The Provincial Wesleyan.

She was early taught to read the word of God, and attend the preaching of the Gospel in the Wesleyan Chapel. By this early instruction her mind became enlightened, and interested in those momentous particulars which pertained to her spiritual happiness here, and her future felicity.

It was not, however, until she had arrived at the age of 19, while the Rev. W. SMITHSON was stationed on the Point de Bute Circuit, that she publicly joined the Wesleyan Church. She then resolved to give her heart to God; and by this act, proved to her friends and companions, that the Lord's people should be her people, and their God her God.

Notwithstanding she now became identified with this branch of the Church of Christ, and was acknowledged as an accredited member of the same, still it was not until her last sickness that she attained a clear consciousness of her acceptance with God.

Being united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Carter, the cares of the world, and the numerous calls of her family, necessarily occupied a considerable share of her time and attention. During her sickness she stated, to the writer of this article, that she had suffered the cares of her household to engross too much of her mind; and she lamented, most bitterly, that she had not given her heart more fully to the Lord.

For some years prior to her death, she was the subject of affliction, which she bore with becoming resignation. She did not enjoy the direct testimony of the Spirit, assuring her that she was a child of God, until a short time before her dissolution. This, for a season, gave her great uneasiness!—During her last sickness I frequently called to see her, to converse with her on the state of her mind, and to present her case to God in prayer. One morning I found her deeply distressed for the salvation of her soul,—almost in despair! She felt that she was rapidly hastening to an eternal state of existence, and said, "that she was afraid that the Lord would call her into eternity without the inward witness of her reconciliation to God."

But the moment of her extremity was God's opportunity. That day, while engaged in earnest prayer, the Lord graciously manifested himself to her desponding soul. He shed his love fully abroad in her heart, and made her sensible that she was a child of God. The Spirit himself now testified with her spirit that she was accepted of God. The next time I saw her I found her perfectly calm and tranquil. She felt that God was her reconciled Father; and she continued in this happy frame of mind, until her spirit took its flight from this world of suffering to be forever with Jesus.

After much bodily weakness and pain she died, in the Lord, June 9th, 1853.

Her brother William, in a letter to me, states: "I saw her often, during her affliction. She was evidently being prepared for happiness beyond the grave. There seemed, in her, a rapid growth in grace, and a full confidence in Jesus, as her only hope and strong tower. She said to me, when asked how she was, 'O! Jesus is precious! I am only waiting the Lord's time!' She bore her affliction with much patience and resignation to the will of God, and often wished to be left alone. I have not a doubt but that she held close communion with her heavenly Master; and in that happy state her happy spirit took its flight to be forever with the Lord."

Well might John the Divine say, "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

GEO. JOHNSON.

MR. DAVID CROSBY.

Died, on Saturday evening, the 14th inst., in the Parish of Harvey, Albert Co., N. B., Mr DAVID CROSBY, aged 64. He has left a wife, and several children and grand children to mourn their loss. For many years he was a resident in Shepody, and subsequently removed to Salmon River. He was much and deservedly respected by his neighbours, and by the community in general.—Mr. C. was, for several of the last years of his life, a member of the Methodist Church. During his illness his sufferings were severe; but, through grace, he was enabled to endure them with resignation. He expressed his entire reliance on the Divine atonement, and finished his course in peaceful and joyous anticipation of eternal life through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His funeral took place on the following Monday, and was improved from Job vii, 17, 18. The attendance was in agreement with the general esteem in which he had been held during his life. J. F. B.

Hopewell, January 19, 1854.

Ladies' Department.

The Circuit Preacher.

Gently fold aside the curtain,
Let the sunlight's golden gleams,
Softly steal into the chamber
Where the preacher sits and dreams,
Let thy songs be sweet and holy,
Break not thou the spell of thought,
That is swelling in his bosom,
With high hopes and feelings fraught.
Very gentle be thy footsteps,
Very gentle be thy tone,
As he gathers from his heart-cells
Thoughts that purify thine own.

Speak thou kindly to thy preacher;
Think how lonely he must be,
Parted from his home and loved ones,
Tossed on life's uncertain sea;
Think how oft his spirit yearneth
For affection's tone and smile.
Strive, oh strive, by gentle kindness,
All his sorrows to beguile.
Hearts are delicate as harp strings,
Touch them lightly as ye may,
For the softest hand will ever
Wake the sweetest, richest lay.

Oh! speak *kindly of thy preacher*,
Whatsoe'er his faults may be—
Hide them kindly while he prayeth,
From those errors to be free.
Breathe them not among the many—
Breathe them not unto the crowd,
Let his errors be forgiven,
Folded in love's holy shroud.

Pray for him—much prayer he needeth
Passing through life's shadowy vale—
Pray that he may never falter,
That his faith may never fail;
That unstained he may pass upward
To that everlasting band,
Where the pure in heart are gathered,
Gathered all at God's right hand.

Richmond Ch. Advocate. LILLY.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Night Thoughts.—Born of a Shadow.

One! two! three, o'clock! The hours pass wearily enough, but you did not think so many had fled, since the tired watcher, who sleeps now at her post, administered as she said "a composing draught." You are composed enough, that is to outward seeming, but the mind is busy with thoughts, that take strange form, and memories of the past are blending with the present until you can scarce separate them, and at last begin to think the things they tell of, must happened in dreams a long time ago.

How weary you are of watching the shadows that seem to mock your wakefulness. You have been sick so long, and every night, some new shape is upon the wall, but none that waken pleasant thoughts—indeed what shadow ever did? To night, your eyes are aching, you have gazed so steadily upon what seems to be the figure of a little child. How distinctly you can trace the outline—the head bent on the hand. You almost expect to see it move, but no, it remains still and motionless, a very type of weariness.—Forgetful that it is not reality, you long to draw it to the shelter of your arm.

But you would scarce find strength now even for that, so feeble you have grown, and thin, and pale, save when as now, the fever is upon you.

You wonder how long you will be laying upon that couch of pain. You wonder if that wearing cough will not leave you soon, or, if you ever will be strong again? You think not, for the very music tones you used to love, now jar upon your ear, and you ask to have them hushed. There is too much of life in them now!

Ah! you fear the bounding step and joyous laugh are for *you* never more. Perhaps before many days you will have sped so far down the dark valley that these shadows in comparison will seem as sunlight. You cannot bear to think of that though, you are so young yet, and there are so many who call you their heart's treasure—and one—but stop, you think again,—two years less than you have told, were your fair sister's, when she went to rest. She, too, had earth ties, but all were broken—she, too, was a cherished wife,—and, for a brief time, a mother. But she is sleeping now, the blossom and the bud have only seemed to fade to mortal eyes, but they are transplanted to the garden of their God! Oh! no, you are not too young to turn aside from life's bright paths forever. And yet how desolate your home would be your flitting would leave so lonely, one from whose fond guidance naught but Death can sever you. So, once did Lillie's, but now her place, in her earthly home is no longer vacant. To another has been given the self-same vows, once breathed to her.

And so, it might be, in your own dwelling. You do not heed the thought, at first, you will not believe it, tears are upon your cheek at the very idea. But you grow calm, and think, it would perhaps be better so, and at last, you believe you could almost bless the gentle spirit that would gladden life for him again, and care for your little motherless treasures. None other could give to them the deep unutterable love that fills your heart—oh! no, they are yours, your darlings, but she might watch kindly over them, guide their young feet tenderly into the path that leads to Heaven, and you—but alas, for them, if it were otherwise, you cannot leave them—a prayer springs from heart to lip, that the Good Father, will spare you yet a little longer to those whom none could lead so lovingly to him! Faith grows strong, and hope brightens—you will ask the good old doctor on the morrow what *he* thinks of you. You are sure *he* will not deceive you, for you have known and trusted him from a little child.

Four—five! Have you been dreaming two hours!—the daylight is stealing in to chase the shadows—footsteps are commencing to fall without. The great world is awaking to life and light!

A light step glides into your still chamber—your eyes are shut, but you know the soft cool touch upon your brow, and oh! your heart needs no telling whose loved voice it is that breathes a fervent prayer in your behalf.

You are no longer weary or lonely—the shadows harm you not, for with the echo of those tones still lingering on your ear, and your hand folded in that gentle clasp, you rest at last, knowing that a true heart is near, and loving eyes will watch your sleep!

ORIA.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1854.

Young Men's Christian Association.

Among the most important and hopeful signs of modern times, may be ranked, an increased care for the religious instruction and spiritual advancement of the young, on the part of the Christian Church. In this earnest solicitude there are both sound philosophy and enlightened piety.—The true welfare of the world in a sense, depends upon the moral and religious character and habits of youth, who, in the course of a few years, are to occupy every position of responsibility and usefulness in Church and State. If this be true of the world in a general, it follows as a natural sequence, that it is equally true of larger or smaller communities, in a particular point of view. Were the youthful part of the population of any given locality uniformly vicious, and devoted exclusively to secular pursuits, no prophetic eye would be necessary to predict the calamitous future that would await it. The harvest would be but the gathering in of the ripened fruit of evil, springing from the pernicious seed sown. Contaminated in its source, the stream of life would only flow with turbid, bitter water, poisoning and desolating every soil which it might unhappily reach. On the other hand, were that same population devoutly pious, and whilst prosecuting secular business within due bounds, were aiming at the higher and nobler objects of religion, auspicious indeed would be the future. These present candidates for future place and power in civil and religious society, would bring to the discharge of every duty of trust, principles and virtues, which, whilst they would adorn, would also benefit, and secure honesty, and unwavering fidelity. The importance of imbuing the minds of youth with christian truth, and of enlisting them in the active service of Christ, cannot possibly, by any hyperbole, be exaggerated; and the reasons which prove the importance of the *thing*, prove equally the importance of the *means* by which it is to be obtained.

The Church has acted wisely and prudently in establishing her SABBATH SCHOOLS, and gathering the children of the people into those Seminaries of christian instruction. Eternity alone will disclose the amount of evil prevented, and the amount of positive good effected, by this species of instrumentality, so unostentatious, so simple, and yet so efficient.

BIBLE CLASSES are deserving of high commendation, not only for the Scriptural information they afford, but for retaining in the Sabbath School, and keeping under ministerial tuition, and consequently under a degree of religious restraint, a class of youth, who, otherwise would pass from the guardianship of the Church into the open and unprotected field of the world, there to be subject to temptations and allurements, which have proved the ruin of myriads of individuals

Among the later developments of christian wisdom and zeal, we may class, what are designated—YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS. These are found in England, in the United States, in Africa, and in several parts of the European Continent; and wherever established, they have proved of immense utility to the objects of their care.

Already we have had the pleasure of announcing the formation of a Young Men's Christian Association in this City, the object proposed, being, in brief, "the improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of Young Men."

A copy of the Inaugural "Address" delivered in Temperance Hall, on the evening of the 16th of January, by the Rev. Dr. RICHEY, has been kindly laid on our table. Prevented by indisposition from listening to the *viva voce* delivery of it, we return thanks for the privilege of reading it in printed form. At the time of its delivery, the press of the city was loud in its commendation, and after a careful perusal, we unite in tendering our humble meed of praise, and think the committee were fortunate in their selection of a Reverend gentleman to deliver the Address at the inauguration of the Association, who could invest it with such charms of eloquence, and treat its varied topics with such force of argument. The production is every way worthy of the Reverend Doctor, as well as of the cause he so ably advocated. The committee have placed the community, in our judgment, under no mean obligation, by its publication, and we have no doubt, its circulation will exercise an important influence on the interests of the Association. On commencing this article, we had intended to make some extracts from the Address, but, are, reluctantly it is true, compelled to defer these to a future occasion. In the meantime, we may say, the Association has our cordial approval, and we earnestly recommend the young men of the city to identify themselves closely with it, and reap the mental and spiritual advantages it holds out to inquiring minds. If true to themselves, and to the hallowed and hallowing influences with which they will be surrounded, there, their love for the sublime in grace and in nature will be cherished; there, their desires for distinction, the distinction of elevated piety, will be strengthened; there, whilst seeking and professing the saving grace of the Holy Spirit, their religious principles will be established and their religious character moulded and polished; there, they will derive aids to qualify them the better to discharge the duties of active life; there, they will be trained for "glory and immortality"—their's and the world's will be the benefit, and thine, O God, shall be the glory!

Spirit Rappings.

We direct attention to an interesting article on our first page from the pen of the Rev. Wm. Wilson, of Yarmouth on "Spirit Rappings &c.,"—a subject which has excited some attention, and a *thing* which has made not a few crazy. In our opinion, the whole affair is, to use an expression suitable to the subject, a *humbug*,—the credulity of persons being turned to advantage by the designing, to "turn a penny," or rather "dollars," into their poverty-stricken pockets. Whoever pays a spirit-rapper for his or her discoveries on fortunes, or diseases, and remedies, reminds us of an old adage, "a fool and his money are soon parted." We believe the "spirit-rapping" system is founded in deception, fraud, and lies; yet, we lament, to say, there are to be found those, who are willing to patrouize even such a system as that. Why are persons so foolish? Why are they so easily deceived? Why so ready to be gulled?

The "itinerant female," to whom the Revd. Mr. Wilson alludes, has found her way to this city, has opened shop, and reports says is drawing custom. Poor deluded individuals! Three dollars initiatory fee, and twenty-five if cured! The initiatory fee, once paid, can never be recovered—the subsequent twenty-two will not be called for, except you were well before you were sick.—Imagination goes a great way with some—and if persons prefer to pay for imaginary cures, why, they will do so, we suppose, but no sane person will have aught to do with "spirit-rappers."

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Romish Infallibility Translating the Scriptures.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—The Romanist Version of the Lord's prayer in Mic-Mac, as in use among the Indians, is a curious document. It has several times been published. It may be seen in one of Dr. A. Gesner's publications. Hon. Moses Perley, of St. John, N. B., issued it on cards some years ago, a copy of which—with one also of the Milecite language, he kindly sent me, not long since. I have often written it down as repeated by the Indians, and have listened to them repeating it in their devotions. The different petitions vary a good deal as uttered by different Indians, the different expressions sometimes meaning the same thing, and sometimes something very different, and sometimes nothing at all. They generally repeat it with great rapidity, and seem to suppose that it is of no great consequence whether they understand it or not.

I have never yet seen an English translation of it published. 'Twould be a curiosity. I propose furnishing the document, original and translation. I will spell the Mic-Mac exactly as it is pronounced, using the English Alphabet according to the most usual sound of the letters. I will interline the translation, placing the English of each word exactly under the Mic-Mac. This will enable any one who chooses, to obtain the assistance of an Indian and examine the translation. And tho' I cannot in this way make the translation exactly *grammatical*, yet can it be sufficiently understood to exhibit the mode in which "Infallibility" translates the Scriptures. The name of the prayer in Mic-Mac exactly corresponds to "Pater Noster," or "Our Father." They have two expressions for this. One is "Noo-che-nen," the other is, "Oo-che-ek," but the meaning is the same, Our Father. We may name it as we do in English from the Latin and let this stand for the heading:

THE PATER NOSTER.

Ooche-ek	wah-soke	ebin,	CHIP-TOOK
Our father	*in heaven*	*seated,*	PERHAPS
teloo-ee-sin	meg-e-day-dumek.		CHIP-TOOK
thy name	*we highly esteem.*		PERHAPS
iggunum-oo-e-ek	n'tule-dahnen	wah-soke,	
if thou grantest to us	*to go*	*to heaven,*	
nabdale	nemoo-lek,	oo-laydes-e-nen.	
there	*we shall see thee,*	*we shall rejoice.*	
Nahdale	wahsoke	a-kik	tele-scudusk
There	*in heaven*	*who are as they obey thee,*	
CHIPTOOK	elp	ne-nen	tele-scud-doolek
PERHAPS	*also*	*we*	*so obey thee*
mabcume-kek			ayumek.
on the earth			*where we are.*
Tellah-moogub-unigul			essume-aygul
The same kind that it was which			*thou didst feed us with*
ap	nee-gay	kees-cook	tellah-mook-tutch
again	*now*	*to-day*	*let it be the same kind*
puneg-gunumoo-in			nee-loonul.
thou grantest to us			*our food.*
Telle-abbik-siktah-cuijik			weki-ooe-namut-unik
As we forgive them			*who make us angry*
elp,	Keel,	Nixcam,	tully-ah-biksik-tooin
also,	*Thou,*	*O God,*	*so forgive us*
elloo-way-wool-te-ek.		Mulgullin	maitch
sinners.		*Hold us firmly*	*yet*
winsoodeel		moo n'te-gahnen.	
sins		*that we come not into.*	
Kese-noo-gwom-cul	winchigul	co-goo-ail,	
Sickness causing	*evil*	*things*	
toowoktuin.	Ahmen.		
cast out for us.	*Amen.*		

TRANSLATION.

Turned into correct English it would read something like the following:—Our Father who art seated in heaven, perhaps we magnify thy name. Perhaps thou wilt bestow upon us the privilege of going to heaven, and when we behold thee there we shall be happy. Like as they who are there in heaven, obey thee, so perhaps we also who are here on earth obey thee. Feed us to-day with the same kind of food with which thou hast been wont to feed us. As we forgive those who offend us, so do thou, O God, in like manner forgive us sinners. Still hold us firmly that we fall not into sins. Cast out of us sicknesses and evil things. Amen.

The foregoing is the most favourable translation that I am able to give. And I ask the reader seriously, if according to this, the Mic-Mac is not a *caricature* instead of a translation of the Lord's prayer? One particular may be judged of without much knowledge of Mic-Mac. I have put the word *chip-took*, (pronounced exactly like the two English words, *chip*, and *took*,) in small capitals, that this word may be particularly noticed. Ask any Indian if it does not mean, *may be so*, and then guess if you can what business *may be so* has in the "Pater Noster." Verily the "Infallible Church" must be a pitiful *expounder* of Scripture if she cannot do better than this at *translating*.

Upon the principle that the translator was a fallible creature like ourselves—an uninspired erring mortal—anxious to do the best he could, it is easy enough to explain the introduction of this unfortunate *chip-took*. Suppose the zealous missionary, as soon as he had gathered a smattering of Mic-Mac, undertaking with the aid of an Indian who had obtained a smattering of English or French, to translate the Lord's Prayer.—"What is, *May it be?* in Indian," says the priest "May be,—*May be*," says the teacher, "sartin that all same *chip-took*." "Very well, so far so good," says the translator, (and it is *ourself* that knows how to sympathise with him under the circumstances of the case,) and puts down *chip-took*, and proceeds to the next word. This is, I think, a rational solution of the matter. But let me ask why, after he had mastered the language, did not he or some other, correct the error? I think I can account for this also. The Missionary—so goes the tradition among the Indians—professed to be inspired, and to be taught the language directly from heaven. He set up a claim, therefore, to personal infallibility, and practised upon the confiding savages the most impious fraud. Infallibility cannot err, and the confession of a fault or the acknowledgement of a mistake, annihilates the claim. It is this which makes it necessary for the Church of Rome to defend all her past acts. The same principle would leave the unfortunate *chip-took*, *perhaps*, three times in the Romanist Mic-Mac Version of the Lord's Prayer.

I could also I think easily account for the singular circumlocutions which occur. But let the preceding suffice.

I occasionally find an Indian to whom I can compare this prayer as he has it, and as it reads in the Douay Version, and the Romanist Prayer Book. It is not difficult to convince him that there is some mistake. His own sense tells him that there should be no *chip-took* there.

But I close for the present, and *chip-took* I may hereafter furnish you with additional samples of the same edifying kind.

S. T. RAND

New York Correspondence.

To-day we have an arrival from California. The export of gold for the past year has been $67,873,505; and the total products of the mines, since their discovery, nearly six years, is estimated at $260,000,000. This is a large item added to the wealth of our land.

35,165 passengers arrived by sea in California during the past year, and the departures were 20,316, showing a decrease in the population of 14,869, still San Francisco is rapidly improving, and claims to be the second commercial city in our Union. Two large sales at auction were recently made of water property belonging to that city, and brought $1,550,000. This shows great confidence in the *increasing* and future prosperity of the place. The farming interest is on the advance, and a great deal of wheat had been sowed, particularly in the southern section of the State. A new line of steamers has been organized in New York, to California via Panama, to sail monthly, beginning in February. The Crystal Palace has closed its first exhibition, and has not been profitable to its projectors. Still, as the depository of national ingenuity, the arts and manufactures, the Exhibition has been most valuable to this country.

The European news are of stirring interest. To us the great rise in grain and flour is of the most importance. Thankful to the Great Arbiter of events that our land is divided by an immense ocean from the nations of Europe, we are free from their quarrels and wars. Still we take an interest in the right, and the progress of our common humanity.

In England and France, the recent attitude of the Russian bear seems to strengthen the belief of a general war. I do not think, however, that the door of peace is closed, even with the Czar. Indisposed and too proud to accept the new note from the Great Powers, still he is willing to hear the propositions of Turkey herself to settle their quarrel.

The Sultan too, has accepted the note of the Allied Powers, preliminary to new negotiations, insisting that the Principalities shall be evacuated by the Russians, as *a sine qua non* to new negotiations for peace. Louis Napoleon looks more belligerent in his immense warlike preparations. I never have had any confidence in his or his subject's fondness for peace. Suppose he were to aid *Italy and Hungary*, in a general European squabble, and raise the cry of "KOSSUTH! KOSSUTH and LIBERTY!" who can foretell the consequences?

Yours, &c.

New York, Jan. 24, 1854.

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Yarmouth Circuit Bazaar.

The Ladies of the "Wesleyan Mission House Aid Society," held their Annual Bazaar on the evenings of the 17th 18th, 19th inst., in Puritan Hall. The Hall was tastefully decorated; the fancy tables covered with articles both ornamental and useful; while the refreshment tables presented an ample supply of the substantials and delicacies of the season

The weather was fine and the Hall was constantly crowded.

The result of the Bazaar will be seen from the "Card" of thanks which the ladies published in the *Yarmouth Herald*, of Thursday last; and which I transcribe for a more extensive circulation in the *Provincial Wesleyan*:

A CARD.

"The Ladies of the *Wesleyan Mission House Aid Society*, present their respectful thanks to their friends and the public of Yarmouth generally, for the kindness and extensive patronage afforded to the late Bazaar held in aid of their funds. The receipts at the Bazaar were £55 16s. 3d.; a sum exceeding their most sanguine expectations, and will, after paying incidental expenses, leave a respectable balance to be appropriated to the object of the Society; which is to supply furniture, and otherwise render comfortable the residence of the Wesleyan Ministers who may, from time to time, be appointed to this Station.

"Signed in the name and by order of the Society, "A. STARR, *President*."

But while the ladies of the above Society, return thanks for the public "patronage;" it must not be forgotten that they themselves in this matter deserve all commendation. They have been indefatigable in their labours, they have surmounted difficulties and discouragements not a few; they have provided furniture for the Mission House for years past; and, as the above will show, have made provision for the future; while their entire object is to impart comfort and respectability to the domicile of their Minister; the benefit thereof has been felt, and will be felt in years to come; but none will feel their obligations more deeply than the family at present resident in the Yarmouth Mission House.

And while our ladies act so magnanimously, the gentlemen are not forgetful or unmindful of their duties, and of our Wesleyan Institutions.

During the interesting visit with which we were favoured last summer, of the Rev. Messrs PICKARD and ALLISON, there were subscribed for scholarships and free contributions the handsome sum of £370 10s. near £200 of which has already been paid.

Our congregations are, in general good, and our Bible Class now contains 120 members.—There is, however, with us, one desideratum.—and that is a revival of religion: and although this may not take place yet, it most assuredly will come. We remember it is written "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both *shall be* alike good."

WILLIAM WILSON.

Yarmouth, January 31, 1854.

Religious Freedom in Catholic Countries.

A large and very interesting public meeting was held in the New York Tabernacle on Thursday evening, in behalf of the religious freedom dom and the rights of conscience of American Protestants in Catholic countries. Hon. George Wood presided and addressed the meeting: a statement of the grounds and objects of the meeting was made by Dr. Baird, addresses were made by Dudley Field, Rev. S. Robinson of Baltimore, Hiram Ketchum, Rev. Mr. Kirk of Boston, and Mr. J. A. Fuller. Letters of sympathy with the objects of the meeting were read from R. C. Winthrop, Abbott Lawrence and Edward Everett of Boston, and Henry A. Wise and other gentlemen.

Dr. Baird stated that in Cuba, Porto Rico, and other Spanish West India Islands, and in Mexico, a Protestant chaplain was not allowed; and even the rites of burial for a Protestant were with difficulty obtained. In Italy, with the exception of Sardinia, no American Protestant clergyman was allowed to preach to his own countrymen, except in the private house of a diplomatic or consular agent. In Spain, Austria, and Portugal, the American Protestant was not treated better than in Italy.

He further stated that American Protestants were exposed to insult and serious mal-treatment in Mexico, Central America, all South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Spain and Portugal, nearly all of Italy and Austria, if when they meet a procession, with a priest at its head, carrying in the "Host," they do not render what are there considered to be acts of adoration, but which they conscientiously deem to be idolatrous and contrary to the Word of God.

In many places in Italy, American Protestants were subject to much inconvenience in being required to bury their dead at very unseasonable hours. In some countries, through fear of violence, they are compelled to bury their dead in a stealthy manner, and almost as unceremoniously as they would a brute beast.

The object of this meeting was to encourage and sustain our government in negotiating with Catholic countries for a measure of the same liberty to worship God and bury their dead, for American Protestants, as is cheerfully given to the inhabitants of all Catholic countries residing in the U. States.—*Boston Traveller.*

FREDERICTON.—When the Rev. Mr. Churchill last season delivered a Lecture on "the life and times of the Patriarch Job" we were not alone in regretting that a subject so well begun—so ably, so eloquently continued—had nevertheless one defect in its management, namely, *its brieftness*. For this, the Rev. gentleman afforded us a most pleasing remedy in his Lecture on Tuesday evening. Indeed we have seldom listened to such a combination of eloquence and learning; the latter rendered even more interesting from the amount of antiquarian knowledge with which it was associated. The era of Job, in connection with the age of the world, received particular attention; and the discrepancies between the Hebrew Scriptures and the Septuagint or old Greek version, was explained from the most learned Biblical authorities: one prominent and apparently reasonable opinion being, that the Jews corrupted their chronology in order to throw discredit upon christianity. He also referred to an ingenious opinion—which, if true, explains the apparent inconsistency of *Satan's* appearance in Heaven. This was, that the "Satan" there mentioned was nothing more than a recording angel, whose duty it was to exhibit the delinquencies of men in the court of Heaven. The personal history of Job was most patheically alluded to, and among other circumstances, the acquaintance of the author of the Book—supposed by Mr. C. to be Job himself—with natural history, received a number of appropriate illustrations. The large Hall was densely crowded.—*Fredericton Reporter 3rd.*

Liberia.

A recent letter to the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says:

"The Monrovia Academy" is at length completed. The edifice stands upon the heights of the city, the most conspicuous and most striking of its compeers. The walls are of brick, and surrounded, on a level with the first and second floors, by broad and open piazzas, from which, I think, the finest views that any point in the city will afford, of land and water scenery, can be taken. Massive stone columns, resting upon the foundations, receive the pressure of the upper piazza, while smaller ones of hard, strong wood, fixed upon the capitals of the lower, bear the weight of the roof.

The roof itself is high, but spreading, on either side, from the ridge, with slight but graceful curvature, until the descending rains are thrown off clear of the building. Two large rooms and four much smaller ones exhaust the capacity of the body of the structure. The entire interior has been painted a lead color, relieved, however, from perfect sameness by a lighter or deeper shade appearing on different parts. I could have wished, nevertheless, that the relief had been more remarkable. The interior furnishing of the academy, consisting of some thirty desks, built to accommodate two pupils each, two large and four small tables, a book and apparatus case—besides sixty chairs imported from the States, and black-boards—is beautiful and very convenient.

The native wood out of which it was wrought, called here Whismore, admits of high polish, and shows on its surface stripes as of oranged colored satin ribbon. Some departure from the contract as to the placing of the desks was suggested and approved, and the rooms, with their furniture look now very airy, and are very desirable for our purposes. Convenient preparation for sixty scholars is made in the building, but by referring a class or two of smaller children to the lower recitation rooms, seventy or eighty might be accommodated. If only it may please the Almighty to grant me some physical health and energy, and to accompany with his blessing our efforts, I have no fear but that an efficient school can now be maintained.

Liberalism.

We have often heard Catholics talk about Catholic Journals being too ultra. In our opinion those who make this complaint, have a very erroneous idea concerning true charity. Liberalism as at present understood is the most dangerous heresy of the age, and liberal Catholics are (unconsciously no doubt,) aiding and assisting our enemies in their diabolical crusade against our holy religion. The Catholic church is the church of Christ and all other churches are churches of the Devil. This is the doctrine of the Catholic church, and we must believe it or be virtually separated from her communion—it is heresy to deny or to attempt to palliate it. This conclusion is also consonant with the principles of sound reason; for God being *one* and *unchangeable*, can have but *one unchangeable* church. We, then, who are Catholics, must *believe* the teachings of the church, and believing must *act* accordingly. We must regard the ministers of the different sects and their adherents as the children of the Devil; and if we wish to be charitable towards them, we must warn them of their danger. Who among us, if he saw a man (either through ignorance or wilful intent,) walking towards a precipice would not warn him of his danger, and do all in his power to stop the infatuated man?

Yet we see thousands every day, rushing heedlessly to the precipice from which they are certain to fall into hell, and instead of remonstrating with them, we rather encourage them by saying go ahead your road is as certain and as good as ours. We are at all times ready and willing to do whatever we can to relieve the corporal and temporal wants of our neighbour; but when we see his soul hanging suspended over the brink of hell, we look upon it as a mere "swinging exercise?" and say nothing. Is this charity?—is this liberality?—**No!** The only way in which we can be charitable to such people is to frequently remind them of the words of our Saviour.

"If he will not hear the (true) church, let him be unto thee as a *heathen* and a *publican*." "He that believeth (the true faith) and is baptised, shall be saved; he that believeth not (the true faith) shall be damned."

Such was the charity of our Saviour, and such ought to be our charity. If we pretend to be Catholics, let us not be afraid "to stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," and claim the doctrine we profess.—*Western Tablet.*

University of Oxford.

THE University of Oxford, England, consists of nineteen colleges and five halls, as follows: University College, reputed to have been founded in 872, and revived in 1240; Baliol, founded between 1263 and 1268, and of which Wickliffe was once master; Merton, founded at Malden in Surrey, in 1264, and removed to Oxford in 1274; Exeter, founded in 1314; Oriel, a handsome and richly-ornamented edifice, dating from 1321; Queen's, founded in 1340, and the buildings of which are the first in the city; New College in 1386, with the most gorgeous and elegant chapel in the University; Lincoln, founded in 1427, and of which John Wesley was a fellow, or salaried student; All Soul's 1437, with a noble hall and a library of 40,000 volumes; Magdalen, 1456; Brazen Nose, 1509; Corpus Christi, 1516; Christ Church, originally founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525, and with, by far, the most extensive buildings and grounds belonging to any of the colleges, a vast front 382 feet in length, a tower containing the "Great Tom"—a bell weighing 17,000 pounds, magnificent hall, picture gallery, library, etc.; Trinity, founded 1554; St. John's 1557; Jesus, 1571; Wadham, 1613; Pembroke, 1620; Worcester, 1714, and St. Mary's, New Inn, St. Alban, Magdalen, and St. Edmund's halls. The Bodleian Library connected with the University, numbers 220,000 volumes, and 20,000 MSS., and is entitled to a copy of all new works published either in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales. There are, besides, twenty-three other libraries. The total revenue of the University from lands and funds is estimated at £157,190, or near $2,000,000, annually; a sum sufficient to pay the salary of the President of the United States for 800 years, or to support a man like Methusalah, allowing him $500 annually for his living, from the day of creation to the coming of Christ, say some 4,000 years.—*Western Ch. Advocate.*

A FEARFUL LEAP AND MARVELLOUS RESCUE AT WHEELING.—Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, a young lady approached the suspension bridge from this side, and when asked for toll inquired of the gate keeper how much it was, and when told the price to the island, replied that she did not think she was going that far, and said she ought to go for half price, as she was going to the middle of the bridge. He took the toll she offered, and she proceeded on her way. When she reached the place where the iron cables touch the railing, at nearly the highest part of the bridge, Mr. George Downey, the toll collector, observed her climbing up the railing and removing her bonnet and shawl. He ran to her only in time to catch the mantilla which she wore, when she broke from his grasp and leaped to the stream below—a distance, even at the present high stage of water, of not less than seventy-eight feet. The current was full of floating ice, and her destruction seemed inevitable. She sank, then rose, then plunged wildly in the swollen torrent; sank again, rose once more, and then floated onward amid the torrent of ice, with nothing but her head and one hand occasionally visible. Several men in a skiff put out from a boat lying at the wharf, followed her, gave her up as lost several times, but each time renewed the chase, and finally picked her up alive, but insensible, after she had been in the water for nearly half an hour. Restoratives were speedily applied, and she was removed to the house of friends, where we understand, she is gradually recovering from the injries sustained from the ice and cold. The leap was one of the most desperate, and the escape from instant death the most miraculous we have ever recorded or ever seen recorded. Her clothes no doubt kept her head uppermost as she was falling, and buoyed her up when she got in the stream. The heroine of this adventure is a young unmarried lady, whose name we omit at the solicitation of her friends, and who has lived here for some five years, supporting herself by her work as a seamstress. Those with whom she has resided give her an irreproachable character. The common report attributes the affair to a disappointment in love matters.—*Wheeling Intelligencer, Jan.* 26.

LIGHT HOUSE ON THE ISLE OF PHAROS.—This celebrated work of antiquity was built by Sóstratus, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was a species of tower, erected on a high promontory or rock, on the above mentioned island, then situated about a mile from Alexandria. It was 150 feet high, divided into several stories, each decreasing in size; the ground story was hexagonal, the sides alternately concave and convex, each an eighth of a mile in length; the second and third stories were of the same form; the fourth was a square, flanked by four round towers; the fifth was circular. The whole edifice was of wrought stone; a magnificent staircase led to the top, where the fires were lighted every night, visible from the distance of a hundred miles, to guide the coasting vessels. Sóstratus is said to have engraved an inscription on stone, and covered it with a species of cement, upon which he sculptured the name of Ptolemy, calculating that the cement would decay, and bring to light his original inscription. Strabo says it read *Sóstratus the friend of kings, made me.* Lucian reports differently, and more probable thus: *Sóstratus of Cnidus, the son of Dexiphanes, to the Gods the Saviours, for the safety of Mariners.* It is also said that Ptolemy left the inscription to the inclination of the architect; and that by the *Gods the Saviours* were meant the reigning king and queen, with their successors, who were ambitious of the title of Soteros or Saviour.—*Anecdotes of Painters.*

TORNADOES.—A destructive hurricane swept over a portion of Kosciusko county, *Indiana*, on January 2d, breaking off or tearing up by the roots the forest trees in its course, as well as blowing down several buildings, some of which were lifted bodily and smashed in pieces at a considerable distance from their foundations. The track of the tarnado was nearly of a uniform width—between six and seven hundred yards. On January 11th a terrible tornado swept through Southwestern *Georgia*, attended with incessant thunder and an unusual heavy fall of rain and hail. The direction of the tornado was from the southwest to the northwest, passing through portions of Baker, Lee, Randolph, Stewart, and Sumter counties. Its track was from a quarter to a half a mile in width, within which every thing that did not bend was broken or prostrated. Scarcely a tree, except of a small size, was left standing; fences were blown down, and in some cases houses were unroofed and capsized. The only lives lost were two children in Lee county, who were killed by the falling of a tree across a waggon in which they were riding. On Friday, January 20th, a very severe tornado was experienced in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, *Ohio*. The town of Brandon was almost entirely destroyed, scarcely a house being left standing. The tornado extended about half a mile in width, tearing up every thing in its course. Two or three lives were lost. The wind, rain, thunder and lightning were truly terrific.—*N. Y. Ch. Ad. & Journal.*

PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN A CAVE.—The St. Louis Democrat says that on January 31, while the Mississippi steamer Flag was aground near St. Genevieve, which is about forty miles south of St. Louis, Capt. Gray, the pilot, accompanied by an Englishman, started to explore the great cave at that place. At a distance of two miles from the mouth their lamp was broken. After groping in the dark for a while they discovered a "chimney" leading upward, which the Englishman managed to ascend, and reached the surface. Capt. Gray could not ascend it, and the Englishman, after marking the place, proceeded for assistance. Returning with several friends, he could not find the chimney, and finally, procured a party composed of four steamboats crews, he entered the mouth of the cave. The party then dispersed in various directions, and, after a search of thirteen hours, Capt. Gray was found at a distance of three and a half miles from the mouth. He was completely exhausted, having torn the flesh from his knees and fingers in vain efforts to extricate himself. He had passed forty-three hours in the cave.—*Ib.*

COMPARATIVE LONGEVITY.—From a statistical table of mortality in Boston, for the year 1853, it appears that the greatest average was attained by pilots.—being 73; then come gentlemen, 68; judges and justicce, 65; bank officers, 64; millers, 60; public officers, 67; clergyman 56; shipwrights, 55; rope-makers, hatters, and lawyers, 54 each; merchants, 52; blacksmiths and calico printers, 51