims, who, when thus nearly at the end of their pilgrimage, were not in the habit of accomplishing it until after they had obtained absolution.

We passed another similar door before arriving at a small level spot, whence we discovered the summit of Mount Sinai, and the two edifices which surmount it. The nearest building is the chapel of the con-

vent, the farther one is the mosque. In the distance of the design is seen the chapel of Elias in ruins, and in the fore-ground the fountain and the cypress, which give some degree of animation to these rocks, whose grandeur is entirely lost by being compassed within so limited a space. The superior of the Franciscans found two cypresses and three olive trees in this place, but the cypress alone still survives.

We climbed with difficulty to the top of Sinai, resting at each cleft or salient part of the rock, to which some traditions have been annexed by the inventive faculty of the monks, who have communicated them to the Arabs, always ready to listen to narratives of this description. Arrived on the summit, I was surprised by the briskness of the air. The eye sought in vain to catch some prominent object amid the chaos of rocks which were tumbled round the base, and vanished in the distance in the form of raging waves. Nevertheless, I distinguished the Red Sea, the mountains of Africa, and some summits of mountains which I easily recognised by their shapes: Schommar being distinguishable by its rounded masses, Serhal by its shooting points, and Tih by its immense prolongation.

I visited the ruins of the mosque and of the Christian church, both of which rebuke, on this grand theatre of three religions that divide the world, the indifference of mankind to the creeds which they once professed with so much ardour.

Miscellaneous.

EXTRAORDINARY DELIVERANCE.

THE author of "Tremaine" seriously vouches for the truth of the following remarkable narrative:—

At the memorable dinner at Mr. Andrews', which I have just mentioned, his story naturally recalled many others of the same kind; and one voluble gentleman, who had a greater range than accuracy of memory, asserted that Sir Evan Nepean, when under-secretary of state, had been warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four persons, who, but for this appearance, would have been hanged through Sir Evan's neglect.

You may well suppose we did not give much credence to this; but knowing Sir Evan very well, I informed him of what he was charged with, and begged him to tell me what the ghost said. "The gentleman," said he, good humouredly, "romances not a little; but what he alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me."

He went on to tell me that one night, several years before, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately; had no care—nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven to two in the morning, had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the ennui of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the Park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the home office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass-key. The book of entries of the day before lay open upon the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him: "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution for the next day." It struck him that he had no return to this order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing-street, knocked him up,

(it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm the clerk could not remember. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "collect yourself, it must have been sent." The clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. "Good," said Sir E., "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?" "No!" "Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early." It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery-lane. There was no hackney-coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the under-secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

With an exclamation of horror, cried the clerk of the crown, "The reprieve is locked up in my desk." It was brought: Sir Evan sent to the Post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning, at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart.

PRIDE.—Whoever has paid attention to the manners of the day, must have perceived a remarkable innovation in the use of moral terms, in which we have receded more and more from the spirit of Christianity. Of this, the term to denote a lofty sentiment of personal superiority supplies an obvious instance. In the current language of the times, "pride" is scarcely ever used but in a favourable sense. It will, perhaps, be thought the mere change of a term is of little consequence; but be it remembered, that any remarkable innovation in the use of moral terms betrays a proportionable change in the ideas and feelings they are intended to denote. As pride has been transferred from the list of vices to that of virtues, so humility, as a natural consequence, has been excluded, and is rarely suffered to enter into the praise of a character we wish to commend, although it was the leading feature in that of the Saviour of the world, and is still the leading characteristic of his religion; while there is no vice, on the contrary, against which the denunciations are so frequent as pride. Our conduct in this instance is certainly rather extraordinary, both in what we have embraced and in what we have rejected; and it will surely be confessed we are somewhat unfortunate in having selected that one as the particular object of approbation which God had already selected as the especial mark at which he aims the thunderbolts of his vengeance.—*Robert Hall*.

HOWARD'S INTREPIDITY.—Dining one day at the table of Sir Robert Murray Keith, our ambassador at the Austrian court, the conversation turned upon the torture; when a German gentleman observed, that the glory of abolishing it, in his own dominions, belonged to his imperial majesty. "Pardon me," said Mr. Howard; "his imperial majesty has only abolished one species of torture to establish in its place another more cruel; for the torture which he abolished lasted at the most a few hours; but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as bad as the black hole at Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge." "Hush!" said the ambassador; "your words will be reported to his majesty." "What!" replied he, "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity." Deep silence ensued; and every one present admired the intrepid boldness of the man of humanity.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SLEEPY PERSON.

BY ER. W. OLIVER, F. R. S.

SAMUEL CHILTON, Tinsbury, near Bath, a labourer, about twenty-five years of age, of a robust habit of body, not fat, but fleshy, and of a dark-brown hair, happened, May 13th, 1694, without any visible cause, to fall into a profound sleep, out of which no means could rouse him till after a month had expired, when he rose, put on his clothes, and went about his business of husbandry as usual; he then slept, ate, and drank as before, but spake not a word till about a month after. All the time he slept, victuals stood by him. His mother, fearing he would be starved, placed bread and cheese and beer before him, which was spent every day, and supposed to have been taken by him, though no one ever saw him eat and drink during that time.

From this time he remained free from any drowsiness or sleepiness, till about April 9th, 1696, when he again fell into this sleeping fit. An apothecary bled, blistered, cupped, and scarified him, but to no purpose; and after the first fortnight he was never observed to open his eyes. Victuals were placed by him as before, of which he partook occasionally; and sometimes he has been found asleep with his mouth full of meat. In this manner he lay about ten weeks, and then he could not eat, for his jaws seemed set, and his teeth clenched so close that his mouth could not be opened. At last, observing a hole in his teeth, by holding a pipe in his mouth, some tent wine was occasionally conveyed into his throat through a quill; which was all the sustenance he took for six weeks and four days.

August 7th, (being seventeen weeks from April 9th, when he began to sleep,) he awaked, put on his clothes, and walked the room, not knowing he had slept above a night, nor could he be persuaded he had lain so long, till on going into the fields, he found every body busy in getting in the harvest, and he well remembered that when he fell asleep, they were sowing barley and oats, which he then saw ripe and fit to be cut down.

Though his flesh was somewhat wasted with so long lying in bed and fasting for about six weeks, yet he said he had not suffered any inconvenience, nor had he the least remembrance of any thing that had passed. He remained in good health till August, 1697, when, in the morning, he complained of a shivering and coldness, and, the same day, fell into his sleeping fit again.

On the 23rd I found him asleep; I took him by the hand, felt his pulse, which was at that time very regular; I also found his heart beat regular, and his breathing easy and free. He was in a breathing sweat, and had an agreeable warmth all over his body. I then put my mouth to his ear, and called to him loudly several times, pulled him by the shoulders, pinched his nose, stopped his nose and mouth together as long as I durst; but all to no purpose, for during this time he gave me no sign of being sensible. I lifted up his eye-lids, found his eye-balls drawn up under his eye-brows, and fixed. I then held a phial of spirit of salammoniack under his nostrils; but he did not feel it. I then threw it up the nostril, which made his nose run and gleet, and his eye-lids shiver. I next crammed his nostril with powder of white hellebore-root, but without effect. After these experiments I left him, well satisfied that he was asleep. About ten days after this, an apothecary from Bath called on him, and finding his pulse high, bled him about fourteen ounces in the arm; but he assured me that he did not move when he lanced him, nor while his arm was bleeding.

About the end of September I again found him lying in his bed, in the same posture, but removed

to another house his head struck a but still he did pulse was not qu as when I before stopping his nose gentleman then gave no token did to him.

In this manner his mother heard ran up to him, him how he did God." The p his brother of found him in a end of January sound as before he seemed to be not answer the he awoke, not ed.—*Philosoph*

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to another house; and in removing him down stairs, his head struck against a stone, which broke his head; but still he did not move. I now found that his pulse was not quite so strong, nor had he any sweats as when I before saw him. I again tried him by stopping his nose and mouth, but to no purpose. A gentleman then ran a large pin into his arm; but he gave no token of his being sensible of any thing we did to him.

In this manner he lay till November 19th, when his mother hearing him make a noise, immediately ran up to him, and found him eating. She asked him how he did, when he replied, "Very well, thank God." The poor woman now left him, to acquaint his brother of this change, but on her return she found him in a sound sleep. From this time to the end of January, he continued to sleep, though not so sound as before; for on their calling him by name he seemed to be somewhat sensible, though he could not answer them. About the time above-mentioned he awoke, not remembering any thing that had passed.—*Philosophical Transactions.*

Christian Cabinet.

THE MINES.

'Is there danger in the mines, old man,' I asked of an aged miner, who, with his arm bent, leaned against the side of an immense vault, absorbed in meditation—'it must be a fearful life.'

The old man looked at me with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half broken sentences he uttered 'Danger—where is there not—on the earth or beneath it—in the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where is there not danger?—where has not death left some token of his presence?—'

'True,' I replied, 'but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him—the hunter seeks death in the wild woods—and the soldier in the battle field—and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb.' 'It is so indeed,' replied the old man—'we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life—'tis a strange riddle; who shall solve it?'

'Have you long followed this occupation?' I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

'From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom.'

'You have seen some of those vicissitudes to which you have just now alluded.'

'Yes,' he replied, with a faltering voice, 'I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings! Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me so proud in their strength—and I filled too with a father's vanity. Where are they now?—I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together—so near that his hot blood sprung up into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came;—there was no cry—no look of terror—but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash, and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment—but time that changeth all things brought relief—and I had still two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother—but the fire damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his

sight had no price—and told him that he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the stripping things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die in the mines?' 'You have indeed,' I replied, 'drank of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?'

The old man looked up—'From Heaven—God gave and he hath taken away—blessed be his name.' I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer—and the old man passed on.—*Cardiff Chronicle.*

From Cecil's Remains.

ON A CHRISTIAN'S ASSOCIATING WITH IRRELIGIOUS PERSONS FOR THEIR GOOD.

CHRIST is an example to us of entering into mixed society. But our imitation of him herein must admit of restrictions. A feeble man must avoid danger. If any one could go into society as Christ did, then let him go; let him attend marriage-feasts and Pharisees' house.

Much depends on a Christian's observing his call—the openings which Providence may make before him. It is not enough to say that he frequents public company in order to retard the progress of evil.

But, when in company of people of the world, we should treat them kindly and tenderly—with feeling and compassion. They should be assisted, if they are inclined to receive assistance. But if a Christian falls into the society of a mere worldling, it must be like the meeting of two persons in vain—they will part as soon as possible. If a man loves such company, it is an evil symptom.

It is a Christian's duty to maintain a kind intercourse, if practicable, with his relatives. And he must duly appreciate their state: if not religious, they cannot see and feel and taste his enjoyments; they accommodate themselves to him, and he accommodates himself to them. It is much a matter of accommodation on both sides.

Avoid disgusting such friends unnecessarily. A precise man, for instance, must be humoured. Your friends set down your religion, perhaps, as a case of humour.

Cultivate good sense. If your friends perceive you weak in any part of your views and conduct, they will think you weak in your religion.

Avoid vain jangling. There is a disposition in such friends to avoid important and pinching truth. If you will converse with them on the subject of religion, they will often endeavour to draw you on to such points as predestination. They will ask you what you think of the salvation of infants and of the heathen. All this is meant to throw out the great question.

Seize favourable occasion—not only the "*motus temporis fundi*;" but when public characters and public events furnish occasions of profitable reflection.

Bring before your friends the extreme childishness of a sinful state. Treat worldly amusements as puerile things. People of the world are sick at heart of their very pleasures.

HUMAN NATURE.—Loskiel's "Account of the Moravian Missions among the North American Indians," has taught me two things. I have found in it a striking illustration of the *uniformity with which the grace of God operates on men*. Crantz, in his "Account of the Missions in Greenland," had shewn the grace of God working on a man-fish; on a stupid—sottish—senseless creature—scarcely a remove from the fish on which he lived. Loskiel shews the same grace working on a man-devil: a fierce—bloody—vengeful warrior—dancing his infernal war-dance with the mind of a fury. Divine grace brings these men to the same point. It quick-

ens, stimulates, and elevates the Greenlander: it raises him to a sort of new life: it seems almost to bestow on him new senses; it opens his eye, and bends his ear, and rouses his heart; and what it adds sanctifies. The same grace tames the high spirit of the Indian; it reduces him to the meekness, and docility, and simplicity of a child. The evidence arising to Christianity from these facts is, perhaps, seldom sufficient, by itself, to convince the gainsayer: but, to a man who already believes, it greatly strengthens the reasons of his belief. I have seen also in these books, that the fish-bone, and the oil, and the tomahawk, and the cap of feathers excepted—a Christian minister has to deal with just the same sort of creatures, as the Greenlander and the Indian, among civilized nations.—Cecil.

THE DECLINE OF LIFE.—There is an eventide in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much it will profit you, my elder readers, to mark the instruction which it brings. The spring and summer of our days are gone, and with them not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and solicitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now you understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation; it summons you, in those hours when the leaves of the fall and the winter are gathering, to the evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures, and those still waters, where there is an eternal Spring for the children of God.—Allison.

MEN OF THE WORLD.—There are no greater objects of pity in the world, than men who are admired by all around for their nice discernment and fine taste in every thing of a worldly nature, but have no taste for the riches that endure for ever—no love for God or his word—no love for Christ or their souls. In such a state, however admired or respected, they cannot see the kingdom of God.—Ib.

FREDERICK II., King of Prussia, made it a point to return every mark of respect of civility shown to him in the streets by those who met him. He one day observed at table, that, whenever he rode through the streets of Berlin, his hat was always in his hand. Baron Pullnitz, who was present, said, "That his Majesty had no occasion to notice the civility of every one who pulled his hat off to him in the streets." "And why not," said the king in a lively tone, "are they not all human beings as well as myself?"

The grandest operations, in nature and in grace, are the most silent and imperceptible. The shallow brook babbles in its passage, and is heard by every one: but the coming on of the seasons is silent and unseen. The storm rages and alarms; but its fury is soon exhausted, and its effects are partial and soon remedied; but the dew, though gentle and unheard, is immense in quantity, and the very life of large portions of the earth. And these are pictures of the operations of grace, in the church and in the soul.

Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

HYMN. 7's.

CHRIST A KING.

"YET have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion."—Psalm li. 6.

THE king of Zion, Lord, thou art,
Plac'd upon the holy hill:—
Set thy kingdom in each heart,
Sweetly mould us to thy will.

Reckless are our stubborn wills,
Reckless is our nature's dow'r:—
He whose word the tempest stills,
Can subdue them by his pow'r.

All our passions are in arms,
'Gainst thy rightful, gracious sway—
He who saves in all alarms
Only can their fury lay.

'Gainst thy peaceful, hallow'd reign
Stand arrayed our fierce desires,
These the contest e'er maintain
Till thou quench their raging fires.

Thou the victory can'st win—
Thou our natures can'st subdue—
Thou can'st cleanse the foulest sin—
Thou can'st make us creatures new.

O exert thy kingly pow'r,
Rule o'er every stubborn heart—
Enter now this sacred hour—
From within us ne'er depart.

Reign and rule till thou control
Every foe and sinful thing—
Ev'ry precious ransom'd soul,
Feel that JESUS IS THEIR KING.

Then our praises shall ascend
To him who all our hearts has won—
And we'll bless our king and FRIEND
Whilst eternal ages run.

April 13, 1839.

A. W. M.

LADY JANE GREY.—This most accomplished and amiable female, nearly allied to the royal family, and devoted to the protestant religion, was put to death at the early age of eighteen. The night before she was beheaded, she sent a Greek Testament to her sister Catherine, with this high encomium written at the end of it; "I have here sent you, good sister Catherine, a book which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is of more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches, which will lead you to the path of eternal joy; and, if you with a good mind read it, and do with an earnest mind purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It shall teach you how to live and how to die. It shall win you more than you should have gained by your woful father's lands: for as, if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands, so if you apply diligently to this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt."

THE ADVANTAGE OF HISTORY.—Take away the record of the past, and we should still grope in primeval darkness. So important a branch of education as history—entering as it does into all other branches, the root of all, and the life of all—cannot be too assiduously cultivated.

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Literary.

For the Wesleyan.

ON THE WORKS OF CREATION AS AN INCENTIVE TO CONTEMPLATION.

NO. II.

As the body is fed and nourished by food and proper exercise, so the mind requires, in no less degree, to invigorate, strengthen, and ennoble its powers. We frequently meet, in our intercourse with the world, several, situated amidst the profusions of nature, surrounded by the most delightful scenery, yet how vacant!—not one thought—apparently no relish for such ravishing scenes—almost void of common reason—certainly of a reflective mind. Has he a soul? And yet how unmoved! With such a prospect, betray no emotion! No taste or relish for those multiplied comforts—the luxuries Nature so profusely has scattered within his view—alike indifferent to all—a stoic, unmoved by joy or grief! Our pity supplants our indignation, and we conclude that the constant enjoyment has removed all philosophical ideas and, no doubt, religious contemplation; or so absorbed is his mind, that every thing around him is equally indifferent. Another instance. The opposite of this, the contemplative mind of those whose meditations are enlivened, delighted, and enraptured, in examining the formation, growth, and beauty of the variegated parterre, the luxurious plants and shrubbery, with the most insignificant insect that crawls beneath his feet: all equally occupy his mind. Their order, symmetry, and beauty elevate his soul in praise and humble adoration of the Great First Cause, the governor and supporter of Creation. With our thoughts thus engaged in considering the insignificant parts of Creation, how sublime when in the study of the more refined and superior works of Nature—the study of worlds upon worlds. Here we see the great contrast; not that Nature has been deficient in either case; 'tis the sluggishness of our minds; when we bask in the sunshine of prosperity, amidst a profusion of the blessings of life, we are lost to more refined sensation, discover no beauty in the surrounding objects, and generally forget our obligations, indeed the very being who upholds, and so profusely continues to lavish on us such unnumbered blessings. He who studies Nature will find, that not one particle, however minute and insignificant, has been created in vain; all are equally the production of a wise and unerring Providence. Every part has its allotted station, placed as most fit in the capacity it was ordained to fill, and best suited for those enjoyments designed for its comfort and support. The animal creation, governed by an instinct almost human, if removed from their native home for any length of time, when near their former abode and the wiles they have frequented, recognise their ancient residence, and by gestures, even with their voices, express their feelings. Not less the horse or dog, and other associated quadrupeds. The feathered race, even those birds of passage, who though but for a short space entertain us with their melody or their usefulness as food,

seek their former haunts, and with their young, probably fledged and reared, return to pass another limited season in those retreats before occupied by them.

Natural objects, when properly contemplated, continually admonish us in the important lesson of divine wisdom, leading us to consider our situation in this sublunary state, our connections and dependencies, from which we learn the duties required of us, and the exertions we are capable of making. From the consideration of our mental faculties we infer the exalted idea of a future state of existence, so naturally arising in the intelligent mind which reflects on the never-ceasing energy of the mental powers, and its independency of all moral circumstances. Thus perceiving what is the purer essence of our nature, and what the grosser, we are conscious that our present existence was not the primary or principal intention of our Creator: yet, as it is allotted preparatory to that for which we were created, it claims our particular attention, becomes either advantageous to us or otherwise, accordingly as we deal with the objects that surround us. Our superiority in the scale of being gives us the power of applying to our own use the gifts of Providence, by which we are surrounded, with the greatest advantage, not only so as to supply the necessities of our mortal nature, but also to derive considerable mental gratification from them. Shall we then neglect rightly to use the gift of reason, and thereby become unworthy of such a boon, as well as lose all the benefits to be derived from it? Certainly not. Let us rather, on the contrary, so exercise and improve our understanding, as to form a right judgment of the value of things, by which alone we can be enabled to conduct ourselves according to the proper circumstances of the state in which we are placed: a business which requires more caution in the investigation than some are apt to imagine—implying a thorough knowledge of the human mind, which cannot be obtained only by a careful examination of its capacities and infirmities.

I cannot help [as duty prompts] here offering some reflections on that Hand which formed us, that Divine Mind which directs all our involuntary operations, and that Benevolence which renders these operations instrumental to the comfort and happiness of all its creatures. And although I cannot presume to recount the works of the Almighty, or show the wisdom of his counsels—far above the narrow scale of human enquiry, far out of the reach of the feeble efforts of human comprehension are such investigations—yet his attributes are discoverable in his wise administration, and made evident to us through the medium of our senses. Let us, then, receive these emanations of the Divine Mind, shed down upon us, with joy and thankfulness; and, like the effects of the rays of the sun falling on our crops of corn, which bring forth their abundance: so let the influence of divine benevolence act on our mind, perfecting all that is good in us, and expanding our hearts with universal philanthropy. This world is, by no means, barren of comforts to those who cultivate a relish for the delights it affords—avoiding satiety; for by a pro-

alm n. 6.

W. M.

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per application of the objects of sense, we shall learn how to render the things of this life not only serviceable, but delightful. If we attentively regard the wonders of Creation, we shall discover gradations; some rising superior to others in excellence, of some kind or other, which is peculiar to each particular species. In vegetable and mere animal nature this is unattainable; but in the higher class of animated nature—in man—much depends on his own exertion, as is evident from the incidents of the learned men of all ages and all climates, some of whom, though born under all the disadvantages of superstition and barbarism, yet, by a right application of their understanding, have signalized themselves in the delightful fields of science and virtue, not excelled by those who lived and studied in the most civilized nations, with all the advantages of instruction and method to regulate their researches. To this excellence the former have attained by a due cultivation of their minds; they have increased in knowledge, in regular gradation, till they have arrived at the highest pitch of mental improvement. The mind of man is generally distinguished by several operations: first, that of perception; second, judgment; third, reasoning; fourth, and lastly, by method. This I conceive to be the last operation of the mind; because we must perceive, judge, and reason, before we can methodize. The mind must be stored with the knowledge resulting from the foregoing operations, before it can be capable of disposing its intellectual acquirements into classes, or uniting them according to their proper connection and dependencies. How delightful is the task of enquiry! How important the advantages resulting from investigation! Amply rewarded is he who searches into Nature, who contemplates the beauty of Creation, who studies the wonders that surround him, and the omnipotence of that Being who still supports and directs the whole Creation. His extension of ideas and strength, thus acquired—his understanding soaring above the vulgar prejudices,—he views the works of God with satisfaction; and not only derives consolation from every object of his admiration, but exclaims, "Great is the mystery of godliness."

Father, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motion speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

Windsor, Dec., 1833.

Dr. Beecher, in one of his Lectures, says—"There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is, to regard every honest employment as honourable, and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, and to fulfil, with strict fidelity, the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honour."

Missionary Register.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Letter from Mr. Coan, dated at Hilo, Hawaii,
Sept. 26, 1838.

NUMEROUS ADDITIONS TO THE CHURCH.

THE following letter is given as a part of the history of the mission. It is important that the christian community should know in what labours the missionaries are engaged, by what means, and with what spirit and what hopes they prosecute them, and by what results, seen in the apparent conversion of great multitudes, surpassing any thing witnessed since the days of the apostles, they are cheered on in their work. The missionaries at the islands have ever been regarded as sober and discreet men, and it is to be hoped that the estimates which they send home of what the Spirit of God is doing in the midst of them, and by their agency, will be fully confirmed by the lives of the thousands who are now admitted to the visible church of Christ. Still these "babes in Christ," these who are just girding on the harness in the christian warfare, against the world and their own lusts, are entitled to our sympathies and unceasing prayers. And so are the missionaries, in these times of overwhelming labour and responsibility. If painful reverses should soon follow, the friends of missions must not wonder or be disheartened. Such is often the fact, where the Lord has undoubtedly been doing a great work.

THE great goodness of God to this people induced me to write you at this time. Through the loving kindness and tender mercy of our God "the day spring from on high hath visited us." To us the present is "the year of the right hand of the Most High," "for he that is mighty has done for us great things, and holy is his name."

On the 19th of March I wrote you a somewhat full account of the work of God's Spirit among this people. Since then, it has advanced without interruption, and with unabated energy; and now while I write, the waves of salvation roll deep and broad over this field. The Spirit of the Highest breathes upon the slain. They breathe—they live—they stand up an army to praise the Lord. Every day gives us fresh demonstrations that God has awaked to our help, and that this is his work.

Since I last wrote you I have been almost constantly engaged in preaching, travelling among the people, and examining candidates for the church. I usually preach from seven to twenty times a week, and the people are still eager to hear. A large congregation can be collected here on the shortest notice, and at almost any time of day or night. Our congregation at the station has sometimes swelled to five, six, and even to seven thousand. Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows? Christ rides gloriously in the chariot of salvation. His arrows are in the hearts of his enemies. There is a great quaking among sinners through this field. During a recent tour through Hilo and Puna, in which Mr. W. accompanied me, the same general tokens of the divine presence were manifested as I described on a former occasion. The gospel was every where the power of God unto salvation. It was like the fire and the hammer. The most hardened sinners were melted and broken under it. Many who on a former tour remained in their houses or hid themselves in the jungle to avoid the light of truth, now came out of their lurking places, and submitted with tears to the Lord Jesus.

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January, 1838, 104 were received to this church, and that 403 more were added on the first Sabbath in March. On the first Sabbath in July, 1705 were baptised and received to the communion and fellowship of the church. This was a great and solemn and glorious day. A scene never to be forgotten. I was alone with my family at the station at that time, my beloved associates, Messrs. L. and W., having gone to Oahu. These 1705 I baptised in one afternoon, and on the same occasion broke bread to about 2400 communicants. In selecting and examining that 1705 candidates I spent much time and care, attended with many prayers and tears. I met them all personally five or six times, besides preaching to them often collectively.

During tours which I made in Hilo and Puna in the months of July and August, I baptised and received to the fellowship of the church 452 individuals. These were chiefly the aged, the sick, and the infirm, who had for a considerable time given evidence of regeneration, but who were too feeble to come to the station. For the consolation of these and other aged and sick disciples, I administered the Lord's supper at several different places through which I passed. At our communion season on the first Sabbath of the present month (September,) 618 individuals were added to the church, making in all 3331 souls who have been received to this communion on profession of faith in the Lord Jesus, since the 1st of January, 1838. The whole number now in communion with the church is about 3500. About four hundred of these are children between five and fifteen years old.

Five hundred candidates now stand propounded for our next communion, and I am now spending about two days every week in the selection and examination of hopeful converts of whom there are yet multitudes not brought into the church. Truly Zion here is made to enlarge the place of her tent, and to spread forth her curtains.

The Domestic Economist.

From the Genesee Farmer.

DISEASE OF THE PLUM AND CHERRY.

This disease is termed the excrescence, or blight, by some, and may well be known by the irregular, unsightly swellings that take place on the affected branches, destroying the vigour and healthiness of the tree, and, unless checked in time, multiplying to such an extent as to speedily cause the death of the tree. It was considered at first a mere exudation of sap or gum from the branches, and as many insects were found in these masses, the presence of these was attributed to the discharge from the tree, instead of the injury being charged to the insect itself.

The increase of the evil directed the attention of entomologists at last to the subject, and papers on the blight and its cause were given to the public by several gentlemen, among whom were Professor Peck, of Harvard, and Dr. Mitchell, of New York. These essays threw much light on the subject, and led to a more rational mode of prevention. According to Professor Peck, "The seat of this disease is in the bark. The sap is diverted from its regular course, and is absorbed entirely by the bark, which is very much increased in thickness, the cuticle bursts, the swelling becomes irregular, and is formed into black lumps, with a cracked, uneven, granular surface. The wood, besides being deprived of its nutriment, is very much compressed, and the branch above the tumour perishes."

In examining the character and habits of the insect, Professor P. selected a small branch, and slicing it in thin pieces, found the mass was filled with lar-

væ. A piece of the diseased branch was then placed in a glass vial, and it was soon found that these larvæ had left the tumour, and were in a restless state at the bottom of the glass. A vessel with earth was procured, in which the larvæ buried themselves, and in twenty-four days from their leaving the bark, the perfect insect was produced. They belong to the genus *Rhyacionus*, and are a variety of the fly that punctures the fruit of the plum and cherry. The investigations of Dr. Mitchell had a result very similar to those of Professor Peck; and though some little difference has existed with regard to the identity of the insect, no doubt can remain that to a cause of this kind we owe the disease in question.

As a necessary inference from the habits of this depredator, it was found that the most effectual remedy was the careful examination of the trees, and the immediate excision of all the branches that exhibited the least signs of infection. These were committed to the flames, and thus by the destruction of the larvæ, the increase of the insects was prevented. It is evident that this will be done most effectually when the diseased branches are cut off as soon as possible after the injury is inflicted, since though some of the larvæ may remain in the excrescence through the season, the greatest part, as they arrive at maturity, will fall to the earth, where they undergo their transformation, and emerge a perfect insect, ready to increase the evil, and perpetuate the race. The rapidity with which they cause the entire destruction of the tree attacked should cause farmers to be on their guard, and examine their trees frequently, to detect the earliest appearance of the enemy.

Thus far its depredations have, so far as we have observed, been confined to the plum, and the morello, or black cherry. Whether the other varieties of the cherry will escape remains to be seen. We have known within a year or two some fine plum gardens almost entirely ruined from this cause; the black and deformed branches too plainly indicating the nature and spread of the evil. We advise our farmers and fruit-growers, then, to examine their plum and cherry trees carefully this spring, and remove every diseased branch. If it does no other good, it will enable them to detect new attacks of the disease more readily, by removing all former appearances; and there is reason to hope that by a firm and general adoption of this course, these valuable fruits may be preserved from that extinction which has befallen them in many districts of the Atlantic states, or those parts of these states east of the mountains.

Since writing the preceding, we have examined an infected branch with the aid of a good glass, and find in the fungus no appearance of either eggs or larvæ at this time. By carefully dividing the branch longitudinally, and slicing it off thin, the character of the mass, and the manner in which it destroys the part infected, can be clearly seen. In the parts latest attacked, the bark and surface of the wood only is affected; while in those places in which it made its first appearance, it has penetrated to the pith, or even embraced the whole branch. The substance of the fungus is evidently the elaborated juice, that in a healthy and undisturbed vegetable action would have been converted into fruit. So perfectly now does it resemble some kind of dried prunes, that a thin slice of one can scarcely be distinguished from the other. There is the same semi-transparency in both; though in the fungus minute portions of gum may be seen, that are not to be discovered in the fruit. We hope that farmers will be on the alert, and endeavour, by careful examination of these trees, to detect the approach of the enemy; and by multiplied observations arrive at correct conclusions respecting the cause of this disease, and the best methods of extirpating it.

Poetry.

From the New York Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE following Hymns, by the SHEPHERDESS, whose poetical effusions have been so favorably received by our readers, are recommended as being very appropriate to be used and sung at the approaching Centenary of Methodism, and are therefore published at this time, that those who choose may avail themselves of them. The fourth hymn is well adapted for the day which may be set apart for taking donations and subscriptions, and the three others to be used on the day for the purely religious services of the occasion.

CENTENARY HYMNS.

PART 1st. L. M.

Hail ! people favored of your God ;
Turn back the leave of former age,
And trace the pathway ye have trod ;
For mercy shines on every page.

Behold ! the God of Israel's host ;
Who brought them forth from Egypt's night,
Has made his strength thy only boast,
And led thee on by his own might.

Dark error held o'er thee her reign,
The angel Mercy saw and wept ;
But bigot zeal, and lucre gain,
Her hand of rescue from thee kept.

But lo ! our Moses now appears :
And Wesley's potent name he bears,
Redeeming mercy checks her tears,
And him for our release prepares.

He comes ! the captain of our band,
In wisdom skilled to meet his foes,
And lo ! through God, at his command,
Dark error quails where'er he goes.

His Aaron too, stands by his side,
Together they God's message show,
By both is Egypt's power defied,
And God says, " Let my people go."

In vain opposing foes unite,
'Twas Israel's God that through them spoke,
The Lord's redeemed assert their right,
And hail the light that o'er them broke.

PART 2d. S. M.

The cloud of mercy rose,
The eye of God was there,
And now, though fiends and men oppose,
Dauntless their wrath they dare.

Hail ! mighty men of God !
The glory of your age !
Your gaze was fixed, and on ye trod,
Though powers of darkness rage.

Though few your forces were,
There were some iron hearts,
Who nobly rose with you to dare
The proud oppressor's darts.

The cross—its bliss—its shame,
The ensign of your hosts,
Ye bore aloft—and in its name
Ye made your only boast.

The mighty conquests tell :
For fame your name records,
By thousands in your ranks that fell—
The battle was the Lord's !

The glorious triumph song,
The shout of victory,
Exulting echoed loud and long,
And reached us o'er the sea :

PART 3d. C. M.

Swell ! swell on high the holy strain,
Loud let the echo rise ;
While joy, responsive o'er the main,
Shall, mingling, reach the skies.

With kindred zeal, and brother-heart,
In bliss this day we meet,
Though ocean's waves our bodies part,
Our souls each other greet.

Together we this day retrace
The way our God hath brought,
And shout, exulting in his grace,
Behold what God hath wrought !

Our blood-stained ensign just the same
Doth o'er our Zion wave,
Proclaiming, faith in Jesus' name,
Can to the utmost save.

Our Israel numbering thousands strong,
Encamped o'er hill and dale,
United in triumphant song,
This day each other hail.

Then onward ! onward ! is the word,
The watchword !—let it sound,—
Let it through all our hosts be heard,
And o'er the ocean bound.

Nor be our potent banner furled ;
Deem not the victory gained,
'Till all the kingdoms of this world
Are for our Christ obtained.

PART 4th, 6's. 8's.

Bring in your tithes ! haste to the call
Our Zion's welfare this demands ;
Her claims are loud, and great and small
Must come with open heart and hands—
Crowd to her courts on this glad day,
Your vows and your thank-offerings pay.

Ah ! shall we trace what God hath wrought,
And words alone our thanks declare ?
And future age remember nought
That shall their bless'd inscription bear ?
No ! no ! a hundred years ago,
In point, in spirit, answers no !

The echo of the former time—
The spirit of our sainted sires,
That hover o'er these scenes sublime,
The full heart's tribute now requires,
And asks, that time's o'erturning page
Should read the spirit of our age.

Say ! shall the hand of ardent zeal
Leave deeds inscribed, that shall be read
Upon our holy Zion's wall,
When we are numbered with the dead ?
And unborn thousands bless the day
We came our grateful vows to pay ?

Yes ! bring your tithes, 'tis God's command ;
Still high aloft your banner bear ;
Let it be seen throughout our land,
That holiness is written there :
And body, soul, and goods record
Your all, as given to the Lord.

DOXOLOGY.

Now let the long, loud swell of praise,
Resound anew throughout our host ;
Let every lip the triumph raise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Burst through our land ! bound o'er the sea :
And to our God hold jubilee.

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The Wesleyan.

HALIFAX, MONDAY, JULY 1.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

In glancing over the different newspapers, which have come to hand during the course of the past week, we find very few articles of political intelligence, that are deserving of particular notice. We are still kept in a state of suspense respecting the position of political parties in Britain, and the two great leading divisions in the House of Commons, are now so nearly equal in numbers, that it seems difficult to determine which of them shall obtain the ascendancy.

The Queen Dowager, at the latest dates, was at Lisbon, on her return from the Mediterranean to Britain, and great preparations were making for her arrival in England.—We are sorry to learn that the Chartists, notwithstanding the Queen's Proclamation, and the energetic measures which have been adopted by the civil and military authorities, to suppress tumults and insurrections, are still mustering in formidable bodies, providing themselves with arms, and in several instances committing acts of open and deliberate violence. In the manufacturing districts, and in some parts of Wales, their conduct has been wicked and outrageous in the extreme, they have plundered several houses, stabbed with their murderous weapons a number of quiet and peaceable citizens, and the authorities have been compelled to call out the military in order to quell their lawless and bloody attacks.

The affairs of the European continent are becoming more settled and tranquil of late, always excepting the Parisian Mobs and Spanish Butcheries; and a meeting of the Sovereigns of Europe, we understand, is likely to take place in Germany during the summer for what purpose is not distinctly stated.—*Guardian.*

SHIPWRECK.—In the course of the last week nearly three hundred emigrants were landed in this town, having suffered shipwreck about twenty leagues to the eastward of Halifax, in the ship *Aid de Camp*, Innes, 95 days from Londonderry, bound to St. John, N. B.

The melancholy calamity which has deprived them of almost all their little earthly property, and hurried several of their companions to an untimely grave, occurred at an early hour on Tuesday morning, when they were all fast asleep. The shock, which shattered, and soon after broke up the vessel, speedily aroused them from their slumbers, and compelled most of them to flee for safety, with scarcely sufficient clothing to protect them from the inclemency of the weather without being able to preserve any of their luggage. In this state they were landed on a rugged shore amidst a scattered and poor population, but we are happy to say, for the honour of the Province, that the inhabitants of Keppel Harbour, manifested the greatest kindness and humanity to those forlorn fellow-creatures, and cheerfully supplied them with the homely provisions which they had in their houses.

The emigrants speak in the most feeling and grateful language both of the conduct of the captain and crew when the ship struck, and also of the behaviour of the settlers on the shore after they landed. On Saturday, 22d ult., they were brought in coasting vessels to Halifax, and the magistrates and other humane inhabitants, have been endeavouring to do all in their power to provide for their immediate wants, and to mitigate their sorrows. A number of those who have resolved to remain in Halifax, have already found employment, and we understand that a vessel has been chartered to carry those who wish to go to St. John, N. B., and have relations in that city, to their intended destination.—*Id.*

Thursday last being the anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne of these realms, salutes were fired from the citadel and by the ships in harbour.—*Times.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—At Newport, on the 6th inst, Mr. George Edward Lavers lost his life in a shocking manner. While endeavouring, with some neighbours, to put Mr. Parker's mill in order, the upper part of the saw gate (not being sufficiently supported) fell with its full weight, and fractured his skull, dislodged his left eye, and otherwise maimed him. He immediately expired. Mr. Lavers has been a member of the Baptist Church for a number of years, much respected and beloved by all his friends and acquaintance, and has left a bereaved widow and ten children to lament their loss.—*Rec.*

We regret to learn by a letter received from Picton that the store of Henry Hatton, Esq. of that place, with a large quantity of property, has been totally destroyed by fire.—*Journal.*

From the Boston Transcript.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1839.—Mr. Transcript. In your last paper of yesterday, you ask for some information from your *confreres*, respecting the Iron Steamboat. Having looked through the Directory in vain for any persons of that name, I have concluded to give you some information myself. The Iron Steamer Robert F. Stockton, was built in London by order of Fras. B. Ogden, Esq., American Consul at Liverpool, and is entered at our Custom House as an American vessel. Her registered tonnage, (English measurement) is *fifteen and a half* tons. You are aware that an allowance is always made in favour of steamboats, deducting room taken up for engine, boilers, &c.—If the R. F. S. had been measured as a sailing vessel, I should judge she would have been rated from twenty-five to thirty tons. She is a few inches more than 71 feet in length, and do. more than 10 feet beam. Her engine is in her, and steam could be got up, if required, in four or five hours. Every thing came over on board of her, (connected with her steaming apparatus) excepting about 1500 lbs. iron work, which was shipped in the Quebec. The boat is going to New Jersey to have every thing put in order, when she will return to New York and make some experimental trips for the gratification of us scientific men, and then take her station, to move on the Delaware canal. I should have stated before, that her engine, of a novel construction, (Ericson's) is placed in the after part of the boat, and occupies a space about as large as your counting room table, say 3½ by 5½ feet. The above facts were elicited in an highly interesting conversation with her commander, Captain Jack Crane, by your obedient servant,
JO HAYNES, Esq.

Montreal, June 11.

We have to record the loss by fire, between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 10th inst. of the Canadian steamer, *John Bull*, on her passage from Quebec to Montreal. The fire was discovered short after the *John Bull* left *William Henry*, and nearly opposite to *Lanoraye*. This lamentable catastrophe is accompanied with the melancholy fact of the loss of upwards of twenty lives, most of whom were drowned, having jumped overboard in their attempt to escape from the burning boat. The fire appears to have originated in the engineers' room, and had made such progress previous to its being discovered, that those who were saved escaped with great difficulty, and with the loss of all their baggage. The three men who were on duty at the time, viz. the second engineer of the *John Bull*, a fireman, and one of the crew, are missing, and it is supposed that they were either burned to death or

drowned. The John Bull was built above five years ago, at the cost of upwards of £20,000, and was the largest and most beautiful boat on the St. Lawrence, and was fitted up in a splendid style.

Another Account.

Yesterday morning between three and half past three o'clock the alarm of fire was given on board the steamer *John Bull*, when about six miles above Sorel, with the *Dryope* and *British Queen* in tow. The fire is supposed to have originated in the engineer's room, and spread with such fearful rapidity that the passengers who escaped a watery grave could not save an article of clothing. The steamer was run ashore near Lenoraye, and owing to the promptitude and presence of mind displayed by Capt. Vaughan, and the timely assistance and praiseworthy exertions of the Captains and crews of the two vessels in tow, the greatest number of the passengers were landed in their night dresses.—It is conjectured that about 9 or 10 steerage passengers, emigrants, have been lost, the second engineer is missing, and one cabin passenger, a Miss Ross, is also drowned. Several canoes with Canadians left the shore as if to render assistance to the hapless passengers, but, with a barbarity which savages would be ashamed of, they refused to lend the slightest assistance, and were afterwards busied in looking after what could be plundered. After the passengers got ashore the Canadians refused to furnish coffins for the dead without first knowing who was to pay for them, and had not Captain Hamilton of the *Dryope* supplied those saved with provisions, they would have starved, as even a cup of water was denied. These facts we have from a gentleman who was saved. A very great quantity of merchandize has been consumed, among which were oil and wine, which burned with fearful rapidity. One passenger, Mr. W. Thompson, of Nepean, lost £2,000 in bank bills; the proceeds of the sale of rafts, and every individual has lost all the property he had on board. The *John Bull* was insured at the Alliance Office for £2,500, and at the Phoenix for the same sum. She was built by the late Hon. John Molson, at an expense of more than £20,000, and was considered the most splendid steam vessel on this continent. Several of the individuals on board are more or less burned or bruised, and one named Dinning, a butcher from Quebec, has had his hands and hips dreadfully burned. The steerage passengers were emigrants, and their destitution will no doubt excite the sympathy of the wealthy and the benevolent.

Montreal, June 13.

It must not, and need not, and ought not to be concealed, that various hints have recently reached us, with respect to the progress which is said to have been made on both sides of the lines, for once more disturbing the tranquillity of the Canadas. As regards this Province, in particular, and the neighbouring States, we make no question whatever, that a strong and almost invincible disposition exists for renewing those scenes of anarchy and confusion with which we have been visited during the last two years. This is a fact not to be denied. But the question is, whether in accordance with this well known and almost acknowledged disposition, any organized attempt will again be made with the view of overthrowing the Government of the Province, and of establishing a democratic Republic in this place, in connexion with the United States. We think that such an event may be looked for. We think that those who have so long disturbed and agitated the country, and who have no other means of aggrandizing themselves, and avenging what they conceive to be their personal and national injuries,

will be foolish and desperate enough to assail the lives and property of the loyal inhabitants of Lower Canada.—*Gazette.*

The Honourable and Venerable the Archdeacon of York left this city on the 5th instant, for England, where he will be consecrated Bishop of Upper Canada.

Quebec, June 15.

We received also by the Steamboat *St. George*, the *Montreal Herald*, and the *Courier* of yesterday morning: in the last of these papers we find the following paragraph:—

"Reports multiply of the preparations making by the refugees and sympathizers in the adjoining States, as well as disaffected in the provinces for another outbreak. We shall see, that's all."

St. John, N. B., June 22.

Launched, on Thursday, from the Ship Yard of Mr. John Haws, in Portland, the superior copper fastened ship *Intrinsic*, of about 500 tons, owned by John Wishart, Esq. of this city. We are informed that the workmanship, materials, and model of the *Intrinsic* fully entitle her to the appellation of a splendid vessel.

WESLEYAN DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

HALIFAX, JULY 1st, 1839.

THE ANNUAL Meeting of the Preachers in this District, which was postponed from its usual time of meeting, is expected to commence to-morrow. The whole of the brethren have not yet arrived, sufficient time having scarcely elapsed for their journey from the distant stations since they received intimation. The Rev. R. Alder, one of the General Secretaries, is expected from Canada this week, with several of the ministers from the New Brunswick District. Till these arrive we cannot publish the plan of preaching appointments, but we may just observe, that the present arrangement is—

Preaching every morning in the Lower Chapel, at 6, A. M., and in the evenings at half past 7, P. M.; at the Upper Chapel, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and at the Lower, on Tuesday, and Thursday evenings. The Rev. W. E. Shenstone will preach this evening at the Upper Chapel. Sermons were preached yesterday by the Rev. Messrs. Temple, Knight, Crocombe, Wilson, Davis and DeWolf.

The following is the arrangement for preaching during the week:—

Monday evening, Upper Chapel, Rev. W. E. Shenstone.
 Tuesday Morning, Lower Chapel, Rev. J. Buckley.
 " Evening, Lower Chapel, Rev. W. Bennett.
 Wednesday morning, Lower Chapel, Rev. J. M. Murray.
 " Evening, Upper Chapel, Rev. H. Pope.
 Thursday Morning, Lower Chapel, Rev. C. DeWolf.
 " Evening, Lower Chapel, Rev. W. Smith.
 Friday, Morning, Lower Chapel, Rev. A. W. M'Leod.
 " Evening, Upper Chapel, Rev. W. Temple.
 Saturday Morning, Lower Chapel, Rev. W. E. Shenstone.
 The arrangements for Sabbath next are not completed.
 The Missionary Meeting for the District, will be held on Monday evening next, in the Upper Chapel, Brunswick St.

New Brunswick Conference.

Stations of the Wesleyan Missionaries in the New Brunswick District for the ensuing year.

1. *St. John, South, (Germain Street, &c.)* Richard Williams, Frederick Smallwood; Stephen Bamford, Albert Desbrisay, William Murray, *Supernumeraries.*
2. *St. John, North, (Portland, &c.)* Enoch Wood.

3. *Fredericton.*
 4. *Sheffield.*
 5. *Mill-Ton.*
 6. *St. Stephen.*
 7. *St. Andrew.*
 8. *Westmount.*
 9. *Petitcod.*
 10. *Bridgetown.*
 11. *Annapolis.*
 12. *Sussex.*
 13. *Miramichi.*
 14. *Woodville.*
 15. *Island.*
 16. *Bathurst.*
- ARTHUR M. TEMPLE, W. M. ENOCH WOOD.

The Annual Missionaries and were co-ordinaries, to business of the usual every evening ministers, a congregation. The circuit prosperous ingly so. two subject of the Missionary Society's Missionary Resolution. That, condition of remote parts which present available members of the additional visitation Newfound. Concern solution for gratitude to and present. Resolved pleasure to and resolve immediately from Halifax. The following Missionary St. John Rev. John van; Br Grave, R George E Pelican, o ingale; E Rev. The W. Spragham Mar. On W Meeting ciety was Esq. pre

3. *Frederickton*,—Richard Shepherd, William Leggett.
 4. *Sheffield and Gagelown*,—Sampson Busby.
 5. *Mill-Town*,—William Smithson.
 6. *St. Stephen's and St. David's*,—Michael Pickles, Joseph F. Bent.
 7. *St. Andrew's*,—To be supplied as per district arrangements.
 8. *Westmoreland*,—Henry Daniel, Wesley C. Beals.
 9. *Petitcodiac*,—Samuel M'asters.
 10. *Bridgetown and Aylesford*,—George Johnson, Peter Sleep.
 11. *Annapolis and Digby*,—George Miller.
 12. *Sussex Vale*,—George M. Barratt.
 13. *Miramichi*,—Wm. Temple, Humphrey Pickard.
 14. *Woodstock*,—Richardson Douglass.
 14. *Island of Grand Manan*,—To be visited by the Visiting Missionary.
 16. *Bathurst*,—Samuel D. Rice.
- ARTHUR M'NUTT, Visiting Missionary to the District.
WM. TEMPLE, Chairman.
ENOCH WOOD, Secretary.

Newfoundland Conference.

The Annual District Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionaries commenced its sittings on the 23d ult., and were continued until the 4th inst.—all the Missionaries, twelve in number, were present, and the business of the mission was gone through according to the usual form. Sermons were preached almost every evening by one or other of the Wesleyan ministers, and were listened to by large and attentive congregations.

The circuits generally were reported to be in a prosperous state, and some of them very encouragingly so. During the District sittings, there were two subjects which specially engaged the attention of the Missionaries—1st,—The extension of the Society's Mission in this colony,—secondly,—The celebration of the approaching Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism. Respecting the former, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted:—

That, considering the lamentably destitute condition of many settlements both in the rear and remote parts of the island,—the favourable openings, which present themselves, with the ample funds now available for the extension of our Missions—the members of this board earnestly request that three additional visiting Missionaries may be appointed to Newfoundland, with as little delay as possible.

Concerning the Centenary of Methodism, the Resolution following was passed with feelings of lively gratitude to the great Head of the Church, for the past and present prosperity of this form of Christianity.

Resolved,—That this meeting hail with peculiar pleasure the centenary year of Wesleyan Methodism, and resolves to take measures for its celebration immediately on the return of our respected chairman from Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The following are the stations of the Wesleyan Missionaries, for the year ending 1839-40:—

St. John's, Rev. Wm. Faulkner; Harbour Grace, Rev. John Snowball; Carbonear, Rev. John Pickavant; Brigus, Rev. James G. Hennigar; Port-de-Grave, Rev. Ingham Sutcliffe; Blackhead, Rev. George Ellidge; Island Cove, Rev. James England; Pelican, one to be sent; Trinity, Rev. Adam Nightingale; Bonavista, Rev. John S. Adley; Buring, Rev. Thomas Angwin; Grand Bank, Rev. Samuel W. Sprague; Hermitage Bay and Westward, William Marshall, Visiting Missionary.

On Wednesday evening, May, 29th, the Annual Meeting of the St. John's Auxiliary Missionary Society was held in the Wesleyan Chapel. Robert Job, Esq. presided on the occasion, and having opened

the business of the meeting with an appropriate speech, called upon the Rev. W. Faulkner to read the Report, which contained an abstract of the Wesleyan Missions in different parts of the world, and in Newfoundland particularly—which report being read, was ordered to be printed. A series of Resolutions was then submitted to the meeting, and highly interesting Addresses delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Pickavant, Snowball, Ellidge, Nightingale, Faulkner, Angwin, Sutcliffe, England, Marshall, and J. B. Bulley, Esq. The meeting was conducted in excellent spirit until 10 o'clock, P. M., when a collection was made in aid of the funds of the Society, amounting to £20 15s., which, with the contents of the Missionary boxes presented on the occasion, and £1 sterling from the relict of the late W. Johnson, Esq., renders the proceeds of this Anniversary, £29 15s. 4d.

The Rev. William Marshall has been appointed to commence a new Mission in Hermitage Bay and the Western part of the Island, and sailed for the place of his destination on Saturday last.

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday evening, 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. John Moir, to Miss Drucilla, eldest daughter of the late Captain James Bowden, of this town.

On Tuesday, 25th ult. by the Rev. Charles Churchill, Mr. Roland Morton, of Cornwallis, to Joanna, daughter of Mr. David Starr.

On Tuesday 23d ult. by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. William Moir, to Miss Sophia Lovett, of this place.

At Windsor, on the 5th of June, by the Rev. W. C. King, Mr. David Reid, merchant of that place, to Rebecca Ruth Goudge, daughter of the late Alexander Goudge, of Halifax.

At St. Luke's Church, Annapolis Royal, on 6th inst. by the Rev. Edward Gilpin, Mr. James Runciman, merchant, to Miss Mary Adelaide, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Simeon Dwight Ruggles.

At Truro, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. W. McCulloch, Mr. Isaac Jackson, of Charlotte-town, P. E. I. to Jane, daughter of Mr. J. Hughes, of Salmon River.

At Amherst, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, Edward, eldest son of Mr. Joseph Morse, to Cynthia, eldest daughter of Mr. Cornelius Bowles.

At Cornwallis, on the 12th ult. Mr. Judson D. Harris, to Miss Sophia Adelaide, fourth daughter of Mr. David Eaton, all of that place.

On Tuesday evening, 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Willis, Dennis Hefferan, second son of the late Patrick Hefferan, to Mrs. Ann Archard, of this town.

At Windsor, June 5th, by the Rev. William Webb, Mr. David Scott, to Miss Jane Thompson.

DEATHS.

On Monday the 17th June, at his residence in Horton, Mr Luther Cleveland, in the 81st year of his age. The deceased was a respectable inhabitant, a good neighbour, a kind husband and father,—and a sincere christian. His end was peace.

On Friday morning, after an illness of seventeen years and 5 months, Christiana Scott, wife of James Scott, of this town, aged 50 years.

At Windsor, on the 5th inst. Jannet, relict of the late James Christy, in the 78th year of her age.

At St. John, N. B. on 9th ult. Mr. Benjamin Davidson, aged 59. Mr. D. was a native of Horton, N. S.; he removed to that place in 1824, and bore an exemplary christian character. He has left a wife and four children to lament the loss of an affectionate husband and tender parent.

AUCTION.

EXTENSIVE EVENING BOOK SALE.

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ON THE PROBABLE DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.—
Dr. Caspar, of Bertin, in his valuable work, entitled
"Derwahrscheinliche Lebensdauer, &c., 1835, after
having examined the current opinions as to the
average duration of human life, and as the most
satisfactory method of ascertaining such a result,
announces his own doctrine in the following pro-
position:—

The proportion of births to the population in any
place expresses almost exactly the medium of aver-
age duration of life there.

Dr. Caspar treats pretty fully on the influence of
pursuits and occupations on the duration of human
life; and from his inquiries it appears that clergy-
men are, on the whole, the longest, and medical men
are the shortest lived. The different classes may
be arranged, in respect to longevity, as follows:—

	Medium Longevity.
Clergymen	65 years
Merchants	62 do.
Clerks	61 do.
Farmers	62 do.
Military men	51 do.
Lawyers	59 do.
Medical men	56 do.

Another important agent or influence on the pro-
bable duration of life is marriage. It is proved by
the researches of our author, that the marriage state
is favourable to longevity, and especially in refer-
ence to the male sex.

The influence of poverty and destitution in short-
ening the medium duration of life is well known.
Dr. Caspar gives some tables of mortality which
prove the sad contrast in this respect between the
poor and the affluent. From these it would seem
that the medium age of the nobility in Germany may
be stated at about 50 years, whereas that of the
paupers is as low as 32 years.

The last chapter of the work treats of the influence
of the fecundity of a population upon its mortality.
Dr. Caspar shows, by a vast number of documents,
that "the mortality in any population is always in
exact ratio to its fecundity," or in other words,
"the more prolific the people are, the greater, usually,
is the mortality among them."

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.—Two gentlemen were once
disputing on the divinity of Christ. One of them,
who argued against it, said, "If it were true, it cer-
tainly would have been expressed in more clear and
unequivocal terms." "Well," said the other, "ad-
mitting that you believed it, were authorized to teach
it, and allowed to use your own language, how would
you express the doctrine to make it indubitable?" "I
would say," replied the first, "that Jesus Christ is
the true God." "You are very happy," rejoined the
other, "in the choice of your words: for you have
happened to hit upon the very words of inspiration.
St. John, speaking of the Son, says, 'This is *the
true God and eternal life.*'"

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Halifax, 20th May, 1839. ROBERT D. DEWOLF.

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