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[FOR THE PROTESTANT WESLEYAN.]

In Memory

OF MRS. C. W. BAKER, of Nappan, daughter of William and Rebecca Tuttle, who died May 28th, 1857, and whose last message to her absent Brother was 'Tell my dear Brother I am going to heaven, and shall meet him there.'

How vividly does memory recall, Thy youthful days, when in our happy home...

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Sum-mun-de-wat.

Sum-mun-de-wat was a Wyandott by birth, and belonged to the Bear tribe. He was about six feet high, well made, with a fine forehead, high cheek-bones, dark complexion, large mouth, and was a remarkably active man. Possessed of more than ordinary talents for an untutored man, and an Indian, he was more temperate than they usually are in their savage state.

Secret Societies.

How often does the Christian realize the truth of the sentiment that this world is no "friend to grace to help him on to God." He meets with such a variety of influences calculated to divide his attention, and distract his thoughts, and lead him away from the path that leads to life.

On Temptation.

There is in the fall of man that which should serve as a fearful warning to every one of his apostate race. Mark the progress of the temptation from its inception to its fearful consummation. The "Arch Deceiver" first addresses the intellect: "Hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

I wish I were a Christian.

Nay, my friend, not so; thou speakest not the truth. If there were really a wish in thy heart to be a Christian, not long wouldst thou be with only the wish. I will give thee credit for believing thyself honest, and point out to thee this error. Christianity has its duties and its privileges, its crosses and its self-denials as well as its pleasures and realizations.

The True National Security.

Our national greatness is engrained upon our religion. We boast no regal splendor, and no titled and venerated nobility. Our glory is not so much in fleets and armies, and military and naval renown, as in those institutions which are ouradium and our adornment. Just so far as these are Christian, they are both our defence and glory.

Little Mattie.

When I can read my little text, To mamma in the school; I sang a sweet childish verse. I looked within. My little dove-like eyes, I brushed with the dust-pan, her curly pate bobbing up and down as she went the rounds of her daily task.

The First Lie.

There was a large river across which several men were wading at the distance of a few miles. Those dams were constructed to raise as many ponds, and carry as many mills. But during a severe storm, which greatly swelled the river, the upper dam was carried away by the rushing waters, and they dashed on furiously, roaring and plunging as if maddened by the storm.

True Philosophy.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother! O, my brother! A sage passed that way and said: 'For whom dost thou mourn?'"

Deaths of French Revolutionists.

See Mirabeau on his death-bed. "Crown me with flowers," said he; "in state with perfumes; let me die with the sound of delicious music." Not one word of God, or of his soul! A sensual philosopher; he asks of death only a supreme sensualism; he desires to look at pleasure even to agony. Look at Madame Roland—that strong woman of the Revolution—upon the cart that carries her to death. She looks with scorn upon the stupid people who kill their prophecies and their sibilants. Not one glance to heaven; only an exclamation for the earth she loves: "O Liberty!"

Prayer Meetings.

God never designed that religious devotions should be confined to the private walks of life, and that man should keep his religion to himself. We are social beings, delighting in the society of our kind, and easily influenced by our associations; and the great Creator, in providing for our spiritual wants, has had respect to all the social capacities of our nature, and has enabled us to contribute to our moral elevation and the whole catalogue of instrumentalities has a more powerful tendency to infuse strength and resolution into the soul than associations with those who are engaged in the same work.

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