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THE WESLEYAN.

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IN CONNECTION WITH THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

"LET US CONSIDER ONE ANOTHER TO PROVOKE UNTO LOVE AND TO GOOD WORKS."—HEBREWS x. 24.

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[NEW SERIES, No. 5.]

DIVINITY.

ON THE TRINITY.

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one."—1. John, v. 7.

1. WHATSOEVER the generality of people may think, it is certain that opinion is not religion: No, not right opinion, assent to one, or to ten thousand truths. There is a wide difference between them: even right opinion is as distant from religion as the East is from the West. Persons may be quite right in their opinions, and yet have no religion at all. And on the other hand, persons may be truly religious, who hold many wrong opinions. Can any one possibly doubt of this, while there are Romanists in the world? For who can deny, not only that many of them formerly have been truly religious, (as Thomas a Kempis, Gregory Lopez, and the Marquis de Henty,) but that many of them, even at this day, are real, inward Christians? And yet, what an heap of erroneous opinions do they hold, delivered by tradition from their fathers! Nay, who can doubt of it while there are Calvinists in the world? Assertors of absolute predestination? For who will dare to affirm that none of these are truly religious men? Not only many of them in the last century were burning and shining lights, but many of them are now real Christians, loving God and all mankind. And yet, what are all the absurd opinions of all the Romanists in the world, compared to that one, That the God of love, the wise, just, merciful Father of the spirits of all flesh, has, from all eternity, fixed an absolute, unchangeable, irresistible decree, that part of mankind shall be saved, do what they will, and the rest damned, do what they can!

2. Hence, we cannot but infer, that there are ten thousand mistakes, which may consist with real religion: with regard to which every candid, considerate man will think and let think. But there are some truths more important than others. It seems there are some which are of deep importance. I do not term them *fundamental* truths; because that is an ambiguous word: and hence there have been so many warm disputes, about the number of *fundamentals*. But surely there are some, which it nearly concerns us to know, as having a close connection with vital religion. And doubtless we may rank among these, that contained in the words above cited: "There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these Three are One."

3. I do not mean, that it is of importance to believe this or that *explication* of these words. I know not that any well-judging man would attempt to explain them at all. One of the best tracts which that great man, Dean Swift, ever wrote, was his sermon upon the Trinity. Herein he shews, that all who have endeavoured to explain it at all, have utterly lost their way—have, above all other persons, hurt the cause which they intended to promote; having only, as Job says, "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." It was in an evil hour, that these explications began their fruitless work. I insist upon no explication at all; no, not even on the best I ever saw; I mean that which is given us in the Creed commonly ascribed to Athanasius. I am far from saying, He who does not assent to this, "shall without doubt perish everlastingly." For the sake of that and another clause, I, for some time, scrupled subscribing to that creed; till I considered, 1, That these sentences only relate to wilful, not involuntary unbelievers: to those who,

having all the means of knowing the truth, nevertheless, obstinately reject it; 2, That they relate only to the *substance* of the doctrine there delivered; not the philosophical *illustrations* of it.

4. I dare not insist upon any one's using the word *Trinity*, or *Person*. I use them myself without any scruple, because I know of none better. But if any man has any scruple concerning them, who shall constrain him to use them? I cannot; much less would I burn a man alive, and that with moist, green wood, for saying, "Though I believe the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, yet I scruple using the words *Trinity* and *Person*, because I do not find those terms in the Bible." These are the words which merciful John Calvin cites as wrote by Servetus in a letter to himself. I would insist only on the direct words unexplained, just as they lie in the text: "There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these Three are One."

5. "As they lie in the text:"—But here arises a question, Is that text genuine? Was it originally written by the Apostle, or inserted in later ages? Many have doubted of this: and, in particular, that great light of the Christian church, lately removed to the church above, Bengelins, the most pious, the most judicious, and the most laborious, of all the modern commentators on the New Testament. For some time he stood in doubt of its authenticity, because it is wanting in many of the ancient copies. But his doubts were removed by three considerations. 1, That though it is wanting in many copies, yet it is found in more, and those, copies of the greatest authority; 2, That it is cited by a whole train of ancient writers, from the time of St. John to that of Constantine. This argument is conclusive: for they could not have cited it, had it not then been in the Sacred Canon. 3, That we can easily account for its being after that time wanting in many copies, when we remember that Constantine's successor was a zealous Arian, who used every mean to promote his bad cause, to spread Arianism throughout the empire: in particular, the erasing this text out of as many copies as fell into his hands. And he so far prevailed, that the age in which he lived is commonly styled, *Seculum Arianum*, the Arian Age—there being then only one eminent man, who opposed him at the peril of his life. So that it was a proverb, "*Athanasius contra mundum*:" Athanasius against the world.

6. But it is objected, "Whatever becomes of the text, we cannot believe what we cannot comprehend. When, therefore, you require us to believe mysteries, we pray you to have us excused."

Here is a two-fold mistake. 1, We do not require you to believe any mystery in this, whereas, you suppose the contrary. But, 2, You do already believe many things which you cannot comprehend.

To begin with the latter. You do already believe many things which you cannot comprehend. For you believe there is a sun over your head. But, whether he stand still in the midst of his system, or not only revolves on his own axis, but "rejoiceth as a giant to run his course;" you cannot comprehend either one or the other. How he moves, or how he rests: by what power, what natural, mechanical power, is he upheld in the fluid ether? You cannot deny the fact; yet you cannot account for it, so as to satisfy any rational enquirer. You may, indeed, give us the hypothesis of Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, and twenty more. I have read them over and over: I am sick of them—I care not three straws for them all.

"Each new solution but once more affords
New charge of terms, and scaffolding of words:
In other girth my quation I receive,
And take my doubt the very same I give."

Still I insist, the fact you believe: you cannot deny. But the manner you cannot comprehend.

8. You believe there is such a thing as *light*, whether flowing from the sun, or any other luminous body. But you cannot comprehend either its nature, or the manner wherein it flows. How does it move from Jupiter to the earth in eight minutes—two hundred thousand miles in a moment? How do the rays of a candle brought into the room, instantly disperse into every corner? Again—Here are three candles, yet there is but one light. Explain this, and I will explain the Three-One God.

9. You believe there is such a thing as *atm.* It both covers you as a garment, and

"Wide it terfuss'd,
Embraces round this florid earth."

But can you comprehend how? Can you give me a satisfactory account of its nature, or the cause of its properties? Think only of one—its elasticity. Can you account for this? It may be owing to electric fire attached to each particle of it—it may not: and neither you nor I can tell. But if we will not breathe it till we can comprehend it, our life is very near its period.

10. You believe there is such a thing as *earth*. Here, you fix your foot upon it. You are supported by it. But do you comprehend what it is that supports the earth? "O, an elephant," says a Malabar philosopher: "and a bull supports him." But what supports the bull? The Indian and the Briton are equally at a loss for an answer. We know it is God that "spreadeth the north over the empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." This is the fact. But how? Who can account for this? Perhaps angelic, but not human creatures.

I know what is plausibly said concerning the powers of projection and attraction. But spin as fine as we can, matter-of-fact sweeps away our cobweb hypothesis. Connect the force of projection and attraction how you can, they will never produce a circular motion. The moment the projected steel comes within the attraction of the magnet, it does not form a curve, but drops down.

11. You believe you have a *soul*. "Hold there," says one: "I believe no such thing. If you have an immaterial soul, so have the brutes too." I will not quarrel with any that think they have; nay, I wish he could prove it. And surely, I would rather allow *them* souls, than I would give up my own. In this I cordially concur in the sentiment of the honest heathen, *Si erro, libenter erro; et me redargui valde recusom.* If I err, I err willingly: and I vehemently refuse to be convinced of it. And, I trust, most of those who do not believe a Trinity, are of the same mind. Permit me then to go on. You believe you have a soul connected with this house of clay. But can you comprehend how? What are the ties that unite the heavenly flame with the earthly clod? You understand just nothing of the matter. So it is: but how, none can tell.

12. You surely believe you have a *body*, together with your soul, and that each is dependent on the other. Run only a thorn into your hand: immediately pain is felt in your soul. On the other side, is shame felt in your soul? Instantly a blush overspreads your cheek. Does the soul feel fear or violent anger? Presently the body trembles. These also are facts which you cannot deny: nor can you account for them.

13. I bring but one instance mores At the command of your soul, your hand is lifted up. But who is able to account for this? For the connexion between the acts of the mind and the outward actions? Nay, who can account for muscular motion at all, in any instance of it whatever? When one of the most ingenious physicians in England had finished his lectures upon that head, he added, "Now, gentlemen, I have told you all the discoveries of our enlightened age. And now, if you understand one jot of the matter, you understand more than I do."

The short of the matter is this. Those who will not believe any thing but what they can comprehend, must not believe that there is a sun in the firmament, that there is light shining around them, that there is air, though it encompasses them on every side, that there is any earth, though they stand upon it. They must not believe that they have a soul, no, nor that they have a body.

14. But, secondly, as strange as it may seem, in requiring you to believe, "That there are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these Three are One;" you are not required to believe any mystery. Nay, that great and good man, Dr. Peter Brownie, some time Bishop of Cork, has proved at large, that the Bible does not require you to believe any mystery at all. The Bible barely requires you to believe such facts, not the manner of them. Now the mystery does not lie in the fact, but altogether in the manner.

For instance: "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." I believe it: I believe the plain fact: there is no mystery at all in this. The mystery lies in the manner of it. But of this I believe nothing at all; nor does God require it of me.

Again: "The Word was made flesh." I believe this fact also. There is no mystery in it; but as to the manner, how he was made flesh, wherein the mystery lies, I know nothing about it—I believe nothing about it. It is no more the object of my faith, than it is of my understanding.

15. To apply this to the case before us. "There are Three that bear record in heaven—and these Three are One." I believe this fact also, (if I may use the expression,) that God is Three and One. But the manner how, I do not comprehend: and I do not believe it. Now in this, in the manner, lies the mystery: and so it may; I have no concern with it. It is no object of my faith; I believe just as much as God has revealed, and no more. But this, the manner, he has not revealed: therefore, I believe nothing about it. But would it not be absurd in me to deny the fact, because I do not understand the manner? That is, to reject what God has revealed, because I do not comprehend what he has not revealed.

16. This is a point much to be observed. There are many things "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Part of these God hath "revealed to us by his Spirit;" revealed, that is, unveiled, uncovered: that part he requires us to believe. Part of them he has not revealed; that we need not, and, indeed, cannot believe: it is far above, out of our sight.

Now, where is the wisdom of rejecting what is revealed, because we do not understand what is not revealed? Of denying the fact, which God has unveiled, because we cannot see the manner, which is veiled still?

17. Especially when we consider that what God has been pleased to reveal upon this head, is far from being a point of indifference—is a truth of the last importance. It enters into the very heart of Christianity: it lies at the root of all vital religion.

Unless these Three are One, how can "all men honour the Son even as they honour the Father?" "I know not what to do," says Socinus in a letter to his friend, "with my untoward followers. They will not worship Jesus Christ. I tell them, it is written, 'Let all the angels of God worship him.' They answer, However that be, if he is not God, we dare not worship him. For 'it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'"

But the thing which I here particularly mean, is this: the knowledge of the Three-One God is interwoven with all true Christian faith, with all vital religion.

I do not say that every real Christian can declare with the Marquis de Renty, "I bear about with me continually an experimental verity, and a plenitude of the presence of the ever-blessed Trinity." I apprehend this is not the experience of babes, but rather of fathers in Christ.

But I know not how any one can be a Christian believer, till he "hath (as St. John speaks,) the witness in himself;" till "the Spirit of God witnesses with his spirit, that he is a child of God:" that is, in effect, till God the Holy Ghost witnesses that God the Father has accepted him, through the merits of God the Son; and having this witness, he honours the Son and the blessed Spirit, "even as he honours the Father."

18. Not that every Christian believer adverts to this; perhaps, at first, not one in twenty; but if you ask any of them a few questions, you will easily find it is implied in what he believes.

Therefore, I do not see how it is possible for any to have vital religion, who denies that these Three are One. And all my hope for them is, not that they will be saved, during their unbelief, (unless on the footing of honest heathens, upon the plea of invincible ignorance,) but that God, before they go hence, will "bring them to the knowledge of the truth."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HARDENING OF PHARAOH'S HEART.

Exod. iv. 21; ix. 16.

THE hardening of Pharaoh's heart has been a fruitful source of malignant cavil with the adversaries of the Bible: some of whom have not hesitated to affirm that this single chapter is sufficient to destroy the authenticity of the entire Scriptures—while others, more decently and speciously, assert that a just God could not punish the Egyptian monarch for a hardness of heart of which he himself was evidently the cause. This is the objection in all its force. Let us now see how little foundation there is for it.

"When we meet with an assertion apparently contrary to all the truth and equity in the world, it is but common justice to any writer, human or divine, to suppose that we mistake his meaning, and that the expression employed to convey it is capable of an interpretation different from that which may at first present itself. We cannot, for a moment, imagine that God secretly influences a man's will, or suggests any wicked, stubborn resolution to his mind, and then punishes him for it. We are, therefore, to consider, by what other means, not incompatible with his nature and attributes, he may be said, in a certain sense, and without impropriety, to harden a man's heart. There are many ways by which we may conceive this effect to be wrought, without running into the absurdity and impiety above mentioned. The heart may be hardened by those very respites, miracles, and mercies intended to soften it; for if they do not soften it they will harden it. God is sometimes said to do that which he permits to be done by others, in the way of judgment and punishment: as when his people rejected his own righteous laws, he is said to have 'given them' the idolatrous ones of their heathen neighbours, 'statutes that were not good.'—The heart may be hardened by his withdrawing that grace it has long resisted; men may be given up to a reprobate mind; as they would not see when they possessed the faculty of sight, the use of that faculty may be taken from them, and they may be abandoned to blindness. But all this is judicial, and supposes previous voluntary wickedness, which it is designed to punish."

Further: no person who candidly peruses the history of the transactions with Pharaoh, can deny that what the Almighty did to Pharaoh and the Egyptians had a tendency to soften rather than to harden his heart; especially as it was not until after he had seen the miracles, and after the plagues had ceased, that he hardened himself, and would not suffer the Israelites to depart. The threatened plagues were suspended on a condition with which he refused to comply, and then only were they inflicted. It is, moreover, well known that Hebrew verbs in the Hiphil conjugation, signify to permit or to suffer to be done, as well as to cause to be done: hence, nothing more is meant

than to leave a man to the bent and tendency of his own disposition. Thus Pharaoh was left, and he is said to have made his own heart stubborn against God. He sinned yet more, and hardened his heart. The proper rendering, therefore, of Exod. iv. 21, is—I will permit his heart to be so hardened that he will not let the people go. So, in Exod. ix. 12, it ought to be translated, Yet the Lord suffered the heart of Pharaoh to be so hardened that he hearkened not to them. And a more literal rendering of Exod. ix. 15, 16, would remove the discrepancy which seems at present to exist in our common version, which runs thus: For now I will stretch out my hand and smite thee with pestilence; and thou shalt be cut off from the earth. And in very deed for this cause have I raised thee up, for to shew in thee my power; and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth. In the original Hebrew the verbs are in the past tense, and not in the future, as our authorised version improperly expresses them—by which means an apparent contradiction is produced: for neither Pharaoh nor his people were smitten with pestilence, nor was he by any kind of mortality cut off from the earth. The firstborn, it is true, were slain by a destroying angel, and Pharaoh himself was drowned in the Red Sea; but there is no reference whatever to these judgments in the two verses in question. If the words be translated as they ought, in the subjunctive mood, or in the past instead of the future, this seeming contradiction to facts, as well as all ambiguity, will be avoided: For if now I HAD STRETCHED OUT (shalachti, had sent forth) my hand, and had smitten thee and thy people with the pestilence, thou SHOULDEST HAVE BEEN cut off from the earth. But truly on this very account have I caused thee to subsist, that I might cause thee to see my power: and that my NAME might be declared throughout all the earth, or, in all this land.

Thus God gave this impious king to know that it was in consequence of his especial providence, that both he and his people had not been already destroyed by means of the past plagues; but that God had preserved him for this very purpose, that he might have a further opportunity of shewing Pharaoh His power in the remaining plagues, and of manifesting that He, Jehovah, was the only true God, for the full conviction of the Hebrews and Egyptians.

Lastly, our authorised translation of Exod. vii. 13, (and he [that is, God] hardened Pharaoh's heart,) is incorrect. It ought to have been, AND THE HEART OF PHARAOH WAS HARDENED, as the original is rendered by all the ancient versions, without exception, and by the most judicious modern translations. The same phrase is correctly translated in our authorised version, in Exod. vii. 22, viii. 19, and ix. 7.—Hartwell Horne.

"Write fifty."—Luke xvi. 6.

As the steward did not mean to defraud his master, and is only accused of being extravagant and profuse, it is probable that this abatement in the annual rent was much in consideration of the crops having failed. Viewed in this light, it becomes an act of kindness and generosity, well deserving the commendation which it received, ver. 8. It is remarkable, also, that in the case of the person indebted for wheat, (owed wheat) the abatement (ver. 7) is only one-fifth; but he who was to have furnished oil is excused on paying only one-half. This is a further presumptive proof that they were tenants, and that the wheat and the oil were due for one year's rent—because the steward, after his accusation and disgrace, was not likely to be guilty of a further and more glaring act of injustice, and therefore the measure of abatement, we may suppose, was regulated by the degree of failure in those respective products of land. Now, it is known that wheat is a hardy plant, and may be depended on with more security, as yielding an average crop oftener than most others; but the olive-tree, and indeed all other fruit-trees, are, with respect to their produce, much more precarious and uncertain. This may afford a just ground for the difference of abatement in the two debtors, or tenants.—Hewlett.

HE who changes from opinion to opinion, and from one sect or party to another, is never to be depended on; there is much reason to believe that such a person is either mentally weak, or has never been rationally and divinely convinced of the truth.—Dr. A. Clark.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

REFORMATION.—LUTHER.

[CONTINUED.]

Miltitz, the dexterous and learned envoy of the Papacy, had steadily pursued his purpose of bringing Luther to the acknowledgment of the Papal authority, in all matters human and divine. After some negotiation, he had induced the Augustinian monks to send a deputation to their brother, requesting him to make this acknowledgment by letter, as the most authentic form. The request was complied with, and the letter was prefixed to his "Treatise of Christian Liberty"—a brief description of the privileges annexed to Christian feelings, under these two heads—"That the Christian is the freest of men, and subject to none;" and, "That the Christian is the most ready to serve all, and be subject to all." But the letter is the more important document; and strongly expresses at once the writer's habitual deference for the person of the Pope, and his growing contempt for the corruptions surrounding the papal throne.

"It is impossible for me," says Luther, "to be unmindful of your Holiness; since my sentiments concerning the papal office are held forth everywhere as the cause of the contest.

"By means of the impious flatterers of your Holiness, who, without cause, are full of wrath against me, I have been compelled to appeal from the See of Rome to a General Council. But my affection for your Holiness has never been alienated, though I begin to despise and triumph over those who had thought to terrify me by the majesty of your authority. One thing, however, I cannot despise, and that is the cause of my writing this letter—I mean the blame thrown on me for reflecting on your Holiness in person."

After contradicting this charge, he proceeds to state the actual object of his writings: "I have inveighed sharply against unchristian doctrines; and reproved my adversaries severely, not for rudeness, but impiety.

"So far from being ashamed of this, my purpose is, to despise the judgment of men, and to persevere in this vehemence of zeal, after the example of Christ. The multitude of flatterers has rendered the ears of our age so delicate, that as soon as we find that our sentiments are not approved of, we immediately exclaim, that we are slandered; and when we find ourselves unable to resist truth, we accuse our adversaries of detraction. But, let me ask, of what use were salt, if it were not pungent? or of the point of a sword, if it did not wound? Cursed be the man who doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully.

"I have resisted, and shall continue to resist, what is called the Court of Rome, as long as the spirit of faith shall live in me. Neither your Holiness, nor any one, will deny, that it is more corrupt than Babylon or Sodom; and sunk, as I understand, in the most deplorable, desperate, and avowed impiety. I lament that, under the sanction of your name, and under the pretext of the good of the church, the people of Christ should be made a laughing-stock.

"Not that I attempt impossibilities, or expect that the endeavours of an individual can accomplish any thing in opposition to so many flatterers in that Babel. But I consider myself a debtor to my fellow-men, for whose welfare it behoves me to be solicitous; so that these Roman pests may at least destroy a smaller number, and in a more humane manner. During many years, nothing has been poured on the world, but monsters, in body and mind, along with the worst examples of the worst actions.

"It is clear as day, that the Church of Rome, in former ages the most holy of churches, has become a den of thieves, a scene of prostitution, the kingdom of sin, death, and hell. So that greater wickedness is not to be conceived; even under Antichrist himself."

He then narrates the transactions with Cajetan, Eckius, and Miltitz; concluding by the entreaty that Leo would check the fraud and folly of the people round his throne; and finally declaring, that any attempt to make himself recant, would only be productive of increased difficulty; for he never would consent that man should lay down the law for the interpretation of the word of God.

"On the two conditions, of not requiring me to recant, and of permitting me to interpret Scrip-

ture according to my own judgment, I am willing to do or suffer any thing. I wish to provoke no one; neither do I wish to receive provocation; but, if provocation be given to me, since Christ is my master, I will not hold my tongue."

This was the declaration of that memorable war in which Luther was to lead the powers of European knowledge, liberty, and religion, against the haughty domination of the Papedom. It roused the whole wrath of the Vatican. A German monk displayed the superhuman audacity to assault the Supreme Lord of the faithful, the "Vicer of Christ on earth;" the holder of the two-fold sword of temporal and spiritual empire. The whole hierarchy was in uproar. An assembly of Cardinals, Canonists, and Theologians was instantly summoned, and the thunders that had awed so many monarchs were levelled at the head of this obscure revolter. But the Council suddenly felt that the old activity of Romish vengeance was not now to be let loose with the old success; their debates were long and perplexed; the only point on which they agreed was the guilt of the offender, which they pronounced to be impiety of the most daring and glaring kind. But the Theologians were retarded in their indignation by the Canonists, who reasoned, that no notoriety of crime ought to prevent a man's being heard in his own defence. The receipt was eventually divided into three heads. By the first, the doctrine was condemned; by the second, the books were ordered to be burned; and by the third, Luther was summoned to appear in due season, to stand his trial in Rome. The Bull excited the same protracted discussions, but it was urged forward by the zeal of the leading members of the conclave; and after a bitter struggle between the Cardinals Pucci and Accolti, the latter obtained the dubious honour, by the Papal interposition, of drawing up the furious and feeble anathema against the progress of religious liberty. This celebrated instrument should not be forgotten, while man requires to be reminded of the haughty and unlimited usurpation of the Papacy. It claims for the Pope, in addition to the power of inflicting ecclesiastical punishments, that of depriving the refractory of their property, and their civil privileges.

The Bulls of Pius II. and Julius II., which declared it heresy in any individual to appeal from the Pope to a General Council, were adopted to impress the weight of Luther's offences. But more direct charges were heaped upon his head; no less than forty-one heresies were proclaimed as the fruit of his labours; and he was compared with Porphyry, as an open antagonist to the truth of the Gospel.

But punishment of a more practical nature was next prepared for the criminal and his partisans; and the wrath of Rome had large and fierce variety of vengeance. Luther, and all enlisted in his opinions, were laid under the ban of human nature. They were in an instant cut off from all rights, natural and acquired, pronounced guilty of high treason, incapable of any legal act, of property, freedom, or worship, infamous while they lived, infamous when they died, and unfit for Christian burial. The name of the man, and the memory of his revolt, were equally to be sunk in contemptuous oblivion. His books were to be burned. It was to be a crime to publish, to preach, or even to read his works. The heresiarch himself was ordered to attend, and take his trial at Rome, within two months; and, in case of disobedience, the civil and spiritual authorities alike were commanded to seize him and his adherents, and send them to Rome.

These are the testimonies of history; and from these nothing but frenzy will disdain to be taught, as nothing but impiety and political delusion will dare to question their practical wisdom. We have here the Papacy speaking without fear the sentiments which fear only can ever make it suppress, and which are to it as the blood is to the heart, and the marrow to the bone. Let the Papist who, among us, would boast of his passion for general liberty, of his zeal for general toleration, and of his faithful separation of the allegiance due to his own sovereign, from the homage due to the head of his church, read this Bull, and ask himself, whether he has not been the tool of a palpable and insolent imposture. Let the friends of truth take this document in their hands, and ask those who are still undeceived, whether human language can express a sterner spirit of ty-

ranny over the individual, of usurpation of states, and of the unhesitating and remorseless determination to pursue to blood and ruin every opinion that was not moulded into the shape prescribed by Rome.

Luther's sole crime was the attempt to think for himself on points essential to the first principles of man. He had before him the Scriptures, and he laboured to understand the great code by which he was to be judged before the tribunal, not of man, but of the Eternal. He had offered no human resistance to the authority of his spiritual superiors. He had merely examined for himself, as every man is bound to do by the express command of inspiration, and as, by the common dictate of the understanding, every man obviously must do, who desires to attain that solid and heartfelt conviction of their value, without which practical virtue is a fantasy. He was no rebel, but an inquirer; no preacher of insolent dogmatism and proud self-authority, but a scholar and a reasoner, and ready to give a reason of the faith that was in him. His personal character was touched by no impurity. He stood open to the eyes of mankind, and defied them to discover a stain. Yet this man of learning, intelligence, and genius, was to be dragged through the whole course of the deepest punishments reserved for the traitor and the murderer here, and then consigned to the grave, stripped of every hope which Rome could strip from the disembodied spirit, and consigned, in her furious creed, to eternal damnation.

On earth his memory was to be obliterated, his labours of genius and learning were to be destroyed, his life was to be given over to the law of treason, and his dead body to be deprived of those rites which Rome had pronounced indispensable to the repose of the soul. And for the purposes of this atrocious vengeance, the rights of all temporal sovereigns were to be invaded. No matter to what king Luther was the subject; he was declared the subject of a still superior king, whose dominion extended to every corner of the earth where he could dispatch his mandate. The laws of nations were dust and air before the paramount law of Rome. Neither innocence before the tribunals of the victim's own country, nor true allegiance to his own sovereign, nor the will of that sovereign himself, could be suffered to stand between the slave and that towering and stupendous impiety which, seating itself on "the throne of God, made itself be worshipped as God." For deliverance from this horrible tyranny, Protestant nations cannot be sufficiently thankful; and their vigilance in the preservation of their liberty and independence should be sharpened by every recollection of the former excesses of the Popedom.

The Bull was now to be published in Germany, and Eckius, with the double activity of a beaten disputant, and of a solicitor for preferment at Rome, undertook the mission. This man's character was rapidly developing itself in the colours in which it had been long before painted by the strong discrimination of Luther:—

"Eckius is totally treacherous, and incapable of the obligations of amity. At Rome, and in his private correspondence, he had continually boasted himself of his services to the Papacy, of his confidential intercourse with the Pope, and of the light which he had been the first to throw on the inextricable guilt of the new opinions. In Germany he professed the strong reluctance with which he had undertaken the publication of the Bull. But it is difficult for the most acute treachery to be always on its guard: some of those arrogant letters escaped; they fell into the hands of the Reformers, were published by Luther with notes—and Eckius was shown to be nothing more than a preferment-hunter and a tool."

A letter from the sagacious Miltitz is preserved, which, stating the arrival of the Popish Missionary, is curious as a memorial of the times:—

"I found Eckius at Leipzig, very clamorous and full of threats: I invited him to an entertainment, and employed every means in my power to discover what he proposed to do. After he had drunk freely, he began to relate, in pompous terms, the commission which he had received from Rome, and the means by which he was to bring Luther to obedience. He had caused the Bull to be published in Misnia on the 21st of September, at Merseberg on the 25th, and at Wittenberg on the 29th. He was in the habit of displaying the Bull with great pomp. He lodged with the pub-

lic commissary, and Duke George ordered the senate to present him with a gilt cup, and a considerable sum of money.

"But notwithstanding the Bull itself, and the pledge of public safety given to him, some young men of family advised, on the 29th of September, in no less than ten places, bills containing threats against him. Terrified by these, he took refuge in the monastery of St. Paul, and refused to be seen. He complained to Caesar Pflufius, and obtained a mandate from the Rector of the University, enjoining the young men to be quiet; but all to no purpose.

"They have composed ballads on him, which they sing through the streets, and send to the monastery daily intimations of their hostility. More than one hundred and fifty of the Wittenberg students are here, who are very much incensed against him."

He subsequently adds, that the startled missionary finally fled by night to Fribourg.

This inauspicious commencement was never recovered. The power of reason was against the violence and folly of the Papal anathema. The crimes of the monkish orders, and the grossness of manners even among the higher ranks of the Popish clergy, had long disgusted the people. When a great reasoner arose, and demanded why should those things be, and whether they were sanctioned by Scripture, the eyes and understandings of men followed him with the eagerness of newly-awakened faculties, as he pointed page by page to the Scripture denunciation of the voluptuousness, the ignorance, and the tyranny of the Romish priesthood. The Papal sceptre was from that hour the staff of the magician no more; the day of darkness, and of the creations of darkness, was gone; the true prophet stood in the presence of the kings of the earth against the pompous worker of delusions. The Reformation came in its simplicity, but bearing the commission of God; and as Moses put to shame the spells of the Egyptians, it extinguished the false miracles of Rome, and led forth the people to a liberty that could never have been achieved by man.

The public opinion now sanctioned and sustained the natural disgust of the German sovereigns to an insolent assumption of power, which had so long divided the allegiance of their subjects. The Elector of Saxony, with a promptitude unusual to his cautious policy, declared himself wholly adverse to the promulgation of the Bull in his territories. The Elector of Brandenburg, and Albert of Mecklenburg, took the public opportunity of their passing through Wittenberg, on the way to so important an exercise of their functions as the Emperor's coronation, to hold a long and friendly conference with Luther. He received, from quarters of high rank, assurances of protection, and offers of asylum, in case of his being obliged to retire from Saxony. The general population expressed their feeling by the loudest indignation, and the most unmeasured menaces, against the agent employed to promulgate the Bull. Even the high Ecclesiastics and Universities shrunk from the responsibility. The Bishop of Bamberg sheltered himself under some verbal criticism from publishing it in his diocese. At Louvain, though the heads of the University burned Luther's books, a strong party of the students and people insisted on burning a number of the works of his opponents at the same time. At Mentz, the bureaux of the books were in hazard of their lives. At Erfurt, the students tore the copy of the Bull, and flung it into the river! the Rector of the University publicly giving his sanction to their pulling down every similar copy, and opposing Luther's enemies by all the means in their power. The bishop of Brandenburg dared not publish it; and even in the immediate presence of the Romish See, in Venice and Pologna, the doctrines of the Reformation were felt and honoured.

Luther's letter on this formidable trial of his own strength, and of the fidelity of his friends, exhibits a firmness and determination worthy of his immortal cause.

"The Pope's Bull has come at last. Eckius brought it. We are writing here many things to the Pope concerning it. For my own part, I hold it in contempt, and attack it as impious and false, like Eckius in all things. Christ himself is evidently condemned by it. No reason is assigned for summoning me to a recantation, instead of a

trial. They are all of fury, blindness, and madness. They neither comprehend nor reflect on the consequences.

"I shall treat the Pope's name with delicacy, and conduct myself as if I considered it a false and forged Bull, though I believe it to be genuine. How anxiously do I wish that the Emperor had the courage to prove himself a man, and, in defence of Christ, attack those emissaries of Satan!

"For my part, I do not regard my personal safety,—let the will of the Lord be done!

"Ner do I know what course should be taken by the Elector; and, perhaps, it may appear to him more for my interest that he should suppress his sentiments for a season. The Bull is held in as great contempt at Leipzig as Eckius himself. Let us, therefore, be cautious, lest he acquire consequence by our opposition; for, if left to himself, he must fall.

"I send you a copy of the Bull, that you may see what monsters are in Rome. If those men are destined to rule us, neither the faith nor the church have the least security. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to suffer hardship for the best of causes; but I am not worthy of such a trial. I am now much more at liberty than before, being fully persuaded that the Pope is Antichrist, and that I have discovered the seat of Satan.

"My God preserve his children from being deceived by the Pope's impious pretensions. Erasmus tells us, that the Emperor's court is crowded with creatures, who are tyrants and beggars; so that nothing satisfactory is to be expected from Charles. This needs not surprise us; put not thy trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, in whom there is no stay."

(To be continued.)

The Wesleyan.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1811.

In the absence of official information, we subjoin, in two articles of lamentable import, copied from English papers, and which we fear will prove too true. In one of them is stated the death, by drowning, on the coast of New Zealand, of Rev. Mr. BERRY, Wesleyan Missionary—once a beloved colleague in the ministry in England; a young man of great excellence, and ministerial ability. In the other is an account of a most tragical event at Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands,—where, while attempting to effect a reconciliation between the heathen and Christian natives, and to protect the mission families, Capt. Croker, of H. M. Ship Favourite, and two of his officers, were killed by the Pagan Indians, and nineteen of the crew wounded. Should these accounts prove to be true; dispensations of Providence so painful and mysterious, like the recent martyrdom of the zealous WILLIAMS and his friend, will deeply afflict the friends of Missions generally, and the Wesleyan Missionary Society in particular.

DEATH OF THE REV. J. W. BERRY.

Intelligence has been received of the death of the Rev. J. W. BERRY, Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missionaries in New Zealand. He had been on a visit to some of the southern stations, and was on his return to the principal station at Hokianga. Having to travel part of the way in the route which he preferred, in a native canoe, the mail vessel was upset on the voyage, and Mr. BERRY and twelve natives met with a watery grave. This distressing event occurred on the 26th June.

DISASTROUS AFFAIR WITH THE NATIVES OF TONGA, ONE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Sydney papers of the 25th July furnish us with the details of an affair between the natives of Tonga and the crew of H. M. ship Favourite, Captain Croker; in which the Captain was killed,

and several of the men were wounded. It appears that the heathen portion of the natives had again exhibited a spirit of persecution, and the Missionaries, Messrs. Tucker and Rabone, with their families, were obliged to fly for their lives to a small fort belonging to the Christian natives. Just at this crisis, H. M. ship Favourite appeared off the island, and the Missionaries sent a letter to the Captain, informing him of their perilous circumstances, and requesting him to afford them protection. Captain Croker immediately landed with a number of armed men, and proceeded to the head-quarters of the heathen party, with the humane intention of acting the part of a mediator, and reconciling them and the native Christians. To the surprise of the Captain, he found that the heathens had a strong fortification, surrounded by a moat filled with water, forty feet wide. The place had all the appearance of having been constructed by persons acquainted with engineering: having regular loop-holes for musketry, while the entrance was guarded by a cannonade.

Some Europeans were associated with the heathens, and one of them long known in the island by the significant title of "Jemmy the Devil," took an active part in the negotiation which ensued. Captain Croker endeavoured to convince them of the desirableness and advantages of peace, and proposed that both parties should destroy their forts, and live in amity with each other. For a time he entertained the hope that his mediation would be successful; but at length, impatient of the delay which took place, he ordered a musket or two to be fired, for the purpose of intimidation. This unfortunate step, however, produced the opposite result. The cannonade was immediately discharged, accompanied by a heavy fire of musketry, by which the Captain and two officers were killed, and the First Lieutenant and nineteen men were wounded. Lieutenant Dunlap shortly ordered his men to retire; and returning to the spot where the Missionaries and their families were, took them in safety to the neighbouring island of Vavou.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

DEFEAT OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP FAVOURITE.

(From the Sydney Monitor of July 25.)

The following are the facts, as related to us, and seldom has it been the task of any writer to record so dire an issue of an expedition in which British courage and British thunder were opposed to barbarians. Report says that the islanders were commanded and instructed in the defence of their fortress by an European armourer, who has been resident among them for the last eight years. On the arrival of Captain Croker in the Favourite at the island of Tonga, he found that the missionaries were embroiled in a quarrel with the heathen, or unconverted natives of the island, touching some religious dispute, and that the heathen population had retired, and eschewed all communication with the missionaries and their native converts.

As soon as the dispute had reached this crisis, the heathens took possession of a fort situated at a short distance from the beach, which they proceeded to strengthen and fortify. Captain Croker arriving at this juncture, endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the disputants; this he had nearly accomplished, the hostile natives having received into their garrison a flag of truce sent in by Captain Croker on behalf of the Missionaries, borne by a native female. The bearer of the flag of truce and propositions of Captain Croker and the missionaries was treated with courtesy by the garrison; and after the terms proposed had been discussed by a council of war of the chiefs, convoked on the occasion, it was determined to invite Captain Croker to a conference on the subject, which that gentleman accepted.

During the time these negotiations were taking place, Captain Croker had caused three cannonades to be brought from on board his ship, and dragged to an eminence commanding the heathen garrison, being distant about five hundred yards. These guns he had mounted, and brought a supply of ammunition, to enable him to drive the natives from the fort, should they attempt to resist, or refuse to comply with the conditions offered them. Captain Croker found, on entering the garrison, that it contained about 1,500 natives, all

of whom treated him with great deference, and at the close of the conference, requested half an hour longer to come to a decision.

This Captain Croker consented to allow, and informed them that unless the gate of the fort was thrown open at the end of that time, he should batter it down. Captain Croker then proceeded, and made what he deemed the necessary preparations to storm the fort, if not surrendered: scaling ladders, &c. were hastily constructed, and a large party of seamen, marines and converted natives, to the number of 1700 or 1800, were assembled on the eminence, ready to open a fire on the fort. The garrison, ere the time allowed had expired, sent to the European camp to state that they were willing to concede all things demanded of them, save the humiliation to which they imagined they would subject themselves in at once meeting and holding intercourse with their foes; they would rather not meet them face to face for some time to come. Captain Croker's reply was, that the terms proposed must be complied with, and no farther communication arriving at the appointed time, the Favourite's gunner opened fire upon the fort.

But this playing at long ball, not according with the ardent temperament of the commander, he ordered his men to follow him, and proceeded to within 150 yards of the fort. On getting within this distance the effect of the enemy's musketry was immediately felt, the balls flying about like hail. The natives who had followed Captain Croker now fled in all directions, for the people in the fort fired out through the walls from the loopholes, and thus, in utter security, kept up a galling fire from muskets and rifles upon the exposed and defenceless men—Captain Croker now seeing the hopelessness of thinking of taking the fort by firing bullets from muskets and fuses against an invisible foe secured by walls of immense thickness, ordered all hands up to the wall, manning the scaling ladders or bridges, himself leading the way, to endeavour to scale the wall, we accordingly formed, the marines and tar giving three cheers, and charging forward, following their gallant and impetuous leader, till within pistol-shot of the fort; our brave fellows now began to fall fast on every side, our commander was struck in the thigh by a bullet, the first lieutenant seriously wounded, and at least a dozen of our hands hit.

The captain, despite his wound, pressed forward to the gate of the fort, and thrusting his sword against it, and through the jamb of the gate, made frantic efforts singly to enter. From violent exertions, high excitement, and the loss of blood, the captain was seen to retire fainting from the gate, and to lean for support against a tree, where he had leaned but a few seconds, when a rifle ball struck him in the left breast, penetrating the heart, and passing through the back. The action had lasted little more than twenty minutes, yet that short space of time had sufficed to rob us of our captain and two blue jackets killed; our first lieutenant, and nineteen others wounded. It therefore became necessary to retreat, bearing off our wounded and slain, and leaving our guns, ammunition, &c. behind us.

Since the above was in type, the London Watchman has been received, confirming the mournful intelligence of the death of the Rev. Mr. BUZZAR, and the suspension of the Tonga mission from the hostility of the Pagan natives. The Watchman adds,—

“Immediately after the Favourite had returned to Sydney, the Rev. Messrs. McKenny and Orton waited upon the Governor, Sir George Gipps, by whom they were very courteously introduced to the surviving officers, who minutely detailed all the particulars of the afflictive event, and cordially bore their united testimony to the judicious and Christian conduct of Messrs. Tucker and Babone, in the very critical and trying circumstances in which they were placed by the fury of their heathen persecutors.

“From the officers of the Favourite, Messrs. McKenny and Orton moreover obtained the latest information which had been received respecting the Missionary ship, Triton. The Favourite entered Vavou harbour just as the Triton was leaving it. Both parties had painful intelligence to communicate.—The Rev. Mr. Waterhouse was

well, but the Mission family had been deprived by death, of Mrs. F. Wilson, who exchanged mortality for life, on the passage from New Zealand. The vessels having parted, the Triton bore away with a fair wind for Fejee, it being understood that Mr. Waterhouse intended to return as speedily as possible to Vavou and Tonga.”

WESLEYAN MISSION—ASHANTEE.

ON Monday, the 30th November last, five Missionaries were ordained in Great Queen-street Chapel. Their destination is the kingdom of Ashantee. They are accompanied by the Rev. Mr. FREEMAN and Mr. DE GRAAFT, (son of the official Linguist at Cape Coast,) one of the first converts to Christianity, through the instrumentality of Wesleyan Missionaries in that part of the world, and now a teacher and local assistant on the mission.

PUSEYISM—APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

SINCERELY friendly as we are, from education and principle, to the Church of England, and unwilling as we are to write or publish any thing which should even seem to fix us in an hostile attitude; we cannot but regard the spirit of uncharitableness, and intolerance, in which some of the writers and clergy of that Church indulge, as deserving the severest reprobation. The following is from the *London Watchman*:—

“ONE of the worst consequences, in truth, of the apostolical succession dogma, when held as the Romanists and Puseyists hold it, is that it strips God, as King in his church, of those prerogatives, the exercise of which enables Him to dispense with corrupt human agency, when it obstructs his gracious plans and purposes, and to raise up other instruments to carry them on to their glorious consummation. Pitiful indeed, and “dwindling as it pores,” is that spirit of ecclesiastical exclusivism, which can see no moral grandeur in the results we now witness, both at home and in christianized heathen nations, of that providential interruption of church order and discipline, which arrested the downward progress of the nation to absolute demoralization and ruin. Worse than pitiful—contemptible is the spirit, which can see in modern Dissent worse errors even than are to be found in that very Popery, which shed the blood of saints like water! Yet such is the deliberate estimate of the Rev. WILLIAM SEWELL—an estimate, which has this further obnoxious attribute, that, by implication, it places tradition on a higher level than God's own holy word!

“And thus, notwithstanding the usurpation of Popery, and the still worse errors of modern Dissent, which would blot out THE TESTIMONY OF THE CHURCH from the plan, as Popery blotted out its Catholic character and THE WRITTEN WORD, and would thus leave every man with his own judgment alone to guide him in interpreting, or rather misinterpreting, the Bible,—notwithstanding this, the great truths of the Gospel have been handed down to our own time unimpaired from their original integrity, as delivered to the Church by the Apostles.”

“When Professors of Moral Philosophy at Oxford can thus traduce modern Dissent, there is no wonder that our CARONS, ESCOTTS, GATHERCOLTS, and others, should run riot in all the extravagance of a demented uncharitableness. A little ‘Doctrinal Catechism of the Church of England,’ though falsely so called, lies before us, and is in use in one of our metropolitan Church Schools, from which we extract the following additional illustration of the sort of spirit that is at work among the coarser-minded class of labourers in the vineyard of detraction,—

“Is it not very wicked to assume this sacred office?”

“It is; as is evident from the case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, mentioned in the 16th chapter of Numbers.

“Who appoints dissenting teachers?”

“They either wickedly appoint each other, or are not appointed at all; and so in either case their assuming the office is very wicked.

“But are not dissenting teachers thought to be very good men?”

“They are often thought to be such, and so were Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, till God showed them to be very wicked.

“But may we not hear them preach?”

“No; for God says, ‘Depart from the tents of these wicked men!’”

ON New Year's Day, the children of the Wesleyan Sunday Schools in Montreal assembled, as usual, in the chapel, St. James Street, at half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon, and were examined and addressed by the Rev. Mr. SQUIRE. The manner in which the children answered the questions proposed to them, was highly creditable to them, and equally satisfactory to their teachers and friends. About 430 scholars were present. After the service the usual refreshments were distributed among them.

In the evening, the Teachers and friends of the Institution, to the amount of about 400, partook of tea together in the school-room, St. James Street Chapel; after which the Anniversary Meeting was held—W. LUNN, Esq. in the chair. A Report was read, and several resolutions were adopted.

The proceedings of the day were interesting and pleasing, and the state of the schools, as appeared from the Report, truly encouraging.

Total number of Children in the five schools, 332

“ Teachers, 89

“ Superintendents, 7

“ Verses recited by children, 96,464

It will be gratifying, we are sure, to our readers, to learn, from the following article, that the religious revivals in Scotland had not yet subsided:—

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.—In the proceedings of the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale we observe that an overture has been carried for thanksgiving, on account of the late revivals. This is just as it should be. It is right that the Courts of the Church of Christ should give thanks for what God is doing in so many parts of our land. It is right that they should acknowledge his mighty and gracious hand; and the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale were not less called upon to do what they have done, than their other brethren in the north, seeing they have within their bounds,—in Ascium and Jedburgh, very striking and precious proofs of God's loving-kindness towards them. We rejoice that they have further called upon the ministers of their bounds to continue instant in prayer for a still larger blessing. Till ministers thus set themselves in faithfulness and fervour to labour and pray for the blessing, will their people believe they are in earnest? Till they gather their people round them,—tell them of their cold and lifeless condition—mourn with them over the barrenness of the soil, and call upon them with one heart to strive and wrestle with God for the out pouring of his Spirit,—will their congregations believe they are sincere in propounding, Sabbath after Sabbath, such stupendous truths, the very least of which ought to make a sinner tremble and weep! It is well when our Church Courts come to deal with matters so spiritual and solemn. They have been too long occupied with mere ecclesiastical forms and technicalities. We trust other Synods will imitate the example now set them by two Synods in the Church.—Edinburgh Witness.

WE have been again favoured by the Rev. Mr HARVARD with further information relative to the progress and results of the revival work in Quebec. We now learn that "more than one hundred persons have been brought to a satisfactory experience of pardoning mercy," and that about twenty have attained to that higher state of salvation called in the Scriptures "Perfect Love."

We are also informed by Mr. HARVARD, "that in the New Ireland Circuit, they have had a four days meeting at Sylvestre, on the last three evenings of which, God gave them twenty-six souls for their hire. The last of the three was the most productive, and attended with this interesting peculiarity, that among the persons brought to experience the pardoning love of God that evening, were one grandmother, between sixty and seventy years of age—three of her children, and seven of her grand-children."

Most devoutly would we unite with our beloved friend who has favoured us with this cheering intelligence, in the ascription with which he closes his letter, and say, "Glory be to the blessed Name!"

WE have received a very pleasing letter from the Rev. MATTHEW LANG, at Kingston; in which he gives a very encouraging account of the state and prospects of our Society and congregation in that town. The following is an extract:—

"Our prospects in Kingston never were better, I believe, than they are at present. The number in society at present is one hundred and thirty-five—being twenty more than the largest number reported before the Union. Of this number, one hundred and twelve were with us before the dissolution of the Union, and twenty-three have joined since; and what is still more encouraging, our members seem well satisfied—they are very much united—and the great Head of the Church is blessing them with a greater hungering and thirsting after righteousness. They all appear to be looking for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Last week, I finished the quarterly visitation of the classes for the renewal of the quarterly tickets; nearly all the members were present, and my soul was greatly blessed. On Sunday last we had our quarterly meeting, and it was truly a high day to many souls. The congregations, morning and evening, were very good—so much so, that it was generally remarked, that the persons who have gone out from us were not missed at all. The love-feast, which is the tenth I have attended in Kingston, was certainly the best; it was a blessed time—the Lord was with his people—blessed be his holy name! At the separation, about twenty pews were given up—but I am happy to inform you they are nearly all taken by other persons. Mr. JENKINS, our pew steward, informed me yesterday, that there will not be more than four pews vacant—he has let so many, and has applications for so many more.

"Our prayer-meetings, since the separation, have been well attended, and it has frequently been difficult for me to close them, such has been the spirit of prayer which the Lord has poured upon his people. I suppose you have been informed that we are building a small chapel for our week-evening services, and for the Sabbath School. It will no doubt afford you pleasure to learn that it is very nearly finished—so near, that we hope to have prayer-meeting in it on Christ-mas morning; it is a very neat chapel, in the centre of the town. We are indebted for this convenient place for week-evening services, to the zeal and perseverance of MESSRS. COUNTER, JOHN JENKINS, CHARLES HALES, JOHN SHAW, &c."

As in character, position, and influence, LOUIS PHILIPPE, King of the French, is, at the present moment, probably the greatest, certainly the most interesting man in Europe; we have given, under our miscellaneous head, an historical sketch of his eventful life, abridged from *Blackwood's Magazine*; which, we doubt not, will be accept-

able to our readers. His noble determination, at the present juncture, to use his most strenuous efforts to maintain the peace of Europe, while at the same time he resolves to discharge his duty to his country, according to his honest conviction of what is right,—entitle him to a large share of the esteem and veneration of mankind.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S GUIDE. By the Rev. JOHN A. JAMES. With a Preface, by the Rev. HENRY WILKES, A.M., of Montreal. First Canada Edition. Campbell & Becket.

WE have much pleasure in noticing and recommending this neatly printed and cheap edition of Mr. JAMES's long admired, and truly valuable work;—designed to instruct, assist, and encourage the Sunday School Teacher in the discharge of the important duties connected with the mental and religious instruction and training, of the rising generation—a work, so un-sectarian—so replete with sound views and scriptural principles—and so admirably developing at once the responsibilities and the rewards of the faithful instructor, that we can, and do most cordially and earnestly, recommend every Sunday School Teacher, to whatever denomination he may belong, to possess a copy of it, and diligently and seriously to read and study it.

What adds to the value of this provincial edition is a well-written preface, by the Rev. H. WILKES, A.M., of this city, who has the privilege of numbering the venerable author among his ministerial friends in England.

The preface is well calculated to impress the mind of the reader with the value of the whole work, and to lead him to anticipate those counsels of wisdom and experience, so necessary to "guide" him in his "labours of love" among the children of his charge: nor will he be disappointed.

"It is no slight evidence (says Mr. Wilkes) of the substantial excellence of Mr. James's work, that, notwithstanding its age, and the advances made in the system, it is so far from being antiquated, that new editions are still required; its value and popularity remaining alike unimpaired. It may indeed be deemed a standard work. One reason probably is, that it is a book of principles clearly and pointedly stated, and of precepts solemnly laid down, appropriate to the exigencies of the Teacher as such, whatever change there may be in the system. Another, and stronger reason is to be found in Mr. James's qualifications as a practical writer. It would be presumption in us to attempt an eulogy of the author of the *Christian Father's Present*—*The Family Monitor*—*The Christian Professor*—*The Church Member's Guide*—*The Anxious Inquirer after Salvation Directed and Encouraged*. Knowing him personally, admiring him greatly, and venturing to number him among a class of friends in the Christian ministry, resident in the Father Land, whose worth he has not language to express; the writer can only say, that he deems it at once a privilege and an honour to have been requested by the publishers to introduce this first edition from the Canadian press, of one of his earliest efforts. As a literary performance, it is inferior to Mr. James's other and more recent works. His style has improved as his years and experience have increased; but his *Teacher's Guide* breathes the same spirit of deep toned piety, bears the same impress of enlightened and holy zeal, and presents the same high regard to principle, which characterize his later performances.

"The edition now presented to the Teachers of Sunday Schools in Canada, is not abridged, as is that issued from the press of the American Sunday School Union; and is, therefore, in some respects, not only more complete, but more valuable. From the press; however, we take leave to say, have proceeded some invaluable little works for the instruction of Teachers in the various details of their momentous work. These we might parti-

cularize; and, at the same time, call the attention of Teachers of Sunday Schools in this country to considerations having relation to the peculiar features of their position; but it is felt that our limits have been already exceeded; and, therefore, we conclude by affectionately and prayerfully "commending them to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build them up, and to give them an inheritance among all them who are sanctified."

The work is for sale by the publishers, Montreal, and by the different booksellers in Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, and Toronto, at *One Shilling and Sixpence* each, or *Fifteen Shillings* per dozen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WESLEYAN.

LONDON, U. C. December 16, 1840.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

BELIEVING that religious intelligence will not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Wesleyan*, I embrace a few moments to forward to you an account of our present state and opening prospects in London and its vicinity. I do this the more cheerfully, as I believe our friends in the distant parts of our work, who may not have other means of information, would be glad to learn how *British Wesleyan Methodism* is prospering in the Western District of Canada, and also to correct an impression which has perhaps been made on the public mind by a very incorrect statement made in the *Christian Guardian* of the 2d instant, "that though a Missionary was sent to London, he could succeed in robbing the society of only four of the members."

I can assure the Rev. correspondent of the *Guardian*, that the Missionary labouring in London did not rob the society of one of its members; but if he means, by his statement, to say that there were only four Methodists in London who felt themselves in conscience bound to support our operations here, he is greatly mistaken; and I extremely regret that a Minister of the Gospel should so far commit his ministerial character as to make a statement destitute of the least foundation in truth. It is true, that when we commenced our labours here, we had to do it under rather unfavourable circumstances, arising principally from the want of a suitable place to assemble in for Divine worship, as well as other unfavourable reports which were industriously circulated concerning our proceedings. On application, we were kindly and readily favoured with the use of the district school-room; but it was altogether too small to accommodate the congregation which was willing to attend. We have now succeeded in renting a large room in quite a central part of the town, which was formerly occupied by the officers of the 32d and 85th Regiments as their mess-room; which is rather comfortably fitted up, and in which a large and respectable congregation attended last Sabbath; at which time we were favoured with a visit from our much respected Chairman. We had our Missionary Meeting on Monday evening; the public collection was much larger than last year—even with the united efforts which were made.

Our Society now numbers in town thirty-seven civilians, in the country thirty, and thirty-six of the military stationed here—making in all one hundred and three, with the prospect of a considerable increase; and, what is better, our members are endeavouring to walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. We are led to believe that we can truly respond to the sentiment, "the best of all is, God is with us;" and whatever the views or sayings of others may be concerning our course, to pursue the noiseless tenor of our way, in doing and suffering the will of God concerning us. Brothers FAWCETT and GÖDERICH are doing well on their respective missions, and the cry is still reaching us from various parts, "come over and help us."

In Christian affection and esteem,

I remain, &c.

J. NORRIS.

THE CHEROKEES.—Our Cherokee missionaries have received 300 on trial the last year.—*Zion's Herald*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine for November, 1830

LOUIS-PHILIPPE was born October 6, 1773; he is consequently sixty-seven. But his health is vigorous, and he has no marks of either age or indolence. His countenance is familiar to us from his pictures, and is manly, open, and good-humoured. His frame is largely moulded, but he moves with much ease. On the whole, he has much more the look of a prosperous and healthy English gentleman, than of a foreigner. He speaks and writes English very well, and is acquainted with several of the continental languages: a rather rare acquisition in a country which thinks "French sufficient for every want, and every region of mankind." He has also the unusual merit, in a land where the opera-dancers and singers reign triumphant, to respect domestic morality—to be as good a husband as he is an affectionate father; and thus to set an example, which is as much a rebuke to his predecessors as it is thrown away upon his people.

An anecdote, highly honourable to his sense of public duty, is mentioned on the authority of Stevenson, the American Envoy in London. Some extraordinary occurrence having called a French Statesman to the palace as late as two o'clock in the morning, he found the King in his cabinet, examining the case of a man condemned to execution. The Envoy afterwards ascertained that the King keeps a register, recording the name of every person capitally condemned, the decision, and its reasons. Frequently, in the still hours of the night, he performs the task of investigating those cases, and adds to the record the circumstances which influenced his decision.

The Envoy, probably, did not know, that the great and good George III. had pursued nearly the same practice fifty years before; weighed the evidence with the deepest anxiety; and generally shut himself up in his cabinet at Windsor, (it was presumed in prayer) during the hour appointed for the execution in London.

The early career of Louis-Philippe seems to have been intended to prepare him for the rank which he now holds. The best teacher of princes is clearly adversity. Swift, with dexterous sarcasm, says that "riding is the only thing that princes ever do well, because horses are no flatterers." The horrors of the Revolution may now be assisting him to some of that anti-revolutionary wisdom, of which he appears the only present possessor in France. But the difficulties of his early years unquestionably furnished a school in which vigilance, activity, and firmness were the natural lessons. The unhappy politics of his father involved the young prince in the revolutionary cause. He joined the army, and served with distinction in the invasion of Flanders, under Dumourier.

An interesting anecdote connected with this part of his life, was mentioned by the King in an address to his officers, at one of the reviews at Fontainebleau, as an encouragement to good conduct. Among the manœuvres performed at the camp, was the formation of a square to resist the charges of cavalry, the King and his *cortège* taking their places within the square, as is done upon the field when necessary. In his address to his officers, the King remarked that, in 1792, a charge upon the Austrian cavalry, in one of the battles on the northern frontier, had compelled a part of the division to form a similar square, into which he threw himself, and repulsed the enemy. "In the ranks of that square," said the King, "were two private soldiers; and now, full of honours and years, they are present upon the ground." One of them was Marshal Gerard.

Soult had also been a private soldier. A debate having taken place in the Chamber of Peers, in which it was said the order of St. Louis was never given to private soldiers; Soult stated, on his personal knowledge, that the *croix* was occasionally so given for distinguished services. "I myself," said he, "was a private soldier for six years before the Revolution, and all my aspirations were bounded by a hope of obtaining this distinction." He was then a Marshal of France, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, and acknowledged the first General of the kingdom.

As the reign of terror advanced, the suspicions of the Jacobins in Paris were turned more dangerously on the young Duke of Orleans. He was then a mere boy; but the blood-royal of France was every where obnoxious, and the guillotine would evidently have been his portion, but for the activity of his escape. He fled into Switzerland, and being wholly destitute of pecuniary resources, and also knowing the necessity for disguise, he became a public professor at an establishment for education at Riehenau. Here he remained eight months, teaching geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics. Previously to admission, he underwent a severe and satisfactory examination; and on quitting the professorship, he received a certificate acknowledging his services. He was then but twenty-two years of age, and he not only managed to preserve his incognito, but was elected a deputy to the assembly at Coire. He was, however, still anxious to join the army, and left Switzerland to act as aide-de-camp under General Montesquieu, with whom he remained till 1794; but the Jacobins again menaced his life, and he finally abandoned France. He now repaired to Hamburg, thence travelled to Denmark and Sweden, and settled in Norway, at Christiana. There a curious circumstance occurred, to startle him with fear of discovery. One day, when about to return with a family from the country, he heard one of the party call aloud—

"The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!"

His first impression was that he was recognised; but preserving his presence of mind, and first trying his ground—

"Why," said he to the person in question, "did you call on the carriage of the Duke of Orleans, and what connexion have you with the Prince?"

"None at all," was the tranquillizing answer; "but when I was at Paris, whenever I came from the Opera, I heard them calling out, 'the carriage of the Duke of Orleans.' Having been more than once stunned with the noise, I just took it into my head to repeat the call."

From Norway he advanced into the country of the Laplanders, and traversed on foot the land extending to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. He then returned to Denmark, still under an assumed name; but having made up his mind not to serve against France, he declined an invitation to join the army of the Prince of Conde. But the condition of things in France was horrible, and he had to taste of its bitterness. His father had died upon the scaffold, his mother had been imprisoned at Marseilles, and his two brothers had been imprisoned at Marseilles, where they were treated with republican cruelty. The Duke still contrived to evade pursuit; but this only rendered him a stronger object of suspicion to the men of blood. At length, a communication was opened between the Directory and the Duchess of Orleans, stating that if she could find out her eldest son, and induce him to leave Europe altogether, and go to America, her own condition would be rendered more tolerable, the sequestration removed from her property, and his two brothers be permitted to rejoin him. To this proposal the Duchess assented, and wrote him a letter recommending its acceptance, and adding:—"May the prospect of relieving the sufferings of your poor mother, of rendering the situation of your brothers less painful, and of contributing to give quiet to your country, recompense your generosity."

His answer was in the spirit of filial duty. He acceded to her request, and concluded by saying, "When my dear mother shall receive this letter, her orders will be executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States."

The ship "American," Captain Ewing, a regular trader between Philadelphia and Hamburg, was then lying in the Elbe, preparing for her departure. The Prince passing for a Dane, engaged his passage for the usual amount, (at that time thirty-five guineas.) He found here some of the natural inconveniences of secrecy. Being anxious to avoid observation in Hamburg, he asked permission of the captain to be received on board, and remain a few days before his departure. This demand made the captain conceive that he was embarking an escaped swindler; but, after some reluctance, he complied. Late in the night before the ship sailed, when the Prince had gone to bed, an elderly Frenchman who was to be his only fellow-passenger, came on board. This old personage not only found fault with everything, but was shocked at finding that his little English could not help him. He called for an interpreter, and in the morning seeing the Prince, and telling him that "he spoke French very well for a Dane," installed him in the office. This curious personage, a French planter, returning to St. Domingo, probably helped to lighten the weariness of the voyage to him by the employment. The vessel reached the Delaware after a passage of twenty-seven days.

On nearing the American coast, the Prince told the captain who he was, and the captain returned this confidence by another—the acknowledgment that he had supposed him to be committed in some gambling transaction, which compelled him to fly from Europe! The old gentleman, however, was left in ignorance until he heard the news in public, when he called to express his surprise, and to pay his congratulations.

Philadelphia was at this period the seat of the Federal Government, with Washington for its President. The Prince's two brothers had arrived after an exhausting passage of ninety-three days, which alarmed him with the idea that they had been lost, or again seized by the Directory. The three young strangers were presented to Washington, who invited them to Mount Vernon. The King describes his manners as they have been described by others—he was comparatively silent, methodical in his division of time, and careful in its use. The arrangement of his household was that of a wealthy Virginia gentleman of the old school—unostentatious, comfortable, and leaving his guests to fill up their hours as they thought fit, but at the same time providing whatever was necessary for pleasant employment. One morning, after the usual salutations, the Prince asked him how he had slept on the preceding night. It is probable that his thoughts might have turned upon the evils of the republican press. "I always sleep well," said he; "for I never wrote a word in my life which I afterwards had reason to regret."

From Mount Vernon the brothers set out on horseback, with nothing but their saddle-bags to supply them, during a journey through the "western country." Washington gave them an itinerary, and they penetrated the country to a great extent—in those days of the Wilderness and the Indian, a bold enterprise. This excursion took up four months, and they travelled about three thousand miles. A fragment of a letter from one of the brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, gives a formidable conception of their experience. It is written to his sister, the Princess Adelaide of Orleans:—

"To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I shall tell you that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves, and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef and Indian corn bread."

At New York, they learned that fortune had not yet grown weary of persecuting their family, a decree having been issued for the expulsion of all the Bourbons from France. The Duchess of Orleans was then driven to take refuge in Spain, where her sons now prepared to join her. But the American seas being obstructed by French vessels, they set out for the Havannah. On the way the Prince exhibited his skill in the art of surgery, so much to the admiration of a party of settlers, going to the west, that they proposed to him to go along with them, and offered him the appointment of surgeon to the village!

They embarked from New Orleans in an American vessel for the Havannah. On their passage they were chased by a frigate under the tri-coloured flag. This was an anxious moment; for, if found on board the American by a ship of the Republic, they could expect nothing but to be carried to France, and there to share the common fate of the French nobility. But, to their great joy, they found that the frigate was English—were welcomed on board by the gallant captain, treated with the attention due to their rank and misfortunes, and by him carried to the Havannah.

On his return to Europe, the Duke found his relatives, the Royal Family of Naples, in Sicily, fugitives like himself. There he married their eldest Princess, to whom, after a union of thirty years, he exhibits unabated respect and attachment.

Louis-Philippe is fortunate in his family. They are the finest that Europe has seen since the memorable promenades of the sons and daughters of the excellent George III. on the terrace at Windsor: perhaps the handsomest assemblage of youth and beauty, from one parentage, ever known. The Duke of Orleans is now thirty. He is tall, and, though of a rather slight figure, well made, and graceful in his movements. His countenance is handsome. He is also an accomplished person, speaks English and other tongues with fluency, and is well informed on the general topics of the time. Without taking any part in the politics of the legislature, and, indeed, scrupulously keeping aloof from all opposition to the throne, (a rare circumstance among heirs-apparent,) he performs, in some degree, the office of a Viceroy, sometimes attending the armies, sometimes making progresses through France; and, on all occasions, ready to be present wherever either public tumult or the royal will demands the activity of an intelligent and manly protector of the peace of the kingdom. The Duchess of Orleans, a princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is a tall and handsome woman; sufficiently acquainted with literature, of which she is fond; animated and affable in conversation; and, though a Protestant, possessed of sufficient good sense to avoid the dissensions in which a feebler understanding must be immediately involved.

The four younger sons are the Duke of Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duke of Aumale, and the Duke of Montpensier. The King knows the value of activity in turning men to many uses; and he, therefore, keeps them all employed as much as he can. The Duke of Nemours is a soldier, and has served in Algiers, where he has distinguished himself as much as any other of the French *braves*, in a war whose original injustice forbids all laurels to be reaped, and whose results, as undoubtedly they overthrew the old Bourbons, will be yet heavily visited on France. But this was not the war of the King. He found it a disastrous legacy of Charles the Tenth. The popular clamour alone insists on its continuance; and, probably, there is not a man living who would be more rejoiced to see it abandoned within the next twenty-four hours, than Louis-Philippe himself. The Duke is a brave and accomplished gentleman.

The Prince de Joinville is a Captain in the Navy. He has been exposed to fire at Vera Cruz, and has behaved with steadiness and judgment. He now commands the squadron which has been sent to St. Helena for the remains of Napoleon. The two younger sons are fine youths, well educated, spirited, and active. They are to be soldiers.

Such is the exchange which France has made for the absolute dynasty of the Bourbons—a race worn out among the antiquated follies of despotism, and corrupted by the Jesuitism which has so suddenly and subtly revived in Europe. France, under her existing sovereign and his children, would have the fairest prospect of national hope; but the bitterness of Jacobinism is let loose again; and, under pretext of insults to the national honour, is preparing to assail the throne. Louis-Philippe now stands in the high position of the defender of Europe against war, and against more than war—against Republicanism. He has integrity and intelligence; he has the noblest field for the exertion of the qualities of the monarch and the man; and every aspiration favourable to human happiness is involved in wishing him victory in the stupendous struggle for civilization.

GIBBON, the historian, while at Lausanne, in Switzerland, became acquainted with Mademoiselle Curchod, daughter of M. Curchod, Minister of Cressy—a young lady of great beauty, wit and virtue. He loved her—his father would not consent to his marrying a foreigner. She afterwards became the wife of the celebrated Neckar, of Geneva, Minister of France, and mother of Baroness de Staël.

Had he been permitted to marry agreeably to his wishes; the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' perhaps, had never been written, nor the works of the celebrated Baroness been given to the world; but the elegant historian might have escaped those infidel connections and principles by which his mind and his writings became subsequently poisoned.

SPECIMEN OF THE MODE OF LIVING IN OLD TIMES.

PERHAPS the following view of the manner of living in the fifteenth century, may amuse and instruct some young readers; it is a part of the journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Gray. She was afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth, and died in confinement at Southwark, under Henry VII., in 1468. This was extracted from an ancient manuscript, preserved in Drummond Castle, and communicated to the public by Lady Ruthven:—

"*Sunday Morning.*—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other dairy-maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

"*Six o'clock.*—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest. *Mem.* To talk with the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"*Seven.*—Went to walk with the Lady my mother, in the court-yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with the broken meat.

"*Eight.*—Went into the paddock behind the house, with my maid Dorothy; caught *Thump*, the little poney, myself, and rode a matter of six or eight miles, without saddle or bridle.

"*Ten.*—Went to dinner.

"*Eleven.*—Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile.

"*Threc.*—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burned down by accidental fire; John Grey proposed a subscription among the company, and gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent. *Mem.* Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

"*Four.*—Went to prayers.

"*Six.*—Fed the hogs and poultry.

"*Seven.*—Supper on the table; *delayed* till that hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune.

"*Nine.*—The company fast asleep. These late hours very disagreeable."

COWPER, the poet, in his Memoirs of his Early Life, gives an affecting instance of the benefit frequently derived from the recollection of some consolatory text of Scripture. It occurred while he was at a public school. "My chief affliction," he says, "consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. One day, as I was sitting alone upon a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind—'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirit and a cheerfulness, which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity—his gift in whom I trusted. Happy would it have been for me, if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me!"

THE NEGRO BOY.

DURING the American war, a gentleman and his lady were going from the East Indies to England. The lady died on the passage, and left two infants, the charge of which fell to a Negro boy of seventeen years of age. The gentleman went on board the Commodore's ship with which they sailed. There came on a violent gale, and the vessel in which the children were on board was the point of being lost; a boat was despatched from the Commodore's ship to save as many as they could; they had almost filled the boat, and there was just room for two infants, or the Negro boy. What did he do? He did not hesitate a moment, but put the children in the boat, and said, "Tell my master that Coffin has done his

duty;" and that instant he was received in the bosom of the ocean, never more to rise till the ocean and the graves give up their dead.

The late Queen Charlotte requested Mrs. Hannah More to write a poem on this incident; but she declined it, saying that no art could embellish an action in itself so noble.

TEMPER.—A bad temper, in a woman, poisons all her happiness, and "turns her milk into gall"—blights her youth, and brings on premature, fretful old age—palls all her enjoyments—banishes her friends, and renders her home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest of a home made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who, if afflictions cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his domicile—is happy in a companion whose temper is like the silver surface of a lake—calm, serene, and unruffled.

MARRIED,

At Wesleyville, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Hetherington, Mr. William Smilie, of Rawdon, to Miss Frances Ann Carr, of Wesleyville.

DIED,

At Lacolle, I. C., on the morning of the 21st December, after a very protracted illness, which he bore with all that patience and resignation which characterize the true disciples of the Saviour,—Patrick, son of the late Mr. Patrick Cottingham, Revenue Officer of Hollymount, County of Mayo, Ireland, aged 27 years.

POETRY.

SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree;
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
Ev'n such is man, whose thread is spun:
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes,
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes—and mortals die.
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
Ev'n such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dew ascends,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death—man's life is done.
Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing in the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream:
Ev'n such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's slung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides—man's life is done.

AGENTS FOR THE WESLEYAN.

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