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## Religious Miscellany.

### My Lambs.

I love them so, That when the elder Shepherd of the fold Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold. I bade him go.

A little fondling thing, that to my breast Clung always, either in quiet or unrest ; I thought of all my lambs I loved him best. And yet-and yet-

I laid him down, In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears For some voice told me, that in after years He should know naught of passion, grief or fears As I had known,

And yet again That elder Shepherd came ; my heart grew faint; He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint, Another ! She, who, gentle as a saint, Ne'er gave me pain. is in them ! They are curiosities for the

Aghast I turned away : There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream, Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam. Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam : I knelt to pray :

" Is it thy will ? My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given O! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven;' And a sad voice said, " Nobly bast thou striven: But-peace, be still,"

O! how I wept ! And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild And yearning love-my lamb,my pleasant child; Her, too, I gave-the little angel smiled, And slept.

" Go ! go !" I cried : For once, again, that Shepherd laid his hand Upon the noblest of our household band : Like a pale specter, there he took his stand, Close to his side.

And yet, how wondrous sweet The look with which he heard my passionate cry. " Touch not my lamb-for him, O ! let me die !" "A little while," he said, with smile and sigh, " Again to meet,"

and Hopeless I fell : And when I rose, the light had burned so low. So faint, I could not see my darling go, He had not bidden me farewell ; but O ! I felt farewell.

the tree, to perish and be forgotten. Of the few books which can be said to have a liv-human understanding, but in the ripeness of Hume, and ribaldry like that of Paine. and I would that we had him, or some one use of lightning conductors, but there is not rectly. Here, take this sheet of paper,"ing mission, many perform it in a year, or of his years, and the fulness of his attain- They boldly impeach the authority of holy of equal wisdom and experience, to assist us a line of evidence to be found in history and the pupil accordingly took the paper, even a month. It is once in a century that ments, he was ever more anxious to come, writ; or blot from its pages the doctrines as a superintendent in deciding the momen- which would lead us to conclude that they and set about writing to his master's mother. a really great genius rises up to write a through the study of the Scriptures, to a which are according to godliness ; or exten- tous questions which loom up before us. had a single correct idea in regard to the The Chinese mostly write their letters book, which he is confident without pre- fuller understanding of the providence and uste the guilt of fashionable vice ; or make You have probably learned from the jour- science or practice of affording protection upon fancy paper, upon which are stamped, sumption-like Milton-that "the world grace of God. Milton, with a genius that pleasure a valid plea for procrastination; or nals of the day that the contest between the from strokes of lightning. Thus, Pliny, the in red and blue, figures of birds, flowers, will not willingly let die." A really live book is a rare production. It is one that will be that will not winter kill—one that will be that will not winter kill—one that will be that will not winter kill—one that will be that will be the cause of civil and the could at once plead the cause of civil and the could at once plead the cause of civil and the Crucified One, now as though these things the Crucified One, now as though these the commenced the the crucified One, now as though these the commenced the the crucified One, now as though these these the commenced the the crucified One, now as though these thes -one that kindles into action minds that feather's weight in the scale against the into the Churches of our saints, and pleaded publication of a Bulgarian paper, which has strike." Seal-skins, when dry, are non-concome in contact with it-one that has in it words of Him that spake as never man spake; more earnestly for " innocent amusements" been widely circulated among the Bulga- conductors, and would be more injurious his sheet of ornamented paper, we asked the the seed of coming centuries. Such a book and Lord Bacon, who could reason where han for "the work of faith, and labor of rians in this and the neighboring provinces. than beneficial for covering houses, and there school-master whether this lad knew his the seed of coming centuries. Such a book made to order. Literature has other speculate, and could throw off his love, and patience of hope." Nay, some, it is influence, aided by the private is no difference between the skins of land torse thoughts in striking aphorisms, was may be, are numbered with the ministry of shape it. The attempt will always prove a fain to make fast the girlle of his arguments of the Bulgarian town of Kokoosh, in Macefailure. Time is sure te detect the cheat. Even of works of real merit in their day, how few survive their own age! It has been said, with no little point, that all the of all other books, vindicates their unrivalled ing in their brethren, to exalt themselves.

scholar; but after all, for the most part, intel-

honey of antiquity might be stored in a sin pre-eminence. They can never be supergle beehive. Take the great writers of the seded. They can never become obsolete. classic age of the Greek and Roman periods, There is that in the nature and condition of -Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Seneca, and man which finds in them alone the answer others,-and how little of real vitality there. to its cravings.

#### Courtesv.

lectual mummies. Take the great lights of English literature, The innumerable fine and delicate threads. Bacon and Addison, and Bolingbroke, and Johnson, &c, and how the coals their geni-warp, constitute the strength of the social warp, constitute the strength of the social us kindled are already half-buried in their fabric. Courtesy is love embodied, and renashes. How little read, even at this early dered active and visible; and love attracts period, are the writings of Burke, the most into union and oneness, as when contiguous philosophical of English-or of Fisher water drops rush into mutual bosoms and form Ames, almost his peer, of American states- river and lake. Conventional observances men; and in reverting to the speeches and may drive men into combinations, as exterlife of Webster, how readily one recalls what nal hoops force the staves to become the is almost sure to be his inevitable fate in the barrel and the cask. But the drawings of parallel surmise of Macaulay, that the time love will attract, even through impediment may yet be when some curious traveller and barrier, like the magnetic influence that from New Zealand might be seen sitting on operates through the vessel upon the mimic a broken arch of London Bridge sketching floating swan.

Courtesy is essentially different from pothe ruins of St. Paul's cathedral Once in a while there comes along a book liteness, etiquette, manners. These may like Baxter's Saints' Rest, or Bunyan's Pil- become mere marks of supreme selfishnese grim's Progress, that has more vitality in it and hatred ; and they may be only exhibihan a whole pyramid of metaphysicians tions for praise and profit. Courtesy has, and novelists of the modern stamp. But indeed, no special form or manner, and yet whence is this? The vital element is bor- never wars with suitable and decorous conrowed from "the living words " of Christ. ventionalisms. Courtesy is inherent, and By force of this they live themselves. Al- ever the same ; but forms of politeness are nost all else is buried by the waves of time, shaped by accident; hence the etiquette eaving only here and there a little island of now reigning may be dethroned in time, and living thought. Let us take the dozens of the politeness of to-day become rudeness or volumes of Walter Scott and James, and vulgarity.

Dickens and De Quincey, and a score of Courtesy cannot be taught or learned ; other modern literateurs, and who imagines cannot be put on or laid aside. Courtesy is that they have the staff of immortality in felt-mere politeness seen. The former them? Already they are drifting away on wins love-the latter respect. The one the Spanish armada, soon to be, if they are can lay down a life. To become polite, not already, dismasted, to leave on the rocky read Chesterfield, to become courteous

# " Don't Think about it Now."

Why not? You have just said you knew that religion was of more importance than every thing else. Why not then think of it to paleness ? When, racked in agony on the people refused to receive him, and are the bed

"You turn, and 'tis a poor relief you gain To change the place and keep the pain." will you then think of religion ?

When the death damps are gathering upon your brow, and the grim king of terror is calling, will that be a good time to think ? You must think sooner or later, and you of our mission field are kept in commay defer till thought will be dreadful and motion by the ecclesistical affairs, the vilfull of remorse.

rison to another, was asked how he liked the control of all national and Church busihis new home ? "Not at all," was the reply.

" Yes, better." " Is your labor harder."

" No, not so hard." " Are you not treated with kindness ?"

" Yes.' " Then why not like it ?"

"Because I am allowed to speak to no endure it."

Dair.

fall from the press like autumn leaves from mathematics of heaven." John Locke fa- the streets; along the byeways; anywhere; view is suggested by brother Lore in his dangers. Some proof has been adduced as write me a letter to my mother. But don't

donia, near the Gulf Salonica, were led into Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, "which, world." their claims for a Bulgarian instead of a forest of acute gilt spikes which covered the was to say."

Greek bishop, and were pursuaded that if they would make application to the Pope, Bulgarians would be ordained; they would receive French protection, and might still which it stood." This may really have with a number of elegant formulas. Do you retain their connection with the Eastern been so, but the cause why the temple never think he does not know perfectly well how a Church. The prefect of the Jesuits at Con- was struck by lightning was wholly unknown son onght to write to his mother ?" to the Jews themselves; and in reading the stantinople went down to counsel them .-now? If not, when will you think of it? Two men were selected to be sent to Rome description of the temple in the Bible, there understood immediately the difference be-Will you do so when disease has dalled the for ordination. Subsequently the patriarch is not a crumb of evidence in it to warrant tween filial piety, as it is practiced in China, lustre of your eye, and turned your cheek relented, and sent a Bulgarian bishop; but the above conclusion.

To Franklin, our American philosopher, belongs the credit of inventing lightning-rods The pupil, obedient to his master's orders now awaiting the return of the others with belongs the credit of inventing lightning-rods the authority of the apostolical succession through the pope. The question of following in their course is very extensively agitated through Bulgaria. The idea is not properly arranged on houses or other struc- had addressed to his mother ! tures. In proof of this, Lichtenberg deslages are quiet and undisturbed. They cribes the following remarkable case :- long while, and had himself taught them to A convict, on being removed from one leave to the inhabitants of the larger places ness; and although they have churches, and church built on a mountain had been on peared to us to be rather superfluous; for priests, and apologies for schools in the many occasions struck by lightning; and so the letter would have done just as well for "Are you not clothed and fed as well here? larger villages, yet their Christianity has very frequently and with such loss of lite, any other mother in the Celestial Empire as imparted to them nothing but a name. In 1861 it will be a thousand years since

the first Christian king of the Bulgarians was entirely demolished by lightning, and satisfaction in the receipt of it. (Boris) was baptized at what is called the after it was rebuilt it was struck four or five Holy Spring, at a place twelve miles from times every year. In the same thunder-storm Shumla, where stood the capital of the the lightning fell upon it no fewer than ten country; and yet it is strictly true that to times, and afterwards, in 1778, it was five one I go to the table and sit and think ; I go day, in many localities, they retain the fes-about my work all day to think ; and at night tivals of their heathen gods. One instance on this occasion, was so violent that the spire the breeze, as it crept through the neighborthe iron door shuts me up in my solitary cell I will give of an annual festivity celebrated began to give way, and Count Orsini was ing wood? O, that hoarse voice of ocean, to think ! think !! think !! and I cannot at villages in the vicinity of our city. The objiged to take it down. It was rebuilt a never silent since time first began-where alleged birthday of a heathen deity was third time, and protected with a pointed con- has it not been uttered? There is still-Ah! he should have thought before an December 24. His name was Coliada .- ductor ; and up to 1783, when Lichtehberg ness amid the calm of the arid and rainiron necessity compelled him to do so; and Those who learned enough of Christianity writes, it had received no injury in thunder- less desert, where no spring rises, and no the sea of time, like the huge admirals of bows gracefully and profoundly; the other the Spanish armada, soon to be, if they are can lay down a life. To become polite. ries which for more than a thousand years

When the pupil had left the room with

"In that case, how can he write the let-

We had nothing to reply to this; but we and as it is so magnificently described, and

and providing protection from lightning .- lost no time. He returned soon afterwards This, we believe, is not a doubtful question. with his letter in an elegant envelope, which It is a scientific fact, demonstrated by Frank- be had even the politeness to seal already, in and others, that complete protection from so that this amiable son did not even give lightning is provided in metal rods of suffi- himself the trouble to read the unctuous excient height and thickness, when they are pressions of ienderness and respect that he

No doubt he had known them by heart "At the country seat of Count Orsini of his pupil. He wished, however, to write Rosenberg, in Carinthia, the spire of a the address with his own hand, which apthat during summer divine service was not for the one to whom it was addressed, and performed in the church. In 1730 the spire any other would doubtless have telt as much

#### The Voice of the Ocean.

Was it the sound of the distant surf at even fusing the sharp point of the the sand, and the red, unshaded rave of

fierce sun. But once and again, and yet

11

ous affections ident to our es thrust upon carded, this has benefits on the ed cures too

Evil, of the blood, weak, and pervades the sease on any attacks, nor The scrofu-

rial disease, bod, impure essing vices, ion. Whathe constituen unto the it seems to ill visit the

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More deeply far Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame Tho' could I but have heard him call my name, " Dear mother" but in heaven 't will be the same There burns my star !

He will not take Another lamb, I thought, for only one Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun, My guide, my mourner when this life is done ; My heart would break.

O ! with what thrill I beard him enter; but I did not know-For it was dark-that he had robbed me so, The idol of my soul-he could not go-O ! heart, be still !

Came morning : can I tell How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept ? For waking tears were mine ; I sleeping wept. And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept. Alas | 4 farewell."

How often it is said ! I sit and think, and wonder too, sometim How it will seem, when in that happier clime, It never will ring out like funeral chime Over the dead.

No tears ! no tears ! Will there a day come that I shall not weep? For I bedew my pillow in my sleep. Yes; yes, thank God ! no grief that clime shall

keep-No weary years.

Ay ! it is well ! Well with my lambs, and with their earthly

guide : There pleasant rivers wander they beside. Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide-Ay ! it is well.

Through the dreary day They often come from glorious light to me I can not feel their touch, their faces see, Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me;

Heaven is not far away.

Literary Mortality. BOOKS THAT DIE-A BOOK THAT LIVES.

chances of

Webster ; other thinkers, like Pascal, or The tables of literary mortality shew the following appalling facts in regard to the an author to secure literary fame; out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, &cc.; 200 just pay expenses; 100 return a slight profit; and only one hundred show a substantial gain. Of these 1,000 books, 650 are table. Most great writers and speakers have had forgotten by the end of the year, and 150

books.

never before so great as they are to-day.

Childhood has read them and owned thei

power over youthful susceptibility. Age

than from the first in years.

more at the end of three years: only 50 his intellectual apes, and many a young wri- pel believe this ! survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50 .ter has made himself ridiculous by counter-000 publications put forth in the seventeenth feiting the style, or clothing his thought in century, hardly more than 50 have a great the philosophical, or rather transcendental reputation and are reprinted. Of the 50,000 garb of Carlyle or Emerson. Genius seems works published in the eighteenth century, n fact to live in a world of mirrors, where posterity has hardly preserved more than it gives light enough to be seen by, it will vere rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are hardly more than five hundred writers throughout the globe who have survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of

The vanity of young authors-though there are exceptions-is proverbial. Colrival in dioramas of the tempest, the thunton, in his Lacon, aims at it the most stingders of the heavens or simulate the splendor ing of his arrows. Every year a thousand of the sun-with a Drummond light. writers imagine that they have something to say which the world ought to hear They burry into print, and ask men to listen to the new oracle. But the great world goes on its way, and pays no more heed to their modest request, than the ox in the fa-

shore, for centuries to come, only fragments read the Bible. Abraham, the father of the of their plundered cargo. faithful, and Paul, the Apostle of the Gen-Nor would it be difficult to name stars in tiles, bowed indeed with courtly grace, resthe firmament of American literature that pectfully; but it was their courtesy, maniare peerless now, but ere long must give fest in look, word, tone, manner, that reveal place to others. New writers and thinkers ed their heart love, and melted other hearts. will rise up, their equals or superiors, to rival The writer was passing along a narrow and discrown them, only to be discrowned pavement. A young man, in coarse apparel in turn. In the great host that crowd the at our approach, stepped aside, with great field, like the stars in the milky way, it is alacrity, and into the mud edging the path ever becoming more and more difficult to He did not bow, he waved no hand, he retain the pre-eminence. Ten centuries moved without grace, and yet the whale hence, and criticism will need a Hershel was evident courtesy.

After passing, the thought arose, should telescope to detect them. The history of books is much like that of we not acknowledge and thank for behavior fossil plants and races—the products of an so unusual in a young man in this brazen antediluvian age. They have died to form age. We went back. Offering our hand, the strata out of which others should spring, we said, "Young man, shake hands with to flourish and perish in their turn. So had me !" " Certainly, sir, but why do you passed away in succession-each feeding on wish it ?" " Because you are a kind-heartthe decay of its predecessor-generation ed fellow, and a true gentleman; you gave after generation of dead books. Now and all the path to me !" " Sir, I would step then one has lifted its towering trunk, as we into the gutter for an elderly man !" " God see in the coal quarries, shooting up through bless you, young man! May you become generations of the dead, But after all, it a believer in our Lord Jesus Christ, whose was only a more distinguished fossil. The servant I profess myself; and may we meet gifted and eloquent are soon forgotten. Great in heaven, if we never meet on earth !" ibraries are great catacombs, and all the Tears stood in the eyes of both ; and when skill of the binder's art only builds, for the we said good-bye, our hands seemed to be a roundings, above all, by the Divine blessing most part, the splendid mausoleums of dead love tie binding our hearts; and we were, Meanwhile. the words of Christ are as republicans, and without becoming red, black,

fresh and living as ever. Time has gathered or of any other political color. no rust on them. Age has not out-dated Reader ! " Be courteous !- Chr. Intel. them. Their power and influence were

What Sin Has. " It cost Him blood our hearts to win, To buy us from the power of sin."

has perused them, and reperused them, and never found them old. Generation after Sin has its God. After characterizing generation has taken them up and pored Satan as "the great dragon which deceived over them, and found them fresh as ever. the nations," John bears emphatic witness, The New Testament is ever new. The "All the world . . worshipped the dragon." words of Christ are to-day what they were And the Scriptures expressly declare that our astonishment and gratitude to the Author to Luther when he found them in his mo- Satan is " the god of this world "

Sin has its law. Paul speaks of " a law they have learned more of us, our business. nastery buried in the old Latin Vulgate .-what they were a century earlier to Clemen- that when we would do good, evil is present and our faith. One of the most pleasing gis, when turning from Greek and Roman with us." The law "works in the memclassics to the Scriptures, he declared that bers ;" and when Christ addressed those rians is that their priests are by no mean he had learned more from the last in hours, who were in subjection to it, he said "Ye backward in manifesting their good-will-What if there should rise up other ora-

tors, like Demosthenes, or Chatham, or style that law "the law of sin and death." Sin has its gospel. The old Serpent give promise of influence for good when Locke, or Bacou ; other poets, like Dante spoke the language of promise in "Eden, elevated by Gospel truth. Our acquaint or Milton ; other investigators, like Frank- "Ye shall not surely die." He speaks that ance with the priests extends into all the lin, or Herschel, or Faraday,-who imagines language still. He beguiles his dupes by that any or all of them would be able to setting before them, in fair show, " the plea- distance of from fifty to sixty miles. They supplement by a single line, "the living sures of sin," and hiding from their eyes visit our bouses, and at times come and as words" of Christ? These stand alone by that these pleasures are but "for a season." me to go with them to see the sick, having themselves, forever unapproachable, inimi- Nay, he makes bold, with some, to give as- more confidence in a little medicine than i surance that hell shall not be moved from anointing with holy oil.

We have now greater need than ever beneath to meet them at their coming. And their crowds of imitators. Byron has had thousands who have no faith in Christ's gos- the fervent prayers of the Church at home, that heavenly wisdom may be given us to Sin has its scriptures. The press groans the prosecution of this great work, and that

with works which ignore, or defend, or beau-tify sin. " It has long been the policy of vation of this people from "the death of sin the Devil to keep the masses of the world in to the life of righteousness."

ignorance," says one, " but finding at length | It is no easy matter to decide upon the that they will read, he is doing all in his mode of operation. Several considerations But who has ever ventured to imitate, or power to poison their books." And how have led my mind to dwell upon the plan of rather parody, the Man of Nazareth ? Who rather parody, the hum of Mazareta i who has ever produced a rival of the Sermon on the Mount, or attempted to speak like him in parables? Even if the sacrilege of the act did not forbid, no man has ever deemed it consistent of a well attempt to tice traces to their origin, in that unboly of "leavening the whole lump," elevating men : and poems and novels that charm the constantly to urge its acceptance; but we imagination, but taint it-smitting the soul have learned to regard the Bulgarian people fatally, as with the sunstroke of genius. in their centers, that is, in the principa Sin has its churches-assemblies of the cities, as a rising people, and from the course Meanwhile, the most powerful minds have not been ashamed to confess their own in-debtedness to those words which are "spi-rit and life." The wisest have studied Sits he not enthoned in their hearts there ? Sits he not enthoned in their hearts there ? Short time they will in a body demand a rerit and life." The wisest have studied the holiest have studied there is not his will wrought? O, it formed religion. It is but reasonable to be this topic, and it is valuable in directing have read them to become more holy. Pascal was a great mathematician, as well as a churches, convened in the theatre. Yonder ten this result; or rather, with a clearer re-Of all books published, the great majority are dead to begin with, and it is a work of supererogation for critics to kill them. They the Great Teacher expounded to him " the the Bislation; in private parlors; on lange them to it. This momentuous question of protection from its and the master; " take your pencil and all pleasant and easy, we only exhibit the

" Death at the farthest, can't be far ; Ah ! think before thou die " -Watchman and Reflector.

Religious Intelligence.

### Letter from Bulgaria.

pposition of Greek Archbishops-Priests -Mode of Operation - Jesuits - First Christian King-A German Physician.

We have just received the following letter from Rev. W. Prettyman, one of our missionaries in Bulgaria. Please give it to the readers of your paper .- Cor. Sec

SHUMLA, Bulgaria, Jan. 25, 1860. In entering upon the new year, we judged nicate more freely with him in the German purselves sufficiently acquainted with the He listend to his delineations of Christ and language to make preparations for holding public service. With the opposition of the Greek archbishop, and the superstitious educated for the ministry in the Lutheran dread which the Bulgarians have of his Church; that upon finishing his studies he afterward, the electricity was conducted by foaming dragon, whose vocation is to eat up anathemas, it was a delicate and difficult spoke to several old pastors of experimental matter to obtain a house in their quarter .- religion as set forth in the Scriptures; they Success was extremely doubtful; but by timing our effort and managing the sur- the ministry, strove to be a deist. His mine in answer to prayer, we have securely ob. instruction as a thirsty soul. For several at that moment, improved as citizens and tained a room 36 by 25 feet, in a new house weeks he was almost a daily visitor at Bronear by our residences, which we have be. ther Flocken's. He attended his German fore informed you are in the heart of the Bul- service, and often wept like a child ; but sudgarian quarter. We are now fitting it up, denly be was removed to Adrianople, and

riches of grace in Christ Jesus. In view of commencing active operations

it is natural for us to scrutenize our relation to this people, and the prospect we have of imparting religious instruction to them. In many respects we could hardly imagine a more favorable position. The respect shown

us by the community is such as to excite of all good; and this is steadily increased as features of the friendliness of the Bulgs

are of your father, the devil; and the lusts It is true these are generally very ignoran of your father ye will do." Inspired writers men, some of them very intemperate ; but others are moral and reputable, and mos surrounding country, in some instances to

To joys that never fade

In crystal fountlets by, Through skies with beauty gleaming Their raptures from on high, So rivers of salvation In purest currents flow Till men in every nation

And when these skies shall darker In heaven's own Sabbath light, And God-lit stars awaken Amid eternal white, Then may we with millions rise, Redeemed through Jesus' blood

The sons and stars of God. St. Louis Christian Advocate.

## Protection from Lightning.

A recent number of the Evening Post sons in the next room, ---probably some fine passages out of Confucius, upon the love that children owe to their parents. The pu-obstacles, and the surmounting of many imcontains an article of considerable length on pil presented himself with the proper air of nedimenter. When mounting of many im-

have attached to the day preceding. onductor." They We could cite a whole host of such in- again, has the roar of the ocean been there bring from the forest the trunk of a tree, in

some places they drag it by cords held in stances of the efficacy of lightning-conduct It is his sands that the wind heaps up; and ors, but we will just state two others, these it is the skeleton remains of his the mouth. Having cut out a rough face, and prepared a feast, they place food before eing sufficient for our purpose. The first shells and fish, and the stony coral-that the lightning-rod which Franklin erected was rocks underneath inclose. There is silence it, crown it, and sitting around it, sing its praises and drink its health until they are on the house of Mr. West, in Philadelphia. on the tall mountain peak, with its glittering in a state of beastly intoxication ; yet these A short time after this, July, 1770, a severe mantle of snow, where the panting lungs

people are Christians of the Eastern Church, storm visited that city, several houses were labor to inhale the thin bleak air-where no struck with lightning in the neighborhood insect murmurs, and no bird flies, and where of West's, and the fluid struck his conduction the eye wanders over multitudinous hillwhich claims to be the only true Church. We have a few cases of special interest tor and fused its point, but the charge was tops that he far-beneath, and wast dark foreport in connect on with last year's labora A very intelligent and amiable German phy conveyed to the ground without doing any ests that sweeps on to the distant horizon, lamage to the building. In the month of and along long hollow valleys where the sician in the Turkish service was statione there with the troops in the early part of the April, 1827, the American packet ship New great rivers begin. And yet once and again York was struck by lightning while in the and yet again, has the roar of the ocean year. He spoke the English imperfectly Gulf-stream, and considerable damage was been there. The effigies of his more ancient and formed our acquaintance. When Bro ther Flocken arrived he could could commudone. At this time there was no lightning denizens we find sculptured on the crags, his salvation ; his heart was melted as wax before the fire. He said that he had been curity did it afford, that when the vessel slopes. Where has the great destroyer not whatever.

laughed him to scorn, and he, abandonin has found no peace. He drank in religiou and hope in a few weeks to declare in it the we could only commend him to God and to the American missionaries stationed in that city .- N. Y. Chrs. Advocate and Journal.

### General Miscellany.

Sabbath Evening. BY J. D. REAGAN.

The light of day is closing Ugon the world's broad brow And, on this Sabbath evening, We kneel and pay our yow We lift our hearts to beaven, In praise and solemn prayer For light in us is given,

The life of grace to share

The landscapes now are shroude Beneath the shade of day; But heaven is still unclouded, 'Mid evening's pale-shed ray And so our souis are lighted, 'Mid scenes of worldly shade And we are safely guided

As stars with light are streaming

Their healing virtues know

And shine in his paradise,

conductor on the vessel, but as the storm where they jut from beneath the ice into continued next day, the captain erected a the mists-wreath ; and his later beaches, chain on the mast for safety, and such se- stage beyond stage, terrace the descending was struck by a powerful charge a few days been-the devourer of continents-the blue the chain into the sea, and did no damage the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed Some have contended that lightning-rods flanks of Scheballian; and his nummulties vere of no benefit whatever, because in a and fish lie imbedded in great stones of the few instances houses have been struck which ovramids, hewo in the times of the Pharwere provided with them ; but in no instance

Letter Writing in China.

and we asked him whether he would not like

to take the opportunity of sending something

to his family or friends. After considering

for a moment he said, "Oh yes : I think

shall write a letter to my old mother.

has this been the case without there being untouched by the tool. So long as ocean some deficiency in the arrangement of the exists, there must be disintegration, delapconductor. It should form a continuous idation, change ; and should the time ever metallic connection between the point in the arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionatmosphere above and the end in the moist less and chill, shall sleep within their proground below, and it should also be insulated found depths, to awaken no more-and from the building by the interposition of should the sea still continue to impel its on conductors at the points where it is se- currents, and to roll its waves - every cured. In former volumes we have des- continent and island would at length discribed the nature and mode of erecting con- appear, and again, as of old, " when the ductors; we therefore need not recapitulate fountains of the great deep were broken

such information, as our object at this time up," is principally to urge their more general "A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe."

the flat-steppes of Saberia, and the rocky

roahs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon, still

adoption, because we hear of accidents from Was it with reference to this principle, so relightning striking houses almost every day, cently recognized, that we are expressly told and all because well-known means for afford- in the Apocalypse respecting, the renovated ing protection are not more generally ap- earth, in which the state of things shalt be fixed and eternal, that "there shall be no more sear" or are we to regard the revelation as the mere hieroglyphic-the pictored shape-of some analogous moral truth? The first year of our residence in China. Reasoning from what we know "-and from what else remains to us?-an earth a fact of which we were witnesses furnished without a sea would be an earth without rain, us with the means of estimating the impor without vegetation, without life-a dead and tance and value of a letter in this country. doleful planet of waste places, such as the We were staying at the time with a literary telescope reveals to us in the moon. And man, a native of Pekin, who had left his yet the ocean does seem peculiarly a creafamily eight years before, to take the office ure of time-of all the great agents of viof school-master in one of the towns of the cissitudes and change, the most influential South. Many conversations that we had with this Chinese had led us to suppose that and untiring ; and to a state in which there he was not of so cold and insensible a nature shall be no vicisaitude and no change-in as most of his countrymen; his manners which the earthquake shall not beave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down, and were kind, and he had the appearance of the continents melt away-it seems inevita possessing much more warmth of heart than is common here. One day we were on the ably necessary that there should be "no more sea."-Hugh Miller. point of sending off a messenger to Pekin.

### Success Attributable to Love of Occupation.

The great difference which we perceive have heard nothing of her for four years, and she does not know where I am. Since there in the success of people, depends almost enis such a good opportunity; it would not be tirely upon the earnestness with which they pursue their industrial callings. And that earnestness depends again upon the love for and engrossment by the pursuit in which of a very fervent complexion; but we mere-they are engaged. It is a bad sign when a ly told him that he had better, in that case man is forever lamenting the difficulties of write immediately, as the messenger was his avocation and wishing he were in any going off that evening.—" Directly, direct-ly," he repiied, " you shall have the letter in bis avocation and which, for the time being, demands his attention

a few minutes," and he called to one of his pupile, who was singing out his clasical les-leons in the next room probably some fine f pediments. When we fancy that one par-ticular business possesses all the discourage-

amiss if I were to write a few lines." We thought his filial piety did not seem

