

The Provincial Wesleyan.

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WHOLE No. 593

Religious Miscellany.

Heaven in Prospect.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne;
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom,—it is thine;
"King of kings and Lord of lords!"

Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow;
"Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so."

Who were these?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinner's one of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

They were mortal, too, like us,
Ah! when we like them shall die,
Try our souls translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

The Greek and Papal Churches.

The following article, translated from a late number of the "Star in the East," a Greek newspaper published at Athens, by Dr. Kalopothakis, missionary of the United Synod, presents a fair outline of the chief differences between the Roman and the Greek Churches:

I. Concerning the Supremacy of the Pope.

The Papal church holds that the Pope is the only head of the church, the successor of the Apostle Peter, and the vicar of Christ upon earth, having the keys of heaven, so that whatsoever he looeth or bindeth on earth shall be loosed or bound in heaven; thus he is regarded as infallible, and his decision upon disputed points has more authority than the testimony of the Holy Scriptures themselves.

The Greek church, on the contrary, maintains that Christ did not give any special vicar on earth, but that all bishops are his representatives, and that the Pope is only a single bishop.

II. Concerning the Procession of the Holy Spirit.

The Papal church holds that the Holy Spirit proceeds, not only from the Father, but also from the Son. The Greek church, on the other hand, maintains that the Holy Spirit proceeds only from the Father.

III. Concerning the unleavened bread, and the giving of the bread only to the laity.

In the celebration of the communion, the Papal church uses unleavened bread, and permits the laity to partake only of this; and the Greek church uses leavened bread, and gives to the communicants both the bread and the wine, in remembrance of the death of Christ.

IV. Concerning the rest of the Saints and Purgatorial fire.

The Papal church holds, that in the future world there are three conditions: 1. That of eternal happiness for the righteous. 2. That of eternal punishment for the wicked. 3. That of an intermediate state for the souls of those who have repented, but not in time to have their repentance in the present life by good works. This last condition is called the fire of purgatory, or the fire which, in a limited time purifies souls from the defilement of sin, and thus prepares them to enter into heaven. In other words, this condition is one of temporary punishment, inflicted by the Lord upon the souls of those who have repented before death, but have not had time to perform good works, and limited to a certain duration, at the end of which he permits them to enter into the everlasting mansion. The Greek church, on the other hand, holds that there are only two conditions: that of those who are saved, and that of those who will be punished. And in regard to those who have repented, but have not had opportunity to perform good works, on account of the intervention of death, the Greek church declares that they are wholly forgiven at the moment of confession, and that there remains nothing for them to expiate after death. The papists, however, in defence of their own church, say that the Greeks reject the name, and still retain the thing. For they make offerings for the dead, and perform masses and make applications to God, and give alms on behalf of the souls of the departed, which signifies that they believe that their souls are in torment, and that they can by these means better their condition; that is, deliver them from punishment, and introduce them into heaven; which is the same with the purgatorial fire of the papal church.

Besides these principal differences, which were the cause of the separation of the two churches, there are also the following secondary ones:

V. Concerning the Vestibule of the Clergy.

The Papal church imposes the condition of celibacy on all its priests; the Greek church leaves them free to choose married or unmarried life. Indeed, at the present time, so far as we are informed, in free Greece, license is given to no one to be ordained a priest unless he is married.

VI. Concerning the use of Graven Images in Churches and private houses.

The Papal church, as is well known, uses in churches and in private houses, graven and molten images of Christ, of the Virgin, and of saints and angels; the Greek church uses only pictures.

VII. Concerning the Holy Scriptures.

The Papal church not only hinders the distribution of the Holy Scriptures among the people but also publishes those who read them, in the States of the Church, in Naples, and in Austria, with imprisonment and other civil penalties; and in other kingdoms, where it cannot use the temporal sword, it uses spiritual weapons for the same end. The Greek church, however, both exhorts the people to read the Holy Scriptures, and herself distributes them among her spiritual children. It is true that there are some, even in the Greek church, who have declined from the

right way, and who *Romanize* in respect to this subject; but the usage of the Greek church is in favor of the Holy Scriptures.—*Waldmann and Rejfoelter.*

Clinging to Youth.

I abominate the padded, rouged, dyed old sham; but I heartily respect the man or woman, penive and sad, as some little circumstance has impressed upon them the fact that they are growing old. A man or woman is a fool who is indignant at being called the *old lady* or the *old gentleman*, when the phrases state the truth; but there is nothing foolish or unworthy when some such occurrence brings it home to us, with something of a shock, that we are no longer reckoned among the young, and that the innocent and impressive days of childhood (so well remembered) are beginning to be far away. We are drawing nearer, we know, to certain solemn realities of life which speak much and feel little; the undiscovered country (humbly sought) through the pilgrimage of life, is looming in the distance before us. We feel that life is not long, and is not commonplace, when it is regarded as the portal to eternity. And probably nothing will bring back the season of infancy and early youth upon any thoughtful man's mind so vividly as the sense that he is growing old. How short a time since then! You look at your great, brown hand. It seems like yesterday since a boy companion (gray now) tried to print your name on the little paw, and there was not room. You remember it (is it five or twenty years since?) as it looked when laid on the head of a friendly dog, two or three days before you found him pointed and dead; and the garden, not without tears, to bury him in the held, under an apple-tree. You see as plainly as if you saw it now, his brown eye, as it looked at you in life for the last time. And as you feel these things, you quite unaffectedly and sincerely put off, time after time, the period at which you will accept it as a fact that you are old.

Old Humphrey's Short way with Infidels.

In moving among mankind, I have not only fallen among infidels, who had not only declared their disbelief in the Bible, but endeavored also to destroy the faith of others in that blessed book. The way they have always begun their attacks is, to biggle and wrangle about some disputed points of little importance, with as much confidence as if they were on the point of overturning the whole truth of Scripture by their silly prattle. So as soon would a poor, blind mole tear up from the ground an oak of a hundred years' growth, burrowing under one of the least of its roots.

If ever you fall in with any of these unhappy beings, don't be drawn into a cavil with them about trifles, but boldly declare your opinion, leaving them to "wangle" if they like, by themselves.

Tell them that if there be anything good, and pure, and holy, and heavenly in the world, the Bible exhorts to practice it; and if anything that is evil, and base, and vile in the world, the Bible commands us to avoid it. That will be a power.

Tell them that the Bible contains more knowledge and wisdom than all the books that ever were printed put together; and that those who believe its promises and obey its commands, have peace, and hope, and joy in the cares of life, and the trying hour of death. That will be a power too.

Tell them that the Bible has been believed in by the wisest and best of men from generation to generation, as the word of the living God, and that it makes known to a sinner the way of salvation through the merits and death of a crucified Redeemer. That will be another power.

And then tell them, before they pull the book to pieces any more, to produce one that has done a thousandth part as much good in making men happy on earth and in guiding them in the way of heaven; and that will be the greatest power to them all.

To the Prayer-meeting.

Let attendance on the meetings be regular and constant. Be sure to go, if possible; go and see who you can find there. If your faith is weak, go. If your love is chilled, go. If hope be clouded, go. If joy and peace fall to rise in your soul, go. Every professed Christian, be sure, if he be stirred up and drawn out in the service of Christ. If you have for a long time staid away, and the Christian armor has got rusty, go. "Prayer makes it bright," burnishes the shield, the sword, the helmet and the breast-plate of righteousness. Go, if only a few are expected to be there, for if you stay away the number will be less. Go, as did the good brother, to the red school-house, year after year, and often alone; like him, you may by-and-by find the places filled with anxious worshippers, and see souls converted. Go, expecting the presence and refreshings of the Holy Spirit, and expecting to meet Christ there, agreeably to his promise, that where two or three are gathered in his name he will be in the midst of them. Be sure to go, always to go, to the prayer meeting, when possible, even at the sacrifice of ease and profit in worldly things, as you will find a rich reward in it to your own soul, and see blessings descend upon the church of Christ. Go—all go—and carry out these suggestions, and God's blessing will be to you, like his promises, sure. Try faithfully this recipe.—*Christian Mirror.*

Over-worked Women.

An over-worked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an over-worked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples—sometimes letting her work with half her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces—sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap-band were Loh's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and her back-aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and less than nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightly of as hysterical—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she

is always entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.—*Dr. O. W. Holmes.*

Such is Life.

It is a wonderful thing—Life—ever growing old, yet ever young; ever dying, ever being born; cut down and destroyed by accident, by violence, by pestilence, by famine, preyed remorselessly and insatiably upon, trying multiplying and extending still, and filling every spot of earth on which it once obtains a footing; so delicate, so feeble, so dependent upon fostering circumstances, and the kindly care of nature, yet so invincible; endowed as if with supernatural power, like spirits of the air, which yield to every touch, and seem to shade our faces; substituting by means impalpable to our senses, yet yielding powers which the mightiest agencies obey. Weakest and strongest of the things that God has made, Life is the heir of Death, and yet his conqueror; victim at once and victor. All living things succumb to Death's assault; Life smiles at his impotence, and makes the grave his cradle.

Fan gently the Dying Spark.

In attempting to convert a sinner from the error of his way, one should be as careful as though he were endeavoring to revive a rapidly expiring fire. Not trundle in a scuttle-full of dogmas all at once, so that the faint spark which gives indications of spiritual life is so overwhelmed by the mass, that it can with difficulty force its way through it, or perhaps is smothered entirely, but drop a truth here, a maxim there, always striving to keep the spark alive. Fan it, do not blow it out.

The Laborer and the Warrior.

The camp has had its day of song; The sword, the bayonet, the plume, Have crowded out of rhyme too long The plow, the sward, the loom! O! not upon our tented fields, Are freedom's heroes bred alone; The training of the workshop yields More heroes true than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel, May with a heart as valiant smile, As he who sees a fœman reel. In blood he bathes his blow of might; That skill that conquers space and time, That grass life, that lightning bolt, May spring from courage more sublime Than that which makes a realm a spoil.

Let labor, then, look up and see His craft no path of honor lacks; The soldier's title yet shall be Less honored than the workman's axe; Though pride may hold our calling low; For us shall duty make us good; And we from truth to truth shall go, Till life and death are understood.

Religious Intelligence.

To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan:

DEAR SIR,—The following article appeared in the "Courier" of this city on Saturday 3rd inst. It is gratifying to not a few of your readers, if you will please give it an early insertion in our popular and useful Conference Journal. EVER YOURS, F. BOTTERELL.

The Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary.

The annual exercises of the St. John's Branch of this well known, and liberally supported institution, was held in the Wesleyan Church on Sunday and Tuesday last.

The deputation, to preach the Sermons were in their appointed place on the Sabbath, and executed their allotted work so well, that they deserved, and obtained the grateful acknowledgments of their hearers at the public meeting. The theme of the Rev. C. Lockhart's discourse was the "Kingdom of Christ." Not controversially, but evangelically the preacher explained its nature; exhibited the privileges of its subjects; its sacred extent—its unending perpetuity; and the sacred extent of its mission to the Redeemer's Kingdom. It was occasion of real, though chastened regret, that the short, sharp winter on Sunday last should have necessarily diminished the congregation. The Rev. T. Smith was equally felicitous in the choice of his subject for the evening sermon. It was "the impetuosity of the love of Christ to evangelic effort." Mr. Smith's hearers were numerous, their gratification and professed were great. It cannot be that the just popularity of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to the redoubtable, should suffer decline whilst its admirable primitive principles continue to be advocated in the pulpit, with the intelligence, benevolence, and power, manifested by the Ministers whose services on Sunday last we here characterize.

The public meeting on Tuesday last was also decidedly successful. This would appear equally from the large number of interested listeners; the highly respectable occupants of the spacious platform; the addresses which secured the unanimous approval of the assembly; and the amount contributed towards the Society's funds. The sum received at the anniversary, which is only one of many will be to you, like his promises, sure. Try faithfully this recipe.—*Christian Mirror.*

thousand pounds, with which the expenditure at home, abroad in the Colonies, the South Sea Islands, in India, and China, in Africa, and Europe corresponded. The meeting showed respect equally to itself, and the reader, by listening with appreciating patience and pleasure to this important document.

The first motion was presented in a neat and pertinent speech by the Rev. T. Smith, and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Pedley, who spoke with discernment both when he heartily commended the people of this country for their sterling qualities; and when he expressed his regret, that among the young of all the Churches in Newfoundland, he feared there was a discreditable mass of ignorance of Scriptural Christianity and a defective education, which patriotism and piety should alike prompt to endeavors to reduce, and if possible wholly to supplant. The Rev. Mr. McRae, in speaking to the second motion, impressively contrasted the laudable celebrity of British subjects in the parent state, and in her dependencies, in contributing men and money to repel and to crush any invader who might have the audacity to place his hostile foot on their shores, with the yet very limited number of Missionaries, and the means for their support. His energetic sentences on Christian liberality will not soon be forgotten. Rev. C. Lockhart followed, whose clear ideas, calm manner, deliberate utterance, and cordiality of sentiment render him so efficient on the platform as matter in the pulpit. The third resolution was proposed by Rev. Mr. Harvey. The anecdotal eulogium of his address secured attention to weighty words on the sacred privilege, and demonstrable efficacy of prayer. Were the fervent discharge of this duty more widely cultivated, it would be less conducive to personal piety, than to the wider establishment of the Kingdom of God. The ensuing resolution was entrusted to the Hon. N. Stabb, who in well adjusted phrases expressed the obligations of the Society to all, who by their personal advocacy of its claims, or by their subscriptions, or by the labour of collecting, had rendered the Society valuable services. He particularly the Christians and New York's Juvenile Offering, and entirely concurred with those who thought them entitled to domestic encouragement, and of public grateful acknowledgment. J. Remister, Esq., brought his historical reading luminously to bear on the glowing subject of the Sabbath morning's discourse, and well did he perform that part of the proceedings which he kindly undertook. On the Hon. J. Rogerson's resigning the chair to the Rev. F. Botterell, Mr. John Wood moved, in a short, pithy, well considered speech, that the respectful thanks of this meeting, be due to the Honorable J. J. Rogerson, for his kindness in taking the chair, and the ability with which he has conducted the business at the meeting.

"Last Sabbath," continued the doctor, "a gentleman came into my office, and greeted me cordially, although I did not recognize him. 'Do you remember your calling on a patient in this city, the wife of a naval officer, some twenty-four years ago?' 'Yes, very well,' said the stranger: 'That woman was my wife. For more than twenty years I have been bearing with me a message, from port to port, and this is the first time my vessel has been ordered here; and now I have come to your office this morning, the first thing after my arrival, to deliver my parting message. She said to me with her dying breath: 'If you ever get to Boston again, don't fail to tell that blessed man who, at my sick bedside, told me faithfully of my sins, and pointed me to Christ. He has been the means, in God's hand, of my conversion.' The officer set himself, as he delivered the message. And, continued the Doctor, addressing his Christian brethren, 'be faithful in every condition and circumstance in life, and God will reward you, though you may have to wait twenty-four years, or even until you meet those to whom you have been thus faithful, in the world above. Depend upon it, you were never called to labor for Christ in vain.'

The interest in the men of the sea is deepened by the touching testimony which is frequently borne to the power of God's grace by many warm-hearted souls of the ocean.

Recently, a young man arose and said he was from France. 'I came to Boston,' said he, 'a poor sailor-boy. I have been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. I knew very little English—could understand some more than I could speak. I went into the prayer meetings in Boston into Father Taylor's Church—all of you have heard of Father Taylor, the preacher to seamen—and the Lord had mercy on my soul and converted me—glory be to his holy name! Then I wanted to go back to my own country, to my family and friends in France. I went and laboured in my country. I have read almost every week of this meeting, in France, where we get accounts of you, and I made a vow if ever I came to this country again, I would come to this meeting. And now here I am. I am almost worn out. This poor body is almost gone. The doctors tell me it will last only a few months more. But, oh! brethren, what do I not owe to this prayer-meeting? I have now a father and mother in heaven, converted through my instrumentality—sisters in heaven. I have a Heavenly Father there, and Jesus there, whom I am more anxious to see than all. I shall see you all there by and by. I hope to meet you all in heaven.' He spoke rapidly, and in good English, and with an inexpressible tenderness.

Another said: 'A few years ago a ship bound to New York, was met by a terrific storm with a few hours of her entrance into the bay. An old sailor, who was ordered ashore to get in the sail, though the vivid flashes of lightning nearly blinded him, and the peals of thunder were deafening to the ear, yet he dared to curse the God of heaven for sending such a storm upon them when so near their anchorage. The ship safely reached the port; the sailor went ashore. He saw a crowd entering a house of God, and he followed. The text of the preacher's discourse was concerning the coming of the Kingdom of God with power, and it went home with power to the sailor's heart. He afterwards made several voyages and came back to New York to die. On his sick bed he sent for the man of God, under whom he was converted of sin, and through whom he was brought to Christ. The clergyman came. In that interview, on being asked how he felt, he replied: 'O my brother is he even so; he

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Mark Parsons	1 0 0
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G. Gushaw	0 5 0
Rev. E. Brettle	10 0 0
Dr. Addy	10 0 0
Mr. Jas. Brettle	1 0 0
Rev. J. S. Pesch	10 0 0
Rev. C. Comben	4 0 0
Rev. P. Prestwood	10 0 0
Jas. Dove	2 0 0
Thos. Gaetz	5 0 0

The above list has been carefully copied from the original. It may not be perfectly correct, but it is as nearly so, as under the circumstances is practicable. When the Newfoundland Historic subscriptions towards this excellent Fund has all collected the amount will prove, that many in this remote part of our work have a cordial appreciation of those Institutions of our Church which are so wisely adapted to uphold its character, and promote its extension.

F. BOTTERELL.

Prayer Meeting Incidents.

A medical gentleman remarked in one of the recent non-day meetings, that twenty-four years before he had been called to the bedside of a woman, the wife of an officer in the United States Army. He became satisfied on seeing his patient that she could not be restored to health, and he told her so frankly. But said he: 'My dear madam, are you a Christian? If you can not live, are you prepared to die?' She shook her head mournfully. 'I am not.' 'Have you never thought, at any time, that you would give your heart to the Saviour, and prepare for heaven?' 'I have often, under the strivings of the Spirit.' He then sat down, took her hand in his, and faithfully, earnestly, affectionately commended Christ and his salvation.

"Last Sabbath," continued the doctor, "a gentleman came into my office, and greeted me cordially, although I did not recognize him. 'Do you remember your calling on a patient in this city, the wife of a naval officer, some twenty-four years ago?' 'Yes, very well,' said the stranger: 'That woman was my wife. For more than twenty years I have been bearing with me a message, from port to port, and this is the first time my vessel has been ordered here; and now I have come to your office this morning, the first thing after my arrival, to deliver my parting message. She said to me with her dying breath: 'If you ever get to Boston again, don't fail to tell that blessed man who, at my sick bedside, told me faithfully of my sins, and pointed me to Christ. He has been the means, in God's hand, of my conversion.' The officer set himself, as he delivered the message. And, continued the Doctor, addressing his Christian brethren, 'be faithful in every condition and circumstance in life, and God will reward you, though you may have to wait twenty-four years, or even until you meet those to whom you have been thus faithful, in the world above. Depend upon it, you were never called to labor for Christ in vain.'

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Newfoundland District.

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Kingdom of God has come with power to my heart. He then sank exhausted on his pillow. After a while, on being asked again how he felt, he replied: 'My brother, there is land ahead.' He ceased. In a little while the question, 'How do you feel now?' was asked. 'I am just rounding the point, he replied, and sank again. The same question was repeated by the minister, after a solemn silence of some minutes. The old sailor rallied once more, and with light beaming in his whole countenance, he replied: 'Oh! I'm just entering the port now. Drop the anchor! drop the anchor! and his spirit entered the haven of rest.'

General Miscellany.

A Naples Prisoner's Tale.

The following harrowing tale is given by the correspondent of the London Times, and is well authenticated. The prisoner (or a young man who has been confined in one of the dungeons of Naples:

"I landed in Genoa from Boston somewhere in 1853, and wishing to see the South of Italy, travelled till I came near Viterbo, when I was cautioned not to go to Rome; but still I persevered in my intention of doing so, when I was arrested as not having a passport, and carried to the Eternal City, when I was placed in Carcere Nuova. Not satisfied with the report which I gave of myself, I was tortured three months as follows: My hands and arms were bound together, and then, by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, they were drawn back till my bones sounded 'Crack! crack!' There was another species of torment practised upon me which was this: At night while sleeping, the door was secretly opened, and buckets of water were thrown over my body. How I survived it I cannot tell; the keepers were astonished, and said that they never had seen such an instance: 'But you will never get out alive,' said the Coprola Rosalci. I replied that I never expected so to do, and prayed for the angel of death to come. The worst torture of all, however, was the prison itself, a room into which a few rays of light struggled from above, the stench of which I had been used by the gaolers as a privy—as was bad as death.

"For three months I suffered thus, and then, without any reason assigned, was taken from it and placed alone in a room called the Salons del Preti, a large room, and was well fed and well treated for twenty-one months more. I was the prisoner of Cardinal Secretary Antonelli. About the middle of 1855, again, without any reason being given, I was sent off to Naples; I was placed first in the Vicaria, and afterwards in San Francisco, in a small close room, where I have been detained for four and a half years. I was questioned on several occasions, and at last refused to answer, saying that my persecutors already knew what I had to say; that I was unjustly and illegally confined and nothing should compel me to utter another word. On another occasion I was called before Bianchini, the director of police, who interrogated me. I appended against my sufferings, and all the reply I received was, 'I have! I have!' from a Christian man to one suffering as I was. I have been asked to send a *supplicia* for my liberation, but my invariable answer was, 'I will die first; never will I ask anything of this government.'

"When I first arrived here I had a little money, which for a short time procured me better food than the prison fare, and then by degrees I sold my clothes. At last, I sold, at a trifle, my black bread to have a little salt to sprinkle over my beans, and sometimes to procure some pieces of soap to relieve the horrid stench of my prison. I have passed four summers and winters pacing up and down my narrow chamber. 'I will show my prison dress,' said he, and going out he returned in a few minutes. It might have stood as a model for Lazarus raised from the tomb. The lower part of his body was a thin pair of brown drawers, nothing more; on his feet were a pair of shoes with the soles and upper leathers all in holes. He had no shirt, but over the upper part of the body was thrown a rag something like a coarse kitchen towel, one corner of which had been placed on his head, and as the long elfin locks, which had not been cut for many years, hung down far below his shoulders, he appeared more like a brute beast than a Christian man. 'See this rag,' said he, 'how I botched it. This was my dress, and so I did I paved up and down my solitary cell.' 'When I heard of this state,' said the benevolent Arena—whose name should be known and honoured; 'I sent him some clothes, otherwise he could not have left the prison; and when he entered my house I thought I had never witnessed such a sight. He was supported by two persons, for he could scarcely walk, and stared about, exclaiming, 'Where am I?' 'He was evidently lost. He has somewhat recovered in appearance, but his eyes are still half-closed, as though unaccustomed to the light, and the indications of suffering are unmistakable. 'You were astonished by what you have seen,' said a friend who was with me, 'and yet in the Vicara I have seen hundreds of such sights.'

An Ingenious Piece of Work.

Mr. Nicholson, a journeyman carpenter of Philadelphia, has just completed a *fac simile*, in miniature, of the national Washington monument. The miniature contains 6,400 pieces of wood of American trees. It is built on a scale of one-eighth of an inch to a foot, and completed, it stands five feet eight and three-quarter inches high.—The base is composed of 3,681 pieces, arranged as a tessellated pavement. The wood, in this portion of the structure, includes white oak, walnut, oak from the frigate Alliance, red cedar, and oak. The Pantheon is composed of 308 pieces, consisting of live oak, walnut, cherry, red cedar, boxwood, (from the Paterson farm of N. Jersey,) maple, mulberry, button-wood, elm, (treaty elm,) gum, walnut, hackberry, locust, spruce, plain maple, bird-eye maple, yellow pine, white oak, live oak, mulberry, and wood from the charter oak, the treaty elm, wood from the frigate Alliance, the ship Constitution, wood from Fort Du Queme. The star at the top of the obelisk is made from a piece of the old Independence bell. The whole is most neatly joined, over three years having been occupied with the work. As the model now stands, it

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