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Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Lines,

On the death of Miss Ellen E. Harrison, late of Mount Moccan.

BY S. O. FULTON.

The sweetest flowers are soonest touched
By autum's chilly hand;
The richest birds are first to fly,
Unto a sunny land;
The meekest of the harvest ears,
Are first to fade and fall,
The ripest fruit is soonest strewn
Outside the orchard wall.

And so, the friends of richest worth,
The first to bow and die;
Awhile, they walk on earth with God,
And then, pass to the sky:
Their form, and voice, and cheering smile,
Bless the parental cot;
One day—the jewels of our home—
The next—and they "are not!"

A gentle spirit just has left
Its sweet, its native bower!
The rose-tint hue of blooming youth
Has faded in an hour!
And *Ellen* went to live again
Where richer bloom is given,
A gem caught from the dying world,
And set in fadeless heaven!

Her spirit washed in Jesus' blood,
In life did nobly shine;
Her deeply pious, humble walk,
Breathed of a life divine;
And ever lingering on the verge
Of God's celestial air,
When the sweet, welcome *whisper* came—
A step—and she was *there*.

Her angel-voice now calls us to
The crown so freely given,—
Her friends, have *one less* friend on earth—
One more, in blessed heaven!
Then may her kindred that survive,
Seek comfort from on high!
May they all live as Ellen lived—
As Ellen, gain the sky.

Westbrook, Novr. 21st, 1860.

Thomas Olivers, "Cobbler," Poet, and Methodist Hero.

BY REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

CONCLUDED.

Let no man cavil at this simple, earnest record, however he may construe it. The lost man was struggling with the demon—struggling out of the abyss; and he did struggle out of it, and rose to a pure and noble life. In the presence of such facts let us rather remind ourselves of the hope they afford of the reclamation of the most fallen souls, even when all hope seems gone. The case of Olivers explains half the history of the Methodism of Whitefield and Wesley. It won such trophies by thousands—won them from the very "gates of hell," and by a "foolishness of preaching" which was jeered at by ecclesiastical dignitaries (like Lavington and Warburton,) who knew of no way of reaching such cases; and hooted at by the mob, which it subdued and led, weeping, by tens of thousands, into its humble temples.

Though Olivers complains that he was, through all his life, too much inclined "in favor of rational religion," and prejudiced against "visions and revelations," we cannot be surprised that his own extraordinary regeneration disposed him at first to a degree of credulity. He records a few remarkable dreams and visions, and some very striking cases of sortilege; but his good sense preserved him from any serious abuse of such marvels.

The reclaimed profligate proved the reality of his reformation. He forthwith began to repair, as much as possible, the wrongs of his life. He attempted to rescue his old accomplices in vice. Religious people could hardly credit his conversion, and seemed afraid to receive him; they discouraged his wish to join their Societies, but he bore with meekness their apparent neglect. He loved Whitefield "inexpressibly," he says. "I used to follow him as he walked the streets, and could scarce refrain from kissing the very prints of his feet." He went to Bradford, and there for two years never missed a single sermon among the Methodists, "late or early"—and that was the day of five o'clock morning sermons among the Methodists. He heard, he says, "generally with many tears." During the usual "Society meetings," after the preaching, where all but members were shut out, he used to go into the field behind the chapel, and "listen while they sang the praises of God. I would then weep bitterly at the thought that God's people were there, praising his name together, while I, a poor and wretched fugitive, was not permitted to be among them. When they came out, I have followed at a small distance those of them whom I thought most in earnest, particularly the preacher and his company, that I might hear something further concerning the ways of God. I often followed them nearly two miles, and then returned praising God for this further instruction, picked up, as it were, by stealth, and meditating thereon all the way home." The members at last began to notice him: they sent a young man to inquire about him, and received him into their Society. He became one of the devoutest of their communion.

His conscience was now as scrupulous as it had been reckless. He could do no injustice, "not even to the value of a pin;" he could not mention the name of God but when it was necessary, and then with the deepest awe and reverence. His daily meals were received as a sacrament. As to his "thoughts, inclinations, and desires," his constant inquiry was, "Is this to the glory of God?" If not, he dare not indulge it.

In due time he was "exhorting," and at last preaching among the neighboring rustics, spending his Saturday nights, till one or two o'clock, in preparing his sermons; rising at five o'clock walking twenty miles during the day, and returning so fatigued as to be hardly able to get over a style. On one of these preaching excursions he was tempted to believe that he "was running before he was sent," and turned back despondently. "This may be a temptation of the devil," he said to himself; and opening his Bible, cast his eyes upon the passage, "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." He took courage, and, turning about, went to his "appointment." His renewed conscience troubled him about his old debts. "I felt," he writes "as great confusion and sorrow as if I had actually stolen every sum I owed." Some money was due to him from the estate of his kindred, and he set out to receive it in order to pay his creditors. A notable journey was it; one that might have delighted the heart of the good Knight of La Mancha, as he pored over his books of chivalry, in his library, before arming for his own memorable adventures. He preached in most of the Methodist Societies on his route, and when he arrived among his old neighbors, astonished them as much by his reformation as by his discourses. An uncle, a rich farmer, could not comprehend the marvel, and ascribed it to some terrible fright. "Thou hast been so wicked that thou hast seen the devil!" exclaimed the surprised yeoman. A profligate nobleman of the parish had him seized on Sunday and sent to the stocks; but the men who took him thither, struck by the miracle of his reformation, and affected by his Christian spirit, only simulated the punishment, and stood with him "near the stocks the whole time, which was near two hours, talking about religion."

After paying all he owed in his native place, he purchased a horse, and rode from town to town, paying not only principal but interest, and astonishing his creditors with his religious exhortations. "You ought to thank God," he said, "for if he had not converted me I never should have thought of paying you." One of them he found in prison; he paid his debt, and then preached to the prisoners. He went to Whitehurst to pay a sixpence; for no sin seemed small to him now. From Fordham to Shrewsbury, to Whitehurst, to Wrexham, to Chester, to Liverpool, to Manchester, to Birmingham, to Bristol, he rode on this singular pilgrimage, paying his debts and preaching the Gospel. He paid about seventy; and before he got through the list, had to sell horse, saddle, and bridle for the purpose.

Of course Wesley's keen discernment would appreciate such a man. He sent him to a "circuit" among the miners in Cornwall; but as he had now no money for another horse, he set out, October 24th, 1753, on foot, with his saddle bags (containing books and linen) across his shoulder. A layman on the circuit offered to pay for a horse if he would buy one. He obtained a colt, which, says, Southey, "was as well suited to him as Bucephalus to Alexander, for he was as tough and indefatigable as his master." "I have kept him," wrote Olivers, twenty-five years afterwards, "to this day; and on him I have travelled comfortably not less than a hundred thousand miles."

He encountered some of those "fights of affliction," with rioters which were common to his brethren of that day. At North Bolton a noted ruffian interrupted the worship, and led the rabble after him through the streets, "throwing whatever first came to hand." In Cornwall the high-constable came to impress him for the army while he was preaching, but staying to hear the sermon, thought better of him, and allowed him to go on his way. At Yarmouth he found good advantage in his young "Bucephalus" amidst a frightful mob, which had sworn that any Methodist preacher who should enter their town should die there. The menace could only challenge such a man as Olivers to go. He was accompanied by a timid friend, who expected to suffer martyrdom with him, and was terribly dismayed with the fear that he was not prepared for it. Olivers got him in the town, however, and begun to sing a hymn in the market-place. The rabble soon rallied, and commenced their assault. A townsman rescued the itinerant and got him into a house. He sent for his horse, which was brought down an alley; the mob thronging in after him. Olivers, mounting him, charged upon them, driving them, pell-mell, before him. "But," he says, "the women stood in their doors, some with both hands full of dirt, and others with bowls of water, which they threw at me as I passed by. When we got into the open street we had such a shower of stones, sticks, apples, turnips, and potatoes as I have never seen before or since." His fellow-traveller galloped out of town as fast as he was able; but the evangelist, more cool and courageous, watched the motions of the sticks and stones which were likely to hit him, so as to preserve what he calls a "regular retreat." "When I overtook my companion," he says, "we were thankful that we escaped with our lives, as were our friends in Norwich on seeing us return." The scene was characteristic of the times as well as of the man.

For forty six years did Thomas Olivers belong to Wesley's unconquerable itinerant corps, doing valiant service, and enduring severe hardship in England, Scotland, and Ireland. But while the brave man was fagging through his humble work, his grand hymns were resounding in the great churches of the kingdom. Dr. Jackson says that his "Hymn of Praise to Christ" was set to music by a gentleman in Ireland, and performed before the Bishop of Waterford, in his cathedral, on Christmas day. Belcher, in his *Historical Sketches of Hymns*, says that the celebrated Mrs. Carter heard Olivers' hymn,

"'Lo! he comes with clouds descending,'

sung at St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, as an Advent Anthem, in 1753, and gives it at full length in her *Letters*." Creamer, in his *Hymnology*, affirms that there is not in the language a hymn which has elicited more praise than his "God of Abraham;" and James Montgomery remarks, in his *Christian Psalmist*, that "there is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive, and on account of the short lines, occasionally uncouth; but, like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it." *Blackwood's Magazine* has pronounced it "one of the noblest odes in the English language." It was originally published in a pamphlet of eight pages, and entitled "An Hymn to the God of Abraham. In three parts. Adapted to a celebrated Air sung by the priest, Signor Leoni, etc., at the Jews' Synagogue in London. By Thomas Olivers." Jackson says it reached its thirtieth edition as early as 1779. We give it but in part here:—

HYMN TO THE GOD OF ABRAHAM.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blessed.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise——and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus blood.
He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall on eagle wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
(Triumphant o'er the world and sin,)
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing:
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"ALMIGHTY KING!
Who was, and is, the same;
And evermore shall be;
JEHOVAH—FATHER—GREAT I AM!
We worship Thee!"

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God—and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

There are stanzas in this ode fit for archangels to sing; and if ever heaven borrows strains from earth, the "Welsh cobbler's" verses reverberate among the spheres louder than any Hymn of Milton, or Goethe's "Chorus in Heaven."

We have seen a doubt expressed somewhere about the authorship of the hymn, "Lo! he comes with clouds descending;" but Jackson says that both the lyric and its "fine tune were composed by Olivers," and published by Wesley in his *Sacred Harmony*.

Jackson gives a catalogue of sixteen works from the pen of Olivers, four of which are poetical.

The latter part of his life was spent in London, where he superintended Wesley's press and preached incessantly. He says he never labored harder in his life; but Wesley erred in subjecting such a man to the drudgery of the printing office. Though he had genius, and some literary ability, he was naturally unfit for this minute typographical work. He had too much genius for it; and the *Arminian Magazine* teemed with inaccuracies, which Wesley sometimes tried to mend by formidable tables of errata. He had at last to displace him.

Thomas Olivers "the cobbler's" participation in the long "Calvinistic controversy" procured him a reputation which still renders his name familiar in most parts of the Methodist world. His few great lyrics have given him a unique place in the catalogue of hymnists, and will never be allowed to die; but his self-redemption under the influence of religion is the most extraordinary part of his history. "Well," says Southy, "might this man, upon viewing his own eventful life, bless God for the manifold mercies which he had experienced, and look upon Methodism as the instrument of his deliverance from sin and death."

He died suddenly. He was struck with paralysis in the morning, and was dead at the noon of the 7th of March, 1799. He was worthily laid to rest in the tomb of Wesley, at City Road Chapel, London. Wherever the worship of God has extended, in the English language, his grand odes resound to-day in its temples; and wherever that language may yet extend, the Hebraic sublimity of his strains will rise above all ordinary hymns, like the sounds of trumpets and organs soaring above all other instruments of the choir. Such is the regal prerogative of genius, though it come before the world in the person of a "cobbler."—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Every Cloud hath a Silver Lining."

BY J. WELLINGTON WELCH.

Ho! all ye weary, mourning ones,
Who wander broken-hearted,—
From cherished friends dissevered long,
From native homes long parted,
Look onward, upward as ye go,
And cease this dull repining,—
There's not a cloud, however dark,
But hath a silver lining.

Ho! all ye souls who wander on,
Unhappy and unblest,
With none to calm your weary moan,
Or soothe your soul's unrest,
Look upward and these words thou'lt see,
In golden letters shining,—
There's not a cloud, however dark,
But hath a silver lining.

When friends desert and foes deride,
And joy hath ceased to be,—
And when the waves of life's rough tide
Dash 'gainst thy barque and thee,—
Look upward, and Hope's star thou'lt see
In rainbow colors shining,—
There's not a cloud, however dark,
But hath a silver lining.

Should wealth which you have treasured up,
Take wings and fly away,
And bitterness o'erflow your cup,
Where all is sweet to-day,—
Do not despair, but still hope on,
And cease your dull repining,—
There's not a cloud, however dark,
But hath a silver lining.

Religious Intelligence.

Letter from England.

From our own Correspondent.

ENGLAND, Nov. 17, 1860.

Victor Emmanuel is now King of Italy. On Wednesday week he entered Naples in a storm of rain, and met with the most enthusiastic reception. Immense crowds, undaunted by the weather, assembled to welcome their new Sovereign,—the royal path rung with vociferous plaudits,—and in the evening the city blazed with illuminations. On the next day Garibaldi, accompanied by his ministry, waited upon the King, and presented him with the result of the popular voting. Signor Comforti announced that nine millions of Italians had agreed to unite with the other provinces under the rule of King Victor. His Majesty, under the influence of deep emotion, uttered a few expressive words,—the deed of annexation was drawn up,—the Dictatorship ceased, and the ministry resigned.

Thus is accomplished the dream of Italian patriots. The blood of suffering generations is avenged, and Italy is one and free. Capua fell early in the month,—an immense number of prisoners and a large quantity of ammunition and the material of war passing into the hands of the Piedmontese. Gaeta, according to the last advices, still remains in the hands of the Royalists, with a garrison of some ten thousand men. Francis the Second is supposed to be in the city, waiting for his last chance. He has been conferring the star of the order of St. Januarius on one or two of his distinguished friends. One would have thought that the ex-King would have been tired of the saint by this time. If patron saints take no more care of their proteges than St. Januarius has taken of Francis the Second, it would seem almost as well to dispense with patron saints altogether.

When Gaeta has fallen into the hands of Victor Emmanuel there will remain Rome and the other cities which are recognized as under the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It is a pity that any portion of Italy should remain enslaved, when so much is free. Many of the Papal towns are ripe for revolt, and are kept under only by the presence of French soldiers. This cannot last always. Louis Napoleon will one day grow tired of propping up a Power which he at heart despises. The day that the French army leaves the States of the Church they will cast off their allegiance to the Pope, and then all Italy and Sicily will be free,—free for an enlightened rule, free for the advance of civilization,—and above all, free for the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ.

His Holiness is in sad trouble, and that kind of trouble too which is always most difficult to bear upon Papal shoulders,—the want of money. A letter has been sent round to the faithful by Cardinal Antonelli, calling upon them to collect Peter's pence. The Emperor of the French, the eldest son of the Church, will have no such collection in his dominions, excusing himself on the ground that it may be made the cover of political gatherings. He has no objection to private relief being sent to his Holiness, but public begging organizations he cannot and will not approve. The faithful Irish will be too much impoverished by the failure of the potato-crop to contribute largely to the Papal revenues. There will be nothing for it but to discover two or three more true crosses, and a few quarts more of the Virgin mother's tears, and these will fetch a high price yet in the market.

Garibaldi, the chivalrous and brave King-maker, has retired to his little farm at Caprera. This is the one feature of the Italian movement which all must deplore, though it would be difficult to say how it could have been prevented. Such a man is immeasurably above distinctions, and it is almost an insult to offer them to him. Victor Emmanuel would have been most glad to keep him in his service, but he could scarcely take a subordinate place. The baton of a Marshal he of course refused. His diplomatic deficiencies unfit him entirely for a place in the State. Such men are born for great emergencies, and when their work is done are most fitted for retirement. The generous chieftain retires from his glorious campaign unenriched save by the grateful memories of an unenslaved people, and the admiration of the free world. It is to be regretted, however, that the noble man has gone into his voluntary exile with a mind somewhat hurt by the action of some of Victor Emmanuel's ministers. Such men as Count Cavour are not the men to deal with sensitive and unsophisticated minds like that of Garibaldi. Between the scheming diplomatist and the impulsive patriot there is nothing in common.

It now remains to be seen what action the great Powers will take towards the once kingdom of Italy. England has led the van, and recognized the new Power with unfettered courtesy and congratulation. Lord John Russell's noble letter to Sir James Hudson has won for his lordship the respect of all free minds in Europe. Past errors in his lordship's policy have been forgotten in the contemplation of his perfect success in the pilotage of this Italian movement. If all the secrets of cabinets were unveiled, it would appear that the dynastic changes in Italy have been contemplated and fostered for a long time by the British Foreign Office. Of France we may be sure that she will assume the attitude that will best suit her own purposes. The action of the other Powers is a matter to be waited for,—nobody knowing what it is likely to be. Sir James Hudson who has managed matters so well at Turin, is likely to be appointed our minister or ambassador at the new Italian court. The two Sicilies are to be governed by a Vice-royalty. Farini is likely to be appointed Governor General.

The Warsaw Conferences came to nothing palpable. Whatever was said and done lies locked in the breasts of the parties present. The alarming illness of the Dowager Empress of Russia shortened the congress. She is since dead. The Empress of Austria is said to be in a deep decline, and has been ordered to Madeira for the winter. She is expected to sail from an English port. The Empress of the French is also an invalid. She arrived in London by the ordinary packet on Thursday last, travelling under the strictest incognita, as a part of the family of the Marquis LaGrange. One or two common street cabs conveyed Her Majesty and suite to an hotel, where her Imperial rank was not discovered until some time after her arrival. The unostentatious character of her movements remind one naturally of by-gone episodes of the history of French Royalty. Long may it be before her Imperial Majesty is driven from her throne to the refuge of English shores;—but if such a thing should ever be, she may be sure of a hearty welcome and a chivalrous protection. Her Imperial Majesty leaves London to-day for the Duchess of Hamilton's seat in Scotland.

The news from China is stirring. The Taku forts have fallen, and ere this the allied armies are probably dictating terms to the Emperor and his mandarins in the city of Pekin. After the fall of the forts, the Celestial authorities demanded an interview with Lord Elgin to treat for peace. They displayed the most enthusiastic readiness to sign treaties, even though they contemplated the payment of heavy indemnities. But when the Ambassador demanded the immediate payment of one-eighth of the proposed sum, they demurred altogether, and the Envoy forthwith called upon the British General-in-Chief to advance upon Pekin. The mandarins will sign any quantity of paper, and enter into no end of treaties,—but when the question of ready money is started, you might as well try to draw cash out of their illustrious kindred the sun, moon, and stars.

The Chinese matter is a mighty awkward affair,—a puzzle to all politicians. If we take Pekin, and the Empire at large, what can we do with it? It will prove a ruinous accession to our territory. If we do not take it, and make treaties instead, the rascals will be sure to break them before two years are gone, and necessitate another expedition, and the expenditure of about ten millions of money. We shall be ruined both ways, unless something turns up. Then, if we conquer the Tartar Emperor, there is Tae-ping, who aiming at a higher kindred than the sun and moon, proclaims himself the Son of God, and claims divine worship! What is to be done with him? Many enthusiastic people fondly imagine that this Tae-ping, the chief of the celestial rebels, is a good Christian, whose mission is to overturn Buddhism, and establish the true faith in China. Very few churches, not even the Established Church of England—classic as she is—would like to acknowledge Tai-ping as a Christian brother. He is a sad heretic. He asserts that God is material, and has a wife, who is called Teen-ma! Jesus, too, has a wife, whose name is Teen-Sau! One of the chiefs is married to the sister of Jesus, and is called the Supreme Son-in-law! The son of the chief is also a member of the Divine family, and calls God his grand-father! With all his divinity the chief is not quite free from human frailties. He has thirty wives, and an hundred women in his harem. The Christianity of all this is surely infinitesimal. God may come out of the movement, because it will break up the stereotyped system of things in China. When once the ground is broken up, by what means soever, there is a chance of sowing the seed of better things.

We are unable to pronounce definitely upon the state of things in New Zealand. The insurrection is said to have abated for a time, that the natives may go and sow their potatoes! How much of the comic is there even in the tragedies of history. What an admixture here of the homely and the warlike, potatoes and stockades—harvesting and battle! There is a suspicion in England that the Governor has not acted wisely in the matter. This, however, is nothing new. The English people claim the prerogative of laying the blame of every casuality at the feet of the authorities. Every man who leaves England in an official capacity must expect to be a target against which every man who stays at home feels that he has right of shot. Nor is it likely that we English people are going to spend two or three thousand a year over a man, and renounce our favourite and inalienable right to blow him up. But Governor Browne appears to have got into a scrape with the Archdeacon and Bishop,—and alas for the man, whether governor otherwise, who falls into the hands of such dignitaries as these! Between the Bishop abroad and the *vox populi* at home, the Governor will have a sorry time of it.

The Volunteer movement is spreading far and wide among us. Volunteer Artillery, and Volunteer Light Cavalry are now the order of the day. Notwithstanding the sneers of some contemptuous peace men, we shall soon have a magnificent army of volunteer patriots, capable of taking the field against any body of troops in the world. The Inspector General of the Volunteer forces in England has just declared that, with a very little extra drill, one third of the present available force of 140,000 men will be able to stand equal to the regiments of the line. Another third, he declares, would be equal to the line regiments if they were thrown together into battalion,—and the remainder, when they have had the same amount of drill, will be equal to their companions in arms. A stupid proposition has been made by a man who surely cannot have any brains to spare, that the Volunteers should organize a trip to Paris. The Emperor of the French of course accedes to the thing: he could not very well do otherwise. But such a movement will be deliberately insulting to him; for every English volunteer is the product and memorial of English suspicion of French fidelity. Nothing good could possibly come out of it:—a company of very respectable young men would probably cover themselves with ridicule, and all Europe would laugh at our folly. If the project should be carried out, it would only be in character that Mr. Klout2 Rowsell, the original proposer, should march at the head of the procession, decorated with the appropriate cap and bells.

Since my last letter, England has lost two of her glorious old sea-captains, Sir Charles Napier, and the Earl of Dundonald, better known as Lord Cochran. The former dimmed the memory of many a bright and gallant deed by the eccentricities and rashness of his latter days. He had a terrible hobby,—the mal-administration of the navy—and the old man rode it, and rode it, till everybody was sick. He was a grand old fellow, nevertheless; and after-generations will give him the credit due to him for his conduct of the Baltic campaign. He didn't take Cronstadt, it is true, and nobody could have taken it,—but he did more: he went to sea with a raw, undisciplined crew, and returned with the finest body of sailors in the world. The Earl of Dundonald had a sadder fate. The most dashing and valorous man of his age, he became the victim of routine and red-tape, and when he rebelled against the treatment, he incurred the hatred of the Admiralty, and was hunted down to ruin by a malignant faction,—deprived of his rank, his orders, his fortune, and everything but his brave heart. When it was almost too late, his innocence was proved triumphantly, and his naval rank restored. One of the last acts of his long life was the completion of a book of autobiography, in which the old man laments that his services had never been recognized, and that his banner as a Knight of the Bath had never been restored to its place in St. George's Chapel. The day before his funeral, when it was too late, the banner was hung in its appropriate place by order of her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Would that this had been done before. The old Admiral was buried in the nave of Westminster Abbey.

Our two Royal Princes have arrived at home,—Prince Alfred from Africa, and the Prince of Wales from America. The greatest anxiety had prevailed in England respecting the fate of the latter, who was thirteen days due. Several of our fleetest steamers were despatched to look for the Hero and her escort, the Ariadne. At last they turned up, to the joy of every one, and the delay was explained by the long continuance of boisterous weather. Yesterday evening must have been a gladsome time at Windsor Castle. Our good Queen is blessed in her children, upon whom Providence has brightly smiled. The conduct of her eldest son in America has not only won for him the affection of strangers, but has endeared him to the hearts of his own people. Long may our Royal Home be graced by loving Parents and dutiful children.

The speech of the French Ambassador at the dinner of the Lord Mayor of London, on the 9th inst., was full of peace sentiments. It was reported that none of the Foreign Ministers would attend, with the exception of the Prussian Ambassador, in consequence of umbrage taken at the letter of Lord John Russell to our Minister at Turin. But it seems that they thought better of it. Peace or no peace, however, it is satisfactory to know that our Government is making Armstrong guns as rapidly as they can be turned out. The success and superiority of this remarkable weapon of war have been thoroughly vindicated in China. The Armstrong gun carried everything before it.

The Road murder remains as great a mystery as ever. The authorities are determined to keep it vividly before the public, and they are straining every power to bring the true criminal to justice. It is strange that public suspicion all over England points to one individual, but nothing has come out of the evidence so far upon which the suspicion can be founded. English people do not renounce their faith in the old proverb: "Murder will out," and they are waiting anxiously for its fulfilment in this case.

Lord Palmerston has been starring it in Yorkshire among his tenantry, and has met with a complete ovation. He has been one of the most fortunate of Prime Ministers in the matter of bishoprics. The death of another Bishop during the past week has opened out to him another opportunity of showing his perference for an Evangelical faith. The name of the likely successor to the vacant see has not yet transpired.

Trade is very dull, and the weather as disagreeable as it can be. The Bank is raising its discount, flour is high, and so are all provisions; work is growing scarce, and the popular mind is not in the best cue. Fine frosty weather would be a great boon, and would wonderfully alter the face of things.

Nothing very uncommon is stirring in the religious world. Father Chiniquy is exciting some sensation, and is likely to secure considerable sympathy. Sir Herbert Edwards, of Indian notoriety, delivered the first lecture of the season before the Young Men's Christian Association, in London, on Tuesday night, the subject being "Our Indian Empire." The Metropolian Theatres which have been again opened for preaching on Sunday evenings are crowded to excess. The sittings under the dome of St. Paul's are found to be inadequate to the accommodation of all who attend the Sunday evening services. They are to be increased forthwith. Never did so many people hear the gospel in England as hear it now.

A society has been started for promoting united prayer among the Volunteers. All who join it pledge themselves to pray for certain specific subjects between the hours of seven and nine on Monday mornings. It will be grand thing to pervade our Volunteer system with the spirit of prayer. It may become an instrument of great moral good, as well as of political benefit.

All Methodists have been astonished to read during the last week or two an advertisement in one of the Manchester papers announcing that on a certain evening in the Free Trade Hall, *Orations* would be delivered by certain eminent Wesleyan Ministers, in behalf of a new chapel about to be built in Manchester. The *word* is rather new in the history of Methodism, whatever the thing may be. But to designate the speeches of such men as the President of the Conference, and the venerable Dr. Hannah, as *orations* is too laughable to have been intended seriously. We can fancy the old Doctor pouring out his hallowed soul in a stream of beautiful and fervid eloquence, but the orative savours too much of the "stump" to be applied to any deliverance of his. The advertisement must have been a freak of young Methodism.

Mr. William Shaw, late General Superintendent of our South African Missions, has published an interesting record of his missionary life and labours. It is the only production of the month in the department of Methodist literature. The Leeds Missionary Anniversary was a great success, realizing nearly two thousand five hundred pounds. For the first time in the annals of Methodist missions, one of own missionaries from China attended as part of the Deputation. A young minister of our church is preparing to start for Italy to open a Methodist mission there. May this prove the dawn of brighter days for that long buried land!

TO FIND CHRIST.—Christ is never to be found where any subject is more prominent than his own character and doctrines, or where any spirit is cherished inconsistent with his own meekness and gentleness.—*Belicer.*

General Miscellany.

An Eloquent Appeal for Water.

We have heard John B. Gough utter many, many eloquent things, but we never heard water defined in such thrilling eloquence as in the following, which we have published before. It will pay reading a dozen times. Mr. Gough often declaims it, but it originated with Paul Denton, an itinerant of the Methodist Church in Texas, and was delivered at a barbacue which Denton prepared, and to which he invited the rangers.

The smoking viands were arranged on the tables by scores of slaves, and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit, loud as the blast of a trumpet in battle, "Stay, ladies and gentlemen, till the giver of the barbacue asks God's blessing."

Every heart started, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued, for all were struck by his remarkable appearance.

He was almost a giant in stature, though scarcely thirty years of age. His hair, dark as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets; his eyes black as midnight, beamed like stars over a face pale as Parian marble, calm, passionless, spiritual, and wearing a singular, indefinable expression. The heterogeneous crowd, hunters, gamblers and homicides gazed in mute astonishment. The missionary prayed, but it sounded like no other prayer ever addressed to the throne of grace. It was the cry of a naked soul, and that soul a beggar for the bread and water of heavenly life.

He ceased, and not till then did I become conscious of weeping. I looked around through my tears and saw hundreds of faces as wet as with rain.

"Now, my friends," said the missionary, "partake of God's gifts at the table, and then come and sit down and listen to his gospel."

It would be impossible to describe the sweet tone of kindness with which these simple words were uttered, that made him on the instant five hundred friends. One heart, however, in the assembly was maddened by the evidence of the preacher's wonderful power.

Col. Watt Forman exclaimed, in a sneering voice: "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbacue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless "Double Spring" gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like the shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There," he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet.—"There is the liquor which God the eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, does your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down—down in the deep valley, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high on the mountain-top, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder tones crash; and far away out on the wide, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, "sweeping the march of God;" there he brews it, the beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in the summer-rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hands of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depth; no drunkard's shrieking ghost curses it from the grave in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for that demon's drink—alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of the tempest, answered, "No!"

Critics need never tell me again that backwoodsmen are deaf to the divine voice of eloquence, for I saw at that moment the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, and the popular feeling ran in a current so irresistible, that even the duelist, Watt Forman, dared not venture another interruption during the meeting. The camp-meeting continued, and a revival attended it, such as never before or since was witnessed in Texas.

A Cheerful Religion.

Philip Neri, an Italian priest of the sixteenth century, made, we are told, children his care. He founded the order of the pastors and preachers of the oratorios maintained to our day. The aid of music was invoked, and the modern oratorio originated in the movement. All other charms were naught. "Be as good as you can," was Neri's familiar charge. And, in all simplicity and fervor, this man of learning, culture, genius, and refinement, addressed himself to the intelligence, affection, confidence, and moral advancement of his charge. His innocence and integrity were only equalled by his humility and piety. A brief, easy, charming service and sermon led to the benediction: "God bless you, my dear little children! Now praise the Lord by enjoying yourselves." And the flock and the shepherd partook of their pleasures together, that they might be pure and good. Imagine the effect of all this, copied as it should be everywhere in the church in a genial spirit; and does it not seem one of the happiest and best imitations our annals afford us of a divine Founder of a cheerful religion?—*Record of Charity.*