

grandeur. There was seen the pining Jew, exhibiting in his person and appearance the most vivid comment on the curses heaped upon him in the book of Deuteronomy. Then there were Christians in the city, having had time to live, but they were morally dead. What were they doing? Not certainly the errand of their Lord and Master. They prided themselves on possession of what they called the holy places and the holy sepulchre. If he had not remembered that his duty might have called him to give a description of the place on his return to his country, he would never have appeared in a place which was defiled by the grossest superstition. The church of the Holy Sepulchre was open to all on certain festivals; upon other occasions it was to be seen for about eight shillings. Having (in company with a friend) paid the entrance fee, they expected to make their visit in silence. But that satisfaction was denied them. It was immediately known about the city, that the English Christians were to visit the church. Accordingly when they arrived there they found the place crowded with persons, who, in the language of their faith, were 'doing' certain devotions. They were going round touching certain places—the stone of unction, the spot where Joseph of Arimetha stood, and the exact place where Adam's skull was found by Constantine the Great; and their surprise was great when they saw we did not follow their example. He should always be unwilling to wound the feelings of any one, more especially of one sincere in his error; but in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, there was no union, nothing in fact but disunion. There was the chapel of the Greeks, the chapel of the Latins, the Nestorians, the Copts, the Armenians, and the Abyssinians; and the Turk who sat at the door with the pipe in his mouth, smiled in tranquil scorn while he knew that he must be paid his price. These Christians came to purchase their safety, by these superstitious observances, and the consequence was, that there was nothing but discord and strife among them, instead of being an example to Mahomedans and Jews. Before sitting down (said the Rev. Gentleman), let me gratify myself by recalling the time, my lord, when, fifteen years ago, at the house in Salisbury-square, you dismissed me to commence my labours. Within this period I have seen Protestant missions spring up everywhere, and around me. Eight years ago there were only six missions, twelve months ago there were thirty. (Hear.) But there is this peculiarity in the character of missionary bodies, that the more you have the more you require. When the last report was presented, there were missionary representatives for seven Protestant societies; there are now representatives for eight. There is the Church Missionary Society, the London, the Wesleyan, the Berlin, and the American; and, within the last two months, the Episcopal Missionary Society of America: these make six; but, besides these, there is the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. All these different bodies live together in the utmost harmony, and all unite in forwarding the one great work of truth and love. If the God of peace and love have blessed us, may he also bless our friends and supporters at home. We have continued for fifteen years to experience the benefits and the guidance of their counsel; and I trust every succeeding year will bring a new proof of unanimity and godly peace. Then may I expect that God will bless our undertakings." (Much applause.) The Rev. Gentlemen sat down with seconding the resolution as above, which was adopted by the meeting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMUNICATION.

MR. McLEOD.—Should the enclosed meet your approbation, you will much oblige me by inserting it.—As I am a subscriber to several Religious Publications, I will occasionally send you some selections, which if you should think fit you can insert in your very valuable Religious Paper.

Your's, &c.

A CHRISTIAN.

WHAT THE NEW TESTAMENT CAN DO!

Some time ago there was a pious widow, living in the northern part of Scotland, on whom, in con-

sequence of the loss she had sustained, devolved the sole care of a wretched family consisting of seven daughters and one son. It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious habits which are friendly to the present happiness, and the immortal welfare of many. Her efforts were crowned with the best success, so far as the female branches of her family were concerned. But, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care; and her only son, her darling, perhaps her idol, became her scourge and her cross. He loved worldly company, and worldly pleasure; till, having reduced his circumstances, it became necessary that he should go to sea. When his mother took her leave of him she gave him a New Testament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book, and read it for her sake. He was borne far away upon the bosom of the trackless deep, and year after year elapsed, without any tidings of her boy. She occasionally visited parts of the island, remote from her own residence and particularly the metropolis; and in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perhaps she might hear any tidings of the beloved object, who was always uppermost in her thoughts. On one occasion she accidentally met, in a party in London, a sea captain, of whom she made her accustomed inquiry. He informed her that he knew the vessel and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles; and added, perhaps with too little reserve and caution, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom. Pierced to her inmost soul, the unhappy mother withdrew from the house, as soon as she could sufficiently compose her agitated feelings; and resolved in future upon a strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge, and hide her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," was her language, "mourning for my son." She fixed her residence at one of the sea-ports on the northern coast. After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at her door, to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions, better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in two deep,—had been several times wrecked; but said he had never been left so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself, and "a fine young gentleman, were the only individuals, of a whole ship's crew, that were saved.—We were cast upon a desert island, where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I never shall forget it." And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a little book which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book, he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. 'There, Jack,' said he, 'take his book, and keep it and read it, and may God bless you—it's all I've got.' And then he clasped my hand, and died in peace." "Is all this true?" said the trembling, astonished mother. "Yes, madam, every word of it." And then, drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, "and here's the very book too." She seized the Testament, described her own hand-writing, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own on the covers. She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold thy son liveth." Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Will you part with that book my honest fellow?" said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money,—not for all the world. He gave it me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope, I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it till I part with the breath out of my body."

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course, the race of you"
"Who danced our infancy upon their knee,"
"And told our marvelling Boyhood legend store,"

"Of the strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,"
"How are they blotted from the things that be."

They are gone like the "year that's awa'!"—and are buried in that Chaos of oblivion, from which our busy memories sometimes recall them, like phantoms of the imagination, by a melancholy retrospection.

Another year has sped its rapid course, and in an hour will take its everlasting leave, while thoughtless mortals hail its successor with convivial joys, un mindful of the death of its Progenitor.—The Sun may rise upon the varied cares of men, but this midnight moon will witness the varied frailties of the votaries of pleasure, pouring unhallowed libations upon suicidal Altars, while the sufferings of the poor, commemorate their Anniversary, and the tears of the widow and the cryings of the orphan, are heard in the house of woe.—But there are some, who, had they lived in devoted Gomorrah, would have saved that city—they mourn the year that is gone as a blessing lost, and implore the protection of Providence for the coming year.—When we indulge in the contemplation of the past, there is a rush upon the remembrance, which brings with it a painful pleasure, for who can revert to his years of "marvelling Boyhood," and recall his youthful scenes, and unsuspecting and youthful associates, with their anticipated joys without emotions of pleasure alloyed with pain. The time was—and its foot stepped lightly upon flowrets, while its sands like diamonds sparkled as they fell—our friends once were!—But how many of them now, are "blotted from the things that be"—Our hopes were also! But we have long since found them blasted in their buddings, and those which escaped the early mildew of mortality, have like exposed exotics attained a sickly growth.—So evanescent is time, and so fugitive are all of its productions.

In early life, we viewed the world through a pleasing but deceptive medium—we were ignorant of real cares and were unwilling to foretaste them. But ere forty years have whirled their rapid flight, the veil is removed, and we confess the futility of all sublunary happiness.—"men are "but children of a larger growth"—In early life we hung our stockings for a new-years gift, and pleased with a rattle, felt rich in the possession of it—in older childhood we hung our hopes upon the pleasures of the world, and are warned by its smiles, and withered by its poutings—the delusions of early life were pleasing but the disappointments of our riper years are painful—the former revisit the memory as playful dreams, cheering it like a sunbeam upon the waters; the latter like the sickly visions of a dis-temperated constitution, contort the recollection with the oppression of the deadly night-mare—for where is the man, who can say that his very best estate was not a dream, and that when he has been aroused from it, he has not awoken to the conviction of a life of disappointment.—My children hung their stockings on my chimney-piece, an innocent offering to its annual visitor St. Nicholas—but soon the delusion will lose a charm, altho' the truth discovers a fond Parent the kind Donor. I did so too some twenty years now gone, when well do remember the merriment of my new-year's eve—the huge back log, and the blazing fire, its social circle, and the choicest cake, and choicest cider—and the gay round of pleasing trifles, which cheered the parting, and welcomed the coming year—but those days of light enjoyment now are gone—my pleasing pictures of the then future have been vain as still, and my intercourse with the world has proved its insincerity, and the mockery of friendship—and now another year has fled—"Time rolls his ceaseless course," and rolls its giddy tenants, wave after wave, into the silent mansion of the tomb where a few more revolutions of this gay season without the appliance of disease or accident, must roll me also, chap-fall'n! a new-years gift for worms, until my disjointed skeleton is dishumed and kicked about by some unthinking gravo digger to make room for a fresh victim of mortality to re-banquet the crawling Sarcophagors of a burying-ground.

Is it for this we waste in riot the fleeting moments of the passing year, because it hurries us onward to this loathsome consummation, or do we bid it a long and eternal adieu in hopes that its cares will vanish with it—the year has gone.—But its cares remain to accumulate with those of another and eventful season.

31st December, 1829.