

Rome. His sufferings were great, and he bore them with the most uncommon fortitude and patience, as appears from the letters, equally remarkable for their sentiment and pious unction, which he wrote from his prisons to the persecuted flock in Calabria, to his afflicted spouse, and to the Church of Geneva. Giving an account of his journey from Cosenza to Naples, he says: "Two of our companions had been prevailed on to recant, but they were no better treated on that account; and God knows what they will suffer at Rome, where they are to be conveyed, as well as Marquet and myself. The good Spaniard, our conductor, wished us to give him money to be relieved from the chain by which we were bound to one another; yet in addition to this he put on me a pair of handcuffs so strait that they entered into the flesh and deprived me of all sleep; and I found that, if at all, he would not remove them until he had drawn from me all the money I had, amounting only to two ducats, which I needed for my support. At night the beasts were better treated than we, for their litter was spread for them, while we were obliged to lie on the hard ground without any covering; and in this condition we remained for nine nights. On our arrival at Naples, we were thrust into a cell, noisome in the highest degree from the damp and the putrid breath of the prisoners." His brother, who had come from Cuni, with letters of recommendation to endeavour to procure his liberty, gives the following account of the first interview which, after great difficulty, he obtained with him at Rome, in the presence of a judge of the inquisition. "It was hideous to see him, with his bare head and his hands and arms lacerated with the small cords with which he was bound, like one about to be led to the gibbet. On advancing to embrace him, I sank to the ground.—'My brother!' said he, 'if you are a Christian, why do you distress yourself thus? Do you not know that a leaf cannot fall to the earth without the will of God? Comfort yourself in Christ Jesus, for the present troubles are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come.' 'No more of that talk!' exclaimed the judge. When we were about to part, my brother begged the judge to remove him to a less horrid prison. 'There is no other prison for you than this.' 'At least show me a little pity in my last days, and God will show it to you.' 'There is no pity for such obstinate and hardened criminals as you.' A Piedmontese Doctor who was present joined me in entreating the judge to grant this favour; but he remained inflexible. 'He will do it for the love of God,' said my brother. 'All the other prisons are full,' replied the judge. 'They are not so full but that a small corner can be spared for me.' 'You would infect all who were near you by your smooth speeches.' 'I will speak to none who does not speak to me.' 'Be content; you cannot have another place.' 'I must then have patience,' replied my brother." How convincing a proof of the power of the Gospel do we see in the confidence and joy displayed by Paschali under such protracted and exhausted sufferings. "My state is this," says he, in a letter to his former hearers: "I feel my joy increase every day as I approach nearer to the hour in which I shall be offered as a sweet-smelling sacrifice to the Lord Jesus Christ, my faithful Saviour; yea, so inexpressible is my joy, that I seem to myself to be free from captivity, and am prepared to die not only once, but many thousand times, for Christ, if it were possible; nevertheless, I persevere in imploring the divine assistance by prayer; for I am convinced, that man is a miserable creature, when left to himself, and not upheld and directed by God." And a short time before his death, he said to his brother, "I give thanks to my God, that, in the midst of my long-continued and severe affliction, there are some who wish me well; and I thank you, my dearest brother, for the friendly interest you have taken in my welfare. But as for me, God has bestowed on me that knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ which assures me that I am not in an error, and I know that I must go by the narrow way of the cross, and seal my testimony with my blood. I do not dread death, and still less the loss of my earthly goods; for I am certain of eternal life and a celestial inheritance, and my heart is united to my Lord and Saviour." When his brother was urging him to yield somewhat, with the view to save his life and property, he replied, "O! my brother, the danger in which you are involved

gives me more distress than all that I suffer, or have the prospect of suffering; for I perceive that your mind is so addicted to earthly things as to be indifferent to heaven." At last, on the 8th of September, 1860, he was brought out to the conventual Church of Minerva, to hear his process publicly read; and next day he appeared, without any diminution of his courage, in the court adjoining the castle of St. Angelo, where he was strangled and burnt, in the view of the pope and a party of cardinals assembled to witness the spectacle.

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THE METHODIST HYMN BOOK.

NEXT to the word of God itself, we doubt if there can be found a volume embracing more pure and scriptural theology than is contained in our Church Hymn Book, and we esteem it fortunate, and an evidence of the Divine favour, that such a work was given to the Church in its very infancy. It has served, more than any other human means, we think, to preserve the purity of our doctrines, and that remarkable identity of doctrine and spirit which characterizes Methodism all over the world.

It is a little remarkable that any attempt to improve it has been an almost total failure, while the "appendixes," and supplements" are scarcely ever used. These bring nothing new as to doctrine, and as regards poetical excellence are infinitely inferior.

Much less do we admire the various "Camp-Meeting and Revival" Hymn Books which have occasionally made their appearance, while we consider the most of them as mere catch-penny productions vastly injurious in their tendency, especially as liable to produce an ephemeral experience, and a disposition to reject what is more solid and edifying. To say nothing of the poetry—if some of it deserves the name—the sentiment itself is very often of an extremely doubtful character. We recollect taking up one of these volumes some time ago, and in turning over the leaves, came across a hymn commencing—

"What is that lady doing there,  
In such a posture, Anna cried;  
The lady kneels in humble prayer,  
Her sister Bell replied."

These may not be the exact words, but we are not very far out of the way; at least, they are no better. We turned to the title-page, expecting to find it the production of some anonymous and money-making publishers, but what was our surprise to find the book endorsed and ushered into the world under the patronage of two prominent ministers of our Church! Alas! alas! when such stuff is allowed to take the place of the pure theology and inimitable poetry of our Church Hymn Book.

We deem it nothing more than an act of justice to an excellent, though somewhat singular sect, to acknowledge, that we are indebted to the Moravians for some of the finest hymns that enlivened and purified our devotions. That beautiful hymn beginning—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness"

is a composition of Count Linzendorf, written by him on his passage from St. Thomas to England, in 1739. The generally received translation of this hymn (or rather translated portion, the original being of great length,) is from the pen of Mr. Wesley, or his brother Charles, to both of whom the Church of Christ is under great obligations for their admirable versions of a number of excellent German hymns, of the 17th and 18th centuries. The excellent hymn beginning—

"High on his everlasting throne,"

is also a Moravian production, having been composed by Spangenberg, and presented to Count Linzendorf on his birth-day, in the year 1734. Whether this was translated by one of the Wesleys, or by Gambold, seems to be unsettled; the last of these seems to have been fully equal to the task.

We do not regard it as at all derogatory to the Wesleys that they should have kindled their poetic torch at the brilliant flame of German psalmody; whatever benefit they derived from this source they abundantly repaid to the religious community which had been the channel of imparting it.

As a hymnologist, Charles Wesley may be considered as being without a rival, and was so

regarded by Montgomery; and we repeat, that it is an evidence of the special favour of God, that in its infancy, our Church was furnished with a collection of hymns second to none, even of the oldest denominations. Let us, therefore, be contented with it, and not endeavour to improve or supersede it, by any of those fugitive and often senseless compilations, which with a few grains of wheat, contain a vast amount of chaff.

## THE TRAVELLER.

## THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

THERE is a part of the New World where nature appears clothed with the brilliant colors, and decked out with the gorgeous array of the tropics. In the Gulf of Mexico the extraordinary clearness of the water reveals to the astonished mariner the magnitude of its abysses, and discloses even at the depth of thirty fathoms, the gigantic vegetation which even so far below the surface, is drawn forth by the attraction of a vertical sun. In the midst of those glassy waves, rarely disturbed by a ruder breath than the zephyrs of spring, an archipelago of perfumed islands is placed, which repose like baskets of flowers, on the tranquil surface of the ocean. Everything in these enchanted abodes appears to have been prepared for the wants and enjoyments of man. Nature seems to have superseded the ordinary necessity for labor.—The verdure of the groves, and the colors of the flowers and blossoms, derive additional vividness from the transparent purity of the air, and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. Many of the trees are loaded with fruits, which descend by their own weight to invite the indolent hand of the gatherer, and are perpetually renewed under the influence of an ever balmy air. Others, which yield no nourishment, fascinate the eye by the luxuriant variety of their form or the gorgeous brilliancy of their colors. Amid a forest of perfumed citron trees, spreading bananas, graceful palms of wild figs, of round leaved myrtles, of fragrant accacias, and gigantic arbutus, are to be seen every variety of creepers, with scarlet or purple blossoms, which entwine themselves around every stem, and hang in festoons from tree to tree. The trees are of a magnitude unknown in northern climes; the luxuriant vines, as they clamber up the loftiest cedars form graceful festoons; grapes are so plenty upon every shrub, that the ocean, as it lazily rolls in upon the shore with the quiet winds of summer, dashes its spray upon the clusters, and natural arbors form an impervious shade that not a ray of the sun of July can penetrate. Cotton planted by the hand of nature grows in wild luxuriance; the potatoe and banana yield an overflowing supply of food; fruits of too tempting sweetness presents themselves to the hand. Innumerable birds, with varied but ever splendid plumage, nestle in shady retreats, where they are sheltered from the scorching heats of summer. Painted varieties of parrots and woodpeckers create a glitter amid the verdure of the groves, and humming-birds rove from flower to flower, resembling "animated particles of a rainbow." The scarlet flamingoes, seen through an opening of the forest in a distant savannah, seem the mimic array of fairy armies; the fragrance of the woods, the odor of the flowers, load every breeze. These charms broke on Columbus like Elysium; "One could live here," said he, "forever."—*Allison's History of Europe.*

## AN ARCTIC PROSPECT.

The wind having fallen, and the ice relaxed, in the forenoon of the 12th we pushed out through it to gain clear water. The day was bright and fine. The mountains stood forth in all the rugged boldness of their outline, displaying their naked rocky peaks and steep descents with such marvellous distinctness that they seemed to touch the coast of which they formed the bulwarks. The swell being with us, as long as the calm continued, we made some progress with the oars; but a northerly breeze springing up raised such a cross sea, that we were in imminent danger of foundering, when we providentially discovered an opening through the ice leading into the mouth of a small stream—between Backhouse and Malcom rivers—flowing from an inner basin, where we found a secure and pleasant harbour. It was now three p. m., and incited by the beauty of the weather, I ascended the nearest hill, six or seven miles distant; whence