

which the apostle adores with fresh holy astonishment!"—*Wesley in loc.*

We will only add, at present, that the above are St. Paul's TWELVE REASONS, on account of which he enters his solemn "God forbid!" against the notion that his people were so "cast away" as to prevent the hope of their being again as a nation brought back to God, "through Christ."

I remain,

Dear Sir, yours,

AN HUMBLED BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

Near Lake Champlain,  
April 12, 1844.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### "THE KEY OF PARADISE AND THE WAY TO HEAVEN."

THIS is the title of a small volume which Rome places in the hands of her deluded, blinded subjects, to guide their private devotions. We present, as a specimen, an extract which we have literally translated from this manual, invented among numerous others of a similar character, by the "MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS" for rational and immortal beings, to instruct and console them on their way to the grave and to judgment.

The Key of Paradise and the Way to Heaven; with the Revelations made by the mouth of Jesus Christ to Saint Elizabeth, Saint Bridget, and Saint Melchide, who had desired to know the torments which he had suffered in his Passion.

Our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ having heard the prayers of these holy souls, appeared to them and said: "Consider, my sisters, that I shed for you 62,200 tears and 97,307 drops of blood, in the Garden of Olivet.

"I received 1,667 blows on my holy body; 110 buffets on my tender cheeks; 120 blows on my neck; 380 on my back; 43 on my breast; 85 on my head; 38 on my sides; 62 on my shoulders; 40 on my arms; 32 on my thighs and legs. They struck me 30 times on my mouth. They spat 32 times on my precious face. I made 321 steps from the Pretorium to Calvary, bearing my cross. For all this I received but one act of charity, viz., that of St. Veronica, who wiped my face with a handkerchief, on which my portrait remains imprinted with my precious blood.

"Those who recite the 'Key of Paradise' during forty days, or who, not knowing how to read, shall say five *Paters* and five *Aves*, I will give them five graces of my Passion.

"First: Plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins.

"Second: Exemption from the pain of Purgatory.

"Third: Should they die before the forty days are accomplished, I will grant it them as if the whole time had been fulfilled.

"Fourth: I will treat them as martyrs who shed their blood for the faith.

"Fifth: I will come from heaven to earth to receive the souls of their relatives to the fourth generation who may be suffering the pains of purgatory, and will cause them to enjoy the glory of Paradise."

Protestants of this land!—Can you withhold your sympathies, your prayers, and your Christian efforts, for the deliverance of those whose minds, whose souls, are held captive in the darkness and blasphemy of such ecclesiastical tuition.—"*Quarterly Paper of the Foreign Evangelical Society*" for Feb.

#### TOUCHING APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

BY AN AGED MAN, AT A RECENT TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

"I have come twelve miles to attend this meeting, yet I do not value my time; I feel rewarded by what I see around me. My friends, I have seen more of the world than most of you. I have trod the streets of proud London, and the winds of distant India have fanned these furrowed cheeks of mine. My keel has been upon every sea, and my name upon every tongue. Heaven blessed me with one of the best of wives—and my children—oh, why should I speak of them? My home was once a paradise. But I bowed, like a brute, to the killing cup—my eldest son tore himself from his degraded father, and has never returned. My young heart's idol—my be-

loved and suffering wife—has gone broken-hearted to the grave. And my lovely daughter, whose image I seem to see in the beautiful around me—once my pride and my hope—pined away in sorrow and mourning, because her father was a drunkard, and now sleeps by her mother's side. But I still live to tell the history of my shame, and the ruin of my family. I still live—and stand here before you to offer up my heart's fervent gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that I have been snatched from the brink of the drunkard's grave. And while I live, I shall struggle to restore my wandering brethren again to the bosom of society. This form of mine is bending and wasting under the weight of years. But my young friends, you are just blooming into life—the places of your fathers and mothers will soon be vacant. See that you come up to fill them with pure hearts and anointed lips! Bind the blessed pledge firmly to your hearts, and be it the Shibboleth of life's warfare!"—*Chris. Intel.*

#### THE WHITE PLUMES.

WALKING slowly on a sultry day along the high path that skirted a public road, my attention was roused by the sudden question of a little child, "What is coming behind us? See, it is all black and white." I turned and saw a mourning coach, through the side windows of which projected the ends of a small coffin with its velvet pall; followed by a similar carriage, containing three or four gentlemen in black cloaks. The usual attendants, with long staves, walked with measured steps on either side the coaches, their hatbands being of white silk, as were those of the drivers. But what had chiefly attracted the observation of my little companion, was the stately plume of white feathers waving on the heads of noble horses, whose glossy coats of jet black, velvet housings, long flowing heads and tails, and majestic bearing, as they paced along with restrained animation, could derive no additional grace from what, nevertheless, gave a striking finish to the spectacle.

"It is a baby's funeral," said I.

"But why are the feathers white? I thought all funerals went in mourning, and white is no mourning, you know."

I explained to the little enquirer the practice of substituting white for black on such occasions; and then gratified his wish by accompanying, or rather following, the procession to the church, which was not far distant.

Again I looked; and again the proud tread of those stately horses, the waving of their bright crests, and the fluttering of the whitedged pall, as a current of air passed occasionally through the windows, bespoke a character less of mourning than of triumph. I thought of the little inmate, riding there in solitary state, as one who had conquered in the battle without striking a blow, succeeded in the race without moving a foot; and who now was crowned with glory incorruptible, never to fade away. It seemed almost a privilege to follow such a train, to assist in such an ovation. Scarcely could a handful of earth be selected from the ground whereon we stood, when the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place, which had not once been instinct with rational life, capable of glorifying God, whose is the body no less than the soul; and, O, among the multitude who had there become dust, few might I dare to hope, had glorified him! Dark, indeed, is the history of man, as written on earth's surface in characters formed by its rising mounds; and again I rejoiced that another had been rescued ere he could lift a hand, or form a thought, in rebellion against his God. Still, rebellion was his inheritance; and the taint would have speedily showed itself in open acts of presumptuous sin, proving his natural claim to a rebel's doom; a portion of which, the penalty of bodily death, had already been awarded, in token that he was liable to the whole infliction; but the short history of that babe was beautifully summed up in one line of the well known epitaph: "He died, for Adam sinned; he lives, for Jesus died."

#### EUROPE.

From the various circumstances of our day, the impression is powerfully made upon intelligent men in Europe, that some extraordinary change is about to take place in the general condition of mankind. A new ardour of human intercourse seems to be spreading through all nations. Europe has laid aside her perpetual wars, and seems to

be assuming a habit of peace. Even France, hitherto the most belligerent of European nations, is evidently abandoning the passion for conquest, and beginning to exert her fine powers in the cultivation of commerce. All the nations of Europe are either following her example, or sending out colonies of greater or less magnitude, to fill the wild portions of the world. Regions hitherto utterly neglected, and even scarcely known, are becoming objects of enlightened regard; and mankind, in every quarter, is approaching, with greater or less speed, to that combined interest and mutual intercourse, which are the first steps to the true possession of the globe.

But, we say it with the gratification of Englishmen, proud of their country's fame, and still prouder of its principles—that the lead in this noblest of all human victories, has been clearly taken by England. It is she who pre-eminently stimulates the voyage, and plants the colony, and establishes the commerce, and civilizes the people. And all this has been done in a manner so little due to popular caprice or national ambition, to the mere will of a sovereign, or the popular thirst of possession, that it invests the whole process with a sense of unequalled security. Resembling the work of nature in the simplicity of its growth, it will probably also resemble the work of nature in the permanence of its existence. It is not an exotic, fixed in an unsuitable soil by a capricious planting; but a seed self-own, nurtured by the common air and dews, assimilated to the climate, and striking its roots deep in the ground which it has thus, by its own instincts, chosen. The necessities of British commerce, the urgency of English protection, and the overflow of British population, have been the great acting causes of our national efforts; and as these are causes which regulate themselves, their results are as regular and unshaken, as they are natural and extensive. But England has also had a higher motive. She has unquestionably mingled a spirit of benevolence largely with her general exertions. She has laboured to communicate freedom, law, a feeling of property, and a consciousness of the moral debt due by man to the Great Disposer of all, wherever she has had the power in her hands. No people have ever been the worse for her, and all have been the better, in proportion to their following her example.—Wherever she goes, oppression decays, the safety of person and property begins to be felt, the sword is sheathed, the pen and the ploughshare commence alike to reclaim the mental and the physical soil, and civilization comes, like the dawn, however slowly advancing, to prepare the heart of the barbarian for the burst of light, in the rising of Christianity upon his eyes.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### AFRICA.

It is remarkable that Africa, one of the largest and most fertile portions of the globe, remains one of the least known. Furnishing materials of commerce which have been objects of universal desire since the deluge—gold, gems, ivory, fragrant gums, and spices—it has still remained almost untraversed by the European foot, except along its coast. It has been circumnavigated by the ships of every European nation, its slave-trade has divided its profits and its pollutions among the chief nations of the eastern and western worlds; and yet, to this hour, there are regions of Africa, probably amounting to half its bulk, and possessing kingdoms of the size of France and Spain, of which Europe has no more heard than of the kingdoms of the planet Jupiter. The extent of Africa is enormous:—5000 miles in length, 4600 in breadth, it forms nearly a square of 13,130,000 square miles! the chief part solid ground; for we know of no Mediterranean to break its continuity—no mighty reservoir for the waters of its hills—and scarcely more than the Niger and the Nile for the means of penetrating any large portion of this huge continent.

The population naturally divides itself into two portions, connected with the character of its surface—the countries to the north and the south of the mountains of Kong and the Jebel-al-Komr. To the north of this line of demarcation, are the kingdoms of the foreign conquerors, who have driven the original natives to the mountains, or have subjected them as slaves. This is the Mahometan land. To the south of this line dwells the Negro, in a region, a large portion of which is too fiery for European life. This is Central Africa; distinguished from all the earth by the