

BAPTISM BY IMMERSION, AT A PARISH CHURCH.—At the Parish Church of Rochdale, a few days ago, the somewhat unusual circumstance occurred of baptism being performed by immersion. The rite was administered by the Rev. Dr. Burnot; the recipient being a young lady about sixteen years of age. A large stone font, weighing several tons, and which is usually kept beneath the tower was made available on the occasion.—*Nonconformist.*

SHORT SAYINGS.

It is one thing to be weary of suffering, but another to have sin; the lost in hell are the subjects of the one, only true saints of the other.

Suffering should always be preferred before sinning.

It takes much grace and discipline to keep us in a truly teachable frame of soul.

A PROMISE.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care.

A promise should be made by the heart, and remembered by the head.

A promise is the offspring of intention, and should be nurtured by recollection.

A promise should be the result of reflection.

A promise and its performance should, like, the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment.

A promise delayed is justice deferred.

A promise neglected is an untruth told.

A promise attended to is a debt settled.

FALLING FLAT ON THE PROMISES.—A negro in Virginia, who was remarkable for his good sense and his knowledge of the essential truths of Christianity and especially for his freedom from all gloomy fears in regard to his eternal state, was once addressed on this wise: "You seem to be always comfortable in the hope of the Gospel. I wish you would tell me how you manage it, to keep yourself so steadily in this blessed frame of mind." "Why, massa," he replied, "I just fall flat on the promises, and I pray right up," an answer that would do honour to the head and the heart of a philosopher, and that contains in it the true secret of earthly happiness.

PERSONAL RELIGION THE SUPPORT OF THE CHURCH.—THE most efficient support which members of the church can give to her advancement, is by their own personal religion. This is literally manifesting the tree by its fruits, and is an epistle of Christ to be read of all men. If, therefore, you really and truly desire the prosperity of the church, from whatever cause this desire may proceed, labour and strive, and pray that you may imbibe the spirit of her doctrines, that you may manifest the purity of her discipline, that you may experience the efficacy of her means of grace, and by thus promoting the cause of the church, which is one and the same with the cause of true religion, promote and secure at the same time, the salvation of your soul.—*Ravenscroft.*

TRUE HAPPINESS.—ONE reason why God has scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with, is, that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.—*Locke.*

WHAT FEW MEN CAN SAY.—"I am a true labourer. I earn that I get; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; am glad of other men's good, and content with my own."

ANGEL CHARLEY.

(From the Mothers' Journal and Family Visitant.)

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

He came—a beauteous vision—

Then vanished from my sight,

His cherub wing scarce clearing

The blackness of my night;

My glad ear caught its rustle,

Then sweeping by he stole

The dew-drop that is coming

Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace,

When grief my spirit swayed,

And on his fragile being,

Had tender hopes been stayed;

Where thought, were feeling lingered,

His form was sure to glide,

And in the lone night watches

'Twas ever by my side.

He came;—but as the blossom

Its petals closes up,

And hides them from the tempest

Within its sheltering cup,

So be his spirit gathered

Back to his frightened breast,

And passed from earth's grim threshold,

To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah, me! the sweetness,

The anguish of that word!—

My boy, when in strange night dreams

My slumbering soul is stirred;

When music floats around me,

When soft lips touch my brow,

And whisper gentle greetings,

O, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token,

My Charley is not dead;

One golden clue he left me

As on his track he sped.

Were he some gem of blossom

But fashioned for to-day,

My love would slowly perish

With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by his deathless yearning,

Which is not idly given,

By the delicious nearness

My spirit feels to heaven,

By dreams that throng my night-sleep,

By visions of the day,

By whispers when I'm erring,

By promptings when I pray.

I know this life so cherished

Which springs beneath my heart,

Which formed of my own being

So beautiful a part:—

This precious, winsome creature,

My unpledged voiceless dove,

Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
And warbles lays of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,

My glorious angel boy;

Thou needest not my bosom,

Rare bird of hope and joy!

Here dash I down the tear-drops,

Still gathering in my eyes;

Blest—oh, how blest!—in adding

A seraph to the skies.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.—A meeting of ministers of various denominations, members of the Evangelical Alliance, was held during the intervals of the sittings of Conference, on the 1st and 2nd of September, when, after a discussion in which strong testimony was borne by several present to the blessing which, in their own experience, had attended open-air preaching, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That inasmuch as Infidelity, Popery, Sabbath-breaking, and general indifference to religious things, have alienated many thousands, especially of the lower classes, from the ordinary means of grace, and it is more desirable that the Gospel of the grace of God should be brought to bear upon them; and inasmuch as tract distribution and open-air preaching have been found happily to reach multitudes of them, to the saving of their souls, it be recommended to ministers and others, individually and unitedly, where it is practicable, to labour in this manner to win souls to Christ and salvation."

VOLTAIRE'S LAST WORDS.—Voltaire was scrupulous and elegant, his observations are very acute, yet he often betrays great ignorance when he treats on subjects of ancient learning. Madame de Talmont once said to him, "I think, Sir, that a philosopher should never write but with the endeavour to render mankind less wicked and unhappy than they are. Now, you do quite the contrary; you are always writing against that religion which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes." Voltaire was much struck, and excused himself by saying that he only wrote for those who were of the same opinion as himself. Tronchin assured his friends that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "I die forsaken by gods and men," exclaimed he, in those awful moments when truth will force its way. "I wish," added Tronchin, "that those who had been perverted by his writings had been present at his death; it was a sight too horrid to support."—*William Seward.*

VALUE OF OLD BIBLES.—The sale of the library of the late Rev. Christopher Anderson, the annalist of the English Bible, commenced in Messrs. Tait & Nisbet's room, Hanover Street, on Tuesday last, and has excited great interest among lovers of black letter. The library consisted chiefly of a very curious collection of uncommon works on Controversial Divinity and Church History, the gathering together of which, we understand, has been the delight of the amiable proprietor during a period of forty years. As might be supposed, however, from his inquiries respecting the annals of the Bible, the principal feature in the library was a collection of rare and early editions of the Scriptures in English, which were yesterday disposed of by Mr. Nisbet, and brought excellent prices—among others, a copy of the New Testament, Tyndale's genuine second edition, printed at Antwerp in 1534, by Martin Emperours, but wanting some leaves both at beginning and end, brought £116. Another edition of the New Testament, also by Tyndale, in 18mo, printed by Jugge in 1548, but like the preceding, imperfect both at beginning and end, realized £22. Cranmer's Bible, printed in 1539, likewise imperfect, £7, 17. 6.—*Scotsman.*