

# The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

VOLUME XIII. No. 18.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1861.

WHOLE No. 616.

## Religious Miscellany.

On the rumour that South Carolina desires an English Prince for her ruler, the London Globe says: "We have no 'Black Prince' at present, to suit their taste; and, indeed, it requires a very strong imagination to contemplate one of the sons of our gracious Queen on a South American throne, with slaves for one half of his subjects, and slave-owners the other half. His crest—the cat (of nine tails); rampant arms—negroes couchant in a field of cotton—blood hounds rampant; supporters—slave drivers armed; motto—'Live and Lash'." It advises South Carolina to apply to Spain, or take the deposed King of Naples.

England has no "Black Prince" To rule the rebel South. To arm against the valiant North, And face her cannon's mouth; No prince to reign there crime Is national belief; No prince to grace a tottering throne, Founded in tears and grief!

Imagination's eye Shrinks startled from the sight Of England's prince surrounded by These scorers of the right;— One half his wide domain Oppressors of the slave— The other half, the sons of toil Who only bless the grave.

His crest—those savage stripes Which crush the human race; His arms—those prisoners of despair, Who feel their women's smart; His allies—bloodhounds fierce, Whose eyes with murder flash; Supporters—traders in the curse; His motto—"Live and Lash!"

No, no, the cruel South Must seek another King, Who to his distant Southern home A conscience cannot bring— A King who cannot boast A firmer throne and dower; Who 'e'en would tread on human hearts In the high-road to power.

England has wiped the stain Forever from her hand; And never shall the deadly curse And anguish disgrace her land. Proudly she lifts her head; Triumphant o'er the world; And like a rainbow in the sky Her banner is unfurled.

So may the sunny South Her day of glory see; Worthy of England's noblest prince— Like England, truly free. Then shall with Africa's cry, And with her tumult cease; And proudly will her banner shine, A covenant of peace.

Milltown, April, 1861.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

## "The Sunny South."

Having been a sojourner in the land poetical called "Sunny South," as teacher, from 1853 to 1858, it may be supposed that there are some reminiscences still clustering around my memory of the *corn fields of "The Old Dominion," the rice fields, the Pitch Pine forests, and Turpentine hills, the Carolina, the cotton and sugar plantations of Georgia; and the alligators, wild fowl, and flowers, orange groves, and ecclesies of Florida.*

Associated with these, and scores of other things, I have many novel and "sunny" memories. And were I to write this morning as a southern tourist, I should write of most of them have done of these things, and of the hospitality of the southern planter, who courts congenial society to wile away his many leisure hours; and of the African race, or coloured population of the South; but not of slaves and slavery, for the tourist learns little of these.

It is but seldom the curtain is drawn aside for the transient visitor through the South to look behind the screen. When it is, it is by the blood stained hand of some overseer, whose heart has become impervious to the tones of human woe. We never saw our own eyes a slave whipped in Virginia, during a sojourn of over thirty months.

We never saw an act of barbarity, or marked cruelty during our journeyings of thousands of miles through the South, while we were journeying on, as a traveller or tourist.

While on the other hand we always received the greatest politeness from the slaves, and almost invariably, unbounded hospitality and kindness from the master.

Many of these acts of kindness and hospitality are peculiar to the southern planter, and cannot fail to leave the impress of the liveliest gratitude, upon the heart of the guest.

That there are many masters that are kind to their slaves, yes! that are good men, that are Christians, we have not the least hesitancy in saying we believe.

We have known masters to meet their slaves Sabbath after Sabbath for the purpose of giving religious instruction, they there conversed with them on the subject of practical religion, prayed with them, and sang with them the songs of Zion, and when under their instructions slaves at different times were brought to the feet of the "Crucified one," they would rejoice over them with many tears. But the system of slavery itself has to be viewed from a different stand-point from this. These are flowers of a social, moral, and religious character, which the God of love has planted there, that the thorns of slavery have been unable to choke out.

In 1856, we took "The Home Circle," published in Nashville, Tennessee. In the June number for that year we find a lengthy article consisting of extracts from the journal of an English tourist through the Southern States; from which we shall give a few extracts, which will give us a fair idea of the eyes and disposition of mind, with vast numbers of tourists through the south have travelled.

attached negro population surrounds this abode. I never saw servants in any old English family more comfortable, or more devoted: It is quite a relief to see anything so patriarchal, after the apparently uncomfortable relations of masters and servants in the Northern States, I should much prefer being a "slave" here, to a grumbling fancy "help" there, but every one to his own taste. Now, as our English tourist tells us, this is his first introduction to plantation life, and the next entry in this journal shows his sojourn with his hospitable friend Mr. Cooper to be less than three days.

How ample must have been his qualifications to judge of happiness of the attached negro population, and to come to the decision that he would rather be a slave there, than a hired man in the northern States.

Again in the same entry made at Mr. Cooper's, he says, "one of the mistakes we make is to attribute to a black the ideas and refined feelings of a white, and then we imagine his sufferings under circumstances of comparative degradation; but happily what would be intolerable to the refined and cultivated is easily borne by the obtuse and ignorant. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

These are the sentiments he commences his journey with, and from the places and dates recorded in the journal we find that he made a hasty tour through the land. At the end of which he says, "That there may be heart-rending abuses in the south I do not deny, though I have not witnessed them; but what is there that is not liable to abuse? I could tell of heart-rending abuses in the North."

Flights of these birds of passage have learned and sung the same song, but never the learned accompaniment, the sound of the lash or paddle, the cries and groans of the sufferer, the yelping of the slave catcher's hounds and reports of his gun, the rattling of hand cuffs, and the strokes of the auctioneer's hammer.

We shall make two more extracts from our traveller's journal, the first because it presents to some extent a truthful idea, and what would be an anomaly unless we understood the cause.

The second, as an appropriate preface to our letter. First he says, "Mr. Cooper in under some difficulty about a negro family he took in to manumit from the produce of their own labour.

The poor people are averse to being freed, and especially to being sent to Africa, I believe this is a dilemma by no means rare."

Again he says, "No one can live long in this country without being convinced of the want of real information, and the injudicious tendency of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" He says, "Mr. T., a clergyman of that place, says, such books, and therefore all insinuations, are false in fact, and therefore not worth reading."

One of his neighbours told me he was standing with him one evening in his barnyard, and that one of his negro women was working with a cat, either trying to feed it, or get it in a pen, or something of the kind, when his passion became suddenly aroused over something connected with the affair, he seized hold of her, dashed her violently to the earth, and stamped upon her chest and abdomen.

Again, he and others told me, that on different occasions when certain of his negroes had been detected in stealing some article of food, that he had been known to see their lips shut, and leave them in this state for three days; their lips, in the meantime, becoming festered and swollen, so as to cause intense suffering.

One beautiful summer evening I was seated with my friend, the Virginia planter, with whom I was boarding, beneath the shade of his ample and comfortable piazza, we were reading the daily papers, and of passing the merits of Nebraska-Kansas Bill, which was then the great theme of excitement over at the Capitol, and was convulsed the nation, from the heart to the extremities.

The sun had just disappeared behind the "Blue-Ridge," and the "Old Dominion" was wrapped in the solemn stillness of the twilight hour, when suddenly the sound of the lash of correction, and the cries of the victim came echoing across the valley, from the mansion of our wealthy and somewhat imperious doctor, for he had a little of that *Steele* class. "The queerness of all the notable things on earth, among the fierce American Democracy," "Pride of birth."

We heard distinctly about one hundred lashes, and the constant cries of the slave, though distant over a quarter of a mile. As this was the first time such sounds ever grated upon my ear, my feelings soon became outraged, and I ventured to whisper aloud the wish, that the slave would run away, and that his master might never see him again. I saw the color come to my friend's face as I uttered the words; but the only reply he made was, "They have to be kept under," which was a sort of stereotyped phrase with him.

Now the offence, as we learned a few days after was this, there was some sense of excitement at the hour, that he was anxious to participate in, while at the same time he had some cows to milk, which he did in so short a time, that his mistress was led to suspect that he had not done his work well, which proved to be the case. The fact was communicated to his master, who called upon him to answer for his delinquency by bearing his back to a hundred lashes.

Perhaps slavery assumes no worse a form in any part of the Southern States than in some parts of the low country of North Carolina. The counties lying between the middle country and the sea-board which are devoted to the manufacture of turpentine. This business is to quite an extent carried on with hired hands.

Scores of men have commenced business here with little or no capital. Many of these have been *Overseers* or *Negro drivers*.

They go up into the middle country about the first of January, where there are thousands of negroes hired out every year.

ten. "It cannot be denied," they continued, that we have tyrants among us, that have never learned to love mercy, nor taught their sons to love it; while on the other hand we have kind and humane masters, we have the *Legrees*, and we have the *Shabbies* and *St. Claires*!"

A Mrs. S., the wife of a planter, and Turpentine maker, in N. C., said to me, "I would rather work with my own hands, from daylight in the morning till nine o'clock at night, as long as I had strength, than be obliged to endure the most unpleasant things, and scenes of cruelty connected with the slaves. I would much rather live where there are none."

The first man with whom I boarded in Virginia, lived near the home of Washington, on the "Mount Vernon Farm."

He gave me an account one evening, of what he called, "a scrape," he had with one of his slaves a few months before.

He always required one of his negroes to remain at the house on the Sabbath-day to take charge of horses, &c., they all had their regular turns. On the occasion referred to, he had been out riding on horse back; on his return he called for the negro to take charge of his horse, but he was not to be found, so he had to be groom himself. In the meantime he threw out some strong hints, (being somewhat under the influence of passion,) as to what might be expected when he stood with him face to face. He had been in the house but a few minutes when he learned that the negro was in his place and expressing his dissatisfaction in somewhat nervous terms, for the threats he had been the subject of, feeling the natural soreness of innocence, wrongfully accused, for he had been but a few rods away, and then just for the moment.

He felt that he had been conscientiously punctilious to duty. The recital, therefore, by the women of the harsh language and threats of which he felt himself to be the innocent victim, moved deeply the feelings of his naturally proud and independent heart, for he was a man of mind and spirit, and he gave vent to them regardless of consequences for the time.

The master secretly approached the spot where he overheard his murmurings, after listening for a moment, he says, "I saw a hickory hoop pole leaning against the fence near by, I soon got hold of it, and made a descent upon him; in the first blow I got a fair kick at his head, and brought him to the earth. I had struck him but two or three times when I saw the blood streaming from the wound in his head."

He says, "I was perfectly insensible to the extra blows I had been giving him. I called one of the negro women to assist me, and we dragged him into the negro-quarters, and I sent for the doctor." "I had," said he, "a very little idea however when I dispatched the servant for the physician, that he would be alive when they returned, for I had struck him (being excited at the time) much harder than I had intended, but he soon came round again, and I have had no trouble with him since, he closed with, 'you have to keep them under.'"

Thus he closed up what he would call the duties of that Sabbath-day.

The physician above referred to, bore the reputation of being the most cruel master in the neighbourhood.

You often heard the expression, "He is the most cruel barbarous man in Dogue Run-Valley." One of his neighbours told me he was standing with him one evening in his barnyard, and that one of his negro women was working with a cat, either trying to feed it, or get it in a pen, or something of the kind, when his passion became suddenly aroused over something connected with the affair, he seized hold of her, dashed her violently to the earth, and stamped upon her chest and abdomen.

Again, he and others told me, that on different occasions when certain of his negroes had been detected in stealing some article of food, that he had been known to see their lips shut, and leave them in this state for three days; their lips, in the meantime, becoming festered and swollen, so as to cause intense suffering.

One beautiful summer evening I was seated with my friend, the Virginia planter, with whom I was boarding, beneath the shade of his ample and comfortable piazza, we were reading the daily papers, and of passing the merits of Nebraska-Kansas Bill, which was then the great theme of excitement over at the Capitol, and was convulsed the nation, from the heart to the extremities.

The sun had just disappeared behind the "Blue-Ridge," and the "Old Dominion" was wrapped in the solemn stillness of the twilight hour, when suddenly the sound of the lash of correction, and the cries of the victim came echoing across the valley, from the mansion of our wealthy and somewhat imperious doctor, for he had a little of that *Steele* class. "The queerness of all the notable things on earth, among the fierce American Democracy," "Pride of birth."

We heard distinctly about one hundred lashes, and the constant cries of the slave, though distant over a quarter of a mile. As this was the first time such sounds ever grated upon my ear, my feelings soon became outraged, and I ventured to whisper aloud the wish, that the slave would run away, and that his master might never see him again. I saw the color come to my friend's face as I uttered the words; but the only reply he made was, "They have to be kept under," which was a sort of stereotyped phrase with him.

Now the offence, as we learned a few days after was this, there was some sense of excitement at the hour, that he was anxious to participate in, while at the same time he had some cows to milk, which he did in so short a time, that his mistress was led to suspect that he had not done his work well, which proved to be the case. The fact was communicated to his master, who called upon him to answer for his delinquency by bearing his back to a hundred lashes.

Perhaps slavery assumes no worse a form in any part of the Southern States than in some parts of the low country of North Carolina. The counties lying between the middle country and the sea-board which are devoted to the manufacture of turpentine. This business is to quite an extent carried on with hired hands.

Scores of men have commenced business here with little or no capital. Many of these have been *Overseers* or *Negro drivers*.

Guided by advertisements in the newspapers, they make their way to the different hiring precincts, where they have struck off to them a certain quantity of live stock. With hopes and aspirations and dignified bearing worthy of the noblest cause, they place the hand-cuffs upon those who are called upon to practice the noble and Christian virtue of self-denial, by separating for a year from the "Loved ones at Home," lest they might be tempted to repent and turn back. The bed and clothing of each, with his pack of corn meal for the voyage is then strapped upon his back, and the new master sets out with his retinue for the long *strawed pine forests, Scravans, and Cypress swamps of the Low lands, the Eldorado* of his dreams.

As we spent some three years among these "Hesperian Gardens," we had some opportunity of seeing and hearing how this modern "Hercules" gathers his "golden fruit."

His boxes cut in his *pitch pine* trees near the ground, which will hold from a pint to a quart of turpentine. Some trees will bear two, three, and some four boxes.

Two thousand five hundred of these boxes constitute what is usually called a "crop," or "task," this number is called a task because it is the business of the negro called the chipper to chip them over every week. This consists in cutting down about an inch deep in the wood, over each box, with a sort of hooked gouge, called a "round skane," one charring being cut with the right hand forward on the chipper, the other with the left, each cut terminating over the centre of the box, and having a slant downward of about ten degrees.

As the boxes get full, another negro dips them out and puts the contents in barrels, which are hauled to the still, and manufactured into spirits of turpentine and rosin. Our hero has soon got his apparatus in order and commences operations.

The next time you meet him you would wonder under what meat he had been feeding, he has suddenly become so great, "He bestrides the narrow world like a Colossus," and men who were a few days ago green boys, are now "walking under his huge legs, and peeping about to find themselves dishonourable graves."

"Proud man!" placed in a little brief authority Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven As makes the angels weep.

About the first thing he heard of much interest connected with his affairs after he had commenced operations, was that twenty-nine of his negroes had run away, this furnished quite a theme for conversation in the neighbourhood. His neighbours generally said, he has either got a very sealy set of hands, or he has been treating them very cruelly.

It was but a short time when we heard that he had caught several of them, and that in the pursuit two had been shot.

Quite late in the season there was one caught by a man living in a remote part of the country, who carried him to Smithville, the country town, and lodged him in jail. On his way there he called at his boarding house. It was about sundown, and as his host was an old acquaintance of his, he first proposed spending the night with him, but after the subject of being able to secure the negro safely for the night was discussed, he decided to proceed on. He had been on the road all day, and had still fifteen miles before him of heavy sand.

While he was taking some refreshment we had an opportunity of scanning the negro. His hands were tied behind him, and a rope extending from them to the horse's neck, on which he captived rode, while he journeyed before him on the road. His clothing consisted of a few dirty rags, dangling about his body. His shoes had long before dropped from his feet, and his legs were bare.

He was so poor from starvation that he would scarcely make a shadow. He looked like a picture of poverty triumphing over death, as he reposed upon the bosom of his mother earth to rest his weary mangled limbs. While his custodian regarded himself at the board of his friend; you would have supposed from his appearance, that nothing but the trump of the "Archangel" could arouse him again.

But he was soon aroused by tones perhaps less welcome, to resume his journey.

How he appeared, and felt, as the key of the jail was turned upon him at the hour of midnight, and what subsequently befel him when he passed into the hands of his master, I never knew, and hope I never shall.

The next thing we hear of our hero is, that he is riding through his turpentine woods, and comes across one of his negroes who he thinks rather tardy in his movements. He demands for the purpose of infusing into his spirit a little more life and energy.

He says, "when I was preparing to tie him he made a battle, we had struggled but a short time when I found he was getting the better of me. I soon succeeded however in detaching myself sufficiently from him to get hold of my revolver which ended the strife." But our hero with all his heroism is soon in a panic. His countenance is changed, his thoughts trouble him, the joints of his loins are loosed, and his knees are smiting the one against the other. The crying blood, the rattling tooth, the dying groans, and glazing eyes of his victim, have all found an alliance with the "night mare," and are assaulting him at that gloomy silent hour of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man. For many nights these visions lasted, so said, "he is becoming a hypochondriac;" others said "there is a tale connected with the killing of that nigger that has never been told." One thing is certain, that his naturally buoyant spirit waned away for a time into a gloomy melancholy.

"An orphan's curse," says *Outisides*, "would drag hell's bolts a-spit from his eyes." Is the curse in a dead man's eye.

Again, a friend of his informed me that he and two or three others accompanied him one night in a hunt for one of his runaways, who had a wife belonging to a planter several miles distant, who was likewise the owner of his father.

They pursued the moving of the latch—the next second saw him bound through a window in the back part of the house with the dexterity of Harlequin.

His pursuers rushed round to the spot, gun in hand. He was just scaling the fence, some five or six rods distant. His master cried stop, and with the word fired one of the barrels of his gun. My informant said: "I heard his fall, like the falling of a heavy log of wood. He had only intended to wound him in the legs, but the shot scattered, and he passed through his head."

"Poor fellow," said he, "he made but a few struggles, and was dead."

Again, on another occasion, one of his negroes ran away after a severe chastisement. After several nights spent in unsuccessful efforts to capture him, they finally came upon him late in the night, lying by his fire on the borders of a large bay. (A sort of marsh, covered with briars and bamboo, and receives the name of Bay from the large numbers of white, sweet, and loblolly bay bushes scattered over it.)

His sweet potatoes were roasting in the fire, while he was quietly reposing upon his broom-stick dormitory, wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

They were close upon him before he was aroused; when he sprang from his "heathery couch," and bounded away like the wild deer of the glen. They called after him, but he felt resolved to heed not the voice of his charmers, "charm they never so wisely." But he had gone but a few yards when the report of a gun broke the silence of the night, and he fell to the earth. They were soon by his side, when they found that eleven buck shot had passed through one of his legs, tearing very much the flesh, and breaking the bone, which was protruding through the bleeding wound. They procured a cart, on which they conveyed him to the village, and gave him into the hands of the doctor, who found it necessary to amputate the limb. Some three or four months after, we learned that he was doing well, and that he had been sold for seven hundred dollars; that he was now to be taught the art of shoe-making. As he was smart and active, and somewhat of a genius, and there was very little fear to be apprehended of his running away again, his new master felt he had made a good bargain.

About this time I spent an evening at the house of our friend, at which time he arranged with me to place one of his sons, a boy some fourteen years of age, under my instruction for a time. During the evening he turned the conversation upon one of his negroes who had run away a few days before. He used some strong language; declaring that he was the worst nigger he had ever managed.

But a few days had passed, when our young student, on his arrival in the morning, said to me with strong emotions of exultation: "Father and Mr. M. caught the nigger last night!" After a few words had passed, he added with unabated enthusiasm, "I guess he will not want to run away very soon again, they gave him two hundred lashes last night, and one hundred paddles this morning."

As we shall have further occasion to refer to the subject of paddling—this *hyper-Turkish bastinado*—we shall just say a word about it here.

The paddle used by the overseers, when they have nothing more convenient, is the stirrup strap of the saddle, or it is not infrequently made of a heavy cypress shingle. But the most common kind used in this region is made of what is there called "light-wood," which is resinous, or pine saturated with turpentine. It is made about two feet long, flattened at the end, and is usually bored full of gimble holes, for the purpose of making blisters.

With this paddle the victim of correction receives what the newspapers said "Her Majesty" gave His Royal Highness on the road, after a second time disobeying her commands—"a sound spanking." The hands and feet are tied together, and the party to be corrected, whether male or female, young or old, is made to lie down with face to the ground, or is drawn over a barrel, or something of the kind, when the instrument of torture is applied to the denuded body. Let this suffice for a description of this "No plus ultra," barbarous, inquisitorial practice.

He had a great aversion to what he called "gentleman niggers." There was one of this stamp in the neighbourhood named Jim, who became a marked object of his aversion.

Jim was a mulatto, and was regarded by the whites of his own color as handsome. He used to make a good deal of money by doing little odd jobs after getting through his tasks. He invariably spent this for clothing, instead of rum or tobacco. In a word, he had, and sustained the reputation of being, the most dressy and gentlemanly appearing negro in the neighbourhood. His suavity and good humour appeared on all occasions. Our hero looked upon such negroes as leoprous spots in the scutcheon of the neighbourhood, calculated to affect with pride, jealousy, and ambitious schemes and aspirations detrimental to its peace and well-being.

So, under his exuberant feelings of benevolence and charity for his neighbours, he purchased Jim, for the purpose, as he said, of taking the starch out of him."

The first we knew anything of Jim having changed masters we were in company one evening with several persons passing a plantation with which Jim had previously had some connexion, which brought him to the mind of one of our party, who said, "You all remember, Gentlemen Jim, or Dandy Jim, as he was sometimes called?" Several voices answered, "Yes, we knew him well, but we have not seen him for some time, we had wondered what had become of him." He went on to say that he had some time since been purchased by —, who had purchased him for the undoubted purpose of using him up. I was, said he, in his neighborhood a few days ago. As I was passing by his negro quarters I heard a voice calling my name. I turned to the spot, where I saw one of the most pitiable objects I had ever witnessed. He was covered with rags, and with wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, and his face was branded and gashed, and soared, so that every lingering trace of human beauty was defaced. He looked as though he had been suffering the pains of hunger for years, and as if he had no food on earth. He said, "Massa Duncan you 'n't know me?" I said, "I don't know as I do."

He said, "Don't you remember Jim, that used to belong to Massa —?" "What! Gentleman Jim?" "Yes," said he, "I used to call me so sometimes." "Poor fellow," said I, "can it be possible that this is you?" "Yes, Massa Duncan; but I am almost gone, and I shall be glad when de blessed Jesus calls me to go." Said the narrator, "Poor fellow, I could scarcely believe my own eyes. As I turned away, I breathed a silent prayer that he might soon be taken out of his misery." Poor Jim's only crime was that he was a "gentleman nigger."

(To be concluded next week.)

## Religious Intelligence.

### A Revival in Germany among Children.

We extract from the interesting letter of one of our subscribers in Germany, an account of a remarkable work of grace among the children of the orphan asylum of Elberfeld, Germany. Our correspondent is an evangelical clergyman, and formerly resided in the United States:

Towards the end of last year the Evangelical Alliance in England sent an invitation for a week of prayer all over the Continent, which was printed in many, even of the political papers of Germany. The week appointed was that between the 6th and 13th of January, 1861.

The call was cheerfully responded to in many of those places of Germany where there is more religious life than elsewhere, as, for instance, in Basle, Strasbourg, and Elberfeld.

Elberfeld is an industrious manufacturing city of 30,000 inhabitants in Rhenish Prussia, in the narrow and secluded valley of the Wupper, a small tributary of the Rhine. Including the neighboring city of Barmen and some little villages close by, the number of people amounts to over 120,000. The "Wupperthal" has always been renowned for its earnest religious spirit, its activity in every branch of missionary enterprise, both at home and abroad, and its respectability for every form of Christian belief. The Gospel has been preached here continually at a time when all over Germany Rationalism was predominant.

There are at present in this place, besides Lutheran and Reformed churches, an Old Lutheran, a Dutch Reformed, a Baptist, and a Darbyist church. During the week appointed by the Evangelical Alliance there were, at Elberfeld, prayer-meetings every evening, led by clergymen of all denominations. Persons of all classes of society came forth to pray; written requests for prayer were handed up and responded to, and several conversions were reported.

The most singular events took place in a large orphan-asylum outside of the city, managed by the city magistrate, and under the superintendence of a pious couple and some teachers and inspectors, most of whom were also of an earnest religious character. We take the following account from a little pamphlet published by Mr. King, the superintendent, on the 13th of February, under the title: *Preliminary account of a revival which has taken place among the children of the City Orphan Asylum at Elberfeld.*

Induced by the invitation of the Evangelical Alliance in England to all Christians, for united prayer in the week between the 6th and 13th of January, the officers of the City Orphan Asylum at Elberfeld resolved to unite in prayer for those general interests of the Kingdom prescribed by the Alliance, especially for the conversion of their pupils, the large majority of whom had for a long time been a burden on their souls. They all felt encouraged by their prayers to commence again the hard work of the education of the children, without any anticipation of the extraordinary aid of the Lord, which was near at hand.

On the 13th of January, already one of the larger girls was noticed to sit still among the others, not to take part in their sports, but to be under a visible inward emotion. In the evening she came to the superintendent of the house, complained of great anguish, and begged to pour out her heart to him. He pointed her to the Lord, who, by detecting her guilt, had begun his work in her, in order to help her further. The child was quiet and earnest during her work all the week, and prayed much. The next Sunday, the same troubled state befel her again, but upon her child-like entreaties the Lord pitied her, and soon granted her a joyful faith and a happy feeling of divine peace.

Soon after the 13th of Jan., a second girl came to the Superintendent and complained of anguish from her sins, and uttered the desire to pray every evening in silence. She asked him for the key of an unoccupied room, which was given to her, but the thing kept secret. Now, in short intervals, several other girls came forth, who wanted to speak to the Superintendent about the condition of their souls. All of them were recommended to the Lord in prayer. With some of them the Superintendent united in prayer, and not only recommended them, as well as all the other children, to the Lord in daily prayer, but also invited those already touched to assist in praying for the rest. Afterward, as there was reason to expect, this little flock was praying, the Superintendent spoke of it to a dear friend, and heard, to his great pleasure, that he also had remembered the Orphan Asylum especially, and was very glad of the news.

On the 28th of January, the Superintendent was called from his supper by a boy, who asked him to look after another boy, who was crying with a loud voice: "Dear Saviour, forgive me all my sins!" He had a violent struggle of repentance. To the boys who stood around, the earnest desire was uttered, "Would God that all of you at once would be compelled to cast yourselves before the Lord!" At a later hour the afflicted boy and two others, who also were crying on account of their sins, one of whom had previously while at work, explained to the others the first Psalm, were ordered to the Superintendent, who prayed with them. There were now seven boys stirred up, and so, mightily, that after the children had gone to bed they could not sleep. They rose again, dressed, and went to the boys' room, where they, in the presence of the inspector, who also had risen, passed the whole night in prayers and entreaties. The next morning they felt so deeply attached to the Lord, that they could bear quietly the mockery, derision and persecution of the rest. Every recess during the day they united in prayer, read passages from the Scriptures and explained them, sang hymns, and prayed for their hearts.

On the 31st January, the fourth day after the revival among the boys began, the same room was opened again, and on one filled with boys, who wanted to pray together. One of them, a boy ten years of age, rose up and said to the rest, "You know that hypocrisy is a great sin. It is written that hypocrites shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Who of you is not in earnest about to leave us? But none of them left. Then a lad of fourteen years old offered an excellent, fervent prayer: the impression of which, as received with astonishment was, 'This is wrought by the Spirit.' The Superintendent, who was present all the time, now knelt down with the children and prayed with them. At first they listened, but soon there was such an emotion that every one prayed what came up in his heart. In the evening at nine o'clock, a united prayer meeting took place, to which those children who felt desirous to join the grown people in prayer were admitted.

"This admirable action of the Lord's grace had made the deepest impression upon all the children, and more and more of them joined those awakened. In the afternoon we saw a list of thirty-seven boys, all of which prayed. There were among them children of all the denominations represented in the house, (including Catholics,) for the Spirit rules freely."

We have here our record for awhile, giving only a short summary of the following pages.—The next two days, the 2nd and 3rd of Feb., prayer-meetings were held in which not only the grown people, but also from one hundred to one hundred and fifty children were present. Many of the children took an active part in the proceedings; a number of them broke down in violent emotion.

"We will not yet give," so our report closes, "a decisive opinion about the consequences of this blessed movement among the orphans, but only mention that the greater part of the children (there are present two hundred and ninety-five in the house) are affected, that all of them are under the impression of the mighty deeds of God, that many of them pray, and a good number have obtained that 'powerful ardent faith' for which they have prayed so often. We expect to make further communications, and, in the meantime, we earnestly entreat all believers who read these lines, to remember the asylum and its inhabitants before the Lord, that he may cause his fire, which he has begun to kindle on earth more mightily in these times, to burn clearer and further for the praise of His most holy name."

In the meantime, the news of this strange movement had spread all over the city, and there was a great excitement about it. The extraordinary event absorbed attention through all the ranks of society. The majority of the earnest Christians in town were in favor of it, but many wanted to watch these events a little longer, and to investigate into their effects before taking any action. As a general thing, on account of the religious character of Elberfeld, as above described, more sympathy for a revival could be expected here than in most other places of Germany, even among the church people. The Germans are habitually critical, and look at everything thoroughly and systematically, and if mental principles, they rather let it alone. Such men as Tholuck, Nitzsch, Ullmann, etc., if called to judge about revivals, would probably be pretty severe upon them, applying to them the laws of psychology and spiritual development as prescribed by the construction of the human mind.