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## Family Worship in a Cottage.

Listen! I heard a voice, a solemn voice,  
But sweet and fervent too, like that of  
prayer:  
Such as would make angelic breasts rejoice,  
And call to heaven their starry sphere.  
From yonder got it comes—I'll draw me near,  
In light glances like a star upon the night,  
And to my wandering footsteps far more dear;  
A better guide perchance, a holier light,  
Leading more near to heaven than that above  
my sight.

Oh, 'tis a lovely scene! The grey-hair'd sire  
With lifted hands, imploring on each child  
All that the lip can breathe, the soul desire,  
To guide their footsteps thro' the world's deep  
wilds:  
See how the glittering tears his warm cheek  
glide!  
How rushes through the wane of years the  
glow;  
How beams his look, with all the father's fill!  
His ardent intense lights eye, lip, brow,  
Which all his bosom's thoughts, hopes, fears and  
wishes show.

There kneels the mother by her partner's side,  
Silent her tongue, but oh, how full her eyes!  
Look at those sacred tears, those gentle tide,  
The loveliest utterance of the lip supplies,  
Oh! what can equal her beseeching sigh?  
If 'tis not heaven, however, the never came  
The sound of supplications high;  
Vainly have nations plied the altar's flame,  
The interest of them all never reached a  
mother's claim.

Beside her, rising manhood's form,  
Her son, her secret pride and glory, bows:  
Bright is his cheek with labour's colour warm,  
The honourable tilt his forehead shows:  
His eye's dark glance is veiled, as it would close  
A while to all on earth his heart decays fair;  
His lips soft moving, till responsive words  
Are rising to his hoary father's prayer,  
Fleeting with the high heaven's "Oh, guard  
from every snare."

And yonder there a group in happiest being,  
The fairy tenants of the cottage dome,  
Kneeling before the eye of Him, all-seeing,  
Who watches if their thoughts or glances roam.  
That angelic instrument of loudest sound  
Stands close beside its master, but as dumb  
As if forgotten on the darksome ground,  
While like night's dew-closed flowers they bend  
and nod around.

Look at the little hand upon each brow,  
Covering the face beneath the unseen God!  
Lionel! ye might have heard the lipped vow  
Like cherub voices seeking his abode,  
Revile it not, despite it not, ye proud!  
Nor say it is the jargon learned by rote,  
Useless and meaningless, those words allow'd  
Upon the youthful memory to be  
Shall be the waking chime to many a heavenly  
note!

Oh, lovely scene—most lovely: would that thou  
Didst not bedeck the cottage woe alone,  
But beneath every roof in beauty glow,  
From the low land to the lofty throne.  
Then, England, wear the smiles of Heaven  
thine own,  
The bright paternal smiles of Deity;  
Then, my loved country, would thy soil be  
known,  
The hallow'd, and the blest, the truest here,  
And every evening hour a nation's worship scene.

## The Princely and Pious Cobbler.

Joseph Watkins, a resident of Bromyard,  
near Stoke-Edith, England, was a shoemaker  
by trade. By hard industry, economy,  
and diligence, he had acquired a small sum  
of money. There was in the same neigh-  
bourhood, and of the same little society of  
Christians, a young female, a domestic ser-  
vant in a respectable family. Her mistress,  
dying, bequeathed Mary £20, in testimony  
of respect, and as a reward for her faithful  
services. Her master had then an aged  
mother, who lived with him. He said to  
Mary, "If you will remain and take care  
of my mother during her life, when she dies  
you shall have £20 more."

To this proposal Mary assented, remark-  
ing, "Master's word is as good as his bond."  
The object of her special care did not long  
survive; and Mary became possessed of the  
sum of £40, in addition to some savings from  
her wages.

An attachment was formed between Joseph  
and Mary, which ripened into marriage;  
in which union they were happy to-  
gether more than forty years.

The following particulars respect the ap-  
propriation of their money, and their sub-  
sequent proceedings in the practical acknowl-  
edgment of God with it. The auctioneer  
led round on the moral condition of his neigh-  
bours. He deeply mourned over their spiri-  
tual destitution. He earnestly desired to do  
something for their benefit by the establish-  
ment among them of means of grace similar  
to those which at Stoke had been so great a  
blessing to himself. He thought he would, if  
possible, purchase a small freehold, that he  
might open his own house for the worship  
of God, and have no interruption by land-  
lord, or anybody else. In a short time two  
properties were advertised for sale by auc-  
tion, at an inn. Joseph attended the sale,  
expecting that they would be offered in se-  
parate lots, intending to make a bid for the  
smaller one; but to his great disappointment,  
he found they were to be sold together, and  
therefore abandoning his intention of bid-  
ding, as he had not the means of paying so  
large a sum as would be required. The  
business began, the conditions of sale were  
stated, and bidders invited. The auctioneer  
observing the young shoemaker, somewhat  
laughingly said, "Come, Watkins, won't  
you give us a bid?" To which Joseph re-  
plied, "I certainly intended to bid for the  
small lot, if it had been sold separately; but  
as they are put together, they are quite out  
of my way."

"O!" rejoined the other, "put us on.—  
Give a bid; it will not stop. Come, put us  
on."

Joseph not thinking what he was about,  
compelled, but was soon awakened to a sense  
of his situation when he followed him. In  
vain the auctioneer called for bidders.—  
At length he said, "Going! Going! Gone!"  
Down went the hammer, with Joseph Wat-  
kins as the purchaser. Joseph went home  
in great anxiety, and informed Mary what

he had been drawn into, who was equally  
perplexed therat. He passed an almost  
sleepless night, pondering how to get out of  
his difficulty.

Next morning, while standing at his door,  
a gentleman rode up, and accosted him with,  
"Well, Watkins, you have been buying land,  
I hear?" "Buying land," responded  
Joseph, as the echo of what fell on his ears.  
The gentleman further said, "I am come to  
ask what you will take for your bargain?"  
This rejoined Joseph, and, as he expressed  
himself, when relating the occurrence, "I  
thought, I must now know what I say."  
"So he replied, "Why, Sir, to tell you the  
truth, I only wanted the small lot; and if  
you are willing to take the large one, I have  
no objection to part with it."

"That," said the gentleman, "is the one  
I want. What will you take for it?"  
It was considered by the sale that Joseph  
had made a good purchase; so he thought  
he might, without impropriety, ask the  
sum for the large property (about fifty  
acres) which he had obtained both for; (the  
small one only being about two.) The gen-  
tleman said, "I will give you that sum for  
it." He was thus excited to a considerable  
distance from his dwelling, and he had de-  
sired, and yet his amount of cash was  
not lessened.

He now saw his way clear to carry into  
effect his long cherished desire to open his  
house for the worship of God. It was duly  
licensed for that purpose, and the neigh-  
bours were invited to come and hear what  
they might be saved. Nor was it preach-  
ed and heard in vain. The Holy Spirit  
was poured upon them, and several be-  
lieved and turned to the Lord. They could  
scarcely have the opportunity of getting a min-  
ister, as the place was a considerable dis-  
tance from any circuit town, and at that  
time, in winter especially, the roads were  
almost impassable. In these circumstances,  
and we believe, also moved by the Holy  
Ghost, Mr. Watkins felt necessity was laid  
on him first, to give a word of exhortation  
to those who from time to time came to wor-  
ship God at his house. He was soon invited  
to other places at a distance. He had  
many scruples and fears on this subject.—  
The blessing of God rested upon these hum-  
ble and sincere endeavours to benefit the  
population around him; and an open door  
was set before him, so that he was encour-  
aged to persevere, but was often cast down  
at the contemplation of the great responsi-  
bility which rested on him.

He once related the following circum-  
stances, which occurred at this time. Hav-  
ing made an engagement to speak to a con-  
gregation in a farm-house, at Dimmore on  
Sunday, he proceeded heavily on his  
spirits; he had some mental conflict, and  
would have fled from the duty, had he not  
felt, "Woe be unto me if I preach not the  
Gospel." The road from his residence  
was through a wood, where it was easy to  
conceal himself, and he was often cast down  
at the contemplation of the great responsi-  
bility to accomplish the journey, pur-  
posing to retire into some thick part of the  
wood, and ask of God some visible sign,  
whether he ought to preach or not. Having  
wrought his way through the interwoven  
branches of trees, and reached a lonely spot,  
which he judged suitable for his purpose,  
he was preparing to ask from God a sign;  
but, before doing this, he took a New Testa-  
ment from his pocket, on opening which,  
his attention was arrested by the following  
words: "Then was Jesus led up of the  
Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of  
the devil." The thought struck him forcibly,  
that he was the subject of temptation; he  
fell on his knees, imploring of God for-  
giveness for his presumption, and without  
gainsaying, went and delivered his message  
to the people in the name of the Lord; and  
he continued to set as a local preacher in the  
neighbourhood of the kind of his life.

At his own house the congregation in-  
creased, and additional accommodation was  
wanted. The late Rev. J. H. Adams was  
then a home missionary in that part of the  
kingdom. Mr. Watkins asked himself,  
"What can I do?" He could do but little;  
he said to himself, "If the Lord permit,  
and as Dr. Redford" remarks, the  
deed was as princely as the principle was  
divine. The little of which he had become  
proprietor, or rather, as he felt, the steward,  
he would consecrate to the Lord. On a  
part of it he accordingly determined to build  
a small chapel, for the service of the neigh-  
bourhood. The work was soon ef-  
fected; a minister was obtained to open the  
new place of worship; the day arrived, a  
happy and zealous company of friends met  
together; and the place was set apart for the  
high and holy use of prayer, praise, and the  
administration of the blessed word of God.

Let your eyes be cast into the joyful  
emotion of that day; let them conceive the  
pure and blessed feelings of this humble  
Christian, when he saw the building,  
which his own benevolence had reared, first  
opened as the house of prayer. It was no-  
ble, and it was lovely; perhaps beyond pre-  
cedent. The emotions of this lowly cot-  
tage that day might have been en-  
vied by a prince; and few princes of this  
world ever did an act so noble and so pious.

The dedication of that humble sanctuary  
to the service of God was the occasion of  
calling forth another interesting instance  
of the zeal and kind-heartedness of Joseph  
Watkins.

Some of the good people who had come  
to participate in the religious solemnities  
of that day, powerfully felt the influence of  
a zeal so eminent and pure, and voluntarily  
proposed that they should be allowed to  
share with him the expense of the erection.  
They endeavoured to convince him that it  
was not right for him to bear the whole bur-  
den, and that collections would cheerfully  
be made towards assisting him in this labour  
of love. But the sacrifice was a luxury to  
his soul not to be foregone. He was resolv-  
ed to have it a monument of his gratitude  
to the Saviour.

Still, however, alert in doing good,  
and to find his fellow Christians willing to  
contribute of their ability to aid the village  
cause, he proposed that they should give  
what they thought proper, and devote it to  
the purchase of a horse for the service of the  
ministers of the circuit in which the chapel  
was situated, to enable them more frequ-  
ently to visit this and other benighted places.  
This was accordingly done; and this village  
thenceforward enjoyed the regular services  
of the ministers of the Gospel, had his Sun-  
day School, and various other means of reli-  
gious instruction.

The garden and orchard brought forth  
plentifully; so that, in some instances, even  
when the crop of apples had failed in the  
county, Joseph had abundance. The ground,  
also, though partially shaded by the trees,  
produced good crops of wheat, beans, or po-  
tatoes. Joseph honored God with his sub-  
stance also, and his barn was filled with  
plenty. Prompted by gratitude to the Au-  
thor of all good, and impressed with a con-  
viction that he owed to a special providence  
his possession of the property he enjoyed,  
having no child, and not knowing what might  
arise in the neighbourhood after his decease,  
it was in his heart to secure that property  
so remarkably given to him to the service  
of God. He did so. When the Rev. John  
Slater was superintendent of the circuit, Joseph  
transferred the property by sale to a  
number of trustees, to be held by them and  
their successors as provided by the deed, in  
trust forever, for the use of the Wesleyan  
Church. The property consisted of a small  
field, garden, and orchard, on part of which  
stood a dwelling-house, and barn; of also  
a chapel and a burial-ground. When the  
trust-deed was duly executed and enrolled  
in chancery, he generously returned the pur-  
chase money to the trustees; and, though  
he continued to reside on the premises, yet,  
as an acknowledgement of their right to the  
property, he paid an annual rent, which they  
applied to the circuit expenses. "The lib-  
eral and devoted things; and by liberal  
things shall be stand." This inspired de-  
claration was remarkably verified in Joseph  
Watkins. God's blessing was on the labour  
of his hands; and he was the constant benef-  
actor of the poor around him, and a hearty  
supporter of the cause of God at home and  
abroad.

The following instance of zeal and lib-  
erality in the noble cause of missions to the  
heathen came under my own observation.—  
Being one evening at Bodenham chapel in  
my regular week-day appointment, I re-  
mained over till about midnight, when Mr.  
Watkins, after supper and family worship,  
Joseph took his seat on one side of the fire-  
place, Mary being seated on the other side;  
I drew my chair before it. Our conversa-  
tion was on missionary subjects. Both in-  
terested with deep attention while I narrated  
some incidents of the late Mr. Watkins,  
South Africa. Time passed more rapidly  
than we were aware, so that we were some-  
what surprised to hear the clock strike  
eleven. I instantly dropped the conversa-  
tion, by rising from my seat, and taking  
the candlestick, bade them good night.

The following morning, when finishing  
breakfast, Joseph said, "I want your ad-  
vice, Sir." To which I replied, "I shall  
be happy to give it to you, to the best of my  
ability, if you will state your case."  
"Why, Sir," he said, "I have been  
thinking a great deal about the heathen, and  
the missionary cause; that it is a great work,  
and I want to do £600 to it."

I gazed on the man, with his leather apron  
on, with mingled wonder and delight; and  
said, "I am glad to hear it, and hope there  
will be no great difficulty in the way."  
Reaching for a slip of paper, and an annual  
report of the Parent Wesleyan Missionary  
Society, he answered, "I see here a notice  
that money which is on hand security can  
not be left to such purposes; and that is the  
case with mine."

"I said, 'You can call it in.'"  
"Ay," he replied, "I wish to have the  
interest during my life."  
I answered, "The missionary committee  
will give it you."  
He wished me to consult a lawyer on the  
matter. I said, that I thought unnecessary;  
but, for his satisfaction, I would write to the  
committee in London, and they would  
I did, and received from one of them,  
the late Rev. J. James, the following an-  
swer:—"Your friend must take your advice,  
and the missionary treasurers will give him  
their usual security for the interest at five  
per cent. per annum during his and his wife's  
life."

To this proposal he agreed; the £600 was  
called in, and passed through my hands to  
the Missionary Society; and he received the  
interest half-yearly during the remainder of  
his life. Mary was present, and heard our  
conversation on the subject. When it was  
over, Joseph went to his work shop and said  
to her, "I am glad that you are so inter-  
ested in the cause of the heathen, and that  
you so heartily concur with him in these  
liberal acts." Her heart was full, and deeply  
affected. With weeping eyes and uplifted  
hands, she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord!  
He is always before hand with us! He gave  
it us every bit."

As the further development of his character,  
the following incident is deserving of  
record. On the opposite side of the circuit  
to that on which he resided, there is a vil-  
lage called Hungerstone, in which a small  
chapel had been built. Owing to a variety  
of circumstances, in which it is not necessary  
now to enter, there had been a good deal  
of difficulty and contention in connection  
with that chapel, and there was a dark cloud  
upon the cause in that village. Having be-  
come acquainted with the particulars of the  
case, and seeing there was no way to re-  
lieve it except by getting a great part of the  
debts removed from the premises, I proposed  
the matter to him. This was an unweome  
topic, and he seemed averse to enter upon  
it. I said, "Well, Mr. Watkins, neither you  
nor I had anything to do with the erec-  
tion of that chapel, nor with the circum-  
stances by which it became involved in its  
present difficulties; neither had the good  
men who became responsible for the what  
owing, in order to preserve the chapel, and  
prevent the cause of God from suffering re-  
proach and injury, which must have been  
the case if the bills had not been paid. The  
person who lent the money, and two others  
who gave security for it, reside at a distance;  
there is an annual deficiency of interest  
which they have to make up, and I claim  
your sympathy on their behalf." I added,  
"The Society there is small and poor; yet  
there is a considerable population in the vil-  
lage, and I think there is a reasonable pros-  
pect of success, if this case can be relieved."

Mr. Watkins listened attentively to what  
I said, and then asked, "What is the  
amount of the debt?" "Eighty pounds,"  
was the answer. "Well," he said, "get  
eight persons to give £10 a piece, and I  
will be one of them; and let us have done  
with it." I replied, "I fear I shall not be  
able to accomplish that; but if we could  
raise half that sum, it would relieve the  
case." "No," he said, "I will be no party

to that; the debt may increase again. The  
whole shall be paid off, or I will have  
nothing to do with it. Get £70, and I will  
give the other ten." I made the attempt;  
the parties responsible, having suffered a good  
deal of annoyance, cheerfully sacrificed £10  
each towards the object; and, after much  
difficulty, the whole was raised. Joseph, in  
the presence of his good wife, handed me  
his £10 in a very pleasant hour.

The next instance of his princely liberality  
which came under my observation is the fol-  
lowing: When I was at his house, in my  
regular appointment to Bodenham, in Feb-  
ruary, 1832, Mr. Watkins requested me to  
step up stairs into their room. A fire is  
kindled," he said, "and Joseph wants you  
to write for him."

Accordingly, I went up, and found Mr.  
Watkins had a table set with inkstand, pens,  
and paper ready. He said it was his in-  
tention to put his house in order; that he  
did not think it prudent to leave things to  
the last. He then produced a will, which  
a lawyer of Leominster had written, accord-  
ing to his instructions. He observed, "You  
know I have given what I intended to the  
foreign missions; and now," he asked,  
"what is the name of that Fund from which  
the trustees have sent out to this part,  
and from which the circuit has from time to  
time received assistance?"

I replied, "It is called the Contingent  
Fund."  
"O," he said, "we must not forget that.  
I owe much to that; for it sent the Gospel  
to us." Other connections of funds were  
mentioned: Hereford chapel-trust had a  
good share. In all, I wrote down, by his  
direction, a copy of that document, with  
Joseph's signature affixed, is now in  
my possession.

Shortly before his death, the agitation re-  
specting the Wesleyan Theological Institu-  
tion arose. Though himself an illiterate  
man, he knew how to appreciate a qualified  
minister; and in the printed report of that  
institution, which he had read, Mr. Watkins,  
of Bodenham, a donor of £50, and an  
annual subscriber of £1. He continued his  
business, working at it himself, until near  
the close of his life, not to add to his prop-  
erty, but to enlarge his means of doing  
good, which appeared to be the greatest  
necessity of his mind. He was a man of  
witnessing many other instances of his  
generous disposition, not recorded in this  
sketch; such as contributions to the British  
and Foreign Bible society, of which he was  
a Branch Treasurer, and gifts to the poor  
in his neighbourhood. At our circuit quar-  
ters, on the 20th of August, 1830, he was  
present at the anniversary of his wedding day.  
Before we rose from the table, I happened to  
say, in allusion to my own removal to  
another sphere of labour, "Who knows where  
we may be next year at this time?" S-  
lence followed; and I perceived the question  
of my removal, which was more of a de-  
siring eminence of nature, or the gratitude  
of her more rich and beautiful adornments,  
would it not be there that you looked for  
the deepest tones of devotion, or there for  
the tenderest and most exquisite of its  
melodies?

Let us not, however, think that because there  
is counterfeit money, there is no genuine  
coin. Were all the disciples false, because  
one of them was a devil? The falling star  
strikes every eye, while few observe the  
fixed and regular orb. The apostasy of  
one preponderates over the more of the  
rest, and the lives of many solid and steady  
Christians. Whatever censures may with  
reason be cast upon some professors of reli-  
gion, for the laxity of their usefulness, if not  
of their morals, it is certain, that neither the  
principles of christianity, nor the practice of  
goodness, are thereby destroyed. The best of  
us, give the least countenance to such re-  
minders. Indeed, if a man of the world art  
fairly in estimating the worth and utility of  
life, with respect to life and manners, he  
ought to form his judgment, not by the con-  
duct of a few, but by that of persons in  
general retaining the religious character of  
the world. Were that the case, he would find,  
upon inquiry, numbers who, notwithstanding  
their imperfections, did honour to their holy  
profession. But as both and prejudice to  
often prevent such inquiry, every individual  
christian should so act, as if the reputation  
of the whole christian church depended upon  
his proper behaviour. The best of us, in  
advertising to this obligation, cannot but feel  
afresh his need of pardon and circumspec-  
tion; and while he animadverts with just  
severity on the faults of his brethren, will  
with humility, godly sorrow, and sincere  
concern for his amendment acknowledge his  
own.

The Bible.  
If the Bible is not a revelation from God  
then there is nothing in all the universe that  
can fill the longing soul of man. Then must  
that deathless spirit on wing forever, perpetu-  
ally hover over an abyss of unfathomable  
depth. If truth is not found in this book,  
where then is she to be found? In deism?  
They tell us that nature's religion is sufficient  
for all the wants of our race. But where is  
her solace for that soul that longs for some-  
thing more substantial than ought that can be  
found on earth?—something enduring—  
something that will shine forth in peerless  
splendor when nature shall have her last  
glimpse. O, where do you find all this in  
the book that I shall be at last found superior  
to the brute?—that I shall live when this  
material structure shall have crumbled into  
dust. None whatever. For if before the  
period of my creation all was non-existence,  
how do I know that after the termination  
of my mortal race there will not again be an  
eternal non-existence?

One thing I am taught from the religion  
of nature that God is love. From this I con-  
clude most positively that he would not create  
our race with all our powers and capacities  
of mind, without granting us an additional  
manifestation of his goodness—telling us  
something of our destiny when time is no  
more. But in the universe there is no such  
knowledge obtained if it is not found in the  
Bible. I conclude therefore, that this is the  
book of God—the best gift of a merciful  
Father to man. Here "life and immortality  
are brought to light." "Blessed be the  
Lord for his great goodness and wonderful  
works to the children of men."—Lush, O-  
ceano Evangelist.

Great Men.  
The world, we believe, has not yet agreed  
upon the elements which enter into the  
constitution of a great man. We shall not  
pretend to settle the question. We will how-  
ever state the opinion of one who has had  
much experience of men and manners, who  
has been conversant with the world since the  
beginning of the present century. When I was  
a young man, whose conduct was a model  
of the dormant energies which when called  
into action, would make a great man. For-  
tunately, I was in contact with the world since  
that time, and I have produced a radical change  
in my youthful estimate of men. I have pierced  
the thin veil and scrutinized men more closely.  
—Greatness I have found, or at least, what  
the world so designates, does not bear too  
close a scrutiny. I have found it to be super-  
ficial. Great heroes have dwindled into  
mere men, whose conduct was a double dis-  
credit to their names. Great scholars have  
been found to be only partially learned, and  
great orators have been detected in studying  
claptraps. I have turned away disappoint-  
ed; and now I seek with a curious avidity  
to discover good men. I have found them,  
not very numerous, it is true, but still I have  
found them in all classes of society.—They  
I find are the immortal, and have concluded  
that goodness is the only greatness.—Chil-  
cage Evangelist.

## The Dwelling Place of God.

There is a world we have not seen,  
And time can never that world destroy;  
Where mortal thoughts hath not been,  
Nor ear hath caught the sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far,  
Than sizes know, or poets sing;  
Brighter than Summer's beauteous air,  
And softer than the fifts of Spring.

There is a world with blessings best,  
Beyond what prophets e'er foretold;  
Nor might the tongue of Angel speak  
A picture of that world unfold.

It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose;  
No darkness dims the radiant scene,  
Nor sorrow's tear within it flows.

It is not fann'd by Summer's gale,  
It never needs the moonbeams pale,  
And there are known no evening hours.

In vain the philosophic eye  
May seek to view the fair abode,  
Or find it in the curtain'd sky—  
It is the dwelling place of God!

## Vice in Professors.

Vicious Christian! this is a paradox.—  
How aggravated is the vice of a vicious  
professor! Let us conceive it possible for a  
moment, that the beautiful personifications  
of scripture were all realized; that the trees  
of the forest clapped their hands unto God,  
and that the isles were glad at his presence;  
that the little hills shouted on every side,  
and that the mountains and the stars sent  
forth their notes of rejoicing; that the sun  
and the moon praised him, and the stars of  
light joined in the solemn adoration; that  
the voice of glory to God was heard from  
every mountain, and from every waterfall;  
and that all nature, animated throughout by  
the presence of a pervading and pre-  
siding deity, burst into one loud and univer-  
sal song of gratulation. Would not a strain  
of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from  
those regions where the all-working God  
had left the traces of his own immensity,  
than from the tamer and the humbler scene  
of an ordinary landscape? Would not you  
look for a gladder acclamation from the  
fertile field, than from the arid waste, where  
no character of grandeur made up for the  
barrenness that was around you? Would  
not the goodly tree, compassed about with  
the glories of its summer foliage, lift an  
audible and thanksgiving prayer, than the  
shrub that grew beneath it? Would not the  
flower, from whose leaves every hue of love-  
liness was reflected, send forth a sweeter  
rapture than the russet weed, which never  
dies the eye of an admiring passenger?  
And in a word, wherever you saw the  
emblems of nature, or the garbure  
of her more rich and beautiful adornments,  
would it not be there that you looked for  
the deepest tones of devotion, or there for  
the tenderest and most exquisite of its  
melodies?

Let us not, however, think that because there  
is counterfeit money, there is no genuine  
coin. Were all the disciples false, because  
one of them was a devil? The falling star  
strikes every eye, while few observe the  
fixed and regular orb. The apostasy of  
one preponderates over the more of the  
rest, and the lives of many solid and steady  
Christians. Whatever censures may with  
reason be cast upon some professors of reli-  
gion, for the laxity of their usefulness, if not  
of their morals, it is certain, that neither the  
principles of christianity, nor the practice of  
goodness, are thereby destroyed. The best of  
us, give the least countenance to such re-  
minders. Indeed, if a man of the world art  
fairly in estimating the worth and utility of  
life, with respect to life and manners, he  
ought to form his judgment, not by the con-  
duct of a few, but by that of persons in  
general retaining the religious character of  
the world. Were that the case, he would find,  
upon inquiry, numbers who, notwithstanding  
their imperfections, did honour to their holy  
profession. But as both and prejudice to  
often prevent such inquiry, every individual  
christian should so act, as if the reputation  
of the whole christian church depended upon  
his proper behaviour. The best of us, in  
advertising to this obligation, cannot but feel  
afresh his need of pardon and circumspec-  
tion; and while he animadverts with just  
severity on the faults of his brethren, will  
with humility, godly sorrow, and sincere  
concern for his amendment acknowledge his  
own.

## The Righteous are bold as a Lion.

Kaplan, a woman of great influence, at  
the Sandwich Islands, united with the  
church at an early day, before the people  
generally had made up their minds fully;  
and she made it her great business to in-  
duce the people to attend to the instruction  
of the missionaries. She made frequent  
excursions among the people, exhort-  
ing them to forsake their sins, and de-  
stroy every vestige of idolatry. She be-  
came also a pattern to the people in civi-  
lization. She built a large frame house,  
enclosed a yard, and cultivated flowers, and  
in dress, manners, and mode of living,  
appeared more like a Christian lady than  
any other high-born lady of the day. In  
December, 1824, that lady might more  
truly be said to have been a Christian lady  
than any other high-born lady of the day.  
The determination of the great chief of  
the Sandwich Islands, to visit the great chief  
of the Sandwich Islands, of Pele, the  
residence of Pele. The mountain was a  
dreaded place. Its fire and  
smoke, its frequent mutterings and occa-  
sional desolating eruptions, served to keep  
alive the superstitious dread. Clinging even  
to the feet of their chief, the people sought  
for safety, and were not to go.—Before reach-  
ing the crater, she was met by a pretended  
priestess, wild with rage, who warned her  
to desist. But her purpose was fixed. With  
calm dignity rebuking the pretensions of  
the priestess, she had her soon humbled and  
calm, saying that the god had left her,  
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