

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"IN DEATHS OFT."

The watchful care of Providence over children has often been remarked by those "who understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." To such the following repeated instances of that care in the preservation of a child, in circumstances of peculiar danger, will not prove unacceptable, and may awaken a grateful remembrance of the goodness of God to them in the years of helpless infancy.

The individual referred to, lived in an obscure village in Northamptonshire, England. He was born of poor parents, who sent him to school. On his return home one day, observing that a new lid had been put to a well in the yard, his curiosity was excited to examine it. With some difficulty he lifted up the lid, which, falling back by its own weight, pulled the child over the well, into which he instantly dropped. His lower garments spread out like an umbrella, (for he was dressed in petticoats,) so that when he alighted on the water he was borne up by the air underneath, and was able to thrust his fingers into the joints between the stones of the well, by which means he suspended himself for a time. But the stones were covered with green moss; the little fingers of the child became soon benumbed with cold, and unable to sustain himself any longer, he fell to the bottom. While hanging by his hands he cried with all his might, but there was no one in the adjoining cottage save his mother, who was deaf.

The well too was in a narrow passage between two buildings; the mother faintly heard the cry, but knew not from whence it came; she, however, thought of the well, and ran to it; the lid was open, but the child had disappeared. Still she suspected him to be there. It was the time of harvest, and the men of the village were in the field.

There, was, however, a lame shoe-maker who was not out at work; to him she ran in her distress, and told him her tale. He with some difficulty procured a ladder, which was put down into the well without being set upon the child; and the poor man feeling with a well-hook about the bottom of the well, caught hold of the child by his clothes, and brought him up and laid him on the ground. He all appearance dead. An elderly female in the place, who acted as a nurse, applied friction to the body; animation was restored, and the delighted mother received into her arms the child alive, which but a few moments before she had in her thoughts consigned to the tomb.

Two or three years after this event, a profligate man in the village had laid a wager that he would swim over the river, in a place where it was very deep, with *this very child*, then a little boy, on his back. He embarked in the attempt, but losing his hold of the child about half way, he dropt it in a part of the water where there was a very deep pit. His father, who stood by, being a very expert swimmer, dived to the bottom and brought up his son, who was thus once more saved from a watery grave.

Soon after this second deliverance, he was sent to the parish school, where a malignant boy who was his school-fellow, but much older than himself, threw a stone at his head with such violence as to inflict a wound which threatened his life. But a kind Providence once more interfered for his preservation, though the scar of the frightful wound remained uneffaced to his dying day.

The individual who had escaped so many deaths, was afterwards converted by divine grace, became a minister of the gospel, and was known to the church and the world as the Rev. William Buil, who for fifty years preached the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and presided over an institution for the training of young men for the gospel ministry.—*Chris. Wit.*

Many things are spoken of, in the Scriptures, as good; but there is not one thing emphatically called good, which does not relate to Christ or his coming.—*Cecil.*

A sound head, a simple heart, and a spirit dependant on Christ, will suffice to conduct us in every variety of circumstances.—*Ibid.*

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE CHURCH IN VIRGINIA IN 1772—77.

The approaching Revolution agitated the minds and absorbed the thoughts of all, every man in the community ranging himself upon the one side or the other in this contest. The condition of the Clergy was extremely difficult—the church was a part of the state, their daily bread was the fruit of this union, they had been born and baptized and bred in the establishment, they had vowed and sworn to support it, and theirs was a peaceful occupation. Under these influences most of them adhered to the English Government, and thereby exposed themselves to the scolds of the populace, whose fury vented itself in a ts of barbarous inhumanity. Upon one occasion a Clergyman was called from his bed upon pretence of being sent for by a sick person, seized, borne away to a distant place, tied to a tree, stripped naked, and after being mercilessly scourged abandoned to the charity of some casual passenger.—Many were driven from their cures *vi et armis*, while at least one *Cour de Lion* is known to have taken leave of his family and ascended the pulpit with his pistols in his bosom, for self-defence against the popular fury. It is a marvel to us, that the church could have survived the odium, which these facts in such circumstances must have accumulated upon her, and her coming out of the fires of the revolution unconsumed, is another proof that she is 'from heaven and not of men, and that no weapon formed against her shall prosper,' and illustrates what our author calls the 'conservative principles of Episcopacy, which secures the existence of the church under circumstances the most calamitous, so that of all the religious denominations, there is not one which requires the aid of a religious establishment less than does a church episcopally constituted.'

The lessons of the past on this subject are strikingly impressive. The histories of the suffering church of the Christians of St. Thomas in India, of the Waldenses, of the Scotch Episcopalians, together with that of our church in America, all seem to attest the fact that for the preservation of purity of doctrine and primitive discipline in episcopal churches no union with the civil power is necessary. The first three were tried in the fiery furnace of persecution, and unsustained by any human aid, after years of suffering came forth the same in doctrine and discipline that they were when they were first called to exercise the virtue of patient endurance. While the last, though for a time prostrated in the dust and clinging to existence by almost a single tie, has risen from her depression without the aid of a legal establishment; and holding on the even tenor of her way, is now exhibiting in her youthful strength, the same faith embodied in the same form of sound words and united to the same system of polity, which formed her distinguishing features in the day of her prosperity, before she was shrouded in the darkness of that cloud which for a time almost hid her from our view.—Surely in the retrospect of facts like these, an Episcopalian may be pardoned should he deem it something more than a fond fancy that the church of his affections does possess within herself a principle of preservation, and that the foundations of Episcopacy stand sure in the storm, not less than in the sunshine.—*Christian Witness.*

APPEARANCE OF A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

At the Conference of Wesleyan ministers held in Sheffield in the year 1817, the Rev. Thomas Savage, one of the young preachers who was received into full connection, gave the following account of the appearance of the departed spirit of his brother-in-law. After a very appropriate introduction, in which the Rev. gentleman asserted that the "solemn fact," which he was about to relate, "was the first grand means of leading his mind to think seriously of the solemn realities of death, judgment, and eternity, he proceeded as follows:—

"A sister being married to a gentleman in the army, received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had orders for one of the Spanish Isles in the Mediterranean. One night about ten

o'clock, sixteen years since, in the town of Doncaster in Yorkshire, England, as his wife, his child, an elder sister and myself, were sitting in a back room—the shutters were closed, barred, and bolted, and the yard-door locked—suddenly a light shone through the window, and illuminated the room in which we were sitting;—we looked—started—and beheld the spirit of a departed brother,—his eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately,—he waved his hand,—smiled,—continued about a half a minute—and then vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared, my sister cried, "He's dead, he's dead," and fainted away. Her little boy ran toward the apparition, and wept because it would not stay. A short time after this, we received a letter from the Colonel of the regiment, sealed with a black seal—the dark emblem of death—bearing the dreadful expected news that, on such a night, answering to the same on which we saw his spirit, my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood, having been murdered by the Spaniards when returning from the mess-room: the spark of life was not quite extinct when he was found, and the last wish which he was heard to breathe was that he might see his wife and child once again; which was granted him, in the island of Minorca, in that same hour his spirit appeared to his wife, his child, an elder sister and myself.

Before this event, though a boy of nine years only I was a complete atheist, having been taught by my father to disbelieve every thing except what I saw; but by this solemn circumstance, I was convinced of the reality of another world's existence; and by the solemn impression that it made upon my mind I was led to pray for mercy; which mercy I found at the foot of the cross, and now feel the Holy Spirit purifying my soul to enter those eternal and invisible regions—the world of spirits. My sister, from that night that she saw the spirit of her husband, and before she received any intelligence of his death, went into mourning for him, nor could my father prevent by any argument. He endeavoured to persuade us we were all deluded and deceived, yet acknowledged that the testimony which the child gave staggered him; but when the letter arrived from the Colonel of the regiment, with the awful tidings of our brother's death he was struck dumb, so to speak, and had nothing more to say. My two sisters are yet living, and can testify to the truth of this account; beside which at least one hundred persons can prove our mentioning the hour the spirit appeared, several weeks before we received the melancholy letter, and that the letter mentioned the night and the hour as the same which we beheld his spirit.

THE ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.—THE LATE DEPARTURE OF OF QUEBEC.*

The sun was just gilding the horizon, as I entered a caleche in the month of August eighteen hundred and thirty-three, to be present at the ordination of an old class-mate, by the late Bishop of Quebec. Though years have since rolled on, our late most excellent "Father in God" is gone to his rest, and my friend and myself seen many changes, yet that the following days are still fresh in my memory. The season was truly delightful. Our route lay through a French Canadian settlement, and afterwards through that portion of Lower Canada called the "Eastern townships." The beautiful Richelieu ran for many miles on our left, and enlivened our journey by its rapid stream and lovely banks. When we left its course and bent our way towards the East, the "Green Mountains" jutting out into the boldness, and demanded our admiration for their beauty.

My companion was a French Canadian who had never been beyond the seigniories, and, accustomed to the long, narrow two-field farms, with their wretched houses and miserable barns thrust directly on the road-side, had never seen farms laid out and sowed as Europeans and Americans love to have them. He was a lover of the wretched French traic, and accustomed to it from infancy, counted but as a "grievance" the miserable roads constantly crossed by their two wheeled vehicles to be everywhere to be seen in the flat, rich seigniorial country south of

*From the Church.