

vouring them as it would appear, when involved in the intricacies of the mountains. His first victims at Robledocho were one Manuela Garcia and an infant child, whom he promised to provide for at Santander. He returned three days after setting out, and said he had left them on the way, very happy, and in company with a carrier; and in a short time pretended to have received a letter, in which they described their good fortune at Santander, and the result of which was, that a sister of Manuela Garcia, named Bonita, who lived at Laza with her son, desired also to go there, and he set out with them, and disappeared of them the same way; and so on till the number of victims reached to nine. He also confessed to many other murders committed at different places. The skull of one of the victims was found and produced before him, but it made no impression on him, and his pulse remained firm and quiet. All his victims being of the poorest class, powder could hardly be the incentive to these crimes. His own statement is that his nature is changed from time to time into that of a wolf.

**FEARFUL ENCOUNTER WITH INDIANS.**—The following account of an encounter with the Indians is extracted from a letter received in England from California:—"I was chased through the mountains nearly nine miles by a band of seven Indians; and were it not that I was very well armed, I should certainly have been murdered by them. They followed me to the north fork of the Trinity River. I tried to make my mule take the river to swim across, but found it impossible to get into the water; there seemed no possibility of escape for me—they were close upon me. A spur of one of the mountains terminated abruptly on the river in a high rocky bluff almost perpendicular. I had just dismounted, intending to abandon my mule, &c., and try to swim the river myself, which like all other rivers in the mountains, rushes with great velocity down its bed, which is strewn with enormous rocks, against and over which the current roars with terrible force. To swim for it was indeed a forlorn hope, but my only chance of escape. Before I had time to pull off my boots, the Indians were within 100 yards of me. I sprang up. I had in my holsters two of Colt's revolvers of the largest size, and a good large knife. They came on. I must tell the honest truth; my very heart sank within me as they ran up to me with an exulting yell. I uttered a cry of horror and alarm—it seemed impossible to escape. At my cry they gave another yell of triumph. I drew out one pistol, took a cool aim at the nearest, who was not more than ten steps from me, fired, and, strange to say, I missed him, I pulled the next barrel, however, fired, and he fell dead not three steps from me. He had been in advance of all the rest who now ran up one after the other. I felt very cool and steady, and before five seconds more, had shot down two more, one of them mortally. Just then the fourth, the ablest and stoutest of the party had run close up to me, and, as I knelt down that I might be able to see under the light smoke from my pistol, he stumbled over me and fell, in his fall grasping me by the left arm with both his hands. My right arm was at liberty; I drew it back, and exerting my whole strength, buried the projecting hammer of the pistol into one of his temples, when he shuddered a moment and relaxed his hold of me. I looked around and saw the other three, who had not yet come up, standing some little distance off, their bows and arrows ready in their hands. Without standing up, I fired at one of them, and struck him in the left arm; he let fall his bow, turned, and with the others fled. I had changed in a moment from being alarmed and terrified. I sprang up, and pursued them for about two miles; but, as they ran like deer, I soon gave up the chase. I then returned, and found the Indian I had struck in the temple, and whom I supposed dead, sitting up and staring wildly about him. At sight of me he started to his feet. I finished my horrid work by shooting him through the head. I sat down and washed the blood which had spouted from his temple on me, and in about ten minutes four white men came down the trail, who were astonished to find such a spectacle. The Indians were armed with bows and arrows, and each bore a long knife and a small hatchet slung on his belt."

**'I AM WHAT I AM.'**—John Newton in his old age, when his sight had become so dim as to be unable to read, hearing this Scripture repeated, 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' paused for some moments and then uttered this affecting soliloquy: 'I am not what I ought to be. Ah! how imperfect and deficient I am not what I wish to be. I abhor that which is good, I am not what I hope to be. Soon, soon, I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Though I am, not what I ought to be, what I wish to

be, and what I hope to be, yet I can truly say I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and Satan; I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge by the grace of God I am what I am.'

**PRAY NOT FOR LENGTH OF DAYS.**—The eulogy of Hon. Horacio Binney, upon the Hon. John Sergeant in the Federal Court Room in Philadelphia, is described by the papers of that city as eloquent and impressive in the extreme. When he had spoken for three-quarters of an hour—slowly, and with deep feeling—he turned to his brethren at the bar and said: 'Let no man pray for length of days, for the old man is left alone when he has buried all the friends of his youth. It was my grateful and painful duty, three years ago, to pay my last offering of regard to the memory of Chauncey. I am now come to pay a like tribute of regard to John Sergeant. This is probably the last time that my voice will ever be heard by my associates of the bar, and I now offer them my last friendly salutations.' He sat down, evidently much moved.—The room was silent.

"Remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' the true disciple will value wealth chiefly as he can spend it on objects dear to his dear Lord. To him money is a talent and a trust; and he will feel it a fine thing to have a fortune, because it enables him to do some thing notable for some noble end. And whether like Granville Sharp, he spends it in pleading the cause of the oppressed and the friendless; or like Howard devotes it to reclaim the most depraved and degraded; or like Simeon, purchases adoptions in order to appoint faithful pastors; or like Thomas Wilson, multiplies places of worship in a crowded metropolis; there is no fortune which brings to its possessor such a return of solid satisfaction as that which is converted into Christian philanthropy. Our houses tumble down, our monuments decay, our equipages grow frail and shabby. But it is a fine thing to have a fortune, and so be able to give a grand impulse to some important cause. It is a happy thing to have wealth enough to set fairly afloat an emancipation movement or a prison reform. It is a noble thing to be rich enough to provide Gospel ordinances for ten thousand people in a vast and world-wielding capital. It is a blessed thing to be 'a man to whom God has not only given riches and wealth,' but so large a heart,—so beneficent, so brotherly, that his fruition of his fortune is as wide as the thousand who enjoy it, and the reversion as secure as the heavens in which it is treasured."—*Hamilton's "Royal Preacher."*

**PREACHERS AND HEARERS.**—"Half the power of preaching lies in the mutual preparation. The Minister must not serve God with that which cost him nothing, but it is not the Minister alone who should 'give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. There is a scriptural duty on the part of the hearer. He should come with a purpose, and he should come with prayer. He should come hopeful of benefit, and bestirring all his faculties, that he may miss nothing which is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. He should come with a benevolent prepossession towards his pastor, and with a friendly solicitude for his fellow hearers, and thus as iron sharpens iron, so his intelligent countenance would animate the speaker; and, like a Hur, or an Aaron, his silent petitions would contribute to the success of the sermon."—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

"Behold that home of yours! What an Eden a thankful heart might make it! What a concentration of joys it will appear as soon as the Spirit, the Comforter has revealed its brightness; or as soon as its little groups and its daily scenes can only be viewed in the pictures of gold and ebony which furnish the mourner's memory! And yet, how often does your own peevishness embitter all its joy; and how often with foolish hankering do you quit its hoarded pleasures, and fly away to clubs, and crowded rooms, to theatres, or lonely travel, in search of the honey you have left at home!"—*Id.*

There are now said to be two thousand Chinese labourers in the Island of Cuba, and six thousand more on their way there. They are exported at a cost of \$125 per head, and receive \$5 a month for the eight or ten years for which they are bound to their employers, by whom the expenses of their exportation are paid. Those already on the island, it is said, have given great satisfaction by the industry and intelligence they display.

In ten years sixty thousand houses have been built in London.

#### UNEKINDNESS.

SIXTY life's best joys consist in peace, and ease,  
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;  
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,  
A small unkindness is a great offence.

#### Correspondence.

#### SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 10.

#### SEPTUAGESIMA.

O Source divine of life and light,  
Beneath whose wing primeval night  
Became a radiant dawn;  
Whose word dispell'd the ebon shade,  
That on the formless void was laid,  
Before the world was born.

Come with Thy brooding pow'r once more,  
And let Thy word the earth restore  
To righteousness again;  
Like to a burning lamp go forth,  
From Judah to the utmost North;  
From Zion to the main.

O Holy Dove—who on the head  
Of Jesus Christ thy radiance shed,  
In Jordan's limpid wave,  
Who by the tongues of plastic flame,  
Gave pow'r in His prevailing name  
The sinful world to save.

Again, thy Presence we implore,  
Come as Thou wilt, and hover o'er  
The chosen of the earth;  
O let th' atoning blood impart  
Its healing to the mind and heart,  
And bless our Second Birth.

W. B.

#### FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

**TITLE:** Newport Local Committee of the Diocesan Church Society held its anniversary Meeting on Wednesday the 12th instant. It was very well attended, and we hope had the effect, which such Meetings are calculated to produce,—that of increasing the interest of the congregation in this Society, as well as its attachment to their Church. At no period perhaps since its formation has the call of this Society been more urgent upon its friends for their zealous and increased support. The wide field which is opening before it, as well as the comparative deficiency of its funds, make this call imperative, if she is ever to take her stand as the main support of the Church in the Diocese.

After the usual prayers and the singing of some verses of the 67th Psalm, the following Resolutions were passed, accompanied by animating speeches:

1. *Resolved*, That Churchmen should give their utmost support and encouragement to the D. C. S., not merely on the ground of its present benefits, but because the future welfare and existence of their Church is essentially connected with its prosperity.

Moved by Mr. Woodroffe; seconded by Mr. Marshall Mumford.

2. *Resolved*, That as the income of the Society still continues far below what its important nature and the wants of the Diocese demand, no well wisher to the sacred cause in which she is engaged, ought to remain a lukewarm spectator of her difficulties.

Moved by Rev. Alfred Gilpin; seconded by Wm. Mumford, Esq.

3. *Resolved*, That the late liberal Resolutions of the General Committee, to double their own subscriptions, many of which had been doubled before, ought to call forth the imitation of every member of the Society, as far as their means permit.

Moved by Mr. Crisp, of King's College; seconded by Mr. Randal, also of King's College.

The fourth Resolution relating to the election of the Executive Committee, was moved by the Revd. Wm. Taylor, and seconded by the Secretary, Mr. George Cochran.

After this many subscriptions were paid in, and others left to be collected by persons appointed. The hundredth psalm was sung in the course of the proceedings, and Heber's Missionary Hymn at the close of the Meeting. The assemblage dispersed after the benediction by the Rector,—much pleased, and, we trust, confirmed in their disposition to support to the utmost of their ability so deserving and noble an Institution.

#### MEETING AT WALTON.

The following day the Local Committee of the D. C. Society in this place, was held at 12 o'clock in the neat Church, which forms a prominent object upon the hill, at the entrance of the river. It was a cold day, and the meeting was not so fully attended as on other occasions. Sickness in several families also kept many away. It was however a very interesting Meeting, and called forth the zealous expression of attachment to the Society from the leading members of the congregation. The meeting opened with the 100th psalm and the appointed prayers: but as the resolutions were nearly the same as those passed at the Newport Meeting, it is not necessary to repeat them. They were supported by the following persons—Messrs. George Parker, Wm. Stephens, Bernard Wier, Wm. Woodroffe, of Newport, and Francis Parker, Esq.

A good collection was taken, larger than at several previous meetings, and which will most likely be increased before the funds are sent in from these Committees. The Meeting terminated in the usual way.

The Congregation in this place have never yet been backward in contributing some share to most of the objects for which they have been called upon in behalf of the Church; and since the resumption of the duties