

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 12, 1839.

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Poetry.

THE MISSIONARY AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

● He stood beside her grave,
The loved, the early dead,
Where heathen hands had made,
With grief, her lowly bed.
In anguish lone and deep,
He gazed upon the spot,
Where, in unbroken sleep,
She lay, who cheered his lot.

She who, in youth's bright hours,
Had gladly turned from home,
From life's fresh, morning flowers,
With him afar to roam,
Who shared his joy and wo,
His toil, his every care,
No danger feared, no foe,
The Gospel to declare.

His dwelling, now was lone,
No voice was near to cheer,
No eye to meet his own,
No greeting sweet to hear—
She, who had been the light,
The sunshine of his way,
For earth too pure, too bright,
Had passed from thence away.

In prayer, and praise, no more
Her soft tones met his ear,
The charm of life was o'er,
He felt a stranger here,
He longed, his labours done,
To slumber at her side,
Yet, till the goal was won,
Would patiently abide.

He thought of that blessed shore,
Where they, in peace, would meet,
One holy song to pour,
To bow at Jesus' feet—
Then meekly kiss the rod,
That laid the cherished low,
And yielded up to God,
His choicest gifts below.

Epit. Rec.

Biographical.

THE CONVERSION OF A DEIST :

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—DAVID.

[The following is actually true of a real individual residing not ten miles from the city of New York.—Eds.]

My dear fellow creatures, in whose hands these remarks may fall, for the sake of Jesus Christ, and your

own immortal souls, (if you are still unconverted,) be candid with yourselves this once in their perusal. If you are disbelievers in the Christian Religion, you will probably have a contempt for accounts of this kind. I judge from my own deistical experience in this matter. I generally used them, when thrown in my way, for *waste paper*, unless particularly requested to read them. *You are particularly requested to read this.*

In commencing this narration of my conversion from what I had long considered myself to be, a *confirmed deist, to a Christian*, through the all-convincing power of the Holy Ghost, I feel myself under a trembling and prayerful sense of duty, that nothing in the least incorrect or unprofitable may be written.

I came to this town when I was little past the age of seventeen, from a place where heartfelt Christianity was almost unknown; and at that time I had heard, I think, but *two sermons*. I cite this truth, because I always supposed, while a deist, religion to be mostly the effect of education. About the age of nineteen I became seriously impressed under the preaching of a Methodist minister. In about six months, however, my serious thoughts left me; and I paid but little attention to preaching for about nine years. During this space of time, I read, meditated, and studied as much as I could. At the age of twenty-four I became quite confirmed in deistical principles, having read the greater part of those authors who are celebrated as the champions of infidelity. I now looked at religion, (or a religion, as I usually expressed myself,) as an attachment to a certain set of opinions or principles which generally made the deluded votary enthusiastically bigoted and fond of his own views, and thus he would rejoice in the notion of his being on the "right side." I considered all honest deists as being solely under the influence of *reason*, in points of difference with Christians on the subject of religious faith, while the latter were governed by warm feelings unwarranted by cool and rational judgment. In fact, I looked on the idea of a *change of heart* as the most superstitious notion that could emanate from an uncultivated mind. In respect to those men of clear and enlightened understandings who adhered to the Christian religion, I thought it was either from pecuniary motives, or a belief, that, by the sanction of it, they would keep the more ignorant under wholesome restraints and practices.

I could never be an atheist; because I saw something so harmonious, regular, sublime, and beautiful in the general order of nature, that to believe this wise arrangement of things to be the work of any

thing but infinite wisdom, appeared to me, in all my solitary meditations, a *selfevident absurdity*. I, therefore, believed in an all-wise, uncreated Being, that planned the universe and gave laws to planets, systems of planets, and systems of systems, in infinite progression, that chime with the eternal praises of their Creator. I loved philosophy ever since I knew what it meant, particularly those branches of it which inspect the elements and laws of material nature. The organization of the solar system, the planets in their various inclinations to each other in the planes of their orbits and their axes, thereby preventing a multiplication of eclipses and other serious interruptions to the existing harmony and "music of the spheres;" all these present an argument to the sober, reflecting mind, that all nature bears evidence that it is the effect of a pre-existent, designing cause.

In arguing against the Christian religion, I often premised thus:—"Belief of every kind is solely the result of evidence; and evidence in all cases must be beyond the control of the believer." Having been led by the writings of infidel authors, to take a kind of political view of religion, and my natural pride of heart refusing to bend to the simple precepts contained in the Bible, I inferred that I had no *Divine evidence* of the truths of Christianity, and therefore excused myself from not believing them. I concluded also, according to temporal things, that if a revelation of God's will be made to *one person* it could be a revelation to *no other*. The absurdity of such notions I trust will be made appear in the sequel. It is extremely improper to jump into conclusions of this kind without examining primary matters of fact, if we wish truth to be the result of our inquiries, or if we wish to have opinions of *our own*.

My desire to read works of a philosophical character was enkindled by the "Letters of the British Spy," (since known to be the production of the pen of the Hon. Wm. Wirt,) which I read and re-read with much avidity. Tales of fiction have never occupied much of my attention. Poetry, pathetic, passionate and sublime, has always found a welcome to my heart, because it paints best to my mind the truths of mental conception, of fancy and of feeling, as well as the cold realities of tangible things. I have long had an uncontrollable desire of knowing the naked truths of matters engaging the faculties of my mind, and the general result of these truths. In fact, I was always very inquisitive; being unwilling to believe any thing without the most unquestionable reasons to do so. Had *experimental religion* been more generally preached to me, I think I should have been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus before. But taking a superficial view of Christianity, as exhibited by the various denominations of professors, I knew not how to reconcile matters between them and myself. I will here quote a paragraph from one of my newspaper essays, to show the cast of my belief four years ago. "It is a self-evident fact, that contrariety of opinion can only exist concerning matters not perfectly understood, and that, therefore, all the various tenets of religion, and all other subjects,

accrue from ignorance and misconception; for if every subject were perfectly understood by all, then certainly there would be no room for a contrariety of sentiment; and even those subjects which are incomprehensible in their nature, if they were recognized as such, would also preclude that disagreement on doctrinal points which has for so many ages cursed the world." Although I wholly disbelieved the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, yet I could not oppose Christianity openly in the public prints, on account of popular opinion. I always carried "my dagger under a cloak." It now, indeed, appears strange that my mind was so long blinded by "the god of this world."

I will now relate my conviction and conversion to the truth of Christianity, and the circumstances which preceded and attended this memorable change. About the beginning of last winter I began to reflect upon the advantages and objects of this transitory life. I saw that those who are wealthy are discontented. The philosopher, the historian, the orator, the poet, the renowned champion of military achievements, are alike unsatisfied amidst all their honours. This led me to consider what had yielded me the most happiness, and the contrary: I found that the most happiness I could recollect ever enjoying, was in acting kindly toward my fellow creatures, and in favouring, as much as possible, the cause of virtue by my own conduct. A little previous to this I had contracted a kind of fondness for theatrical amusements; but they soon became dull, empty, and insipid to my taste; and on noticing this I was led to inspect more closely what had given me the most happiness or misery in my former readings. I concluded that all the pleasure I had enjoyed in reading the theological works of Thomas Paine, was principally of a character to call forth my derision and ridicule of the Christian religion, to the torment and anxiety of its votaries. For I never could enjoy myself with the principles set forth in the "Age of Reason" in my solitary meditations. I recollected that the reading of "Volney's Ruins of Empires" almost caused me to doubt my own existence. The greater part of the works of Lord Byron had also given me no solid comfort in the perusal. There is in most of the productions of that mighty poetic genius *a tincture of misanthropic gloom, truly characteristic of the infidel mind*. The following lines seemed applicable to my case:—

"My mind is dark; O quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear:
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er my ear;
And let the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let the notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst:
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long,
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
To break at once, or yield to song."

The mind of an irreligious man must be sorrowful, must be tormented at times, and it is often the nature of the unconverted heart to court its gloomy feelings rather than to banish them. After having taken a se-

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rious retrospective view of my past life, I came to a stand, whether or not to pursue the same course I had done. I saw that it had been marked with folly, disappointment, and trouble. Having many friends, of rather a dissipated character, and fearful that I might contract bad habits that would, in time, prove the ruin of both my family and myself, I resolved to enlist my feeble exertions in the temperance cause. This step called forth some persecution, with the loss of some (rather warm) friends; but I found my conscience was not injured by it. Thinking now on the general good and evil and their causes, as existing in the community at large, I was constrained to acknowledge that nearly all the good is instigated and set in action by the Christians, while a general recklessness to the promotion of education, temperance, and other benevolent objects, pervade the ranks of those who regard the Scriptures as a "cunningly devised fable." Why error (as I conceived Christianity to be) should so triumph over truth in good works, was to me a problem which I could not solve. I knew there was a God, and that he was a good God, and that all good things must meet with his approval. I immediately began to inquire more closely into the evidences of the Christian religion. The nice adjustment, order, and harmony observable in the works of nature throughout the vast empire of God, had afforded me an agreeable theme for contemplation. I could find no disagreement of parts or inharmonious jar in the grand organization of the physical universe. But the mind of man I found was of a nature not to be satisfied or harmonized with material or finite objects. Here was a confusion apparent in the intellectual world which I could not account for, and which was altogether irreconcilable with the character of God, as manifested in the material creation. The fault I knew could not be attributed to him. Yet the mind of a strictly moral man, I found, from conversation with candid friends, as well as my own experience, has in its own nature principles warring against its harmony and happiness. Why this is so was to me some time a mystery. At length it entered my mind that my native gloomy and discontented feelings might be the result of what Christians call "our fallen nature," and that harmony might be produced if I could become reconciled to God by believing in Jesus Christ with a heart unto righteousness. This Christians told me was the case with them; and that they were also discontented before their conversion; but now they were extremely happy under all circumstances with religion. If this were true, I knew it would make the harmony in creation *complete*. I perceived also the power which man, possessed, according to the plan of salvation, to be made happy or miserable, constituted a great part of his intelligence; for if he had no such power, he could not have a knowledge of what is misery or what is happiness. They are known only by their degrees of opposition. This also makes the soul that has been relieved from the burden of sin, by a blessed Saviour, grateful to that Saviour, and love to praise his name. The Divine instinct has implanted in the human mind, which is ever unsatisfied with any thing but the anticipation

of immortal joys, as a proof of the immortality of the soul, the same as the instinct of a bird that never saw an egg, prompts it to build a nest, is a proof that the bird will lay eggs; or the instinct of a duck or goose, which prompts it to plunge into the water at first sight, is a proof that it can swim. Whenever God has given an instinct, or longing desire to his creatures, we find that he has made something suitably to answer or satisfy this instinct or desire.

A book on the Evidences of Christianity, by Charles Bennett, arrested my attention. Bennett was a philosopher, and his extensive historical knowledge in furnishing him with means, and his clear and correct mode of reasoning, established certain truths in my mind which had been previously overlooked. I now viewed the plan of salvation as disclosed in the sacred volume, to be something extraordinary indeed! Under these feelings, I went one Sunday evening in January last, by the invitation of a neighbour, to the Methodist church, to hear a sermon by the presiding elder. I was a very attentive listener to the word preached that evening. The apparent conscious boldness and sincerity of the minister, while expatiating on the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, made me think it *might all be true*; that Jesus died for sinners; that a change of heart might be the consequence of ardent prayer for mercy; and that the grave might not be our eternal prison house. While under these impressions, though not in the least agitated, I prayed ardently in my mind, that the same Jesus whom he preached, and seemed to put so much confidence in, would, were it possible, give me some token that these things which had appeared so long a mysterious delusion, leading the people into blind enthusiastic devotion, were really true. No sooner had my mind become stationary on this subject than I felt a *chilling tremour about the heart*, which soon became diffused throughout my whole system in a fearful shuddering sensation. The service was not more than half over, yet I became anxious to leave the house, from a fear that seemed to possess me that I should be converted that evening. I thought I was not yet prepared in my business or family for conversion. To shake off this *trembling sensation*, I endeavoured to absent my mind from the subject; but this being of no avail, I left the house in company with a friend, under a burden of feeling I shall never forget. I endeavoured to pray that night, but could not. The next morning I felt very much mortified on reflecting on what had occurred to me. I was ashamed, as I knew I must have been the object of notice in the church. I knew that the powerful conviction I had felt was in answer to my prayer; yet in twenty-four hours after, being interrogated by a friend on the subject, I *denied it*, and attributed my feelings to another cause. This was to me quite astonishing, in thus having a disposition to lie on such an important subject. I could account for it in no other way but that my heart must be very *wrong*, and beyond the power of curing. I remained in this state of mind for about five months; sometimes striving to disbelieve the word of God from the mysteries it contained, and also from what I conceiv-

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ed to be its unjust injunctions. I did read the Bible, but it gave me more uneasiness than any thing else, although I was strictly moral in my conduct. I occasionally prayed in secret, and enjoyed some intervals of happiness; but could not bear the thought of praying in my own family. I was frequently importuned by professors to go to the altar to be prayed for, but my pride of heart would never let me do this. I thought God would give me religion without doing this, never taking into consideration the extreme unfitness of my heart to receive religion while harbouring thoughts so adverse to the requisitions for the Gospel of Christ. For "whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." I was "ashamed" to go to the altar, because it seemed to me so humiliating and simple. I believe thousands are thus ruined by this selfish pride. However, I was certain that neither happiness nor peace could be obtained from the various indulgences and pursuits of this transitory world, and that my only refuge was in Jesus. As he had given some of my neighbours great consolation of mind, according to their own account, (and if they had lied about it, I knew their countenances could not have been as cheerful as they were.) I resolved to throw away my own wisdom, and take advice. "He that is of God heareth God's word."

The camp meeting commencing on the 24th of June, being near Newark, in New Jersey, would afford me, I thought, a good opportunity to seek the truth of a matter which appeared to me so dark and mysterious. Here I thought I might employ my mind in the subject without interruption; determining not to acknowledge a conversion of heart, unless it were radical. On Wednesday, about one o'clock, I started for the meeting under somewhat oppressed feelings. When, however, I arrived on the ground, those internal torments of sin left me; and as I stood in the front of one of the tents in which they were singing and praying, my heart rose up in hostility to their devotions. It seemed to me both ridiculous and mean to be thus engaged in a matter which I thought was impossible to be understood. Being entreated by some of my friends (who knew my mind had been exercised) to go into the tent, and kneel down, and be prayed for, I at length complied, seeing that there were many respectable persons in the tent, whose capacities in every respect, I had reason to believe were superior to my own. After kneeling, I felt my heart more at war with the objects around me than ever. They told me to try to pray, but this seemed impossible. Though my reason was convinced, my feelings were averse to all the exercises of religion. So I remained that day. Returning home in the evening, I felt oppressed again. On the next morning before I arose, I partially resolved never to visit camp meetings again, or even to hear Methodist preaching. I thought they made too much ado about the salvation of souls! But scarcely had an hour elapsed before I repented of my rash resolu-

tion. I felt very much dissatisfied with every thing around me. Nothing pleased me. I went again that day to the camp. I kneeled to be prayed for at every opportunity. I at length stated to the people the situation of my heart; that it rebelled against all their proceedings; that I was reasonably convinced of the importance of religion, but knew not how to obtain it. This day left me as the former had done. The next morning being Friday, and the last day of the camp meeting, I thought I would spend one day more, and see whether God would do any thing for me. About the middle of the afternoon of that day I felt my burden partially removed. I had, after duly considering my lost and helpless condition as a sinner, endeavoured to look to Jesus for all my help, and with all my strength. I had retired into the woods to pray, but was afraid of being seen! Thoughts of suicide were presented to my mind, but I resisted them. I was, at this time, between darkness and light; not being able positively to affirm that a change had taken place in my heart, nor to deny that it was so. In this state of mind I sat down about the middle of the camp ground to meditate on my case. I thought I loved God. I thought I loved the brethren. But there were doubts in my mind. I felt that man could do nothing for me; I must look to God. I prayed to the almighty and all-merciful Being, in the loneliness of my thoughts, something after this manner: "Lord, thou knowest the situation of my mind, my natural incredulity, and my supreme desire to know thee aright. Lord, remove all doubts. I feel willing to give up all and follow thee; to be sacrificed if it should be thy will." In a moment of time I found myself rejoicing in the God of my salvation. "Old things were passed away, and all things had become new." The yellow radiance of the setting sun on the green foliage of the trees, produced in my soul paintings of beauty never before beheld. The glories of God shone all around me, and I arose, praising His name in every breath. The songs of Zion now broke upon my enraptured ear, and the spirit of their sweet melody rolled like streams through my new-born soul. I found myself in a new world of joy, into which I had emerged from the dark prison of sin, where no consoling voice was heard, where night perpetual reigned. I was "clothed, and in my right mind." The "new song" was in my mouth. The scales had fallen from my eyes, my tongue was loosed, and my ears unstopped. "The wilderness and the solitary place were made glad," and "the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." "The glory of Lebanon was given to it;" and I shouted, "Glory to God" with a glad voice.

In the midst of this heavenly scene I thought how often I had called religion a delusion! I was determined not to be deceived, and I placed my hand on my heart to see whether its wild tumultuous throbbings had not caused unusual excitement. But all was tranquil there. I then tried the power of my memory it was the same as ever. My reasoning faculties; they were stronger than ever; and my perception was clearer. More convinced than ever, my soul gushed forth again in a flood of joy and thanksgiving to the

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God of all grace that he had made me what I was. I immediately took the arms of two of my brethren, and walked home with them. O what good company they were to me along the way. They told me of their conversion, and pleasant feelings, and that religion grew better and better; and their faces shone with heavenly lustre while speaking of these things. (I am very happy while writing this.) After supper, on my return home, I told my wife what the Lord had done for me. My home never appeared so pleasant to me; my family never so near. I now took down the Bible, to see if it would appear to me as mysterious as ever. I prayed God to direct me aright, and without any previous choice of place, opened it to read the first chapter on the page. It was the 12th chapter of the First Corinthians:—"Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. Ye know that ye were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols, even as ye were led: wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed, and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." I have found, since my conversion, that the Bible is the means of conveying spiritual food, health, and strength to those who are made free by "the law of the Spirit of life in Jesus Christ." The Bible, even to the unconverted, bears the marks of being the production of minds entirely out of the track of common thoughts. The accurate fulfilment of its predictions, made centuries before their fulfilment; the strange and unaccountable manner in which it has borne its resistless sway through all opposition, for so long a period of time; the widening and brightening flood of light it is still pouring forth over distant lands; the manifest love, and joy, and peace, and consolation it gives to the followers of Jesus, are all incontrovertible evidences that God, the author of all good, sanctions the doctrines it inculcates.

A word to the sinner.—My dear friend, think!! Two words for your consideration: happiness! misery! You need not bewilder your brain with deep metaphysical disquisitions, to distinguish between the things that lead to happiness and those that lead to misery. Cast one glance abroad; ask the devotedly pious what is it that makes them so happy; then ask those who spurn the offers of salvation, what makes them so miserable? Meditate but one moment on the matter seriously! Recollect that the Christian's source of argument is lodged deeply in his own heart; placed there by the God of truth, who made the heart indestructible, and never to be removed by the powers of sophistry. You can raise no argument against eternal truth!! O trifle no more with your immortal part, but be wise unto salvation. The Christian knows your situation, he has tried it; but you do not know his, for you have never tried religion. God has filled his heart with love for you, and he desires to benefit you. Why then will you despise his counsel? You will gain nothing but misery by opposing. The Christian gains happiness by opposing your artful arguments with loving kindness. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,

and all her paths are paths of peace." Folly's ways are the contrary. Wisdom and truth go together. Folly and falsehood are fit companions. Falsehood gilded in glittering show may dazzle the fancy or excite the senses; but it is the naked truth alone that sinks deep into the heart. I am well aware how the religion of the blessed Jesus will appear to you. I can realize nearly all your conjectures concerning religion. You think that religion makes people gloomy and low spirited. Or, in reading the history of departed nations, you have been led to conclude that religion makes man bigoted and tyrannical, yea, caused bloodshed. Now observe, effects are often attributed to improper causes. Falsehood could do no injury were it not for the garb of truth which she often wears. If, then you judge the matter with candid judgment, you will see it was not religion produced these effects, but the want of it: it was political hypocrisy under the ecclesiastical cloak.

I loved liberty while I was a deist, and I love her still. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." Did you but know the happiness there is in Jesus, you would not lose another day. Come, for all things are now ready. Religion will make you happy under all circumstances: it will smooth the pathway of life; oil the wheels of duty; and finally open an unbounded prospect to that blissful region where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest.

Obituary.

For the Wesleyan.

DIED at the family residence near Bathurst, on Saturday evening the 22d ult. Martha, the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Dawson, leaving eight children, and a very large circle of friends and acquaintances to lament a bereavement unexpected and awfully sudden. Her disease was of the heart resulting in paralysis, which, for the most part, deprived her of utterance: but had there no verbal assurance of peace been given during the adjecting interval that preceded death, her surviving friends could never have entertained even a transient doubt of her acceptance with God through the atoning blood of Jesus.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, while yet their little family "knew one common home" about four miles from the town of Bandon in Ireland, had instilled many lessons of piety into her juvenile mind. These ripened with her years, and as she frequently sat under the Wesleyan Ministry, resolutions were formed, in humble dependence on God, which subsequently characterized her experience through life. In 1802, she formally bade farewell to the vanities of the world, and, having creditably passed the period of her probation, was finally received as a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. Her father being a class-leader, and her mother a pious woman, several of the neighbours occasionally met at their residence for prayer and other devotional exercises. Here she became associated with Mr. Richard Dawson, who, like herself, had in early life experienced the power of God unto salvation, and a mutual attachment was formed which finally resulted in their union. This union appears to have been sanctified to their further growth in grace—not only in their

parent-land; but also in after years when they became strangers and pilgrims amid the gloomy wilds of America.

From a letter now before me, written by the Rev. James McQuige and addressed to Mrs. D. immediately after her marriage, the esteem with which she was regarded by both ministers and people unquestionably appears. This together with her ticket of removal from the Rev. Samuel Wood, will be carefully preserved by her sorrowing but resigned partner, as sacred memorials of the past.

In the spring of 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson emigrated to New Brunswick. In many special instances, the good Providence of God very obviously interposed for their safety during the voyage, and, in due time, they landed in peace on the shores of the Baie-de-Chaleur about fifteen miles from the scite of the present town of Bathurst, where several families from the vicinity of their native place had previously settled. It would be needless to detail the long series of adventures necessarily blending with the history of a family thus suddenly introduced to the peculiarities of a wild and uncultivated country, where untutored Canadians and more barbarous Aborigines of the soil constituted the greater proportion of the population. But the most distressing circumstance with the protestant community was their destitution of the public means of grace. No Gospel Trumpet had ever proclaimed the redemption of the soul among the rude cabins of the strangers, and our pious couple almost felt themselves to be beyond the farthest verge of civilized society. Yet schooled in grace as they had been for many years, and united together in holy affection as they still were, their hearts burned within them for the salvation of the people. In a word, they formed the laudable resolution of establishing a worshipping assembly in connexion with their household, and the Lord gave strength to that resolve, and rendered it productive of good.

Mrs. D. proved a valuable auxiliary on those deeply interesting occasions. Her language in prayer was at all times chaste, her manner impressive, and her spirit truly devotional. Their little meetings in the wilderness astonishingly increased both in number and in blessedness, and, ere long, a class was actually formed, and a number of the settlers were converted from the error of their ways. Still our new teachers in the desert were not satisfied. They longed to behold the face of a missionary once more, and anxiously prayed that a minister of the gospel might be sent among them. Their prayers were at length answered. Missionaries from the Miramichi station favoured them, with a few transient visits, and the long-sought opportunity was eagerly embraced to urge their peculiar claims on the benevolence of the District. A Circuit was formed, and the Rev. J. F. Bent placed in charge of the spiritual concerns of the people. This zealous and laborious minister was soon succeeded by the Rev. R. Douglas, who married a daughter of the deceased, and who was followed in turn by the Rev. W. Bannister, the immediate predecessor of the writer of this article.

Preparatory to my departure for the late District Meeting held at St. John, I visited that part of the station, and conversed some time with the subject of this brief memoir. She was still in lively possession of that kingdom which is "righteousness, peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost;" and, when we parted, our beloved sister expressed a holy confidence that, if we never met again on earth, we should ultimately meet in heaven.

On my return, alas, I was almost immediately summoned to conduct her mortal remains to the churchyard! But "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: even so, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Let the reader be exhorted to meditate on the uncertainty of human life. Only a week prior to her funeral, Mrs. Dawson visited Bathurst apparently in good health and spirits; and, although nearly fifty-two years of age, her appearance was youthful and blooming. No one can rationally infer a continuance of health from the unbroken constitution of to-day; for "in the midst for life, we are in death!"

Let the Christian rejoice in the additional proof afforded by the last testimony of the departed that the Lord will never forsake his *faithful ones*. When interrogated respecting her prospects for eternity, the satisfactory response given with her dying grasp was "happy! happy!"

Well might a certain writer against Wesleyanism acknowledge of our people that "they generally die well!"

W. M. LEGGETT.

Bathurst, N. B. 5th July, 1839.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

SIR,—Having recently met with the following interesting article entitled—"A Mother's Kiss"—it is respectfully submitted to you for publication; persuaded it will not fail of affording pleasure to some of your numerous readers. The happy effect of judicious, maternal fondness, and well-timed approbation, are conspicuous in the statements, and suggest the importance of ever carefully marking early talent, in order to cherish its first peculiar indications. Some of the most beneficial or pleasing results, under Providence, either to the world, or to individuals themselves, as regards their preferments in life, being not unfrequently connected with it. The observation is a very common one: that "where there is a genius it will discover itself." But perhaps it is not always recollected, that genius is a delicate plant; it often needs the fostering-hand, and the tenderest care that it may not be discouraged, suppressed, or entirely counteracted, by the unwise, stern, or ill-timed authority of those to whom the care of children is intrusted. It is admitted as an uncontroverted truth, that genius will contend with, and struggle through, manifold difficulties, and much opposition, in order to breathe a congenial atmosphere, and exist in its own native element; that it has been known to rise superior to the most disadvantageous circumstances, and flourish. But in three cases to one, perhaps, the full development of its power, from being thus opposed, is frustrated, and the celebrity of the character proportionably diminished, while the comfort of individuals, and perhaps their usefulness in life is marred, through the mere neglect, either of discerning or cultivating the bent of native genius; or because of the frigid and repulsive atmosphere with which it was unfortunately surrounded in childhood's years. Who can tell the effect that might have been produced on the (afterward) celebrated character, to whom the extract refers, had he received flagellation for meddling with the ink and paper, instead of a "mother's kiss?"—or a repulsive frown, instead of an approving smile? But how far, and how justly, the conciliating act was appreciated, as influential in stimulating genius, will appear from his own words.

Guysborough, June 20th.

A.

"A MOTHER'S KISS."

"BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN WEST.—The first display of talent in Mr. West was curious, and still more so from its occurring when there was nothing to excite it. America contained scarcely a specimen of fine arts; and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a paint. His pencil was of his own invention, his colours were given to him by an Indian; his

whole progress to him. His intuitive passion was left with little, and had a child. The and its beauty it with a and observant pens and recreation, and though at a grave or a other and his had been do sion, asked seeing the p be angry. the drawing ter,—I dec —and kisse tion. This her any pl flowers she ed, and he pleased his 'my moth West used were descri the taperin year, a cou pieces of c gravings. West now the dawn o where he s began to i chanted w joined the employem afternoon several da manner, West susp lect of sel employed ed by the s with trans would inte from schoo was exhib same room ed; and th tive touche subsequent pass."

CERTIFICATE

WHAT are of circuits page 421 of ing: "T from time circuit to a from the p B. the bea church in certificate Now as f long stand book of di every Met be in the b

whole progress was a series of invention, and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an intuitive passion. When only seven years of age, he was left with the charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan, to slap away the flies from the child. The motion of the fan made the child smile, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure he never before experienced; and observing some paper on the table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait; although at that period he had never seen an engraving or a picture. Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing, but the old lady observing his confusion, asked what he had been about? and insisted on seeing the paper. He obeyed, entreated her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter,—"I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally,"—and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, if it would give her any pleasure, he would make drawings of the flowers she held in her hand; for his genius awakened, and he felt that he could imitate anything that pleased his sight. In after life, he used to say,—"my mother's kiss made me a painter." Young West used pen and ink for his drawings until pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year, a cousin sent him a box of colours, with several pieces of canvass prepared for the easel and six engravings. The box was received with delight, and West now found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of day, and carried the box to the garret, where he spread the canvass, prepared his pallet, and began to imitate the figure in the engraving. Enchanted with his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner, without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to the garret; and for several days successively, he withdrew in the same manner, and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of school, went into the garret and found him employed on a picture. Her anger was soon appeased by the sight of his performance. She kissed him with transports of affection, and promised that she would intercede with his father, to pardon his absence from school. The piece finished in his eighth year was exhibited sixty-seven years afterwards, in the same room with his sublime piece of—"Christ rejected"; and the artists declared, that there were inventive touches in his first juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had never enabled him to surpass."

Miscellaneous.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

CERTIFICATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

WHAT are the duties of those men who have charge of circuits? In answer to the above questions in page 421 of the book of Discipline we find the following:—"To all (members of our church of course) from time to time, they are not to remove from one circuit to another, without a note of recommendation from the preacher of the circuit, in these words: 'A. B. the bearer, has been an acceptable member of our church in C.,' and to inform them that without such certificate they will not be received in other places." Now as far as I have learned, the above rule is of long standing in the church, is published in every book of discipline, and is, I presume, in the hands of every Methodist minister and preacher, and ought to be in the hand of every member of the Methodist E.

Church. And yet there is a fault somewhere in the Church relative to this plain rule of discipline, a fault which places both preachers and members in a very unpleasant position, and leads to more unpleasant results than is generally supposed, especially in these ends of the earth, to which the emigration is great, and many members of our church are seeking for themselves and posterity a comfortable home, where land is cheap and productive, and the reward of labor is abundant. The fault in this matter may be at the door of the ministry, or the membership, or both. And the object of this communication is to call the attention of the church to the subject, that the proper remedy may be applied, and the evil removed. But a if the fault is in whole or in part in the membership, is it not the duty of the ministers to enlighten them on this subject? Yea, in truth, this is the intent and meaning of the rule of discipline, that each and every member of the church, when preparing to remove from one circuit to another, may furnish himself with a recommendation in due form, from the proper authority. Hence the whole responsibility of all irregularity in the church on this point, is thrown back upon those who have the charge of circuits. But how shall we account for this? Do not the preachers know of this rule? Do they not read their discipline? Or do they set at defiance the authority of the church at whose altars they have taken upon them the vows of ordination, and promised before God and the Church, to observe every point, great and small, in the Methodist discipline, and to keep our rules for conscience' sake? We cannot for a moment believe that either of the above are facts in the case. No. We know their love for the church and their own moral character is such as will bear comparison with any other class of men in the world. How then shall we account for the evil alluded to? May it not be that in the multitude of duties which they have to perform, this one, in some instances, is forgotten? in others, is deferred till a more convenient season, which never arrives? and in others neglected? Or the evils growing out of it are not discovered by many of the brethren in the east and south, from whose fields of labour many of our members emigrate to this western world. By way, then, of illustration, permit me to give you a few examples. The preacher is informed, that in the neighbourhood of a little class which has been struggling through difficulties, there has settled several Methodists. His heart is cheered with the thought that this little band will be strengthened. He goes to his appointment and rejoices with them. He meets the class, when lo! and behold, he is presented with what they call their certificates, signed A. B., class leader; or C. D., steward; or E. F., exhorter. Now I ask what is to be done in this case? If he receives them, the discipline is violated. The Church may be imposed upon by a forgery. Many of the preachers are conscientious on this point. If they are not received on this certificate, a good brother or sister may be offended. But again, it is often the case that when a member is liable to the censure of the church, or is delinquent in any respect, (would you believe it?) they call upon class leaders to give them a letter of dismissal from the church. Now, brethren, are these no evils? and if so, can they not be remedied? I think there is an evil and it can be cured. Let every preacher who has charge of a circuit or station, when he reads the rules of society, read the rule on this subject, and enforce its importance; and let all refuse to receive any other than authorized certificates. L.

Potosi, Mo., April 29, 1839.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Having read a notice in the Christian Advocate and Journal that several spots on the sun's disk have been seen through a telescope, I concluded to communicate the following fact, which

you may dispose of as you think proper. I saw the spot hereafter mentioned several times after the 25th and 27th of April, and have abridged this account from my journal.

WM. W. NEWMAN.

SOUTH ONONDAGO, N. Y.

A SPOT ON THE SUN VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

A very dark spot was visible to the unassisted eye near the centre of the sun's disk during the 25th and 27th days of last April. It was not observed after that time, because the sun was obscured by clouds, or the eye dazzled by the brilliancy of his rays. This, probably, was much larger than any lately seen. Dr. Dick, in a letter to Mr. Barnitt, says, the largest spot he had seen was about 22,000 miles in diameter, "yet they were neither visible to the naked eye, nor through an opera glass—magnifying them about three times. And," he continues, "therefore if any spots have been visible to the naked eye, which we must believe, unless we refuse respectable testimony, they could not have been less than 50,000 miles in diameter." A spot one half as broad as that of April 25th and 27th could not have been seen, therefore its breadth must have been 100,000 miles, a distance so great, that twelve globes as large as ours, placed in a straight line, would not reach across its vast circumference.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE.—Extract from a letter, written by the Rev. Geo. S. Brown, to the Superintendent of the Liberia mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, dated

Heddington, March 27, 1839.

"Last Sabbath was the most pleasing Sabbath to me that I have spent here. I preached to the natives through an interpreter. My sermon was about the fall of man, and the provisions of the Gospel. I told them of Christ and his sufferings. Poor Tom sunk under it, and was obliged to turn his face from the congregation and weep. An old native man one of the most honored of his tribe, spoke aloud while I was exhorting them, and said, "O if I knew how to serve God I would do it." This made several Americans who were present tremble.

"After the meeting was concluded, they all pressed around me to shake hands. The hands of many were trembling, their bosoms heaving, and the tears streaming down the cheeks of others. I feel quite anxious to have a protracted meeting here as soon as you return from Cape Palmas. We greatly need additional laborers, that the harvest, which is already white, may be gathered in. Pray for us."—*Africa's Luminary.*

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLER IN EUROPE.

THE FRENCH PRESS.—Before visiting France, and Paris especially, I was quite unable to comprehend the condition of the French press. The very frequent prosecutions entered in behalf of the Government against the publishers of newspapers here, led me to suppose, in common with Americans generally who have not been here, that a censorship upon the press exists to an extent that is most arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust, and that in truth, the boasted liberty of the press in France, is wholly ideal, and in nowise a practical affair. But, in being here, I understand the subject differently; and I am fully persuaded that in no part of the world is the public press so chaste and elevated, as a general characteristic, as in France, and in no part of the world is it more free, or less limited in the rights and privileges of a free press. In point of manly, dignified, and philosophical tone, the French newspaper is a model from which not only England,

but the United States, may copy to very great advantage.—And besides this, the French government has instituted a law on the subject of newspaper slanders that is far in advance of both the law and policy of England and the United States. For instance, the proprietors of each journal or newspaper here are compelled by law to insert the reply of any individual who may have been named or attacked in their journal, (from the king down to the laborer,) under a penalty of from fifty to five hundred francs, without prejudice to any damages to which the article may have given rise. The reply must have been inserted in the number of the day which follows the receipt of it, and without charge, unless the reply be more than double the length of the original article or paragraph, in which case it must be paid for as an advertisement.

How much the American press would be improved if a similar summary and compulsory method of obtaining a correction of its slanders existed there!

It is not true, as has been too generally supposed, that the newspapers here are restrained by a censorship from publishing whatever the proprietors of them may choose, either concerning public or private individuals—concerning Louis Phillippe, the king no less than concerning any of his subjects—but they publish at the hazard and upon the responsibility of prosecution, in case they are unable to make out a good and satisfactory justification. It is only precisely so that the press is situated in the United States. The difference in the condition of the press here and there lies in this: the temper of the people, public officers, as well as others, is not so stoical and indifferent to newspaper calumnies here as in the United States; and, as a consequence, few libels here escape prompt and merited prosecution. Prompt prosecutions and the certainty of punishment discourage slander and vituperation. But in the United States, where few or no prosecutions of the kind occur, the reverse is most lamentably true. And there are, probably, more falsehoods, more downright illiberal calumnies, published every year in the United States, concerning individuals, with the sole view of degrading them in the public estimation, than there are of truths published by the same presses, respecting either the same or all other individuals, with only the honest view of having such individuals fairly estimated by the public. There the injured party is too busy to indure, or recoils at, the perplexity of prosecuting the slanderer; and, of consequence, nine hundred and ninety-nine of such libellers in every thousand, escape with impunity, and become emboldened in their vocation of defamation. It is in this way that the American people have become familiar with one of the most licentious conditions of the press that exists in the world. Still, such licentiousness is no part of the freedom of the press—it does not appertain to a free press. Liberty, civil, or political, does not consist in any right or privilege to inflict wrongs. On the contrary, if parties injured so unnecessarily in the United States by the press would take upon themselves the trouble and expense of punishing this licentiousness whenever manifested, the press in America would be no less free, in every rightful sense of that term than it now is; but it would be chaste, wary, and elevated in its character, as is the press here. It is by the system of prompt and spirited punishment of libels that has prevailed, and still prevails here, as occasion requires, that of all licentiousness existing in France, only the least degree attaches to the public press.

There is another very good requirement of law here relative to the newspaper and periodical press. Upon establishing a press of this description, "caution money" is required to be deposited. If it be a daily press, 100,000 francs is the sum to be deposited; and 50,000 francs if appearing more than once a

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month. For provincial journals the "caution money" is 25,000 francs, if published in towns of which the population amounts to or exceeds 50,000 souls. Upon these deposits a regulated interest is allowed. Journals of an exemplary scientific character are exempt from this requirement. Moreover, no journal can be published until a declaration has been made of its title, and the periods at which it is to appear, of the names of the proprietors, their address, and the share they hold in it, with the name and address of the responsible editor, of the printing house at which it will be printed, and of some other formalities. All this serves to render the press responsible, and to improve and elevate its condition and influence.

It may likewise be remarked that these precautionary measures, and rigour of public opinion, relative to the press here, do not, as some might erroneously argue without exact knowledge of the facts, in any degree retard the publication, or lessen the number of newspapers. Newspapers in France—in Paris especially—are probably as numerous as in any city in the world of like amount of population. I will recapitulate an authentic exhibit which I have lately seen, of the copies of daily sheets which some of the establishments here circulate, viz.: The Presse circulates daily 9,700 copies; the *Siecle* 11,660; the *Debats* 9,166; the *Constitutionnel* 5,883; the *Gazette* 5,000; the *Courrier* 5,000; the *Times* 2,433; the *Quotidienne* 3,833; the *National*, 3,333; *General Journal*, 1,456; the *Commerce*, 3,100.

The papers enumerated are but a portion of the periodical publications in this city. But, from the daily aggregate thus furnished, one may judge how much of a reading public the French are, and how free the press here must be, in fact, to be perpetuated upon a scale so extensive. The expense of a daily paper here to subscribers scarcely equals that of a corresponding publication in the United States. The *Presse*, or the *Siecle*, for instance, cost but 40 francs, or say, \$8 per annum.

THOUGHTS FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.

I have seen the sun with a little ray of distant light, challenge all the powers of darkness, and without violence or noise climbing up, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightliness of the morning: and Christianity, without violence or armies, without resistance and self-preservation, without strength or human eloquence, without challenging of privileges or fighting against tyranny; without alteration of government and scandal of princes, with its humility and meekness, with toleration and patience, with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into Christian, and persecution into victory.

Holy parents never eat their meal of blessing alone, but they make the room to shine like the fire of a holy sacrifice; and a father's or a mother's piety makes all the house festival and full of joy from generation to generation.

I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables and the skins of foxes. It is the body which makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune, wrapped about a sickly and uneasy soul.

He that shrinks from the yoke of Christ, from the burthen of the Lord, upon his death-bed will have cause to remember, that by that time all his persecutions would have been past, and that then there would remain nothing for him but rests, and crowns, and sceptres.

It were a rare felicity if every good cause could be managed by good men only; but we have found that evil men have spoiled a good cause, but never

that a good cause made those evil men good and happy.

It is a sad thing to observe how many empty souls will please themselves with being of such a religion, or such a cause; and though they dishonour their religion, or weigh down their cause with the prejudice of sin, believe all is swallowed up by and honourable name, or the appellative of one virtue.

The rod of suffering turns into crowns and sceptres when every suffering is a precept, and every change of condition produces a holy resolution, and the state of sorrows makes the resolution actual and habitual, permanent and persevering.

I have often seen young and unskillful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave was sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle breeze shook the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade: and the unskillful and inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock; and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without: for he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock, faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbour, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country; and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sad apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point, they make a noise and drive faster to the harbour: and if we do not leave the ship and jump into the sea; quit interests of religion, and run to the securities of the world; cut our cables and dissolve our hopes; grow impatient, and hug a wave, and die in its embraces; we are safe at sea, safer in a storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended with the world.

Of all the types of Christ, only Joshua and Solomon were noted to be generally prosperous: and yet the fortune of the first was to be in perpetual war and danger; but the other was as himself could wish it, rich and peaceful, and powerful, and healthful, and learned, and beloved, and strong, and amorous, and voluptuous,—and so he fell; and though his fall was, his recovery was not, upon record.

So much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, and a solitary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few groans by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs; so much are the sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect to what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows can die, but so cannot their joys.

READERS.—In a lecture delivered upwards of twenty years ago, at some hall at Peterlane, Coleridge divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour glass, their reading being as sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge, which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which, he trusted, there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.—*Post.*

HEARERS.—In an old book, called "Moses and Aaron," written by Golwin, the author says, "The Pharisees divided their hearers into three classes. The first he compared to the sponge, (as above.) The second to a wine-sack, which filters out the wine

and retains nothing but the dregs. The third to a sieve, which, by being shaken, raises the chaff to the top, and lets the dust fall to the earth."

Christ, in the parable of the sower, makes a different comparison, as all will recollect.

A STORY FOR OUR OWN TIMES.—A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic with great honor, and having amassed a great fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country seat. But before retiring he wished to take leave of his friends and connections, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house. The guests, who expected a sumptuous repast, were much surprised on going into the eating room, to see there a long oaken table barely covered with a rough blue cloth. On being seated they were served on oaken plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vases, filled with small beer, were passed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. This extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused murmurings among the company; but, out of respect for his age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish his frugal fare; and some of them even complimented with him for the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke any farther—but at a signal which he gave, some servants, habited as country-women, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the blue one, and some pewter plates replaced the wooden ones. Instead of rye bread, dried herring, and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurs ceased; the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with a better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste the second service, when they saw a butler enter, followed by half a dozen servants in brilliant livery, bringing the third.

A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth replaced the oaken one. A sideboard was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the guests charmed at the sight of a profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were passed round, while a melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drank, and all were merry. But the good man, perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus: "I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favour which you have granted me. It is time that I should retire, myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design that I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished thereby to give you an idea of our republic.—Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches, and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved those great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has retraced an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak freely what he thinks, I must say, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of the brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise calculation."

ASPIRATIONS OF MIND—Fix thine eye upon a star,

in the infinite distance and depth of heaven. What beam is that which visiteth thee from far? If I were to pause now for the brief space of only eight minutes, a ray from the sun would, in that brief interval, have traversed about a hundred millions of miles to reach us! What beam, then, is that which visiteth thee from far, far beyond the precincts of solar day! Through the slow revolutions of years—I speak the astronomical fact; for aught thou knowest, before thou wast created—I speak the astronomical *doubt*; for aught thou knowest, before the world was created, that ray of light left its native sphere, and, through distance awful and inconceivable—through the silent lapse and slow revolution of years unknown, that ray of light has been travelling onward and onward, till it has fallen upon thy poor weak sense. Now follow it back on the line of its immeasurable progress, to its original sphere, its home, which it hath left to reach thee; and does thy mind stop there? No: not there, nor any where does it stop, but beyond, and beyond, to infinity, it wanders: and can that mind say that it is "well enough" in a little earthly comfort, and a few worldly possessions? Can that soul that spans the universe and measures ages, be content with a grain of sand upon the shore of time? No: hold thou the measureless ocean in the hollow of thy hand, and then mayst thou curb the swellings of thought, passion, and desire, to that narrow compass. Garner up treasures of infinite worlds in thy coffer, and then mayst thou lock up in that coffer the affections that are expanding to the grasp of infinity. No, mistaken soul! thine eye spans the arch of heaven—thy soaring thought rises to the eternal stars; thine aim must be broad and boundless as those pathways of heaven. As surely as thou livest, thou must live righteously, virtuously, wisely. Life is an argument for piety. Sense is a good guide to faith. Time should bear our thoughts, as it is bearing our souls to eternity!—*Devey*.

KINDNESS IN CONVERSATION.—There is no way in which men can do good to others, with so little little expense and trouble, as by kindness in conversation. "Words," it is sometimes said, "cost nothing." At any rate, kind words cost no more than those which are harsh and piercing. But kind words are often more highly valued than the most costly gifts,—and they are always regarded among the best tokens of a desire to make others happy. We should think that kind words would be very common they are so very cheap; but there are many who have a large assortment of all other languages except kindness. They have bitter words, and witty words, and learned words in abundance—but their stock of kind words is small. The churl himself, one might suppose, would not grudge a little kindness in his language; however closely he clings to his money; but there are persons who draw on their kindness with more reluctance than on their purses.

Some use grating words because they are of morose dispositions. Their language, as well as their manners, shows an unfeeling heart. Others use rough words out of an affectation of frankness. They may be severe in their remarks—but the claim that they are open and independent, and will not be trammelled. They are no flatterers, they say—and this they think enough for all the cutting speech which they employ. Others wish to be thought witty—and they will, with equal indifference, wound the feelings of friend or foe, to show their smartness. Some are envious, and cannot bear to speak kindly of others, or to them, because they do not wish to add to their happiness. Others are so ill-bred that they seem to take delight in using unkind words when their intentions are good, and their feelings are warm. Their words are rougher than their hearts—they will make sacrifices of ease and property to promote comfort, while they will not deign to employ the terms of courtesy

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and kindness. Of these, the Scotch have an expressive proverb, that "the bark is worse than their bite."

A CASE FOR THE PHRENOLOGISTS.—There is residing in the city of Washington, a highly respectable and intelligent lady, rather advanced in life, who, in 1837, experienced a slight shock of apoplexy. Up to that time she possessed rather uncommon powers of conversation, was fluent, and had a ready command of five languages. She had prominent eyes, and her conversation indicated, that the organ of language, as the phrenologists would say, was well developed. The attack of apoplexy destroyed all power of recalling proper names, (with a single exception,) which she has never recovered. She still converses fluently, so far as proper names are not concerned; but whenever a proper name occurs, she is arrested in her conversation and cannot proceed, till the name is suggested, when she instantly recognizes the person or thing, and is enabled to go on. From this fact, would it not appear upon the principles of phrenology, that man is endowed with two independent organs of language, one for common words, and another for proper names?

We should like to know how the phrenologist would explain this case upon the principles of his science. —*Alex. Gaz.*

A MISTAKE.—What a great mistake people commit when they think the money they pay for the support of divine worship, or for judiciously conducted religious publications, is poorly expended. There is not an enjoyment upon earth that is not sweetened by the influence of divine truth. Our public and social devotions prepare us to experience a higher degree of good in possessing and using whatever comes from the temporal store house of God, and diffuse the brightest charms that mix and mingle with the scenes of social life.

We would affectionately recommend to every one to ask himself, seriously, if he is not indebted to the institutions of Christianity, and to religious knowledge, for most of the happiness he enjoys in this present world?

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—The long mooted and highly interesting question of etiquette, as to which side of a lady a gentleman should ride, on horseback, has been settled, finally, conclusively, and for ever, by a female correspondent of the Morning Post, who states that the ladies prefer that gentlemen should ride on their right, because—they can be so much nearer together. The decision will be met with acclamation by the right-siders.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Missionary Register.

From the Montreal Canada Baptist Magazine.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society was formed on the 8th of April last for the avowed purpose of "improving the religious and moral condition of the French Canadians;" an object, of vast importance to the future well-being, of this Province.

Late events have opened a door for the introduction of the gospel among this people. The Committee feel persuaded that the time to favour them has come; and are desirous of taking immediate measures to accomplish their conversion from popish idolatry, to the simplicity of the faith of Christ Jesus.

We understand that the Rev. William Taylor, A. M. of this city, has acceded to the request of the Committee to proceed to England to lay the claims

of the Society before British Christians; and that he will leave early in September. We hope our friends at "home" will receive Mr. Taylor cordially, and contribute liberally, to enable the Society to put forth efforts commensurate with the wants of our Canadian fellow-subjects.

LATE AND INTERESTING FROM BURMAH.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. E. L. Abbott, late of Rangoon, will be read with interest by every friend of the "Missionary enterprise." It was addressed to the Rev. Z. Freeman, of Seneca Falls; and is copied from the *New York Baptist Register*.

MUZMAN, Dec. 14, 1838.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your last is before me, and till now has remained unanswered. One prominent reason of delay has been, that my thoughts, anxieties, and energies, have all been absorbed in the scenes through which I have been called to pass. I have seen the disciples of Christ arraigned before magistrates and wicked rulers, oppressed, fined, and whipped, cast into filthy dungeons, and loaded with chains: given up to the gods as a well pleasing sacrifice, to become slaves, they and their posterity forever; cast out, as unworthy to associate with mankind, and subjected to the deepest degradation and ignominy;—again, dragging their chains on their ankles, and begging their scanty pittance of rice from door to door! And all this borne with a fortitude, and meekness, and holy triumph, which made their enemies pause and wonder, and no doubt the powers of hell quail.

Such scenes as these, my brother, try the strength of our faith, and to the missionary, may be dignified with the name of "missionary trials." But notwithstanding these persecutions, the work of God is going on, and multitudes are embracing the Gospel of Christ. O, it would do your soul good, could you take a trip with me into the jungles, and behold the multitudes flocking around, eager to get hold of the teacher's hand, eager to every word that falls from his lips. I have many a time wished that my Christian friends in America, could look in upon us at some of our meetings,—could stand beside our baptismal waters, and witness hundreds at a time following in the footsteps of the blessed Master, and taking upon them the vows of their ascended Lord. I have again and again desired that the enemies of missions (if indeed there can yet be amid such light and evidence of God's approbation,) could listen to the expressions of gratitude which flow from these sons of the forest to the disciples in America, for sending them the Gospel. And O, could some of our good young brethren and sisters at home hear some of their agonizing calls for books and "more teachers," their rest which they have made for themselves in a land of affluence and ease, would be converted into a bed of thorns. But, blessed be God, the cause of the Redeemer will triumph, and the millennial will dawn—"the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Although dark and portentous clouds gather over the land, and the servants of God are compelled to flee; though the lambs of Christ's fold are there scattered among wolves, and exposed to all that is fearful in the wrath of cruel persecutors, already thirsting for their blood, Burmah will yet be illuminated and saved; and I believe her redemption draweth nigh. We hope to be able to return and enter on our labors there under more auspicious circumstances, and yet live to see the goodness of the Lord in gathering in the millions of that empire into the kingdom of Christ.

Brother Simons and myself left Rangoon on the 24th ult., after prayerful deliberation. Not only the

prospect of war with the British government, but the country, just now, is in a dreadful state of agitation from a rebellion which is going on in favour of the deposed king and family. The governor of Rangoon is crucifying, embowelling, cutting out tongues, &c., &c., of all whom he suspects of disaffection. All foreigners are suspected, and we among the rest. It is known that a great many Karens are under our influence. Our staying under these circumstances not only endangered their lives but our own.

We therefore thought it our duty to leave for a season, hoping soon to return under the British flag.

"DO YOU LOVE GOD?"

"I HOPE I do," you reply. Then when did you begin? You certainly have not always loved him, for "every one that loveth is born of God;" that is born again, born from above.

The question is an important one. Your salvation depends upon the answer. Do not put it aside! "What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?"

If you love God at all, you love him supremely; that is better than any one or any thing else. You have in that case answered his invitation—"My son, give me thine heart," by yielding up to him the supreme affection of your soul.

Do not mistake my meaning. I do not say that on earth you will ever love God as much as he deserves to be loved. No one does this. All I mean is, that if you are in a safe state for eternity, there is nothing whatever on earth that you love in comparison with God.

It is just as possible to discover whether you love your "Father who is in heaven," as it is to know whether or not your earthly parents have a high place in your affections. It is not the shedding of a few tears that is in either case the test. A wicked man may have at times very quick and lively feelings when he thinks of the love and tenderness of his pious earthly parents; and yet selfishness and wickedness may so harden his heart, that in comparison with his lusts, and their holy instructions, may have no habitual influence over him whatever. And so it is with our heavenly Father. We may weep bitterly when his love to us in Christ is vividly set forth, and we may like to hear of that love, and yet his character, as a whole, may be hateful to us, and we may determinately refuse to have him to rule over us.

He that truly loves God, loves him as God; takes pleasure in the view of his justice and holiness, as well as his mercy, and delights to contemplate him as a God eternally hating sin, and inflexibly pouring out wrath forever upon all who love it.

Now—Do you love God?

You reply, "I am not conscious that I hate him; and since there is no medium between loving God supremely, and thoroughly hating him, I hope I do love him."

You are right in saying that with respect to the Divine Being there is no medium between supreme love and mortal hatred; but it does not follow, that because you are not conscious of hating him, therefore you love him. There are many reasons why unconverted persons do not find out that they hate God. With one class, ignorance prevents the discovery. Never realizing the true character of "the High and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity," a man soon comes to think that God is such a one as himself. With another, the enmity is hidden because the outbreaks of it are restrained by fear. It lies like an enemy in ambush, that dare not come out before a superior force. A third is unconscious of his hatred to his Maker, because God has allowed him hitherto to have his own way. His schemes have prospered; his wishes have been granted.

In all these cases the viper may lie coiled up in his

nest; no light disturbs him; no spear pricks him; his fears keep him within. Yet is he not the less venomous, or spiteful, or treacherous. Let but a ray of sun-shine fall upon him—let his hiding place be exposed—let his slumbers be disturbed—let irritation awaken him to sensibility, and at once up he springs, malignant as ever, the old and well-known foe of God and man.

Stranger! it may be thus with you. Search your heart faithfully, and you may perhaps yet live to thank the writer for proposing the question.

D.

ON THE CREATION.

NEXT to the redemption of man by the death of Christ, the works of God, in the creation of the universe, furnish the human mind with subjects the most grand and sublime for contemplation. And to one who is accustomed to mark the finger of the Almighty in the multitude of objects which his eyes behold every where surround him, "the works of the Lord" appeared, indeed, "great, honourable, and glorious." They present to the mind a field which has no bounds, and, by man, can never fully be explored.

The records of Moses furnish us with the only authentic history of the creation; and the accounts given by him are brief. The antediluvians, by reason of their great age, could learn much from tradition; they therefore required nothing more than barely hints of its history. And to us, "with our opportunities of observation and experiment, these are amply sufficient for every purpose of rational curiosity or humble devotion." To us "the idea of creation is very sublime; but our familiarity with the term may have rendered us insensible of its magnificent character. It is, indeed, so vast, that many of the ancient philosophers denied the possibility of creation and hence assigned the attribute of eternity to matter, making it, in this respect, equal with God." But we are more highly favoured, having not only the light of nature to guide us in our inquiries, but also the light of heaven—the word of God.

It is in the book of Genesis, as written by Moses, we have the first mention of creation, and he ascribes the "beginning" of all material substances, to the creative power of the Almighty. We are here told that this earth on which we dwell, "was without form," a shapeless mass, and "void," containing neither animal or vegetable life; and over the whole chaos darkness reigned, till "the Spirit of God moved," or excited greatly "the face of the waters," and thus organized this beautiful globe into a most grand habitation for man, and most admirably adjusted the hitherto confused particles of matter to a proper condition for the production of animal and vegetable life. "We know," says a certain writer, "from the infallible testimony of God, that men and other animals which inhabit the earth, the seas, and the air; all the immense varieties of herbs and plants of which the vegetable kingdom consists; the globe of the earth, the expanse of the ocean, and the wonders of the skies, were all produced by the power of the eternal. Matter, however, under all the varieties of its form, the relative disposition of its parts, and the motions communicated to it, is but an inferior part of the works of creation. From the faculty of thought, and the powers of perception and reflection, of which we are conscious, we feel assured that we are animated by a much higher and nobler principle than brute matter." It was indeed from the dust of the earth the body of man was formed; but the soul which was to inhabit it, was "the inspiration of the Almighty." To him was given power to rule over the inferior animals. He appeared among them as their Lord to exercise dominion over them. "His stature and his strength admirably qualified

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him for the situation in which he was placed; and he was endowed with speech, that he might become the priest and interpreter of nature, to collect the silent praises of the universe, and offer them up to God in sublime hymns and fervent adoration." When all was completed, the Sabbath was instituted for rest and worship. And although he then ceased from his work in creating the world with all things that belong to it, yet it cannot be denied that, "he still continues to operate with silent mysterious influence on the wonders which his hands have made."

"In addition to our globe, we see other worlds around us;—the sun, the moon, the planets, and stars innumerable; and besides our own race, and the various animated beings which we behold, we are informed in Scripture of the existence of intelligences of a higher order than man, though infinitely below the Deity. It is impossible for use to assign the limits of creation: we know not how far the regions of space extend, how they are filled, how the planets and stars are occupied, and even what a wide diversity of forms, and what an infinity of animated beings may inhabit our own globe. How wonderful is God!

"From this brief survey of the glorious works of God, or rather this slight allusion to his creating energy, we may learn a lesson of humility, admiration, and love. Of the first, the Psalmist reminds us, when having considered 'the heavens, the work of God's hand, the moon and the stars which he has ordained,' he exclaims, 'Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him?' The second is impressed upon us by the magnitude, the splendour, and the perfection of His works, displaying every where the strongest manifestations of his power and wisdom. And the third is suggested by the bounteous provision he has made for the supply of our wants, and the advancement of our happiness; especially, when we consider ourselves as fallen creatures, inhabiting a world which the sin of our first parents has brought under a curse."

Such reflections as the above are well worthy a candid perusal, and are a credit to the author, with whom the immensity of God's works is a subject of serious and profitable meditation. They are calculated to fill one with awe, to humble the pride of man, and lead him to adore the God of Heaven.

SAMECH RESH.

The Wesleyan.

HALIFAX, MONDAY, AUGUST 12.

GENERAL CENTENARY MEETING FOR THE NOVA SCOTIA DISTRICT.

It has seldom been our happiness to attend a meeting more marked by the prevalence of a noble spirit of liberality and Christian unity, than the meeting which was held in this town last Thursday;—the first Centenary meeting (we believe) held in the Provinces of British North America. A preparatory meeting of the ministers and lay friends took place in the afternoon of Thursday last, when the Rev. Mr. Alder explained in a most lucid and satisfactory manner, the purposes and objects of the General Centenary Committee at Home. We may say, respecting this meeting, as was said in the Watchman, respecting the first Centenary meeting in Manchester—"If there were at first a few differences of opinion on minor arrangements, these were all adjusted to the perfect satisfac-

tion of the entire meeting." All agreed that the *connexional* principle ought to be maintained.

The preachers and lay friends at this preparatory meeting were the Rev. R. Alder, from London, representative of the British Conference; the Rev. Matthew Richey, A. M., Principal of Upper Canada Academy; the Rev. R. Williams, of St. John, N. B.; the Rev. R. Knight, Chairman of the Nova Scotia District; the Rev. Messrs. Bennett, Crocombe, Pope, Wilson, Marshall, Webb, Churchill; with the Hon. T. A. S. DeWolf, of Wolfville; James Allison, Esq., M. P. P.; and John Allison, Esq., of Newport; and Messrs. M. G. Black, B. E. Black, J. M. Hamilton, J. H. Anderson, Daniel Starr, W. Starr, W. Sargent, H. Bell, R. DeWolf, W. Wiswell, A. Morton, and J. Jost, Esqrs.

The General Meeting commenced in the Argyle Chapel, at half past six the same evening.

The Rev. R. Alder took the chair, and gave out the hymn, commencing,—

"Glory to God, whose sovereign grace," &c.

The Rev. W. Bennett engaged in prayer. Another hymn was then sung, and the Chairman read the xxixth ch. of 1st Book of Chronicles, after which he introduced the business of the Meeting in a speech elaborately replete with information and of deep interest. He remarked that, under the influence of the same spirit of enlarged liberality, as that which is recorded of the Jewish people, in the chapter just read, the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion resolved to celebrate the Centenary of Methodism: not to magnify themselves, or to display a spirit of unholy rivalry, or sectarian pride, but to meet together in Great Britain and Ireland, the Colonial dependencies, and even beyond, (for societies exist where the rule of Britain is not known,) for the purpose of expressing, by a pecuniary thank-offering to God, their obligations for the spiritual advantages which they have derived through that form of Christianity called Methodism.

The speaker then adverted to the taking up of this subject by the British Conference of 1837, and subsequently of 1838; after which, in a masterly manner, he alluded to the circumstances immediately connected with the rise of Methodism. We are sorry that our limits will not allow us to present our readers with more than the outline of this excellent address. Allusion was made to the spiritual circumstances of England, at the period of the rise of Methodism; confessions made by her own prelates, Burnett, Secker, and others, in their writings, of the low state of Christianity at that time; while the best writers among the Dissenters concurred in the testimony, that among the higher classes every form of infidelity prevailed, while the lower were sunk in the most degraded and degrading position. The speaker then showed that at this period God was pleased to commence a work of grace by the hands of those honored instruments, John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield; and glanced at the most remarkable circumstances in the lives of these men—their birth—parentage—attainments—first serious impressions—awakening and con-

version—exertions—preaching—crowded churches—complaints of many—their being thrust out from the church—erection of separate places of worship, and organization of a society. It was remarked that the first society was established at Oxford, in 1729, consisting entirely of collegians, and that one of these died in the full triumph of faith.

The speaker then related an anecdote relevant to this subject, and connected with a visit which he paid some time since to Ireland. A Missionary Meeting was to be held in a town in which an Irish prelate resided; and two young ladies, daughters of the Bishop, being in the shop of a merchant, inquired what the movement in the town was about. Being told that a Methodist Missionary Meeting was to be held, one of the sisters indulged in some unkind remarks, respecting the meeting and the people. But the other said to her, "Ah! but you never knew any person repent that they had been a Methodist, when they came to die." So it was with Thomas Morgan, the first Methodist, who passed through death, triumphant home.

The speaker then treated of the history of the Wesleys till 1736—Mr. John Wesley's embarkation for Georgia—its effect on himself—the formation of the United Society in the year 1739—the death of Mr. Wesley—the spread of the Societies and their present situation.

We feel sorry that we are obliged so to mutilate this Address; but we cannot even give the outlines of the plan laid down by the Rev. gentleman in explaining the Connexional principle kept in view in the whole arrangement of the celebration, and the varied contemplated grants to different objects. These have been rehearsed repeatedly in this publication; and we would intreat our readers to refer to all that has been published on the subject, in the several numbers of this periodical.

At the conclusion of this interesting speech, which was listened to with almost breathless attention, it was announced that the following persons were appointed Secretaries for this District:—Messrs. Daniel Starr, John H. Anderson, and Leonard Shannon, Esqrs., with Rev. J. Marshall, and Rev. C. Churchill.

The following Resolutions were adopted:—

1. Moved by the Hon. T. A. S. DeWolf, seconded by J. Leander Starr, Esq.,—That Martin Gay Black, Esq., be appointed District Treasurer for the Centenary Fund, for the Nova Scotia District.

2. Moved by Rev. Matthew Richey, A. M., seconded by Leonard Shannon, Esq.,—From the valuable information brought before this Meeting, by the Rev. R. Alder, this Meeting desires to express its cordial approval of the great Centenary object, so perspicuously illustrated; and pledges itself not only to take an active part in those subordinate measures, necessary for carrying out the intentions expressed, but to unite in pecuniary assistance, with the delightful exhibition of liberality at Home.

Immediately after the conclusion of the President's speech, it was announced that slips of paper had been

left in each pew to receive the names of donors; that persons wishing to pay their money at the time could do so; that there would be no public collections, all being free-will offerings; that sums under 20s. would be expected to be paid in before August, 1840; and sums exceeding 20s. might be paid in instalments; the account finally to close at the District Meeting in May, 1841.

The Meeting was addressed by several individuals, both ministers and laymen. But to give even a sketch of the character of the Meeting, from the time of the proposing of the first resolution, is impossible. Notes of credit poured in from all parts of the Chapel. Substantial offerings were made. Sums of £200, £100, £50, and so on, were announced in delightful and continuous succession, until about half past ten o'clock; when the Rev. Chairman announced, that the sum subscribed, and still increasing, exceeded *nine hundred pounds*. We shall not even express a hope how far it may extend; but thus far, Nova Scotia has done nobly, and we are well satisfied she will reap her advantages.

We may just remark, that additional subscriptions will be gladly received by the District Treasurer, Martin Gay Black, Esq., or by the Secretaries, whose names have been given.

The lists of subscribers will be published in our next number.

HORTON CENTENARY MEETING.—This Meeting is postponed for a short time.

From the Colonial Pearl.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

(The arrival of the splendid new Steam Ship, the *British Queen*, has brought London dates down to July 11th.)

THE EAST.—*Turkey and Egypt.*—Hafiz Pacha, is to assume the offensive, when Mehemet Ali Bey, the bearer of the firman of investiture and the Sultan's instructions, shall have arrived at his camp, Mehemet having proceeded to Samsoun on the 13th ult. A correspondent says a decisive action was not likely to take place for a few weeks.

The Turkish fleet was to sail on the 20th ult. for Rhoder. "It is expected," says a correspondent, "the French squadron will come in time to prevent mischief."

There is not the most distant allusion as to the line of conduct which will be pursued by the British squadron in the event of a collision between the Turkish and Egyptian fleets.

Intelligence from Constantinople states that the Sultan's health was much impaired. The French papers assert, that the delivery of a peremptory note from the French Admiral, on the 8th June, admonishing him against going to war with Ibrahim, threw the Sultan into a violent rage, which caused the rupture of a bloodvessel in the chest, and spitting of blood. The Vienna letters speak of his recovery as impossible.

FRANCE.—The French Chamber of Deputies came to an unexpected decision respecting the Ministerial proposition of a loan of five millions of francs to the Versailles Railroad. Between Versailles and Paris there will be now two railroads.

The Peers met to deliberate on the verdict on several of the insurgents of the 12th and 13th May last. In the event of any prisoners being condemned to death, they will be executed 24 hours after the sentence, and Louis Philippe alone can save them—every public office in Paris was put in a state of defence for the day of execution. Additional troops had been summoned to the French capital.

M. Daguerre, whose discoveries in producing impressions from light, have so recently excited the wonder of the French nation, and of the world, has been voted a pension by the two Chambers.

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THE ATLANTIC STEAMERS.—The British Queen cost about £92,000. Her extreme length is 275 feet, and breadth 64 feet. The power of her machinery is reckoned as that of 500 horses, and besides her supply of fuel she can carry 1000 tons of goods. Her crew, including all hands, amounts to 80 persons, and she has accommodation for 207, or on an emergency nearly 300.

She is in every way fitted up in accordance with her size and character. Another Atlantic steam man-of-war is on the stocks, and so near completion, that she is expected to be launched on the return of the British Queen. This vessel is to be called the President, her burthen is stated at 24,000 tons, nearly 400 more than the registered tonnage of the Queen, and she will be, it is said, every way a finer vessel. She is to run between Liverpool and New York.

Thus have we seen, within the last two or three years, this great problem fully and happily solved. The possibility of running ships by steam, across the Atlantic, was doubted, and the possibility of running them for a continuance, and, at a profit was denied. We see them run, and run profitably, and competitors starting yearly into the path that was deemed impracticable.

The arrival of the British Queen had excited much interest in N. York. The N. Y. Gazette says that 150,000 persons were gazing on her while going up the rivers. The same paper, speaking of the Great Western and the Queen, remarks:

"They are both very noble vessels, and both of them highly honourable to the enterprize, liberality and skill of Old England. The British Queen looks like a line of battle ship, the Great Western like a frigate of the first class."

The commander of the Queen experienced much annoyance by the crowd which beset the boat, anxious to gratify their curiosity.

A line of steamers is projected to run between Bordeaux (France) and New York. The scheme is, to have 12 vessels of 450 horse power each; these could be readily turned into ships of war. It would cost about 22,000,000 francs, nearly £1,000,000. Government received the scheme favourably.

Among the Passengers in the British Queen were the Hon. Samuel Cunard, John Leander Starr, Esq. Lady and family; E. M. Archibald, Esq. Lady and family; and Col. Mudge and G. H. Featherstonhaugh, Esq. Commissioners appointed by the British Government to make a Survey of the Disputed Territory.

The Cotton market appeared dull, with a large stock on hand, and the promise of abundant crops in that article. The crops in the United Kingdom promised well.

Commissioners had been appointed to examine into the Boundary question. These gentlemen arrived in the British Queen,—Col. Mudge and Mr. Featherstonhaugh.

DREADEFUL OCCURRENCE.—On yesterday morning the usual tranquility of the town was much disturbed by a very lamentable occurrence. James Bossom, shopkeeper in Albemarle street was shot by S. D. Clarke, who also kept a shop, opposite the North Barrack. Both were young,—Bossom aged 23. He lived about two hours after receiving the fatal wound. The facts of the case, as they appeared on the Coroner's Inquest, may be thus briefly stated. Bossom and Clarke had a quarrel of some months standing. Clarke challenged Bossom,—Elexon, Clarke's partner, being privy to it, and encouraging the act, and asserting that he would send a challenge himself if Clarke did not. Sergeant Bannister, 37th Regiment, was aware of the quarrel, and appeared to take part with Clarke. He was charged with having also sent a challenge to Bossom, and with having used abusive language to him in a letter. On Wednesday evening Bannister and Elexon went to Bossom's shop, a quarrel and fight ensued between Bannister and Bossom. On Wednesday night Clarke loaded a brace of pistols with ball, and said that if Bossom came near his door he would put the contents of one of them in him. On Thursday morning at near half past six o'clock, Bossom was passing Clarke's shop, and a tap was given at the window, either by Bossom, or some one inside. He went to the door, some words ensued, Clarke approached the door, threatening to shoot Bossom, who retired a few paces;—Clarke snapped one of the pistols, Bossom laughed and

used some sneering expression. Clarke, reiterating that he would shoot him, discharged the other pistol. The ball entered Bossom's eye, passed through and lodged against the skull at the opposite side. He fell, and from that period showed but little signs of life, except by breathing heavily; he expired about 9 o'clock. Clarke was arrested immediately on the occurrence of the act, Elexon subsequently. After an investigation which occupied nearly four hours, the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Clarke, as principal, and against Elexon as accessory before the fact. Thus have three families been plunged into deep distress, and an awful warning has been given to all, against the indulgence of bad passions.—*Pearl.*

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr. Andrew Blackley of Jelore, to Miss Jane Fitzgerald of Halifax.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. William Taylor, to Miss Isabella Campbell.

At River Jordan, on the 4th ult., by the Rev. T. H. White, Mr. Jas. Collopy, to Miss Maria E. Holden, eldest daughter of Thomas Holden, Esq. of that place.

On the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Unicke, Mr. William Strickland, to Miss Julia Hume, both of this place.

At Londonderry, on the 15th ult., by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. Thomas S. Delaney, to Margaret second daughter of John Rice, Esq.

At Eastport, on the 27th ult., by Mr. W. W. Eaton, Mr. John K. Lasky, of St. John, Teacher, author of "Leisure Hours," &c., to Miss Ann V. Wise, of Sebec, Maine.

At Sussex Vale, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. H. N. Arnold, Mr. James H. Hallett, of Boston, to Mary Ann, third daughter of Thomas O. Arnold, Esq. On the same day, by the same, Mr. Cornelius McMonagle, to Susan, fourth daughter of Thomas O. Arnold, Esq.

At the Wesleyan Chapel, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. W. Temple, W. M. Chairman of the New Brunswick district, the Rev. William M. Leggett, Wesleyan Missionary, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of William Stephens, Esq. of Bathurst.

At Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 11th ult., by the Rev. Mr. At Fort Cumberland, parish of Westmoreland, New Brunswick, on Thursday, 4th ult., by the Rev. George Townsend, Mr. David Brown, of Truro, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. William Knapp.

At the Parish Church of Amherst, on Thursday the 25th ult., by the Rev. George Townsend, Rector, Mr. W. P. Moffat, to Rosalind, youngest daughter of Robt. McGowan Dickey, Esq. M. P.

DEATHS.

At Dartmouth, on Saturday evening last, Mr Edward Langley, aged 79 years.

On the 13th June, at Boulogne, in the 67th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Belcher, consort of the Hon. Andrew Belcher, late of Halifax, N. S. a lady highly esteemed.

EDUCATION.

THE MISSES TROPOLET, Granville Street.

CONTINUE to instruct young Ladies in English Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, Ancient and Modern History, Geography, Plain Needle Work, and Fancy Work, Music and Drawing, and the Use of the Globes.

REFERENCES.—Rev. R. Alder, General Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Rev. John Marshall, Halifax; Rev. William Bennett, Newport; Rev. E. Wood, St. John, and Rev. William Temple, Miramichi, New Brunswick. August 12, 1850.

BOTANY.—IN THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

J. C. DAVID,

WILL commence a Course of Lectures on Botany, demonstrated from the Living Plants, in the Lecture Room, proceeding according to the Linnean System in such a manner that the Students will acquire a practical knowledge, as an introductory book of demonstrative Elements of the science will be written by each member of the class, which will contain the most essential principles of Botany.

Lecture, one hour each, from half past three until half past four—commencing on Monday, August 12, in Dalhousie College. Expenses for the Course to each individual will be £1. The practical advantages gained by this Course of Lectures will be equal to £50 to each, as all will acquire an accurate knowledge in the science.

Already a considerable number of the most respectable Ladies and Gentlemen have given their signatures to attend the classes.

For particulars apply to Messrs. A. & W. Mackinlay, Stationers August 12.

CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.—Need we say, that the whole arrangement is faulty? To divorce the doctrine from the duties of Scripture in any kind of instruction is absurd and mischievous. To attempt to identify this generalizing of religion with the system of the British and Foreign School Society, is not candid: it is the plan of the Central Society of Education. It may be argued, that the deficiency is to be met by special religious instruction. But how? One of our contemporaries (the *Herts Reformer*) shall answer. "It is not to be expected, says the editor, 'that Dissenting ministers would give up their time to educate, ten or twenty children in the government class-rooms.'" Roman Catholic priests (for obvious reasons) would be the only ministers appointed; and the result of the whole would be, supposing the model-school to be extensively imitated, the establishment of a large staff of Anglican and Roman Catholic Chaplains throughout the country, paid out of the public taxes." Another contemporary (the *Leeds Mercury*) anticipates as a possible result, the payment of many thousands of Episcopal chaplains by the state; arguing, and certainly with reason, that although it is not intended that the plan shall be forced upon schools receiving aid from parliament, yet, since the board will at least recommend other schools to act upon the same principles, and thus use its moral influence in favour of the plan, it is right to look at the scheme as designed for the nation at large. Dr. Kay's assurance, that "precisely similar arrangements are prescribed by the Poor Law Amendment Act, in clauses which were amended and modified at the instance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London," does not in any degree remove our objections or alleviate our fears. On the contrary, we join, and join heartily in "the protest of all the ministers and office-bearers (except one) of the Wesleyan Societies in the borough of Manchester," who, honourably distinguished from their brethren in London, have "waived their political views" in order to oppose this measure, not, as other Wesleyans have done, in a narrow, exclusive, factious and party spirit, but, as it appears to us, on sound Voluntary principles. We adopt, therefore, their words, "and most decidedly object to the intended scheme on the strong grounds of conscience, and of our right to full religious liberty. We protest against being taxed for the maintenance of systems of religion which we, in common with the vast majority of our fellow-countrymen, believe to be false and injurious." The ignorance of the Whigs, as to the extent of the religious feelings of this country, is really astounding. In this instance, it is inexcusable.—*Patriot*.

Our Whig contemporary is grievously concerned that the great Wesleyan body, whose history "presents a splendid and continuous series of the triumphs of freedom over bigotry," should now become the opponent of a liberalizing scheme of education. He forgets the untiring and open warfare waged by the founder of that respectable church against every thing Popish, and therefore bigoted. John Wesley was a better logician than to confound two things essentially dissimilar, and he did not, therefore, like the pseudo-liberals of our own day, forget to distinguish between the truth and men's opinions of the truth. God forbid that we should ever connive at the persecution of any man for his opinions, however erroneous, absurd, or ridiculous; but we maintain that, while we refrain from persecution, we ought not, in all fairness, to be expected to endow heresy, and especially that form of it which is antagonist to our Protestant constitution, and inimical to our very existence as a Protestant nation. If we do so, we open the flood-gates of superstition; and we may well fear the return of the Egyptian darkness of the plamy days Popery. Are we, for fear of being branded as *illegals*, to rush into

the *sin* of upholding and strengthening and extending the influence of that unchanged and unchangeable system of soul-destroying error? Our contemporary asks, if the Wesleyan body, which contributed so much to the defeat of Lord Sidmoth's Bill, has changed sides. We hope not; but there is this difference between them and the party making common cause with the Papists. They wisely know where to stop in their advocacy of liberty of conscience, while other dissenters are madly "going the whole hog" with infidels and Socinians, and thus blindly administering to the re-establishment of the worst tyranny that ever held in subjection the minds and consciences of mankind. Our contemporary's vituperation upon this subject, and his wily insinuation that the *Watchman* speaks the sentiments but of a small section of the Wesleyan body, will, we hope, meet with substantial refutation on the table of the House of Commons, ere four days have elapsed.—*Sheffield Patriot*.

EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE.—We must call the attention of the agricultural body to a serious danger with which it is threatened. The farmers of the empire are to be offered up as the first victims to the re-union of the Ministerialists and Radicals. A ministerial journal of last night announces, almost directly, that a project is on foot to confer the county franchise upon £10 householders. As the number of £10 householders (not being freeholders) who are engaged in agriculture is so small as to be properly rejected from calculation, this project is one for transferring the county franchise from the agriculturists to the shopkeepers and other unconnected with agriculture, who make up the population of country towns; and should it take effect the agricultural body will be no longer represented. Already the inhabitants of towns have a most undue preponderance in the House of Commons; but let the £10 franchise be extended to counties, and they will have the complete command of that assembly. What in that case, will become of the corn-laws? What security will the agriculturists then have that the unjust share of taxation to which, as weak, because dispersed, they have been ever exposed, will not be infinitely aggravated? The Radicals who press this violation of the Reform Bill upon the servile ministers well know what they are about—they know that the meditated blow will strike at once at the agricultural interest, the aristocracy, and the church.—*Standard*.

THE POSTAGE QUESTION.—A Uniform Penny Postage is to be adopted. The Chronicle distinctly announces that the plan is to be proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that the right hon. gentleman stated as much to several members of the house "who desired to have all doubts removed on the subject." The Chronicle, however, adds a little comment of its own to this welcome bit of intelligence. "The determination of ministers," says that journal, "will be hailed by the country as an auspicious presage of practical reform." Will it? The decision has been forced upon ministers—they resisted it as long as they could; the question is one upon which all parties are agreed. If such only are to be their "practical reforms," the more we have of them the better. It is notorious that the measure would have been one of the first to have been introduced by Sir Robert Peel; no government could exist without its adoption—for it is a matter upon which there has hardly been a second opinion in the house or out of it, saving and excepting among her Majesty's ministers. We rejoice heartily that the plan is to be acted on; only a very obtuse intellect could have so long been insensible to the advantages it holds out both to the Exchequer and the people. Mr. Rowland Hill, although he found it impossible to persuade the Premier and the Chancellor, has supplied them with an argument far more irresistible than his own—the voice of the country.—*Britannia*.

VOLUME II

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