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## The Time for Closet Prayer.

Morn is the time to pray,  
Before the dawn of day,  
Steal on the hours,  
Just when the eastern hue  
Tinges the soft blue,  
Spangling the early dew  
On fragrant flowers.

Noon is the time to pray,  
Mid busy scenes of day,  
We need it more,  
'Tis then the heavenly Dove  
May stoop to our low state,  
His snowy pinions move,  
And from us soar.

Even is the time to pray,  
Just when the twilight gleam  
Dies in the west,  
When violet sleepers weep,  
And weary zephyrs sweep,  
Upon the weary deep,  
In quiet rest.

How sweet is closet prayer!  
We breathe the balmy air  
Of heaven's climate,  
Dew from celestial flowers  
And odorous bowers,  
Fall on us in these hours  
Of holy time.

## Christian Friendship.

The example of Christ commends to us a pattern of disinterested and generous friendship, unparalleled either in history or fable. The friendship of the world is selfish—confined to the narrow limits of interest. But Christ is world-wide in his friendship, exercising the same noble spirit towards all his creatures. If any are his favourites, it is because they are the humble and deeply pious. "The poor have the gospel preached to them." His spirit is diffusive, manifesting itself as cordially in the humble cot, as in the richly adorned palace—responding as promptly to the prayer of Jacob in his lonely and perilous journey from Canaan to the land of the Chaldeans, as to a Solomon, in the midst of the richly adorned temple, prepared for his worship. With an ungrudging nobleness, he embraces upon all forms and unanctified ceremonies, and extends a hand of friendship to his enemies and persecutors, not even forgetting, in the agonies of the cross, to pray for their forgiveness.

The example of our blessed Master should not only command our admiration, but impress us with the duty of imitating him. "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." I have long been impressed with the fact, that this feature of Christ's character was not appreciated by the Church as it should be. The Christian Church should feel that she has a community of interest in the great work of saving souls. All party or sectarian spirit should be lost in a kind interchange of feeling between Christians. Their love should be as wide as the word of God.

The true disciple of Christ "carries his heart in his hand," and wherever he meets one who loves our Lord Jesus Christ, exercising faith in him as the only Saviour—he is his friend, and warmly his companion. He does not stop to inquire whether he can pronounce his denominational shibboleth.

Every one that has an immortal soul cleansed by the blood of Jesus, and is earnestly seeking a city out of sight, has a claim upon the friendship of every true disciple, and he is bound to respond to this claim; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

But this friendship, as we have seen in the character of Christ, is not confined to the Church. "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?" One of the fierce charges brought against our Saviour was, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." How deeply soever we may love sin, we must not receive love the sinner with a generous feeling that is expressed in acts of kindness. We are not to say, "Be ye fed, and be ye clothed," but, "Such as I have give I thee."

Without the manifestation of this amiable feeling, there is a "great gulf fixed" between the world and the Church. The petty and sinful practice of creating and perpetuating caste in society, "having no dealings" with those who are not of a "peculiar stripe," is too belittling for the Christian countenance.

There are moral and religious grades, and if we possess the proper spirit we must respect these grades in forming our friendship, by sympathizing with the pious and devout, and entertaining towards such the peculiar love and tenderness which belongs to friendship, and is not inconsistent with Christian character or true love towards the world at large.

In a peculiar sense, or friendship belongs to a few. It was enough for Jonathan to find one David who could say, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hath been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

True friendship in this heart-opening sense is rare; and this world furnishes but few examples so eminently pleasing and heroic as that of David and Jonathan. The world is not an honest friend to whom we should unshrinkingly open our hearts. Many are "universally communitive; alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, without the necessary vigilance of caution or the honest art of prudent integrity; ready to disclose without motive, and without treachery." Education has a right to make a certain distinction, so far as a most intimate intercourse of friendship is concerned, and men in every class may have their favourites.

Christ loved to be with Mary and Martha but he never staid long with them, and the poor. He speaks of that disciple whom he loved, but he washed the feet of all the disciples.

Poverty and ignorance will not soil our garments, or poison the fountain of our intelligence. Neither will a proper degree of friendship, or earnest "material sympathy," or that which is often better than money, a warm grasp of the hand and an honest smile of recognition at all times and in all places,

## Exhortation to Methodists.

Time is short, and eternity is coming.—Look upon the past. How many are the occasions on which the devil has cheated you, and how little have you done for your own soul and for God! Many who counted on long life and golden opportunities for doing good, have been cut down at a moment's warning, and before they had made their peace with God. Will you, with so brittle a thread as life, on which depends your eternal life, go trifling along, and put off to a convenient season, and to a death-bed hour, the concerns of heaven and hell? Arouse now! the shadows of time are falling on your pathway, the glimmer of the sun is becoming fainter and fainter still, and soon the night, the long dark night, whose morn cometh only with the resurrection day, will be upon you. In the grave the eye is closed, the heart is stilled, the flesh is food for worms, and there there is no wisdom, nor work, nor device, nor knowledge. Trifle no longer. Now is the autumn hour. Now sighs the wind as it sweeps through the trees of the forest in fitful and freezing gusts—the showers of dead leaves fall at their roots—the naked skeleton-branches shiver in the blast, and all these are but the solemn and pathetic trumpets that convey to the listening ear the dirge of your own speedy departure.

Be earnest in prayer. Set up the altar at home, if it be not already erected there. Let not the press of business, the cares of the world, the love of money, and the hope of dying rich, cheat you utterly out of the great privilege of morning and evening, having an interview with the Most High. Pray in secret. Pray in the public congregation. Go to the prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Let nothing but absolute and positive necessity keep you away. Be there to encourage your pastor. Lift up his drooping hands and heart. Encourage the weak and wavering. Think of some one who but for your regular attendance at the weekly prayer meeting, would have, months or years ago, gone back to the world, and to the miserable flesh-pots of Egypt. Seek not to pray in fine sentences, beautifully compacted and well arranged. Pray in fervency of soul and with mighty strugglings before God for perishing sinners. O, how the heart bleeds to see only here and there one on his way to the kingdom! How sinks the soul to witness thousands upon thousands urging, and pressing, and crowding, and agonizing to get into the world of perdition and despair! Send up to Heaven your petition that the mad multitude may be turned from the error of their ways, and turned toward the better land, concerning which the father has said to his children, "I will give it unto you."

Sing with the unctious of the Holy Ghost. Music was made for God's people, though the devil has many times, too often, stolen his power for the promotion of his own interests. A congregation, to enjoy the true revival spirit, must sing with the spirit and with the understanding also, and all try to sing. Consider your bounden duty. Learn to sing; make melody to God in your heart. Do not leave to one brother or one sister the whole work. Help, if your help is not according to rule; sing, sing, sing anyhow, the Lord will help you; and you will feel bound to sing with him.

Attend faithfully your class-meeting. Do not go once in two weeks, or once a quarter, or once a year. Go every week. Go determined to make confession of your sins, and to tell how great things the Lord has done for you. Never mind how often you have spoken of the merits and graces of God. You do not speak too often of his mercies. He has done more for you than you can ever do for him; and even though the same thoughts escape, and the same words flow from your lips, from Sabbath to Sabbath, does not God look at the heart, and then not care how often you repeat the same words? Consider your bounden duty. Learn to sing; make melody to God in your heart. Do not leave to one brother or one sister the whole work. Help, if your help is not according to rule; sing, sing, sing anyhow, the Lord will help you; and you will feel bound to sing with him.

Don't be afraid; father is here.—Two little brothers, on a certain occasion were with their father in the field, when the elder, bearing a rattling noise became alarmed. The younger lad, with perfect composure, immediately exclaimed, "Brother, don't be afraid; father is here."

Father is here. Yes, Christian friend, your heavenly Father is with you. Why then fear? He has made you his child, and your beloved Zion great and prosperous promises. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, I will help thee, saith the Lord." "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Are not these promises enough? Then take this one: "All things work together for good to them that love God; and to add to that, remember that God rejoiceth even your Father in heaven. Give then all your fears and sorrows and troubles to the winds; only be sure to "keep your heart in the love of God," and to be faithful in the performance of every duty. Your God will triumph over all his enemies personally. He will keep you from being harmed during the conflict and will eventually make you one of that holy choir who will celebrate the conquest in an everlasting song of praise.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

## A Mystery Solved.

The pastor of a country congregation was once riding through a part of his charge, accompanied by a neighbouring minister. When they had reached a certain point, the pastor called the attention of his companion to two adjoining farms, and said, "On those farms reside two men, brothers-in-law, the one an elder, the other a deacon in my church. Each has a large family of children, the eldest of whom are already men and women. The fathers are about the same age, of the same social position, and much alike as to intelligence and information. The elder, however, is a very devout and earnest Christian, having some defects, indeed, but still recognized by all who know him as a truly godly man. The deacon, on the contrary, is what is often called a 'hard Christian.' He may be, and I trust he is, a child of God, but he is so worldly in his spirit, and there are so many inconsistencies in his conversation and deportment, that he is a grief of heart to me and his brethren. He was brought into the deaconship by accident, but, his term of office expired, he will never again be made an office bearer in Christ's house. But here is a strange thing in the history of these two men, one over which I have often puzzled myself in vain, and which I wish you would explain to me. The pious and consistent elder carries his religion into his family, and is faithful in the discharge of parental duties, yet not one of his numerous children gives any appearance, much less makes any profession of having undergone a saving change. They are apparently the most insensible and hopeless of my young people. On the other hand, the deacon is just as careless at heart as he is abroad, and I am sure, does not set the example before his family that he should; yet all of his children who have reached years of discretion are, with one exception, hopelessly pious, and those who are younger give every reason to believe that as they advance in years they will give their hearts to God. Can you tell me the cause of this strange difference? Does the Lord put a premium upon inconsistency and indifference? Or is this one of those hard knots sometimes met with in providence and in grace, which nothing but the doctrine of divine sovereignty can untie?"

## Reminiscence of Dr. Emory.

There are periods in life which once passed assume the greatest importance in the estimation. There are dangers only partially realized the time which we are unable to retrospect; there are crises when the future happiness of our lives depended on what then seemed comparatively unimportant, and as we think how easily we might have erred, and how fatal such error would have been, we shudder at the danger we have passed. With sentiments somewhat similar I now look back on the last time I saw the late excellent and lamented Dr. Emory.

It was noised among the students, of whom I then was one, that he would be at the chapel. We went there in the evening, at about eight o'clock, and he was there to meet us. After the customary devotional exercises he made some remarks to the students, from whom he was now to be separated, as he shortly afterwards was to start for the West Indies, in the effort to restore him to health. He spoke of the uncertainty that constantly attended him, and especially now in his movements. "Ah, gentlemen," said he, "it is hard for flesh and blood to look death in the face," but, he added, "what nature could not do grace could accomplish, and by grace he was able fully to repress on God." He spoke of the anxiety as being the best and surest preparation for a happy death. It was more important for us to concern ourselves in living right than in dying right—the one God would care for, the other was a duty now resting upon us.

## Our Little Boy.

When the evening shadows gather  
Round about our quiet hearth,  
Come our eldest born to us,  
Bending humbly to the earth,  
And with hands enclasped tightly,  
And with meek eyes raised above,  
This prayer he offers nightly  
To the source of light and love:

"Bless my parents, O my Father!  
Bless my little sister dear;  
While I gently take my slumber,  
Be thy guardian angels near!  
Should no morning dawn e'er greet me  
Beaming brightly from the skies,  
Thine the eye of love to me  
In the paths of paradise!"

Now a glad "good night" he gives us:  
And he seals it with a kiss;  
Naught of earthly sorrow grieves us,  
In an hour so full of bliss.

Now our arms about him we wrap,  
One fond kiss before he sleeps;  
Soon we hear his gentle breathing,  
In a slumber calm and deep!

## Disparagement of the Farming Profession.

A very common and most pernicious error which prevails to a considerable extent in almost every portion of the community is, that farming is the simplest of all arts, requiring nothing more than mere physical strength to manage it in all its details. The idea that mental exertion is in any degree requisite, is wholly lost sight of. Many believe that when a man, endowed with good social limbs, and a strong constitution, has proven himself mentally unfit for other pursuits, that he is justly to make an excellent farmer. Farmers themselves frequently entertain the same opinion; especially those who cling so tenaciously to the "good old way," and reject the advantages which science so earnestly invites them to avail themselves. Now this is all error—hurtful error—and the sooner it is banished, the sooner shall we find husbandry assuming its rightful position. So long as men are led to regard agriculture as a calling fitted only to broad shoulders and empty minds—just so long will the pursuits of the farmer be lowered in the estimation of the other professions.

## The Progress of Sin.

A more beautiful illustration of the progress of sin was never drawn than the following, from the pen of Jeremy Taylor:

"When a Libyan tiger, drawn from his wilder foraging, is shut up and taught to tame, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again, and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty. He scarcely abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food. So is the nature of a man made tame and gentle by the grace of God, and reduced to reason, and kept in awe by religion and laws, and by an awful virtue is taught to forget those alluring and sordid delights of sin; but if he divers from his path, and snatches handfulls from the wanton vineyards, and remembers the lasciviousness of his unwholesome food that pleased his childish palate, then he grows sick again, and hungry after unwholesome diet, and longs for the apples of Sodom."

## The True Greatness of a Great Man.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE LATE DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster was exceedingly fond of discouraging and conversing on religious subjects. I never remember to have visited him, when the circumstances admitted of it, that he did not enter upon the subject. I particularly remember a call which I made upon him on the third or fourth evening after the death of the great speech of the 7th March, 1850. He was alone, and somewhat indisposed. But at once, and with great interest—apparently forgetful of public affairs at a moment when most men would have been alive at every pore to know how their course would be responded to or approved—he entered upon a most interesting discussion of moral, philosophical and religious questions. Among other subjects, he dwelt much on the tendency of men to rest in Church, or services, or sacraments, or doctrines, or something else, for salvation and acceptance, except just that spiritual purity, and homage and service, which God demands, and he gave me a sketch of a series of sermons, which might be preached from the text, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." One who had seen and heard him that evening would have supposed that he was a sage and philosopher, whose interest was absorbed in these great themes. It would not have occurred to him that he was at the moment the most eminent of our public men, at the most critical period of his own life—the national life—the incident impressed me with his singular greatness.

He had no sympathy with that churchmanship which stands with its face to the past, and its back to the future. He loved most that preaching which was plain, earnest, affectionate, personal and expository, rather than that which was general and discursive. His conversation was always understood by me to proceed upon the admission on his part of what are called the distinctive and evangelical truths of the Gospel. I have known his most emphatic approbation to have been expressed of sermons in which these truths were most distinctly presented.

## "A Time to Dance."

"There is 'a time to dance.'" Therefore Christians and their children may attend balls and dancing parties; do you say? Let us hold it up to the light of the word of God, and see if it be a time to dance. There was a "time" when dancing did very well. Our Indian predecessors did very well to it. It climed in precisely with their painted faces, their war-whoop, and the sensuality and barbarism of their whole character and habits. Just train your dancers in the war-whoop, and give them necklaces of enemies' scalps, and we will agree that the whole will be, at least, in good keeping.

The time of knight-errantry was a better "time to dance" than this. Physical excellence and grace were then the height of ambition. The great man was he who could ride a horse or throw a lance the best. Then the toasted woman might be she who could manage her feet the best, even though she knew nothing of such vulgar acquirements as reading, or writing, or arithmetic, or the remnant of barbarism as duelling.

When will it be "a time to dance" for Christians and those who have the welfare of our youth at heart? It will be when dancing spends no time or money which might be better employed—when it will not promote vanity, or envy, or strife, or land, or property when it will not encourage too much attention to dress and personal appearance—when it is divorced from drinking and carousing—when it does not encourage keeping late hours—when it never injures the health, or when it does not unfitt the mind for devotional exercises—when dancing parties can be opened and closed with prayer—when increased spirituality of mind increases a love for dancing—when the world thinks that Christians ought to dance—when social feelings can not otherwise be cultivated—when all these can be certainly established, "the time to dance," at least draws near.

## New Testament Incidents.

THE TRANSGURATION.  
The Transfiguration of Christ upon Mount Tabor is one of the most illustrious of the events of earth. The scene so pure and lofty—the characters so heavenly in their nature—the voice from the "Excellent Glory" so fearfully grand—the transaction almost torrid record amid the Chronicles of time. Jesus, in calm retirement with three beloved disciples, prays to His Father, and the petition that goes forth from the lips of the suppliant, while beautiful in expression and pure in thought, is entirely faithless, because offered to the Father by "His only begotten Son. And now the face of the Saviour shines as the sun, and his raiment is white as the light." The indwelling Deity, says Mr. Wesley, "darted out its rays through the veil of his flesh, and that with such transcendent splendor, that he no longer bore the form of a servant. His face shone with divine majesty, like the sun in its strength; and all his body was so irradiated by it, that his clothes could not contain his glory, but became white and glistening as the very light, with which he covered himself as with a garment. But the grandeur of the scene is heightened by the appearance of two "ministering spirits" from the courts of the Redeemed, strong in the vigour of immortal youth, and bright with celestial glory. Here Moses, a disembodied spirit, but with bodily form, clad in the habiliments of the skies, and Elijah with a form like to the body of the Saints of the Most High on the resurrection morn. "When this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." Now, these illustrious personages converse with Jesus respecting his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.—Interesting subject—deeply interesting to the Redeemed Host. 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# The Provincial Wesleyan.

women, "music and dancing," "carnivals and the theatres, profound cunning and profound servility, cruel despotism in the streets, cities full of beggars, and prisons full of victims, mountains of rags, and midnight assassinations—everywhere—liberty nowhere—misery everywhere. God help her Italy!"

But surely there is light and freedom in France—La Belle France? There built the arena to reconstruct Universal Empire—once under Charlemagne, once under Louis le Grand, and once under a greater and grander than either—that Napoleon whose rapacious Eagles swooped down on every capital in Europe, swept the world, and every still in military deeds and in arts—greater France in science rich in Poetry, History, Oratory, and Philosophy; possessed of Greek vivacity and almost Grecian tact, and in pursuit of freedom she had drenched her breasts with the best blood of her children; constructed guillotines, and reared barricades; overturned thrones, and slain or exiled their occupants; slaughtered rank, and genius, and beauty, and counted no sacrifice too costly to France. France laughs, and sings, and blasphemes, and shouts "Vive l'Empereur." France in blouses and in silks—in steel armour and in purple vineyards—in florid Cathedral and in lowly Cottages, rejoices, by consciousness to suffer for several months, "Eternel de jour, as de facto" to place beneath the feet of a perjured egotist whose sole claim is his cunning, his daring and his success, her genius, her press, and her conscience. The soul of France is in chains—but France deserves pity neither of God or man.

Turn aside from the Pyrenees; the land of the Cid mourneth; the Spanish soil lures no tree of liberty, though British blood fell upon it, like "the early and the latter rain." France is a land of slaves.

What of that Germany which Imperial Rome never conquered—that Teutonic race which was free even to anarchy?—Book-devoicing, book-making, plodding, unwearied, rationally, and with a view to the future, constitution-making Germany hath no real freedom. Brute force everywhere prevails. The House of Hapsburg hangs heavily on the Austrian heart, and Hungary lies bleeding at a hundred wounds.

And in the North, the once mysterious North, the *officina gentium*, in colossal proportions stands threateningly, the mighty Master of Sixty Millions of submissive men, who better know how to die, than to fly from death. A million of trained soldiers are ready to obey his stern behests. This is not when shall they issue forth? Shall the untamed Cossack bivouac on the Seine, the Po, or the Guadalquivir? Shall the Slavonic Infantry march to the Golden Horn, and sweep the waters of Crescent from the places of pride, forever, or shall they rush through the passes of the Himalayas, and on the banks of the Indus contest the prize of India with British valour? But whosoever, and whosoever their Imperial Lord, launch them forth, they will be a host of many freedom themselves, nor will they ever win it for others. No Russian enjoys rational, political freedom; and millions of that race are still literary slaves, *adscripsi glibus*—bound to the soil.

But Greece, regenerated Greece, is not she, at last free? O! yes, free from Turkish misrule—no from Muslim cruelty—but Greece is only a name of the past—True, you can find Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylae, you can stand on Mars' hill, see where Plato taught, and where Pericles conducted; and behold the rocks which the sublimest of Orators "wielded, as will, the fierce democrat." You can find the classic Isles, the storied hills, and the fountains and vales embalm'd in death, and the song; but Greece is a memory, mighty and heart-inspiring—still only a memory.

Scantania, Belgium, Sardinia, and Switzerland exist by the sufferance of those who are afraid to strike the quarry, lest they should fall out about the possession of the mines.

Is there, then, no people in that renowned Europe, at once progressive, powerful, and free? Where is that People whom their great Saxon Alfred willed "to be free as their own thoughts? After a lapse of a thousand years, they are still in their fast-anchored life; freer, happier, greater than ever imagined by that illustrious patriot King. Sacred from the polluting foot of an alien for six hundred years—for William of Orange was of her own dynasty, and aided by her best sons—the white and the Albion has, for generations been the Palladium of the World's liberty—the asylum of dethroned tyrants and exiled patriots—the "home of the brave—the land of the free"—the Pharos of the North, from which, across the bosom of dark clouds of political gloom, have shot forth rays of hope and of guidance.

Unrivalled in commerce, and in the industrial arts, covering her precious soil with the most splendid monuments of enterprise and power, whitening every navigable sea of the globe with the sails of her richly freighted ships; yearly sending forth thousands of found men, Empires, and Kingdoms, and competitors; the heart of dear, old England, glorious, world-worshipped England, is as sound, as brave, as strong, as when surrounded by her guardian waves, she first dared to be self-protected. Queen of the sea, True, dangers many and great have oft thickened around her, and "the bravest led their breath for while"; but her patriot children, trained to self-government, *tenax propriam libertatem*, powerful in their independence, vigorous common sense, have lathered to baffle her unscrupulous, have lathered to respect from the intellect—more love from the heart, than those of Bacon and Newton, of Shakespeare and Milton, of Fox and Howard, of Chatham and Burke, of Nelson and Wellington, and a brilliant constellation of scarcely inferior names. "O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"

Should the sad day ever come, when her name shall be deserted, the busy hum of her industry be hushed, her fields lie waste, and her cities be without inhabitants, it can only be because her sons and daughters, have been themselves, with all their wealth, to other, and broader lands, commensurate with the widening expanse of their peerless race. And then, if an exultant alien should demand where are to be found the enduring monuments of England's greatness, she should answer, "The ruins of London are as no monuments." It is nothing to smile in one's face, and aim a blow at his back? It is nothing to promise and not fulfil? To render your word unworthy of credit? To be generous to deceive, and to persecute to injure others, to deceive representations? It is nothing to smile in one's face, and aim a blow at his back? It is nothing to sin to-day with the intention of repenting to-morrow? It is nothing to forget God, his grace, and Providence in your daily business, or to act on the principles of Atheism in worldly things during the working days of the week, and then complain Him on the Sabbath, by attending on Sunday ordinances, and by reading His Word? It is nothing to take the holy name of God in vain—to indulge in the vulgar, and the sinful habit of swearing—to rob God of the glory due unto his name—while you reprove and correct your child for speaking disrespectfully to yourself, and for robbing you of a small portion of your property?

### Obituary Notice.

ELIZABETH MULLINS.

The subject of this notice was a daughter of William and Eleanor Mullins, of Mill Village, County of Queens. From the early part of her life she had an opportunity to attend the house of God and Sabbath School. She was one of those persons who said but little, and it was difficult ever to get an answer when spoken to on religious subjects; but what cannot grace effect. During the last year of the Rev. R. Weddall's labours on this Circuit, he held a protracted meeting, when there was a gracious outpouring of the Spirit, and very many souls were converted. God, among the rest was our dear sister, Elizabeth Mullins.

Her lips and tongue were now unsealed, her mouth was now filled with praise, and she would have witnessed the changed countenance, the clearness of expression, the bright and heavenly power, you would almost have realized that she was not of this world, and when she would speak there was something so uncommonly delightful and heavenly, that called the attention of all who heard her.

But oh, how mysterious are the ways of God. She was just born as one in due time. For a few weeks after her happy conversion to God she was laid on a bed of affliction, and though called to suffer for several months, it was not known to utter a murmur—"Oh," she would say, "how good the Lord has been to me, I feel him precious all the way through my affliction, the Lord knows what is best, and I am willing to suffer." It was while sitting an opportunity to see her a short time before her death, on speaking relative to her trust in God, she said—"the Lord had never left her, and she knew he would not leave her now; there was only one thing which she wished to get better, that she once more might be permitted to tread in the courts of the Lord's house, where her soul had been made so happy. But it pleased God in his unsearchable goodness on the evening of the 30th December, to take her himself in the 10th year of her age. Up to her last moments she exhorted all around to prepare to meet her, endeavouring to impress upon their minds the necessity of improving the means of grace while they had health and strength. We trust that the dying words of this young Christian will not pass unheeded. She was uncommonly attached to the Rev. R. Weddall, who had been instrumental of her conversion to God, and expressed a wish that he would, if possible, preach her funeral sermon. This she was not being able to accomplish, the Rev. R. Morion well improved the occasion on Sabbath last, by preaching a most suitable and heart-searching sermon from Amos iv. 12. "Prepare to meet thy God. May God grant to seal it upon every heart. L. N. Y.

Mill Village, Jan. 4, 1853.

### Prospectus.

The last Athenaeum contained the following notice of a work shortly to be issued, designed to bear upon the progress of great and good literature. We commend it to the favorable consideration of our readers:

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS, OR JAMES MASON AND HIS VISION.

The above is the title of a work shortly to be published, the MS. of which has been submitted for our examination, and to which we unhesitatingly accord our entire and hearty approval. The work is a gem of a volume, and well fitted for the task he has undertaken, and ably has executed it. His motive has not been personal gain, but to produce a work that must fill upon the interests of Temperance cause at the present time in these Provinces, treating in an exceedingly interesting manner of a variety of subjects connected with the Reform, with an especial aim to produce conviction as to the necessity of a prohibitory Liquor Law. In our judgment it will be a book for the times. Those who are engaged in the cause will find it popular, and serve well in bringing out various features which could never be presented so forcibly in any way or upon any subject. The work will be not heard or seen anything that so strongly and feelingly brings home the principal points of the cause, as this little volume. The difficulties of the poor imberiate in his attempts at reformation, the inquiry of the liquor traffic, and the just, reasonable, and general principles which should be maintained are all included in a most convincing light, awakening an intense hatred of the rum traffic. The interest of the story is well sustained, and the cause of freedom in the United States may hope for from Mrs. Stowe's heart-touching book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will be greatly increased, and the work will be by no means inferior to any other of the kind. The work will contain from 150 to 200 or more pages, and will be published in colored covers at the low price of 1s. 6d. An edition of 1,000 copies will be sent off at the book, but further editions will be speedily in demand. Editors of other Journals favourable to the cause, will be glad to receive a copy of this notice. Good services will be done to the cause by its circulation in other Provinces, as well as in our own.

### Heresies.

Heresies began early to infect the Christian Church, by the means of which many were drawn aside from the simplicity of the truth into dangerous and fatal error. We note the following, which were productive of great injury to the interests of the true religion.

**Arian denied the Godhood of Christ, or that he is by nature God in the sense that the Father is, though he considered him more than man.** This heresy was condemned by the Council of Nice, convened by Constantine, about A. D. 325.

**Macedonian denied the personality of the Holy Ghost, the third person in the adorable Trinity.** His followers were called *fighters against the Spirit*. This heresy was condemned by the Council of Constantinople, summoned by Gratian and Theodosius, about A. D. 380.

**Nestorian made Christ to have persons as two natures.** This heresy was condemned by the Council of Ephesus, under Theodosius the Second, about A. D. 431.

**Eutyches, in opposition to Nestorius, attributed to Christ but one nature, thus confounding his nature, as Nestorius had derived his person.** This heresy was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, under Martinian, about A. D. 451.

Some of our readers, perhaps, are unacquainted with the decisions of the above Councils, but whilst they adhere to the standard of all true doctrine, they will be at no loss in what view to regard the blessed Redeemer and the Eternal Spirit, as well as the glorious Father. On this sublime doctrine of faith, the Sacred Scriptures use no equivocal language, but to the Trinity God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, equal honor and glory are ascribed, as being equally engaged in the great and supremely benevolent work of human redemption.

### Fidelity Rewarded.

Persons are not unfrequently placed in situations where fidelity to duty exposes them to danger, if not the loss of life. Such has been the case in times and seasons of civil commotion, and in the exercise of a proscribed religion. Fears for personal safety have induced individuals to yield to the dominant power, and seek security by compliance; but admittance has been the result of compromise of many of these misguided persons. When too late they have found how little the promises of men were to be trusted, who sought to tyrannize over conscience by the strong arm of power.

On the other hand, the faithful in such seasons of trial have realized the interposition of a watchful Providence, who has rescued them from threatening calumnies, and caused the designs of their enemies to rebound to their advantage.

It is recorded of LATIMER, when being promoted to the bishopric of Worcester, he was summoned to preach before HENRY VIII., he formed the resolution of faithfully doing his duty as a Minister of Christ, though aware of the tyranny and ferocity of the king. The sermon gave great offence—it was denounced as seditious and heretical before the Bench and the Bishops. The king on hearing of his condemnation called on Latimer for his defence. The man of God was firm and undaunted. His reply is worthy of being kept on record—"I never thought myself worthy," said he, "to be called to preach before your grace, if you will, I will call to it; and would be willing, if you think there may be many more worthy of the room than I am. And if it be your grace's pleasure, I will bear their books after me. But if your grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire you to give me leave to discharge my conscience, and to frame my doctrine according to my conscience. I had been a very dull indeed, to have preached so at the borders of your realm, as I preach before your grace." Here were true boldness and christian fidelity, "not fearing the wrath of the king." They had their reward. The monarch's enemies were defeated, and the anger of the king passed away—and Latimer's security and interests were promoted. Different would have been the result had he with craven heart, quailed before the stern eye of the monarch, and confessed faults of which he had not been guilty, and promised to smooth his tongue and use flattering words, when addressing the ears of royalty. In this instance Providence took care of its own, and signally wrought for the deliverance of this faithful servant from the gathering storm, and the intended harm.

Let the youthful Christian not shrink from conscientious duty, even if perils threaten and seek to intimidate. The God of Daniel—of the faithful three, and of thousands of others, who supported the mountain of lions, directed fire of its molten properties, and has turned the wrath of kings into favour, will prove his shield and buckler, his armour on the right hand and on the left. Set out with a fixed determination to be faithful to the calls of duty, and you may count on the keeping of your body and in such well-being with implicit confidence, into the hands of a faithful Creator.

### Is it Nothing?

Is it nothing to promise and not fulfil? To render your word unworthy of credit? To be generous to deceive, and to persecute to injure others, to deceive representations? It is nothing to smile in one's face, and aim a blow at his back? It is nothing to sin to-day with the intention of repenting to-morrow? It is nothing to forget God, his grace, and Providence in your daily business, or to act on the principles of Atheism in worldly things during the working days of the week, and then complain Him on the Sabbath, by attending on Sunday ordinances, and by reading His Word? It is nothing to take the holy name of God in vain—to indulge in the vulgar, and the sinful habit of swearing—to rob God of the glory due unto his name—while you reprove and correct your child for speaking disrespectfully to yourself, and for robbing you of a small portion of your property?

### Prospectus.

The Lord has added to our branch of His Church during the year some sixteen souls altogether, and has preserved the Societies in peace. For these and all his great mercies, we feel called to praise His holy name.

Yours affectionately,  
R. A. CRISTY,  
Hopewell, Jan. 7th, 1853.

### Cincinnati Correspondence.

DEAR SIR—Christmas Day as hallowed in our memories and associations is past, and we are this day stopping to take breath before bidding adieu to the good old year whose retreating footsteps still linger as it loathe to leave us, and entrust to the care of a stranger. There is something beautiful to me in the recurrence of these festivals, for they recall the innocent pleasures of early youth, when the chimney corner concealed a name of treasures and will filled pockets were cornucopias of joys. Those pleasures were simple, and trines light as air, and served well in bringing out various features which could never be presented so forcibly in any way or upon any subject. The work will be not heard or seen anything that so strongly and feelingly brings home the principal points of the cause, as this little volume. The difficulties of the poor imberiate in his attempts at reformation, the inquiry of the liquor traffic, and the just, reasonable, and general principles which should be maintained are all included in a most convincing light, awakening an intense hatred of the rum traffic. The interest of the story is well sustained, and the cause of freedom in the United States may hope for from Mrs. Stowe's heart-touching book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will be greatly increased, and the work will be by no means inferior to any other of the kind. The work will contain from 150 to 200 or more pages, and will be published in colored covers at the low price of 1s. 6d. An edition of 1,000 copies will be sent off at the book, but further editions will be speedily in demand. Editors of other Journals favourable to the cause, will be glad to receive a copy of this notice. Good services will be done to the cause by its circulation in other Provinces, as well as in our own.

### Digby Circuit.

REV. AND DEAR SIR—It is to be feared that the spirit of worldliness is increasing on this Circuit generally; by consequence there is an alarming increase of the soul and of the soul and of the soul. Yes, I am happy to record, light breaks here and there, upon the surrounding gloom; the clouds which sin and unbelief between mercy's rays and the soul, are parted by the power of prayer; and faith's eye looks beyond the limits of time—the things which are seen in faith are disclosed, the pleasure and the gains of earth sink into their comparative insignificance—while heavenly objects acquire an increasingly attractive force. In such cases, the soul, yielding to divine, gracious influence, seeks and finds the pearl of great price, and accepts of the immortality of glory.

The weather was damp and gloomy, and nature seemed disposed to celebrate the day in tears rather than adorn it with glittering robes of sun as is her wont. This may more properly be called the wet season than the cold—for instead of clear old air and windy skies, day after day of pouring rain has deluged the country. Even now while I write the drops are dashing against the window panes, so thick and fast as almost to shut out the view of the forenoon sky. The splash by, with a most comically look as if all rebellious feelings had been soaked out of them. The rivers are swollen to their utmost extent, and we begin to fear a general inundation. Part of the railroad and its bridges between Hamilton and Dayton have been swept away, making travel in that direction impossible and drooping are fast recovering their wonted health. To my friends' labors between two opinions, I would say, the latest news from Australia is most cheering; decide quickly; take your old townsmen's advice, *sell your houses and burn your lands*, and go, not to California, but to Melbourne, and when we have gathered a sufficient number, we will return and make the railroad a reality. This is the best mode to past the Cape, the north-western and south-eastern, the prevailing winds, are exchanging the blow-pipe, and consequently, are on a low key.

A PASSENGER  
ON THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAMSHIP FOR MALACCA,  
Cape Town, October 15, 1852.

From a private letter accompanying the above, from the same gentleman, we make the following extracts—

I would not wish it to be understood that all the passengers are drunken gamblers, for such is not the case; on the contrary there are among them many sober, superior men, while others, possessed of good principles, and well disposed, have yielded to temptation; but there is another class of both sexes of whom the least said is soonest mended. What I wish is to expose the system on which this, and most emigrant ships are fitted out and sailed, the consequent evils and the necessity of avoiding them. This voyage would have proved very pleasant and agreeable to me, but for this revolting system. I can compare it to nothing better than the living in a tap-room of the commonest drinking, altogether I consider an emigrant ship of this description a most dangerous place for young persons who have virtue to lose. We have a Minister with his family on board, but regret to say that he is a slave to intemperance, his services on the Sabbath have since consequence been dispensed with. His wife is said to be his companion, even in his cups. A local brother of our own Church is very acceptably received instead, indeed we have gained many hundred fold in the exchange. We have a capital choir also, who perform our old familiar tunes with a pathos which brings to one's mind the recollection of other days. While here I have had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Messrs. Barnabas, Shaw, Moister, and Godwin. The former is an open-hearted, fine old man, with a full flow of spirits, and a sun-burnt countenance, which make him seem like an old English farmer. He and Mr. Moister are in a delightful spot, *Rondebosch*, about four miles from Cape Town. The country around is the most complete and convenient manner, in all that concerned the comfort and safety of the passengers, without regard to cost or care, and from the high charge for passage, cure, and a superior class. In the first place there, there are six persons in each state or sleeping room, measuring inclusive of the space taken up by the berth, about nine square feet; these persons, in most cases, have met here for the first time, and are forced to live together on the most intimate terms during a voyage of some eighty or ninety days, however unsuited in habits or character. Where they all prove sober, well-behaved men, mutual concessions may make things agreeable; but such is not the case here, and I can assure you it is anything but comfortable to be forced, after retiring for the night, to listen to obscene, profane language, from drunken men, for several hours. The females are similarly situated, their apart-

### Letter from Cape Town.

FROM A PASSENGER BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA IN THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAMSHIP.

The following letter from a gentleman who left this Province last summer for Australia on England, will be read with interest—

MR. EDITOR—As it is more than probable some of your readers may be disposed to emigrate to the land of promise, *alias* Australia, I beg leave, through your columns, to offer a few suggestions respecting their choice of conveyance. I was strongly advised to take their own country ships, sailing from their own locality, with a limited number of passengers, assuring themselves that the character of their future associates and the arrangements of the ship, are such as are calculated to afford the fullest amount of comfort and convenience that can reasonably be expected on a voyage of such length. My reasons for tendering this advice will be easily gathered from a very brief description of the arrangements and society in the fore saloon of the *Great Britain*, a ship said to have been fitted up in the most complete and convenient manner, in all that concerned the comfort and safety of the passengers, without regard to cost or care, and from the high charge for passage, cure, and a superior class. In the first place there, there are six persons in each state or sleeping room, measuring inclusive of the space taken up by the berth, about nine square feet; these persons, in most cases, have met here for the first time, and are forced to live together on the most intimate terms during a voyage of some eighty or ninety days, however unsuited in habits or character. Where they all prove sober, well-behaved men, mutual concessions may make things agreeable; but such is not the case here, and I can assure you it is anything but comfortable to be forced, after retiring for the night, to listen to obscene, profane language, from drunken men, for several hours. The females are similarly situated, their apart-

### Religious Items.

It is said that the Rev. Henry Manning is about to become a Bishop of the Church of Rome. The probability of such a thing has for some time been foreseen; but now it is believed to be near at hand. His being a father, who had been told by the priest that he should not have children, unless he accused his two sons to the police, has done so, and they were arrested and imprisoned. In another case, a wife informed against her husband at the instigation, and excited by the threats of her confessor.

The Jesuits are remarkably active in these persecutions. The preachers labour to convince the people that the Bible which is circulated, is not the real Bible, but a book which is written by the Protestants. Special instructions are sent from Rome to confessors to point out the measures to be adopted in reference to those who confess that they have read the Bible, or heard it read by others.

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# The Provincial Wesleyan.

## The Orphan's Dream of Christmas

No one can read these touching and graceful lines, which we take from Dickens' "Christmas number of 'How Good Works' without profound emotion.

It was Christmas Eve—and lonely,  
By a garret window high,  
Where the city chimneys barely,  
Spared a hand-breadth of the sky,  
Sat a child, in age—but weeping,  
With a face so small and thin,  
That it seemed to scant a word,  
To have eight years traced therein.

Oh, grief looks most distorted  
When his hideous shadow lies  
On the clear and sunny life-stream  
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!  
But her eye was dull and sunken,  
And the whitened cheek was gaunt,  
And the blue veins on the forehead  
Were the pencilling of Want.

And she wept for years like jewels,  
Till the last year's bitter gall,  
Like the acid of the story,  
In itself had melted all.  
But the Christmas time returned,  
As an old friend, for whose eye  
She would take down all the pictures  
Sketch'd by a faithful Memory.

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,  
When the joyous laugh went round;  
When sweet words of love and kindness  
Were no unfamiliar sound;  
When it felt the log's red lustre,  
She her mother's face could see,  
And the rock'd the cradle, sitting  
On her own twin-brother's knee.

Of her father's pleasant stories;  
Of the riddles and the rhymes,  
All the kisses and the presents  
That had marked those Christmas times.  
'Twas as well that there was no one  
(For it was a mocking strain)  
To wish her a merry Christmas,  
For that could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,  
When, in spite of love and faith,  
Grinding Poverty would only  
In the end give place to death:  
How her mother grew heart-broken,  
When her toil-worn father died,  
Took her baby in her bosom,  
And was buried by his side.

How she clung unto her brother,  
As the last star from the wreck,  
But stern Death had come between them,  
While her arms were round his neck.  
There were none to help her  
And, if a few hands offered bread,  
There were none to rest in blessing  
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,  
It was less of joy than fear;  
For they welcomed crime more warmly  
To the selfsame room with her.  
But at length they all grew weary  
Of their sick and useless guest;  
She must try a workhouse welcome  
For the helpless and distressed.

But she prayed; and the Unsleeping  
In His ear that whisper caught;  
So He sent down Sleep, who gave her  
Such a respite as she sought.  
Drew the fair head to her bosom,  
Pressed the wet eyelids close,  
And, with softly-falling kisses,  
Laid her gently to repose.

Thus she dreamed the angels, sweeping  
With their wings the sky aside,  
Raised her swiftly to the air;  
Where the blessed ones abide;  
To a tower all flushed with beauty,  
By a shadowy arcade,  
Where a mellowness like moonlight  
By the Tree of Life was made;

Where the rich fruit sparkled, starlike,  
And pure flowers of fadeless dye  
Poured their fragrance on the waters  
That in crystal beads went by;  
Where bright lights of pearl and amber  
Closed fair faces like the sun,  
And, with rainbow light, but lasting,  
Where their glittering summits crown'd.

Then that distant-burning glory,  
"Mid a gorgeousness of light,"  
The long vista of Archangels  
Could scarce chasten to her sight.  
There sat "One" and her heart told her  
"Was the same, who for our sin,  
Was once born a baby in a manger,  
"In the stable of an inn."

There was music—oh, such music!  
They were trying the old strains  
That a certain group of angels round,  
Heard on old Jude's plains;  
But, when that divinest chorus  
To a softened trembling fell,  
Love's true car discerned the voices  
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grove's entrance  
A fair child in eyes beheld,  
With his ivory shoulders hidden  
"Nest his curls of living gold;  
And he asks them, "Is she coming?"  
But, ere any can speak,  
The white arms of her twin-brother  
Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greeting:  
But she might have well denied  
That her beautiful young sister  
Is the poor pale child that died;  
And the careful look had vanished  
From her father's tearful face,  
And she does not know her mother,  
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming  
She must ever wake again,  
To the cold and cheerless contrast—  
To a life of lonely pain!  
But her Maker's sternest servant  
To her side on tiptoe step'd  
To his message in a whisper—  
And she stir'd not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking,  
With a dim uncertain hue,  
As the chilling breeze of morning  
Came the broken window through;  
And the hair upon her forehead,  
Was it lifted by the blast,  
Or the brushing wings of seraphs,  
With their burden as they pass'd?

All the festive bells were chiming  
To the myriad hearts below;  
But that deep sleep still hung heavy  
To her quietude the dream light  
Had a lingering glory given;  
But that child herself was keeping  
Her Christmas day in Heaven!

REPROOF FROM SLAVES—Five thousand slaves, who are professing Christians in the city of Charleston, S. C., have contributed the last year to benevolent objects, \$15,000, it being on an average \$3 each. Christians of the Free States, what think you of this, when you part with a shilling as with life blood?—*Eng. Jour.*

## Temperance.

### Mr. Wesley on the Maine Law

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MEMBER AND MINISTER OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Member.—I have called this morning to converse with you on a subject that is now agitating the country, that is, the prohibition of the liquor traffic by Legislative enactment. I know you are favourable to prohibition, and being a member of the Church of which you are a Minister, I am desirous of asking you whether you think that if Mr. Wesley had been living he would have given his sanction to the agitation of the question, and would have signed a petition for the Maine Law.

Minister.—Of course you are aware that Mr. Wesley considered the traffic in spirituous liquors sinful and contrary to the law of love. His writings and sermons contain many passages of eloquent denunciation against the sale and use of liquors.

Member.—I am aware of it, and would infer that he was decidedly averse to the manufacture and sale of liquors, which I believe he was in the habit of calling "poison," but do you think he would have sanctioned the Legislature to prohibit the traffic under penalties?

Min.—I have examined the writings of Mr. Wesley, with a view to ascertain whether he had expressed his mind on that subject, and I find he has done so in a very striking and forcible way. His opinion on all practical subjects has great weight with me, and I confess that my own conduct is governed in this case by a firm persuasion that if Mr. Wesley were now living, he would be an eloquent advocate of legal prohibition.

Member.—I do not possess a copy of Mr. Wesley's works, and should be glad if you point out to me the passages which you think sustain your convictions.

Min.—I will do so. In the eleventh volume of Mr. Wesley's works; the third English edition, between the 50th and 60th pages there is an article from his pen entitled "Thoughts on the present scarcity of provisions." It may be found in the 6th volume of the American edition, page 274. He asks the question "why is food so dear," and he says—"to set aside partial causes, (which will put together, are little more than a fly upon a chariot wheel) the grand cause is, because such immense quantities of corn are continually consumed by distilling." "Little less than half the wheat produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not so by harmless use as by throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison, poison that naturally destroys not only the strength and life, but also the morals of our countrymen."

Further on Mr. Wesley supposes the defence to be set up—"However, who can bring in a large revenue to the King," and he asks—"Is this an equivalent for the lives of his subjects? Would His Majesty sell a hundred thousand of his subjects yearly to Algiers for four hundred thousand pounds? Surely no. Will he then sell these for that sum, to be butchered by their own countrymen?" Another defence is suggested, "but otherwise the wine for the navy cannot be fed," and Mr. W. again answers in burning rebuke of the usually practice of making liquor. "Not unless they are fed with human blood! O tell it not in Constantinople, that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

Member.—I have not heard that passage before, but it is surely a strong one, and it surprises me more than ever that any of his followers should ever have engaged in a business to sell wine. Mr. Wesley was so decidedly opposed.

Min.—It is surprising; but that is not the point on which you asked information. The question was in substance, would Mr. Wesley sustain the Maine Law, and you infer he would from what I have already read to you, but I will still further enlighten you. Mr. W. remembers, in writing on the scarcity of provisions, and he asks "What remedy is there for this sore evil, and how can the price of wheat and barley be reduced?" Will you give attention to his answer. Hear it! "By prohibiting for ever, by making a full end of that base of head, that destroys of strength, and of virtue, distilling. Perhaps this alone might give a great way toward answering the whole design, &c."

Member.—That answers my enquiry and removes my doubts, and when Mr. W. ventures again to suggest to me that I am not a sound Methodist because I am a strong Maine Law man; I have an answer for him. But have you got any further testimony?

Min.—I have. The paper referred to in this conversation bears date "Lewismass, Jan. 20th, 1773." But more than eleven years afterward, Mr. Wesley wrote a letter to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, and on the subject of raising a revenue by excise on distillation, he speaks in his usual plain way. He was informed that the duty raised £20,000 in 1763. But, he asks, "have not spirits distilled this year cost 20,000 lives of His Majesty's best subjects? Is not the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000? to say any thing of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned hereby; and not to suppose that these poor wretches have any souls. But, (to consider money alone), is the King a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of many millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which, if exported, would have added to the £20,000 the sum of £1,000,000. Considered, "d-d man pays no taxes," (to that of the death of 20,000 persons yearly,) (and this computation is far under the mark,) the revenue loses far more than it gains." You will hence see that Mr. Wesley was opposed to the traffic, both on economical and moral grounds; that he would, if alive, protest against and urge the speedy demolition of the iniquitous system by legislative enactment.

Member.—I am persuaded that, and it would not give me any uneasiness to witness the dejection of all the liquor property in the country.

Min.—A good deal of that kind of work will have to be done. Men will persist in the business. Our work is not done when a suitable law is enacted. It must be sustained, and every man must be willing to be branded as a common informer. In the mouth of the wicked we shall be a reproach and by-word, but God will defend the right, and if Mr. Wesley had been entirely silent on this point it would not have changed the nature of things. It is well enough to be sustained by the opinion of the wise and good, but eternal truth and righteousness must forever condemn a business that is viewed as a vile and profane immorality.—*Canada Temperance Almanac.*

ONE GOOD EFFECT OF THE LIQUOR LAW.—For many years, a great annoyance has been felt in cities and towns in the vicinity of Boston, by reason of a form of desecration of the Sabbath, which at first originated in the drinking of liquors, and has since become a constant succession of carriages filled with young men from Boston, who made the Sabbath a day of recreation. Many of those would be found driving through the streets at the top

of their speed, and often with boisterous exhibition of themselves, at times when the people were going and returning from public worship, to the shops, houses, and in the Liquor Law has been executed, this nuisance has entirely disappeared. The recreatives furnished at their bar-rooms on the way happen to be a very material item in the Sabbath-keeping of these young men. And a pair of new Sabbath entertainments, is now more accessible in the city of Boston, and the suburban towns and villages have been wonderfully relieved. So much is to be put to the credit of this Law.—[Puritan Recorder.]

## Miscellaneous.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.)

### Quilts.

I am afraid "Quilts," will be my aversion for the remainder of my life. I am not naturally industrious, but very unaccountably averse to my needle; it is not surprising, therefore, that any period of my life, which I was, however, slightly occupied with a needle for sewing, should become an era always to be remembered. My first recollection of quilts I date from a very dreary rainy day, when the "big bed" in the nursery was adorned with a quilt, which was a singular feature of industry. I remember sitting on the floor that afternoon until things in the room began to appear indistinct, tracing out resemblances in each tiny piece of calico to some I knew, and I felt they were not very flattering to the beholder. (How true is that to one which has followed me through life in other things. I pondered over this, to me, astonishing fabric, until I could almost have traced the number of stitches. Nobody noticed me as I sat there, and I was a singular feature of industry. 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