

# 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, AUGUST 26, 1839.

NUMBER 15.

## Original Poetry.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

"The wise shall inherit glory."

Whilst pond'rous towers, the records of the past  
Are worn by time, or prove the worm's repast  
With all the wenders of the wondrous page,  
Forgotten are, or rendered dull by age:  
Whilst shields and swords and coronets shall rust,  
And Fame's proud temples moulder into dust:  
The warrior's plumes to time have fallen a prey,  
And patriot's laurels long have known decay,  
The man of God who spent a life of zeal,  
And toils unwearied, for his brethren's weal,  
Shall, blazon'd forth, survive the wreck of years  
The hero's conquests, and his famed compeers.

Tho' with a cold reluctance, in the throng,  
Mayhap some plaudits as he mov'd along  
Succeeding times alone the waste repairs,  
And, shorn of envy, to do justice, dares,  
Those holy gifts which on the altar burned  
Till the worn body to the dust return'd,  
Shall show, through time, on history's faithful page,  
The patriot pure—the philanthropic sage,  
So lives recorded WESLEY'S honor'd name,  
In all the freshness of immortal fame,  
Who, as he lived above the world, expired,  
By all the martyr's heavenly rapture fired,  
Not wearied out, but worn by rolling time,  
He set, to rise in glorious light sublime—  
He slept, to wake to triumphs ever new,  
And those rewards his faith had kept in view—  
His Master's gracious plaudit to partake,  
With all who toiled and suffered for His sake.

Tho' grateful thousands, whom his labours bless,  
Have followed onward to their peaceful rest,  
Increase of years, increase his spreading fame,  
With those who love his venerated name:  
Nor forgotten, they who with him shared  
The toils and sufferings, self-denial dared,  
And who, by the same hallowed ardour fired,  
Maintained the truth, and in its cause expired,  
Whose names 'mong men, tho' written great or rare,  
Shall live recorded in the Book of Life!

August 26, 1839.

## Narrative.

THE WATCHMAKER AND HIS FAMILY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

It was Saturday night: the clock had struck eleven:—we took leave of our friends, and directed our steps homeward. After passing through several streets we turned into a narrow lane: all was silent and dark except one low narrow window. "There," said I, "perhaps some poor mechanic, already tired with the labour of the day, still endeavours to increase his trifling pittance."

(To be continued.)

"Let us stop and see," said my companion. It was not difficult; for the house was an old-fashioned structure, built when the level of the ground was lower than at present; so that passengers easily saw what was passing within.

When we came opposite the window, we saw a middle-aged man at his work table, finishing one of the movements of a time-piece. His tool slipped, and the work was spoiled. He repeated the attempt, and again he was unsuccessful. A slight and momentary expression of trouble appeared upon his countenance, but the cloud soon passed away: he clasped his hands, and looked upward, while his lips moved as if uttering a short and fervent prayer;—the expression of trouble disappeared; he resumed his labour. In a few minutes he looked at the hour, and seeing it was now midnight, laid aside his work: then removing the lamp to a table in another part of the room, he took a book and began to read it. Presently he closed it, and kneeling down, prayed earnestly. Afterward, resuming his seat, he was for a short time engaged in meditation; and then, taking up the lamp, he left the room.

"There goes one of your godly ones, said my companion, walking on. "I am sure he is one of that sort."

"May be so, but did not you observe his patience, although he repeatedly failed in his work? Did you mark the expression of his countenance? It indicated trouble, but not anger or vexation."

"Yes, it was a peculiar expression, very different from that of workmen in general when an accident befalls them. I could not but observe it. The man seems poor, but there is something very decent and even respectable about him. But what could be the reason why he left off without finishing the movement?"

"Did you not see it was twelve o'clock? The Lord's day—the day of rest from worldly cares—has begun."

"Well, this is being righteous overmuch! If he went to church as usual, surely it could be no matter whether he worked half an hour longer to finish what he was about, or not: the man has to support his family. This is one of the mistakes about religion."

"I differ from you. I cannot blame the utmost strictness in endeavouring to do the will of God. Surely no man can be righteous overmuch in doing as the Bible directs him."

"But what harm would it have been if this poor

man had worked an hour or two longer? He must have some reason for being so late at his work: perhaps his wife or children are ill."

"He thinks that he ought first to obey the commands of God; and he is sure that God will not allow him to suffer for obeying his will."

"Then you suppose that he expects God will work some miracle to help him; for surely if his work is not finished he will not be paid for it. For my part, I should not understand a workman leaving a piece of work unfinished for any such fantastical notions; and if his master is of the same opinion, and should want the work to-morrow, what will become of him?"

"My friend, every thing in this world belongs to God; and let us remember that he causes all things to work together for the good of those who love him."

"All this may be very true; but I should like to know something more about this man. I think I will come this way to-morrow morning, and see what he is about. I shall call at your house in the afternoon."

## SUNDAY MORNING.

"Well," said I, "my friend, have you been looking after our poor watchmaker?"

"Yes, and I do not know what to make of him: there is something extraordinary in every thing he says and does. I never saw any one like him before."

"Why, what has happened?"

"After we parted last night I thought a good deal about what we had seen. I rose early this morning, and was again at the house by six o'clock. Several families live in it, and the outer door being open, I went up the first stairs, where I found a dark corner in which I could stand, and hear and see all that passed in his room."

"My good friend, you were rather too inquisitive. I wonder you were not afraid of paying for your curiosity."

"I was, as I told you, much struck with this man; and I did not think I was likely to suffer even if I were found out. He did not appear a very quarrelsome subject."

"I cannot think your proceeding a laudable one; and, whatever the event may be, would advise you not to adopt such an improper plan again. But go on."

"I had hardly placed myself when I heard the poor watchmaker singing. Now, thought I, I have found you at work; but I was mistaken: he was sitting with his children around him; a Bible lay open on the table, and they were singing the one hundred and third Psalm. Next him sat a young girl about fourteen; her arm rested on his shoulder. Between his knees stood a child three or four years old, while another brother, some years older, completed the group. They sang in a most pleasing manner, and I heard another voice from the next room joining with them. What they sang evidently came from their hearts, and I must confess it went to mine."

"This is not surprising; but proceed."

"After they had sung, they knelt down and prayed. I was particularly struck with the prayer of the daughter:—here it is; I wrote it down, and will read it to you:—'O thou blessed Saviour, the friend of sinners, we call upon thee with our whole hearts, and may thy Holy Spirit teach us to pray aright! We lived without the knowledge or love of thee, and were always unhappy: but now, O Lord, we love thee, and we know that thou lovest us! O be with us, and bless us! Especially be with us this day, as it is thine own day. Enable us to serve thee with all our hearts: may we be attentive to thy word, and enable us to understand it. Bless our dear minister who teaches us to know thee. O Lord, be with our dear mother! we entreat thee for her: thou canst take away her sickness if it be thy will. (A voice from the next room added, 'But thy will be done.') Yes, O Lord, thy will be done! May our dear father be spared to us, and may we all be good children. Amen!'"

"Now for breakfast," said the father. "Jenny, where is the milk?" The table was presently covered with four cups, half a loaf, and a jug of milk. They took their places, and the father asked a blessing."

"You have drawn an interesting picture, indeed," said I.

"Compare this humble meal with the sumptuous repasts of the world, and say which is true happiness. A poor artisan entreats God to bless his humble fare, and eats with pleasure, and without repining; while the irreligious and sensual man sits down to his crowded board without even thinking of the Almighty, who gives him all things richly to enjoy."

"The clock struck eight. 'Jenny are you ready to repeat your chapter?' 'Yes, I learned it last night, and have looked over it again this morning. 'Clement, are you ready?' I will look over it once more,' answered the boy, and sat down by the window. 'My children, I hope you will be perfect in your catechism to-day: do not let me have the pain to hear you are wrong in your answers;—your teacher will also be grieved. Remember he told you once you were more ready at reading any thing than your Bible: don't let him have to say this again. Set a good example: let it not be said that children who have been taught to know and love the Saviour are behind those who are ignorant of him.'"

## KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH DAY.

"At this moment a man came up the stairs: he was well-dressed, but his countenance looked harsh and forbidding. He appeared quite out of humour, and, throwing open the door, exclaimed in an angry tone, 'Must I always be obliged to look after you in this way? Have you finished my work? I must have it this morning.'"

"Frightened at his voice and manner, the boys ran and hid themselves in the next room. Jenny stood by the door. The watchmaker offered a chair to his master. 'Pooh! none of your ceremonies; where is your work?'"

"Sir, I am very sorry; but I have not been able

quite to finish it, but I met with

"Yes, my friend, I am clumsy, and my state is it is a time-piece glass, examined so far good directly. You then your

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quite to finish the time-piece. I worked till midnight, but I met with some accidents.'

"Yes, that is always the way with you; always clumsy, and some paltry excuse or other. What state is it in?" He opened the case in which the time-piece was placed, and, taking out a magnifying glass, examined the work. "Well, very well, indeed; so far good! Come, my good fellow, to your bench directly. You will finish it in two or three hours, and then your money will be ready."

"You forget, Sir, said the watchmaker, in a calm, but firm tone, 'that this is the Sabbath, and I cannot —'

"Pooh! none of your nonsense. You are one of the saints; are you? I wish the whole pack of them were at the bottom of the sea. What harm can there be in working an hour or two? There will be plenty of time afterward for two long sermons: besides, God can never wish that you should starve."

"Sir, I will engage that the time-piece shall be at your house as early as you please to-morrow. I will set about it by one o'clock in the morning. You cannot send it off before noon; so there will be time enough to examine that it is properly finished."

"I did not ask for your opinion, but desired you would set about it directly. Do you intend to do so, or not?"

"The poor workman shut the box; and said in a humble tone, 'Sir, I cannot work to-day.'

"What a fool you are! I am sorry, for you are a clever hand; and I intended to help you. If you lose my work it is your own fault. Have you any thing else to do?"

"No; I have not any work besides this!"

"Well, then, take my advice;—lay aside these nonsensical scruples. My religion allows me to attend to my business on Sunday morning."

"Mine, Sir, does not."

"As much as to say you are a great deal wiser than I am. If work is to be done, it must be done. Besides, the Bible says that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. What do you say to that?"

"No doubt it is true; but man was created to serve the Lord with all his heart. It is a privilege and a pleasure to keep the Sabbath, and worship the Lord on his own day. It would be misery, indeed, to profane it; and surely his blessing would not be with my labour."

"Am I accused? Are we all pagans and infidels because we do not go to your house of prayer, as you call it? Depend upon it, this hypocritical nonsense will get you into trouble. We must really see and do something with the people that make such a disturbance, and are so troublesome."

"Sir, surely you cannot mean that keeping the Lord's day, is making a disturbance? Please to remember that there are laws which expressly forbid us to follow our worldly callings on this day."

"I did not come here to be taught my duty. Once for all, finish the work, or I must take it away."

"The Lord will provide: and may he forgive

you for taking away work from a man with a large family and a sick wife, when there really is no reason for so doing."

"I do not take it away;—you refuse to finish it. What do I owe you?"

"The watchmaker reckoned, and said, 'Five shillings and sixpence.'

"Try again;—it is rather more."

"You said I should pay for the spring your boy lost."

"Certainly;—you should have fastened the box. There are six shillings. You may keep the sixpence."

"No Sir, I can only take my due."

"Well please yourself. When you are come to your senses, perhaps I may have you work again."

"This hard-hearted man left the room. The watchmaker took up his little earnings, raised his eyes toward heaven, and sat down. I came away, and felt not a little grieved and struck with what I had seen and heard."

"I do not wonder at it," said I. "This master is indeed hard-hearted! Thus it is, that while an unprincipled workman frequently does as he pleases, and often sets his master at defiance, a conscientious man like this, if he fall into the hands of a harsh employer is ill used, and perhaps turned off without a moment's warning, or the least reason for such treatment. Still it is not the case everywhere. I know several masters in this and other trades who are men of character and feeling, and take every opportunity to assist their workmen."

"I do not doubt it: but there are many who, like this man, expect their workmen to do their work on Sundays."

"Such there are, no doubt; and the general profanation of this day is a disgrace to our country, and a national sin. Alas, we see it in every rank! The effect of bad example is great; and I believe workmen often employ this day in their usual labours, though not required by their employers; or perhaps they occupy themselves in some other sort of work; not to mention the idle and lounging manner in which thousands pass the day, and by which it is in reality as much profaned as by the hardest labour. Again, I fear, persons who themselves would on no account break the Sabbath, often thoughtlessly compel others to do so. They go perhaps at the latter end of the week, and order articles to be ready by Monday or Tuesday, without reflecting that they cannot be completed unless the poor workman labours hard the whole Sunday. In such cases surely the person who causes the profanation of the day is equally guilty with the labourer? I have known the mistresses of families, who would be shocked if you asked them to join a party of pleasure, or to direct their servants to do some unnecessary work on that day, without hesitation give their dress-makers such strict orders to complete some article of apparel by a particular time, as would compel them to work on the Lord's day."

"The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath; and his



out a parable spake he not unto them." This is an important and interesting topic, which we shall treat by offering a few observations on the subject of parables in general; upon the nature and design of those delivered by the Saviour, and upon the probable reasons which influenced him to adopt this peculiar mode of conveying his instructions; and especially the remarkable one which he expressly assigns for employing it on the occasions already stated, "without a parable spake he not unto them."

There is an essential point in which a parable differs from simple fiction. In all others fiction and parable are identified; they are both the creations of fancy—pure inventions, or facts heightened, and thrown into imaginary combinations, by that faculty of the mind which delights to expatiate in ideal regions, where creations and combinations are wonderful and without end; which was certainly bestowed upon us for good; and which not to employ would be a reflection upon our Creator, as if he had endowed us with an essential property, that he intended to be either useless or pernicious. The element of the imagination is fiction, as much as reason is the element of understanding, and love of the affections.

But the parable is not merely a fictitious narrative, it has always an end beyond itself; it sustains the character and belongs to the order of means; it is constructed to answer some purpose, either political, moral or religious; and under some peculiar circumstances is admirably adapted to produce effect. The word "parable" is derived from the Greek word, which signifies "the comparing two things together;" it is a similitude, or agreeable kind of allegory, which means more than meets the eye; it is the fanciful disguise which truth sometimes condescends to wear when she would associate with her enemies, subdue their prejudices, or silence their invectives. Of parabolic fiction we may observe, that it had its origin in the most remote antiquity; that it has been employed by the greatest and wisest instructors among all nations, and through every age; and that it has the special sanction of the inspired volume.

In the early ages of the world the principal channels for conveying instruction were poetry and fable; the highest powers of reason were little exercised; they were the allotment of a few. Legislators, philosophers, and priests, all resorted to persuasion rather than to argument, and depended more upon the imagination, and the passions of mankind, than upon their understanding and judgment. Whether they were to be induced or subdued, to be led to engage in some new pursuit, or to abandon one already undertaken, to admit a truth, or to reject a prejudice, the instrument used to effect it was some beautiful fiction or allegory, which influenced them as by a charm. The origin of parables, so far as we can trace it, appears to have been with the Hebrews. It is most certain that the oldest specimen of this kind of writing is to be found in the Scriptures, which carry us far beyond the earliest fragments of antiquity, into the earliest ages of the world. The earliest Greek writers were poets, who blended philosophy with allegory. The earliest Egyptian writing consisted in symbols, which gave birth to this kind of composition. The prevalence of parables, through all antiquity, is indisputable. Aristotle calls a philosopher a lover of fabulous tradition, as folding up the principles of true wisdom in the veil of fiction. The uncertainty in what class we ought to place Orpheus, whether among the race of living men, or among the imaginary gods and heroes which fancy produced from Egyptian symbols, and their characteristic epithets, induces us to look to Homer, as furnishing the earliest exemplification of this mythological instruction. After the poets, philosophers employed this method

to convey their doctrines. The Fables of Phalostatus, and of Esop, proceed on this principle. The mode of teaching by fables among the Greeks is first ascribed to Hesiod; nor are all the fables assigned to Esop the invention of that sage; but he seems to have brought this parabolic method to great perfection. Pythagoras taught by emblems, and pointed enigmatical sentences. Plato, whose sublime philosophy has procured for him the title of "divine," conveyed his sentences by metaphorical delineations; and frequently guards his readers against terminating their researches in his allegories, but exhorts, that they should, through the metaphor, penetrate to the things concealed under his images and symbols. This mode he borrowed from the Hebrews and Egyptians; he even sometimes mentions Syriac parables; but he concealed his tradition from the Jews, partly because their separation from all nations made them to be held in hatred and contempt, and partly to secure to himself the consideration of having taught, by this fascinating and useful mode, to a greater extent and in a more beautiful form than others. All the philosophers adopted the parabolic manner, more or less, until the times of Aristotle; who first took from philosophy the veil of fiction, and clothed it in a dress more simple. I have only to remark under this head, that the most celebrated philosopher of the heathen world, he, who so greatly excelled in wisdom and virtue, as well as in the art of communicating both, that he was the glory of his own times, and still continues the admiration of posterity; that venerable man actually employed the last moments of his valuable life in embellishing with the graces of poetry, the beautiful and instructive inventions of Esop; nay, if we may trust his own account, he was urged to this task, by an impulse of that Sovereign Power, whose perfection he described through the thick mist of Pagan superstition. And how far the employment was consistent with so distinguished a character we may form some judgment from hence, that in all succeeding times, the same method has still been adopted and applied to the important purpose of instructing the rulers of nations in their tender years, as the easiest and best way of forming their minds to the love of excellence, and engaging them in the pursuit of wisdom; but we need not have descended to modern times for a proof of this point, which receives a full confirmation from a well-known instance in the records of the Roman people. In the happier and better times of the republic, about 260 years from its commencement, we read that the one half of that rising race of heroes was in the very act of separation from the other. In the height of a war, in the crisis of public danger, the people, from a sense of ill-treatment, real or imagined, vowed an eternal disunion from the senate, to which they were attached by all the ties of duty and of interest. But what are obligations, or arguments, to an inflamed multitude, resolved at all hazards to redress themselves and punish their rulers? Yet, from this state of confusion did a single senator reduce them to order in an instant, by means of an expedient, which his good sense, assisted by his knowledge of the human heart, suggested to him. And what was this expedient? The seasonable application of a moral fable. Nor is there wanting, in the politer periods of Rome, a more illustrious instance of the same truths, exemplified by the same illusions, "If the foot shall say, because I am not of the hand I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body? and if the ear shall say, because I am not the eye I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?"

This fitly introduces us to the sacred volume, where instances of this mode of teaching abound, and where every instance is perfect in its kind. Four examples permit me to select, they are incomparably beautiful, and the interest which they cannot fail to excite,

must atone for the large space they will occupy. They will illustrate the political, moral, and religious purposes, which they were designed to accomplish, and to which this species of composition may be rendered effectually subservient.

We begin with the parable of Jotham, the oldest extant, produced on an occasion which fired all the feelings of the man who framed and delivered it. Abimelech, the son of the concubine of Gideon, had, after the death of his father, procured to himself the government of Israel, and to render his usurped authority the more secure, had sealed it with the blood of the sons of his father by his wives, to the amount of seventy persons. Jotham, the youngest alive, found means to escape this remorseless slaughter; and, availing himself of an early opportunity of convening the men of Shechem, the seat of his unnatural brother's government, not daring to trust himself among them, he cried from the summit of a neighbouring hill, and addressed to them the following parable; which contains in its spirit and application one of the finest possible specimens of reproach and censure to be found in this figurative language, "Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you." Judges ix. 7—20.

An awful invocation, spoken with a solemn tongue, which could not fail to arrest their attention.

In this parable every thing is produced likely to rouse the passions, to touch the affections, and to awaken a sense of justice, if the principle were not indeed quite extinguished. The services of his father, the humility of his family, who had rather avoided than courted the sovereignty, the meanness as well as the ambition of the man who ruled them, and whom he denominates, in contempt, "a bramble," both because of his illegitimate birth and his cruel qualities—the ingratitude of the Shechemites, who could see this injustice done to the house of their disinterested deliverer, and neither prevent or avenge it—all are finely pourtrayed; but the conclusion, in which he makes a solemn appeal to their consciences, and leaves an awful curse upon their guilt, winds up the address with inimitable grandeur.

### Miscellaneous.

#### LUNATIC ASYLUM AT PALERMO.

Two of the best conducted lunatic asylums in the world are in the kingdom of Naples—one at Aversa, near Capua, and the other at Palermo. The latter is managed by a whimsical Sicilian baron, who has devoted his time and fortune to it, and with the assistance of the government, has carried it to great extent and perfection. The poor are received gratuitously; and those who can afford it enter as boarders, and are furnished with luxuries according to their means.

The hospital stands in an airy situation in the lovely neighbourhood of Palermo. We were received by a porter in a respectable livery, who introduced us immediately to the old baron—a kind-looking man, rather advanced beyond middle life, of manners singularly well-bred and prepossessing. "*Je suis le premier fou,*" said he, throwing his arms out, as he bowed on our entrance. We stood in an open court, surrounded with porticos, lined with stone seats. On one of them lay a fat, indolent-looking man, in clean grey clothes, talking to himself with great apparent satisfaction. He smiled at the baron as he passed, without checking the motion of his lips; and three others standing in the doorway of a room, marked as the kitchen, smiled also as he came up, and fell into his train, apparently as much interested as ourselves in the old man's explanation.

The kitchen was occupied by eight or ten people all at work, and all, the baron assured us, mad. One man, about forty, was broiling a steak with the gravest attention. Another, who had been furious till employment was given him, was chopping meat with violent industry in a large wooden bowl. Two or three girls were about, obeying the orders of a middle aged man, occupied with several messes cooking on a patent stove. I was rather incredulous about his insanity, till he took a small bucket and went to the jet of a fountain, and getting impatient from some cause or other, dashed the water upon the floor. The baron mildly called him by name, and mentioned to him as a piece of information, that he had wet the floor. He nodded his head, and, filling his bucket quietly, poured a little into one of the pans, and resumed his occupation.

We passed from the kitchen into an open court, curiously paved, and ornamented with Chinese grottoes, artificial rocks, trees, cottages, and fountains. Within the grottoes reclined figures of wax. Before the altar of one, fitted up as a Chinese chapel, a mandarin was prostrated in prayer. The walks on every side were painted in perspective scenery, and the whole had as little the air of a prison as the open valley itself. In one of the corners was an unfinished grotto, and a handsome young man was entirely absorbed in thatching the ceiling with strips of cane. The baron pointed to him, and said he had been incurable till he found this employment for him. Every thing about us, too, he assured us, was the work of his patients. They had paved the court, built the grottoes and cottages, and painted the walls under his direction. The secret of his whole system, he said, was employment and constant kindness. He had usually about one hundred and fifty patients, and he dismissed upon an average two-thirds of them quite recovered.

We went into the apartment of the women. These, he said, were his worst subjects. In the first room sat eight or ten, employed in spinning, while one infuriated creature, not more than thirty, but quite grey, was walking up and down the floor, talking and gesticulating with the greatest violence. A young girl of sixteen, an attendant, had entered into her humor, and with her arm put affectionately round her waist, assented to every thing she said, and called her by every name of endearment while endeavouring to silence her. When the baron entered, the door creature addressed herself to him, and seemed delighted that he had come. He made several mild attempts to check her, but she seized his hands, and with the veins of her throat swelling with passion, her eyes glaring terribly, and her tongue white and trembling, she continued to declaim more and more violently. The baron gave an order to a male attendant at the door, and beckoning us to follow, led her gently through a small court planted with trees, to a room containing a hammock. She checked her torrent of language as she observed the preparations going on, and seemed amused at the idea of swinging. The man took her up in his arms without resistance, and laced the hammock over her, confining every thing but her head! and the female attendant, one of the most playful and prepossessing little creatures I ever saw, stood on a chair, and at every swing threw a little water on her face as if in sport. Once or twice the maniac attempted to resume the subject of her ravings, but the girl laughed in her face, and diverted her from it, till at last she smiled, and, dropping her head into the hammock, seemed disposed to sink into an easy sleep.

We left her swinging, and went out into the court, where eight or ten women in the grey gowns of the establishment, were walking up and down, or sitting under the trees, lost in thought. One, with a fine intelligent face, came up to me, and courtesied grace-

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fully without speaking. The physician of the establishment joined me at that moment, and asked her what she wished. "To kiss his hand," said she, "but his looks forbade me." She coloured deeply, and folded her arms across her breast, and walked away. The baron called us, and in going out, I passed her again, and, taking her hand, kissed it, and bade her good-bye. "You had better kiss my lips," said she; "you'll never see me again." She laid her forehead against the iron bars of the gate, and with her face working with emotion, watched us till we turned out of sight. I asked the physician for her history. "It was a common case," he said, "she was the daughter of a Sicilian noble, who, too poor to marry her to one of her own rank, had sent her to a convent, where confinement had driven her mad. She is now a charity patient in the asylum."

The courts in which these poor creatures are confined open upon a large and lovely garden. We walked through it with the baron, and then returned to the apartments of the females. In passing a cell, a large majestic woman strided out, with a theatrical air, and commenced an address to the Deity, in a language strangely mingled of Italian and Greek. Her eyes were naturally large and soft, but excitement had given them additional dilation and fire, and she looked a prophetess. Her action with all its energy was lady-like. Her feet, half covered with slippers, were well formed and slight, and she had every mark of superiority both of birth and endowment. The baron took her by the hand with a deferential courtesy of the old school, and led her to one of the stone seats. She yielded to him politely, but resumed her harangue, upbraiding the Deity, as well as I could understand her, for her misfortunes. They succeeded in soothing her by the assistance of the same playful attendant who had accompanied the other to the hammock, and she sat still, with her lips white and her tongue trembling like an aspen. While the good old baron was endeavouring to draw her into a quiet conversation, the physician told me some curious circumstances respecting her. She was a Greek, and had been brought to Palermo when a girl. Her mind had been destroyed by an illness, and after seven years' madness, during which she had refused to rise from her bed, and had quite lost the use of her limbs, she was brought to this establishment by her friends. Experiments were tried in vain to induce her to move from her painful position. At last, the baron determined upon addressing, what he considered the master-passion in all female bosoms. He dressed himself in the gayest manner, and, in one of her gentle moments, entered her room with respectful ceremony, and offered himself to her in marriage! She refused him with scorn, and with seeming emotion he begged forgiveness and left her. The next morning, on his entrance, she smiled—the first time for years. He continued his attentions for a day or two, and after a little coquetry, she one morning announced to him that she had reconsidered his proposal, and would be his bride. They raised her from her bed to prepare her for the ceremony, and she was carried in a chair to the garden, where the bridal feast was spread, nearly all the other patients of the hospital being present. The gaiety of the scene absorbed the attention of all; the utmost decorum prevailed; and when the ceremony was performed, the bride was crowned, and carried back in state to her apartment. She recovered gradually the use of her limbs; her health is improved, and except an occasional paroxysm, such as we happened to witness, she is quiet and contented. The other inmates of the asylum still call her the bride; and the baron, as her husband, has the greatest influence over her.

While the physician was telling me these circumstances, the baron had succeeded in calming her, and she sat with her arms folded, dignified and silent.

He was still holding her hand, when the woman whom he had left swinging in the hammock, came stealing up behind the trees on tiptoe, and putting her hand suddenly over the baron's eyes, kissed him on both sides of his face, laughing heartily, and calling him by every name of affection. The contrast between this mood, and the infuriated one in which we had found her, was the best comment on the good man's system. He gently disengaged himself, and apologised to his lady for allowing the liberty, and we followed him to another apartment.

It opened upon a pretty court, in which a fountain was playing, and against the different columns of the portico sat some half-dozen patients. A young man of eighteen, with a very pale, scholar-like face, was reading Ariosto. Near him, under the direction of an attendant, a fair, delicate girl, with a sadness in her soft blue eyes, that might have been a study for a *mater dolorosa*, was cutting paste upon a board laid across her lap. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was about: and when I approached and spoke to her, she laid down the knife, and rested her head upon her hand, and looked at me steadily, as if she were trying to recollect where she had known me. "I cannot remember," she said to herself, and went on with her occupation. I bowed to her as we took our leave, and she returned it gracefully, but coldly. The young man looked up from this book and smiled; the old man lying on the stone seat in the outer court, rose up and followed us to the door, and we were bowed out by the baron and his gentle madmen as politely and kindly as if we were concluding a visit to a company of friends.—*Willis's Pencilings by the Way.*

#### CHURCH AT SARDIS.

We all separated "after tea;" the Suridji was off to find a tethering place for his horses; the Englishman strolled away by himself to a group of the "tents of Kedar," far down in the valley with their herds and herdsmen; the Smyrniote merchant sat by the camel-track, at the foot of the hill, waiting for the passing of a caravan; the Green Mountaineer was wandering around the ruins of the apostolical church; the Dutchman was sketching the two Ionic shafts of the fair temple of Cybele; and I, with a passion for running water, which I have elsewhere alluded to, idled by the green bank of the Pactolus.

I passed Job on my way, for the four walls over which the "Angel of the Church of Sardis" kept his brooding watch in the days of the Apocalypse stand not far from the swelling bank of the Pactolus, and nearly in a line between it and the palace of Cræsus. I must say, that my heart almost stood still with awe as I stepped over the threshold. In the next moment, the strong and never-wasting under-current of early religious feeling rushed back on me, and I involuntarily uncovered my head, and felt myself stricken with the spell of holy ground. My friend, who was never without the Bible, that was his mother's parting gift, sat on the end of the broken wall of the vestibule, with the sacred volume open at the Revelation, in his hand.

"I think, Philip," said he, as I stood looking at him in silence, "I think my mother will have been told by an angel that I am here."

He spoke with a solemnity that, spite of every other feeling, seemed to me as weighty and true as a prophecy.

"Listen, Philip," said he, "it will be something to tell your mother as well as mine, that we have read the Apocalypse together in the Church of Sardis."

I listened with what I never thought to have heard in Asia—my mother's voice loud at my heart, as I had heard it in prayer in my childhood.

"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy."

I strolled on. A little farther up the Pactolus stood the temple of Cybele. The church to which "He" spoke, "who had the seven spirits of God and the seven stars," was a small and humble ruin of brick and mortar; but of the temple of the heathen mother of the world, remained two fair columns of marble, with their curiously carved capitals, and the earth around was strewn with the gigantic frustra of an edifice, stately even in the fragments of its prostration. I saw for a moment the religion of Jupiter and Christ, with the eyes of Croesus and the philosopher, from Athens: and then I turned to the living nations that I had left to wander among these dead empires, and looking still on the eloquent monuments of what these religions were, thought of them as they are, in wide-spread Christendom!

We visit Rome and Athens, and walk over the ruined temples of their gods of wood and stone, and take pride to ourselves, that our imaginations awake the "spirit of the spot." But the primitive church of Christ, over which an angel of God kept watch, whose undefiled members, if there is any truth in Holy Writ, are, now "walking with him in white" before the face of the Almighty, a spot on which the Saviour and his Apostles prayed, and for whose weal, with the other churches of Asia, the sublime revelation was made to John—this, the while, is an unvisited shrine, and the "classic" of Pagan idolatry is dearer to the memories of men than the holy antiquities of a religion they profess.—*Willis's Inking of Adventure.*

From Mr. Carlisle's Lectures.

#### CHARACTER OF LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER presides yet over modern history. Great he was, not only in the actions he did, but in his own intrinsic qualities. And in all manner of contradictions did he seem to have been born. The son of the very poorest people—his father a miserable miner, his grandfather and all his ancestors peasants of the like sort—he was reared in the depths of poverty, and struggled forward to the light out of an extremity of vilest hardship. He "bore the bag" at school, and he sang there and in the streets, for assistance and support. But what of that! Truth did not desert him for it. "There was no formality in my friend Martin Luther." He could stand alone in the middle of the world. Law student he was at the first, but an event very sudden and full of awe withdrew him from worldly studies. While yet only twenty years old he was walking with a friend in the University of Urfurt, when a thunder bolt darted out of Heaven and struck down his companion dead at his feet. This seemed as it were to Luther to have borne a mission from above; and from that instant in which he thus saw eternity lying at his feet, law and all its matters, and indeed all other proceedings of the world, looked poor and mean, and insufficient for the cravings of the soul. He entered the order of Augustines, and became a pious and laborious monk. At the first, as he expresses it, he was in a sort of state of reprobation. But he began to study the Bible, and it happened to him to see the Pope! This was on a mission to Rome, when, just as the natural loveliness of religion had broken in upon him, he beheld in this way the worst vices and corruptions of her ministers in the world. Yet he was silent. In truth, he now felt he had another concern to look after, for was there not his own soul to save? Now, nothing was so admirable as the entire modesty and simplicity of him! The idea of reforming the church never entered his head. The living life of a true man—that was his notion—and all else flowed

naturally out of that. He saw that penances, and vigils, and the like would not, and could not, work out salvation. It must be more hope in the Bible—it must be more faith in the Bible.

At this very time—in the memorable year 1515—Tetzel came to Wittenberg with a very famous set of indulgences for sale. Luther saw him enter his own church, and offer in exchange for sundry pieces of money what were called "indulgences," from "Christ's holy lord the Pope," for the total remission of sins—pieces of paper with a red cross upon them, by which, for a consideration, the gates of hell were closed, and those of heaven and glory eternally opened! Luther saw these things publicly sold in his own church to his own people, and then spoke out and said, "That shall not be." This was the beginning of the reformation. Again observe the modesty of Luther. He set forward no plea or pretence of reforming the church. He shouted out nothing in big words about what he would do. There was no vanity in him. All he did was to deny, and refuse to tolerate a falsehood—and so the Reformation began. Four years went on in this way, and then he was summoned to the Diet of Worms to appear before all the princes and chiefs of the Roman Catholic faith. It was the 17th of April, 1521—a day to be remembered forever—that he arrived at the old city of Worms, to testify eternally to the truth, or to give it up utterly. A fearful enterprize! More than two thousand good people had gone out, on horse or foot, to meet him, and dissuade him from advancing further. He said he had the safe conduct of the Emperor. "Well," they answered, "Huss had it too, but it turned out to be safe conduct into a prison six feet long, seven feet wide, and two feet eight inches high, from which he was carried out to be buried." "I cannot help it," Luther remarked, "I must go on. To Worms will I go, though the gates of hell, and the powers of air are against me. Yea, to Worms will I go, though there were as many devils in the city as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses." He went accordingly, and was asked to recant what he had written, and he answered that he could not. Whatever there was of intemperate expression in his writings he would indeed recant; but the doctrine of them was God's truth, and he durst not do it. "Here I stand," he said, "I can do no other. It is impossible to admit any thing that is against the conscience, God be my help. Amen." And there and then, upon that very spot, was the Reformation consummated. A poor man stood up before the princes of the world and said *that*; and all the world rose up and said, "Yes; it is right, that thing which you have said."

And never—Mr. Carlyle continued, in affectionate eulogium on the personal character of Luther—never stood up a truer-hearted, a better, or a greater man than he who stood before the Diet of the German empire. In his face might be read the various elements of his character. A course, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek-bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery were all there. Often did there seem meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered un-heard of agony. "Oh, Dr. Stauplitz, Dr. Stauplitz," said he to the Vicar-General of his order, "I cannot do it. I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it." Dr. Stauplitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die you must—but remember that they need good heads up yonder too. So preach man, preach—and then live or die as it happens." So Luther preached and lived—and he became indeed one great whir-

wind of a world—adred book in the mi touches o for exam alighted a grew in I said, "I wings, ar though ov blue dept home. I same gen passages the autun ders at th says, "er its beauti of man se as these t gaze into Luther's and clou might hav been beau gelo.

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wind of energy, to work without resisting in this world—and also before he died he wrote four hundred books! books in which the true man was!—for in the midst of all they denounced or cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the Table Talk, for example. We see in it that a little bird having alighted at sunset on the bough of the pear tree that grew in Luther's garden, Luther looked up at it and said, "That little bird, how it cowers down its little wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces and great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not; it is at home. The God that made it too is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages of his books. Come home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he breaks forth into loving wonders at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head, with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him yet another year!" Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible—across its tempest and clouds—a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

As it was, the extremes of energy and modesty met in his active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of genius one great quality strongly developed might force out other qualities no other. Here was Luther—a savage kind of man as people thought him—a Wild Orson of a man—a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild torrent that went tearing down rocks and trees—and behold him speaking like a woman or a child. But no sentimentalist was he! A tolerant man, but with nothing of sentimental tolerance. He went to the real heart of that matter. When his reforming associates made vast fuss about some surplice that somebody or other wanted to wear, he ended the matter with a "What ill can a surplice do to us? Let him have three surplices if he will. That is not our religion, nor interferes with it at all. *Domine miserere mei.* That is what we have to think of. That is what we must think the essential of Christianity." Nothing of what is commonly called cant, or pride, or ambition, was in Luther. It was this that made him not higher than the lowest man with a soul, nor yet lower than the highest. Thus, when he was threatened with the anger of "Duke George" if he went to Leipsic, he made answer that he had no business at Leipsic, but if he had, nothing on earth should prevent him. If it rained Duke Georges for nine days running, there he would go. Well, and this man who thought and acted in this way passed a whole life of suffering! He was a deeply melancholy man. More labour had fallen upon him than he could rightly bear, and it was in vain that he prayed to be released; he toiled and sorrowed on. Even with Satan himself—the evil principle of the world—was he destined to hold high argument. Men would laugh at that, and a cheap game, indeed, was ridicule; but he it recollected that in Luther's days God and the Devil were equally real; and that he thought he was from the first, as when he had that vision of the crowded house-tiles of the old city of Worms, a man specially selected to fight with devils. Well then, he sat alone one night; he was translating the twenty-third psalm, and pondering on its deep significance: he had sate fasting for two days, when the Devil rose and stood before him, and opened the famous dialogue, accusing Luther of crimes; and threatening him with hell, and terrifying him to recant; all which the Christian put an end to at last by taking up his ink bottle and flinging it at the Devil. The mark made by the ink on the wall is shown to this day:—

and a memorable spot truly, is that!—a spot that may mark at once the greatness and poverty of man!—the record of a delusion which any doctor's or apothecary's prentice could explain now a-days: but also of a courage that could rise against what seemed to be the bodily impersonation of darkness and despair, and of enmity to good. No braver man than Luther ever appeared in Europe.

**INTOLERANCE OF SPAIN.**—If any one thing characterizes this declining nation, it is her determined opposition to all the heaven-born principles of the reformation. To this, more than to all things else probably, she owes it, that from being first in the scale of empires, as she was in the 15th century, she has gradually sunk so low that "none may do her reverence." We copy the following from the N. York Observer, of the 20th ult. It will interest all the friends of evangelical religion:—

**EXPULSION OF A METHODIST MISSIONARY FROM CADIZ.**

Our readers will remember the Rev. W. H. Rule, the faithful and zealous Methodist missionary, whose labors at Gibraltar we noticed several years since. Two years and half ago he went to Cadiz, where he established a branch of the Gibraltar mission for the benefit of British and American seamen who visit that port, and also commenced a Spanish school, and opened a place of religious meeting, in which he conducted the devotions of a few Spaniards who desired to attend Protestant worship. As might have been anticipated, however, the Popish authorities in Spain have expelled him. Popery cannot long maintain its ascendancy where liberty of opinion and worship is tolerated. The following is the "Royal order" issued on the 30th of April:—

Ministry of the Government of the Peninsula: Fourth Section: I have laid before her Majesty the Queen Governess your communication of the 23d inst. relative to the English Methodist clergyman, Mr. Rule, who, with criminal tenacity, attempts to propagate in that capital (Cadiz) his doctrines, availing himself both of preaching and teachings. Her Majesty, being fully informed, has designed to approve of all the measures you have taken in this serious business, and in order to avoid the evils which might result to Spain from permitting the introduction of new seeds of discord, she has thought fit to command that Mr. Rule be forbidden to open establishments of any sort, whether a school of primary instruction, a college of humanities, or any other, in which, directly by himself, or by persons under his influence, he might disseminate doctrines contrary to our religious unity. It is also the will of her Majesty that the said Rule be not permitted under any pretext to have meetings, conferences, or preachings, in his house, and that if, in spite of this prohibition, he should continue to hold such exercises, contrary both to our belief and to our laws, after the facts have been fully made out by written information, you cause him to leave the province. Finally, her Majesty desires that you enjoin on the commissions of primary instruction that they watch over all the schools of their districts with the greatest care, in order to prevent the introduction into them of doctrines that this fanatical secretary endeavours with such perseverance to spread abroad. By Royal Order I communicate this to *Usia* that you may understand it and carry it into effect. God keep you many years.

Madrid, April 30, 1839. HOMFANERA DE COS.

To the Civil Governor of Cadiz.

(Copy)

MANRIQUEZ.

We are in the dark grave of depravity, and we can no more raise or bring ourselves out of it, than a carcase, which is lain in a grave, can throw off the cloths that cover it, or unlock the door of the vault it is in.

Taylor.

## THE BROKEN PEN-KNIFE.

ONE of the earliest propensities of children is graphically and affectingly described by the Psalmist, when he says of the wicked. "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies." That this saying is true respecting children generally, is too apparent to require any further proof than that which a close and attentive observation will supply. The cause of this almost universal proneness to depart from truth, may not only be resolved into the depraved nature which is the sad inheritance of our race, but to criminal inattention on the one hand, and an improper course of treatment on the other. Some persons, to whom the important trust of training children is committed, evince so much indifference to their moral developments, as almost to lead to the conclusion that their own perceptions of right and wrong are fearfully obtuse. They will detect a child in a downright falsehood, and yet make no effort to enlighten the judgment, or cultivate the conscience. Nay, the vapid reproof which they administer promotes the growth of, instead of eradicating the evil. Just as Eli, when the enormity of his wicked sons had convulsed the nation, both in its civil and ecclesiastical relations, calmly said, "Why ye do such things? for I hear of your evil dealings by all this people; nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear: ye make the Lord's people to transgress." How ineffectual this tame remonstrance was, and the light in which it was received by the Divine Being, the subsequent history discloses.

Of all the noxious weeds which grow in the heart, lying is the rankest, strikes its root the deepest, is the most fructuous, lurks in the corrupt soil longest, and is the most fatal in its influences and consequences; and yet, by multitudes who sustain the parental relation, the earliest symptoms of this evil are unheeded. Falsehood and cunning are sometimes nurtured by an approving smile, because they display a quickness of parts and a precocity of wit. This the child observes with delight, and it serves as food for the unfledged vulture which already begins to prey upon its vitals.

But one of the most ordinary provocatives to this evil will be found perhaps in the severe and indiscriminate reproof and punishment with which all faults or inadvertances in childhood are visited. It is a difficult matter for persons who have not made the mind a subject of close study and investigation, to distinguish between a vicious and a thoughtless action; and a child, by such persons, is likely to be punished for a misfortune as for a crime. Where children are treated harshly alike for misfortunes or crimes, evasion or direct falsehood will readily suggest its end to secure them from future punishment. Success in the first instance will embolden the young practitioner to proceed, till lying, which appeared at first the act of necessity, will be formed into a habit, and character destroyed.

Exaggeration of real facts and disproportionate chastisement will be attended with the like fatal results. There are some good, but unwise parents, who hope to prevent the repetition of a fault in their children by exhausting their vocabulary of strong terms to describe its ill qualities, and of course to prepare the delinquent for commensurate punishment and disgrace. The tendency of this treatment is to destroy, in the mind of a child, every just notion of the degrees of crime, which must be the most disastrous in its results. If, for instance, a painter should make the same disposition of his colours and shades when he would represent to our view the passing storm of summer, and the black, vaporous mountains which shot forth their sulphureous streams on devoted Egypt in the infliction of one of her most furious plagues, what should we think either of his skill or his judgment?

Suspicion may not improperly be ranked amongst

the provocatives to the vice of lying in children. An unsullied reputation is one of the strongest safeguards of virtue; whereas, a defect in the former will not unfrequently prove fatal to the latter. If you injure the sensibilities of a child by suspecting the integrity of his character, you inflict an irreparable injury upon him for life. He feels that he stands before you, and in his own sight, a degraded creature; and whether for the future he speaks truth or falsehood, is a matter of comparative indifference to him. He may even choose falsehood, as a weapon by which he may avenge the insult which he has received. A child should always be treated with confidence, and be believed in the absence of direct evidence to convict him of falsehood. And even when circumstances may create a suspicion, it should never be displayed, till the facts are obtained which will render conviction certain. This generous course of conduct would exhibit lying in its true character, and impress the youthful mind with proper feelings of disgust.

Extreme sensibility and self-esteem may in many cases conduce to the vice of lying, and, wherever developed, requires the most careful and judicious treatment. A desire to maintain its hold on the affections of beloved parents may induce a child of acute sensibility to shrink from making known an action which it fears will shake their confidence if not impair their love; and in this struggle between duty and fear evasion too often proffers its specious services, and, alas! is but too often employed. In such cases parents should be very careful that they do not foster a morbid sensibility, by dwelling too much, in the presence of such a child, upon disappointed hopes, wicked children, and broken-hearted mothers, &c., which may do well in some cases, but not in this. They should rather describe, in touching and affecting language, the confidence which should be maintained between parents and children, the pleasure which parents feel when they are treated frankly by their children, that this frankness (whatever be the character of the disclosure) tends rather to increase than diminish their respect, affection, &c. Such treatment, it is presumed, would save many interesting and promising children from ruin.

The above reflections were suggested by an accident which has furnished this paper with a title. The writer was visiting a friend, when his little son, a sweet and interesting child, about two years old, threw himself into his father's arms, and said, "Pa, I have broken your pen-knife." It would be worth, to a mother's heart, a thousand volumes written on parental obligations, if the writer possessed those graphic powers enjoyed by some highly gifted persons, who can make their pictures breathe and speak. It was a scene never to be forgotten. How often has the mind reverted to it with sensations much ersier conceived than described! The father was seated in his chair, his intelligent countenance lighted up with satisfaction and gratitude—the little boy in his arms, and his dark, expressive eyes beaming confidence, yet sorrow. "I have broken your pen-knife, Pa," repeated the child; and then, with touching simplicity, told how the accident occurred. It was an accident, the father so understood it, and so treated it. This was right. It strengthened the confidence of the child, whilst his candour drew him nearer to his father's heart. Now, had his parent, like many unthinking individuals, scolded and severely punished his child, he would not only have committed an act of gross injustice, but in all probability have seriously injured his child. Making some observations upon that which so deeply interested me, I found that the father's conduct was not an accident; it was part of a well digested plan of government which he had long and successfully pursued.

It is to be hoped that the few hints furnished in this paper will awaken the attention of parents to the im-

portant subject of promoting to the benefit of this son to regret the story of the

The From But in Some

The ever inviting to of what so The more winter's ni their azure But this du vened by th ets. There lustre. Cl fiery neigh few minut mersed in western cl five mo l The Chr is the best and save t votions. to meditate could utter "consider to look

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portant subject; and should they be the means of promoting the best interests of the thousands on whose behalf this is sent forth, the writer will have no reason to regret that he has furnished them with the story of the "Broken Pen-knife." Nihil.

## PLANETS VISIBLE.

"There's nothing bright above, below,  
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,  
But in its light the soul may see  
Some feature of the Deity."

The evenings of summer are not usually the most inviting to him who loves to read in the bright leaves of what some one has called the poetry of heaven. The more resplendent constellations belong to a winter's night; and those which do look out from their azure depths appear shorn of their radiance. But this dull aspect of the heavens is just now enlivened by the presence of an unusual number of planets. There is no mistaking Venus, with her peerless lustre. Close in her train follows Jupiter, with his fiery neighbor Mars. Saturn souths, this evening a few minutes after sunset, and Mercury, though immersed in the solar beams, is also now in the same western chambers. Such is a rare proximity of the five most brilliant planets.

The Christian delights in nature's volume, for it is the best commentary upon that of Revelation,—and I save this only is the best suited to kindle his devotions. Hence patriarchs went out into the field to meditate at even-tide, and the monarch of Israel could utter his sweetest, divinest lays when he "considered the heavens." Meek-eyed faith loveth to look

"How the bright stars do dance their mystic round  
O'er heaven's imperial pavement."

for they are embalmed in sacred not less than in secular poetry. Do holy men of old wish to image forth Jehovah's uncompromising purity? "Behold," they exclaim, "even to the moon and it shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight!" Would they humble the pride of man, and teach him his utter imbecility? Well may they ask, "Canst thou blind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or guide Arcturus and his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?" In their sublimest revelations the Messiah is foretold as the star of Jacob—the bright and morning star. The holy and the useful are to shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever. While—awful reverse—the wicked are wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of ever-during night. What could be more forcible and striking! The righteous shall for ever circle round the "exceeding glory" to which they were indissolubly linked by the centripetal power of Love; while the sinner, like some errant planet, hath strangely struck out of his orbit, and is ever more wandering deeper and farther into the regions of night, and ice, and death. Even the different degrees of glory consequent upon the different degrees of faithfulness and grace in the Church militant seem to find their appropriate commentary in the same sublime science. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." Such are a few of the many astronomical allusions which must have occurred to such as study the sacred writings. To those who would dwell on this inspiring theme we may be permitted to mention Chalmers' *Astronomical Discourses*, and Burritt's *Geography of the Heavens*, or almost any of Dick's popular works, especially his *Scenery of the Heavens*, which makes a late volume of Harper's Family Library.

## Theological.

## THE PARABOLIC TEACHING OF OUR LORD.

## CHAPTER II.

(Continued from page 230.)

The second parable which deserves our notice is that of Jehoshaphat, King of Israel. And it demands it on two accounts. First, as it confirms the sentiment already advanced, that it was the practice among eastern nations to express themselves metaphorically on the most important occasions, both religious and political; and, secondly, as it furnishes an instance of the power of figurative language to express the passions in general—and here, defiance and contempt. Amaziah, the King of Judah, had smitten the Edomites; and, inflated with his victory, presuming, perhaps, also, that he should win back to the crown of David the revolted ten tribes, he challenged to battle Jehoshaphat, the King of Israel. His declaration of war is couched in the figurative language of the day. "Come let us look one another in the face." The answer of the monarch of Israel is scorn and defiance. "And Jehoshaphat the King of Israel sent to Amaziah the King of Judah, saying, The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, Give thy daughter to my son to wife: and there passed by a wild beast that was in Lebanon, and trod down the thistle." 2 Kings xiv. 9. Every thing here is strongly marked; the proud disproportion of their power, which he presumes—the thistle and the cedar; their natural affinity—both of Lebanon; the presumption which he imputes to Amaziah; the ease with which he deigns he can crush him with his forces. It had been well for the King of Judah if he had taken the counsel so roughly administered; he persisted in contending with the monarch of Israel, and was defeated and taken captive by him.

The third instance of Scripture parables which occurs to illustrate the subject, is that of the woman of Tekoah; and its object and effect was persuasion. David had banished his beloved son Absalom, for the assassination of his brother Amnon. After his grief was assuaged, and his anger appeased, he longed for the return of his banished child; but he had been so guilty, that it appeared an act of injustice to recall him; and the firmness of the monarch was in opposition to the feelings of the father. While his mind thus wavered a widow woman, instructed by Joab, the commander of the forces, presented herself before the king in habiliments of mourning; and when David inquired into the cause of her calamity, she answered, "I am indeed a widow woman, and mine husband is dead. And thy handmaid had two sons, and they strove together in the field, and there was none to part them; but the one smote the other, and slew him. And, behold, the whole family is risen against thine handmaid, and they said, Deliver him that smote his brother that we may kill him, for the life of his brother whom he slew; and we will destroy the heir also: and so they shall quench my coal which is left, and shall leave to my husband neither name nor remainder upon the earth." How artfully this fable is drawn; its circumstances so remote as not to awaken the suspicion of the king; yet sufficiently allied to assist her plea if she should move him to pity her imaginary distress; and the tale is told with so much pathos, that she could scarcely fail to excite his compassion. Accordingly, he granted the life of her son; and she immediately turned the argument upon him, that if he pitied another who had offended partly in the same way, he ought, in justice to himself, his son, and his people, to recall his own child. Striking upon the already vibrating chords of

the king's heart, she carried her point, and Absalom was suffered to return.

The fourth instance of this mode of instruction is the matchless parable of Nathan to administer reproof to his guilty sovereign. The reason of thus censuring the royal offender is evident. That the heart of David was insensible to his crime, or hardened against it, appears from the circumstance, that, during at least nine months, he seems to have felt no compunction, and had expressed no penitence. In this state of mind openly to have attacked his conduct would have irritated, but could not have melted him. The prophet has therefore recourse to a parable, the parts of which display the most correct judgment, and the most exquisite feeling. The substance of it was calculated to rouse all his passions as a man, and all his justice as a monarch; and its application, like an unexpected stroke of thunder, smote his conscience, and destroyed his security in a moment. "And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe-lamb, which he had brought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him and his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come to him. But he took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die: And he shall restore the lamb four-fold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity." It is scarcely possible to read this parable without tears. What Bathsheba was to Uriah, as the wife of his bosom and his only beloved—the cruel injustice of the monarch, who had eyes too many indulgences—are most touchingly portrayed in the ewe-lamb of the poor man, his only lamb, nourished and brought up with his children, and most dearly prized,—and contrasted with the wealth, power, and oppression of the rich man, whose cruelty is represented as wanton as his measures were unjustifiable, insulting, and violent. The indignation of the king, which followed a tale which he supposed was matter of fact, is natural and strong; his judgment is severely just, and it is confirmed by an oath. At this moment, the tremendous, the abrupt charge, "Thou art the man;" changing the monarch into a criminal, turning upon himself his anger, his justice and his sentence; at once depresses the heart, and demonstrates more powerfully than could a thousand arguments, the force and fitness of this mode of instruction. It opened the eyes of the royal penitent to his guilt and danger; and the powerful emotions of his mind are exhibited in the most affecting and beautiful psalm which he wrote on this occasion, Psalm li.

#### CHAPTER III.

FROM these striking instances we pass on to the New Testament, to the unrivalled fables of Him who "spake as never man spake." Into a discussion of their particulars or aggregate merits we shall not enter, but simply state their general nature and design.

The parables of our Lord have a character in common with those of other teachers, and one peculiar to themselves. They are beautiful, transcendently beautiful; they adorn without seeking to do it, every point of doctrine and every moral precept. Grace was poured upon his lips, and flowed through all his

instructions; the specimens of the pathetic and sublime, from the Old Testament, already adduced, are surpassed in those parables which enliven the preaching, and enrich the discourses of our Lord.

Their simplicity astonishes while it informs; they are great without effort; and captivate by approving themselves to every man's conscience. The magnificent productions of genius may excite our admiration; but here a Master-hand is manifested, by giving dignity which would by another be overlooked or despised, and in making the plainest feature of nature, or the most ordinary occurrence, an occasion of unfolding the most important truths, and the means of illustrating and enforcing them.

A character of infinite importance is attached to these parables; others were directed to a particular purpose, and answered a given end; they secured their object, and in so doing, resigned their agency. To censure an ungrateful people, to trample upon under foot in some individual instance, to awaken the feelings of a parent, to reprove an offending sovereign: these were grand designs, and were effected by their corresponding parables; but those of Jesus always interest, because they aimed not at one thing, but at every thing interesting to man. What sublime doctrines were conveyed by them! They elucidated the great scheme of redemption; they placed in various points of view the principle upon which it proceeds, the reception it met with in the world, the difficulties it had to encounter, the triumph it would finally secure, and the punishment which must follow its rejection. They unlocked the mysteries of the kingdom, even the deep things of God; death, judgment, hell, and heaven, were shadowed forth under familiar but striking images; the precepts of religion were enforced by showing the operation of different principles in the human character in a figure; thus embodying that which, in a more didactic shape, might have effected less, or have been wholly disregarded.

The peculiar character of these parables was their variety and extent. They put in requisition the whole course of nature—nothing was overlooked—nothing neglected. It was said of Solomon, that "he spake of plants from the hyssop that groweth upon the wall to the cedar of Lebanon." This was his praise as a naturalist: but of Jesus, as a teacher, we may say, he left nothing in nature untouched, from the grain of corn falling into the ground and dying, in order to multiply (which he made the symbol of his own death,) to the glowing orb of day, which he exhibited as the faint representative of himself, when he said, "I am the light of the world;" and in all this illimitable range of illustration he elucidated spiritual and eternal things not simply by narratives framed in the imagination and brought to bear upon a moral subject, but by his analogies, to be traced between surrounding objects and visible things, he made plain the principles advanced and enforced in his sermons; thus blending types and parables; appealing to the judgment through the senses and the fancy; carrying this figurative mode of teaching to a greater extent and perfection than it had ever reached before, and divesting it of every thing evil, rendering it subservient exclusively to good, "opened men's ears, and sealed their instruction." In thus delineating the character of our Lord's parables, we have anticipated their general design—which was to answer the grand end of the mission—to fulfil his office as the prophet of the church, "to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." The truths and duties which these parables embody and enforce are of interesting nature, of universal application, and of perpetual obligation. But this form of conveying these instructions was chosen for reasons which depend on local and temporary considerations; and which arise out of the cha-

acter of the man, for we consider the

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factor of the truths to be taught, and of the nature of man, for whose benefit they were intended. Let us consider the latter first.

I. The truths to be conveyed were uncommon, spiritual, and relating chiefly to a higher state of being. The persons who were to receive them were unapprehensive, worldly, and little impressible by didactic force of truth. Parables were chosen as the best key to unlock our understanding, closed against heavenly and eternal things, by their being admirably fitted to impress the affections, and to live in the memory.

II. The temporary and local reasons which induced our Lord to adopt parabolic teachings were, that, 1. He might not frustrate his great design in coming into the world, either by forcing light upon the Jews, to prevent his crucifixion by their conversion, or hastening it prematurely by exasperating them to take vengeance upon him for the plainness and severity of his reproof.

2. That he might accomplish his own purpose in saying the world, and that his Father might accomplish his, in the destruction of his enemies.

"Therefore," said he, "speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand. And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, which saith, By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive: for this people's heart is waxing gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them." This is the only prophecy in the Old Testament which is repeated six times in the New.

There is one inference which I shall derive from the whole, and that is, the lawfulness of fiction as a medium of conveying not only moral, but religious instruction. Considering the weak and baby-like prejudices which are entertained by very grave, learned, and even devout personages, on this point, and the invectives and reproaches which have been cast upon individuals, who in our own times have laboured to bring back fiction to its legitimate province and high vocation as a minister of truth, I shall be excused if I dwell a little upon it in this place, and on an occasion so favourable to its introduction.

An indecent outcry has been raised against religious stories, and inventions constructed for the purpose of reproving vice, exposing cant, and recommending the doctrines and the spirit of the Gospel; and in some weak persons it has operated as a sweeping interdiction of all works of the imagination, at least in prose. Now let us inquire for a moment whether reason or Scripture warrants such a result.

The fault of a tale, in my view, is not that it is a tale, but that it is immoral or irreligious. Some persons who are horror struck at prose fictions readily enough admit into their families poetry, and specimens of the fine arts; the great question is not whether a man writes poetry or prose, but whether works of fiction, as such, are or are not a laudable and happy medium of conveying useful, and even spiritual knowledge. By works of fiction, I understand all such works as profess to illustrate moral and natural truth by the aid of the imagination; and it is distinctly to be observed, that it is no part of the inquiry whether they are in nature or not; whether they are historic, dramatic, descriptive, or allegorical; whether they have, or have not, individually, a good or evil tendency. We have nothing to do with the execution of any one work; but with the simple principle on which all works of this class necessarily depend. It is apparent, then, that before the question can be answered in the negative, we must be prepared to sacrifice the very best and most harmless of prose fictions, we must abandon at once and forever all the walks of

poetry, music, painting, sculpture.—all must be renounced. On this principle we may seriously ask, how are we to dispose of those portions of the Holy Scriptures which must be affected by it? They contain, as we have seen, fables, poetry, and parables. These, I think, add materially to the beauty and pathos of the Divine Word; but this opinion must necessarily be influenced by the way in which we determine on the principle, that truth may be lawfully presented to the mind by means of fiction, for they are evidently fictitious. Finally, I desire to ask, if the imagination may not be employed for these and similar purposes, why was the imagination given? and, if the works of imagination are to fall under the ban of religion? If Fiction is never to approach her hallowed altar, nor weave one wreath to decorate her votaries; if Truth frown her into distance, and to every useful and beneficial purpose, she is henceforth to be reprobate; she cannot choose but ally herself with irreligion, with profaneness, with error, and with every power of darkness. Henceforth only those works of the imagination are to be deemed legitimate that are devoted to the corruption of the heart and the debasement of the character. The Fenelons, the Miltons, the Cowpers, the Bunyans, with a thousand other illustrious names, some of which I should even tremble to adduce, upon the principle that fiction is not to be made the medium of moral and religious instruction,—all these illustrious individuals, instead of being the benefactors, have been the enemies of mankind. Whatever is fictitious in their writings ought to have had no purpose in view, or that purpose should have been evil. It is monstrous to construct a tale—to insinuate a truth—the entertaining and the useful must now be divorced. But my attention is arrested—a Judge interposes to decide the case, and to cover with confusion those who would devote to the enemy of souls one whole faculty of the human mind, and all the class of sensations and impressions which it creates—a faculty on which much of the beauty and energy of the character must depend. A voice addresses me, and it is his "who spake as never man spake,"—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

"**APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.**"—It is related of the venerable Dr. Pilmoor, of Philadelphia, that after he had become a minister of the Protestant Church, he was in a large mixed company, among whom were some of his old friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he rather tauntingly indulged himself in self-gratulation on the promise of Christ's presence with his ministers of the regular apostolic succession, of which he had the happiness to be one. An old friend, who had often heard him preach in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, when he was a plain Methodist preacher, said to him, "Dr. P., permit me to ask you one question, as a Christian man. When I heard you, as a Methodist preacher, preach to the multitude on the race ground, the judge's stand being your pulpit, was Christ with you or not?" The doctor paused, and then emphatically answered, "Yes, if ever he has been with me, he was with me then." His old friend was satisfied and so were the company. It was the candid confession of a plain, honest man—which plain, honest men knew how to appreciate.—*The Rev. Dr. Emery's Episcopal Controversy.*

**AN IRISH PATRIARCH.**—The June number of the Wesleyan Magazine notices the death of the Rev. Gideon Ousley, one of the most extraordinary men of the first Centenary of Methodism, more than *threescore* of which he lived to see. He was liberally educated, self-denying, and zealous; preaching to the native Irish in their vernacular tongue, on all occasions, in season and out of season.

## The Wesleyan.

HALIFAX, MONDAY, AUGUST 25.

N. B. Any articles from correspondents unnoticed, or letters unanswered, will be attended to in our next,—the Editor being unavoidably absent from town.

The Centenary Subscription List for Halifax will be published in our next No.

From the Colonial Pearl.

### ITEMS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

**BRITISH.**—(A late arrival at Boston has furnished English dates three days later than those on hand. Liverpool dates are now down to July 13. The only information of any interest which appears, is subjoined.)

The Chartist agitation had so far subsided in Birmingham, that the extraordinary arrangements of the Police and Military force, had been suspended. The Town was comparatively quiet.

The Crops, it is said, never promised better.

Two females were killed on the Birmingham Railway: their attention was directed to a train approaching in one direction, when they came in contact with a train moving in an opposite direction, and were immediately deprived of life.

On one day in June last, there were shipped from Derry, Ireland for Liverpool, 123 tons of Eggs, calculated at 783,100 in number; value, at a half-penny each, £1,537.

The King of Hanover, completed his 68th year, in June last.

A prize of 100 guineas was recently awarded and presented to Mr. Lalor for the best essay on the means of elevating the condition of Instructors (Schoolmasters.) The prize was delivered by Mr. Wyse, M. P.

#### U. STATES.

The U. States periodicals announce the appearance of a "delightful poem" by Halleck, one of the best American writers: it is entitled Fanny.

A locomotive engine, built at Lowell, was lately tried on the Lowell railroad. It drew a train of 63 loaded cars, weighing 333 tons, over an ascent of 10 feet in a mile, at the rate of 9 miles an hour.

The Engineer of the Troy and Ballston Railroad discovered a man on the track, and motioned him to leave: He did so, but, as the locomotive passed he came in contact with it, and was so injured that he died in a few moments.

Trinity Church, New York, is in course of demolition, being found too much delapidated for repairs. A new Church is to be erected on the site. The New York Gazette urges the Trinity Corporation to arrange for a building, the minimum price of which should be a million of dollars. This body is said to be the richest religious corporation in America, or, perhaps in the christian world.

**STEAM NAVIGATION.**—A meeting was held at Boston, on July 9, the Mayor of the City in the chair, to devise means of accommodation for the line of Steam Packets projected by Hon. S. Cunard. Much zeal on the subject appeared, and a Committee was appointed to act definitely. It was finally arranged that a wharf should be built, and placed at Mr. Cunard's disposal, at East Boston, and that merchandize brought by the steamers should be transported across the ferry, toll-free.

A fire occurred at Cincinnati, on the morning of July 3. Property to the amount of about \$45,000 was consumed, and a young man perished in the flames.

Audubon has completed his splendid work on Ornithology.

On March 14, the whale ship, Gideon Barstow, of Rochester, went ashore in a gale, and sunk, on Dymock Reef, Coco Island. She had 2200 barrels of oil on board, about 1000 were saved, and sold, at \$1 a barrel.

The Indian war in Florida is renewed. The Indians surprised a party of the U. S. troops, and killed 13 out of 28, on the morning of the 23d July.

#### FOREIGN.

The only Foreign information of consequence, brought by latest dates, is compressed in the following paragraphs:

The recovery of the Sultan of the Turkish Empire, is said to be hopeless. The Monarch has not been rendered more charitably disposed towards the refractory Egyptians, by the approach of that universal conqueror, death,—he only desires, it is said, that his life should be spared to see Mehemet Ali and his son brought in chains before him. The recovery of Egypt and Syria would reconcile him to the loss of Greece,—and yet while he pants for useless possessions, and for revenge, the sceptre is altogether falling from his hands, and he himself is about to be consigned to the narrow and dark house.

The removal of some taxes is a more pleasing evidence of this monarch's disposition, and it caused much joy among his subjects.

The heir to the Ottoman throne is a lad, aged 10 years, and of whose notions of government nothing is known beyond the walls of the Harem and the Palace.

The French Court of Peers had not pronounced sentence on the insurgents, whose trials had caused so much attention. Exertions were making to induce the government to forego the execution of any of the prisoners.

Some official changes and some skirmishes are reported from Spain.

There is no doubt, it is said, that Russia was the foundation of the late attempts at revolution in Servia.

#### COLONIAL.

**INDIA.**—It is asserted that very extensive conversions to Christianity have recently occurred in India, about 70 miles north of Calcutta. More than 3000 Hindoos, it is said, had thrown away their idols within a few months.

**CANADA.**—It was reported in Montreal, that the State prisoners in Lower Canada, were to be released on condition of leaving the Province for ever.

The New York Commercial, on this subject, intimates, that it is bad policy to drive hundreds of impoverished and angry men within the United States border,—and unfair to rail at the Republic if these turn marauders and do mischief. The Canadian Government, it says, should either grant a free pardon, keep the prisoners in custody, or send them to Botany Bay,—and not banish them over an imaginary line.

The return of Sir John Colbourne to England is expected in Canada.

The Responsibility agitation was making progress in Upper Canada.

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**—A seaman belonging to the brig Susan Maria Brookes, while assisting in carrying out a kedge anchor was carried over board by a turn of the hawser, and brought down with the anchor. It was nearly 20 minutes before the man was found, when all signs of life had disappeared. He was attended by E. A. Smith, and S. G. Hamilton, Surgeons, and was enabled to return to duty on the following morning. The treatment was similar to that practised by the Humane Society of London.

The Boundary Commissioners had arrived at Fredericton. They are to be accompanied in their investigation, by John Wilkinson Esq. and Mr. Wightman.

Persons charged with murder were lately tried. One named Noble, was a watchman, and during an alarm of fire some months ago, had an altercation with a man whom he found ringing the bell, and who would not desist. The deceased rushed on Noble, who struck him with a stick: the blow caused death. Verdict Manslaughter. Sentence, 3 months imprisonment and a fine of £10.

John Carroll was tried for the murder of a man named John Morrow. Carroll was employed in street repairs, and was desired to desist by Morrow and his brother, who, after some

words, attacked Morrow with a

Manslaughter. On Thursday at St. John's Knight, W. of their visit Centenary, following the Centenary

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words, attacked him. Carroll defended himself, and struck Morrow with a shovel which he held in his hand. Verdict, Manslaughter. Sentence, six months imprisonment.

On Thursday week, the following Rev. Gentlemen arrived at St. John, from Nova Scotia: Messrs. Alder, Bennet, R. Knight, W. Croscombe, and Mr. Richey. The chief object of their visit, no doubt was, the celebration of the Methodist Centenary. The lamentable fire which occurred on the following Saturday night, caused a sudden postponement of the Centenary meeting. £1452 had been subscribed.

A Demerara paper, of 21st July, states, that great mortality prevailed among the Troops in Georgetown Garrison. 15 men and 5 officers, including the Lieutenant Colonel, of the 76th Regt. died of fever, in the four weeks preceding latest dates. It is asserted that the situation of the barracks at Georgetown is the most unfavourable for health that could be found in the Colony.

Abbreviated from the St. John Observer, August 21, 1839.

### DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION!

*Above one Hundred Buildings, and a vast amount of other Property in Ruins.*

But little more than two years have elapsed since the inhabitants of St. John were afflicted (on the night of Saturday, January 14, 1837,) with a tremendous conflagration, which laid in ruins one third of the most flourishing mercantile part of the city, and caused enormous loss and misery, from the vast destruction of valuable property. At this moment another extensive tract of streets and wharves, which a few hours since were loaded with immense quantities of valuable Merchandise, are nothing more than heaps of smouldering ruins. On Saturday evening last, about 9 o'clock, (the same hour and day of the week as the great fire of 1837,) our citizens were alarmed by the dismal tones of the pealing fire-bells. It was immediately ascertained, that the fire had commenced in a building in Nelson Street, occupied by Messrs. Hugh Irvine & Co., ship builders, as a store and ware-house; and originated, as is reported, from the carelessness of a boy, who was drawing *ardent spirit* from a cask, and who suffered his candle to come in contact either with the spirit, or with a pile of *oakum*, which was very improperly placed *on the top of the cask*. In a very few minutes the whole building was in a mass of flame, and instantly communicated to the large and lofty store occupied by Mr. Thos. E. Millidge, General Merchant; and from the extremely awkward situation of the premises, in a sharp angle of a very narrow and crowded street, the dense mass of surrounding buildings and lumber yards, filled with dry and combustible materials, it soon became apparent, that no human power could confine the ravages of the devouring element to the immediate scene of commencement. It was low water at the time, and consequently no sufficient supply of water could for a long time be procured in the neighbourhood of the fire. In an incredibly short time Nelson Street with its alleys and courts, and the North Market wharf were enveloped in flames, the proprietors and residents having time to remove but a small portion of their property, ere the devouring element drove them from the scene of their labours. The spectacle, as viewed from the upper parts of the city, was sublime and terrific in the extreme; and the hearts of the gazers sank within them, as they contemplated the fearfully rapid progress of destruction, the comparative futility of the strenuous exertions which were everywhere making to arrest it, and the alarming probability of its extending over the whole city. The conflagration continued extending with unabated fury till nearly daylight on

Sunday morning, sweeping away in its course every building in Nelson and Dock-streets, on the Hon. Wm. Black's, Crookshank & Walker's, Lawton's, Waterbery's, Donaldson's, and the North Market Wharves, the whole north side of the Market Square, including the houses of Thomas Mettrick, Esq. in Prince William Street, Dock street down the south side of Union street, to Adams' slip. The arrest of the calamity was as singular and unexpected as its career had been rapid and fearful: when the destruction was at its very height, and its widely-spread extent had so divided the exertions of the people, as to render their efforts almost hopeless, a merciful Providence gave success to their labours, and enabled them to limit the scene of desolation.

It is calculated that nearly 3000 persons have been rendered houseless; nearly all of them being of the labouring class. Mercantile men also generally agree in estimating, that a much greater quantity of valuable merchandize has been destroyed than in 1837.

(The services of the military and people are warmly eulogized.)

It was providential that the night of the fire was peculiarly calm; as, had there been any wind, with such extremely dry weather, but little hope could have been entertained of saving any considerable portion of the city.

It is gratifying to state, that we have heard of no loss of human life during the awful catastrophe; nor of any accident beyond severe bruises. So rapid was the career of destruction, that the removal of goods was often arrested by the sudden arrival of the flames; several gangs of rigging, blocks, &c. for large new ships, were at one time thrown into scows for safety, but before they could be removed, the falling and falling ruins of buildings covered and entirely destroyed them.

The loss is estimated at £200,000,—many insurances had been effected.

A Public Meeting was held this forenoon, for the purpose of rendering assistance to the sufferers by the St. John fire.

The Hon. S. Cunard arrived in Town, unexpectedly, on Wednesday evening, his letters having been delayed on the road. The committee appointed to celebrate Mr. Cunard's success in establishing a Steam Packet line, met on Thursday, and the general committee on the subject waited on Mr. Cunard at two o'clock this day, with the address which had been agreed on.

### MARRIAGES.

At Londonderry on the 13th, by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. William Corbet, to Miss Mary Spencer.

On the 17th, inst., by the Rev. Mr. Baxter, Mr. Jacob Corbet, to Miss Elizabeth McGinney, all of that place.

At Yarmouth, on Sunday 4th Inst., by the Rev. A. Galpin, Capt. Samuel Gowen to Miss Henrietta Sherlock, formerly of Halifax.

### DEATHS.

On Thursday evening, after a long sickness, which she endured with exemplary fortitude and resignation, Mary, wife of Mr. Hugh W. Blackadar, printer, in the 30th year of her age.

On Friday morning last, Peter, son of Mr. James Bruce, of Musquodoboit, after a short but severe illness, aged 22 years.

In this town, on the 20th inst. Mr. Michael Holehan, an old and respectable inhabitant of this place.

At Liverpool N. S., on the 3rd inst., in the 28th year of her age, John Roberts, Esq., a worthy member of society, highly respected by all who knew him.

**SELF-ADVANCEMENT.**—Mr. Ewing, senator from Ohio, in the United States, is perhaps the most conspicuous man of that state, at the present time, unless Judge M'Lean be an exception. Although he has been in Congress but a single session, he has acquired a high reputation as a statesman. I should think him to be about forty. He is a self-made man,—a striking exemplification of what a man can do by merely personal effort. He is a native of this state, and was born poor. In his youth his principal employment was wood-chopping. Being very athletic, he excelled in the labours of the axe. At length, when he had grown up to early manhood, a desire for education was awakened in his mind. He directed his steps to this institution, (what institution is not specified,) where he completed his education, preparatory to the study of the law. In term time he chopped wood at the college-door; and in vacation it was his custom to swing his axe upon his shoulder, and go forth in search of a job, which he would accomplish, and return with fresh vigour at the commencement of the next term. In this way he sustained himself while in college, and came out with a constitution as vigorous as when he entered: and now he is a senator of the United States.—*American Annals of Education.*

**COFFEE IN THE DESERT.**—It is astonishing what effect the smallest portion of the strong coffee made by the Arabs has; no greater stimulus is required in the longest and most arduous journeys. It is universal throughout the East, but more used by the Arabs of the desert, than by any other class; they will often go without food for twenty-four hours if they can but have recourse to the little dram of coffee, which, from the small compass in which they carry the apparatus, and the readiness with which it is made, they can always command. I can vouch for both its strengthening and exhilarating effect; it answers these purposes better than I can conceive it possible a dram of spirits could do to those who indulge in it.—*Major Skinner's Adventures in the East.*

**A SURPRISE.**—A Southern gentleman was on board a steam-vessel proceeding from New York to Philadelphia. He engaged in conversation with two unknown gentlemen, and soon plunged into the subject of slavery. He was a slaveholder, and they were abolitionists. With one of them he was peculiarly pleased, and they discussed the subject for some length of time. He at last addressed the other abolitionist thus: "How easy and pleasant it is to argue the matter with such a man as your friend! if all your abolitionists were like him, how soon we and you might come to an understanding! But you are generally so coarse and violent! You are all so like Garrison. Pray give me your friend's name." "You have just spoken it; it is Mr. Garrison." "Impossible! this gentleman is so mild—so gentlemanly." "Ask the Captain if it be not Mr. Garrison." It was an important point; the captain was asked. This mild, courteous, sprightly, gentlemanly person was Mr. Garrison.—*Miss Martineau.*

**EASTERN VEGETATION.**—There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation! The magnitude of the flowers, creepers and trees, contrasts strikingly with the stunted, and I had almost said pigmy, vegetation of England. Compared with our forest-trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here, we have creepers and vines, entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees, seldom under a hundred, and generally approaching a hundred and sixty to two hundred feet in height. One tree that we measured, was in circumference nine yards! and this is nothing to one I measured in Java.—*Sir Stamford Raffles.*

**CURRAN.**—On one occasion Lord Clonmell was so pressed both by the argument, the eloquence, and the wit of Mr. Curran, that he lost temper, and called on the sheriffs to be ready to take any one into arrest, who would be found so contemptuously presuming to fly in the face of the Court. Mr. Curran, perceiving the twittering of a swallow actively in pursuit of flies, (for, as like in Nero's court, so in the presence of this emperor, scarcely a fly was to be found,) in his turn called the sheriffs to take that swallow into arrest, for it was guilty of contempt, as it had contemptuously presumed to fly in the face of the Court. The ridicule of this, and the peals of laughter which ensued, closed the scene.

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

BY ALEXANDER W. McLEOD.

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