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REV. ALEX. W. McLEOD, Editor.

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Sunday.

This quaint but beautiful poem is by George Herbert, author of "The Temple," who died about 1635.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The working days are the back part;
The burden of the work lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear;

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose to look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
To which he doth not fill.

Sunday the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies,
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities,
They are the fruitful beds and boarders
In God's rich garden; that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King,
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss,
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd wrought out salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth,
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

The Late Rev. Sampson Bushy.

(Continued.)

During his stay on the Saint Stephen and Milltown Circuits very encouraging tokens of the divine approbation followed his labours, especially in the former. Many were awakened, new preaching places opened, and the membership augmented from 154 to 280. In 1841 he entered for the third time upon the superintendency of the Fredericton Circuit, and although he was not totally exempt from trials, the Lord gave him favour in the eyes of the people; and when he was removed to another scene of labour he was enabled to report an accession of one hundred and six Church members.

In the City of Saint John, and in Portland, the honoured subject of this notice was greatly beloved for his work's sake; and in both places "The Head of the Church" gave him many seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire. In the latter station, he furnished his campaign as a good soldier of Christ. There he laid his armour by, and from thence he ascended to "The Church Triumphant," to receive

"The Crown to victors due"

Mr. Busby's health was failing for several months prior to his death. This was painfully apparent to his family and friends. In the circles where he was best known, it was frequently a subject of sad and tender comment. His last efforts to minister in holy things was in weakness, and with much trembling. This was in the latter end of January 1850. From that time his debility rapidly increased—he strove against it for a little while, but it obtained the mastery, and ultimately laid him on a bed of languishing and of death. He was confined to his bed for two months and three days; and although his understanding was partially affected by his disease, still, in the numerous lucid intervals which the Lord vouchsafed to him, he was enabled to rejoice in the conscious possession of "The perfect love that casteth out fear." He bore his illness with devout resignation—neither murmur, nor complaint ever escaped from his lips. The presence and grace of his Heavenly Father sustained him—the promises were wells of comfort in his soul—and on particular occasions, when he appeared to be suffering a good deal, his ransomed and trusting soul was wont to say: "JESUS IS PRECIOUS: JESUS IS PRECIOUS. THANKS BE TO GOD WHO GIVETH ME THE VICTORY, THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

His now bereaved widow frequently asked him, if death had any terrors—if he was prepared to die—if his soul was happy—if God was with him—and to all these questions and others of similar import, he invariably returned such answers, as showed that while he was walking "through the valley of the shadow of death," "The Good Shepherd" was with him, with his guiding rod and supporting staff, and that he was leading him into the heavenly fold, that he might lie down "in green pastures," and "beside the still waters."

On the day previous to his translation from this waste howling wilderness, into the celestial Canaan, he appeared to suffer a great deal, but in the midst of all often exclaimed "it will soon be over, and then there will be rest: everlasting rest—I will soon be "where all is calm and joy and peace." And during one of the intervals of ease with which the Lord favoured him, he requested one of his children to sing this verse—

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

During the day on which he died his soul seemed to be very happy; and in the evening, as if the light in "the valley" shone brighter and brighter as "the perfect day" approached he tried to sing—"My God the spring of all my joys," &c.; and when he was dying—DYING—while the golden bowl was breaking, and the silver cord giving way—just then—when the spirit was about to leave its "Earthly tabernacle"—just then; it was observed that his lips moved repeatedly, and that his countenance was lighted up; at last he was heard to say—"I want to speak about JESUS, about JESUS; but I am not able: I can't for the glory of God—GLORY—GLORY." In a little while after he said, "They that struggle for the victory shall obtain it." These were, I believe, the last words he ever uttered—THE LAST WORDS. The last words of an affectionate husband—a kind and indulgent father—a sincere friend—a tender hearted and benevolent man—and a devoted preacher of the Gospel. A few moments elapsed—a few mysterious, solemn moments—and THEN all was over; and Sampson Busby was not, for God took him. He fell asleep in JESUS on Easter Sunday, the 31st of March, 1850, a little before midnight, in the 61st year of his age, and in the 38th year of his ministry.

"Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more."

Mr. Busby's demeanour was always that which becometh the Minister of Jesus Christ, and that rendered him an almost universal favourite; and as he was esteemed in life, so was he honoured in death. His remains were attended to the grave by several Ministers of various denominations—by several Divisions of the "Sons of Temperance"—and by a very large concourse of people.—The proprietors of the principal stores and warehouses in the line of the faneral procession, evinced at once, their respect for his character, and their regret for his loss, by closing their establishments, and suspending their business. Funeral sermons were preached in all our Churches in Saint John. The pulpits, communion tables, and choirs were draped in mourning; and these feeble efforts to hallow the memory of one who bore the burden and heat of the day, appeared to produce a deep and solemn impression upon the people.

The above simple statement of facts affords an insight into the character of this Minister of Christ, and describe the marks of affection and honour, to which he was so justly entitled. His portrait however, drawn by a competent hand, and with great simplicity and faithfulness, claims our attention, and as this is an appropriate place for its introduction, it is here inserted. "In the domestic circle he was greatly endeared to his family. As a husband and a father he was most affectionate and indulgent—anticipating every want, and to the utmost of his ability suppying them. His laws and regulations were based on love, and administered in the spirit of kindness. The salvation of his children lay near his heart, and hence, while he cheerfully submitted to grave and numerous privations, to provide for their education, and otherwise promote their temporal interest, he always evinced the greatest anxiety for their early conversion to God. In his religious sentiments and feelings he was a *Wesleyan* of the *Wesleyans*: intimately conversant with our doctrine and polity, and well qualified to repel the attacks of any who might be rash enough to assail them.—His pulpit talents were very respectable; and although his labours in that department of his work were not characterized by great originality, or extensive research, they were always highly evangelical, practical, and generally fraught with divine unction. His endeavours to accomplish the design of Methodist preaching, namely to spread scriptural holiness through the land, was owned and blest of God. Our beloved brother had many seals to his ministry, and many souls for his hire."

In the important duty of Pastoral visitation few surpassed Mr. Busby. He was particularly adapted to this sphere. His quiet and unobtrusive manner—his amiable spirit and sympathising heart, carried him through a vast amount of labour in this field. In him the sick and the afflicted always found a son of consolation, and one that loved them, "not in word and in tongue only, but in deed and in truth."

This brief and hasty sketch would be very imperfect if we omitted one particular trait in our dear friend's character—namely his scrupulous observance of the rule relating to the use of ardent spirits. Long before Temperance Societies were formed, he took an active part in promoting the branch of moral reform, these institutions are labouring to extend and consolidate. He boldly and fearlessly denounced the use of all intoxicating beverages of every sort—struck at the very root of the evil—exemplified the practicability and utility of "*total abstinence*" in his own practice, and by his steady and uncompromising zeal, saved many in these provinces,—yes many, from making "shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience," and from descending into a drunkard's grave. These too, will be stars in his crown of rejoicing.

Mr. Busby kept no regular or consecutive journal, a circumstance very much to be regretted, for the few desultory memorials he has left induce us to think, that if he had been systematic and persevering in this matter, he would have left behind him an interesting and instructive transcript of his mind. The missionaries it is true, have but very little time to indulge in literary tastes or pursuits. The calls upon them are both numerous and various; and these producing constant interruptions, deter many of them from entering upon any project that requires close application. There are among our Ministers in these Provinces, men of considerable scholastic acquirements, and whose minds are well stored with information; but the reasons above mentioned have hitherto prevented them from extending and enriching the treasures of Wesleyan literature.—*Well*, all this is of little consequence. They were called not to be Editors or Authors, but to be preachers; not to write biographies or essays, but to shew themselves "workmen that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the worth of truth, and giving to every man his portion of meat in due season." In our own body Ministers are extensively used as Editors, Governors of Schools, &c., but the appropriation with us is very limited, compared with that which prevails in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. Here, the number of Ministers partially secularized by being employed as travelling agents for various connexional institutions, such as Colleges, Seminaries, Tract Societies, Sunday School Societies, is more than is generally supposed. And if we add to these the number filling professorships—presiding over Academies—directing the Press, and conducting Book establishments, we will be startled at the amount and character of the agencies thus, in a great measure, alienated from the work God appointed them to do. There is some reason to fear that literary tastes and business habits, no less than the wants of the Church, have helped to produce this anomaly, and still help to perpetuate it.

The detached portions of our deceased Brother's *Memoranda* relate to his own personal religious experience, and to the spiritual and financial state of the different Circuits in which he laboured. These indeed, are not the only topics of reminiscence and allusion; there is also very frequent mention of the texts he expounded, and of the results of his preaching. The whole extends over several years; and although there is nothing in the mass, to render copious extracts either advisable, or necessary, there is enough to prove that he was a man of constant and unfeigned piety—a useful and acceptable preacher—a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord—and an honoured instrument, by which many precious, but perishing souls, were turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

(To be concluded.)

Short Tracts for the Times.

NO. 4.

M. BEDINI ON HIS DEFENCE.

We lately published an article respecting this redoubtable champion of the Romish Faith, from the pen of the celebrated "Kirwan," and which originally appeared in the *New York Observer*, a most respectable paper. In that article the papal Nuncio was painted to the life. The charges brought against him, it is said, "have been denied and refuted, over and over again." M. Bedini himself has made an attempt at denial. The effect produced, by such a lame effort, on the mind of one, who was not at first disposed to give credence to the accusations of the outraged Italians in the United States, may be gathered from the following article taken from a late number of the *New York Spectator*:—

We have mentioned that this gentleman, who in a certain degree was the Pope's representative in the United States, had since his arrival in London written a letter in denial of the charges made against him in this country. The letter is before us, and is addressed to the Archbishop of the Romish Church in Baltimore. He charges that he was assailed as much on religious account as political, and declares that "to the eye of faith that madness was the most evident sign of good, since the common enemy measures his anger by the extent of his losses." But so far as vindication goes—so far as any attempt to meet one, even the most abhorent, of the allegations made against him,—we are constrained to say the letter is really worth nothing. M. Bedini seems carefully to avoid any specific facts, and generalizes with the utmost vagueness. The nearest approach to a denial of the truth of these allegations is in the following paragraph:—

"They next deceived and betrayed it [this country] in the most delicate of its sentiments, since, to excite it to a generous indignation, they invented facts which never had any existence, imagined, according to their own pleasure, actions, influences, powers and exercises of power, *which I never had*, and portrayed, on the model perhaps of their own hearts, such a monster of cruelty and villiany as to move, one knows not whether to indignation most, or to ridicule.—And that portion of the public prints which received as oracular this echo of Hell,—which diffused it, repeated it, expounded it with the most heroi-comical simplicity in the world, and with the most inexcusable simplicity,—what service has it rendered to its nation?"

We never participated in spreading before the community the record of crimes charged upon M. Bedini, for several reasons, which it is not necessary we should explain. Our feeling is, however, that if the gentleman or his friends in any way concluded to notice such accusations, it should have been so effectually done as to prove him innocent, or at least to assert his innocence, on responsible authority, in those more important cases which were alleged against him. The charges were specific enough, and though we never thought them proved against him, some of them were detailed with sufficient minuteness to allow direct disproof if they were false, and M. Bedini's position in the Church was such as to make such disproof desirable, if not indeed incumbent upon him. The above extract, as well as the tone of the whole letter, has, we acknowledge, disappointed us, and awakens a strong suspicion that the major part of the accusations against him were only too true.

M. Bedini does not say that all, or any considerable portion of, the allegations were untrue. He only says that his assailants invented facts which never had any existence, and imagined powers and exercises of power which he never had. Now this may be literally true, and yet those assailants may have also related facts which *had* an existence, and described cruel exercises of power which he *did* perpetrate; and if one-half, or a tithe, of what was charged upon him was true, then indeed was he a monster and no man, to say nothing of his high professions of Christianity. Had M. Bedini specified some of those accusations, and demonstrated their falsehood, then could we have given him credit for a general denial of the others. But an evasion like the above is worse than silence, and will make many who were willing to believe that he could not be the monster his enemies declared him to be, shake their heads in doubt and regret. The anger displayed in his letter will only tend to increase such misgivings. We quote a few sentences as evidence of the gentleman's disturbed mind.

"The nation redeemed itself greatly, it is true, in the really courageous and true words which its Senate spoke in defence of and respect for, the Envoy of Rome; it was in that moment that one Capitol rendered itself entirely worthy of the other; but I cannot help reflecting that, notwithstanding, such words did not avail to put a stop to those furions outrages, or even to protect my life from these dangers. I supposed that a Government would act upon, and in harmony with, those noble words to which I will never cease rendering the tribute of eulogium and gratitute; but the hopes thus awakened, and, in fine the promises given, resulted in nothing; inaction became the servant of the delirium of a few, and those even foreigners; and I was obliged to be convinced that for more than one palace in Washington the inscription dictated by Job would be most appropriate—*fuissem quasi non essem.*

"I must render an account to my Sovereign of the effects at least of his kindly-intended letters, but the silence of those who received them will explain my own silence, and this discourteous and insulting lesson for the sovereign of Rome will not be lost on any other chief of a nation and of a state, who may ever wish to lavish civilities and courtesies from the other side of the Atlantic. Certainly it is not thus that great nations are governed and served. There is indeed a common code for them all, nor is there an ocean to divide them in the fulfilment of their paramount duties, for the flagrant violation of which those who rule or represent their destinies are obliged to answer. The judgement to be passed on this affair the nations of the two world have already formed, and not some miserable, bribed and shameless print on the banks of the Ohio or of the Hudson.

"Pardon me, my most venerated lord, *(Monsignore Veneratissimo,)* I give vent for one moment to some flash of anger. I know not how to restrain it against him whom I consider the only or the principal guilty cause of this scandal and mortification; him who disgraced his office, betrayed his mission, and was deaf to public opinion after having himself deceived and perverted it."

After this outburst of temper, the writer goes on to say that nevertheless he will "not retract one of those innumerable benedictions which he has scattered on the land of Columbus," the value of which, even to Romanists who will exercise the liberty of thinking, will be materially reduced by the publication of this letter. The Nuncio, moreover, "holds dear the remembrance of the American people, whom he blessed with all his soul," and in proof of his gratitude to his friends for their support and kindness, he makes them a truly princely present, which he thus describes:

"Meanwhile for a more sensible proof of my gratitude, and of pious remembrance, which may recall my journey, I send at the same time to your grace and to your colleagues *a number of pictures of the Blessed Virgin of Rimini, which I caused to be there expressly engraved, the engraving being done from a daguerreotype taken from the wonderful picture itself*, and given me by the pious and zealous Bishop of that city. *That portentous moving of the pupils* (of the eyes) *took place precisely during my civil jurisdiction, when I presided over the government of Bologna.* It was very just after the attention of the American people had been drawn to those events of my commissaryship which depended in no way upon me, or which arose solely from the implacable anger of a few lost individuals, that I should call it also to one which more truly distinguished and privileged it. Without pledging a divine faith on this subject, since I believe that the only authoratitive sentence of the Vatican has not yet intervened, still how much force in itself has a faith, all human though it be, in favor of the well established prodigy; *and the diffusion of picture so blessed, and so full of celestial inspiration* I consider will be grateful to Catholic hearts, and more than grateful, *useful and efficacious to their piety.*

"If others collected the mire which impeded my difficult administration, let them have this its true gem; and as the former with that inflamed themselves to anger, to outrages, and to curses, let these by this be inflamed to faith, to love, to devotion, to piety, and to every fairest virtue which can render them worthy of so dear a treasure. Yes! this beautiful contradiction will also appear at the sight of this picture, to wit, that so many who yielded so prompt a credulity to the most injurious narratives of one individual, will glory in being the most incredulous in resisting the assertions of thousands and thousands who have testified to that *prodigious movement of the eyes*, and who through a sudden and irrepressible emotion, found their own eyes in tears, and their hearts in commotion. Having a blind and most prompt faith for calumnies and for falsehood, and they will have none whatever for the most marvellous truths; and throwing themselves with full appetite and disgust upon tales which degrade and corrupt the man who believes them, will profess themselves too experienced and too sagacious not to reject with scorn and contempt the faithful relation of events which ennoble the human species and console it, putting it in more evident relation with the divinity even, of which it bears itself the image since the first moment that the vital breath was given to the clay of Eden. But this is language lost upon them; *non omnes recipiunt verbum istud.* I must limit myself to pray the same blessed Lady of Rimini, that benignant she would turn her merciful eyes upon this land, where to me it is most sweet to distribute this her image. Oh may this most powerful Mother of the God-Man console with her celestial glance so many of her children who will seek in her maternal heart the fountain of so many graces; and may she in so many others also, who, bathed in the blood of her Son, still obstinately refuse to call her their Mother, work the not less rare prodigy of opening their eyes to notions more true, more just, more dear, more holy."

We respectfully affirm that M. Bedini is guilty of the very thing he charges upon his assailants, "inventing facts that never had an existence;" while on the the other hand he undoubtedly speaks truthfully when he asserts that the American people will be "too sagacious not to reject with scorn and contempt," the story he tells and the engravings he sends. There is not room for a doubt on that score.

POKING FUN HEARTILY.—The Evening Post of Monday had the following at Mr. Bedini's expense."

We hasten to announce the arrival, in this country, of several copies of the picture of the Blessed Virgin of Rimini, which winked at Signor Bedini, the Papal Nuncio, during his administration of the government at Bologna.

He does not say whether the engravings wink or not; and from his silence we infer that they do not, which is a pity, for it would be gratifying to those who have no opportunities of visiting Bologna, to see what kind of winks, the Archbishop of Thebes, (that is the Nuncio's title,) was favored with. That they were perfectly decorous winks, we may infer from the fact—of which we have also assurance in Signor Bedini's letter—that the Pope is about to confirm them, which means we suppose, to give the picture leave to wink at Signor Bedini as much as it pleases.

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In a matter of such grave importance as this, the public feels an interest in every rumour about it, however trifling. That is our excuse for giving one which is not as well authenticated as we wish it were. It is nevertheless, the rumor, that when this letter was read to the Archbishop of Baltimore by his secretary, the archbishop began to wink at the point were the nuncio speaks of the picture, and never left off until his secretary finished, when he was heard to indulge himself in a loud and prolonged whistle.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

The best way to promote Peace.

MR. EDITOR,—The above is the caption of an article in the *Messenger* of March 9th in which the following passages occur:—"The desirableness of peace among the Disciples of Christ is obvious"—"Being apprehensive that some statements and remarks lately published might tend to disturb it, I furnished a brief communication, designed to operate as a sedative and restorative."—"The way proposed by me is to *attribute all disagreement* in the *conflicting statements* made to *misunderstanding*." "*The plan now proposed (?) by Mr. Chesley, obviously is, not to admit even the possibility of mistake*, but, *failing to establish the charge at first preferred against one*, of publicly asserting that there were infants in Hell not a span long, now to make *the charge more extensive* and *indefinite*," &c. "Is this the more excellent way?" "*But no proof of it has been adduced!*" "I again recommend that no *unacknowledged sentiment* be attributed to *any*, that *discordance* of statements be referred to *misapprehension*—that *care* be exercised to *avoid either giving* or *taking offence*, and that the *most favourable* construction be put upon the *words* and *actions* of our *fellow disciples*, under the influence of that 'charity which thinketh no evil.'"

I am unwilling to entertain the opinion that Mr. Tupper can be guilty of the insincerity which his communications apparently indicate He declares in each communication his design be to restore peace, that he intended his first as a "*sedative* and *restorative*," but finds his prescription a failure, to his manifest chagrin. It seems the medicine was for me, and he blames me for not swallowing the nostrum! If Mr. T. intends continuing practice, he must allow me kindly to suggest, that if he wish to succeed in reconciling parties at variance, he must be in a position to be confided in as impartial, in the first place; he must then ascertain the nature of the disorder on both sides, and lastly he must deal with an impartial hand. That is "Mr. C's. *plan*;" and reckless disregard of it will only bring disappointment; that is "Mr. C's" *opinion*.

If the reader will turn to the words printed in italics in the third, fourth, and fifth sentences extracted from Mr. T's letter, he will see the propriety, and correctness of my observation. After describing his plan of pacification to be, to attribute all disagreement in the conflicting statements made, to "misunderstanding," he proceeds to represent me as having made an attempt to *fix a charge* on *one*, and *failing* in it, have attempted to make *the change* more *extensive* and *indefinite*, and goes on to represent me as having made the first charge against the late Rev. J. H. Chipman.

He also accuses me of proposing as a counter plan to his, (*i.e.* for peace,) "not to admit even the possibility of mistake."—Farther on in his letter he reflects on me as imputing "manifest wickedness and folly" to some of the "early Baptist Ministers," because the observation was made in my reply to his first, that I thought "no rational and impartial person could help being driven to the conclusion that some have uttered the sentiments now repudiated; though afterwards they have been unwilling to believe it; and in some instances denied that they ever did." Is this putting "the *most favourable construction*" on the words of "a fellow disciple?" Is Mr. Tupper's course becoming in one professing to desire peace, and to promote brotherly love? "I trow not." If it is, then of course the best way to promote peace is to engage in personal assault, and be sure to take the side on which the greatest numbers are found—at all events take sides.

Mr. Tupper errs unintentionally, I venture to hope, and if he does, I shall feel obliged to him if he will give, in another letter, such extracts from my letters as shall prove the truth of the several charges contained in his; and also state explicitly whether he has not himself heard on some occasions, in the course of conversation, the idea advanced by a brother Minister, that he thought it probable that some infants go to Hell? He will excuse me for asking the question, as I have a reason. I beg leave farther to inquire, if he does not think, that the *idea has formerly* been advanced on occasion of funeral sermons at burial of infants? Allow me also to ask, what he accounts proof that it has been advanced?

He admits that persons have stated, that they have heard the sentiment advanced, and gets over it, by concluding that my "*informants*" and all others have been under "*misapprehension*," and "mistake." What would be said of a Lawyer, who, to overthrow direct evidence, should admit that the witnesses thought they heard the statements made, bnt that they must have "misapprehended" the meaning of the party! Would it go for argument, and warrant the legal gentleman in saying, with an air of triumph, that his opponent had failed to establish "*the change*."

We will try the working of this system of special pleading against Bro. Tupper's assertion, "that he has heard both Elder McCully and Elder Chipman deny that they *ever* preached the doctrine of infant damnation." Now, to some thinking persons it appears "*incredible*" that they could deny their own words, "they must therefore conclude that Mr. T. has misunderstood them, they never denied that they had preached the doctrine." "They might have said they *no longer* believed it," &c.

Having despatched Mr. T's. "sedative and restorative," we will proceed to notice the singular way in which he gets over my challenge to separate the doctrine of infant damnation from the system of high Calvinism, and his reply to my inquiry why some of his brethren "leave the whole matter *silently* to God?"

In reply to the first he says, "He," (i. e. Elder McC.) "*unquestionably* believed the sentiments which he advocated;" (i.e. High Calvinism) "and it was his opinion that all who die in infancy are saved." "This *accorded* so far as I can see, with his doctrinal views." To the latter he says—"Those who regard the Scriptures as silent on the subject, *and so not warranting belief in the case*, may *consistently hope* that *all* who are removed hence in an infantine state are saved!"

I have added a note of admiration to the above extract, believing that all my attentive readers will wonder alike at the explanation itself, and at the perfect coolness with which it is given. What, a Minister of Christ *hoping* that a thing will take place, which the *Scripture does not warrant* him to believe will take place. Is that the way in which parents are comforted over the loved one, to whom

"Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere it measured out its span,"

by those chosen to be their pastors? Just fancy a Minister saying to mourning parents, brothers and sisters, over the coffin containing the remains of the dear babe, "The *Scriptures do not warrant us in believing* that children, dying in infancy are saved, but I '*hope*' your child has gone to be with Christ." Hope, in Dictionaries, is defined as "*confidence* in a future event." "To hope, to *expect* with desire." Now, what right has a mortal to expect the salvation of infants, if God's holy word warrants no belief on the subject? But is Scripture silent? Now for the "accordance" of "the hope" that *all* deceased infants are saved with High Calvinism. What is Calvinism, strictly speaking, as it relates to the salvation of mankind? Its key stone is the doctrine of *unconditional election*. "Election is the immutable purpose of God, by which before the foundations of the earth were laid, he *chose*, out of the *whole human race*, fallen by their own fault from their primeval integrity into sin and destruction, according to the *most free good pleasure of his own will*, and of *mere grace* a *certain number* of men, neither better nor worthier than others, but lying in the same misery with the rest, to salvation in Christ; whom he had, *even from eternity*, constituted mediator and head of *all the elect*; and therefore he decreed to give them unto him to be saved, and effectually to call and draw them into communion with him by his word and spirit."—*Scott's Synod of Dort, p.* 112—124. "But some are non-elect, or passed by in the eternal election of God."—*Ibid.* See also article "Calvinism" in any Encyclopedia. Now I reason thus—If the number of the elect is "*certain*," and the rest are non-elect or passed by, either *all* infants, dying in infancy, are of the elect number predestinated to everlasting life, and given to the Son of God to be "*effectually redeemed*," or some of them must be "lost;" for the number of those is "*certain*," who are elected and given to Christ, and being chosen out of "*the whole human race before creation*," all others *must be* "*non-elect*," "*passed by*;" unless it be believed that infants who die in infancy do not belong to the human race; or else that some non-elect ones, not given in the Covenant to Christ, are saved.

Again, if infants dying in infancy are of the elect number, it follows that *all* the infants "destroyed" by the flood were "elect infants," and hence God cut off the very race that would have become a holy race, "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," had they been spared. The same may be said of *all* infants "destroyed" by fire and brimstone, on "the day that Lot went out of Sodom;" and *all* the first born found in infancy in Egypt when the destroying angel went through that populous kingdom; and "*every male* among the little ones" of the Midianites—Numbers xxxi. 17; and *all* the infants in and around Bethlehem, and *all* destroyed when Jerusalem was sacked by the Romans, and *all* the children sacrificed on heathen altars, or in the sacred Ganges; together with *all* the thousands of *female* infants slain annually in a certain Province in India—computed at *ten thousand annually* by British officers. Strange that *all* those slaughtered by heathenish mothers, by a brutal king, or by victorious armies, should be *the elect ones*, and that God should have destroyed the race that would have been righteous!

R. A. CHESLEY.

The Christian's Death-Bed.

BY REV. DR. CHEEVER.

There is not, and there cannot be, this side heaven, a more powerful attraction to heaven, a more radiant and blissful reality on earth, than the scene of a believer's departure, the death scene of one whom God causes to triumph over death, through faith and love that are in Christ Jesus. When God designs in infinite mercy so to commune with the soul, and Jesus is present in such a manner to it and within it, that the very joy of heaven before-hand proves a chariot of glory to waft the soul to heaven, and you can really see it in its flight, and hear a rapturous voice, Come up hither, there is nothing in the whole range of thought or imagination more attractive. When Christ is thus demonstrated in the soul, the hope and reality of glory, even to the view of observers, and not merely in the secrecy and hidden joy of individual ordinary experience, it constitutes a manifestation of unutterable power and loveliness. And when it pleases God thus to support and transfigure the soul amid intense bodily anguish, amid suffering and torture of his whole physical frame, perhaps greater than that of a martyr in the flames, it is a development of divine power and love causing every one irresistibly to realize the presence of God, and filling the heart of the devout beholder with adoration and praise of such riches of his wondrous grace. That from a trembling, feeble, sensitive nature and frame, wasted by disease and racked with torture, the soul should be enabled to look forth with calm self-possession and serenity, and speak forth the accents of uninterrupted peace and joy and love, is a phenomenon for which nature, science, philosophy, can find no possible accounting cause, nor imagine nor invent an agency that could possibly produce the miracle. A miracle it is, and nothing less; but yet a miracle of grace, and therefore natural, as an appointed operation of divine law and love, or the law which is love, in the system of human redemption. This is one of the manifestations of divine power and love, in and through Christ Jesus, before which angels adore and praise. But to us on earth, it is not merely a cause of gratitude, and adoration, and love, but a wonderful encouragement to our faith, an increase and excitement of our hope, a powerful animation in the way of our pilgrimage, and such a testimony of the goodness of God to those who heartily trust in Christ Jesus, that it tends to subdue and take away that fear of death, through which, even though Christ has died, some believers are still all their lifetime subject unto bondage.

But above all, such a scene quickens our affections heavenward, and causes us to labour that we also may enter into the same rest, giving diligence to make our own calling and election sure, that our departure may be in a like manner gracious and glorious, and that to us also an entrance may be administered abundantly into the everlasting rest of our Lord and Saviour. Such a scene makes heaven appear very near glorious, and earth very poor and insignificant. Such a scene makes the character and will of God appear to the mind infinitely lovely and desirable, and makes the mercy of God in Christ appear so stupendous, so adorable, that no language can begin to describe it, and makes the atonement by the blood of Christ so precious, so real, so true, and Christ himself the atoning Saviour so near, so dear, so all-sufficient, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, the Saviour who loved me, and gave himself for me, so merciful, so compassionate, so able and willing to save to the uttermost, that we might think even a stupid and insensible heart would be overcome by it, and led to cry out, O that this Saviour were mine! I also will rejoice in him! Lord, I too believe, help thou mine unbelief!—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Beyrout.

Irenæus of the *New York Observer* thus writes:—

Dr. De Forest is doing a great work at Beyrout. A physician, but not content with practising, he preaches too: and more than this, he adds to his labours the financial affairs of the mission, and yet these are not the most important and engrossing duties on his hands. He has a female seminary in his house, where eighteen young ladies from various parts of Syria are boarded, and taught, and lodged at the expense of the mission. I found him in the midst of this large family, when I called in the evening, and the scene was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. The most of them were seated on the floor in the style of the East, a group of bright looking girls as any boarding school in America will show, engaged in singing. We were soon in general conversation, many of them speaking English freely, and all of them learning what was said through those who understood. The regular exercise for the evening was a recitation in Bible history, but this was omitted to give time for such an examination as would bring to view the general acquirements of the girls. Of these, were I to speak the impression made on my own mind I should be suspected of exaggeration. It is to me a matter of astonishment that such success crowns the labours of these teachers, under all the circumstances of discouragement and difficulty. I was exceedingly interested in the spirit with which the girls met my inquiries into their views of the character of Mahomet. They were well acquainted with his religious system, and gave him no credit for sincerity, calling him a cheat, and resisting with decided tact all suggestions in favour of the common opinion that he was an enthusiast. But even more gratifying was their knowledge of the Christian religion, which extended to such a comprehension of the way of life as very few of those who are brought up in the midst of the Gospel, possess. Nor was there that backwardness in giving an answer, which so often marks the conversation of youth in our country. They would say what they knew, and give a reason for it, readily and clearly, and receive an explanation with such avidity as made it a pleasure to discuss a subject with them. Dr. De Forest has an able associate in his wife, and Miss Cheeney who has lately come out, is rapidly acquiring the language and preparing to assist in this interesting school.

A Period of Revival.

Such emphatically has been the winter past. Our exchanges have come to us freighted with the delightful news of salvation from all sections of the country and from all denominations. It does not appear that there has been any singularly powerful tide of spiritual influence, sweeping everything before it over a particular section of country; but sweet, pure, gentle rills from the river of life have been percolating through the land and producing life and freshness in a multitude of churches. The results of such a work cannot, of course, be gathered up or estimated at present; but we are mistaken, if the statistics of the various denominations, at the close of their current ecclesiastical year, do not show that God has been silently doing great and precious things for his people.

Our own denomination in this city and vicinity has been favored with a good degree of this influence. Interesting revivals having been enjoyed in the Bromfield St., Hanover St., Hedding, and Church St. societies in