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Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Death of Saladin.

This Saracen monarch, a short time before his death, commanded that a courtier should carry his winding-sheet, borne upon his sceptre, through the streets of the city, proclaiming, "This is all that remains of the mighty Saladin!"

Within a city of the East,
Whose thousand domes and spires,
When gilded by the *setting* sun,
Shine like resplendent fires,
A *silence* reigns,—so still and deep,
It seems as if some woe
Hath swept the land with tyrant power,
And laid the nation low.

Where are the ever shifting scenes
Of daily, busy life?
Where are the harsh, discordant sounds
Of tumult and of strife?
Where is the ever active crowd
That throngs the busy mart?
What mighty—more than *mortal*—spell
Hath bound the nation's heart?

One voice—in earnest, solemn sound—
Breaks on the startled air,
And the enquiring vision reads
A fearful lesson there
And as the messenger moves on,
The people hold their breath,
For in his lifted hand he bears
The ambrotype of death!

A *winding sheet*,—oh, stern rebuke
To earthly pride and trust!
A winding sheet on sceptre born—
Emblems of *power* and *dust*.
And still one thrilling, earnest cry
The people's ear enchains;
"Of Saladin, your mighty king,
This, this alone remains!"

Oh, fearful thought! and is this all
Of human pomp and pride?
Is there no lasting joy and fame
To earthly deeds allied?
Must all the champions of the sword,
Victorious and brave,
With arms reversed, and muffled tread,
March to the conquering grave?

The monarch's crown, the monarch's fame—
Ah, what avails him now!
For blasted is the laurel wreath,
Upon the stricken brow:
Perchance 'tis *this* consuming thought
The conqueror constrains
To bid his messenger proclaim
That death alone remains.

Oh, what a message of rebuke
To every thoughtful mind—
To think that fame will only leave
A *winding sheet* behind!
Then let us build our name on high,
Above the world's renown;
Where no intruding storm of earth
Shall sweep the fabric down.

For, if we vanquish every foe
In the great war of life,
Still, pierced by death, we'll fall at last
Upon the field of strife.
And though no messenger of death
Our winding sheet may bear,
And publish to the list'ning world,
A solemn message there;
The silent grave, with grass o'ergrown,
Shall tell in mournful strains—
Of one who fought life's battle well,
'This, this alone remains."

THERESE.

Mill Town, Jan. 28th, 1861.

[From "Our Excellent Women."]

Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers.

BY REV. J. B. WAKELEY.

On the nineteenth of August, 1784, she was united in marriage to a Methodist minister named James Rogers. A volume might be written concerning this excellent minister of Jesus. He was a noble man, an able preacher, the confidential friend of Wesley, worthy the heart and hand of Hester Ann Roe. Two purer spirits have seldom been united since our first parents were made one in Paradise. She speaks thus concerning Mr. Rogers, "in whom the Lord gave me a helpmate for glory, just such a partner as my weakness needs to strengthen me." Mr. Rogers speaks of her as "one of the best helpmates man was ever united to. Her feelings, sympathy, and faithful love were, I believe, seldom equalled, and never exceeded." James Rogers was very fortunate in securing such a wife.

"Happy the man, and sure he was,
So wedded! Blessed with her, he wandered not
To seek for happiness."

Mrs. Rogers was not only one of the best of wives, but an excellent wife for a Methodist minister. In Dublin, Mr Rogers' first station after their marriage, she was useful, and afterwards in Cork and London. She used to meet several classes, instruct penitents, and lead believers on to full salvation. Hundreds she won to Christ. She also visited the sick and poor, and was thus an angel of mercy.

"She had a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as a day for melting charity."

As a mother, she excelled. Mrs. Rogers was blessed with five children, and there were two that Mr. Rogers had by a former wife; she exhibited no partiality, but felt the same interest in them all, training them for God, and educating them for immortality. She was no cold-hearted step-mother, who dandled on the cold hand of indifference the children by a former wife.

She was a great reader all her days. Her favorite book, next to the Bible, was Rollin's Ancient History. She possessed a fine mind and was an excellent scholar, as her letters and writings show. She kept a diary from fifteen years of age till a few days before her death.

But what gave the greatest lustre to her character was her pure devotional spirit. Often she read the Bible on her knees; and frequently was so overwhelmed with the love of God, as to lose the use of her physical powers. In disposition, she was ever cheerful, serving the Lord with gladness. In conversation, ever serious, never having been known to utter a trifling word.

We have spoken of Mr. and Mrs Rogers as the intimate friends of John Wesley. He was anxious they should be near him in his last days. Therefore, in 1790, Mr. Wesley removed Mr. Rogers from Ireland, and stationed him in London, and he lived in the parsonage at City Road, and Mr. Wesley with them. This Mrs. Rogers considered as near Paradise as she ever expected to be on earth. But it proved to be a short continuance. Mrs. Rogers says, "to be with that honored and much-loved servant of God, Mr. Wesley, for five months, and then be a witness of his glorious exit, was a favor indeed. The solemnity of the dying hour of that great, good man, I believe, will ever be written on my heart! A cloud of the Divine presence rested on all! And while he could hardly be said to be an inhabitant of earth, being now speechless and his eyes fixed, victory and glory were now written on his countenance, and quivering on his dying lips! Oh, could he then have spoken, methinks it would have been nothing but victory! victory! grace! grace! glory! glory! No language can paint what appeared in that face! The more we gazed upon it, the more we saw of heaven unspeakable."

From another source we learn, that as soon as Mr. Wesley had exclaimed, "The best of all is, God is with us," he saw a group of persons surrounding his dying couch, and he inquired, "Who are these?" "Sir," replied James Rogers, who, with his wife, Hester Ann Rogers, ministered to him in his last hours; "Sir, we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." Mr. Wesley exclaimed: "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

Just as he was breathing his last, Mr. Rogers gave out these words:—

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit
Reaches out the crown of love."

When he had ceased to breathe, some one said, "Let us pray for the mantle of our Elijah." Then Mr. Rogers prayed in the spirit for the descent of the Holy Ghost on all who were present, and on all who mourn the general loss which the Church militant sustains by the removal of our much-loved father to his great reward. How appropriate the prayer!

What a scene! such as earth has seldom witnessed. How worthy of a painter's pencil!

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were prominent actors in it, and will ever be associated with the death-bed of Wesley.

The engraving of Mrs. Rogers, in this volume, is taken from the position she occupied when the founder of Methodism expired. It is exquisitely beautiful, and does the engraver great honor. The form is fine, the position graceful, the face beautiful, the countenance serene, the eyes closed, the hands uplifted in devotional attitude, and a resignation that seems to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." This engraving having been taken from the group of persons who surrounded the death-bed of Wesley, we cannot but speak of it in terms of unqualified approbation. The sweet face will inspire many with a spirit of devotion.

We must hasten to a close. Mrs. Rogers survived her friend Mr. Wesley only three years. After a life of uncommon devotion and usefulness, after two hours' sickness, this charming woman fell asleep in Jesus, the 10th of October, 1794. She leaned her head on the bosom of her husband, and said: "I am going." She then gave him the farewell kiss from lips already pallid, and angels whispered:—

"Sister spirit, come away."

And away her happy spirit fled to the bosom of her God. To her, sudden death was sudden glory. Seldom has the Church on earth lost so bright an ornament; seldom has the Church in heaven received so pure a spirit. Mrs. Rogers was thirty-eight years old when she died. An impressive funeral sermon was preached by her intimate friend, Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., from "It is appointed unto all men once to die." In it he gives her the most exalted Christian character, and concludes with, "Go and do thou likewise." Her husband survived her a few years, and then fell asleep. Those who have seen the picture, the death-bed of Mr. Wesley, will remember a little boy who was present. That was James Roe Rogers, who, for a long time, was the only living witness of his death. The rest had been gathered to their fathers. He, too, is gone. He died at the age of sixty-eight, having been for many years a worthy member of the Methodist connection. The last witness is gone who beheld that impressive scene.

Mrs. Rogers seems to have had a presentiment of her death, for among her papers was found what she, no doubt, intended as her final farewell to survivors, and to be opened and read when the hand that wrote it was cold.

It is entitled, "The Dying Bed of a Saint and Sinner Contrasted." After having described the triumphant death of the "child of God," "the heir of glory," she says:—

"Farewell, my dear, beloved children. I leave you, but your parents' God has promised to take care of you." "Farewell, in particular, my ever dear husband. How was our friendship ripened almost to the maturity of heaven? How closely and tenderly are our hearts still knit together? Nor shall the sweet union be dissolved by death; but being one in Christ we shall be one forever. Mourn not that I go first. He saw it best for my weakness; my feeble frame might not have supported your absence! A very little while, and you will follow me; and, oh! with what joy shall I welcome your arrival on the eternal shore, and conduct you to him whom our souls love! Till then adieu, my dearest companion in heaven's road, whom God in the greatest mercy gave to me. I leave thee, with the most grateful sensations for all the kind tokens of affection which I have ever had from thee. For all thy care, thy love, thy prayers, I bless my God and thank thee. But I must go to Jesus, who is infinitely dearer to me. With him I leave thee, nor doubt his care. It is but a short separation; our spirits will then re-unite, and then never, never know separation more." "Farewell to all my dear friends; weep not for me, but love God. Be thou faithful unto death, and he will give you a crown of life which I am now hastening to receive.

"'The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof,' are all in waiting to carry me home.

'See the guardian angels nigh,
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates displayed
See the crown to grace my head!
See a flood of sacred light,
Which shall yield no more to night;
Transitory world, farewell,
Jesus calls with him to dwell.'

He cries, 'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.' Amen, saith my willing, joyful soul. 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' My soul is on the wing. Burst asunder, ye bonds of clay, which hold me from my love! How welcome the stroke that shall break down these separating walls, knock off my fetters, throw open my prison doors, and set me at liberty. This corruptible body, this tottering house of clay, which now cannot sustain his weight of love, shall soon be made a glorious body incorruptible,

'Shall the stars and sun outshine
Shout among the sons of glory,
All immortal, all divine.'

And able then to enjoy the full fruition of my God. Yes, I shall soon see him as he is; not through a glass, darkly, but face to face. The beatific sight

'Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.'

Angels surround my bed, to carry me away. I come, I come, blessed messengers of my God! Haste and convey me to his loved embrace! My faith already beholds the crucified Redeemer; methinks I see him smile, while around him stand the heavenly host exulting! Oh! glorious train of blood-bought souls! What an innumerable company! And I shall join—

'Shall shout by turns the bursting joy;
And all eternity employ,
In songs around the throne.'

How delightful the theme! It hath set my soul on fire. Yet I cannot express a thousandth part of my ideas, or the prospect that lies before me. But I shall prove the unutterable bliss! The inheritance is mine! A foretaste now I feel! Nay, so I am filled with glory and with God, that more I could not bear and live! Oh, may I ever feel the sacred flame, and through eternity proclaim the depth of Jesus' love! Amen and amen.

"HESTER ANN ROGERS."

Had we space, we might dwell long on her purity, her patience, her prudence, her charity, her generosity, her perfect resignation.

There may have been women of greater beauty, of greater intellect, of greater education, but none purer, none more angelic.

"Beside the marble bust,
Which marks where venerable goodness waits
The archangel's call, tradition loves to sit
And chronicle her deeds."

O thou blessed woman! would that the Church abounded with members possessing thy spirit, and following thy example. Then would she be so pure that "ages would write no wrinkles on her queenly brow, or sin defile her pure, unspotted robes, but worthy to be the bride, the Lamb's wife, taken by him into eternal wedlock."

But her form and her name will be treasured up in those hearts only, where a niche can be found free from all common associations, bathed in a light of tempered but celestial radiance, and secured against desecration by that golden inscription:—

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."—*Methodist.*

Striving for Popularity.

The lack of piety shows itself, in our day, in straining after popularity. One is truly popular by the force of his talents and the fervor of his piety; another, because he seeks it as a main end. Between these there is a wide difference. One is simple and solemn; the other is magnificent and affected. The one impresses by his thought; the other, by his manners and words. The one attracts by the solemnity and power with which he presents and applies divine truth; the other, by his newspaper notice, his quaint subjects and texts, his odd illustrations. The one wins converts to Christ; the other, admirers of himself. The one preaches boldly the doctrines of the cross; the other withholds or modifies them, lest they should offend; and blunts every arrow, lest it penetrate, emulous only of the reputation of a popular preacher.

Happiness.

Now, let me tell you a secret—a secret worth hearing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness, as God gives them to us every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

You had better send a son unarmed and helpless into a wilderness of ferocious wild animals, than into the world without education.

Unsanctified wisdom is the devil's greatest tool.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

The Beautifier.

Stand on this pleasant hill, whose sunny brow,
With white and ruddy clover speck'd, o'erlook
A smiling landscape, meadows, woods and streams,
And, in the mellow distance, ocean's blue.
How the heart smiles in answer to the scene!
What tints and forms of bosky forest shade;
Green fields, spread ample to the noon-day beam;
Meandering river, loth to leave the land,
Yet lapsing ever to the murmuring sea;
And, wide above, the great concave of heaven,
Azure, and grey-piled cloud, and fleecy drift.
Why all this beauty? Chequer'd earth might be
A quag, a rock, monotonous and dark;—
The sparkling sea, a stagnant weed-spread pool;
The rose might lack its fragrance and its blush;
The sky, its gorgeous sunsets, golden stars!
God will'd the beauty as he will'd the light,
And smiling called the fair creation good.
Who sees, or thanks, aright? Vain, purblind men
Grope in a world-constructed twilight cave;
Or half-appreciate, and churlish use
The gifts, forgetful of the Donor's hand.
The wise have double joy: they look around,
Seeing the Wondrous Maker in His works,—
And look beyond, at blissful fields, indeed
Transcendant, which surround His brighter Throne.

J——.

February, 1861.

Religious Intelligence.

The Week of Special Prayer.

At the Meetings arranged by the Evangelical Alliance, held at Freemason's Hall, both morning and evening, the attendance has been very large. On Wednesday evening, the chair was occupied by Mr. Robert Baxter. The Rev. F. Tucker, of Camden-town, delivered the Address, in the course of which he made very touching allusions to the power of prayer by believing parents for the conversion of their children. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. M. Bunting, Rev. S. Minton, late Minister of Percy Episcopal Chapel, and others. It is worthy of consideration, whether the requests for prayer on behalf of individual cases, might not be remitted to the ordinary Prayer-meetings, and every available moment, on these special occasions, be reserved for matters of general interest.

On Thursday morning, Mr. R. C. L. Bevan presided, and read a portion of Scripture. The Rev. Dr. Osborn, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, delivered the address on Prayer for "The free circulation of the Word of God, and a blessing upon Christian Literature," and afterwards led the devotions of the meeting. The Rev. S. B. Bergne, Sec'ty of the British and For. Bible Society, made a few remarks on the circulation of the Bible in Russia, and then prayed, as did also the Rev. J. H. Tichcomb, Secretary of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India and others.

In the evening, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P., was in the chair, and, in the course of some introductory remarks, mentioned several instances of remarkable answers to prayer. He also adverted to the Lodiana Mission, reading the letter of Sir Herbert Edwardes on the subject, which has appeared in our columns, and urging the desirableness of contributions to the proposed Thankoffering Fund in aid of that Mission. He stated that the Missionary who originated the idea of a concert for prayer expected to be in England during the May Anniversaries. The Chairman then and subsequently read several written requests for prayer and thanksgivings for answers to prayer. The Rev. H. J. Lumsden, Incumbent of St. Thomas's, Marylebone, delived a very able address on the free circulation of the Bible. Among those who offered prayer during the evening were Mr. Robert Baxter and the Rev. Dr. Osborn, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. There was a brief and solemn interval for silent prayer before the benediction was pronounced.

On Friday morning Captain Trotter presided, and the Rev. W. Landels, of Regent's Park (Baptist) Chapel delivered the address on prayer for "A large outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all Bishops, Pastors and Elders of the Churches, upon all seminaries of Christian learning, and upon every Protestant Missionary among Jews or Gentiles, upon the converts of his station, and upon his field of labour." Among those who offered prayer were the Rev. S. Minton and the Rev. Dr. Perkins, American Missionary to Persia. The Chairman at the evening meeting, was Mr. Robert Baxter, and the address was deliveree by the Rev. Alfred Barrett, Wesleyan. The Rev. James Davis, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, and others, led in the devotional exercises.

The subject for Saturday was prayer for "the speedy overthrow of all false religions, and the full accomplishment of the prayer 'Thy kingdom come.'" The Hall was quite filled. Among those present we noticed the Earl of Roden, many Clergymen and Ministers and lay members of the Committees of our leading religious Societies. The Hon William Ashley (brother of the Earl of Shaftesbury) was to have taken the chair, but was prevented from coming by the death of a friend, and in his absence Colonel Walker presided. Major Straith, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society offered the first prayer specially on the subject of Missions. The Rev. J. B. Owen, Incumbent of St. Jude's, Chelsea, delivered the address, pointing out the encouragements derivable from Scripture in regard to God's dealings with his Church and people in view of the overthrow of false systems and the establishment of the truth. He adverted to the recent triumph of our small army over the hundreds of millions of China, as an exemple of the effect of unity and discipline, and applied the analogy to the conflict between the Church and the world;—would that there were the same unity and discipline among the battalions of the army of Christ! He concluded by urging his hearers to the exercise of more faith and more love to God and man. Prayer was afterwards offered by the Rev. Dr. Hewlett, the Rev. Edward Auriel, Rector of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, and others. The written requests for remembrance in prayer were numerous, and some of the individual cases were of a very affecting character. One of several intervals of silent supplication, was set apart for the Queen, Prince Consort, and Royal family. In the allusions to to false systems which furnish a special call to prayer, particular mention was made of the inroads of rationalism and neology. The critical position of the New Zealand Missionaries, and the cause of the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, were among the many matters bearing on the immediate subject of the day, brought before the throne of grace.—*London Watchman.*

Persecution in Spain.

It will be remembered that Lord John Russell gave an interview, on the 5th of December, to a deputation on this subject, and that his lordship drew a line of distinction between the countries ripe for religious freedom and countries unripe, and intimated an apprehension that the people of Spain might be so unfortunately unanimous in their opposition to the principles of the Reformation as to render it undesirable for the Foreign Minister of England, even in the way of friendly advice, to bring the case of Matamoros and his fellow-sufferers before the Spanish Government. The Evangelical Alliance has since made it its business to obtain information on this question; and it has arrived at the conclusion not only that a feeling in favour of religious liberty is not wanting in Spain, but that it exists there very extensively. Sir Culling Eardley has summed up in a letter to Lord John Russell the grounds of this belief, and gives extracts from correspondence with persons acquainted with Spain, as the Rev. A. C. Dallas, Rector of Wonston, Samuel Hanson, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Rule, Wesleyan Minister in Gibraltar and Cadiz for many years, and Dr. Tregelles, of Plymouth. Sir Culling Eardely proceeds to say that "these English testimonies are as nothing compared with evidence derived from distinguished Spaniards of opposite parties," and he quotes from a letter from Spain which has appeared in the *Cictita Cattolica*, and also from an address to Don Juan de Bourbon, signed by Spanish residents in London. Sir Culling Eardley concludes:—"Whether you will consider the foregoing testimonies to the feeling of Spaniards on religious liberty sufficient to justify you in making a friendly remonstrance with the Spanish Government in the case of Matamoros and Alhama, I do not know. A similar remonstrance addressed by your lordship to the Grand Duke of Tuscany liberated the Madiai; and well would it have been for that amiable but misguided prince if he had continued to resist the despotic influences of the Roman priesthood, which, after rendering a popular dynasty unpopular at home, have ended by making the sovereign an unpitied fugitive abroad. It may be that such a communication from your lordship to the Government of the Queen of Spain, conceived in a spirit of hearty and unmistakeable good-will, might be the means in the hands of God of evoking a permanently better feeling than hitherto, and of averting evils which, in the history of mankind, have ever followed in the train of a persevering course of religious oppression. Leaving the matter, however, with your lordship, on whom the Christian people of this country rely—even of those who differ from you in politics—as a sincere and unwavering advocate of the rights of conscience, I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's faithful and obliged servant."

The Grace of God Displayed.

(From the Irish Evangelist.)

SIRS,—Should the following narrative, which was related to me by the gentleman himself, who was originally an Irishman, but who has for many years been a most zealous and successful preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, be suited to the pages of your highly useful and interesting Christian periodical, the insertion thereof at your convenience will, I trust, tend to illustrate the abounding grace of Christ, and also oblige your constant reader and brother in the Lord.

J. H. GAWN.

The Rev. J—— B——, who had been attending the Philadelphia Conference, and who was anxious to return to his own residence in the State of Delaware before the ensuing Sabbath, had left that city on Friday for that purpose. As the distance was considerable, and the time very limited, it was requisite for him to travel during the whole of the night of Friday, in order to reach home in sufficient time for the Sabbath.

It will, perhaps, be preferable should I endeavour to relate the following circumstances as nearly as possible in his own words. "Having set out," said the Rev. gentleman, "with one companion, we travelled on horseback, during one of those splendid nights so common in the States, but which it would be almost impossible adequately to depict to a person only accustomed to the climate of Ireland. We endeavoured to render the time profitable by conversing on the state of our connexion, the glorious prospects which were then cheering our souls, and the efforts which were requisite to sustain and promote the advancing and prosperous cause of the Redeemer, and the paramount necessity of imploring the aid of the Holy Spirit, to sanctify our hearts, and give effect to our endeavours for the salvation of mankind. Thus time sped swiftly on, almost unnoticed, till the increasing light and healthful morning breeze announced the approach of cheering dawn once more, and the gorgeous panorama of an American landscape broke on our view. Just as the rays of the sun began to tinge the tops of the distant mountains, and glitter on the dew-besprinkled leaves of the loftiest trees in the majestic forest before us, we all at once came upon one of those villages which frequently in America in a very few years become towns of importance, for population, commerce, and wealth. There appeared all the elements of a future city before us. Scores of houses were in progress of erection—new streets projected—timber felled—and all the insignia of human industry scattered in wild confusion around. All, however, was in the profoundest silence, not a being was stirring; and while the graphic description given by Virgil in his Æniad of a city in progress struck our minds, the more solemn and appropriate idea of the city of the dead, or the valley of dry bones, naturally suggested itself to our souls, and the question, "Son of Man can these bones live?" involuntarily sprung to our lips. We resolved to see could anything be done for the spiritual advancement of this rising community. Tapping at the first door we enquired were there any stated or occasional religious services conducted in the village, and were informed there was nothing of the kind. I then told the person to inform his neighbours that on such a day and hour a sermon would be preached in the village to all who chose to attend, and we resumed our journey. At the appointed time I set off to the village accompanied by an aged minister, and before we came within some miles of the place, we saw numbers of persons of all ages and colours bending their steps in that direction.—Crowds of sable faces and woolly heads peering at us through the vistas, as if we had been some sort of nondescript animals never before seen in the States of America. By the time we reached the village the heterogeneous crowd that presented itself in and around a large log house baffled all description. Some sitting, some lying or standing, some chatting, others laughing, obviously intent on some droll adventure. They had managed to crush most of the females into the house, and the rest were outside as described. I said to my old friend, 'You, sir, will preach inside, and I shall do as I can outside.' Just as I was commencing the sermon, my friend came out, perspiring at every pore, 'I cannot preach,' said he, 'I am almost suffocated.' There was no alternative, I must stand in the door, and address the people both inside and out. Placing myself, therefore, in that position, I commenced. As I proceeded, I observed a large coloured man, who was using his utmost efforts to attract attention. A group were assembled round him, and from his distance I could easily see his manœuvres, and that his object was to neutralize any impressions I might make on the audience. Failing in this, he changed his tactics, and elbowed his way through the crowd to where I stood. I clearly perceived he meditated mischief, but could not apprehend his contemplated mode of attack. He, however, came close to me, but while I confess I did feel somewhat nervous at his approach, I continued to preach and conceal my apprehensions. But judge my dismay, when I saw him deliberately stoop for the purpose of tripping up my heels, and thus turn the laugh against me as a fallen enemy. My resolution was at once fixed; I felt that should he succeed all my efforts to glorify God would be rendered completely abortive, and, having my Bible in my left hand, just as he stooped I fastened the fingers of my right in his woolly hair, and his bent position gave me complete mastery over him. Thus I stood, and the crowd, as if spell-bound never attempted to interfere. When he assayed to stoop I held him up, and when he made efforts to rise I pressed him down. In this very anomalous position I continued preaching on for what seemed to me an extremely lengthened period, till at length he turned up his large white eyes with an expression I shall never forget, and in a rather subdued tone said—'You white man preacher, will you not let me go now.' 'Yes, if you will walk off,' was my curt reply. 'Well, I guess I shall;' and he was at once released. Crest-fallen and subdued, he disappeared, and I saw him then no more; but by the blessing of God I concluded in peace. I returned again and again, as did some of my brethren in the ministry. That embryo village is now an important town—that log hut is long since changed to a beautiful church, and that uncouth crowd is become an intelligent congregation, who there 'worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh.' But the whole is not yet told. Some years after I attended a public dinner within a few miles of the same locality. The table was placed in the centre of a very large store, and ran the whole length, which could not have been less than 100 or 120 feet. When we were at dinner, I observed on the same side of the table with myself a fine-looking coloured man, who constantly cast furtive glances towards me as if he had seen me before, though he was totally unknown to me at the time. Bending myself backwards behind those persons between us, I tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Friend, you seem to know me, where have you seen me before?' 'O, sir,' said he, 'do you not recollect the wicked fellow who tried to trip you up when preaching in the log house at ——? I am that fellow, can you forgive me?' Of course I felt delighted, told him I freely forgave him, and trusted he would seek mercy at the hand of one greater than I. He then stated that, after being so completely foiled in his wicked design, the terror of the Almighty fell on him—that he was under the most awful apprehensions of eternal punishment that he cried night and day for mercy—that he was pointed to Jesus, the sinner's friend, and there found salvation—that he being then a negro slave he thought he could not serve Christ so fully as if he were free—that he set this before him, laboured night and day till he purchased his own freedom—joined the church, and from the testimony of others, he was at that time one of the most zealous and successful agents in promoting the cause of what he called 'His blessed and happy Methodist Church.'"

Rev. Mr. R—— concluded by saying, "So far as I know he still lives respectable and respected, a blessing to himself and to the cause with which he is identified. Thus is the grace of God in him illustrated.

J. H. G.

Larne.

A Nation Born at Once.

A remarkable display of the power of divine grace among a heathen people, has recently taken place in the island of Celebes. Some missionaries of the Netherlands Missionary Society have labored there for some years with but little apparent success. A native preacher was passing through a village on Saturday to his preaching appointment on the Sabbath, when he saw the priest who had been bitterly opposed to the gospel and the missionaries, with a large crowd about him. He inquired what they wanted, when he was told, greatly to his surprise, that he and the people had resolved to renounce idolatry and become Christians. The movement spread from village to village, the people casting away their idols, and seeking instruction from the missionaries. The people say that they had come to the knowledge of the truth chiefly by the instruction their children had received in mission schools. The missionary mentions three districts, containing at the beginning of the year not less than 10,000 heathen, and adds, "but to all appearance, and with the help of God, by the end of the year there will be not be one left there."

Churches and Chapels in the Colony of Victoria.

The Church of England has 155 places of worship, accommodating 29,866 persons; the Roman Catholics, 69 chapels, for 19,751 persons; the Presbyterians, 74 chapels; the Wesleyan Methodists 179 places, including private dwellings, estimated to accommodate 32,070; the Independents, 41 chapels, seats 10,950; the Baptists, 21 chapels, seating 4,420. Besides these, there are 19 Primitive Methodists chapels; 15 Methodist Free Church; 1 Quakers; 2 Unitarians; 5 Jewish Synagogues; 7 Welsh Protestant Churches, and one or two of other bodies.—*Watchman.*

FIVE HUNDRED "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" FOR ITALY.—At a late meeting of the Committee of the American Tract Society, in response to an application for Italy, a grant was made of three hundred copies of "Pilgrim's Progress," in Italian. A benevolent gentleman of the city of New York purchased two hundred additional copies, and they were all forwarded in the same ship. Italy is now an inviting field for the wide distribution of evangelical truth. If means are furnished, the Society might do much in that country.

The fruits of Popery, as now seen all over the world, are the most triumphant vindication of the great Protestant principle, that the Bible alone is the rule of faith.

General Miscellany.

Gems from Paschal.

BORN 1623, DIED 1661.

1. It were to be wished, that the enemies of religion would at least learn what it is before they oppose it.

2. Nothing betrays so much weakness of understanding, as not to perceive the misery of man *without God*. Nothing is a surer token of extreme baseness of spirit, than not to wish for the reality of eternal promises. No man so truly a coward, as he that acts brave against heaven.

3. Under the Jewish economy truth appeared only in figure; in heaven it is without veil; in the Church it is veiled but discerned by its correspondence to the figure. As the figure was built upon the truth, so the truth is now distinguishable by the figure.

4. When the Scriptures speak of the Messiah as great and glorious, it is evident they refer to his judging the world, and not to his redeeming it.

5. How delightful it is to behold, with the eye of faith, Darius, Cyrus, Alexander, the Romans, Pompey, and Herod, all conspiring, without knowing it, to promote the glory of the Gospel!

6. He is the true God to us men; that is, to miserable and sinful creatures; He is the centre of all, and the object of all. He who knows not him knows nothing either in the order of the world, or in himself. For not only do we know nothing of God but by Jesus Christ, but we know nothing of ourselves also, but by Jesus Christ alone!

7. A little thing comforts us, because a little thing afflicts us.

8. Many err the more dangerously, because they take a truth as the foundation of their error. This mistake lies, not in believing a falsehood, but in regarding one truth to the exclusion of another.

9. I see no greater difficulty in believing the resurrection of the dead, or the conception of the Virgin, than the creation of the world. It is less easy to reproduce a human body than it was to produce it at first?

10. The history of the Church ought in propriety to be called the history of truth.

11. If our condition were really happy, we should have no occasion to divert ourselves from thinking of it.

12. His sacrifice continued through His life, and was completed by His death.

13 O Lord, open my heart; enter into this rebellious place, that my sins have possessed. They hold it in subjection; do Thou enter, as into the strong man's house; but first bind the strong and powerful enemy, who is the tyrant over it, and take to Thyself the treasures which are there. Lord, take my affections, which the world has robbed Thee of; spoil Thou the world of this treasure; or rather resume it to Thyself, for to Thee it belongs; it is a tribute I owe Thee, for Thine own image is stamped upon it.

The Water Flowing into the Ocean.

Some idea of the enormous quantity of water that is perpetually flowing into the ocean of the globe is derived from the extent of its chief river basins. The Rhone, for example, drains the water from an area of 7,000 square miles of country; the Rhine, which has a length of 600 miles by its windings drains the water from a country of twice the area; and the Danube from 55,000 square miles of surface; but the waters from an area of 300,000 square miles fall into the St. Lawrence, and those from 1,000,000 of square miles into the Mississippi, which, by its windings, has a length of 3,560 miles. It is estimated that 1,800,000,000 tons of water fall daily into the Mediterranean, which, besides the great rivers that fall into it, receives more than twenty secondary rivers, and innumerable smaller streams. More than a fourth of the river water of all Europe falls into the Black Sea.

Perils of Precocity.

Baillet mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom very few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian, so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties, and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pacha di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at the age of twenty-five, at the age of fifteen having composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain a third of a century. In 1791, a child was born at Imbeck, named Henri Heinneken, whose precocity was marvellous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly, at twelve learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years he was as familiar with ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sauson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge. In the ancient and modern languages he was proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year.

Deaths in Royal Families.

The following personal items about royal families are interesting: Since January 1, 1860, fourteen members of the sovereign families of Europe have expired. The princes were Jerome Bonaparte, formerly King of Westphalia; Prince Danilo, Sovereign of Motenegro, who was assassinated; Prince Schoumburg-Lippe; Paul William, Duke of Wurtemburg; the Prince of Syracuse, uncle of Ferdinand II. of Naples; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Stralitz; and now, latest of all, the King of Prussia. The princesses were the Dowager Queen of Sweden, the widow of Bernadotte; Frederica Louisa, Empress Dowager of Russia; Anna Paulowna, Grand Duchess of Russia, sister of the King of the Belgians; Princess Caroline, widow of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechinger; and, at Constantinople, the Princess Nasle Hanem, sister of Said Pacha, and eldest daughter of Mohamet Ali.