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## There is a Land of Rest.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

There is a land of rest,  
Of undisturb'd repose;  
Where the pure river of the blessing  
Through flowery pastures flows;  
Where all is joyous calm,  
And odorous perfume,  
And the reclining victor's palm  
Is evermore in bloom.

No throbbing breast is there,  
No agonizing smart;  
No forehead wrinkled by despair,  
Nor madly aching heart;  
No lonely, low drawn sighs,  
Nor sorrow's hopeless tears,  
Rolling from dim and languid eyes,  
No grief for fourscore years.

No fierce and lawless flash  
Of young and headlong sin,  
No war-word, with its reeking gash,  
Nor battle's horrid din;  
No death to rend the ties  
Of dear and hallowed love,  
Nor cloud o'er curtaining the skies.  
That smile in peace above.

Then let the tempest roar,  
And waste its puny strife;  
In heaven the thunder rolls no more,  
The conflict ends with life.  
O gallantly all wild we stem!  
Let courage man thy breast!  
There is a victor's diadem,  
There is a land of rest.

Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

## A Frightened Disciple.

He was frightened by a cloud! The precious privileges of the Sabbath would commence in an hour or two. But that cloud! It did not look good natured. There was no thunder or lightning about it, but then there might be water, and if there was, and if it should let the dwellers below know it by an actual descent of the drops, and he should happen to be one of the number, how lamentable? He was wet! It was a terrific thought. He read of an ancient disciple who was "a night and a day in the deep," and a good soaking he must have got by it. And he was not frightened either. It would take more than that was in all the ocean to frighten him. But the danger, now pressing either, of a little sprinkling, did the work for the man I am noticing, and therefore I do not think a man could pitch a biscuit over the moral distance between him and Paul.

A supposition frightened him. The hour of prayer was approaching. It was high time to go, but his position started up like a serpent out of the grass. "I may be called on to pray. I do not feel like it. I do not think I could offer a prayer in my present state. My heart does not sympathize in such a business. I believe I will not go." The supposition stalked like a frightful spectre before him. It palsied his purpose, and his seat was vacant at the meeting for prayer. I believe many have been frightened from such meetings in the same way. I should like to see a group of them give, each in his turn, his views of the passage, "Men ought always to pray and not faint."

Hard words gave our disciple a fright—Wicked men know how to use this species of artillery against the faithful, and the disciple in my eye had tried on him. And I was sad at the result. It made him droop. He was evidently alarmed, for he took some things back, both true and good, which he had said, and shrunk from doing others which the Bible and conscience both urged him to do. I wish he could have had a campaign with Paul. Hard words, like that upon steel, did but strike out the fire in the good old soldier's soul; they roused him as nettles would a lion, not to give hard words back again, but to love and pray the more for his enemies, and to go the more zealously onward in his Master's cause. If hard words could have frightened Paul, he would have been in a fright the most of the days of his Christian life; but I will thank him that he did not strike out the fire in which they gave him alarm.

A proposed charitable collection gave our disciple something of a fright. It was thought that he bore such a relation to one who had sent him word that "it was more blessed to give than to receive," and who had set the example of the blessedness of giving. It was thought that he would have felt that such a relation to such a Giver would have made charitable giving a very pleasant affair and that there could have been nothing frightful about it. But it seems that any blessedness in giving, to say nothing about more, was not a matter he well understood, and the example of his Lord, it was not his, but a very small pair of wings would suffice to carry so small and empty a soul from the regions of benevolence.—N. Y. Evangelist.

our successors must gird on the holy armor which we lay by, and proceed to battle and to victory. Thus the marshalled hosts of the Lamb will be kept on the glorious field of action, from generation to generation, till our brethren in the distant years shall about the final conquest of redeeming grace, and we and our children, it may be, will stand on the battlements of the New Jerusalem, and behold the ripened fields, and the heaped harvest, and our children, jubilee, and shout the harvest home. Now is the day of toil and it may be, of sorrow not a little; but there will be rest for us, when the war cry and battle note shall have given place to the sweet harmonious songs of heaven. We should be encouraged by the consideration that the Church of God is more than equal to all her foes, and that she will hold her position amid the threatening elements of sin, and the ravages of time, and while generation after generation of our race are borne to their final destinations, she will continue to raise her stately front upon the peerless mount of her own beauties without a spot upon her garments, or a wound that has not been fully healed by the covenant blood. From this glorious mount she throws the radiance of her smiles from sea to sea, and from mountain top to mountain top, and far along the distant waves, even to the ends of the earth. And now, if the moral heaven are brightening in the distance, and the stream of salvation is widening in its course, and gathering in the multiplied millions of the sons of grace, as it rolls to mingle its pellucid waters with the great ocean of heaven's bliss, if the bow of God's ancient promise shines with increasing lustre on the dark retreating vapors of the angry storm-cloud, that has so long hung in fearful portent in the bosom of the moral world; and if the signs give evidence of a brighter day for the Church, and for the generations to come, to God be all the glory; to us and our children, and the succeeding generations of our fallen race, the boundless bliss! Amen.—Wes. Chris. Advocate.

to the world's end rather than to be interdicted. Then comes a letter of the Priest to his Bishop, dated the 24th, August 1855, showing that difficulties had already begun then, and that he was entreating mercy on such considerations as these:—

"By turning me out of my settlement, you destroy it. More than nine-tenths of the settlers care here to live near me; by striking me you strike them. Where will you find a Priest who will leave that people so much as I have—so much that every year \$1,000 or \$2,000, or so many acres? It is at the price of so many sacrifices that with the poorer class of emigrants from Canada I have formed here, in four years, a settlement which cannot be surpassed, not even equalled in the United States, for its progress, and now that I have expended my last cent to form that colony you turn me out of it! Our fine College, where 150 boys are receiving so good an education, will be closed the very day I start. You know well that the good teachers I got from Montreal will go away the same day that I leave this place! And our female Academy is also closed by my departure. Ah! if you are merciful for the Priest of St. Ann's, have mercy at least on these poor, dear little children. I would rather die than see them running again through the streets, destroying their intelligence. Let them, then, finish my work here, and give me time to strengthen these young institutions, which will fall to the ground with me."

9. The only answer to this letter, a few days later, was that the Bishop of Chicago threw away, and had interdicted, to put on the walls of my Chapel a paper (not signed by him) saying that I was excommunicated for having despised the orders and censures of my Bishop.

10. The greatest Catholic Theologians tell us that a Priest unjustly struck with excommunication can continue to exercise his ministry among the people who know the injustice of the sentence.

11. Those who know what dreadful and scandalous abuse a number of Popes and Bishops have made of the power of excommunicating, know that the Church was inspired by the Holy Ghost, when she said to the Priest and to the people thus oppressed, to despise the sentence of those who have thrown away, and had interdicted, to put on the walls of the bottom of their hearts.

Father Chiniquy goes on to contrast the doings of the Hierarchy with the teachings of the Gospel.

13. But Jesus Christ never said, "I send you to be and to there; and those who shall despise your living words, and shall be exposed to your excommunications, you shall curse them, and they shall be cursed by me; and that those who despise you by this shall be despised by me."

14. Jesus Christ never said to His Apostles, "I send you to preach the Gospel to the poor; and the first thing you shall do will be to build a fine Marble Palace, and when you have not sufficient money to do this, you will sell the Churches which you have built; you will carry of their properties which they have gained by the sale of their brooms; you will drive the priests from their humble dwellings, and you will sell those houses, and if the priest and people murmur you will excommunicate them, and to convince them that they are wrong you will quote this text of my gospel, 'he who despises you despises me.'"

After this he refutes, by documentary evidence, calumnies raised against him—one of which he traces to the Bishop of Quebec; another refutes some difficulty about the Church property of Martino, Illinois, in refutation of which, the syndics of the Church sign their name to a document, in which they say:—

"We have read with sentiments of surprise and profound confusion, the letter which the Bishop of Chicago addressed to the Bishop of Cydonia, dated 10th Nov. last. We believe it a duty on our part to say that the contents of that letter, with regard to the ground and the Church of Martino, are of tissue of falsehoods. It is true that we refused to give the title of the ground to the Bishop of Chicago, but it was solely because we had no confidence whatever in the honesty of Bishop O'Regan, and we took the determination, without having a single word before hand, either directly or indirectly, to the Bishop of Chicago's letter; he admits that voice so calm and benignant of Bishop O'Regan, and contrasted it with the blustering pomp of that which resounded in the papers for my defence. Bishop Laroseque has reason to fall into ecstasy. It is really admirable how a Bishop can lie with so much dignity, and publish with so much calmness the dreams of a troubled and sick imagination."

25. The conductor of Montreal does not like those noisy voices; nor I either. But he is ignorant of the laws of custom, that when the robber is in search of his prey on the highway, and seizes his victim, he makes the least noise possible. It is always the poor victim who screams, with all his might, 'murder! thief!' It is not always polite, but what is to be done? Custom will it is.

The awful exactions which weigh on the Catholics of Illinois, will soon bring, if there is not a prompt remedy, a crisis more terrible than that of which St. Ann's is the theatre. Do not imagine that the French Canadians are the only ones who groan and are oppressed. Amongst the Irish and German Catholics of Illinois, there is but one cry of indignation and of unresolvable complaint, at the sight of the public actions of the Bishop of Chicago.

A scene between the priest and the bishop is thus described:—

36. In the month of May, 1855, the Bishop of Chicago came to visit my colony. Seeing a poor little house of 30 by 25, that I got built at some short distance from the Chapel, the following conversation began between the Bishop and me.

Bishop—Whose house is this?  
Answer—It is mine, my Lord.  
B—And whose ground is it?  
A—That ground is mine.

B—With what money did you purchase this lot?  
A—With my money.  
B—You must give me this house.  
A—It is impossible, my Lord.  
B—I see that you are a bad Priest, as I was told, Mr. Chiniquy, since you resist your Bishop, and refuse to obey the orders he gives you to give him this property.  
A—I believe I have a right to keep this property around being a bad Priest.  
B—But the Church forbids you to own personal property.  
A—Do tell me in what council, and in what epoch the Church passed such a Law, and I will give you this house instantly.  
B—But if such a law is not passed, I shall soon make it pass.  
A—Against such insulting remarks we select the following, as illustrating in the inoffensive language of Father Chiniquy, the fearful iron despotism exercised by the higher towards the lower clergy, the latter being absolutely bound hands and feet in the most abject slavery:—

"The Bishops, in general, do not sufficiently consider what it is to suspend a Priest, or to deprive a Priest of his office, or to strip him of his honor—his character. It is making him the dog of society; it is worse than branding him with a hot iron; it is worse than taking his life; for who would not prefer losing his life to losing his honor?"

"The assassination of the Archbishop of Paris, is a frightful crime.  
"But there is, in a manner, a still greater crime. It is the degradation, the moral assassination of a good Priest, by the hands of a proud and ambitious Bishop.  
"The Archbishop of Paris, falling at the foot of the altar, under the steel of an assassin, descends into the tomb honored—his soul united to Jesus Christ, ascends to Heaven; his fate is, in a manner, worthy of envy.  
"But the poor Priest, struck with suspension! Ah! what will become of him? The laughing stock of the impious, the children's jest, the scandal of the people! He has no place in society; death for him would be a favor; he calls for it most ardently.  
"And when we think that numbers of excellent Priests are thus struck every year, on empty suspicions, on accusations without proof, and still more often for having spoken, with dignity, the truth to a Bishop!—  
"Some will say, perhaps the Priest thus struck with suspension, has he not the right to appeal to his Archbishop?  
"Ah! for God's sake, do not force me to say what I know of these appeals to the Archbishops. To the Pope even!  
"I know that this priest has been unjustly stricken," said a Bishop lately, "but it would give too great a blow to the administration of my predecessor if I re-establish this Priest." And the priest is left with the stroke of the interdiction, and this Bishop is still living—passes for a great saint in his diocese.  
"I believe that the Episcopacy is a Divine institution, but I do not believe that this Divine institution gives to any one the power to put himself above justice, truth, and God; and how many worthy Priests do I say in secret, what I do say here publicly!"

"I had a wish to express to Father Chiniquy, it is that he might seek shelter from the persecutions of the Hierarchy, in the freedom of the Gospel, and throw off the degrading claims of Rome. The issue has been raised with the Hierarchy levelling in spite of his professed attachment to the church of his youth and of his balcony days, no other alternative but to submit in abject humiliation, or to allow himself to be cast overboard. May his trial lead him to see that he can become a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, and yet at the same time be like our blessed Reformers, an outcast of Rome loaded with her curses.—Montreal Witness.

his cell into a retired apartment, and took from him several hundred florins in money, and all his manuscripts, leaving him only two books and his watch.—He was then thrown back into his dungeon. He still studied hard, trusting to his memory, as he was deprived of his writing materials. For eight years he rarely crossed the threshold, and then for the most part only to go to water to drink. For the next eight years he was less rigidly confined.—Study, which is his delight, he pursued without intermission. He has often been told that not one man in a hundred could bear up against what he has endured.

Zezule gives a sad account of the treatment of the patients among whom he is shut up. This one Cerwenka, a pianist, has taken more blows from Prior Von Hochberg, than four common men could bear, besides fasting for three days together.—The successor of Von Hochberg, one Lampe, often gave the wretched man the lash instead of his dinner, and no one dared to remonstrate.

The letters from which we have gathered these notices of a weak and patient sufferer for Jesus' sake, show that Z-zule is a Christian of the Bible stamp. He still lingers in this "durance vile," subject to indignity and cruel wrong.

We give some further particulars derived from the testimony of John E. Borzinsky, who after some seven months confinement in the same madhouse with Zezule, happily effected his escape last year. He states, that, as a bird, after being kept in a cage for more than twenty years, loses the power of flight, so poor Z-zule has almost lost the power to walk. He often says himself that he would be afraid to venture himself out of doors. He sits in a bed-gown, such as the same madhouse with Zezule, had been used for the insane. He has no clothes, no vest, no cravat; nothing under his bed-gown, but his shirt and linen drawers. The boots which he pulls on when he steps out into the garden, he brought with him into the prison. Hence they are more than twenty years old, and a marvelous cobbled specimen of holes and patches. In his cell he wears slippers, whose soles and inner linings are tied together with pack-thread. He has often petitioned for articles of clothing, but in vain. His cell is furnished with a table and two old chairs and a bedstead, mere antiquities from some old lumber-garret. On the table lie a few books, mostly French and Italian, covered from the dust by some old rag of a handkerchief. No candle is allowed him; and dark from four o'clock in the afternoon till his breakfast is brought next morning.—His food is generally bad, and often scarcely eatable. Little is said about him in the establishment, and his case is kept in the dark as much as possible. In cold weather he often complains, which is not strange, considering how scantily he is clothed. When he asks to be made warm, he is told to go to bed. The stove-door, after a little heat is produced, is soon fastened by the house-servant with a padlock. Most persons there avoid speaking with poor Z-zule, because he is a Protestant, and is regarded as a wicked and obdurate heretic. It is evident, from all his conversation, that he thinks, believes, feels, and prays in a thoroughly evangelical manner. Under all the injustice he suffers, God is his refuge and his strength. He cherishes the hope that by God's help he may yet be rescued from his grievous confinement through the efforts of evangelical Christians in Germany and England; he will not yield to despondency, though his shocking condition should be prolonged. He will not listen to any suggestion as to the recovery of freedom by turning back to the Romish Church; and he regards it as a very offensive impropriety when any such thing is intimated to him.

All this is done in the nineteenth century! Who can say that the wolf-like nature of Popery is changed, and that the sheep of Christ's flock are safe from her devouring jaws, when she has it in her power to make men prey? What Christian can do so sorrow does not bleed for this long suffering captive; shut up for so many years among hopeless lunatics! It is a wonder that his own intellect remains clear and sound under such protracted suffering. Let him be affectionately remembered at the throne of grace, "being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ." O, Lord! let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee!

Biographical.

ELEANOR PERRIN, the subject of this brief memoir was the daughter of Mr. George Perrin, at whose hospitable dwelling the Wesleyan ministers have for many years received a hearty welcome.

She was born at River John, in the year 1819, and having enjoyed the exalted privilege of the instruction and prayers of pious parents, was early induced to seek a saving interest in Jesus. In the twenty-first year of her age she obtained a clear evidence of pardon, and immediately united with the Wesleyan Society, in connection with which she, for years, retained the peace and the love of God. But through unwatchfulness the approving smile of God was removed, and although her amiability of character and christian deportment were such as gave no evidence of spiritual declension, yet the conscious loss frequently prompted an earnest desire that it might be with her as in the days when the candle of the Lord shone upon her, and when by his light she walked through darkness.

She was united in marriage to David Perrin, in the year 1845, and with him she enjoyed the domestic happiness which her urbanity was so well calculated to promote. Still the absence of that spiritual joy which had characterized her early christian experience was painfully realized until the Autumn of 1853, when He whose ways are not as our ways, and who affects the children of men for their profit, by removing one of her children to heaven, led her in deep contrition to consecrate her mourning soul to Christ, and through meditation, searching the scriptures and faithful prayer, she was enabled to confide in the merit of the atoning sacrifice, by which was effected a restoration to her disconsolate heart of a joyful assurance of acceptance with God.—Only a few months had passed after this happy change, when it was ascertained that a dreadful death awaited her. A cancer of the most painful kind was so deeply seated as to defy the skill of earthly physicians, but as the fatal disease progressed her earnest devotion to God increased, and frequently in company with her sorrowing husband she spent a large part of the night in prayer for a more copious baptism of the Holy Spirit. The proof that such a baptism was requisite to prepare her for the impending struggle was soon made painfully evident, for the enemy taking advantage of the weakness produced by excruciating pain, strongly tempted to distressing doubts of her preparation to meet God, which not having been at first resisted with sufficient firmness, prevailed, and the enemy rushed in, as a flood. Her blooming hopes of heaven vanished.—The troubled sea rolled high, and the towering waves broke with fearful violence over her trembling spirit. The fragile wreck appeared to be irresistibly borne towards the fatal gulf. But amid the raging storm a still small voice whispered of mercy.—

She turned her languid eye to Jesus, and as she gazed the dark clouds broke. The tempest's roar was hushed, and the fearful gloom passed off, and for her enraptured gaze from behind a frowning providence Christ revealed a smiling face. From that time under protracted suffering more painful than it has ever been our lot to witness, her spiritual strength increased daily until the hour of her happy release. After commending her four interesting children to God, she fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 21st of February, triumphing in the love of Christ.

During the hour of death, as mourning relatives surrounded her bed, while her countenance beamed with holy joy, she thus gave utterance to her delightful prospects.

"There is my house and portion here,  
My treasure and my heart are there  
And my abiding home."

"Open the gates! Open the gates! let every creature say Amen."

The deeply afflicted widower, and numerous relatives and friends do not sorrow for her as they who are without hope, but have committed her body to the tomb, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life."

"O may I triumph so  
When all my warfare's past,  
And by thy feet, O Lord, I tread  
Under my feet at last!"

A. B. BLACK.  
River John, March 14th, 1857.

MRS. S. YOUNG, DIGBY.

Died, at her residence, St. Mary's Digby, on the 7th of Feb. Mary D. the beloved wife of Mr. Stephen Young, and daughter of Mr. James Rice, of Annapolis N. S.—She was born on the 10th of Jan. 1816.—Her mother dying when she was but three months old, she was left to the care of her only surviving parent, who watched over her infancy and youth with pious solicitude, training her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In a note to the writer, her father states: "She was converted under the ministry of the Rev. Messrs Joll and Pickles, when about 15 years of age. She was one who feared the Lord from a child; and since the time of her conversion has been a constant member of the Methodist Church, and a steady follower of the Lord Jesus." On the 26th of Nov. 1845 she was married to Mr. Stephen Young of St. Mary's and removed with her husband to that place. Here she found Methodism in its infancy. St. Mary's had previously to this been visited occasionally by the Wesleyan Ministers, stationed on the Annapolis Circuit; and a small Society had been formed. Mrs. Y. immediately became one of its members. God has not only blessed them but multiplied their numbers so that in this and the adjacent settlements, North Range, and Bloombfield, we have now upwards of 50 members in Society and large and a tentative congregation to listen to the word of life. Last winter a gracious revival of Religion took place in St. Mary's, its influence extending to the above named Settlements, under the labours of my predecessor, the lamented CHAZLER, when many souls were brought to experience the power of saving grace, most of whom united with us in Church fellowship. Some we believe joined the Baptists. In this revival Mrs. Y. took a lively interest, and to active part, and was greatly blessed in so doing; as she has repeatedly stated.—Does she regret now that she strove by her prayers and by her influence to make the world better while she lived in it? Previously to this she had been appointed the leader of a class of pious females, to whom

## A Clerical Friend of Former Days.

Under this heading an interesting letter, appears in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for January, from the pen of the Rev. William Burt, formerly of Nova Scotia, now of Macleod's Island. It has been inscribed and handed to us by a friend, it is as follows:

In reading the Life of Captain Hedley Hays, I was not a little interested to find that it was in Halifax, Nova Scotia, under the excellent ministry of the Rev. Dr. Twining, that the Captain was brought to the enjoyment of the Divine favour. It may be recollected by some that Dr. Twining is the son of the Rev. Mr. Twining, who was for many years to our Societies in Nova Scotia, and a number of the Clergy in England were to Methodism in Mr. Wesley's day. He also had derived great benefit from his intercourse with the Wesleyan Missionaries, and never forgot to acknowledge it in the most affectionate manner. Of this excellent man writes the Rev. William Black of Nova Scotia, in the year 1805: "For several years the Rev. Mr. Twining, a Minister of the Established Church, and Missionary resident in Cornwallis, has once in three weeks preached in our Chapel at Horton, and frequently administered the Lord's Supper to our people. About five or six years ago, he was first brought to experience the converting grace of God, from which time he has not shunned to preach the necessity of regeneration, and warmly to press on the consciences of his hearers this and the other distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel. He has been frequently present at the meeting of the CLASS, when he has spoken, with much sweetness, humility, and thankfulness, of the grace of Jesus Christ, and of the Lord's dealings with his soul; and has sometimes met the Society himself. His attachment to the Methodists, and his plain manner of preaching the doctrines of the Gospel, have brought upon him much reproach and considerable trials, from some from whom much encouragement ought to have been expected." On my arrival in Nova Scotia, A. D. 1816, I was stationed on the Newport Circuit, where Mr. Twining had a church, in which he officiated one-half of his time. I had the honour of preaching in the church on the alternate Sabbath (once a day, at least) as often as I happened to be in that part of my Circuit. After this Mr. Twining removed to a new district in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, and when our Annual District-Meeting was held at that town, he invited all the Missionaries to breakfast at his hospitable abode. Never shall I forget that season of grace. His love to the Missionaries, and to the cause of Christ, was not only expressed in heavenly words, but also with many tears.

WILLIAM BURT.  
Macleod's Island, Nov. 7, 1856.

## The Example of Jesus.

A WORD TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Since the pathway of Christ was marked with tears and blood—and his was a life of incessant labor and toil—we will surely not complain of a little sacrifice once a week, that we may assist in the great work of training the expanding minds and susceptible hearts of the rising generation, for his kingdom and glory. Jesus, who is the prince of sufferers, has, for our sake, united the otherwise incompatible elements of happiness and misery, and made them harmoniously mingle in the Christian's cup; and he has, therefore, the joys of present grace to sustain him in his life of labors, as well as the prospect of that life where duty and suffering will give new crowns, and songs, and palms. What a thought is that for the faithful superintendent and teacher of the Sabbath school, while they are training the minds and hearts of their cherub bands to a just conception of the character of Christ, and of the plan of redemption, that when they shall stand on the Mount and Zion of our God, their sainted charge will gather around them, and with their triumphant joy, and the honored instruments of their elevation to society and companionship with angels!

Let us follow the example of our blessed Master, who went about doing good, and sought no respite from his toils, till they ended in the consummation of the scheme that redeemed our race, when he laid down his labors and his life together, and went up and resumed his ancient throne and crown, and the adoring songs of angels, and the louder and sweeter acclaim of ransomed sinners. His was a life of suffering and persecution, and he closed it in extreme agony, and in the midst of the taunts and insults of those for whom he so meekly laid it down. If some of his disciples forsake him, and others of them were dissatisfied with the progress of his career, he cheered on the faithful band, by referring them to the rising and ascending series of his kingdom, which he saw looming up in the distant future. He taught them to labor as if the final emancipation of the race, and conquest of the world to God, was to be accomplished in their day, and that they should not expect to be released from duty and from suffering till they rested with him in the mansions prepared for them in his Father's house above.

We do not expect, in our time, to see the rose blooming without the thorn, nor to see all the trees of the garden of the Lord bear down with the fruit of paradise, but we must prosecute the glorious warfare with a becoming zeal, and with Christian courage, till the captain of our salvation shall release us, and

## The Fireside.

It is within the bosom of their own families that men appear as they really are.—The mask must drop from the countenance at the fireside. All there all formally is thrown away, and all studied attitude is forgotten, as too cumbersome and oppressive for such a scene. So convinced was that shrewd and sagacious observer, John Newton, of this, that when he heard a friend, on one occasion, praising the character of another very highly, and appealing to him for his assent, he replied, "I should like to see him at his own fireside." And even at your own fireside, your conduct proves in a great degree the reflection and the confirmation of your counsels. Who can calculate the amount of beneficent moral influence that you may be privileged to shed around you! Far better this quiet sunshine, this dropping of the gentle dew of a holy life, in which every new day is just a new lesson in goodness, than exciting dramatic scenes got up in a household, as if to carry the individual's conversion by storm. Look at that Cornelius, and behold the reward and the fruit of his piety in "the devout soldier that waited on him continually." And we ourselves have received the testimony of servants in this very city, that the Sabbath evening instructions of a master first impressed their minds with the supreme importance of religion, and that the earnestness of a master's family prayers, illustrated by his "holy conversation coupled with prayer," won them over effectually and forever from the world to God.—Dr. A. Thompson.

## Father Chiniquy and the Hierarchy.

This remarkable French Canadian Priest proves a hard case for his ecclesiastical superiors. Episcopal excommunication, interdiction, and anathemas, have failed of their wonted effects, with a man of popular, so eloquent, and so energetic. He is not put down yet, and hundreds of French Canadians adhere still to him, in spite of the thunders of the Hierarchy. The priest has used freely the secular press in self-defence, an innovation particularly offensive to his Church. The importance of his case demands that we should publish some extracts of his last letter, when appeared in the Montreal Herald.

After stating that the harsh words applied to him by Bishops do not frighten him, and that he is persecuted for the sake of truth, Father Chiniquy goes on with a list of Forty-nine statements in self-justification. The first four impugn the veracity of Bishop O'Regan, as follows.

1. That the Bishop of Chicago did not suspend me on the 19th of August; I left him with all my powers. He published the contrary, I know; but it is a mistake on his part. I leave to God to judge if that error comes from the mind, the heart or his imagination.

2. The Bishop of Chicago having let me return with my powers of Priesthood, I again leave it to God to make known the motives which led him to publish, three days after, in the neighboring churches, that I had been suspended, when such a sentence had never been signified to me, neither by writing nor verbally.

3. I am ready to prove, by the most irrefragable witnesses, and by writings signed by his own hand, that it is nothing uncommon with the Bishop of Chicago to say things contrary to what they are. Leaving always to God to judge if those errors are wilful or not.

4. I did not at all revolt against the Bishop of Chicago, when on the 19th of August, he signified that he would suspend me in a fortnight, if I did not accept of another mission. I spoke to him with firmness, most undoubtingly; but I take God to witness that I said nothing against the respect due to my Bishop. I asked him for my *exeat*, he refused it me; I then told him that the Church allowed me to remain where I was, in the sanctuary of a private life, he could not suspend me but at the expiration of a fortnight. I meant to enjoy this privilege. On heeded knees at his feet, I then entreated him to grant me eight weeks, instead of a fortnight, that I might have time to finish my *laureat*; but all was useless. I then told him that I preferred going

## Papish Persecution.

We take the following account from a late number of the American Christian Union. It is one case of many on the continent of Europe. Popery is the same in the nineteenth century as in the fourteenth:—

Of all living men, perhaps there is not one who is so fully entitled to the compassion and the prayers of the people of God, as poor Joachim Zezule.

For twenty-three years, he has been confined in the mad-house of the Brothers of Mercy at Prague, in Bohemia. Without the slightest ground for it, he is shut up with a madman; and during all this long time, he has been treated in a most brutal and unchristian manner. Years ago Dr. Nowotny, of Petersheim, heard many things which seemed incredible to him, respecting Zezule. In February of 1854, Hanka, a doctor in medicine, and an ex-member of the order of Brothers of Mercy, went to Petersheim, where he heard the Protestant Christian Union secured Dr. Nowotny in the most solemn manner, that the alleged lunatic was not at all insane; but was a very intelligent, discreet, and friendly man, who, besides other languages, was perfectly acquainted with the French and Italian, and for many years had studied them with unwearied diligence in his dungeon. The original cause of his confinement, as Dr. Hanka had always understood, was merely that he could not put up with the employment of cook-maids by the superiors of the convent; that he had sharply rebuked their licentiousness, and that he had embraced liberal sentiments in religious matters. He might, possibly, have been liberated before this; but they said, if he were let out, he could disclose much of their "swinishness." And so this innocent man is doomed to a tedious life and a dreary death.

He was shut up in the cloister of the Brothers of Mercy at Prague. He was then thirty-three years old. He was pronounced insane, and was put in close confinement. This allegation of insanity was made merely to cover the iniquity of the incarceration.

In his prison he spent sixteen hours a day in the study of Italian, and his devotions.—He was at one time put into solitary confinement, and kept for fourteen days on coarse bread and plate of soup. The few clothes he had he was obliged to wash himself, and for five years the convent never gave him a shirt. For want of light he broke his wash-basin, and begged for another, to be paid out of his beer-money. Instead of this they led him half-naked from

## Moravianism and Methodism.

During the night we pass Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the Leeds of Austria. I strained my eyes in vain to see the honest face of one of the Moravian brethren, but saw nothing save here and there a dimly burning light, and heard naught but the monotonous rumbling of the heavy machinery in the adjoining woolen factories. It was not until the morning that I heard of the great numbers, having at an early day been driven out by the bitter persecutions of the Jesuits. Under the auspices of Count Zendorf, a Saxon nobleman, they established a colony at Herhut, where John Wesley visited them in 1838, and learned "the way of God more perfectly."

Moravianism was the first, and John Wesley the steel, which first elicited the spark of Methodism. The opposition of the English Church blew it into a flame. We now gaze upon the wide-spreading conflagration that is sweeping over the western continent, and has kindled up its beacon fires in far-off lands and distant islands, till it has well nigh girt the globe with a sea of flame, and exclaim, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Methodism seems destined to a glorious immortality. You can not burn her out for she herself is a flame of fire. Or if you could, Peter-like she would rise from the ashes. I only apprehend danger from one quarter. She has a great, noble heart, and sometimes she permits its generous impulses to run away with her head. If Methodism ever dies a natural death, her disease, I predict, will be an enlargement of the heart.—W. Chr. Advocate.

THE SINNER is always in the power of God. He can direct a thousand arrows upon his exposed head, and open an infinite variety of channels for the entrance of sin. All resources are His—heaven and earth, wind and hail, storm and tempest, death, and plague, and pestilence, are all his servants, and are ever on hand.

## A Sympathising Saviour.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." What a rich store of comfort for weary, sorrowing hearts, is contained in these few words! None, however, can appreciate their exceeding preciousness, but those who have learned to carry their trials and sorrows to the feet of Jesus. In every attribute of his character our Lord is infinitely glorious, but to the children of God, who are called to pass through deep waters of affliction, it is peculiarly pleasant to know that they have not only an almighty, but also a sympathising Saviour.

Are we poor? Our Lord in stations to benefit all around us, and in return received only contempt and ingratitude? During his life "He was despised and rejected of men," and in his last hours, mocked by those for whose sakes "He poured out his soul unto death." Are we tempted of evil? "He was in all points tempted as we are." Do we see before us calamity and suffering? Our Saviour said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I strained until it be accomplished?" and prayed that if it were possible, the cup might pass from him.

Are we bereaved? Jesus wept at Lazarus' tomb. Are we called to endure great physical or mental suffering? He suffered death in his most painful forms; and in addition to his bodily anguish, he bore the weight of our transgressions. Oh! if indeed a blessed thought, that in every trial and sorrow, we may go for comfort and support to one who by experience understands human grief, to one who has been baptized with baptism of sorrow and made perfect through suffering.—N. Y. Observer.

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Examination at the Mount Allison Academy.

We have taken some pains to secure information upon which we can depend as correct in regard to the late examination at the above named institution; which, owing to a press of work in our office at the time, we were unable to attend.

Provincial Legislature.

We do not find in the secular papers any summaries of Parliamentary intelligence. Little business we presume will be transacted until the leading members of Government have returned.

Articles are lumber and brick. Of the former 120,410 feet were carried. The number of the latter conveyed was 10,650.

A bill was read at the Court of Sessions, before the Grand Jury yesterday, to incorporate a Company for the construction of another Suspension Bridge to cross the river St. John.

With their domestic concerns, unless this shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation, and avoiding entangling alliances.

Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, March 25th.

At Fort Hood, C.B. on the 18th inst. ADA ELLER, fourth daughter of W. Blanchard, Esq.

New Advertisements. WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM, Halifax, N.S., March 18th, 1857.

General Intelligence.

Domestic. THE DEAF AND DUMB.—The petition lately presented to the House of Assembly for aid in the establishment of an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in this Province, stated, among other facts connected with the subject, that there are less than 250 of this afflicted class within the Province of Nova Scotia.

Colonial.

THE QUEBEC CHRONICLE says.—We regret to learn that Mr. Zimmerman, the Canadian Railway millionaire, is among the number killed.

United States.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S Inaugural Address was delivered at Washington on the 4th inst.—It is not a very lengthy document.

Marriages.

At Windsor, on the 18th inst., by Rev. Roland Merrett, M. G. P., a native of Windsor, Scotland, the daughter of the late Mr. John Hart, of Halifax, N.S.

Deaths.

At Antigonish, on the 12th inst., after a long and tedious illness, which was borne with calm resignation to the divine will, Mrs. ANNE, widow of the late Major John Smith, aged 72 years.

Commercial.

Halifax Markets. Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, March 25th.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX. ARRIVED. WEDNESDAY, March 19.

Windsor Sail Loft.

THE Subscriber having lately discovered a partnership with Mr. William Hartigan in the business for some time past carried on at Windsor, Nova Scotia, by the Merchants, Traders and Shipbuilders of the County of Halifax, who will continue to do business as of old.

E. Billing jr. & Co.

TO announce that in connection with the extension of their premises, the

Boys' Winter Coats.

THE STOCK OF Winter Vests and Pants, is on the same scale of variety and extent as the foregoing.

Choice Religious Books.

BOOKS THAT WILL SELL AND DO GOOD. CAUGHEY'S REVIVAL MISCELLANIES. The Forty-first number of this series, containing a selection of the most interesting and useful sermons, &c. &c. published by the Rev. J. M. Caughey, is now ready for sale.

Wesleyan Conference Office.

LETTERS AND MONIES RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST. (The current volume is from No. 364 to 416.)

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Wesleyan Bazaar.

THE LADIES connected with the Wesleyan Society, in connection with St. John's, purpose (D. V.) holding a BAZAAR, early in the evening of the 20th inst., for the purpose of raising funds for the completion of the Church now in course of erection.

Blankets, Flannels, Sheetings!

AT THE ALBION HOUSE! Open on Monday, Dec. 1.

Wesleyan Bazaar.

THE LADIES connected with the Wesleyan Society, in connection with St. John's, purpose (D. V.) holding a BAZAAR, early in the evening of the 20th inst., for the purpose of raising funds for the completion of the Church now in course of erection.

