

house of young brother Robinson, with whom we were to lodge, and where we found ourselves associated with the brethren Fowler, Clarke, Alexander, and Wilson—all old friends whom I had known in other days, and whom I was greatly rejoiced to take by the hand here in this far-off country. And now, as Conference begins tomorrow, I must give my patient readers adieu till after the session is over.

JAMES O. ANDREW.
Montgomery, Texas, December, 1843.

From the Richmond Christian Advocate.

ANIMAL EXCITEMENT, AND MENTAL DELUSION.

Mr. Editor,—On reading the book entitled "The Young Christian," by Rev. Jacob Abbot, a pious man, but not a Methodist, I was struck with the candour and correctness of his remarks on the above subjects, and have thought it would be well for them to find a place in the Advocate. If your judgment accords with mine in this matter, you may give insertion in your columns to the following somewhat abbreviated extract.

G.

"The human mind is so constituted, as all who have studied its nature are fully aware, that when any strong emotion takes possession of it, it operates immediately upon the body, producing sometimes animal excitement, and sometimes delusion of the senses. So that these delusions and this very bodily excitement prove the greatness and the reality of the emotions of heart which have occasioned them. If a man becomes very much interested in any scheme, how likely he is to become enthusiastic in it! And this enthusiasm the public usually consider as *proving*, not disproving, his sincerity. It indicates the strength of the interest which he feels. It is astonishing what extravagances people will put up with from men engaged in the prosecution of favourite plans considering them as indications of the interest felt. Brindley, a famous canal engineer, was so much interested in his favourite mode of transportation, that he used to declare that a canal was far more valuable than a navigable river. He was once asked what he supposed Providence intended by creating rivers? He said they were good for nothing but to feed canals. And this instance of extravagance, though told again and again, has, on all hands, been considered as proving nothing but the greatness of the interest he felt in his favourite pursuit. Nobody ever thought the worse of Brindley for it, or distrusted his judgment on any point in the science of engineering. So Christians of uncultivated minds will be sometimes extravagant in their opinions, or in their conduct, and only show by it the strength of the interest they feel.

A man who is inventing a machine, will become so excited that he cannot sleep. He will, perhaps, in his efforts to obtain repose, fall into an uncertain state, between sleeping and waking, in which, half in reverie and half in dream, fancy will present him with splendid images of success. He will hear a voice, or see a figure, or will be assured by some extraordinary mode that he shall overcome all difficulties. In the morning, light and the full possession of his faculties return, and if he is a man of intelligence, he can analyze the operations of the mind and separate the false from the true. If he is an unenlightened man, however, and should tell his story, how narrow should be the philosophy which should say to him, "Sir, it is all delusion. Your mind is evidently turned." You had better give up your invention and return to other pursuits." It would be a great deal more wise to neglect altogether the story of supernatural voices and appearances, and judge of the value of his proposed invention after an impartial examination of the plan itself and the evidences of success or failure. So when you hear of any extravagance or delusion among Christians, remember how immense the change the beginning of the Christian's course is. The man has been all his life engaged in sinful pursuits and pleasures—perhaps addicted to open vice. All at once his eyes are opened—he sees his guilt and his imminent danger. He is and he must be strongly excited. If he feels any sense of his condition he cannot sleep. Can any arrested malefactor sleep quietly the first night in his cell? He must be strongly excited, and this excitement may produce something like temporary delusion. He

may do and say many things in which the calm spectators cannot sympathize. But it is, most certainly, very unphilosophical to fasten on these, and say it is all delusion and wildness. The real question to be considered is this: Is a bad character really changed for a good one? If so, it is a great change, invaluable in its nature and results; and productive of inconceivable good to the individual himself and to all connected with him. The excess of feeling is momentary and harmless. . . . An abandoned profligate becomes a useful and virtuous man. Can you expect such a change without excitement? How unphilosophical then is it to fasten upon the slight and momentary indications of excitement as evidence that there is nothing real in the case! And yet, unphilosophical as it is, many would cry out, "It is all fanaticism and delusion." This is narrow-mindedness. The intellect which reasons thus, is in such a state that it does not take a survey of the whole subject presented, so as to form an independent and unbiassed opinion. The man fastens upon one little blemish which happens to be turned towards him, and, seeing no farther, condemns the whole. There is, however, a narrow-mindedness which may operate in another way. Many will be satisfied, from a few expressions, that the penitent's heart is really changed. They think him a Christian just because he talks like one. Now it is as narrow-minded to judge from a partial knowledge of facts in one way as another. The great and decisive altar all is—*Perseverance in a Holy Life*.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, pastor of the Harvard-street Church, Boston, wrote a letter, during his recent tour in Europe, to the members of the Sabbath School connected with his congregation, in which he gave a very interesting account of a wonderful work of art. After introducing the letter, he proceeds as follows:—

There is no subject that I can think of which will be so likely to interest you as the great astronomical clock, which I saw the other day in the cathedral at Strasburg. This cathedral, by the way, is one of the finest in Europe. It is very large, and its tower of steeples is the highest in the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid in Egypt, one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and three or four times higher than the Old South Church in Boston. The astronomical clock stands in the inside in one corner of it, and is a most imposing and beautiful edifice. Five or six hundred people visit it every day at 12 o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently, and several millions in the course of the year. There have been two or three clocks in the same place, upon the model of which the present one is formed: but it is almost a new one, and was constructed by a mechanic whose name was Schwilgue, in 1838, to whom a nocturnal fete or festival was given by his fellow-citizens on the occasion of its completion.

To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar, instead of saying that it is so many feet high, and so many feet wide, &c. Well then, you remember the size of the Post Office in Washington-street. It is as high as that, about as wide, or at least nearly so. Its tower would reach to the very summit of our meeting-house, and its front would go about half across the front of the meeting-house. On the top of it is a figure of the Prophet Isaiah, about as large as life; on its two sides are a couple of stairs to go up into it. Its front is beautifully painted, and has places upon which the hours of the day, the days of the week, the revolutions of the stars, the motions of the sun in the ecliptic, the days of the month, the seasons of the year, the phases of the sun and moon, and a great many other things, are indicated. Here, also, in niches prepared for them are moveable images of the Saviour and his twelve Apostles; Death, and Time with his scythe; the four ages of human life, and several other forms which I cannot mention.

To give you a little further idea of its magnitude, let me say that there are means of going into the inside of it, and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart and examine the machinery. Mr. Neale, two other gentlemen and myself, with the conductor, went into it and spent about an hour there. We went first into a lower, then into a

higher, and then again into a still higher apartment of it, and saw the various parts of the machinery, consisting I should think of more than a thousand pieces splendidly polished, and all dependent for their harmonious action upon the short thick, brass pendulum which swings in the centre.

But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and the days, times and the seasons, the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar equations, the conjunctions and eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and the various changes through which they pass for thousands of years. It points out apparent time, mean, or real time, and ecclesiastical time. On its face you see the motion of the stars, of the sun and planets, of the moon and her satellites. Two little cherubs, who sit, the one on the one side, the other on the other, strike the quarters of the hour; Death strikes the hour with a mace, while four figures pass and repass before him, representing the various stages of human life. At 12 o'clock every day, when Death strikes twelve, the Apostles, who are represented each with the badges of his martyrdom, come out from the clock and pass before an image of the Saviour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his benediction, which he gives with a movement of the hand. When the Apostle Peter makes his appearance, a gilded cock, which is perched on one side of the clock, flaps his wings, raises his head, and crows so long and so loud as make the whole cathedral ring again. This he repeats three times, in memorial of the cock that crowed three times before the fall of Peter, during the crucifixion of our Saviour. Of course the cock makes no further noise or motion till the next day at 12 o'clock, when he repeats the same loud and startling crow, flapping his wings, and raising his head.

Now, I dare say, you will all exclaim, What a wonderful clock!—and what a wonderful man he must have been who made it! Yes, my young friends, but how much more wonderful the mechanism of the universe, and the God who made it! How wonderful that Being who made you and me, and all mankind, and keeps the whole universe going, and every heart beating from day to day, and from year to year! "Lo! these are but a part of his ways; but the thunder of his power, who can understand?"

But, suppose some boy should say, That's all nonsense. Nobody made the clock—it made itself—it came by chance, and has kept going ever since without any help from without. Why, you would say that boy was crazy, would you not? What, then, shall we think of those who tell us that there is no God?—that the earth, sun, moon and stars, men and women, trees and flowers, birds and beasts, came by chance, and that they keep living, and moving, and growing, without help from without? It seems to me that we must think of these just what the Bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

My dear young friend, endeavour to secure the favour of that great and wonderful Being who is above all, through all, and in all.

RUSSIAN WORSHIP.

The Russian worship somewhat resembles that of Popery; for it is filled with a multitude of superstitious practices. The natives make, during the performance of mass, numberless genuflections and signs of the cross. No people seek more the blessing of the priest than the Russians. They call upon the priests to bless the house they build, the ground they till, their flocks, their harvests, all they do, all they attempt. On the 6th of August of every year, the churches are filled with apples and pears which the priests bless. Till then no true believer would dare to eat these fruits. But as soon as the ceremony is ended, all pounce upon the baskets consecrated by the priests. On the 6th of January, the rivers and streams are blessed. The priest approaches with much pomp to the bank, cuts out a hole in the ice, and plunges the cross three times into it, reciting some prayers. Immediately the women run with their pails to draw this consecrated water; the men drink large draughts. The struggle for tumblers, bottles, &c., lasts for several hours. A fountain of wine, flowing in one of our public squares, on a national festival, would not excite more eagerness. Poor people, how much they need to have the Bible in their hands, to be freed from such gross superstitions!