

baptized seven or eight different times, and as many as twenty-six at once, of which last number about fifteen were young men, who descended in succession into the emblematical tomb.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the course generally pursued by the citizens. Their kindness was such as to honor hospitable Kentucky, and their deep attention to discourses two or three times a day, and to conversation and exhortations from house to house, were such as the importance of the gospel demanded. We will long remember them. The result of such sensible and courteous conduct was that God visited them from on high. Blessed be his name.

Well, Mr. Editor, you must have had a *modern revival*! No: it was a noiseless revival of original christianity in its faith, its practice, its joys, and its hope. All ears were attent, and all hearts intent. Truth, and the freedom of truth were the prizes before them, and which more than a hundred of them obtained. The mass of the population bowed to King Jesus, and may we not hope that the remainder will yet surrender. I was several times reminded of the happy times enjoyed during my visit to Baltimore in February, 1834.

Several preachers, of "the denominations," were at times in attendance as spectators, and auditors, and had an opportunity to see their flocks receive the truth; but they all treated us with becoming courtesy except in one instance, and then but one was implicated. But in favor of one of these gentleman we have more than this to say: Mr. Benjamin Tiller, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, heard publicly and privately; he examined, and though at the close of our meeting he had not seen so fully into the ancient order of things as to publicly avow his intention to forsake Methodism, he did receive the baptism of ancient christianity with great joy, and subsequently assisted the baptist in burying and raising several others. I feel persuaded that brother Tiller will throw himself into the midst of the congregation of the Lord, composed to some extent of his former flock, and consecrate himself to the restoration of primitive christianity. I cannot but think that his enlightened views of duty and privilege will prove incompatible with a different course.

No church could have a fairer commencement or better prospects than has this infant sister of our churches. The Lord bless her and make her a blessing!—a nucleus around which to gather the whole country to the Lord.

EDITOR.

THE SCRIPTURES.

This book, this holy book, on every line
 Marked with the seal of high Divinity,
 On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
 Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
 And signature of God Almighty stamped
 From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
 This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
 Mercy brought down, and on the night of time
 Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
 And evermore beseeching men, with tears.
 And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

POLLOCK.