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REV. ALEX. W. McLEOD, Editor.

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Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness.

The water in the bottle spent, No early morning sigh, What sorrow Hagar's bosom rent...

Behold the mighty power of God? These thousand years have flown, Ishmael's nation yet unshown...

The Roman in his warlike strength, A thousand cities won, By night subdued gave place at length...

But Ishmael's people still survive, The same through every shock, Unchanged where all is change they live...

The village is situated on the western side of the River St. John, opposite to the Jesuits, the outlet of the Grand Lake...

Mr. Churchill, who in his usually eloquent and appropriate style, in a lengthy speech addressed the meeting.

ent portions of the world, and beheld in thought those millions which are yet enthralled by sin, having the chains burst asunder...

Popery in England—On the Continent. The following extracts were sent us, by an esteemed and very intelligent Wesleyan minister...

It has been the weakness of many zealous but timid professors among the various sects of Protestant religionists, to regard with anxiety the advances which Popery was reported to be making in this country...

Those who have marked the aggressive spirit of Popery in its progress, have not failed to remark that its means to accomplish its purposes—have read its history traced in characters of blood—and who reflect that it assumes to itself the attribute of infallibility...

Higher still, on the threshold of power, There met them still more a scourge to the Roman States. Secret agents and ambitious spies, they aim at nothing else...

The Appendix to the Census Returns has dispelled a great delusion. It has shown us

that all the machinations of a Jesuitical priesthood and its subordinate agencies—the baits that have been held out to allure the indigent to sell their consciences for a morsel of pottage...

Popery is also on the wane on the continent, and is only maintained by proscription and persecution on the one hand, and the imposing pretensions of the other.

Redeem the Time. Buy it up so as to lay hold of each opportunity as it turns up, for the word "time" refers as much to "opportunity" as to "time."

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The Death of Hume. To a man who believes the truth of revelation, and therefore the existence of a divine vengeance against the despisers of it, this scene will present as mournful a spectacle as perhaps the sun ever shone upon.

When one of them occupies the pontificate,

the Judge to whom he had never alluded by malice or contempt, yet preserving to appearance, an entire self-complacency, as if he were the Pope...

Monks in Italy. In Rome, all the toil of the worship falls upon the monks. They rarely see any one but their superiors...

The religious orders are obliged to take their recruits from the lowest regions of society. None but those who are degraded and debased, are admitted into their ranks...

the moral acts of the government are in the hands of the monks. In 1846 it was Father Vaurais, great pontiff of St. Peter, who introduced to the Pope, every Frenchman desirous of obtaining his benediction...

Every convent or religious association holds a secret convention in the choice of their General; nor would brilliant qualities of his mind, his learning, eloquence, and strength of his soul be departed...

The Human Intellect. The vast and capacious powers of the human intellect for a theme on which men always love to dwell. It stirs the spirit of man to be told of the secrets he has extorted from nature...

reasonable service, to let this light shine before men, that they may glorify our Father which is in heaven.—Le Isa.

Where does your Strength lie? Every human soul has some point on which it rests. As every arch has its keystone, every lever its fulcrum, as every body has its centre of gravity...

Every man of real ability and noble character, has a secret spring which he never reveals to any man. It is the strength of his soul that is his power...

This man may have all manly longings, and all womanly tendernesses; he may desire a generous fame, a successful activity; he may grieve to his bosom a kindred heart...

Obituary Notices. Died at Mendon, Newport, on Sabbath morning the 12th March, Mrs. Ann Smith, wife of Thos. Arnold Smith...

Another man's strength lies in the compass of his heart. The mortal pilgrim goes on for years, with a deep desire, a craving, an unquenchable thirst...

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