

The Provincial Westminster

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume XI. No. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859.

Whole No. 495.

Poetry.

Hymn for the New Year.

Hark! oh hark those sounds ascending,
Heaven and earth on anthem raise;
"God of love our lives depending,
Through a year of happy days!

"God of seasons still providing,
Summer's ear and winter's dress;
Giving life and love, and gladdening,
Ere the morning sun increases;
Goodness crowns the glad New Year.

"Still with grateful love confessing,
By thee fed and cheered here;
Still we crave another blessing,
Grace to crown the circling year."

Hark! oh hark those sounds ascending,
Land, oh land a listening ear;
Infant hearts and voices blending,
"Blessing crowns the glad New Year."

"Still with songs that never cease,
Cheerful homage offer here;
Evening, morning, still increasing,
Gladness crowns the circling year.

"O may Jesus tune our voices,
Fill our hearts with peace and joy,
Till our every sense rejoices
In our Saviour's blissful employ."

Religious Miscellany.

The Parting of the Ways.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Life is as a journey. The analogy runs out into particulars. On the journey the most of the time is spent in travelling a previously selected road. But at intervals we come to a parting of the ways, where we are to choose between two different roads—and we must choose which we will take. At one of these landmarks we stand to-day. We do not make it an occasion; already in the order of things it has been made so by Providence. Why I know not, and care not to know; but the hours that mark the closing of one year and the beginning of another, are felt by us all to possess in some way a peculiar and most serious character. We cannot help it. So many thoughts meet at this centre, a year is so large a fragment of life, it is so measured by the sun, that we cannot help but cast our eyes to it and speak and say, thus much longer has that lived, and thus much nearer art thou to thy grave,—there are so many memories of those who were with us a year ago, the innocence of childhood, the fair forms of youth, the bright associations, no enemies and strife into this new year. Leave these behind, and let the dead past bury its dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.

The new year will bring its opportunities of usefulness. Consider whether you mean to meet them as a Christian man should, or as a man who means to avoid them. I do not say what you shall do, only do not go on blindly, know for yourself whether you mean to meet or avoid the opportunities of usefulness, which Providence puts in your way. You have temptations, know, if you do not, at any rate to yourself. At least, this day look at them face to face and know what they are, and know whether you mean to yield or not to yield to them. You have duties connected with kin and kind, and friends and society. Give this day a consideration of what they are. Is this requiring too much?

How many men are there, who pass for men of wisdom and prudence, who do not leave matters of profit or ambition to accident, who will not let the new year go by without knowing how their affairs stand with the world, but who do not, from one year's consideration, make one serious and thorough examination into the merits of their lives. At least, give this one day to a review of the past and to a consideration of the way in which you are willing to live for the future—the way by which living or dying you are willing to abide.

At this parting of the ways there is one of them which a Christian man should go. Are you prepared to say, that road which I know a Christian should take, I choose. I take it humbly for I know my weakness; but I take it deliberately, meaning, with God's help, to continue in it to the year's end. Are you prepared to say, "I do not know what we ought deliberately to say? Is not that religious purpose the one to which I would fix attention is this: If you are ever to make any change for the better of change must begin in some decided purpose of your own? You cannot expect God's blessing except in aid of some such purpose. And because of its necessity, devote this day to a review of the past, and to Christian purposes for the future."

The New Year is ushered in with mutual good wishes. Let the good wishes turn into acts; let no friendly ties be broken fast enough by death, be lightly broken by you. Let no hard thing be done even toward an enemy—let those around you be the happier because you are in the midst of them—let the daily gifts of Heaven's mercy which are yours, make you cherish perpetual gratitude to Him who gives all; and not knowing what a day may bring forth, not knowing which of your rivals or your friends, which of those associated with you, or dependent on you, which of the wretched whom you might relieve, or of the friendless whom you might benefit, may be taken away by the hand of death. Be careful that whatever works are required by justice, or mercy, or religion, be done while you are able to do them. Put them not off till their death or yours makes them impossible; and let the new year which comes in with rejoicings be followed by Christian fidelity.—*Christian Days and Thoughts.*

while many shall see the year's end, there are some, we know, who will not see it. Whose name has on it the mark for the grave, we may not know; but some of those, we know, who welcomed one another at the beginning, will not be here at the end. And soon all shall be gone, and a new generation fill the places that we have occupied. The few survivors, worn and bent with years, shall alone remain, amidst the solitude which death has made. How should this fact, which nothing but the madness of folly would try to keep out of sight, change the view of life! What contempt does it throw on our petty wranglings and strifes, our doubts and ambitions and selfish passions!

Could the veil that hides the picture be lifted, could we know that we should not see the end of the year on earth, what is there which you are neglecting that ought to be done? If in the uncertainties of life there is one question above all others at this season which a reasonable man should ask himself, it is to the what is there which you are neglecting, to which you ought to attend. It is wonderful that this great fact, the uncertainty of life, influences us so little; doubtless, it sometimes throws a darker thought into the mind, it gives an attractive sadness to poetry, it awakens a transient feeling, and prompts a transient resolve; it may affect the character and method of one's business life. But how little influence has it over our more settled, moral and religious purposes. And yet we have definite convictions as to the future. We believe that for the heavenly happiness there is no other preparation of life and of character. What then shall we say of one who knows that any day he may be called from this scene, and does not often ask himself, "How far does this course which I am pursuing prepare me for that which death will soon reveal?"

Living, but living an uncertain life, let the season utter its warnings. One thing is certain, that if you desire improvement in anything, it will never come to you accidentally. It must begin in a distinct, resolved purpose to make a change for the better,—and this is a proper season to be devoted to considering and to Christian resolutions. I call on you to give this day to a serious review of your life, of what you have been living for and of what you propose to henceforth live for. Give one day to this. And let it be this first day of the year; at least begin the year right. There you stand at the parting of the ways; and you are to take, and as you stand here consider and know how it is that you intend to live. As you review the past there are many positive evils which you know ought to be left behind. Carry no bad habits, no corrupting associations, no enemies and strife into this new year. Leave these behind, and let the dead past bury its dead; leave them behind, and thank God that you are able to leave them.

The new year will bring its opportunities of usefulness. Consider whether you mean to meet them as a Christian man should, or as a man who means to avoid them. I do not say what you shall do, only do not go on blindly, know for yourself whether you mean to meet or avoid the opportunities of usefulness, which Providence puts in your way. You have temptations, know, if you do not, at any rate to yourself. At least, this day look at them face to face and know what they are, and know whether you mean to yield or not to yield to them. You have duties connected with kin and kind, and friends and society. Give this day a consideration of what they are. Is this requiring too much?

How many men are there, who pass for men of wisdom and prudence, who do not leave matters of profit or ambition to accident, who will not let the new year go by without knowing how their affairs stand with the world, but who do not, from one year's consideration, make one serious and thorough examination into the merits of their lives. At least, give this one day to a review of the past and to a consideration of the way in which you are willing to live for the future—the way by which living or dying you are willing to abide.

At this parting of the ways there is one of them which a Christian man should go. Are you prepared to say, that road which I know a Christian should take, I choose. I take it humbly for I know my weakness; but I take it deliberately, meaning, with God's help, to continue in it to the year's end. Are you prepared to say, "I do not know what we ought deliberately to say? Is not that religious purpose the one to which I would fix attention is this: If you are ever to make any change for the better of change must begin in some decided purpose of your own? You cannot expect God's blessing except in aid of some such purpose. And because of its necessity, devote this day to a review of the past, and to Christian purposes for the future."

The New Year is ushered in with mutual good wishes. Let the good wishes turn into acts; let no friendly ties be broken fast enough by death, be lightly broken by you. Let no hard thing be done even toward an enemy—let those around you be the happier because you are in the midst of them—let the daily gifts of Heaven's mercy which are yours, make you cherish perpetual gratitude to Him who gives all; and not knowing what a day may bring forth, not knowing which of your rivals or your friends, which of those associated with you, or dependent on you, which of the wretched whom you might relieve, or of the friendless whom you might benefit, may be taken away by the hand of death. Be careful that whatever works are required by justice, or mercy, or religion, be done while you are able to do them. Put them not off till their death or yours makes them impossible; and let the new year which comes in with rejoicings be followed by Christian fidelity.—*Christian Days and Thoughts.*

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.—An old woman was praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermon of a Scotch minister, who had acquired a great name for depth and sublimity. Her auditor ventured to propose a question to her: "Well, Jenny, do you understand him?" "Understand him!" holding up her hands in astonishment at the question, "me understand him! would I have the presumption."

Moral Corruption in the Roman Empire.

By REV. PHILIP SCHAEFF, D. D.

Christianity is not only the revelation of truth, but also the fountain of holiness. It attests its divine origin as much by its moral workings as by its pure doctrines. By its own inherent energy, without noise and commotion, without the force of circumstances, nay, in spite of all possible obstacles, it has gradually wrought the greatest and most beneficent reformation, we should rather say regeneration, of society, which history has ever seen. To appreciate this work we must first review the moral condition of heathenism in its mightiest embodiment in history.

When Christianity took firm foothold on earth, the Pagan civilization and the Roman Empire had reached their zenith. The reign of Augustus was the golden age of Roman Literature; his successors added Britain and Dacia to the conquests of the Republic; internal organization was perfected by Trajan, and his successors the fairest countries of Europe, and a considerable part of Asia and Africa, then stood under one imperial government with republican forms, and enjoyed a well ordered jurisdiction. Military roads, canals, and the Mediterranean Sea, facilitated commerce and trade; agriculture was improved and all branches of industry flourished. Temples, theatres, aqueducts, public baths, and magnificent buildings of every kind adorned the great cities; institutions of learning disseminated culture; two languages with a classic literature were current in the empire, the Greek in the East, the Latin in the West; the book trade, with the manufacture of paper, was a craft of no small importance, and a library became a mark of respectability.

The excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum reveal a high degree of convenience and taste in domestic life; and no one can look at the sublime and elegant ruins of Rome, above all, the Colosseum, built by Vespaasian for more than eighty thousand spectators, without admiration at the energy and majesty of the Roman state. But the age of the full bloom of the Graeco-Roman culture and empire was also the first period of its decline. The imposing show concealed incurable moral rot and indestructible wickedness. The most colossal piles owed their creation to the bloody great of public intemperance, and were treated no better than so many seats of burden; on the above named amphitheatres alone toiled twelve thousand Jewish prisoners of war. Even the later times of the republic, and still more the emperors, the rise and fall of the great nations diffused the most extravagant luxury, which collected for a single meal peacocks from Samos, pike from Pessinus, oysters from Tarentum, dates from Egypt, nuts from Spain, in short the rarest dishes from every part of the world. The luxurious life stimulated appetite and lightened the stomach. A special class of servants, the cosmetics, had charge of the dress, the smoothing of the wrinkles, the setting of false teeth, the painting of the eyebrows of fashionable lords and ladies.

Hand in hand with this luxury came vices of natural and unnatural sensuality, which decency refused to name. Comfortless repose in crying contrast with immeasurable wealth; exhausted provinces with swelling cities. Enormous numbers of slaves, and misery were terribly increased, especially in the second and third centuries; by all sorts of public misfortunes. The higher or ruling families were enervated, and were not strengthened or replenished by the lower. The free citizens lost all physical and moral vigor, and sank to a mere mass; the third class was the huge body of slaves, who performed almost all kinds of mechanical labor, and the tilling of the soil, and in times of danger were ready to join the enemies of the Empire. A proper middle class, the only basis of a healthy commonwealth, there was none. The army, composed largely of the rudest citizens and of barbarians, was the heart of the nation, and gradually stamped the military despotism. The virtues of patriotism and of good faith in public intercourse were extinct. The basest avarice, suspicion and envy, unscrupulous and bribery, insolence and servility everywhere prevailed.

The work of demoralizing the people was systematically organized and sanctioned from the highest places downward. There were, it is true, some worthy emperors of the Roman energy and justice, among whom Trajan, Trajan, Adrian, Antonine Pius, and Marcus Aurelius stand foremost. But the best they could do was to check the process of internal putrefaction, as it to conceal the sores for a little while; they could not heal them. Most of the emperors were coarse military despots, and some of them monsters of immorality. There are few periods in the history of the world in which so many and so hideous vices have disgraced the throne as in the period from Tiberius to Constantine. We are familiar with the dark misanthropy, the tiger-like cruelty, and the wild voluptuousness of Tiberius; the madness of Caligula who had men sawed in pieces for his amusement, raised his horse to the dignity of consul and priest, and crawled under the bed in a storm; the bottomless villainy and selfish vanity of the such tyrant Nero, who practiced unnatural vices with the most shocking shamelessness; who, in sheer wantonness set fire to Rome, and then burned the innocent Christians for it, as torches in his garden; who either poisoned with his own hand, or murdered by the hands of others, his brothers, nephews and Seneca, his half-brother and brother-in-law Britannicus, his mother Agrippina, his wife Octavia, his mistress Poppaea; and finally supported by a servant, stabbed himself, exclaiming, "What an art dies in me!" the swinish gluttony of Vitellius; the dark suspicion, the refined wickedness, and blasphemous pride of Domitian, who, more like a cat than a tiger, amused himself most with the torments of the dying, and with catching flies; the blind bloodthirstiness and shameless revelry of Commodus, with his hundreds of concubines; the infernal villainy of the youth Heliodorus, whose greatest delight was to raise the lowest men to the highest dignities of the state, to dress himself in woman's clothes, to be called emperor, to marry a disolute boy like himself, in short, to invert all

the laws of nature and of decency, until at last he was butchered with his mother by the soldiers, and thrown into the muddy Tiber. And to fill the measure of impiety and wickedness, such imperial monsters, after Augustus, from whose ashes an eagle rose, and whose soul, as a senator testified on oath, had visibly ascended to heaven, were received after their death by a formal decree of the senate into the number of the gods, and their abandoned memory was celebrated by festivals, temples and colleges of priests! Domestic, even in his lifetime, caused himself to be called "Dominae et Deus noster," and whole herds of animals to be sacrificed to his gold and silver statues. Surely this was not the height of adulation, but a public and official mockery of all morality and religion.

From the higher regions the corruption descended into the masses of the people, who had no sense of anything but bread and public sports, "panem et circenses," and in the enjoyment of these looked with morbid curiosity and interest upon the most flagrant vices of their masters. The earnest Socrates, Seneca, hesitated not to say of this imperial age: "All is full of outrage and vice; a monstrous prize contest of wickedness is being enacted; the desire to sin increases and shame decreases every day. . . . Vice is no longer even practiced secretly, but in open view. Villenness gains on all the streets, and in every breast, so that innocence has become not only rare, but altogether extinct."

No wonder Tacitus, with the many cruel slanders with which he reproaches the old Roman earnestness in his immortal history, could nowhere, save, perhaps, among the barbarian Germans, discover a star of hope, and forbode the fearful vengeance of the gods, and even the speedy destruction of the empire. And certainly nothing could save the empire from this final doom, whose approach was announced with ever growing distinctness by wars, insurrections, inundations, earthquakes, pestilence, famine, irruption of barbarians, and prophetic calamities of every kind.

Escapes from Danger.

The *Western Christian Advocate* says:—The hair-bread escapes of the servants of God in the mission field have singularly illustrated the protecting care of that fatherly Hand which watched over them. No where, perhaps, has this been more clearly seen than in the case of the Rev. Mr. Haensel, a Moravian Brethren. The following curious details are given respecting Mr. Haensel, who labored last century at the Niobrara Islands, India. We extract it from Rev. Mr. Brown's History of Missions:

By a great demand for productions of the necessities of life, the Brethren endeavored to lighten the expenses of the mission, by making collections of shells, serpents, and other natural curiosities, which they sent to Tranquebar for sale, as there was at that time a great demand for productions of this kind in various parts of Europe. At the Brethren's garden near Tranquebar, Mr. Haensel, after his return to that place, had a shop, or work-room, for the purpose of stuffing these and other animals, preserving them in spirits, or otherwise preparing them for sale; and he sometimes employed two or three Malabar boys to assist him. In the neighborhood of that town there is a small serpent called the spit-anake. It is black, with a white streak along its back, dividing the body longitudinally. Its bite is extremely venomous; and as it is a very slender creature, it can insinuate itself into the smallest hole or cranny. By this means it often enters rooms and closets in quest of food, of which Mr. Haensel gives the following example:

"There was a door," says he, "in a dark part of my work-room, with a large double lock upon it. One evening as I was attempting to open it, I suddenly felt a prick in my finger, and, at the same instant, a violent electrical shock, as if I were split asunder. Not thinking of a serpent, I at first imagined that my Malabar boys had, in their play, wound some wire about the handle, and that it was by this I was hurt; and therefore I asked them sharply what they had done to the door. They denied, however, that they had meddled with it; and when I made a second attempt to open it I was attacked still more violently, and perceived the blood trickling down my finger. I then returned into my room and sucked the wound till I could draw no more blood from it; after which I applied to it some spirits of turpentine, and tied it up with a bandage; but being much surprised that evening with other business, I took no further notice of it. In the night, however, it swelled, and I exceedingly painful. In the morning when I went into the work-room, I thought I felt an unpleasant musky smell; and on approaching the door almost mentioned, the stench was altogether intolerable. I again asked the boys what they had done to the door, but they denied that they had brought into the room, or were always playing themselves; but they still denied that they knew anything about the matter. Having procured a candle, I then discovered the cause of all the mischief. About six inches of the body of a young spit-anake hung out of the key-hole, perfectly dead; and on taking off the lock, I found the creature twisted into it, and so much wounded by the turn of the bolt, from my attempt to open the door, that it had died in consequence. It had been entering the room through the key-hole, when I thus accidentally stopped its progress, and was bitten by it; and considering the deadly nature of the serpent's poison, I felt thankful to God, that, though ignorant of the cause of the wound, I applied proper remedies to it, in consequence of which

my life was not endangered. I have been told that the bite of every serpent is accompanied, in a greater or less degree, by a sensation similar to an electrical shock. The name of spit-anake which is given to this animal, we considered as descriptive, not so much of its spilt appearance, as of the singular sensation occasioned by its bite."

Mr. Haensel in his frequent excursions along the coast, was sometimes benighted, and could not conveniently return home; but in these circumstances he was never at a loss for a bed. The greater part of the beach consists of a remarkable fine white sand, which above the high-water mark, is perfectly clean and dry. Into this he could dig a hole large enough to contain his body, and he likewise formed a mound as a pillow for his head. He then lay down, and by collecting the sand over him, barred himself in it up to the neck. His faithful dog always lay across his body, ready to give the alarm in case of the smallest danger or disturbance.

After the officers and soldiers who had accompanied the Brethren to the Niobrara Islands were all dead, and it was known that the missionaries would not abandon their post, the government at Tranquebar required that one of them should act as the royal Danish resident. This office was frequently a source of much vexation, and even of danger to them. The Danes, when they formed their first settlement on one of these islands, which they called New Denmark, had conveyed hither a considerable number of cannon; but after the death of all the soldiers, the carriages rotted to pieces, and the guns were suffered to lie on the ground. On one occasion, a *Nacata*, or general of the King of Queda, as he styled himself, arrived at Nancawery with a large party and five of the guns on board. Mr. Haensel being informed of this, considered it his duty as resident to protest against the robbery, and spoke to him concerning it.

The *Nacata* flew into a violent rage, and began to use threatening language, pleading the orders of his sovereign. Mr. Haensel replied, with all the simplicity of truth, that his prince knew very well, that as he had laid nothing down there, he had no right to take anything up, and that he would give notice of it to the King of Denmark. He then left him, but afterwards heard that the *Nacata* threatened to kill him, and thus prevented him from reporting what he had done. The natives also assured Mr. Haensel that it was the general's intention to murder him; but that they would save and defend him. They accordingly stopped till late in the night, when the Brethren desired them to return home, but could scarcely prevail on them to go away.

After they had gone, and just as the Brethren were about to retire to bed, they heard a noise without, and immediately started a violent knocking at the door. On opening it, Mr. Haensel was surprised to see it surrounded by a number of Malays; but though much afraid, he assumed an authoritative air, and kept his station at the entrance, until he determined to let them in. The foremost however, pushed by him, and then the *Nacata* himself came forward. The Malays immediately crowded into the room, and sat down in the chairs and on the floor, closely watching him, armed with their bows and daggers. Mr. Haensel preserved a firm, undaunted look, yet it is impossible to describe his feelings on this occasion, as he expected every moment to fall a sacrifice to their fury. The *Nacata* then told him that he had come to ask: "Whose property the cannons are, and as the resident's business?" To this question Mr. Haensel replied to the following effect: "You have come to the wrong person to make that inquiry; for I only am a servant to the King of Denmark, as you, according to your account, are the servant of the King of Queda. I am therefore, as you may terminate who shall have the cannon. Our respective masters, and they only can settle that point. You have told me that you have received orders to bring them; and I can assure you that I have orders to protest against it. I have, both, therefore, only done my duty. All now depends on this point, whether my king or your king has the best right to give orders on these islands, and claim to the property in question."

On receiving this answer the *Nacata* became quite furious, and began to talk of the cannons which were lying in his hands. Some of them drew their daggers, and showed the missionary how they were tipped with poison. On a sudden they all rose up, and to his imagination seemed to rush upon him, but instead of this they quitted the room, one by one, and left him standing in utter astonishment at their conduct. As soon as they were all gone, and he found himself in safety, Haensel fell on his knees, and with tears in his eyes returned thanks to God Almighty, who had so graciously heard his prayers, and saved him from the hands of his enemies. His Brethren, who had fled into the wood when the Malays first burst into the house, now returned, and they mutually wept for joy to see each other still in life.

The *Nacata* said afterward that the Danish resident at Nancawery was a very great sorcerer, for he had tied his hands that they could do nothing to him.

Internal and External.

"I grew acquainted with the mystic writers, whose noble descriptions of union with God and internal religion made everything else appear mean, flat and insipid. But, in truth, they made good words appear so too; and, faith itself, and what not?" They gave me an entire new view of religion, nothing more before. But what was it? It was being like that religion which Christ and his Apostles loved and taught. I had a priestly dispensation from all commands of God; the form was thus: Love is all; all the commands beside are only means of love; you must choose those which you love, and you must use them as long as they are so. Thus were all the bands burst at once; and though I could never fully come into this, nor contentedly omit what God enjoined, yet, I know not how, I fluctuated between obedience and disobedience; I had no heart, no vigour, no zeal in obeying, continually doubting whether I was right or not, and never out of perplexities and entanglements. Nor can I at this hour give account how or when I came a little back toward the right way; only my present sense is, all the other

enemies of Christianity are triflers, the mystic are the most dangerous, they stab it in the vital, and its most serious professors are most likely to fall by it.—John Wesley.

Religious Intelligence.

A Remarkable Conversion.

The history of Mr. George Hubbard, of Boston, who is about to enter upon his labors as a missionary in Africa, accompanied by his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Blocker Hadden, of New York, is related as follows in the Express:—"Some years ago there lived in Boston a young man, one of the best families in the city, handsome, intelligent, well educated, of agreeable manners and address, and exceedingly popular with all who knew him. Still he was most generally known as a very 'fast' young man, and noted for his extravagance in the expenditure of money, his disregard for those conventionalities and moralities, of which society requires the observance of all within its pale. The result of such a career need not be described, as it is seen every day in all great cities, happening in spite of the precepts of the judicious and warning examples of the imprudent. The last chance that seemed to be left for the reinstatement of the subject of our story in the good opinion of his friends, of himself, and of the world, was a voyage in some responsible capacity that should test the sincerity of his desire to redeem himself.

"By the aid of friends he procured such an opportunity, and left his native city as the commander of a merchant vessel, bound on a long and somewhat hazardous voyage. In the course of it he found himself among the Feejee Islands, and having occasion to go ashore on one of them, he visited the residence of a native chief, who entertained him hospitably, and as he was about to depart, requested him to pray to the Christian God, with and for that savage family.

"Here was a dilemma. The attitude and act of prayer had long been strange to the young man, and he was unable to write to him a request; and in default of his ability to comply with it, the Feejee chief, who had probably been visited and taught by some wandering missionary who had casually landed upon that island, raised his voice in prayer, with the native of a Christian and civilized land, himself unused to devotion, stood by and listened! Was not this a striking scene? But mark the result. Our young sailor returned to his ship, and, in due course of time to his home. Hastening to his brother, a clergyman of an Episcopal Church residing in the neighborhood, he told him the story of the prayer he had heard put up by a savage islander in that far distant ocean, and confessed to him that the prayer had been followed by an answer which he had been able to write to him. He now desired to redeem the time he had so sadly wasted, and to devote himself actively, and in the most sacrificing way, to the cause of religion. Steadily adhering to his purpose, he became a church member, a candidate for orders in the church, and an accepted missionary to Africa, which he is about to go, under the auspices of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But not alone."

Perverts to Rome.

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* has the following remarks on a subject lately treated in this paper:—"A secular paper, quoting a list of clergymen who have gone from the Protestant Episcopal Church to the Roman Catholic, and gives the following reasons: 1st. Its immense population, nearly two hundred and sixty millions of souls. 2d. Its relative geographical position. 'Some of its parts lie in close proximity to every branch of the human family, and if reclaimed to the *Savior*, the Gospel could be conveyed with great ease to the unevangelized, who can receive it now only at great risks and sacrifice on the part of the friends of Christ.— 3d. Its availability. The converts and the resources of this field may be turned to good account to the cause of Christ at an early day. Native helpers may be raised up in a short time, and as numerous as the Pagan lands. 4th. Its population are furnishing for the bread of life. The great masses of the people are deplorably ignorant. 5th. Their churches are, to a great extent, but places of idleness and superstitious observance. The Sabbath has become a mere holiday, a season for worldly amusements; and the Bible but few among them have ever seen. 6th. Touching its varied and precious instructions, they are in gross darkness.—*Monrall Witness.*"

Missionary Projects of Rome.

There is great joy in Rome at the results of the English-French expedition in China. In particular, the superiors of the missionary institutions have frequently deliberated since on the ways and means to turn the opening of the Chinese Empire to the advantage of the Catholic Church. It is intended to send at once more than two hundred priests into the interior provinces of China, and, for that purpose, to call on all the Catholic countries to furnish their contingent of missionaries. Another mission, to which Rome will in future devote greater attention, is that of Central Africa, of which Khartoum is the center. On account of the many deaths that have occurred among the missionaries of Central Africa, it had been several times determined to give up the field altogether. But a priest of Lyons, Dr. Mittrauxer, who has visited the mission himself, has prevailed upon the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and upon the Pope himself, to cry on the mission more vigorously than before. Several young negroes have been recently brought to Italy to receive their education, two of whom are in the propaganda in order to be educated as missionaries. It is intended to establish, after some time, a special seminary for Central Africa.

Singular Religious Kingdom in Africa.

In the highlands of Ethiopia, Major Harris found a so-called Christian Kingdom, a nation's establishment dating from the earliest ages. By this church, saints and angels are invoked, the Virgin and St. Michael are made scarcely subordinate deities, a crowded calendar of saints receive honors, and half the year is composed of fasts and festivals. It enjoys the same religious observances, whose course is dreaded by the people as the last calamity, while they confidently rely on the almsgiving and penances be imposed as an expiation of sin. Its most extraordinary peculiarities are certain usages and ceremonies either borrowed from the Jews or borrowed from the Ethiopian faith. Their churches, which are generally small and mean, resemble precisely the Jewish temple; they are divided into three parts; the innermost is the holy of holies, and may be entered by the priest alone.

Efforts to Evangelize Roman Catholics.

The Journal of the American and Foreign Christian Union states, that there are nearly four million of Roman Catholics in the United States. Bishops, priests and nuns, are increasing in numbers, and cathedrals, churches, nunneries and other Romish institutions are springing up all over the land. The great majority of the adherents of the Romish Church is found in the cities. The special work of the Union is to send the gospel to Roman Catholics, residing in the United States, and to Roman Catholic countries on this continent and in Europe. In the United States, the missionaries of the Society have labored with great success. Multitudes of adult Roman Catholics have received, and learned to read, the scriptures. More than 13,000 children have, with the consent of parents, been placed in industrial and Sabbath schools. Twenty-three churches have been formed of converts from the Papal Church. The number hopefully converted exceeds twenty-three hundred, many of whom have united with various evangelical churches. Most of the churches formed of converted Romanists, worship in a foreign language.

In Ireland, hundreds of congregations have been organized by various church missions, almost entirely among a Roman Catholic population. It is estimated that about one hundred thousand souls have renounced Popery and embraced Protestantism, within the past ten years. In one district alone 23 congregations have been formed, where but 2 existed a few years ago. In Belgium, where not many years ago there was not a single Protestant church, there are now 15,000 Protestants and eighteen congregations, composed exclusively of converts from Romanism.

In France, in the face of great difficulties and even persecution, evangelical religion gradually advances. At Lyons, where a few years ago the people were shrouded in Papal darkness there are now several places of worship, 2,500 hearers, and over 600 church members. Interesting accounts can be furnished respecting the growth of Evangelical Christianity in other European countries, where Protestants, not even excepting Portugal and Spain, have not even thoroughly Romish of all.

The results of missions among Roman Catholics, are such as to encourage those engaged in them, and should induce the Christian Church to prosecute these missions with greater prayerfulness, earnestness and zeal. In Canada something is being done to evangelize our French Canadian population, though nothing adequate to the necessities of the case. But scarcely a year ago were part forth in behalf of Irish Roman Catholics.

The American and Foreign Christian Union suggests that the continent of Europe presents a missionary field, which should be made the object of special prayer and effort, and gives the following reasons: 1st. Its immense population, nearly two hundred and sixty millions of souls. 2d. Its relative geographical position. "Some of its parts lie in close proximity to every branch of the human family, and if reclaimed to the *Savior*, the Gospel could be conveyed with great ease to the unevangelized, who can receive it now only at great risks and sacrifice on the part of the friends of Christ.— 3d. Its availability. The converts and the resources of this field may be turned to good account to the cause of Christ at an early day. Native helpers may be raised up in a short time, and as numerous as the Pagan lands. 4th. Its population are furnishing for the bread of life. The great masses of the people are deplorably ignorant. 5th. Their churches are, to a great extent, but places of idleness and superstitious observance. The Sabbath has become a mere holiday, a season for worldly amusements; and the Bible but few among them have ever seen. 6th. Touching its varied and precious instructions, they are in gross darkness.—*Monrall Witness.*"

Christian Biography.

Blackwood some time since had an article disparaging the modern lives of eminent believers, and, along with others, that of Hedy Vicars. Here is one fact worth a thousand such criticisms:—"Lady Rayleigh, sister of the lamented Capt. Vicars, had received a communication from a French nobleman, describing his impression of the 'Mystic' of her deceased brother. He says: 'I am a man of the world, which is, in other words, to say I am an unhappy man, weary of amusement, and yet unable to find any peace. I do not and cannot believe in the universal truth of such statements as Capt. Vicars'; but this I know, that his little book is the first book on religion which in long years I have been able to read, and that I have not laid it down without—yes, I will own it—without tears. It was by accident I took it up—I, a stranger, a foreigner, almost an enemy to England. I was wondering what more standard I could find myself in London. As a matter of the war, it interested me; and as a matter of the heart, it has touched me; and I am this night at least a better man for reading it.—What shall come of the reading, who knows? And I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of adding one more to the numerous testimonials which you, my dear brother have lived nor died in vain."

Internal and External.

"I grew acquainted with the mystic writers, whose noble descriptions of union with God and internal religion made everything else appear mean, flat and insipid. But, in truth, they made good words appear so too; and, faith itself, and what not?" They gave me an entire new view of religion, nothing more before. But what was it? It was being like that religion which Christ and his Apostles loved and taught. I had a priestly dispensation from all commands of God; the form was thus: Love is all; all the commands beside are only means of love; you must choose those which you love, and you must use them as long as they are so. Thus were all the bands burst at once; and though I could never fully come into this, nor contentedly omit what God enjoined, yet, I know not how, I fluctuated between obedience and disobedience; I had no heart, no vigour, no zeal in obeying, continually doubting whether I was right or not, and never out of perplexities and entanglements. Nor can I at this hour give account how or when I came a little back toward the right way; only my present sense is, all the other

The service is in a dead language, and dancing is one of the ceremonies. They keep in the same manner, and with equal strictness, the seventh day and the first-

Obituary Notice.

The subject of the following obituary was the daughter of Henry and Abigail Saunders, Yarmouth. She was born in the year 1798, and in her infancy was brought to the knowledge of the truth, the enjoyment of experimental piety, united herself with the Wesleyan Church, and continued a consistent and respected member until the day of her death.

This solemn event occurred on the 12th November, when the immortal spirit took flight to the Paradise of God, to join the blood-washed through before the throne. At her funeral a discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Vidioe, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Cochrane.

Correspondence.

Mr. Editor,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Pictou, signed ALEX. McARTHUR, which appeared in the last issue of your paper, and you will oblige me by publishing the following remarks in reply thereto. I regret to find a man who called me a Brother in Christ Jesus, when at Pictou, has acted so unbrotherly a part as to assail me through the columns of so respectable a paper as the Wesleyan in such a manner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We are not responsible for the opinions or remarks of our correspondents. We have been impatient to pen the congratulations which now for the first time in 1859 we have an opportunity to offer.

year is the now to exercise the power of memory and to indulge the power of hope. Men like to recall the pleasant events which have befallen them in the past, and to sketch by the aid of imagination, the undeveloped life of the future. And, perhaps, at such a time, a journal can perform a useful office.

Obituary Notice.

The New Year's Queen Victoria proclaimed the Empress of India. That rule which nature tradition taught would expire in a century from the victory of Plassey, has ceased indeed. No longer must the Hindoos recognize in the company of merchants their sovereign power. But while the sovereignty of these Englishmen has ended, the rule of Britain has been confirmed; and now her Majesty comes forward gracefully to accept the responsibility of making the destiny of her vast empire in the East, and in the very act of asserting her own supremacy, to assure her subjects that cleanliness and consideration which they might not unfairly be held to have forfeited; but which is as gracious in her to extend. Thus speaks the Queen.

Obituary Notice.

Mr. Editor,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Pictou, signed ALEX. McARTHUR, which appeared in the last issue of your paper, and you will oblige me by publishing the following remarks in reply thereto. I regret to find a man who called me a Brother in Christ Jesus, when at Pictou, has acted so unbrotherly a part as to assail me through the columns of so respectable a paper as the Wesleyan in such a manner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We are not responsible for the opinions or remarks of our correspondents. We have been impatient to pen the congratulations which now for the first time in 1859 we have an opportunity to offer.

feeling exists, has been accepted as a fair and satisfactory solution of the question. Her Majesty, while pledging herself to toleration, still expresses her belief in the truth of the Christian religion, and the established Church would be in Ireland, as a standard of supremacy as well as a means of salvation!

Obituary Notice.

The subject of the following obituary was the daughter of Henry and Abigail Saunders, Yarmouth. She was born in the year 1798, and in her infancy was brought to the knowledge of the truth, the enjoyment of experimental piety, united herself with the Wesleyan Church, and continued a consistent and respected member until the day of her death.

Obituary Notice.

Mr. Editor,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Pictou, signed ALEX. McARTHUR, which appeared in the last issue of your paper, and you will oblige me by publishing the following remarks in reply thereto. I regret to find a man who called me a Brother in Christ Jesus, when at Pictou, has acted so unbrotherly a part as to assail me through the columns of so respectable a paper as the Wesleyan in such a manner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We are not responsible for the opinions or remarks of our correspondents. We have been impatient to pen the congratulations which now for the first time in 1859 we have an opportunity to offer.

It should. Any other course would be unchristian-like, and indicate concession to the temper of the times. It may be well to refresh the memory of our readers of the doctrines of Rome involved in this case. It must first be remembered that their theology baptism is a regenerating sacrament. This is too well known to be argued, but it is not so well known that, equally as the baptism of infants, the baptism of adults is a sacrament of compulsion.

Obituary Notice.

The subject of the following obituary was the daughter of Henry and Abigail Saunders, Yarmouth. She was born in the year 1798, and in her infancy was brought to the knowledge of the truth, the enjoyment of experimental piety, united herself with the Wesleyan Church, and continued a consistent and respected member until the day of her death.

Obituary Notice.

Mr. Editor,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Pictou, signed ALEX. McARTHUR, which appeared in the last issue of your paper, and you will oblige me by publishing the following remarks in reply thereto. I regret to find a man who called me a Brother in Christ Jesus, when at Pictou, has acted so unbrotherly a part as to assail me through the columns of so respectable a paper as the Wesleyan in such a manner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We are not responsible for the opinions or remarks of our correspondents. We have been impatient to pen the congratulations which now for the first time in 1859 we have an opportunity to offer.

The Arrests in Ireland. Only a week ago, London was making merry over the proclamation of the Irish Government against Secret Societies and the administration of unlawful oaths. The wording of that document was considered, the rewards it held forth to informants were considered, and an indignation to be performed in blood-money, and, to be a different occasion, it was found that its grammar was as bad as its morals.

Obituary Notice.

The subject of the following obituary was the daughter of Henry and Abigail Saunders, Yarmouth. She was born in the year 1798, and in her infancy was brought to the knowledge of the truth, the enjoyment of experimental piety, united herself with the Wesleyan Church, and continued a consistent and respected member until the day of her death.

Obituary Notice.

Mr. Editor,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Pictou, signed ALEX. McARTHUR, which appeared in the last issue of your paper, and you will oblige me by publishing the following remarks in reply thereto. I regret to find a man who called me a Brother in Christ Jesus, when at Pictou, has acted so unbrotherly a part as to assail me through the columns of so respectable a paper as the Wesleyan in such a manner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We are not responsible for the opinions or remarks of our correspondents. We have been impatient to pen the congratulations which now for the first time in 1859 we have an opportunity to offer.

to soothe the sense of guilt, to still the shuddering nerves of the shaking hand of a murderer, on the condition of never revealing the confession, and of granting an acquittance upon terms which make a false statement to D'Ury, without a particle of satisfaction to the law which He sanctions, or of compensation for the atrocities that have been endured in the past and are expected again in the future.

Obituary Notice.

The subject of the following obituary was the daughter of Henry and Abigail Saunders, Yarmouth. She was born in the year 1798, and in her infancy was brought to the knowledge of the truth, the enjoyment of experimental piety, united herself with the Wesleyan Church, and continued a consistent and respected member until the day of her death.

Obituary Notice.

Mr. Editor,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Pictou, signed ALEX. McARTHUR, which appeared in the last issue of your paper, and you will oblige me by publishing the following remarks in reply thereto. I regret to find a man who called me a Brother in Christ Jesus, when at Pictou, has acted so unbrotherly a part as to assail me through the columns of so respectable a paper as the Wesleyan in such a manner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We are not responsible for the opinions or remarks of our correspondents. We have been impatient to pen the congratulations which now for the first time in 1859 we have an opportunity to offer.

British Periodicals. A correspondent of the National Christian Advocate writes as follows:—England may well be proud of its periodical literature. The relation of periodical literature to ordinary authorship is a remarkable feature of the age; writers of great talents employ their pens on the quarterly and monthly sheets of various names and professions, ever issuing from the press; and no one can deny that the interests of literature are greatly promoted by such Reviews as the British Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the Eclectic, and the London. And, latterly, the large monthly Wesleyan Magazine has contained articles quite worthy of the best Review in the world.

Obituary Notice.

The subject of the following obituary was the daughter of Henry and Abigail Saunders, Yarmouth. She was born in the year 1798, and in her infancy was brought to the knowledge of the truth, the enjoyment of experimental piety, united herself with the Wesleyan Church, and continued a consistent and respected member until the day of her death.

Obituary Notice.

Mr. Editor,—My attention has been directed to a letter from Pictou, signed ALEX. McARTHUR, which appeared in the last issue of your paper, and you will oblige me by publishing the following remarks in reply thereto. I regret to find a man who called me a Brother in Christ Jesus, when at Pictou, has acted so unbrotherly a part as to assail me through the columns of so respectable a paper as the Wesleyan in such a manner.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1859. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We are not responsible for the opinions or remarks of our correspondents. We have been impatient to pen the congratulations which now for the first time in 1859 we have an opportunity to offer.

Poetry.

The New Year.

BY THORNDON TILTON.
Twas a New Year's morn'g, as 'twas wont to be,
Where sparkling waters with sweet music

Stern Time! how unrelenting is its power!
It builds an arch, then crumbles it away;

And yet, we're not content, going years
As usual phases of a life that die

Life never dies—no! only changes spheres;
A while on earth, then over in the skies!

Our first and earliest life God's own is run,
Yet still extension is the abiding end;

And to Eternity and Time are one!
The mirror of our life, with double ray,

Reflects one image in the light of time;
The other glows in the eternal day.

We do not see it, yet 'tis more sublime!
The year, departed, is not dead, nor gone;

In its fulfilled, shall evermore endure!
Ah! then, we pray the New Year may fore-
cast
A destiny more fair, to life more pure!

Miscellaneous.
The Broken Thread—A Story
for New Year.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
"Was that had better do for the children
On New Year's, Relp? Of course they'll

He laid down his paper a moment
"Well, really, I don't know what you say,

"Well, then, what do you think of a
ride, most likely a sleigh ride; for the

"I promise you, mother." And the boy
meant it, as he put up his mouth for his

forward with a low, exultant cry; he had
lighted the paper; he had disobeyed his

"Then with his usual recklessness, he ran
all about the room, laughing as his little

brother cried out in terror, and the flame
broke and brightened along the paper,

"How he wished he had not done this, as
every one must wish, sooner or later, for

"My son," said his mother gravely,
"you know what I said about the ride.

"No, mamma!" he seemed as if a shiver
had crept down into Howard's heart, as his

"Why, Howard, what a big story! I
saw you run all around the room with the

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"Howard, my child, have you told me a
falseness?" said the mother, grieved and

"STAR" Life Assurance Society,
CHIEF OFFICE
48 Moorgate Street, London.

Brown, Brothers & Co.
DRUGGISTS,
3 ORDNANCE SQUARE.
HAVE now on hand, one of the most complete

Dr. D. Jayne's
Family Medicines.
CONSISTING OF
Jayne's Expectorant, for Coughs, Consumption, Asthma

PERUVIAN SYRUP,
Or Protected Solution of Protocids of Iron
an established Medicine for the cure of
DYSPEPSIA,

Flavouring Extracts.
BLACK CURRANT,
Raspberries,
Strawberries,

Inheritance of Talent.
A contemporary says that great men
usually inherit their talents from the most

Fall Supply.
B. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO'S,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Stationery and

COFFEE AND SUGAR.
14 HILLSIDE ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.

NOTICE!
E. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Stationery and

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.
September 22nd, 1883.
THE Book Store begs to call attention to

NOVA SCOTIA RAILWAY.
ON and after WEDNESDAY, the 15th December,
Trains will run as follows:—
Between Halifax and Truro.

Between Halifax and Windsor.
UP TRAINS—MAIN LINE.
Miles. STATIONS. Time. First. Second.

Between Halifax and Windsor.
UP TRAINS—WINDSOR BRANCH.
Windsor-depart, 8 20 10
Windsor-arrive, 8 30 10

Langley's Antibilious
Aperient Pills.
THE great popularity acquired by these Pills during the

JAMES L. WOODILL.
Has received per Scotia from London, and other
the Richest from Liverpool, a select stock of

Tea, Coffee and Grocery
MART.
E. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO. have just
received a large assortment of GOODS

Irish National School
BOOKS.
A SUPPLY of a superior edition, revised at the LONDON

REMOVAL.
THE subscriber begs to acquaint his friends and
acquaintances, that he has removed his place

Public Notice.
E. W. SUTCLIFFE & CO. have great pleasure
in thinking the public generally for the very