Provincial Pheslevan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume IX. No. 25.

r for pur-

for

rom

has

ered

OM-

 D_{E-}

tts-

no

ous

low

ur-

All

son

are

ne's

ver

at

rug

nt among
th such is
times, in
paid to
d at their
scientific
emedy, it
relief in
dies have
een other-

of human now com-ht reduce e vaunted p it. The through n a very and per-eing of a s, stimu-healthy

ce useful
e mine a
mation
eliers on
d preserdy when
bein and
er seated
e. it may
bed by a
ral benedivicing,
if a rist
—for the
or scaid,
ts every

hich the overeign

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1857.

Whole No. 414.

Bless God for Tears.

BY NELLIE. Bless God for tears! they flow for all. Nor ever flow in vain : For each one bears away a pane The heart could not retain : And each one leaves upon the soul Its precious little balm To quell the oft upheaving sigh, And every trouble calm.

Bless God for tears, when close beside A dear-beloved friend We stand to catch the gasping Ere life's last struggles end. Tis spoken : O that dying-word Rings yet upon our ears ! One farewell look-we turn away-Ab. then, bless God for tears.

Rless God for tears ! that little boy. All friendless and alone, Begs for a single crust of bread. But in a faltering tone. The tear-drops tremble on his eye. The rude winds round him sweep, To chill his fainting, drooping heart-Thank Heaven, the boy can weep

Bless God for tears, when comes the hou With those we love to part, That little word, "Good-bye," with grief Can weigh the lightest heart; But O, within each simple tear There is a mighty power, As soothing to the troubled heart As dewdrops to the flower.

Hle's God for tears! our Saviour went Beside a loved one's grave : He who with but a single word Could calm the troubled wave Ah, then we feel they're sacred And through life's uncertain years, When the heart is bruised and broken. We will say, " Bless God for tears." - Exchange Paper.

The Sermon on the Mount.

Blasced are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the king-"There, I have been doing good to-day," cried the widow Matson, as she threw off her velvet cloak and hat, and sank into a Where have you been, mainma?" asked upon from hour to hour."

"Why, down to little Mrs. Lawrence.lately, and I knew that she must be feeling poor in spirits, for she don't take hold at

in meeting; that the words flowed easily as soon as you opened your lips. It may not be so with little Mrs. Lawrence. Mr. Stilyard was in this morning, and he spoke of your prayer last night; he says he don't

"Did he?" exclaimed the widow, a flush of gratification suffusing her features; "and he is such a particular man. Well, I'm sure, I'm glad he was pleased; I love to see the Christian graces popular. It is a good thing to have all fear removed from the heart—the tongue finds ready utterance then. Well, I've done my duty by Mrs. Lawrence, and I hope I shall always have pleasure in working in my Master's cause."

Change we the scene to a little homestead, not beautiful but neat and cleanly.sat a meek little woman, sewing very busily. A door opened from this into another room, occupied by two aged people, both in their second childhood, one of them confined con- garden-walks, but you must go into the restantly to the bed, the other sitting near it. Quietly she sat and stitched. Sometimes to look for its flowers, you won't find them man, whose name was Benedict; that means the sighed and lifted her eyes heavenward the first thing you see in the garden, but and when she did thus, it could be seen that you must go into the corners, and, when they were red, as if she had beeen weep-

"Mary," cried a piping voice. Down went the work and the little woman hurried into the adjoining room. "See to your mother, Mary," cried the weak treble. "I don't understand how you can neglect us, your husband's own parents, and let us suffer in this way;" and the old grows up, it hangs its head down as though man shook his trembling head. "What do you want mother?" asked Mrs.

Lawrence, cheerfully and patiently.

"I don't know;" muttered the old woman, "I suppose you think anything's comfortable enough for me." With this ungra-

The little woman with something like a sigh, resumed her sewing. She had work- I will tell you what I mean by humility. ed steadily all day, doing her own humble and more numerous than those of children, kept her worried and incessantly on her feet. Her Husband's meals must be attended to, and a little sewing she had taken in to add something to her daily income, too like to go to their prayer meeting. trifling to give them many of the comforts

"Mary, Mary," cried the shrill voice got up, as though such their meeting, because the nobleman was lived we wanted for nothing; out what will now become of us?" But he said: "A Feast of the Dedication for severa days prewith a care-worn face, the little woman resumed her place in the sick room.

talk with us:" said the old man. my work ;" replied Mrs. Lawrence.

man, still sobbing; "and I am foolish to —Newton's Sermons to Children. cry, still I am tired and a little word down." "I know you are; and I am unhappy on your account almost every day. It is a hard world for those who are poor."

"Don't think that I-complain, husband, it is not that; I am happy about my work, and bear with tather and mother as cheerfully as I possibly can; I suppose I took sister Matson's visit a little too hard."

" Sister Matson-the rich sister Matson!" thing; she came here to do her duty by me, she said, and she spoke so strangely, that I could not overcome my timidity sufficiently to tell her all my trials. And I know she is partly right. I love my Saviour, but I have no confidence in myself; to him alone, God governs in the affairs of men. church, never. I have no gifts, only my poor unworthy self; I don't see as I do any good in the church or the world."

My kind, good wife!' exclaimed Mr. cannot summon courage to speak in your socal meetings? God knows your faith, your world. None can defeat his purposes. He true piety. I know it; I who have imposed upon you this great trial of taking the sole will ultimately subdue all thing unto himself. What a cause of rejoicing that his care of my father and mother. You bear kingdom ruleth over all, that it extends to with them like an angel; and I know, the minutest events, that nothing which can and I can tell that your patience and sweet affect the happiness of nations or of the temper, under these combined difficulties. humblest individual escapes his notice or were the means of leading me to Jesus.— his control! Mrs. Matson did not, I think, contrast your Mrs. Matson did not, I tillia, contract your att is a matter of constant circumstances with her own, as she should salvation is freely opened to all men. have done. She has plenty of this world's is the cause of misery and death. Christ goods, a carriage at her beck and call, servants and money, no great cares at home, a tains of sorrow, and to extract the sting good education and a fluent tongue. You, from death. He offers free salvation through on the contrary are poor, with no servants, his blood to every sinner. When we see obliged to sew all your leisure time, and the ruined condition of our race, we cannot two querulous, childish old people to wait but mourn, but when we remember that

"I feared, when she talked to me, I was "Why, down to little Mrs. Lawrence.—
"I forted and reassured. "Tielf so utterly unworthy—so contemptible for my mean service, that I almost despaired of happiness.—
"My spirit sank utterly, and I had no more heart in me; I am an unprofitable servant, but O!" and she raised her eyes, "I would with many things which are unpleasant.—
"Tielf so utterly unworthy—so contemptible for my mean service, that I almost despaired of happiness.—
"My spirit sank utterly, and I had no more heart in me; I am an unprofitable servant, but O!" and she raised her eyes, "I would with many things which are unpleasant.—

hnow when anything of the kind has so no more about Mrs. Matson—to whom lifted his spirits up, and that you were very much is given, of them much is required and eternal weight of glory. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is for us in heaven; that glorious

and wife .- Examiner.

The Little Lily.

The lily teaches us the lesson of humility in two things about it; the position in which it grows, and the attitudes which it assumes. The lily loves to grow in lonely and reln one of the little rooms of this little house tired places. It loves to stay in the background-to be in the shade. It is the " lilv of the valley." You do not find it on the mountain-top, or growing in the streets, or tired and shady places; and when you want you get there, push aside the leaves, and there you will see the beautiful flower, all alone, in the seclusion of a shady corner.-It is a humble flower, and it teaches a lesson of humility in the place in which it

grows. And then, its attitude shows humility, as well as its position; for, when the lily it wanted to hide itself. It does not spread itself out like the proud dahlia, or tulip, as much as to say, "An't I a beautiful flower?" O, no; when the lily gets its full growth, querulously, "I wish you'd make me caps and its beautiful white flowers are formed, it hangs down its head, as though it wished dear children, humility is one of the sweet-

clous speech she closed her eyes and relap- cially for boys and girls. than to be humble—to cultivate humility.—

a fine country place, who was the richest into his chamber and say: "So much more completed, and the gathering thousands of infirm old people, whose wants, as trivial and greatest man in all that country. There mightest thou have bought and enriched Canaan were thronging to her capital, to were also some poor farmers, who lived around him, who used to hold a prayers meeting once a week. This nobleman was a very pious man, and he thought he would as he lav on his dving bed. and enriched thy stores," and lay up the value in God's behold the finished glory of the gorgeous structure which each had offered willingly give of his best wine, if a sick person needed it. And as he lav on his dving bed. and eaction.

umed her place in the sick room.

"I should think you might sit here and friends; sit down where you are, and I will is away his children should not want. So sit here by the door. I came here, a poor take the God's Coffer, with all that is in sinner, like the rest of you; we are all on a level, when we come before God. When the orphans; divide it, and use it well and "I will, cheerfully, father; let me go get sinner, like the rest of you; we are all on we go into the world, God has been pleased to give me more riches than you. It is right to give me more riches than you. It is right to give me more riches than you. It is right to give me more riches than you. It is right that some respect should be shown to this; but when we meet here, we all meet on a level, as sinners to pray for God's blessing."

This, dear children, is one example of hundreds of years to the comfort of the needy, and the man is remembered with grateful blessings.—Krummacher.

The tribes of Asher of the world, God has been pleased to give me more riches than you. It is right that some respect should be shown to this; but when we meet here, we all meet on a level, as sinners to pray for God's blessing. This, dear children, is one example of hundreds of years to the comfort of the needy, and the man is remembered with grateful blessings.—Krummacher.

The tribes of Asher of the world, God has been pleased to give me more riches than you. It is right that some respect should be shown to this; but when we meet here, we all meet on a level, as sinners to pray for God's blessing. This, dear children, is one example of hundreds of years to the comfort of the needy, and the man is remembered with grateful blessings.—Krummacher.

Do the Lord's work in the Lord's time walleys and matchless environs of Jerusalem, while the joyous multitudes that were passing their way thither. The tribes of Asher of the meet on a level, as sinners to pray for God's blessing. This, dear children, is one example of hundreds of years to the comfort of the needy, and the man is remembered with grateful blessings.—Krummacher.

Do the Lord's work in the Lord's time orpning to the ninth Jubilee same month was the Great Day of Atone-tone the comfort of the needy, and the man is remembered with grateful blessings.—Krummacher.

Do the Lord's work in the Lord's time orpning to the ninth Jubilee same month was the Great Day of Atone-tone the comfort of the needy, and the man is remembered with grateful blessings.

This, dear chil

were attended to, and were sleeping soundly, Justice of the country-one of the highest but Mrs. Lawrence, albeit everything look- and most honorable offices in England .ed cheerful in the light of the evening lamp, This gentleman had a son about sixteen that stood on the neatly set table, could not years of age, and one evening, as he was repress her tears; she was weeping, as her about retiring, he called him to his room, husband came in.

and said, "My son, I want to tell you the
"Why Mary!" he exclaimed, surprise in secret of my success in life. I can give it his voice. "My little cheerful wife weep- to you in one word-humility. This is the ing! what is the matter? your work too secret of it all; because I never tried to hard; you are wearing yourself out over push myself forward, and was always wilmy parents; what shall I do for you, ling to take the place assigned to me, and do the best I could in it. And, my son, if "O! it isn't that; replied the little wo- you want to be successful, learn humility.

Rejoice Evermore. This is a world of sin and sorrow. There

are causes of sorrow which we cannot evade. Sickness, disappointments, the loss of friends are evils to which all are subject. They must occasion the opposite of joy. And yet the Bible commands us to rejoice evermore. But the Bible does not command this with-"Yes, rich, elegant, accomplished, every-out setting before us constant causes for rejoicing. It does not forbid us to weep, but it commands us to rejoice, and furnishes us with the means of so doing. What are some of the standing reasons for rejoicing? Is it a matter of constant rejoicing that I can unbosom my thoughts, but before my we see the evil which prevails in communities, the frauds, the injustice, the political corruption, the wars, that prevail, we are led to despair of the right and human happiness. It is a matter of rejoicing to know Lawrence, "you cannot speak for youself, but your works speak for you. What if you says to the wave of iniquity, thus far shalt that God sees all and overrules all, that he

It is a matter of constant rejoicing that provision is made for their deliverance, that salvation is freely offered in the Gospel, we "I feared, when she talked to me, I was her handsome daughter, gliding up with not a Christian," said the little woman comrusting silks.

"I feared, when she talked to me, I was not a Christian," said the little woman comforted and reassured. "I felt so utterly unto the blessed God is a standing reason for rethe blessed God is a standing reason for rethe blessed God is a standing reason for rethe blessed God is a standing reason for re-

but O!" and she raised her eyes, "I would with many things which are unpleasant.—
not miss heaven, for there my stammering Our plans prove abortive. Our labor seems few people have gifts like yours. You say you never found it difficult to pray or speak better Christian than I am, or ever hope to gether for our good. His word is to be better Christian than I am, or ever hope to be—my exemplar, my guide to duty; come, How easily, then, can we bear our present little while, and enjoy our supper. Think

> Another standing reason for rejoicing is repeat the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. that there is a glorious mansion prepared the kingdom of heaven."
>
> "Amen," murmured both the husband a place for us there. Pious friends are looking out for us. A glorious rest awaits us. We shall soon be there. There are but a very few years between us and the eternal rest of heaven. Surely we should rejoice in such a prospect. Surely we may

rejoice evermore. These causes of joy exist only for those who are in deed and in truth Christiansfollowers-imitators of Christ. Are we of that number .- N. Y. Observer.

God's Coffer.

There was once a respectable wealthy blessed." And he had a good right to est hings for any body to have, and espe- hail, or drought, or other mischances, ed it. And as he lay on his dying bed, and cation. like to go to their prayer meeting.

The first time he went, as soon as he opened the door and stepped inside, they all got up, as though they could not go on with got up, as though they could not go on with

Teaching Children Rhymes.

very appropriately remarks that "there is a the sloping declivity of Olivet, and comchord in every living soul which is touched by poetry;" hence the magical power of bal-of Jericho, waving branches of palm trees chord in every living soul which is touched lads, national songs, and religious hyms. - in their hands. As each successive band which you hear in the street from passersshould be largely employed in religion.— giving and the voice of melody.

There is reason to believe that versified Within the city walls all was f hymn-books; and, from frequent use, they the name of Abraham. generally know great numbers of these hymns by heart. It is an error to confine children to the learning of children's hymn's, because when they become older these will have lost most of their fitness. Why should we not fill our children's minds with the choicest evangelical hymns in the language These they will remember after we are dead and gone. They should not merely be learned once, and then left for others, but repeated again and again, and sung over in order to fix them in the memory, and to lay a basis for lasting associations. The old words, and the old tune, come back to us with indescribable tenderness. Let the pious mother, when causing her boy to learn some sacred song, say to herself: "Per-

An Affecting Scene.

been taught by his mother."

During his remarks at a meeting recently held in Antauga county, Ala, in honor of the late S. W. Harris, the Hon. W. L. Yancey, described with much feeling, an interesting and affecting scene which occurred in a days before he breathed his last. It will be remembered that Mr. Harris died in Washington. He was fully sensible of his situation at the time referred to, and his bedside was surrounded by his wife and family, when Mr. Harris observed upon a the Christian Religion.

The Holy City. From " Life in Israel," by Maria T. Richards.

clothed and crowned with fruitfulness, rivalled the luxuriance of their intervening valleys. Plains and rivers, forests and lakes. were grouped in an ever varied beauty .-Lofty cedars rose in stately majesty, and centre to its utmost borders.

The chief city of this delightful land wa built upon three eminences, and surrounded. bear such a name; for God had blessed him except on the north, by a deep valley, which richly with all good things, and all who was again embosomed with hills. Power knew him blessed him too; and he always looked down from her lofty towers, and sought to make others happy, (the stranger strength engirdled her with a rampart of as well as the neighbor,) particularly the impregnable mountains. Luxury held court poor and needy. But he did it in this way: within her walls, and wealth poured its When he had passed a joyous day with his golden tide into her bosom. Splendor was friends, he would go into his chamber and her dazzling sceptre, when the eastern sun think: "There are many who have not had was her robe and diadem, or when hushed in such a day of enjoyment. How would it the silence of moonlight, she listened to the have been if I had invited as many more music of the brooks that sang their low song guests?" Then he would lay by of his money, as much as the feast had cost him, as a queen among the nations, a lady of in a chest which he called God's Coffer .- kingdoms," and exultingly gloried in the In the same way, if he heard that there had name by which she was called, "The perbeen a fire anywhere, he would behold his fection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth. uncomfortable, maybe—yes, the string is ing to be proud of at all—as though God too tight; there! does'nt that feel better?"

Thus did Jerusalem sit enthroned amid the think: "All here is safe and unburt," and meant the very form, and attitude of this flower, should teach us humility. Now, God's Coffer. Whenever he heard of any magnificent as a queen in her jewelled robes, destruction of property from lightning or and beautiful as Eve in the midst of parabe dise.

would lay up gold on account of it in God's It was a time of intense public interest in Nothing is more levely in young persons, Coffer. Also, if he had occasion to buy Jerusalem. Its temple, the progress of wine, or costly furniture, he would purchase whose building had been an object of parait but moderately only, to enable him the mount importance in the mind of every There was once a nobleman, who lived in better to entertain his friends; and then go Israelite, for seven years, was at length

On the morrow, which was the eighth of the seventh month, the solemnities were to commence : for the Feast of Tabernacles drew nigh, and it was the will of King Soloceding the seven days of the yearly making fourteen days of uninterrupted rejoicing. Moreover, as if all the rays of national solemnity and joy were destined to wisely." And so God's Coffer has remained for hundreds of vaers to the comfort of

of Esdraelon. The Joppa road was lined Some one, says the Home Journal, in with its pilgrim bands, which had gathered urging upon parents the duty of teaching from the shores of the sea. Family after their children spiritual songs and hymns, family of the sons of Reuben wound about

and Naphtali swept through the fertile plains

truth has peculiar force upon the common mind, as it is certain that it affords aid to and friend; while every citizen of Jerusathe memory. Luther and the other reform- lem prided himself upon the extent of his leges, from which the plebeians are debarred. colored marbles incrusted the entire church, ers felt this, and hence arose the wonderfully hospitalities, and the costliness of his enterrich collection of hymns in the German lantainments. The court of every dwelling church—namely, the blessing of the candles The tender coloring of these marbles, the guage, to which there is, perhaps, nothing was filled with guests, to whom its cooling

comparable on earth. To this stock Luther fountains and marble pavements, its luxuri-

Be Useful. Live for some purpose in the world .-Fill up the measure of duty to others .-Conduct yourself so that you will be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance.-They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they never had been. They are, while they live, like one pebble unobserved among a million on the shore, and when they die they are like that same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the haps, years hence, my son will remember the saving truth of this hymn, as having missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been better for their life? Whose tears have been dried up? Whose miseries have they healed? Whose wants supplied?-Who would unbar the gate of life to re-admit them to existence, or what face would greet them back to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive existence, or what! Selfishness is its own curse: it is a starving vice. The man who does no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit, nor seeing when good cometh; stunted, dwarfish, miserable,

be many days ere I shall sing that hymn in do not perform the duty of assiduously see-Heaven." Thus, it is, says a cotemporary, ing that they occupy, always and only, the

sation to him as a centre, and eagerly seek add to this, a comfortable number of ragged he is always sea sick from the motion of the for his commands as an authority.

towering-palms spread their wide branches well weighed observation in both countries. over cities and thickly clustering villages .- is a fair picture of old age in America, and Over its whole extent the land rejoiced and old age in England. We have been sad to blossomed as the rose, and a numerous po- admit this to the commenting traveller. It pulation made it instinct with life, from its is an unconscious fault in our life too busy. action .- N. P. Willis.

Why the Macedonians were Liberal.

Paul, in commending to the Corinthians glory of God! the liberality of the Macedonian Christians, represents them as even exceeding their to contemplate this old and classic stream. ability in ministering to the saints-an in- It is narrow, and looks all the while as if it stance so remarkable that we might natue had been just stirred up from the bottom. rally be curious to know by what motive it seems to be a mass of rolling liquid mud, they were impelled. In a few words we rather than water. What poet's fancy are informed. They "gave themselves to first gave it the golden hue for which gether satisfactory. They heartily and sin- in his fancy alone, I presume, it took its exand hence they would not withhold their speak of the golden Mississippi.

pecuniary assistance from his afflicted peo-

Power of a Holy Life.

Example carries with it a power which s everywhere felt. Its extent, however, does not seem to be fully realized. It operates silently, but only the more surely on that account. Without it, precept is but of little avail. Men may recommend a certain course of life in language most forcible and eloquent: yet if that recommendation be not enforced by a corresponding example, it will be attended with but little or no effect. The explemplary holy life of an humble Christian does more for the benefit of our race and the honor of Christ, than all of our race and the honor of Curist, than all dwells the ever-shifting rain-bow, appear-

ter fitted to acquire all the good which the world can yield. He is prepared, in whatsum over aitnation he is the semith to be contained. valleys and matchless environs of Jerusalem, ever situation he is, therewith to be content; one could imagine.

while every avenue to the city was still alive has learned the science of being happy; and

JANE T. H. while every avenue to the city was still alive with the joyous multitudes that were passing their way thither. The tribes of Asher change every metal into gold.—Dwight.

The tribes of Asher change every metal into gold.—Dwight.

The tribes of Asher change every metal into gold.—Dwight.

Candlemas at Rome.

wings and retired to make way for the bounteous sun," who came forth filling all the atmosphere with

"Life, and viv.fying the soul "calling from their houses the "festa" loving sentimental reflection - namely, that she Listen to the snatches of popular ditties caught the first glimpse of their beloved city, inhabitants of Rome, who poured in continumust have been stronger that most women, their glad voices burst simultaneously forth ous streams towards St. Peter's; for it was for that great wadded leather curtain offers by, after you have gone to bed and you will own that metre and music have avenues to human scales and consequently that their glad voices burst simultaneously forth our Streams towards St. Feters; for was for much resistance for a feeble hand.

"Candlemas" and piles of enormous wax too much resistance for a feeble hand.

In entering the church I naturally looked candles were that day to be blest by his

himself contributed much. He was aided by our couches and fragrant perfumes, present.

Hans Sachs, the poetical sheemaker. In ed a most inviting welcome. Servants accompanied by our young countryman, Mr. a later period came Paul Gerhardt, the moved to and fro, with napkins and silver Hall. On such a day there is little time for is indescribable! The windows, on the greatest hymn-writer of Germany, if not of ewers, and the master of the house, arrayed reflection or meditation, in traversing the contrary disappointed me; the plain comthe world. Wherever there are pious Gerin his richest garments courteously bade a streets of Rome. Every moment we were mon-looking glass seemed out of keeping mans, you find them with their beloved welcome to every guest and blessed him in obliged to be on the alert, lest we should be with the magnificent remainder. Painted In America this would be no difficult mat- should shine upon such riches through the

ter in the densest crowd, as carriages do purest opal. not usually run on the sidewalks, but here, Every body told me that St. Peter's alas, among all the blessings bestowed upon his people by the Pope, that of sidewalks is heard so many descriptions of its vastness; not included—the Corso being the only I had rather formed a secret determination street in Rome that has them. To be sure that it should not; but, after having been in it would be some distinction to be crushed the church a long time without having by the hoofs of some sleek black horses, or by the wheels of the flaming coach of a cardinal, but not one to be earnestly coveted. never see one of those coaches without try to make it look large-but no! there it feeling amused at the thought of it passing stood, beautiful! to my eye, exceedingly through one of our cities in the United deautiful but not so large as the cathedral States, Charleston, for instance. Just fancy at Cologne, not larger than that at Milan, a red carriage, more to my eye like one of our old fashioned stage-coaches than anything else, with a gilded railing around the of it! One of these pillars is as large as top, as if to prevent the band-boxes from falling off. Instead of the boot behind, are china, covering the altar, is isself ninety two or three tall footmen, dressed like har- feet high; those angels, seeming infantile, lequins with various colored flowers and which support the founts, are six feet in stripes, running along the stams of their beight; and several of our large churches long red coats; while inside sits the cardi- in the United States might be placed in the nal, in an ample cloak redder than all the centre of St. Peter's and there would be rest, pure unmitigated scarlet. (I wonder room enough for large congregations still !the Church of Rome retains this color.) Now far.cy this equipage passing through the streets and imagine the great crowd of shouting boys and negroes in its wakeaforesaid Candlemas, I saw plenty of these ed in marbie, in the heart of which was a

establishments, yes, plenty of them! being often obliged to take refuge in a doorway until they had passed. German dignitaries tiringly and affectionatety, how to comfort, composed of stripes of bright yellow, red, round about, and lifted their sublime heads chair at the table, and the cook will be busrefresh his more delicate appetite; while all brown cloaks and hoods, and their white

> beggars hanging on the outskirts of the crowd, This we assure the reader, from our own the picturesque scene will be before you. our attention too over-tasked, and our plans of home and pleasure too unsettled and immature; but the feeling for the better things is in us, and time will bring this feeling into action.— N. P. Wills.

the Lord." This is an explanation alto- it had been famed, I know not; but cerely surrendered themselves to the Lord, istence; for one might with more propriety

ple. It will always be so. The true and destal of one of the statues which adorn the hearty Christians who feel they belong, in bridge, the marks of a cannon ball, that was body and soul, to the Lord, cannot be nig- made by the French when they were bomgardly; and hence, by this rule, all may do barding the city in 1849. I suppose the weil by trying themselves, whether their ball was aimed at the castle of St. Angelo faith is a mere fancy, instead of a fruitful whose frowning walls rise so near the bridge, principle.

Whenever I look upon its lofty battlements and enormous walls, I wonder at the intrepidity and dexterity of Benvenuto Celline. who made his escape from it by unlocking various doors, and letting himself down from the very top, by means of his bed-clothes which had been torn up. And the pity of it, to think that in clearing the last wall

he should have fallen and broken his leg! tance up a narrow stream, and St. Peter's stood full before up. A glorious sight it was a being wonderfully like some of the Lazzaroni I had seen in the street. I cannot street with its restrict the Pope's desserved the property of the pope's desserved the pope was! with its noble colonnades stretching away on each side, and embracing in its marble arms, the great plazza in front of constantly tried to arrange it over the white constantly tried to arrange it over the white marble arms, the great piazza in front of the church; the tall obelisk in the centre; the two magnificent fountains, in which ing like a spirit whose many colored robes are seen dancing here and there amidst the MODERATE DESIRES constitute a charac-er fitted to acquire all the good which the

coats were also doffed, and with a black lace veil thrown over my head, we entered At length there was a bright day in the church. As we entered the doorway Rome! The watery clouds folded their we thought of poor Corrinne, and remembered that Madame de Stael says that on one occasion as she entered the church with

Lord Neville, she put aside the curtain with her own hand; and thus suggested a very

human souls, and, consequently, that they and daughters, with joy and praise, thanks- Holiness the Pope. As to sperm they upon the ground, as there was a great conwere made no account of, and tallow was course of people around me, and the first Within the city walls all was festivity and not so much as mentioned; thus it will be thing that struck me in St. Peter's was the As all the world was going to witness and it is exquisitely beautiful! In this re--we concluded that we could not do better soft lilae and salmon melting into a greyish run over by some of the carriages that glass, I believe, is not permitted in Grecian were rolling by us in a continuous stream. architecture, but it seems as if the sun

'I was throwing words away— there stood St. Peter's, no larger than before! In looking at the beautiful Corinthian pillars, I remarked above the acanthus leaves, a rose, or some similar flower, carvserpent; and I could but be struck with the

appropriateness of the design.

But all my observations of the church mering. I'm sure she don't take up her cross, and I told her seems havenly Father demanded work of her in his vineyard, and when I got her to crying I knew I had done good, and so I came away satisfied."

"Why, manma, you know that very won never found it difficult to pray or speak in meeting; that the words flowed easily as in the flowed in the flowed in the flowed in the flowed easily as in the flowed in the flowed easily as ino upon his face, and a look of love, he gently, yet confidently exclaimed, "Oh! it will not be many days ere I shall sing that hymn in they looked too in their dark blue uniform, raised flowers of velvet, and laced cravats with silver trimmings, and their helmets about their throats. When this sight applaces of honor and prominence; nor, more glittering in the sun. The uniform of the peared a lady near me exclaimed in honest, ded to strengthen our faith in the efficacy of particularly, do we study to contrive, un. Swiss Guard is laughably curious, being earnest English, "my dear!" and well she might! Onward his Holiness was borne in cheer, strengthen and recuperate them. The old man in one house may have his chair in tastic style; the breeches, which reach robe looked like a handsome morning gown the drawing-room, and his place at the table, and be listened to when he speaks, and these three colored cloths lapped and folded that church!) trimmed also with gold. A in an inexplicable manner. In all this pro- plain white cap, like a cardinal's surmount A beautiful country lay stretched along obeyed when he commands.

A beautiful country lay stretched along obeyed when he commands.

Obeyed when he commands.

But in another house, he will have his cession, there was no lack, as you may pretains reared their bold, majestic outline chair cushioned and pillowed, and his arm. sume, of priests in black cloaks and these he looked like a respectable old gentleman, beneath a sky of cloudless blue. Hills ied most with what will newly nourish or and becoming; nor of monks, with their robe-de-chambre, quite ready for his breaklisten first to his words and address conver- cords around their waist. Now, if you will judge of his face upon such occasions because chair. He certainly had a most helpless air.

He was carried to the upper end of the As we were wending our way toward the church, the chair lowered, he removed to scene of interest, we passed a house on another chair which was white, his cardiwhose top is a light continually burning, a nal's cap removed showing beneath, a close votive offered to the Virgin, and "thereby round white cap like a night cap, and then hangs a tale." By some chance p baboon commenced the blessing of the candles. A der mercies seem particularly extended over proached, bent his knee, kissed the candle young children, restored it unhurt; and for and the Pope's hand, and then his knee, this the mother keeps the light burning in took the candle and retired. This was rehonor of the Virgin. How beautiful it would have been if she had henceforth made would have been if she had henceform made of priests, who knelt and kissed the Pope's foot, then his hand and the candle, and re-When we reached the Tiber, we stooped tired with the candle. Ohers, Englishmen, and I am told Protestant Englishmen. received candles on the same conditionsthey were worthy of the gift!

> one of a silver fabric, a cardinal's gift cap or crown placed upon his head, after some turther ceremonies, this was replaced by one of silver. He was then placed in his red chair and borne to the alter before which be prostrated himself, not forgetting to com-fort himself with a pinch of snuff, in the meantime. All the Catholics knelt. After this, he walked back to his chair, and I then perceived that he could walk as well as any body. He was once more elevated and borne around the church, blessing the people with a very peculiar motion of the hand with two fingers and the thumb extended. Between two and three hundred priests I counted myself in the procession, how many more were present I cannot tell, but when saw the brilliant array of rich vestments, I understood why so many people in Rome are obliged to dress in rags-nothing else is left. I observed in the procession a Prince with a very excellent gold crown. I heard him called handsome, but he struck me tell how often the Pope's dress was changed satin petticoat beneath. After the tri-umphal procession around the church in which all the priests bore lighted candles, (and I thought of Esop and his candle) the ceremony closed, the soldiers being the last to quit the field. "In respect" that it was a spectacle, it was magnificent. "In respect" that it was an act of devotion, it was not to be compared to a Wednesday night