

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

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HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, SEPFEMBER 7, 1854.

Whole No. 269

From the Pittsburg Christian Advocate. The Brightest Land.

mind.

I oft have heard of other lands Across the swelling main, Where winter frosts ne'er blight the trees, Nor desolate the plain :

And where the cloudless summer sky Is of a deeper blue, And all the flowers which paint the plain Of brighter, richer hue

And where, o'er sands besprent with gold, The rivers roll their tides. And deep within the mountain's breast The sparkling diamond hides,

And oft I've thought how beautiful Those sunny lands must be : How pleasant wandering 'mid their groves And valleys, wide and free !

But ah, though bright and beauteous are Those lands across the waves. The plague of sin has reached them too, And studded them with graves.

Yet we may find a brighter land Where sorrows never come ; A land of love-a cloudless land, Where sin or death's unknown,

A city stands amid its plains-A city built by God. With walls of jasper, gates of pearl, And streets of purest gold,

And through these ever shining streets A crystal river flows, On either side the tree of life

No flowers are there which fade and die-No joys which pass away; Eternal summer decks its plains-Its pleasures ne'er decay.

In fadeless beauty grows.

And there the glorious throne is placed, And Jesus, too, is there, Even He who died that we might live, And in His glory share.

O look to Him-to Jesus-now, While yet He waiting stands : Be His, and happiness is thine, And thine that " better land."

> The Colporteur. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Which way, stranger?" said a rough

ed, as if reluctant to speak what was in her tears. When the "amen" was said, and fatherless children, will then lift up their the pious colporteur arose from his knees, voices to testify against you. How many "Why should I go away quickly ?" asked what a change had taken place ! The raging of the lost spirits will ascend from the world the stranger, as he stepped into the room, lion had become a lamb. The strong, wick- of wo, to cry out against you, as the wretches taking off his hat respectfully, and seating ed contemner of the good, was gentle, and who ministered to their lusts, and fitted bimself in a chair, "I wish to see and speak teachable as a little child. them for destruction. In vain will you with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, Once more the colporteur read from this plead that if you had not done the murderis his name?" holy Book, while the man and his wife lis- ous deed, other men would have done it; or "Yes, sir, his name is Jones, But he tened with bent heads and carnest, thought- that, if you had not destroyed them, they

don't want to see you." ful faces. had still destroyed themselves. If other "Shall I leave you this Bible ?" said he, men had done the deed, they, and not you, "Don't want to see me! How do you know? Who am I? rising at length, and making a motion to would answer for it; if they had destroyed " I don't know your name, sir," answered retire. themselves without your agency, their blocd the woman, timidly; "but I know who you "If you will sell it to us," said Dick would be upon their own heads.

are. You go around selling good books Joues. But as you contributed voluntarily to and talking religion to the people." "It is yours on any terms you please, their destruction, you will be holden as par-"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the col- The price is low. I have other good books; takers in their sin, and their blood will be porteur, seriously, yet with a smile on his but this is the best of all, for it is God's own required at your hands. Why, then, will face as he spoke. "And I have come to Book, in which he speaks to his erring, un-you traffic in the souls and bodies of men, have a little talk with your husband, and see happy children, saying, "Come unto me and barter away your souls for the gains of if I can't get him to buy some of my good all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and a momentary life?

I will give you rest." Read this first, my To conclude. Let me entreat the unhapbooks. Have you a Bible?" "No sir. My husband says he hates the friends; read it in the morning, as soon as py men who are the special objects of legal Bible. When we were first married, I had you rise, and in the evening, before you re-restraint, to cease from their evil way, and, an old Testament, but he never could bear tire. Read it together, and if you feel an by voluntary reformation, supersede the to see me reading it. Somehow it got lost ; impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently if necessity of coercion and punishment. Why always thought he carried it away, or you cannot speak aloud, say over the words will you die? What fearful thing is there threw it into the fire. He wont talk to you, of that beauting prayer the Saviour taught in heaven, which makes you flee from that sir. He wont have your books. He's a you when you were innocent children, -- world? What fascinating object in hell, very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' In a few that excites such frenzied exertion to burst afraid he'll do you harm. O sir, I wish you weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I every band, and overleap every mound, and call to see you ?" force your way downward to the chambers would go away.

But, instead of showing any alarm or "O yes. Do call," said Jones, his voice of death? Stop, I beseech you, and repent, anxiety at Mrs. Jones' account of her hus- trembling; though it was plain he struggled and Jesus Christ shall blot out your sins, band, the stranger commenced opening his hard with the flood of new emotions that was and remember your transgressions no more. valise, from which he soon produced a plain- sweeping over him. Stop, and the host who follow your steps "May God's peace rest upon this house !" shall turn, and take hold on the path of life. ly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?"-The stranger stood with lifted hands, and Stop, and the wide waste of sin shall cease. asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible, head bent reverently for a moment. Then, and the song of angels shall be heard again ; and commenced turning over the leaves. turning away, he passed the door, and in a "Glory to God in the highest; on earth A month later the colporteur came again of waiting with the lost, you shall join the "Twelve years come next May, sir," was few moments was out of sight.

" How long is it since you lost the Testa- that way. How different was his reception multitudes which no man can number, in at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the ascription of blessing, and honour, and the eves of the latter rested upon him, it glory, and power, to him that sitteth on the seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever. -Lyman Beecher, D. D.

The Souls Departed.

prised at the question "Dear sakes, no ! "All is well, I see." The colporteur haven't been inside of a church since I spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say "It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O sir, "Then you haven't read the Bible your- we can never be done reading the good self, nor heard anybody else read it, since Book. "It seems, sometimes, as if the words were

Motives to Reform.

" No sir." just written for us. And the children ask "You shall have that blessed privilege me, many times a day, if I wont read to once again in your life," said the stranger, them about Joseph and his brethren, the beam creeps in through the crumbling wall and the grossest crimes? raising the book towards his eyes, and mak- three Hebrew children or Daniel in the den of an old, neglected tomb-a strange visitor, in the den of wickedness which would be found if God should raise the dead?" ing preparation to read.

Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking natured and quarrelsome that I could do sleep, the holy ones, with their arms cross-"indeed, sir, i m airaid. I'm looking a well filled value." "indeed, sir, i m airaid. I'm looking a well filled value." "indeed, sir, i m airaid. I'm looking a well filled value." "indeed, sir, i m airaid. I'm looking a well filled value." "indeed, sir, i m airaid. I'm looking a well filled value." "indeed, sir, i m airaid. I'm looking a well filled value." "interposed a well filled value." "Indeed, sir, i m airaid. I'm looking a well filled value." "interposed the woman. "He's always said he'd kick and sat down among them with the bible, and began to read one of its beautiful stories." of it acted like a charm! All anger would beading to a small country house of no ther parents?

BY REV. GEORGE CROLY.

What is Death?

What is death ! 'tis to be free No more to love, or hope, or fear To join the dread equality : All, all alike are humble there The mighty wave Wraps lord and slave ! Nor pride, nor poverty, dares come Within that refuge house-the tomb !

Spirit with the drooping wing, And the ever weeping eye, Thon of all earth's kings, art king Empires at thy footstool lie Beneath thee strew'd Their multitude.

Sink like waves upon the shore ! Storms shall never rouse them more

What's the grandeur of the earth. To the grandeur round thy throne

Riches, glory, beauty, birth, To thy kingdoms all have gone-Before thee stand

The wondrous band. Bards, heroes, sages, side by side, Who darken'd nations when they died !

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show Many a million for her one ! Through thy gates the mortal flow Has for countless years roll'd on

Back from the tomb No step has come : There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound,

Power of the Pulpit.

In his excellent work on the Pulpit, Dr. Spring shows what our country would soon become without a preached Gospel: Go to lands where there are no pulpits, or to those portions of the world where they are "few and far between," and what do you hear, if not the most awful profanation of the name of the great God, even from the lips of lisping childhood and hoary age? and what do you see, if not the most mournful How peaceful is the dwelling place of desecration of that day of rest which the those who inhabit the green hamlets and King of the Universe claims for his own : populous cities of the dead! They need no antidote for care,-no armour against fate. which the God of life has given for the phy-No morning sun shines in at the closed win- sical, intellectual, and moral benefit of man : dows and awakens them, nor shall unto the and without which no bounds can be found that set a limit to the grossest ignorance last great day. At most, a straggling sun-Who can tell the of lions. Often, when they have been ill- that stays not long. And there they all in the various relations of human life, if the

restrained?

the souls of three thousand to answer for, did not succeed. He read, thought, prayed while I know not how it is with many of over the subject. He did not love his them."" Brainerd could say of himself, on enemies. He continued trying for seve al more than one occasion, " I cared not where years. He thought at times that his feelor how I lived, or what hardships I went ings were softer; but he soon found it was through, so that I could but gain souls to not love. At length he found that by mere Christ. While I was asleep, I dreamed of effort of will be could not move his affections these things; and when I waked, the first He became alarmed. He fasted and thing I thought of was this great work. All prayed in earnest ; and at an hour when he my desire was for the conversion of the hea- was not looking for it, at a moment when he then, and all my hope was in God."-Scot- was least expecting, he loved his enemies. It was a real lore. - He knew it in the same tish Guardian.

way, reader. that you know mirth from wa when you feel it yourself.

NIMES, SOUTH OF FRANCE,

Wednesday, 12th July, 1854.

The Resurrection. When he afterwards forgot the need of How many have inquired, as well as Job. this heavenly help, he would sometimes fail " If a man die, shall he live again ?" With again into his former teelings, and be almost what intense interest has this question been as far from loving his enemies as before. asked, as men have been consigning loved But when he threw himself on his knees ones to the tomb. But who, or what has again, and received the dew of heavenly inbeen able to answer it? Uninspired man fluence, the drooping grace of love to his could not, the tomb could not. And yet enemies was quickened into new life and bloomed with its wonted beauty and fragrance.-Selected for the Wesleyan by a

"That points out an hereafter And intimates eternity to man," Correspondent. -intimates, not only that the soul is immortal, but that our bodies are to be raised, and The French Conference.

tence. We feel, intuitively feel, that they From the Correspondent of the London Watchman. are not to sleep, eternally-we can hardly be made to believe that systems so "fearfully and wonderfully " formed, are doomed In my last, I reported the proceedings of to everlasting inactivity, after they have Conference to Saturday morning, the 2nd ceased to exist in this world-the grovelling caterpillar, transformed into the gaudy flut- day's session. P eliminary matters had tering butterfly-the bird, emerging from been arranged; and, as you remember, the the shell, and winging its way through the only matter of importance disposed of had air-the changes of man from infancy to been the examination, and subsequent admanhood-furnish us with presumptive evi- mission into full connexon, of our President's dence of a resurrection. Still, the question second son, Mr. Emile F. Cook.

is not answered to our satisfaction. turn from nature to nature's God," and

SESSION OF MONDAY, 10th. On, Monday, at eleven, the Conference ask him to enlighten us on the subject. He re-assembled, the Preachers having returned declares with divine majesty, " God raiseth from their Sabbath appointments, in the the dead." Start not at any difficulties which Cevennes and the Vaunage. The first busimay appear in the way, against the fulfil- ness was the enquiry : "Who are now ment of this divine declaration, for they are received on trial among us?" Two young not insuparable. What "Is any thing too men were received : Simon Dugan and John hard for the Almighty?" If he undertakes Paul Cook, the elder son of our President. to perform a work, can he not accomplish The former of these young men, Mr. De-Cannot he, who projected worlds, and gand, had been received at a former Conset them in motion, raise the dead? Sup-ference; but was not able to occupy the pose, as we are told, the subject is encum- station assigned him; he being at the time bered with philosophical difficulties-what trusted with an important opening connected then? Are we not to contemplate the re- with the Established Church. Mr. Cook surrection in the light of miracles? Is it has for two years been occupied as Catechist not to be the crowning miracle of the Gos- and Editor of our publications at Paris, with pel dispensation? "Why should it be much acceptance; but feeling himself called thought a thing incredible with you that upon to enter the ministry which comprises, in its operations, the "sheep" as well that The question has been answered: "if a "lambs" of Christ's flock, he begins, this

man die, he shall live again." We care year, his pastoral career among u4.

The question relating to the Christian any

ministerial character and conduct of the

Preachers, was afterwards read; and the

usual examination took place. Not one ob-

The Stations were then read a first time.

without remark; and the several changes

proposed, by the addition of new stations. or

changes in the Circuit, were brought forward,

choice made it cannot be said that we first

go to those who want us most, for the wants

The opening in Britanny has been alluded

years ago, a call was addressed to our Lon-

don Committee from the very identical

had, for above a quarter of a century, kept

the door open before us. How could wa

dence to be St. Malo, and his Circuit to in-

clude St. Servan, Dinau, Rennes, and the

villages around. Perhaps some of your

readers may have, in their trips to France.

resided in one or other of these places, and

will hail with pleasure the prospect of a

are alike urgent and imperative.

Nimes Circuit.

patience. and meekness, and I know that I could not be spared from the French Alps,

good thing to feel I am nerved-to feel that the Catholics of that country ; while his col-

There was a man of middle age, of cold, Methodist agency in that interesting pro-

jection. was mentioned.

changed, and made meet for an eternal exis-

there is something

Shall bid thy pris'ners be unbound !

He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes. Do sir, please go away. If I had any mo-and they went to their play again, I would leading to a small country-house of no very He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes, die instantly; and when I closed the book, inviting aspect.

answered.

was matried."

"Most eleven years."

" Do you go to church ?"

" Wouldn't you like to go?"

church' to Dick for the world."

you lost the Testament?'

"To church!" The woman looked sur- rugged features.

ment?'

trating eyes upon the speaker. though in modified and more respectful kill you.

pointing to the house just in view from the " Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man'is he?" next, in quired the stranger. Rather a hard case. You'd better not

go there."

" Why ?" "Ain't you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion ?"

"Suppose I am?"

may be, do worse."

for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible sellers dared to come inside of his gate, come of it."

the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

truth must be spoken."

but sinners, to repentance. Of all things in on those of his mad assailant. the world, the Bible is most needed at Dick

Jones': and I am bound to place one there." | not all his benefits." Low, yet thrilling was the voice in which gence and folly, are you prepared to meet "O, very well. Follow your own bent,"

So, good morning to you. · Good morning," returned the stranger, back in terror, but resting in a divine power, God has given you, and look them o'er and He that hath found some fledged bird's nest

gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons, he had no skill. But he

"Who's there? What's wanted?" was

the repulsive salutation of a woman, who

"May God's peace be on this house !"

said the colporteur, in a low, reverent voice,

as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the

above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

single vestige of taste.

seeing a stranger.

other across the threshold.

ng the ad Subscrip lue will be

period less

ncreasing desirable t to their

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to supply at a very s a libera Bill-heads at shortest

book bind Methodi

The person thus addressed turned and The person thus addressed turned and ney 1'd take the Bible and hide it from him; not hear an ugly word among tiem, maybe, fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and pene-fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and pene-but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer for hours. And Richard, too, -I haven't and on the other, to afford help them. And yet they silently await our were in and heard him swear an oath since you were the presence of the number of the numbe

But for all this, the colporteur sat unmov- O, yes, indeed, sir it is true. A Bible in "Who lives there?" said the stranger, ed. As the woman ceased speaking, he the house is a blessing to its inmates." commenced reading to her the beautiful "If that were the only fruit of my labour,"

chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and beginning with-" Take heed that ye do not thoughtfully away from the house of Dick your alms before men to be seen of them; Jones, an hour later, "It would be worth all otherwise ve have no reward of your Father the toil and sacrifice I have given to the which is in heaven." As he proceeded in a work. "But this is not the only good ground low, distinct, reverential voice, the woman's into which the seed 1 am scattering broad-

agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned cast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain and forward listening more and more intently, sunshine, are upon it, and it must spring up, until all thoughts and feelings were absorb- and grow, and ripon to harvest. Let me

woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. Gleason's Pictorial. "I reckon not," replied the colporteur, At that instant, a form darkened the door .---

It was the form of Dick Jones. "Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice .---What's this; who are you?"

Comprehending, now, the scene before judgment seat of Christ. Every one of us, he'd set his dogs on you. And he's just the him, Jones began to swear awfully, at the as a friend, or an enemy, shall live under man to keep his word. So, take a friend's same time ordering the stranger to leave his government forever. We shall drink of advice, and let him alone. No good will his house, threatening to kick him from the the river of pleasure, or of the cup of tremome of it." "Has he a wife and children?" inquired ful wife stepped between her husband and the Lamb, or, lift up our cries with the

the object of his wrath; but he swept her smoke of our torment. The institutions in

aside roughly, and with curses. "Go, before I fling you into the road !" vided to aid us in fleeing from the wrath to "What kind of a woman is his wife ?" "O, she'll do well enough. But neigh- And the strong man, every muscle tense come. The laws to be preserved, are laws "O, she'll do well enough. But neigh- And the strong man, every matter the come. The laws to be presented, Whose light doth trample on my days, bors den't go there much on account of her with anger, stood towering above the stran- which have lent their congenial influence to My days, which are at best but dull and hoary husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the ger's slender form, like an eagle above its the immortal work of saving sinners. The

helpless prey. " Like the blessed Master," was replied How calm and fearless the stranger sat. to this, "I come not to call the righteous, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed

said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the these words found almost spontaneous utter- on the left hand of your judge? Which, if Dear beauteous death ! the jewel of the just ! other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that ance. He had taken no forethought as to by a miracle of mercy you should ascend to Shining nowhere but in the dark ! I warned you, when his dogs are at your what he should say. Hither he had come heaven, can you leave behind, to go away What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, heels, or his horsewhip over your shoulders. At the prompting of duty, and now, when a into everlasting punishment? raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not Call around you the dear children whom

cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung moved steadily forward.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation : save them. whom shall I fear? The Lord is my My fathers and brethren, who minister at had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and.

afraid ? Neither loud nor in self-confidence was we meet any of them undone by our exam-

on the ears of that evil-minded man with so the interview! Shall we not lift up our If a star were confined into a tomb, Even on the grounds of Dick Jones the strange a power. birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported

amid the leafy branches, and the breaths of Go now-before I do you harm," said Dick a thousand flowers mingled their fragrance Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and ministers of God for good-the people of on the air; and even as the colporteur trod sinking into his chair as he spoke. these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There

been closed on the entrance of Jones, and and terrors of the judgment day, by the joys Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall was no shrinking in his heart. He was not in terror of lions that crouched on his path. commenced reading, All was still, save the of heaven and the miseries of hell they be-Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a

had stood half-paralyzed with terror in a this untoward generation. distant part of the room, whither an impati- Ye men of wealth and influence-will ve ent arm had flung ber, seeing the wonderful not help in this great attempt to reform and her brown neck and half exposed bosom, on change that was passing, stole quietly to his save our land? Are not these distinctions,

side, and bending her head, even as ne cent, talents, for the employment of which you distants, for the employment of the empl wilderness in which they had so long dwelt. of God?

A change passed instantly over the woman's tace. Its whole expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter. " Go-go," she said in a hurried voice .--"Go away quickly! My husband will

be here directly, and he-" She paused, leaving the sentence unanish.

Don't begin to read. If he comes in and heard him swear an oath since you were need us not, however much we may need can't be helped near as often as he used to be. coming. Beautiful is that season of life when we can say, in the language of Scrip-

Men would be well nigh fiends without ture, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers death gathers many. it; spectacles of horror would be spread the life." around them ; "their hand would be against We shall see them all again, blooming in a every man, and every man's hand against happier land. Yes, death brings us again to our friends. them :" the sword would be bathed in blood, They are waiting for us, and we shall not and their history would be written in "mourning, lamentation, and woe." And long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand has the pulpit checked no licentiousness, imupon the borders of the grave to welcome posed no restriction upon dissoluteness and

they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spoke well reckless man, from going down to the cham-"Take a friend's advice, then, and keep ears, when the colporteur finished the chap-And with a stronger heart and a more who said that graves are the footsteps of bers of death? Has it set no bounds to idle-

few lines which have made death lovely.-- class of crimes than all the circumstances Huperion.

Every one of us must stand before the They are all gone into a world of light, And I alone sit lingering here ! And my sad thoughts doth clear.

> It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast, Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

I see them walking in an air of glory, Mere glimmerings and decays.

welfare of millions through eternity, depends, under God, upon their preservation. Ye parents-which of your children can you give up to the miseries of a profligate "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget life, and the pangs of an impenitent death? them me, Which, undone by your example, or negli-!

o'er, and if among them all you cannot find

"Clear out from here, I say !" The voice a victim to sacrifice, awake, and with all of Dick Jones was angry still, yet something diligence uphold those institutions which the good shepherd has provided to protect and

strength and my life : of whom shall I be the altar-the time is short. We must soon meet our people at the bar of God ; should

voice as a trumpet, and do quickly, and with Ye magistrates of a christian land, ye

this land, alarmed by the prevalence of The colporteur, moved less by thought crimes and by the judgments of God, look O Father of eternal life, and all than impulse, opened the Bible which had up to you for protection. By the glories

low, eloquent voice of the stranger, as he seech you, as the ministers of God, to save read from the boly book. His wife, who them and their children from the dangers of

side, and bending her head, even as he bent, talents, for the employment of which you

us, with the countenance of affection which profligacy of manners, prevented no liberaway from D.ck Jones. He'll insult you— ter, he raised his eyes to the face of the earnest purpose, he went on his way.— angels! It was in an hour of blessed communion with the souls of the departed, that and fraud, to plunder and pillage? Has it the sweet poet Henry Vaughan wrote those not done more to keep men from this whole

Their very memory is fair and bright,

Or those faint beams in which the hill is dress'd Above the sun's remove. danger, are the institutions of heaven, pro-

O holy hope and high humility, High as the heavens above ! These are your walks, and you have showed

To kindle my cold love.

Could man outlook that mark

may know.

At first sight, if the bird be flown ; But what fair field or grove he sings in now. That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams, Call to the soul when man doth sleep, So some strange thoughts transcend our wonte themes,

this spoken; else it would not have fallen ple, or sloth, or unbelief, dreadful will be And into glory peep !

Her captive flame must needs burn there ; "Why have you come here to trouble me? all our might, what our hands find to do? But when the hand that lock'd her up gav room. She'd shine through all the sphere

Created glories under thee ! Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill My perspective, still as they pass, Or else remove me hence unto that hill Where I shall need no glass.

GET ALONG PEACEABLY .- The more fears, and daily prayers; that he laboured

wilderness in which they had so long dwelt. "Let us pray." How stra ge these words sounded! They there a spoken as from the heavens above wilderness in which they had so long dwelt. "Let us pray." How stra ge these words sounded! They there as from the heavens above thrive by the vices and ruin of their fellow will believe him. No matter who he is on the is abusive, quit his company; if he slan-the is abusive, quit his company; if h How strage these words sounded 1 Incy seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard. Brief, yet carnest, and in fitting language, them the targe influg made, and responded to with the many broken-bearted widows, and the many broken-bearted widows, and the large influg of fereigners of almost

smooth their hair. They need no more the hearts, and which keep Christian lands from the Redeemer" of our fallen race-to the hand, the Christian ministry against intruand confusion, of contention and hatred ?to the triumphant, honored, exalted Son of for ministerial training to pious youths, culwarning voice of her pulpit suppressed or rose again the third day." we ascribe the poses and decision of the Conference on this glory of our "hope of the resurrection of matter. One youth was selected, on that

the dead," for He is the "resurrection and principle, and placed under training at the "This lively hope we owe Lord, to thy dying love; O, may we bless thy grace below, And sing thy grace above."

-Zion's Herald.

Mr. Gough to Young Men. At the recent Anniversary Breakfast of

Praver.

tinism, and kept no unhappy female, and no the Young Men's Christian Association, in London, Mr. Gough thus remarked upon The Circuit of the Gard was divided into the power of Christian sympathy and prayer: two: one to be called the Nimes and Vaun. When I look at you, young men, O! I age Circuit; the other Cevennes, (East.) would to Heaven that there was more power The request for two additional Preachers and influence exerted by you over the young for these two Circuits was next considered ; men of this city. Remember that all the but lack of men, and of means, prevented and vigilance of the civil law and the strong assistance that can be rendered is as nothing the request from being complied with. arm of physical power? Has it made no compared to a word of Christian sympathy —one putting the arm around another, and peculiarly interesting character; a large disliar tremble, no slanderer silent, no revengeful man peaceable, no deceiver ashamed, no saying, "Brother, for Christ's sake, and his trict, containing upwards of twenty-two small compact sacred, no oath binding, no tribunal love, I-stoop to lift you up; I will stand be- towns and villages, is awaiting our labours; of justice more pure? Has it done nothing side you; lean on me; as I love Christ, so a revival seems to have been begun amon to repress that unhallowed spirit of covetam I bound to love you." You are all now the people, through the influence of partial ousness which would gratify its insatiable geing to an avocation-each of you the efforts and occasional visits. cravings by wrong doings; which would center of a circle. Remember what an in- The question next considered was : whocorrupt magistrates and legislators, and en-fluence you may exert for good. Connected ther one of the Preachers in the Alps should rich itself by trading in the souls of men? as I believe my labours are, with the ad- be appointed to the Waldensian Valley of Has ambition never cowered before it? and vancement of the cause of Christ, I feel I Lucerne, as a resident Preacher. Many has it effected no diminution in the strugwant Christian sympathy. In advocating interesting circumstances seemed to concur gles and contests, the sufferings and sorrows total abstinence as a principle, I know that in favour of such a step; and yet it has not of mankind? - Western Christian Advocate. I want wisdom, and discrimination, and been decided npon at present. Mr. Rostan

Longing for the Conversion of need the prayers of God's people. It is a on account of an impotant opening among Sinners.

friends are praying for me. I believe in league of last year has been removed for a It is said of the learned John Smith, "that the power of prayer. I believe that my new opening in Britanny. he had resolved very much to lay aside oth- blessed mother, now in heaven-who left a The fact comes out this year, as it did the er studies, and to travail in the salvation of dark, gloomy garret, to bask in the sunshine last, that calls for help are more numerous men's souls, after whose good he most ear- of her Saviour's smiles-sees her poor, than can be attended to; and that in the nestly thirsted." Of Alleine, author of the wandering, dissipated, drunken boy brought "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners," it is said back to happiness, and respectability, and that "he was infinitely and insatiably gree- expectation of heaven, as the result of her dy of the conversion of souls; and to this teaching, and the answer to her prayers; end he poured out his very heart in prayer for she prayed for her child night and day. and in preaching." Bunyan said, "In my I have come before you because I feel I to; this was now taken up. Thirty-two

preaching I could not be satisfied, unless some need your sympathy, and partly to ask you, young men, when praying for mercies for fruits did appear in my work." "I would think it a greater happiness," yourselves, to remember him who came places now claiming our help; as if the Lord said Matthew Henry, "to gain one soul to among you a stranger, and who is desirous. Christ than mountains of gold and silver to in advocating the total abstinence enterprise.

myself. If I do not gain souls, I shall en- to make it entirely and perfectly subservient now turn a deaf ear? Accordingly, a trial joy all other gains with very little satisfac- to His will who rules and governs the has been decided upon; the Preacher's resition, and I would rather beg my bread from universe .- Christian Advocate. door to door than undertake this great work." Doddridge, writing to a friend, remarked, "I long for the conversion of souls Love to Enemies Obtained by

more sensibly than for anything besides. Methinks I could not only labour but die for it with pleasure.

slow, doubting tendency of soul, who obtain- vince. Similar is the death-bed testimony of the ed at last a christian's hope. He hoped his - Next came, in order, a call from Ausainted Brown, of Haddington : " Now after near forty years' preaching of Christ, I think name was in the book of life, but he was a vergne, one of the central provinces of I would rather beg my bread all the labor- weakly infant. He seemed to grow a little France. I might say two calls, for two there ing days of the week, for an opportunity of in the course of six or seven years, but are; one from the north, and the other trom slowly. He dreaded his deficiency in one the south of the Department of Pur-depublishing the Gospel on the Sabbath, than, feature of Christian character. The appre- Dome. The first is in favour of E glish without such privilege, to enjoy the richest possessions on earth." "O labour, labour," bension gave him pain. He read in one workmen settling in the country for a time ; said he to his sons, " to win souls to Christ." section of his Master's letter, " Love your but in the expectation that French preach-"Rutherford " could assure his flock that enemies." For a long time, like thousands ing may be established. These openings of others, he concluded he would not hurt were considered as highly providential, and they were the objects of his tears, cares, them, or fight them, or return evil for evil, were accepted; one single Preacher to ba

