

THE WESLEYAN.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."

VOLUME I.

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POETRY.

THE BIBLE.

By Anne Keble.

Hail! Holy Book! thy sacred page!
The living light, thy sacred page,
And every page with holy words
Teach us to love the Kingdom of God,
Whose Kingdom is not of this world,
But of the Father, who is ever with us,
And whose Kingdom is not of this world,
But of the Father, who is ever with us.

Eternal truths of Truth, thy voice,
Thy sacred page, and holy words,
The wayward way of thoughtless youth receive,
Whose hearts are cold, and souls are dead,
Whose hearts are cold, and souls are dead,
Whose hearts are cold, and souls are dead,
Whose hearts are cold, and souls are dead,
Whose hearts are cold, and souls are dead.

Hail Holy Book! while time his course pursues,
And earthly lights, their transient splendours lose,
While earth-born streams to trickling rills decay,
The spirit's food, with bread and buttermilk away,
Shall through thy consecrated channels pour,
Blaze the wide world, and spread from shore to shore,
Circumvent roll, with still unchanging sweep,
Its mighty volume to the boundless deep,
Till every wave, its vital influence feel,
And ocean tribes contain its power to heal;
Till clustered islands, raise the joyful song,
And sea-girt rocks, salvation's strains prolong;
Moses' law, with thankful hearts receive,
Adore his mercy, and his truth believe.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MEMOIR OF LADY CHICHESTER,

Of Youldon-House, near Barnstable.

By the Rev. John Smith.

LADY CHICHESTER was the youngest daughter of Sir James Hamlyn Williams of Clovilly-Court, and was born in the year 1798. About the year 1823, it would seem that the Holy Spirit unveiled to her mind the empty and unsatisfactory nature of what is called "worldly pleasure," and impressed her heart with the necessity of a life devoted to God, in order to happiness in this state, as well as preparation for a better; and faithful to the light imparted, she

"Gave this world of mine and drew,
With an unquenching earnest glow."

The death of a pious sister, Lady Barham, about five years before, was made the means, under God, of strengthening the impressions which she had already

received. This sister, when dying, presented her with a Bible. With such a gift, from such a giver, received at such a solemn season, she was deeply affected: her attention was turned to the sacred volume, and an interest in it excited which she had never before experienced. But as yet, as she has been heard frequently to say, she saw but as "through a glass darkly," and only beheld "man as trees walking," until she opened her school for preaching by the Wesleyan Missionaries, a circumstance in reference to which she has been heard to say, that she "should have to praise God on account of it for ever." The simple way of truth she then saw; in this way she came to the Saviour; and by believing on him with her heart into righteousness, she obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Assurance of the divine favour was a blessing she enjoyed for nearly three years; and, though frequently and powerfully exercised by painful temptations, she had learned to live by faith; and, however dark the cloud, her eye saw the rainbow, the promise of God; "I am with thee;" "I will keep thee in the hour of temptation;" "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and thus she was enabled to count it all joy when tempted, knowing that the trial of her faith was more precious than gold. (1 Pet. i. 7.) Her humility, arising from a consciousness of her own nothingness, and the majesty and mercy of God, was deep; and she was ready at all times to praise God for the good that was in her, and take the blame of what was evil or erring to herself, always feeling, and frequently expressing the pious sentiment uttered by St. Paul: "By the grace of God I am what I am." Her love to God was sincere, ardent and progressive; and from the conviction that this is the substance of the Christian religion, she earnestly sought, and in a measure enjoyed, that "perfect love, which casteth out fear." She delighted in the retirement of the closet; and, after the example of her Lord and Master, and in obedience to his express command, she often retired from the world, that she might alone converse with her heavenly Friend. To him she unfolded the workings of her heart; into his ear she poured her complaint, and was "heard in that she feared." Her secret chamber was always a Bethel, and frequently the scene of the most rapturous enjoyments; and He whose eye saw her in secret, rewarded her openly. Her delight was in the law of God, and in that law did she meditate day and night. Her acquaintance with the Scriptures was very extensive; and, in conversation with her, I have often felt pleasantly astonished at the readiness with which she could refer to any passage of Scripture bearing on any subject connected with experimental religion. And so anxious was she that others should have the sacred

treasure, that, on hearing of any person or family coming to reside in the parish, her first enquiry was, "Have they a Bible?" and if not, they were immediately supplied from her store.

She was a regular and devout attendant on public worship; and few professing Christians received greater profit from the ministry of the word. At this we need not wonder; for she came from her closet to the house of God, and heard the word of life in the spirit of prayer.

Her exertions in the cause of charity were limited only by her means. The fatherless, the widow, the lame, the afflicted, the poor, the ignorant, and those about to bring forth children in sorrow, were all of them the pensioners of her bounty and the objects of her care; yet so silent and unostentatious were her movements, and so careful was she to conceal her labour of love from public gaze, that in many cases it was only made known by its beneficial results: notwithstanding her delicate state of health, often would she disappear from the bosom of her family for hours together, for the purpose of finding out and feeding the hungry, instructing the ignorant, and administering to the comfort of the sick and dying. In this honourable career of practical benevolence, she was not urged on by the transient impulse of a heartless sympathy, but by that principle of charity, the elements of which are, love to God and man. Her personal piety and diffusive charity in a very eminent degree came up to the standard fixed by an inspired Apostle: "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." Strong as these statements may appear, they involve no sacrifice of truth. She is now beyond the reach of censure or applause; her record is on high; her work is with the Lord, and her judgment with her God. In what estimation she was held by the sons and daughters of affliction and want, their deep sorrow will best explain.

On the 12th of July she became the happy mother of a lovely child, and through the kind Providence of God, all the fearful anticipations of her family and friends as to the result were removed; nor had she, it would seem, any presentiment of so near and sudden a removal from this vale of tears.

On August 16th, it is thought she took a slight cold. She passed a sleepless night, and evidently in much pain. In the morning the young child was brought to her. She took it in her arms; and after earnestly and most affectionately imploring blessings for it from God, she expressed herself as unspeakably happy in the love of God, and said, "I have been enabled to pray for every one of my enemies, without one distracting thought; and from my heart I forgive them all, and hope to meet them in heaven." Throughout the Sabbath, her mind was preserved in a calm, serene, thankful state. The next night (the one preceding the morning on which she died) she was restless, and suffered much pain, but was frequently heard to say, "There is a *needs be* for every pain." "My Father will not lay on me more than I can bear. Father, thy will be done." In the morning she became suddenly worse, and had great difficulty in breathing.

Her husband was hastily sent for into the room; but she only breathed a few times, and then, without one struggle, she exchanged mortality for eternal life. She died on the morning of the 18th of August, aged thirty-six.—*Wesleyan Magazine*.

HISTORICAL.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM. By an American.

A BRIGHT and beautiful morning on the 15th of August, 183—, found us at anchor off the ancient Joppa, the celebrated Port of the holy city; here the merchants of Judea obtained their rich cargoes from the coasts and isles of the Mediterranean, and Solomon received from Tyre, the timber for the Temple, that great sanctuary of the living God. Within this narrow bay, Noah erected the ark of gopher wood, and embarked upon the roaring deluge—that world of mighty waters; and Jonah, when directed to the holy city of Ninevah, fleeing from the presence of the Lord, sought for refuge in the harbour of Joppa, on board a ship bound to Tarshish, on which voyage he was delivered to the whale. This city, considered one of the most ancient in the universe, contains a population of fifteen thousand; a recent earthquake, we understand, has almost entirely destroyed it. Built up of narrow streets, with dingy gray stone hovels, choked with filth, and swarming with vermin, it presented little, apart from its biblical recollections, to interest the traveller; but our reflections, as pilgrims to Palestine, dwelt not upon the sculptured column, or marble portico of the present day: our anxiety was to behold the actual scene of an Almighty's glory, the harsh yet hallowed sites of a world's redemption. The city with its once splendid fortunes has also changed its name, and is at present, by both Turk and Christian, styled Jaffa. Within the bay, upon whose placid waters, our pilgrim sails were furled, there also floated an Egyptian ship of the line and two frigates; their sides and stern were richly carved and gilded, while the red colors, with the crescent of Mahomet, waved proudly in the breeze from their lofty peaks.

On the fifteenth, the Turkish Admiral, surrounded by his oriental suite, visited our vessels in all the pomp and pageantry of the luxurious east; the starred banner of a new world waved over a chieftain of the Koran, and the thunder of the—'s artillery rolled far over the hills and plains of Palestine; the national anthem swelled in lofty sound along the holy sea, while the denizen of America did honor to a lord of Egypt.

On the evening of the same day, the family of the Commodore, with a large party of officers, including individuals of each grade, left the ship on a pilgrimage to the eternal city. After considerable difficulty, created in a great measure through the imbecility of the American agent at Jaffa, (an ignorant Frenchman, since removed,) we were at length enabled to proceed, mounted on a motley collection of Arabian steeds, Syrian ponies, asses, mules and camels. While the cavalcade were arranging some necessary preliminaries, I paid a visit to the convent wherein the infected and dying soldiers of the French army were personally attended by their victorious chief. It was the only object within the dark and wretched Jaffa then worthy of any notice.—In the wide plain beyond the gate the wild flowers grow over the sad slaughter house of the Syrian troops—Napoleon's summary punishment for a violated promise. We rode over this stern scene of military execution, on whose blood-stained sods the murderous cannon mowed down crowds of unresisting victims, while the merciless bayonet completed the fell work of destruction. What had the world won by this terrible and bloody butchery?—another blot on the long dark catalogue of human guilt. While

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gazing on this scene of wo, we were surrounded by a troop of natives, bearing in the midst a party of dancing boys, whose violent contortions, and dreadful antics kept time with a shattered tambourine and discordant drum; the harsh gutturals and furious singing of these wild, half-naked harpies, a parcel of soiled red feathers dangling from their selfish locks pictured before us the demoniacal scenes of Tasso's *Furioso*, as they yelled and chaunted over this once gloomy scene of death and despair. We left the gates of Jaffa, escorted by a Turkish guard arrayed in all the glittering magnificence of Ottoman splendour, snow white garments, loose and free—a profusion of turban binding their swarthy brows, and small golden crescent glimmering on their breasts. These fierce mounted horsemen carried a javelin in the right hand, gem adorned pistols at the saddled bow, and a gun slung across the shoulder, with a silver-mounted scimitar pending from an embroidered girdle. Their steeds were remarkably handsome, and splendidly caparisoned; tails tracing the sand, and manes waving in the wind. On the left of the road, as we wound along the plain, rode, at the head, and in command of our escort, and bestriding a large dun-colored Arabian, an Italian renegade in the service of the Pacha—a man of “vast adventure,” who had fought with honor and renown amid the brilliant victories of the great Emperor; he commanded a regiment at the battle of Beresine, shouted for France at Waterloo, and was now leading across the wastes of Egypt, a band of orientals, the magnificent warriors of the east; he was a man apparently forty-five or fifty years of age with war-worn features, short curled black hair, long beard, with jet mustache, and dark pensile eyes; the whole countenance, though decided, was tinged with melancholy. His arms consisted of splendidly ornamented pistols, and an eagle-headed sabre—dressed *a la Turque*, at the head of his glittering array; exhibited the very beau ideal of eastern chivalry and romance: and, as he rode on restraining the wild and fiery steed whose prancing hoof and foaming bit required the careful spirit of a master to command, the dazzling images and splendid pageantry of the crusades were assembled before me, as on the very road, we were then pursuing, once swept the neighing steeds and enthusiastic followers of *Cœur de Lion* in all the glory of conquest and religion, shouting for the sepulchre.

Some few miles beyond the gates, we entered the vale of Sharon, where those beautiful flowers of Solomon still bloom as of yore. “I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the vallies.” Proceeding on my route, the scene became very monotonous and dreary, and the soil remarkably dry; but I was informed it produced crops of cotton, figs, olives, and limes, and occasionally large harvests of excellent grain. The day became exceedingly hot and sultry, and water could not be obtained to quench the intolerable thirst we all experienced: not a human being passed us on our way, but occasionally afar off, standing on an isolated rock, or clambering among the cliffs, some solitary half-naked Arab, with crook in hand, and long-eared, wild shaggy dog by his side, would be tending his goats. The scenery grew more desolate and lonely; the plain extending far away in the distance, without any object to break the stale monotony, or relieve the tired sight; not a human habitation could be discovered, and the casual appearance of the Arabs soon disappeared altogether. The impressive dreariness, however, which apparently oppressed the cavalcade, was in a great measure soon dissolved. Some Mahomedans prepared for one of these mock combats, which, at Constantinople, and in Persia, are conducted with so much splendor and eclat; the furious charge and shout, the commanding check and masterly retreat at the moment of terrible onset, were all enacted here with the usual grace and skill. The spacious plains were filled with the snow-robed chieftains; their tremendous yells rang through the air, while the sun, with meridian ray, flashed on

their arms, as hurling the javelin, they rushed away with the speed of lightning. By some mischance in the shock of a fight, a dark, furious looking fellow was thrown, “dashed thundering to the earth,” where he lay in his fanciful costume, the stern reality of Byron's beautiful image, “fallen Hassen lies, his unclosed eyes yet lowering on his enemy.” The turban torn from his shaven head, floated away with the breeze, exhibiting to the defiling gaze of the Christian dogs, the long raven lock cherished for the Houris in Paradise; while his face discolored with rage and dust, his garments rent, and the wild steed plunging riderless over the plain, breathed forth the poetry of an Oriental discomfiture.

As the sun declined towards the horizon, the caravan gradually closing, silently pursued the dreary road until about dusk, when a byepath conducted us to the decayed and dingy town of Kamba, the ancient Arimathen. We made our way through a crowd of admiring, half-naked Arabs, to the residence of a rich American, who received us very kindly, and prepared a most excellent supper, served up in the eastern fashion. Cucumbers stuffed, a la mode Oriental; assafuttda broils; spiced ragouts; whilst an immense dish of Pilau, (rice and boiled fowl, sprinkled with lemon,) sent up a savory steam from the centre of this rich profusion of Asiatic taste. Our kind host made every endeavor to arrange a bed for us; but the very large number of guests rendered futile his anxious exertions to accommodate all, and my companion and myself, on our return from a short walk through the Byssa, finding the berths pre-occupied, were compelled to make a soldier's shift with blankets on the floor, where independent of our uncomfortable position, we passed an indifferent night, being repeatedly roused by the loud and mournful howls of innumerable dogs collected in the long square immediately in front of the house; these animals recognise no master, and stray in immense numbers within the walls and in the outskirts of all eastern cities; they are extremely voracious and cunning, and at night-fall penetrate into the more populous regions in quest of prey, where their snappish barks and dreadful cries resound through the lonely streets in frightful concert.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS FOR MEN OF GENIUS.—Homer was a beggar; Plutus was a miller; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in prison; Rogerce starved; Tasso had not money enough to purchase candles to write by; Cervantes died of hunger; Benteroglia was refused admittance into a hospital which he had formed; Agrippa died in a workhouse; Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts; Camons ended his days in an almshouse; Bacon lived in distress; Raleigh and Moore ended their days upon the scaffold; Le Sage never knew comfort in pecuniary matters; Spencer died in want; Collins went mad from the world's neglect; Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds sterling, in three instalments, and died in obscurity; Dryden died in distress; Otway died prematurely, and in want; Lee died in the streets; Steele was dogged by the bailiffs; Goldsmith sold, through Johnson, the Vicar of Wakefield for a mere trifle, to release him from prison; Fielding lies without a stone to mark his grave; Savage died in Newgate, at Bristol, where he was detained for three pounds sterling; Butler “lived neglected and died poor; and the immortal Chatterton, in consequence of want, put an end to his existence in his eighteenth year.”

Scott says of the result of his early reading—“My memory of events was like one of the large old-fashioned stone cannon, of the Turks, very difficult to load well and discharge, but making powerful effect, when by good chance any object came within range of its shot.”

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

REMINISCENCES.

NO. I.

MANY circumstances have transpired, in years past, within these Provinces, eminently displaying the power of divine grace on the human heart and life, which, for want of a suitable periodical, have remained unpublished, and treasured up only in the memory of those who have witnessed them, and which are worthy of public notice and of being preserved:—I design, through the pages of the *WESLEYAN*, to make known a few of the instances of the above character, under the title at the head of this article, with the expectation of inducing others of superior qualifications to follow my example. The following account is from the pen of a pious Lady who has kindly furnished it, and relates to a *THANKSGIVING MEETING*, which took place at *Granville*, (N. S.) in 1820. Ministers and people of different denominations took part in the services, which were conducted with much harmony and profit. One of the Wesleyan Ministers mentioned, the *Rev. A. C. AVARD*, has long since entered into rest, after a brief, but useful ministerial career, whose memory still lives in the affectionate remembrance of many in *Nova Scotia* and *New Brunswick*: the other, the *Rev. W. CROSCOMBE*, still occupies the field as a tried and faithful champion of the cross. Since this "MEETING" through what varied changes and scenes has he passed! What different countries has he visited! In what different climates has he lived! To what different people has he preached the unsearchable riches of Christ! And yet by a kind and gracious Providence, he is permitted to return to the favoured Province of *Nova Scotia*, to employ the decline of life in making known the Sinner's Friend. I need scarcely say that his return is hailed with joy by his brethren in the ministry, and his numerous circle of friends. The narrative which follows, written with great elegance, will, doubtless, awaken in his mind, pleasing reminiscences, of many a year, and of many a scene gone by, and, to our readers generally, prove both interesting and profitable. It was originally written as a letter to a pious female acquaintance, which form it will still retain.

A. W. M.

L——, N. S., DECEMBER 20, 1820.

I WILL make no apology, my dear Mrs. P——, for not earlier availing myself of your kind permission to write, relying on your candour to believe, it has not proceeded from either want of inclination or esteem; yet I am constrained to acknowledge, I cannot fully exonerate myself from the charge of *procrastination*. This justly counted, "thief of time" has often stolen, and (alas! for me) still continues to steal away—tho' not always quietly—many a privilege and blessing; among the catalogue of which may be included your epistolary converse. But let the time past suffice—and, although so many days, and even months have elapsed, since I have enjoyed a personal interview, yet, in *mind*, it seems as if yesterday only you had left us, while in respect and affection you are still here. I shall therefore commence my letter as I should have done had I written a week after my return from the country. Your request I have for a minute detail of

my journey, and of the good done by the "Lord of the harvest," through the instrumentality of his faithful labourers in sowing the good seed, the word of life. To commence:—The two first days after I bade you farewell we travelled fifty-five miles on horseback. The weather was fine—the roads part of the way very bad. On the third morning, we journeyed five miles more, in gigs, for which accommodation we were indebted to the kindness and accustomed activity of the *Rev. Mr. Crocombe*, who, with a friend, rode on, that distance, and returned with this timely relief for us poor females. This brought us to the hospitable roof of *COLONEL VAN BAYARD*, at whose house we were to make our home. I am not certain whether you heard us mention this gentleman of singular piety and devotedness to God; I shall therefore take the liberty of introducing him to you (and most sincerely do I wish I had the pleasure of doing it in person). He is a half-pay officer, retired with his amiable family, and living at his own country seat in *WILMOT*—a gentleman of superior education, and for many years of deep piety. The morning on which we arrived was lovely, and the scenery picturesque and interesting—far beyond my feeble powers of description! Everything conspired to render this morning's ride delightfully impressive—under the care of our beloved pastor, *Mr. Crocombe*—two other friends of whom it might be said, they *walk with God*—in addition to which, two pleasing female companions. As we rode through the Colonel's grounds, some miles from the house, the blue smoke was rising and gracefully curling from the chimneys of several neat little cottages, occupied by the Colonel's tenants. Scarce a breath of air disturbed the still scene!—while the eye was alternately relieved by beautifully shelving wood—or hill—or dale. The glorious luminary of the morning was just rising to shed his cheerful and mellowing beams on all around! The sparkling dew weeping itself away beneath his fervid rays—while it rose again in soft exhalation from the earth, adding increased beauty to the already lovely view. All to me was more than interesting! It was one of those scenes which affect and awake the heart and every power and faculty of the soul, to a grateful, a *silent* adoration of the God of Nature! I felt,—if "these are thy works Almighty Father, thine this universal frame thus wondrous—thyself how wondrous then!" I gazed on either side, as we passed along, lost in silent admiration, till our good pastor aroused my attention, and unsealed my lips, by pointing me to the *Mansion of Peace*, whose roof was just peeping above the thick foliage of surrounding trees. I could have wished my journey prolonged, had I not looked forward to its termination, as a means of affording me a pleasure, far superior to any I had yet enjoyed—that of seeing and conversing with one of whose excellencies I had so often heard: and, when the favour was allowed me, and my eyes beheld, and my ears listened to the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth, I was constrained to acknowledge, the *half* had not been told me. But to return. Though at so early an hour, the master of the mansion was walking in the fields to meditate. As we drew nearer, the trampling of horses awakened his attention: we were at a considerable dis-

tance, but coming up to the gate—happily surprised—surprizing one another with slow and a few more large white—it stood which its good man love were he exclaim utterance—dear Brethren was some hoary-hair and a ble locks

In a short drawing room wife and I imagine we eminent presence, and love to the grace and upon the same of of this venerable tears, and such character seems to of heaven "peace a wrapped, temptation a little child some, "T accountab of this exc sense seen Now my c for detaini cies of one will in this heart now the Gospe world abo mutual sa and love!

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rance, but perceived he recognized us as travellers coming up to worship with him in the great congregation—he paused for a moment in apparent pleasing surprize—then lifting up his eyes to heaven and raising one hand in devout adoration, while, with the other wrapping his plaid around him, he advanced with slow and steady step to welcome our arrival. In a few moments we had alighted, and approached the large white gate which led up the avenue to the house—it stood *open*, emblematical of that hospitality for which its gracious owner, is so conspicuous. As the good man advanced to nearer view, tears of joy and love were streaming down his venerable cheeks, and he exclaimed with emotion which almost choked his utterance—“Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, my dear Brethren, I am happy to see you.” His figure was somewhat enfeebled by age, which in addition to *hoary-hairs* gave force to his truly Apostolic appearance and salutation,—and truly, on him these venerable locks appeared as a “crown of glory”.

In a short time we found ourselves seated in the drawing room, and were introduced to his amiable wife and family. My eyes for that morning you may imagine were drawn by a powerful charm towards this eminent saint. I could not but be humbled in his presence, and feel my own nothingness, and littleness of love to that Source of all goodness, whose boundless grace and mercy seemed so deeply to affect, and dwell upon the heart and lips of this his servant. At the name of our Saviour, and mention of his dying love, this venerable man's eyes would constantly fill with tears, and often bedew his cheeks. I have read of such characters, but never before saw such a one: he seems to live in a view of eternity, and on the verge of heaven! His soul constantly abounding with “peace and joy in the Holy Ghost,” and appears wrapped, and continually absorbed in heavenly contemplation,—while in simplicity and humility, he is as a little child. I do not wonder at his being styled, by some, “The Fletcher of the present day.” I felt my accountability for the privilege of being under the roof of this excellent man, and the *little things* of time and sense seemed to sink more than ever in my estimation. Now my dear Mrs. P——, what apology shall I make for detaining you so long by dwelling on the excellencies of one, whom you never saw, and perhaps never will in this world? I will make none—believing your heart now embraces him as a brother in the bonds of the Gospel, and that you will hereafter meet in the world above, and with him, unite in ascribing your mutual salvation to the *same* plenitude of divine grace and love!

But to digress no further. That day, which was Saturday, we rested at Colonel Bayard's. On the sacred morn following, at an early hour, we all sat off for Granville, which is twenty-four miles further, where the General Meeting was to be held. “Still was the morn of this hallowed day!” The sun, which rose in a thick mist, soon, by the brightness of his own beams, dispelled every intervening cloud, and shone, at length, in meridian splendour,—as if ominous of the invigorating rays of light and love from the Sun of Righteousness, about to be shed on the souls then assembling to worship their Creator. It was truly a pleasing and

affecting sight to see people, at so early an hour, gathering in crowds from every quarter—some perhaps from the distance of fifty or sixty miles—most of them twenty or thirty—all with serious faces, and many whose countenances bespoke they desired a blessing to their souls. We passed on the roads many waggons with four horses, loaded as full as they could hold with men, women, and children—gigs innumerable, with most frequently three or four persons in. It was a morning calculated to inspire deep reflection! and I have no doubt, the incense of prayer and supplication, warmly ascended from the hearts of very many on the road, that day, for the presence of the Lord, and the outpouring of his Holy Spirit!

At about half-past ten, we reached the place of worship. The Chapel, though large, could not contain three thousand souls (the number computed to have assembled). It was therefore deemed expedient, that the bread of life should be dispensed to those without doors, as well as to those within, which was accordingly done. The service was commenced by a Baptist Minister, with singing and prayer, previous to the sermon, after which an impressive exhortation was given by a Local Preacher. There was then a short intermission: but the people seemed neither inclined to leave the chapel, nor disperse even for a season. Service was therefore shortly resumed, and the Rev. Mr. Crosscombe, delivered a solemn and impressive sermon from these words, “*And they that were ready went in, and the door was shut.*” A deep impression was made on the hearts of many under this discourse. After a succeeding exhortation, the people were requested to repair to their respective friends' houses to receive bodily refreshment, which was abundantly provided for all by the inhabitants of Granville. The greatest order and regularity were maintained; and in about an hour, the house was again filled with many hungering for the bread of life, and others, who, being convicted in their consciences from what they had already heard, were ready to cry out with the trembling Jailer, “What must I do to be saved!” Service was held till about nine in the evening. Sermon and exhortation, singing and prayer were alternately interspersed. The neighbourhood provided comfortable lodgings: and at nine o'clock the next morning, the same concourse of people assembled again. The meeting continued for three days—the weather was uncommonly fine—the people still manifested an unwillingness to disperse—all were at least serious—most apparently devout—many engaged with God for his blessing.

On the *second* day, an increased work of *deep conviction* took place in many souls while under the word, which on the *third* day was matured to *sound conversion*, enabling them openly to testify that they had found redemption, even the forgiveness of all their sins, through the blood of Jesus Christ by believing on His name. It was difficult in such an assembly, to ascertain exactly, the number of those who experienced conversion: but I heard of *six* females, two of whom were sisters, and were “*born again*” within a half hour of each other. I *heard* them weep, and praise God with joyful lips, but did not *see* them, so great was the crowd. I was told the sight was affect-

ing beyond description. They embraced and wept over each other, rejoicing that they were allied by the tenderest and firmest bonds of Christian love, *Sisters in Christ!* In others, was the divine prediction, literally fulfilled, "And it shall come to pass in those days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy." I remember to have heard one young woman, on being brought into the liberty of God's children, after pouring out her soul in praise, beseech and intreat those around her, in the most solemn and moving language, to seek the same salvation,—setting forth the love of her Redeemer, and his willingness to receive all who would come unto him, and warning others, by an exact quotation from some of the most awful passages in holy writ, especially from Malachi, including the first verse of the fourth Chapter, to flee from the wrath to come.

There was a young man, a *Sailor* also, who excited much interest. It seemed from his own simple relation, he, by the Providence of God, had, by some unforeseen circumstance, been cast on the shores of NOVA SCOTIA. His parents, (I believe now living in England) fearing and worshipping God themselves, had endeavoured to instruct their son in the same important duties. But, alas! for them, he hearkened not unto their counsels, and would none of their reproof, but hardened his heart from the fear of the Lord and stiffened his neck. In this undutiful and rebellious state, like the prodigal mentioned in Scripture, he left his father's house, and embarked on the mighty deep: but even *there*, the remembrance of his pious parents (and doubtless their *prayers* too,) followed him, and often caused many uneasy hours. But he was resolved, and struggled hard, to stifle these convictions, and still pursued the broad way which leadeth to destruction, trampling under foot the commandments of God, particularly the third and fourth. Thus unhappy and discontented, "like the troubled ocean, casting up mire and dirt," he wandered for several years, till at length, I believe, he was thrown out of employ, and being somewhere in the neighbourhood of *Granville*, and hearing there was to be a meeting held for preaching and prayer, he came—whether from curiosity, or led by some secret Divine impulse, I know not—the latter however I think most probable from the happy result—and on the first day, while listening to the word preached out of doors, was made deeply conscious of his lost estate through sin. His unhappy state of mind, so affected his body, which was robust and healthy, that he became pale as death, while the large drops of water, wrung from every pore by mental agony, rolled down his rough and distressed visage. His now feeble limbs would have no longer supported him, had he not been kindly aided by those who stood near. He was led into the chapel, apparently insensible to every thing in comparison of his awful condition in the sight of God: only uttering deep groans through the agony of his mind! He continued in this state two days weeping, almost despairing, yet earnestly supplicating divine mercy. During this period, prayer, without ceasing, was made for him. He seemed to have lost all fear of man in suffering the "terrors of the Almighty"; and frequently prayed aloud in the sincerity and bitterness of his soul

in such language as this:—Lord, have mercy on me a sinner! A vile sinner! O Lord have mercy on me and pardon me, though I have often blasphemed thy holy name! O save me from going down into hell! And more than once did he invoke forgiveness for disobedience to his parents, and entreat the blessing of heaven, upon them, in return for their advice and good instruction to him,—at the same time in apparent anguish bewailing he had not listened to the admonitions, particularly of his "*dear mother*". He continued in this state till the third day, when at the conclusion of a powerful discourse, by the REV. MR. AVARD, from, "*Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Lord Jesus,*" &c.,—he rose up, and with a loud voice, expressed himself in these words as nearly as I can recollect—"My friends, I must beg you to bear with me while I speak, and tell what God has done for my poor soul:—I have been a great sinner,—guilty of every sin deserving hell—but the Lord has had mercy upon me, and convinced me of it, and, I believe, now, for Christ's sake, God has pardoned all my sins. I believe I should offend his Holy Spirit, and the stones would cry out, if I held my peace,"—concluding with an earnest prayer, that the Lord would help him *now*, and make him faithful to his grace. What an incitement is offered, in the account of this young man, for pious parents, to follow their children, even though they are rebellious, with their prayers, and to besiege the throne of grace, that their offspring may be made partakers of like salvation with themselves: and what encouragement to hope, though they should see no *immediate* fruit of their labours, that the "effectual, fervent prayer" of *such* a parent shall not be in vain. I have been more minute and circumstantial in this little narrative, than perhaps I should have been, (although my feelings have been deeply interested), had I not recollected, hearing you say, (and having a similar predilection myself) you always felt peculiar interest in that useful, but oft neglected class of fellow mortals, called *Sailors*.

I have given you now, my dear Madam, an account of some of the good effects resulting from this Meeting: but it would be almost impossible to ascertain every instance. However, there is no reason to doubt, that much good seed fell into good ground, and will be seen at some future period, "springing up unto eternal life". The Labourers in the vineyard were not only encouraged in their master's service, by receiving souls for their hire, but abundantly watered and refreshed in their own souls, by the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "Lo, I AM WITH YOU!" There was nothing like party spirit to be observed by difference of denomination or sect: all was apparently love and harmony—none saying that "ought of the things to be possessed was his own".—And now my dear Mrs. P—, if this historical epistle affords you any gratification, I assure you, it will give me pleasure. The hope of this has induced me to write, more especially as my letter contains chiefly a statement of facts. Knowing your catholic spirit, I have often regretted you could not have been with us,—I believe it would have been quite a feast to your heart, and that you would have felt yourself at home, in the company of your Christian friends.

Your's affectionately,

C. A. N.

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THE EXPOSITOR.

AND AS MANY AS WERE ORDAINED TO ETERNAL LIFE BELIEVED.—ACTS XIII. 48.

THIS text has been most pitifully misunderstood. Many suppose that it simply means, that those in that assembly who were *fore-ordained* or *predestinated* by God's decree, to eternal life, believed, under the influence of that decree. Now, we should be careful to examine what a word means, before we attempt to fix its meaning. Whatever *Tetlagmenoi* may mean, which is the word we translate *ordained*, it is neither *proselagmenoi* nor *prorismenoi*, which the Apostle uses, but simply *tetlagmenoi* which included no idea of *pre-ordination*, or *predestination* of any kind. And if it ever did, it would be rather hazardous to say, that all those who believed at this time were such as actually *persevered unto the end*, and *were saved unto eternal life*. But, leaving all these precarious matters, what does the word *tetlagmenoi* mean? The verb *tallo* or *lasso* signifies to *place, set, order, appoint, dispose*; hence it has been considered here as implying the *disposition* or *readiness of mind* of several persons in the congregation, such as the *religious proselytes* mentioned verse 43, who possessed the reverse of the *disposition* of those Jews, *who spake against those things, contradicting and blaspheming*, verse 45. Though the word in this place has been variously translated; yet of all the meanings ever put upon it, none agrees worse with its nature and known signification than that which represents it as intending those who were *predestinated* to eternal life: this is no meaning of the term, and should never be applied to it. Let us without prejudice, consider the scope of the place: the Jews contradicted and blasphemed; the *religious proselytes* heard attentively, received the word of life: the one party were utterly *indisposed*, through their own stubbornness to receive the Gospel; the others, destitute of prejudice and prepossession, were glad to hear, that in the order of God, the Gentiles were included in the covenant of salvation through Christ Jesus; they, therefore, in this good state and order of mind, believed. Those who seek for the plain meaning of the word, will find it here: those who wish to make out a sense, not from the Greek word, its use among the best Greek writers, and the obvious sense of the evangelist, but from their own creed, may continue to puzzle themselves and others; *kindle their own fire, compass themselves with sparks, and walk in the light of their own fire, and of the sparks which they have kindled; and in consequence, lie down in sorrow*, having bidden adieu to the true meaning of a passage so very simple, taken in its connexion, that one must wonder how it ever came to be misunderstood and misapplied.—*Adam Clarke*.

FOR there are certain men crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to this condemnation, ungodly men, &c.—Jude 4.

THE word which is here rendered "ordained," is literally *fore-written*; and the word rendered "condemnation," signifies *legal punishment or judgment*. The passage means, therefore, either that the class of men spoken of had been *foretold* in the Scriptures, or that their punishment had been there formerly typified, in those examples of ancient times of which several are cited in the following verses; as Cain, Balaam, Korah, and the cities of the plain. Mr. Scott, indeed, very well interprets the text, when he says, "The Lord hath foreseen them, for they were of old, registered to this condemnation; many predictions had, from the beginning, been delivered to this effect." But when he adds, "Nay, these predictions had been *extracts*, as it were, from the registers of heaven; even the secret and eternal decrees of God, in which he had determined to leave them to their own pride and lusts, till they merited and received their condemnation," we may well ask for the proof. All this is manifestly gratuitous; brought to the text, not deduced from it; and is, therefore very unworthy of a commentator. The extracts from the

register of God's decrees, as they are found in the Scriptures, contain no such sentiment as, that these abusers of the grace of God only, did that which they could not but do, in consequence of having been "left to their own pride and lusts;" and excluded, before they were born, from the mercies of Christ. If this sentiment is not in the "extracts," it is not in the original register; or else something is there which God, in his own revealed word, has not extracted, and respecting which the commentator must either have had some independent revelation, or have been guilty of speaking very rashly. On the contrary, in the parallel passage in 2 Peter, ii. 1-3, where the same class of persons is certainly spoken of, so far are they from being represented as excluded from the benefits of Christ's redemption, that they are charged with a specific crime, which necessarily implies that participation in it, with the crime of "denying the Lord that bought them."—*R. Watson*.

MISCELLANY.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter in the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moon-light, and thro' the morning onwards to the noon-day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat or swallowed them up in his wrath."—Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on the earth blooms again in heaven."—Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke pre-figuring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled like the dew-drop, into Heaven.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

A PERSON, in high life, once went to Sir Eardly Wilmot, late Lord chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, under the impression of great wrath and indignation, at a real injury which he had received from a person high in the political world, and which he was meditating how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardly, if he did not think it would be *manly* to *resent* it! "Yes," said that eminent man to the bench, "it will be *manly* to *resent* it; but it will be *Godlike* to *forgive* it." The gentleman declared, that this had such an instantaneous effect upon him, that he came away quite a different man, and in a totally different temper from that in which he went.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—The following important intelligence, to all who take an interest in the progress of Christianity in the world, will be read with pleasure by them. A letter from St. Petersburg dated June 23, says—"We learnt from Pekin, where a mission from the Greek Church of Russia has existed since the time of Peter the Great, that upwards of 300,000 Chinese have embraced Christianity, and that there was every reason to believe that all persecution of Christians was on the point of ceasing. The Emperor himself is said to have studied Christianity, and to hold it in respect, while, at his accession to the throne, Christian blood was frequently made to flow. The rigorous laws against the Christians now exist only on paper, and their execution is intrusted to such Mandarins alone as are favourable to the Christians. The law of 1835, although in terms applying to all Christians was directed solely against the English, of whose political influence the Emperor began to be afraid. There are in China several vicariats, whose chiefs are to be found in Pekin, Nankin, and Macao"—*Paris Paper*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT SEA.

DEATH'S in the ship,
And the yellow flag waves on high;
Some are taking their last long sleep,
Or drawing their last deep sigh.

Death's in the ship,
And the cheek of the brave is pale;
For the life-blood has left that lip,
And the heart's red currents fail.

Death's in the ship,
But he rests in his hammock afloat;
We commit the dead to the deep,
And every head is bowed.

The waves' deep plash,
Speak the hasty ritual o'er;
And the crested billows dash,
As they dashed along before.

No more again,
Shall the dead and his messmates meet,
Till the sea gives up its slain,
To stand at the judgment seat.

But when the sound
Of the last dread trump we hear—
With the nations underground,
And all in the deep sea found
He and I will be surely there.

△

REVIEW.

A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands; with remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants. By JOHN WILLIAMS, of the London Missionary Society. London, 1837. pp. xviii. 590. 8vo.

(Continued from page 226.)

HAVING expressed our opinion of the work in general, we now proceed to lay before our readers some extracts from it, which, we have no doubt, will sustain the favourable views we have stated.

Of the Tahitian, Society, the Fiji Islands, also those called New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Solomon's Archipelago, New Britain, New Ireland, New Guinea, the Author says—

"These various islands and clusters are inhabited by distinct tribes, diverse from each other in appearance and habits; but principally by those of the negro race. They are men of immense stature, with black complexion, spreading noses, and crisped hair; distinct from those inhabiting all the islands to the eastward, who are distinguished by their light copper-colour, Malay countenance and straight hair.— (page 7.)

"The places to which the Gospel has already been conveyed from the Tahitian and Society Islands, are the Sandwich Island group, 3000 miles to the north of Tahiti, inhabited by a population of 150,000 souls; the Austral Islands, a group 400 miles to the south; —the Paumotu, the Gambier, and the Marquesan to the eastward;—together with the Hervey, the Navigator, and the Friendly Islands, to the westward. These various groups are inhabited by a population little short, I think, of 300,000 persons; the greater part of whom have abandoned idolatry, with all its barbarous practices, its horrid rites and superstitious customs. Their sanguinary wars have ceased; the altars of their gods are not now stained with the blood of human beings, offered up in sacrifice; and mothers have ceased to destroy their innocent babes. Captain

Cook and his scientific associates little thought, when observing the transit of the star, (Venus) that in a few short years the island (Tahiti) on which they stood, would itself shine resplendent, like a bright speck in the midst of the ocean, whence the light of salvation was to diverge in all directions over that mighty mass of waters." (p. 8.)

The commencement of the labours of the honoured and useful London Missionary Society, in these islands, is thus interestingly described: the extract is rather lengthy but we feel confident it will be perused with much interest, showing, as it does, the watchful care of a benign Providence over individuals, and societies of men.

"The fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society, began their labours upon an extensive scale. They purchased a ship, and sent out no less than twenty-five labourers to commence Missions simultaneously, at the Marquesan, Tahitian and Friendly Islands. The vessel returned, after a most successful voyage; the Missionaries having been settled, and every thing having succeeded according to the wishes and expectations of the friends and directors of the benevolent scheme. This, in a great measure may be attributed to the skill of Captain Wilson, whom God raised up, and by a series of events, almost without a parallel in the history of man, qualified to take charge of the expedition. When in India, after having rendered invaluable services to the British army, he was unfortunately taken by the French; and, upon receiving intelligence that Soffrein, had basely accepted a bribe from Hyder Ally to deliver the English prisoners into his hands, he determined to make his escape, which he did by leaping from the prison walls, a height not less than forty feet. In this flight, the vast Coleroon, a river full of alligators, obstructed his passage; but ignorant of the dangers he was encountering, he plunged into its waters, and swam to the opposite shore. Flattering himself that his perils were passed, and his liberty secured, he ascended an eminence to survey the surrounding country, when, to his terror and surprise, he was perceived by some of Hyder Ally's peons, who galloped towards him, seized him, stripping him naked, tied his hands behind his back, and fastening a rope to them, drove him to head-quarters.

"When interrogated by one of Hyder Ally's chieftains, he gave an ingenuous account of his escape from the prison at Cuddalore. The chieftain immediately charged him with falsehood, adding, that no mortal man had ever swam over the Coleroon, and that if he had but dipped his fingers in its waters, he would have been seized by the Alligators. Upon being convinced, however, of the fact, they all gazed at him with astonishment, and the Turk exclaimed, 'This is God's man!'

"After this he was chained to a common soldier, and driven naked, barefoot and wounded, a distance of 500 miles. He was at length loaded with irons of thirty-two pounds weight, and thrust into a horrible prison called the Black Hole; and while there, so great at times was the raging of hunger, that his jaws snapped involuntarily when his scanty meal was brought to him. Often the corpse was unchained in the morning, that another living sufferer might take its place, and fall by the same merciless treatment.

"That he should survive such accumulated misery for twenty-two months, is next to a miracle. At length the monster Hyder Ally was subdued, and the doors of the black Hole were thrown open, when, emaciated, naked, half-starved, and covered with ulcers, with thirty-one companions, who alone remained to tell the dismal tale of their sufferings, Captain Wilson obtained deliverance. At a subsequent period, when at Bencoolen, every European in the ship he commanded, died! Yet during all this time his

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"Having been successful in his mercantile pursuits, he resolved to return to England, and sit down content. With this view he embarked in the same ship in which the excellent Mr. Thomas, one of the Baptist Missionaries, was returning to England. Mr. Wilson being still an infidel in principle, had frequent disputes with Mr. Thomas, who one day remarked to the chief officer of the vessel, that he should have much more hope of converting the Lascars to Christianity than Captain Wilson; so deeply mysterious, at times, are the ways of Providence. But things impossible to man are possible with God; for at length, by a series of most interesting incidents, he was induced to abandon his infidel principles, and became an eminent and devoted Christian.

"After some years of uninterrupted enjoyment of the comforts around him, a number of the Evangelical Magazine, communicating some embryo views of the Mission to the South Seas, fell into his hands, which immediately gave rise to the suggestion, that if his services were either needful or acceptable, he would sacrifice his comforts, and without any prospect of worldly advantage, would embark once more upon the stormy ocean. Thus was this wonderful man raised up, and thus prepared to take command of this novel and important undertaking."—(9—12.)

The Mission-ship was shortly afterward despatched with a reinforcement of thirty additional labourers; but she was captured by a privateer. "The property was entirely lost; and the Missionaries, with their families, after suffering many difficulties, returned to England."

Whilst disasters attended this enlarged effort on the part of the Society, formidable difficulties opposed themselves to the success of those Missionaries already engaged in the work:—

"The Marquesan mission failed; at Tongatabu, some of the Missionaries lost their lives, and that mission was, in consequence of a series of disastrous circumstances, abandoned; those settled at Tahiti under such favourable circumstances, had, from fear of their lives, nearly all fled to New South Wales; so that after a few years very little remained of this splendid embassy of Christian mercy to the South Seas. A few of the brethren, however, never abandoned their posts; and others returned, after having been a short time absent, some of whom are still labouring with unabated devotedness in the cause to which they consecrated their lives."—(12—13.)

The faithful exertions of the devoted Missionaries who laboured subsequently at Tahiti, were, for many years, apparently fruitless, which added greatly to the pangs of disappointment. But after 16 years of anxious toil some fruit of their labour began to appear, and under very singular circumstances, the "work of conversion" at Tahiti commenced. These circumstances are thus related:—

"The Missionaries, at the time the work commenced, were driven away from the island of Tahiti by war, and cut off from all communication with it. Two native servants, formerly in the families of the Missionaries, had received, unknown to them, some favourable impressions, and had united together for prayer. To these a number of persons had attached themselves, so that on the return of the Missionaries to Tahiti, at the termination of the war, they found a great number of "pure *Atue*," or praying people; and they had little else to do but to help forward the work which God had so unexpectedly and wonderfully commenced."—(13—14.)

Discouraged by long disappointment the Directors had "entertained serious thoughts of abandoning the

Mission altogether;" but this measure was opposed, and a season of prayer for Divine blessing was appointed. Whilst letters of encouragement to the Missionaries were traversing the ocean in one vessel, "another ship was conveying to England not only the news of the entire overthrow of idolatry in Tahiti, but also the rejected idols of the people." The subsequent success is thus sketched.

"From that time to this one continued series of successes has attended our labours, so that island after island, and group after group, have, in rapid succession, been brought under the influence of the Gospel: so much so, indeed, that at the present time we do not know of any group, or any single island of importance, within 2000 miles of Tahiti, in any direction, to which the glad tidings of salvation have not been conveyed."—(15)

[To be continued.]

THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

CHINESE FEMALES.—Probably there are one hundred and fifty millions of females in the Chinese Empire, who are living without a knowledge of Jesus Christ and him crucified, immured in the walls of their houses, or doomed to work like slaves for a livelihood. They are moral and immortal beings, and as such are objects of commiseration to all Christian females who can reflect upon the high hopes which they themselves enjoy.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.—An authority, firm, but affectionate; decided, yet mild; imposing no unnecessary restraints; but encouraging every innocent freedom and gratification, exercised according to the dictates of judgment, and supported by rewards and punishments judiciously dispensed; is the best means of securing *good temper* in our children.

If a fault be glaring, it must be seriously taken up; but in the management of the temper, especially in early childhood, much may be effected by a system of *prevention*. A judicious attendant may avert many an impending naughty fit, by change of object, gentle amusement, and redoubled care to put no temptation in the way, if she observe any of her little ones weary, uncomfortable, or irritable. This, for instance, will generally be the case with children when they first awake. They should therefore, then be treated with more than common tenderness; never roused from sleep suddenly or violently; nor exposed to any little trials, till they have had time thoroughly to recover themselves. It is scarcely necessary to add how peculiarly this tender consideration is required, not only in illness, but under the various trifling indispositions so frequent in infancy.

Children ought not to be, unnecessarily, thwarted in their objects; which, at a very early age, they pursue with eagerness. Let them, if possible, complete their projects without interruption. A child, for example, before he can speak, is trotting after a ball; the nurse snatches him up at the moment, to be washed and dressed, and the poor child throws himself into a violent passion. Whereas, had she first entered into his views, kindly assisted him in gaining his object, and then gently taken him up, his trial would have been spared and his temper uninjured.

FAITH AND WORKS.—Deceive not yourselves, therefore, thinking that you have faith in God, or that you love God, or do trust in him, or do fear him when you live in sin: for then your ungodly and sinful life declares the contrary, whatsoever you say or think. Thy deeds and works must be an open testimonial of thy faith; otherwise thy faith, being without good works, is but the Devil's faith, the faith of the wicked, a fantasy of faith, and not a true Christian faith.—*Homily on Faith.*

SALVATION.—How are men saved by Jesus Christ? They are saved from darkness, by the light of his glorious gospel; from the guilt of sin, through his all-sufficient merit; from the pollution of sin by his cleansing blood; from the practice of sin, by the renewing influences of his Holy Spirit; and, in short, from suffering here and hereafter, by a restoration, through him, to the favour and image of God.—*Jonathan Edmondson.*

FAITH IN CHRIST.—Faith is a qualification requisite for the obtaining pardon; that is, a cordial, entire receiving Jesus Christ as he is presented to us in the Gospel; to resign our minds to his doctrine as our Prophet; to have reliance on his sacrifice and mediation as our Priest; to yield universal, cheerful, and constant obedience to him as our King.—*Dr. Bates.*

REMARKABLE PRACTICE.—An American Missionary states, that during almost seven years that he resided in Malta, he was witness on every Monday morning to an affecting and admonitory scene. A man passed through the streets, ringing a bell in one hand, and rattling a box in the other, crying at every corner, "What will you give for the souls? What will you give for the souls?" The women and children came out of the habitations of poverty, and cast their mites into the box. When it is full, it is carried to a neighbouring convent, to pay the priests for praying the souls of the dead out of purgatory! We exhort Protestants to "give money for souls" in a far different manner, by assisting Christian missions, and the circulation of the word of God.

THE HIGHLAND FISHERMEN.—Two Fishermen, a few years ago, were mending their nets on board their vessel on one of the lakes in the interior of Argyleshire, at a considerable distance from the shore, when a sudden squall upset their boat. One of them could not swim, and the only oar which floated was caught by him that could swim. His sinking companion cried, "Ah, my poor wife and children, they must starve now!" "Save yourself, I will risk my life for their sakes!" said the other, thrusting the oar beneath the arms of the drowning man. He committed himself instantly to the deep, in danger of perishing, for the safety of his companion. That moment the boat struck the bottom, and started the other oar by their side, and thus both were enabled to keep afloat till they were picked up. Surely this anecdote will tend to impress on the minds of Christians the too much neglected duty of "brotherly kindness."

NATURE AND GRACE.—Nature teaches us to quarrel with our neighbours; but grace teaches us to quarrel with ourselves.—*Berridge.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SINGULAR RESULTS IN THE CASE OF A YOUNG FRENCHMAN, FROM THE IMPERFECT RECOLLECTION OF AN EVANGELICAL DISCOURSE.—The following instance affords an admirable illustration of the providence and grace of God in preventing much evil, and producing extensive good, by what appears to us a small and insignificant means. I met with it while in Paris, and had an opportunity of hearing all the facts of it confirmed on undoubted authority.

A young man of fine talents and prepossessing appearance, had obtained a situation as secretary, to a General of the Swiss Guard. His associates were such as encouraged sceptical principles, and fostered habits of dissipation. His prospects in life were, however, clouded by the breaking up of this company, and he was compelled for a maintenance to descend to a somewhat lower situation in life. He entered into the service of a jeweller, in the capacity of traveller, in which large sums of money were entrusted to his care, and passed through his hands. Through some exigence arising through dissipation, or as is conjectured, from the fatal practice of gaming, he was tempted to abstract a part of his employer's property, and convert it to his own use. The tempter now had him fast in his toils: and he became from this time the prey of uneasiness, perturbation and fear. His guilt sat heavy on him, and his disturbed imagination painted to him the horrors of a discovery, apprehension and condign punishment. Sleep departed from him, and his whole bodily system underwent a change, favourable to the settled possession of melancholy and despondency of mind. In this state he formed a determination of seeking to end his troubles, by that too common resort in France of the duped and ruined votaries of vice and extravagance,—a plunge at night into the Seine. Behold him, having planned every thing necessary to the accomplishment of his fatal purpose, on his way to the spot. The night was dark, a thousand horrid thoughts brooded within him; he was certain of the discovery of his body in the morning, and the recognition of it at the *Morgue*, of the suspicion to which this would give rise, the examination of his accounts in consequence, the inevitable exposure of his villainy, the disgrace of his memory, and the degradation of his friends. His invisible foes were doubtless exulting at the thought of the speedy termination about to be made of his injurious career, and the arrears of vengeance for all his crimes which they should be commissioned to inflict. But a better influence was secretly making its way to his heart. The recollection of a discourse he had heard some time before, from an evangelical Protestant Minister in Paris, flashed across his mind, it had the effect of diverting his thoughts into a train of reflections directly opposed to the step he was meditating. He paused: he retired into a neighbouring *Cafe*: he sought to relieve his mind by that best of all relief to a wounded and shattered spirit, the disclosure of his case to another, and the solicited aid of his advice and sympathy. The very resolution dissolved the spell that bound him. He recollected the name of the minister; he penned a note to him, and despatched a messenger to make all due enquiry after him, and to bring him with him to that place. The devoted servant of God was soon at hand; he retired with him, and heard the whole of the unhappy youth's tale, concluding with the desperate intention which had thus been singularly arrested in its execution. The minister after considering the matter awhile, advised an immediate surrender of himself to justice. This was complied with, and the customary forms being gone thro', his punishment, in consideration of his voluntary confession and agonizing remorse, was mitigated to three years' imprisonment. He had, when I heard the account, endured the greater part of it.

It did not appear that any religious change, at this time, had taken place within his mind, beyond a

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vague impression of his folly and guilt, and a conception of the existence of a gracious Being who had restrained him from evil. But in the deep retirement of his cell, and during the heavy hours that passed away, he was led to serious thought and reflection on the subject of religion, aided, no doubt, by the counsel and suggestions of the excellent minister, who never forsook him. At this period, an incident occurred which fell in precisely with his state of mind, and appropriated the powers that had been so wonderfully preserved, in a direction that could never have been anticipated.

A benevolent Englishman, at that time in Paris, struck with the ungodliness of the place, and anxious to do what in him lay for the removal of it, suggested to a pious friend the expedient of translating one of our most popular works against deism and infidelity into the French language, for the purpose of gratuitous distribution, intending to defray the expense himself of a small impression. But a translator who understood both languages sufficiently well to be faithful, and yet spirited and elegant enough to please a Parisian ear, was a great desideratum. Our young prisoner was immediately thought of, as possessing, in an eminent degree the requisite qualifications; while the work itself, it was thought, if it could engage his attention, would agreeably beguile the remaining period of his confinement. He caught at the proposal, and entered into it with great ardour, but, at the same time with the greatest seriousness. The reading of the book repeatedly over, for the purpose of making himself well acquainted with it, ere he began to translate, was attended with the happiest effects. The doubts that had lingered in his mind, of the authority of revelation, fled like vapours before the rays of the morning sun. His labour now became his joy. The translation, when finished, being shown to competent judges, elicited the warmest approbation; and a society in this country for assisting in the distribution of religious works being applied to, by the friend already mentioned, to aid in the distribution, generously consented to patronize a large edition of it for that purpose. The young translator has craved permission to write a preface expressive of his own convictions and gratitude, and appealing to individuals of his class, on behalf of the claims of inspiration. The effects of this work, who shall trace? Who can tell to what noble ends, the existence thus preserved by the recollected fragments of a single discourse, may yet be applied? How wonderful is God in counsel! how mighty in working! "There are many devices in a man's heart, but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand, and He will do all his pleasure."—*English Periodical, Nov. 1837.*

CONVERSATION WITH A YOUNG SCEPTIC.—In a party of Christian friends, a young man was introduced, shrewd, well read, and amiable; but a professed sceptic! He had engaged a part of the circle in the details of the objections against Scripture. "How unlikely the story of the temptation, the universal darkness at the crucifixion, the dead coming out of their graves into the city, &c.!" Embarrassment sat in the faces of some, while others were endeavouring to make the account appear to be very probable.

I found it necessary to expose him. "You have doubts, then, Sir, respecting the Christian Revelation; may I ask the ground of these doubts, and to what parts they refer?" "To the whole," he replied, with a smile of apparent satisfaction and confidence.

"Nay, but we must descend to particulars. Do you doubt whether the books of the New Testament were written by the persons whose names they bear?"

"I do."

"Do you then believe that the works which are ascribed to Cicero and to Virgil, were written by them?"

"Certainly; they have been in the world a very long while; we can go back to very early editions of them, and these refer us to earlier ones still. And the learned have admitted them to be genuine. They could not have been written by other men, for they must have been clever men who wrote those works, and could not be unknown and deprived of their fair fame."

"Why" said one of the company, "we have just all these grounds for believing the Scriptures to be the work of the parties who are said to have written them; so we must take all or none."

The young man was silent.

"Then Sir, it seems pretty clear the books are genuine, what sort of persons do you suppose their authors to be? Were they bad men?"

"They might be," said he, "for aught I know."

"But could bad men be the authors of such a system of morality? I believe you can mention no vice which they have not reprobated in the severest terms, nor any virtue which they have not placed in the clearest and most attractive light. Were they impious fingers which drew such a portrait?"

"Well, they might have been very good sort of men, and copied their system from other works."

"But, if good, they were inspired, for they declare they spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; under the teachings promised them by their Master. Now, it is incompatible with the character of good men to lay claim to so high a matter, if they were not fully assured of its truth."

"Oh, they are a set of enthusiasts."

"Pray, Sir, what is enthusiasm?"

"Why,—it is a heated imagination, a set of wild incoherent notions; and this is what they have uttered."

"But what has this to do, Sir, with the facts which they relate? Enthusiasm does not deprive a man of eyes, ears, touch, memory. They declare what they saw, heard and felt; and being good men, the facts were so; the miracles they relate, did take place; then their author must have been divine; then their inspiration true; and the christian revelation imperishable."

"Well; he had his own opinions, he did not wish to press the subject further, nor to be so obtruded on the company."

"Nay, young man, you ought to be ingenious; you ought to own you were wrong. You have taken upon you to determine concerning a matter which you have not explained. Why not yield to conviction? Abandon sceptical modes of thinking; they have a direct tendency to beget captiousness and conceit; to destroy whatever is candid and generous in controversial warfare; to lead the mind to view questions of great and acknowledged interest to our whole species, with coldness, apathy, and distrust. In one word, the general and most valuable of our mental principles, become paralyzed and enfeebled by a constant habit of frivolous doubting and minute fastidiousness; as to the degree of evidence required to produce firm and internal conviction, on subjects of vital importance."

DODDRIDGE AND ROSSEAU CONTRASTED.—These names are well known to Society—Rosseau, all pride, selfishness, fury, caprice, sensuality; casting abroad firebrands, arrows, and death; possessing no rule of morals but his feelings; abusing the finest powers to the dissemination of, not merely objections against Christianity, but of the most licentious and profligate principles. Doddridge, all purity, mildness, meekness and love; ardent in his good will toward man, the friend and counsellor of the sorrowful; regular, calm, consistent; dispensing truth by his labours and his writings; living, not for himself, but for the comfort good to which he sacrificed his health and life.—*By Wilson.*

HON. ROBERT BOYLE.—His piety as a Christian and his fame as a philosopher were equally remarkable. The compass of his mind, the solidity of his judgment, the fertility of his pen, the purity of his mind, the amiableness of his temper, his beneficence to the poor and distressed, his uniform friendships, his conscientious aim at truth in all his pursuits and determinations, are all worthy of admiration and imitation. At an early age he examined the question of the Christian religion to the bottom, on account of some distracting doubts which perplexed his mind. Confirmed in the truth of Christianity, his whole life was a comment upon his sincerity. He was admitted to certain secret meetings,—but they were graced and enlightened associations,—before he had reached mature years, for canvassing subjects of natural philosophy, at a time when the civil wars suspended all academical studies, which led to the formation of one of the noblest institutions in the country. His disinterestedness and humility were such that he refused the provostship of Eton, and the honors of a peerage, that he might devote his time, and talents, and noble fortune to works of public utility and benevolence. His uniform regard to truth made him the example and admiration of the age. His tenderness of conscience led him to decline the most honorable office in the scientific world, because he doubted what the oaths prescribed; and his reverence for the glorious Creator, induced him to pause whenever he pronounced his name. From such a student we may expect truth. From such a Philosopher we receive with unmixed pleasure “A treatise on the high veneration which Man’s intellect owes to God; or a discourse on greatness of mind, produced by Christianity.”—*Bishop Wilson.*

SAYING OF CHRIST.—“*My burden is light,*” said the blessed Redeemer. A light burden indeed, which carries him that bears it. I have looked through all nature for a resemblance to this, and I seem to find a shadow of it in the wings of a bird, which are born by the creature, and yet support her flight toward heaven.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Wesleyan.
TO THE YOUNG.

(Continued from page 196.)

If on the other hand; God, has exalted you to greatness, or riches, or placed you in more favourable circumstances than the dependant or indigent, and others should bow in honour and respect according to your station in life; recollect that the same religious principles will guard you from that dangerous sunshine as from the former chilling blasts. Early piety will protect you from elation—presumption, and pride in this state, as from dejection, mourning, and complaint, in the former. It is certain that in all our stages through life a due attention to the great truths of the Gospel of Christ will teach us contentment in every station, and enable us to steer through life with ease and serenity, at least as much as the difficulties of our stations will admit. You will enjoy the purest pleasures and most satisfactory enjoyments; you will be a comfort to yourselves, a blessing to your friends, and an ornament to society; and what is of greater moment, and more satisfactory to the end of time; and as your conduct has thus been pleasing to God, you will be fitted to live with him for ever. It is good and very commendable to be acquainted with Divine Revelation, to possess a sound judgment in the important doctrines of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—of human depravity,—or of original sin—the divinity and atonement of our Redeemer—regeneration by the Holy Spirit—justification by faith—of the last judgment, and certainty of future rewards and punishments—a frequent perusal of the Sacred Scriptures, assisted by prayer, rightly understanding

and practically walking in all godliness, will guide and lead you into all truth; its divine influence will operate on your mind and produce that fruit unto holiness which will be acceptable through Christ. Begin early to unite yourselves to some religious society; the advantages arising therefrom are many. The weak are hereby made strong, the penitent comforted, and encouraged by hearing the experience of others. Love is begotten, and increased, and the young candidate, by conversing with those of long standing, is animated and assisted to persevere, and often prevented from returning to sin and folly. Many good resolutions, and desires, have not been reduced to practice, because they have stood alone; not uniting themselves with those who truly fear and serve the Lord. I would equally advise you to beware of falling into the fatal snare of observing externals, and a mere form of godliness for true religion; seek its graceful influences and its power; entreat the Lord to pardon your sins, and cleanse you from all unrighteousness; rest not satisfied until the Spirit witnesseth with your spirit, that you are born again, and that the regenerating grace of God has sealed you as his own. These blessings God is ever ready to impart, and this I can assure you from happy experience is the only true way to happiness here and eternal enjoyments hereafter. You may treat these plain but sincere admonitions with contempt, and probably conclude that they are the effusions of one now worn out, and nearly on the confines of the grave; and who may have spent many years in the pursuit of those follies he now condemns—allow me to answer, this is the reason why I admonish you to shun the rock on which I had nearly foundered.

If I have tasted of the pleasures of this life, and in my youth have acted inconsistently; I have been led by the grace of God, and with the assistance of his Holy Spirit to discover my error, and flee from the wrath to come; I have been made to see that there is no real pleasure under the sun, except seasoned by grace. Real happiness is only to be found in religion. Religion brings present and lasting happiness; it unfolds to us the great mystery of our redemption in Christ, our frailty and imperfection by nature; how to acquire holiness, and secure an eternity of joys,—inexpressible, and as yet unknown. I trust you will not, on the bare supposition of my having passed my youthful days in vanity, basking in the pleasures of time and sense; joining with the giddy throng, in vanity and sinful mirth, suppose I am unqualified as your adviser or friend. Reflecting in retirement, mourning at my ingratitude towards a merciful God, I discovered that the happiness I sought was mere phantom and delusion, and would ultimately end in anguish and despair. Possessed of this knowledge, and having enjoyed the goodness of God for several years, and experienced his saving power,—I do with the greater assurance (of his pardoning mercy) urge you to take the more heed, and while in the sunshine of your youthful vigour, remember your Creator; shun every appearance of evil, and never let the follies of others plead an excuse for your own: remembering, that every one must give an account of his own deeds, and stand individually at the bar of a just and holy God. Our parents and fore-fathers may have been pious men, persons particularly marked as just, upright, and holy; yet, my friends, religion is not hereditary, we cannot inherit their piety. Religion is a personal acquirement; and though we profess to believe as taught by our progenitors, yet if our principles are not equally consistent, our profession is only that of the hypocrite. I now, for the present, leave you to your own reflections, and to the covenant mercies of a just and holy God. He is ever ready to hear and answer the cry of every true penitent; praying that his grace may enable you to close in with the overtures of mercy, remembering, that now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

Windsor, Sept. 1838.

A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

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THE WESLEYAN.

HALIFAX, OCTOBER 8, 1838.

ON THE TRUTH OF THE GOSPEL.

At a time like this, when infidelity, with gigantic strides, ranges through the more enlightened nations of the world, what can be more worthy of the attention of mankind than an attempt to check its course? What can we urge the more effectually to accomplish that desirable object than the divine truths of the Gospel, imparted to man from the mouth of Divinity, and containing precepts every way worthy of the reverence and obedience of mankind, whether we consider them as the production of man's wisdom, or, as we are taught to regard them, the immediate commands of an omnipotent Deity? In both views they are perfect, adapted to the capacity of human beings, and yet containing all that is sublime and dignified. It is now thought a certain proof of wisdom to hold the volume of inspiration in contempt: be it so; let others boast of their wisdom; I confess I am willing to be accounted ignorant, if to know and acknowledge the divine force and noble truth of holy writ be ignorance. What can I gain by disbelieving the evidences of Christianity? What can I lose by obeying its injunctions? I answer nothing. I am amazed when I view the vast number of men who profess to disbelieve the truths of religion. It is impossible to behold all the accumulated proofs of Christianity without being convinced of their force,—a force to which no reasonable and really wise man will object. Let us consider its *establishment*: could a religion so opposite to the passions of men be established without the aid of worldly power, and be so firmly rooted in the hearts of its first possessors, that no torments, however severe and cruel, could compel those martyrs to recant, if it were not the immediate work of heaven? Let us consider the sanctity, the glory, and humility of a *Christian Spirit*. Heathen Philosophers have often raised themselves above the rank of their fellow-creatures by a more regular mode of life and morality, and by opinions which have some resemblance to the duties enjoined by Christianity, such as charity and universal good-will; but they have never accounted that quality a virtue which Christians denominate *humility*; indeed they have ever pronounced it incompatible with the other virtues they professed. It is the Christian religion alone which has been able to join together the practice of virtues, which, until its institution, were deemed so opposite, that they could not find a seat in the same bosom; and it is Christianity which has taught men that without humility, all other virtues show like faults in the human character. Let us in the next place, reflect upon the *miracles* of the scriptures: for number, infinite—upon the more than human grandeur and sublimity of the things they contain, and the noble simplicity, without affectation, without ostentation, which pervades the whole; the convincing character of truth which distinguishes them, and which the greatest efforts of human beings have not been able to remove or invalidate. Let us consider *Jesus Christ* of whom the Gospel testifies: none can deny that his

mind was of a most superior order, and of this he gave convincing proofs in his early infancy, before the doctors in the temple; and we know that, instead of endeavouring to cultivate those great talents by application and study, and the conversation of the learned, he passed thirty years of his life secluded from the world, and occupied in the practice of his father's trade. During the three years of his ministry he called to his service and chose for his Apostles men without learning, without knowledge, and without fame; he had for enemies those who passed for the most wise and learned, as well as the most powerful of his time. Is not this a strange conduct to be adopted by a person who wishes to establish a new doctrine? would any man have done this? Does not this very circumstance prove, beyond doubt, that it is the act of God? and with the same feelings, let us turn our attention to those *Apostles* so chosen by Jesus Christ as the Ministers of his Gospel: let us view them without learning, and then suddenly endowed with capacity and knowledge sufficient to confound the most skilful Philosophers, and with resolution to resist the evil machinations of all the worldly powers opposed to the establishment of that religion it was their duty to announce. Let us consider that mighty host of Prophets who succeeded to each other during the space of 2,000 years, and who predicted, in different ways, even to the last remarkable event in the life of our divine Redeemer, as well as his preaching, his death, his resurrection; they also foretold the conversion of other nations, and the obdurate disbelief of the Jews, their consequent dispersion, and the final establishment of Christianity. In the next place we are involuntarily led to consider the *accomplishment of the prophecies* of the servants of God. The accomplishment of these prophecies, so evident during the whole course of our Saviour's life, needs no arguments to enforce a belief of them; it is palpable, and supported by other evidence than that of the scriptures. What was the state of the Jewish people before and after the coming of the Messiah? before that event, flourishing and great, and after they had rejected him, miserable and degraded.

The long duration of the *Christian faith* requires our attention; from the very formation of the world it has been contemplated; by the prophets it was often alluded to—"I shall see him, but not nigh." &c.; and the thread is kept unbroken till the birth of Christ, brought down since then by the professors of its doctrines, Christ himself being the connecting tie. In the last place, let us turn our thoughts for a moment to the *sanctity* of our lovely faith, whose paths are peace, and who, after all this has been pointed to out him, will be so incredulous as to doubt of the truth of the Gospel? The Christian system alone is perfect; and every one who will be at the pains carefully to examine it, with a mind unbiassed by prejudice, and open to conviction, will be found to say, "Lord I believe help thou mine unbelief."—*W. H. Lance.*

How sad is the reflection, that youth with the freshness, vigour, and full developement, of physical and mental powers, should fritter away the best portion of existence, in grovelling and degrading pursuits, and glide down on the sluggish stream of pleasure, to the overwhelming vortex of eternal misery.—*Dewey.*

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARIES.

GUYSBOROUGH.—The Anniversary Meeting of this Branch Missionary Society, was held on Monday evening, the 31. instant, in the Wesleyan chapel. Francis Carr, Esq. was called to the chair, and presided on the occasion. In taking the chair, he delivered a very animated and interesting address. The Report was then read, and by its numerous details of missionary operations, evidently gave much satisfaction. The *First Resolution* was moved by the Rev. JOHN Mc MURRAY, from Sydney, Cape Breton, whose able and eloquent speech, produced a deep impression on the minds of the auditory: this Resolution was seconded by Mr. C. JOST. The *Second Resolution* was moved by the Rev. RICHARD KNIGHT, Chairman of the District of Charlotte Town, P. E. I.: the Speech of the Rev. Gentleman was characterized by depth and research, soundness of reason, and eloquence of appeal, and went far to produce that good feeling which evidently pervaded the meeting. This Resolution was seconded by Mr. W. MOORE. The *Third Resolution* was moved by the Rev. A. W. McLEOD, and seconded by W. O. HEFFERNAN, Esq. The *Fourth Resolution* was moved by Mr. DAVID JENNINGS, and seconded by Mr. EDWARD CUNNINGHAM. The Missionary hymn by Bishop Heber was sung whilst the collection was being made, and produced a good effect. The collections and subscriptions given in on the occasion, amount to about £32; to which it is expected a respectable increase will be added. The Anniversary Sermon was preached on the previous (Sabbath) evening, by the Rev. R. KNIGHT. Preceding the Sabbath, a Protracted Meeting, on a small scale, was held. The services in connection therewith, were interesting and profitable. On the whole, the friends of Wesleyan Methodism here, were much gratified with the services on this hallowed occasion; and the increasing and lively interest they take in the prosperity of Wesleyan Missions, shows, that they are not actuated by the charm of novelty, or hope of temporal profit, but by a conviction of duty and privilege. May this interest ever continue!—*Com.*

September, 1835.

SYDNEY.—Sermons in connection with a Protracted Meeting, were preached in Town on Friday and Saturday evenings, the 7th. and 8th. instant, by the Rev. A. W. McLEOD, of Guysborough, N. S. One of the anniversary sermons for this branch, was preached by the same Reverend Gentleman in the chapel in town, on Sabbath evening, the 9th. to a very attentive congregation. On the Monday evening following, the Anniversary Meeting for the Town was held; on which occasion the Hon. Judge Marshall was called to the chair, and presided over the business of the Meeting. The opening address of the hon. Chairman was in his usual masterly style, replete with sound sense and scriptural allusion, and well calculated to excite an interest in the cause of Missions. An ample and interesting Report was then read, which was listened to with marked attention. Resolutions were subsequently moved by the Rev. Mr. McMURRAY and the Rev. Mr. McLEOD, seconded, we believe, by Messrs. SELLON and DUMESQUE: the congregation seemed highly gratified as well as delighted, and gave in their names as subscribers to the funds of Wesleyan Missions. On Tuesday evening a Missionary Sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. McLeod, at Sydney Mines—a very flourishing part of this Circuit. The Anniversary Meeting for this part of the Circuit was held the next (Wednesday) evening, in the very neat Methodist Chapel, erected by the friends of Methodism here, which is not only to their credit, but ornamental to the place. FRANCIS CARR, Esq., kindly accepted the universal call to preside at the meeting, and delivered an impressive and appropriate opening address. A Report was here likewise read, and excited deep interest. Resolutions were also moved by the Rev. Gentlemen above named, and se-

conded by some of the friends. A deep concern in behalf of Wesleyan Missions was generally felt, which evinced itself in a very liberal subscription-list. In both places, the collections and subscriptions amount to about the sum of £45.—*Com.*

September, 1835.

During the past week, Missionary Anniversaries in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Society at home, have likewise been held in the Windsor and Horton Circuits. A meeting was held on Monday evening, at Windsor; Tuesday, at Lower Horton; Wednesday, at Cornwallis; Thursday, at Greenwich. The chairs were taken respectively by the following gentlemen:—Hugh Bell, Esq., M. P. P., Hon. T. A. S. Dewolf, and John Wells, Esq.; the Speakers, Rev. W. Croscombe, of Horton, Rev. W. Wilson, of Newport, and Rev. C. Churchill, of Halifax, with other gentlemen. The collections exceeded those of former years, amounting to more than £93 in the aggregate. In the township of Cornwallis, the amount of last year was more than tripled; and at each of the other places was found a respectable increase. We have not room for further particulars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been received during the week, which we are unable to acknowledge in this No. They will be noticed in our next.

THE Delegates returned from Quebec on Saturday week—the object of their mission having been frustrated by the resignation of Lord Durham, the Governor General—which event was officially alluded to, in his Lordship's reply to their address.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.—Drowned on Tuesday, 25th ult., on his way from Halifax, near George's Island, Mr. Charles Leroux, a native of Jersey, in the 34th year of his age, leaving a disconsolate wife to mourn his loss. Whoever will find his remains and convey them to his wife, who resides in the South East Passage, shall be handsomely rewarded. He had on his person, when lost, a considerable sum of money.

DOYLE, who murdered Mr. CLEM lately at the River Philip, was tried last week at Amherst and found guilty.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, accompanied by his aide-de-camp Lieut. Campbell, and Deputy Commissary General Hewetson, returned here on Saturday after noon from a tour of inspection of the Military Posts, etc. in New Brunswick. We understand His Excellency was much gratified at the fine appearance of the 11th and 65th Regiments stationed in that Province.

By arrivals from England via New York, we have received the following interesting news.

The Royal William, Steamer, which left New York on the 4th of August, arrived at Liverpool on the 19th.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have refused to allow a statue of Lord Byron to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Parliament, after having been in session for 178 days, was prorogued on Thursday the 16th, by Her Majesty in person. The speech was read by Her Majesty in her usual clear and impressive manner.

HER MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The state of public business enables me to close this protracted and laborious session.

I have to lament that the civil war in Spain forms an exception of the general tranquility. I continue to receive from all foreign powers the strongest assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most amicable relations.

The disturbances and insurrections which had, unfortunately, broken out in Upper and Lower Canada, have been promptly suppressed, and I entertain a confident hope that firm and judicious measures will empower you to restore a constitutional form of government, which unhappy events have compelled you for a time to suspend.

I rejoice at the progress which has been made in my colonial possessions towards the entire abolition of negro apprenticeship.

I have observed you have best situations of the law of imprisonment to the liberty and that the efficiency in plurality.

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Gentlemen

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I have observed with much satisfaction the attention which you have bestowed upon the amendment of the domestic institutions of the country. I trust that the mitigation of the law of imprisonment for debt will prove at once favourable to the liberty of my subjects, and safe for commercial credit; and that the established church will derive increased strength and efficiency from the restriction of the granting of benefices in plurality.

I have felt great pleasure in giving my assent to the bill for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland. I cherish the expectation that its provisions have been so cautiously framed, and will be so prudently executed, that whilst they contribute to relieve distress, they will tend to preserve order, and to encourage habits of industry and exertion.

I trust likewise that the act which you have passed relating to the composition for tithes in Ireland, will increase the security of that property, and promote internal peace.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your despatch and liberality in providing for the expenses of my household and the maintenance of the honour and dignity of the Crown. I offer you my warmest acknowledgements for the addition which you have made to the income of my beloved mother.

I thank you for the supplies which you have voted for the ordinary public service, as well as for the readiness with which you have provided means to meet the extraordinary expenses rendered necessary by the state of my Canadian possessions.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The many useful measures which you have been able to consider, while the settlement of the civil list and the state of Canada demanded so much of your attention, are a satisfactory proof of your zeal for the public good. You are so well acquainted with the duties which now devolve upon you in your respective countries, that it is unnecessary to remind you of them. In the discharge of them you may securely rely upon my firm support, and it only remains to express an humble hope that Divine Providence may watch over us all, and prosper our united efforts for the welfare of our country.

After the speech had been read, the Lord Chancellor announced the prorogation of Parliament to the 11th October next.

From the New York Journal of Commerce, Sept. 25.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

Nineteen days later from Europe.

The Great Western, Lieut. Hoskin, arrived last evening from Bristol, whence she sailed at half-past 5 o'clock in the evening of the 8th inst. By her we have London papers to the evening of the 7th and Bristol to the 8th.

The Great Western made her passage to Bristol in 13½ days. The Royal William in 14½. The latter was to leave Liverpool on the 20th inst. and consequently may be expected here in about ten days.

As was anticipated here, the Great Western has experienced very severe weather on her passage, but it has only served to test her good qualities, and the safety of her Atlantic steam navigation.

The Great Western brings the astonishing number of one hundred and forty-three cabin passengers. All her 180 berths were engaged before she arrived out, the London Times says,—“So numerous were the applications, and of course the number disappointed, that premiums of twenty guineas have been offered, and would be given, for berths on the first refusal of vacancies from parties who by any accident might be prevented from going. In one instance a party having engaged a double berth, was written to in Devonshire, to request accommodation for a passenger, if the whole were not absolutely wanted. The Directors have fitted up every yard of disposable space on deck, as well as below, in order to make room for the number, stated. Upon the eighty seven passengers home, and the 130 out, at 40 guineas passage money per head in the saloon, and 35 guineas cabin, each way, the Directors of the Great Western will have received, therefore, upwards of £8,000 exclusive of the benefit derived from the conveyance of goods, of which the Great Western brought from New-York, to the extent of about 200 tons measurement.”

We rejoice to say that the weather in England had been “glorious” for harvesting, as the papers express it, and from the aggregate of accounts in the papers before us, some of

which are given below, we are inclined to think the crops will be nearly, if not quite, an average one. The speculators for very high prices, on both sides of the Atlantic, will be apt to get their fingers burnt.

Money in London was 2½ on the very first bills, and discounting had been extensive.

There is no material change in the prices of Cotton. H. M. Packet Reindeer, arrived at Falmouth Sept. 5th, and the Hope Packet, from Rio Janeiro on the same day with \$750,000 in specie.

The Manufactory of C. McIntosh & Co. at Manchester, was destroyed by fire August 25th, and five men perished in the flames. Loss of property £20,000, insurance £5000.

The Queen of Belgium had given birth to the “Count de Paris.”

There was a dreadful storm in the neighbourhood of Smyrna July 27th. No less than 130 bodies of shipwrecked seamen had been found on the shores of the Bosphorus.

HARVEST.—Ten days of brilliant weather have suppressed all anxiety, respecting the harvest, which has throughout the country been secured in the finest possible condition. The quality of the wheat is excellent, and the produce at least equal to a fair average crop. Barley and oats are of abundant produce throughout all this county, and not less in that of Devon.—*Taunton Courier*.

DEVON SOUTH HAMS.—The weather having been very fine during the past week, some thousand acres of Corn have been saved in excellent condition, and most of the farmers have finished harvest.

The continuance of favourable weather has enabled many farmers in this neighbourhood to carry nearly the whole of their corn. The crops are abundant.—*Worcester Journal*.

At Petersfield last week, on the fall of wheat taking place, the bakers immediately lowered the price of bread 2d. per stone, an example well worthy of imitation.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—Contrary to the expectations of both friends and foes in England, the Carlists have triumphed over Morella, and are now complete masters of Lower Arragon. Oraa's despatches, recounting the particulars of his defeat, were published in the Madrid Gazette of the 27th ult.

FRANCE.—Sailing of the Expedition against Mexico. *Telegraphic Dispatch*.—BREAST, Sept. 1.—The Nereid frigate, the Creole Corvette, and the Cuirassier brig, commanded respectively by Captains Turpins, His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville, and Count de Gourdon, sailed from Brest harbour on the 1st of September. Admiral Baudin did hoist his flag on board the Nereide. He proceeded in the first instance to Cadiz, where he will be joined by the Gloire and Modée frigates. The squadron will proceed thence to Mexico, where the Admiral will take the command in chief of the naval force employed in the blockade of the ports of that Republic.

MARRIED.

At New York, on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Bayard, Y. Peter K. Ogden, to Miss Magdalen, second daughter of Van Norden, Esq. of Yarmouth, N. S.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. A. McGilly, of the East River of Pictou, the Rev. James Ross, of the West River, to Isabella daughter of William Matheson, Esq.

DIED.

At Greenock, on the 20th August last, William Murdoch, Esq. Merchant, in the 70th year of his age.

Wednesday morning at seven o'clock, Mrs Mary H. (a native of Bermuda) wife of James F. McEwen, Esq. of the Naval Hospital, suddenly at Charleston, South Carolina, of Yellow Fever. Mr John Clarke, a native of Halifax, in the 30th year of his age, a young man deservedly regretted and greatly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On Wednesday morning last, Amelia Jane, daughter of G. W. Archibald, Esq. in the thirteenth of year her age.

Yesterday morning, Mr George McAgy
On Friday afternoon, in the 60th year of his age, John Clark, Esq. an old and respectable merchant of this town.

In the Press, and will be published in a few days, at W. Cunnabell's Office, Halifax.

CUNNABELL'S NOVA SCOTIA ALMANACK.
For the Year of our Lord
1839.

VARIETIES.

"If I were to pray for a taste, which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown against me, it would be a taste for reading.—[Sir J. Herschel.]

THE EYE.—How inestimable is the blessing of sight! Not untruly is it esteemed one of the chief senses, if not the very chief sense in that organization, the whole of which is so curiously formed as to be an incontrovertible proof of its being the workmanship of God, to the conviction of the atheist, and the confirmation of the believer. But the organ of vision is pre-eminently wonderful in its conformation. How curious! how beautiful! how useful! how delightful! What would the possession of all the other senses avail, if there were no sight? What were the magnificent universe, this boundless manifestation of the Deity in the productions of his infinite wisdom, munificent goodness, and Almighty power, had there not been an eye to behold it! Were man void of a capacity for seeing, he had never said with transport, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun." It is the eye, that amazing organ, which penetrates and embraces an immeasurable portion of the universe; without laborious effort, it wanders forth amidst unnumbered worlds; or concentrating its poignant vigour, inspects and investigates, with the nicest precision, the minutiae of every animate and inanimate production of the globe which is subjected to its more intimate scrutiny; it explores, collects, and presents to the admiring mind, the ample munificence of the Creator in the ever-constant course of nature, and summons every adoring faculty of the soul to celebrate that infinite Being, who combines with his exuberant bounty the splendid tokens of his complacental generosity;—not merely satisfying us with good things, but delighting us with the beautiful;—decorating the theatre of his paternal kindness with the most admirable, resplendent, and magnificent scenery. Above, is seen the expanded firmament, stretched out by the hands of the Almighty, as the cerulean curtain of his ethereal palace, spangled with millions of glowing gems; beneath, the beauteous earth, with her expanded crystalline oceans, with her mighty continents, and million isles, in their variegated scenery of mountains, hills and plains, valleys, forests, fields and floods. And the eye affects the heart. Hence the transported spectators, like the primitive pair in Eden, are led to exclaim in strains of admiration,—

"These are thy glorious works, parent of Good,
Almighty; thine this universal frame,
Thou wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!"

THE FAMILY.—The family is the nursery of the state, where her citizens are born and educated for her service. Hence the wisest legislators have ever gone to these fountains of influence and sought to control these springs of society. Napoleon once condescended, by princely favours, to conciliate the good opinion of a poor widow, because she had five sons, who were needed for the service of the state. He who performs faithfully his domestic duties, serves successfully his generation, and deserves well of his country. The family is the nursery of the church. Hence the reason why God chose Abraham, and established the church in his family, is given in the following remarkable words:—"I know him that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." Their education, in this way, will form a natural introduction to the church, and prepare them to become intelligent and useful members of it. Thus we see, also, the family is the nursery for eternity, and starts the candidate both for heaven and hell. The immortal mind here begins its course. Tender and susceptible, it yields to the

slightest touch, and takes its "form and features" under the plastic hand of parental culture. He, therefore, who gives to his child a good moral impulse, performs a higher service than one who imparts royal blood, or places a crown upon his head. The name of Robert Raikes will live long after that of the reigning king of his time is forgotten. The foundation of his fame was laid in a simple plan for exerting a wide and lasting influence on these fountains of life. The terms of personal intercourse indulged in the family, ensure vigorous growth to whatever is cherished there, whether sentiments of virtue or licentiousness. With such a susceptibility and such alimant, it is in experience as we should expect in theory—the sons and daughters are strongly marked in their physical, mental, and moral lineaments, by the character of their parents; and all are confirmed in their habits by age, and after that they go to the grave. The education of the family, therefore, may be said to prepare the candidates for the service they render to their generation, and, to a great extent, for the awards of eternity. It is, however, affecting to see how often this divine institution fails to secure the benevolent ends for which it was designed and adapted. How often there is a want of harmony, even where there is no want of love and confidence between the parents. How often the ends of family discipline fail, through an injudicious exercise of it. How lamentable is the lack of parental fidelity, and of filial obedience, respect, and attention. How servants are unruly, or ruled with oppression, and how masters either become tyrants or abandon all authority—so that family discipline, lying at the foundation of social order and civil government, is perverted to tyranny on one hand, or licentiousness on the other. How few families are what they should be—what they might be! Husbands, wives, parents, children, masters, servants, the responsibility rests on you. The principles on which your happiness depends are few. The philosophy of society is the dictate of common-sense. The child may understand it. It needs no superiority of learning or talent. Nature teaches it. The Scriptures only explain and enforce.—*Sunbeam.*

GRACE COMPARED TO WATER.—Water is, in general, free and plenteous; grace is universally so. Rev. xxii. 17. Water is a satisfying portion to a thirsty body; so is the grace of God to a thirsty soul. Isaiah xxxv. 6, 7; John iv. 10—15 and 7. 37—39; Rev. xxi. 6. Deprived of water, animals must soon cease to exist; without grace, spiritual life cannot exist. Water is valuable, and may, in general, without any price be possessed by all: grace is invaluable, and may without money or price, be obtained by all. Isaiah lv. 1. Water is a purifier: so is grace: that purifies the body—this purifies the soul. Ezek. xxxvi. 26; Heb. x. 25.

TERMS, &c.

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