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Miss D. L. Dix.

We copy the following notice of Miss Dix, from the Washington *National Intelligencer*:—

"Years past it has been asked, who is this wise and gentle woman, whose praise sits on all lips, and who is often named in all the best public journals of the country in connection with labours for the Insane, persevered in with unparalleled fidelity, and attended with a success as marked as the toil has been steadily sustained. Now that name alone embodies the life-aim of the common benefactress of our country. No fulsome adulation, no wooing applause, no short-lived glaring spectacles, track the paths of her dignified course. But again and again it has been our lot to mark how sincerely and profoundly she is cherished throughout the land; and this homage to virtue, steady aim and exalted purpose, is one of the marked redeeming traits in the character of all our people."

We see in a late popular journal, the following portrait of Miss Dix; its fidelity, all who are privileged to know her will attest, and we claim the thanks of many readers, for throwing it into wider circulation:—

TO MISS D. L. DIX.

Friend of the friendless, when we think of thee,
Strange feelings rise of human vanity;
Strange, for thy smile of weakness well may chide,
Our lowlier claims to glory and to pride!
Friend of the friendless, ever be thy brow,
In its mild grace, serenely calm as now;
Thy voice untiring with melodious thrill,
To bid all grovelling thoughts of self be still,
Wakening sublimest hopes of bliss divine,—
With noble aim and purposes like thine,
Sending the spirit on the wings of faith,
Through darkest scenes of crime, and grief, and death;
Yet soft and gentle as an angel's wings,
The soothing calm of thy sweet visitings.
Not in the halls of wealth, though such might well
Befit thy gentle bearing there to dwell;
Not to the couch of rest, though soft and kind
The tender yearning of thy woman's mind;
Not to the walks of intellectual pride,
Though knowledge there its humbled head might hide;
But to the prison-hold, the dreary cell,
Thy footsteps turn, where guilt and misery dwell,
To the distracted wretch, mind tempest tossed
The early tempted, doomed, deserted, crossed;
He whom the world has cast without its pale,
'Tis thine with ever cheering voice to hail;
To call from deepest shade to purest light
The abject soul whom none beside invite.
Then pass thou on along life's troubled ways.
Unharmed, unsullied—with thy Maker's praise
In strains of kindness ever on thy tongue,
Happiest of woman-kind! to whom belong
Ascriptions meet of gratitude and love;—
That one through all her life should daily prove,
Before admiring nations far and near,
How many Christian charity may cheer,—
How much, with rigorous faith and purpose true,
One mind, one will, one heart, on earth can do.

Mental Science.

No. 33.

THE NATURE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

That perception, sensation, or thought, does not result from any particular configeration or state of the brain, appears obvious from certain facts. Dr. Farrier has proved, by evidence apparently complete, that every part of the brain has been injured without affecting the act of thought. It must be admitted, that the injuries which the brain frequently receives, and the effects produced by them upon the mind, prove that there is a close connexion between the power of thinking and the brain; but, as Mr. Rennell's justly observes, "It by no means follows, that they are, therefore, one and the same." In proof of this position, he refers to the independence of mind upon the external organs.

His first proof is deduced from a healthy man in a sound sleep. "He lies without sense or feeling, yet no part of his brain is diseased, nor is a single power of his life of vegetation suspended. All within his body is as active as ever." His blood circulates as regularly and almost as rapidly. All the functions of animal life proceed; yet the understanding is absent. "Sleep, therefore," he says, "is an affection of the mind, rather than of the body; and the refreshment which the latter receives from it, is from the suspension of its active and agitating principle. Now if thought was identified with the brain, when the former was suspended, the latter would undergo a proportionable change.—Memory, imagination, perception, and all the stupendous powers of the human intellect are absent; and yet the brain is precisely the same, the same in every particle of matter, the same in every animal function. Of not a single organ is the action suspended. When, again, the man awakens, and his senses return, no change is produced by the recovery; the brain, the organs of sense, and all the material parts of his frame, remain precisely in the same condition." Here he informs us, that if thought resulted only from the brain, when active thinking was suspended, the brain would undergo a proportionable change; but in sleep, while the active powers of the human intellect are absent, the brain is precisely the same in every particle of matter, and in every animal function; therefore, the inevitable conclusion is, that the thinking principle, or soul, in man, does not arise from the brain, or from any particular state or formation of it.

Again: The mind, when anxiously engaged in any train of thought, frequently neglects the impressions made upon the external senses. A man deeply immersed in meditation, or eagerly engaged in discussion, often neither hears a third speaker, nor observes what he does, nor even, when gently touched, feels the pressure. He has, however, no defect in either the ear, the eye, or the nervous system. His brain is not disordered, for if his mind were not so fully occupied, he would perceive every one of these impressions which he now neglects.—This clearly shows the independence of mind upon the external organs of sense.

Let us now direct our attention to the action of thought upon the brain. Suppose a letter be received by a man communicating afflictive intelligence. He casts his eye over its contents, and immediately falls down without either sense or motion. What produced this sudden, this strange effect? It may be said the vessels collapsed, the brain is consequently disordered, and the loss of sense is the natural results. But what is the cause of the disorder itself, the effects of which are now visible? Is it produced by a sheet of white paper distinguished by a few black marks? Will any be so absurd as to suppose the paper alone was the effect, or the characters inscribed upon it, unless they convey some meaning to the understanding? Doubtless it was thought which so suddenly agitated and disturbed the brain, and caused its vessels to collapse. By this circumstance alone we may discover the surprising influence of thought upon the brain; of that thought which we can neither hear, nor see, nor touch, which yet produces an affection of the brain fully equal to a blow or pressure, or any other sensible injury.—This very action of thought upon the brain fully demonstrates that the brain does not produce it, while the mental influence which they possess over each other, as clearly proves that their is a strong connexion between them. But it should ever be borne in mind, that connexion is not *identity*.

From what has been said, and from many facts and observations which have been aduced by different authors, it may, (to use the language of a popular writer on the subject,) be fairly inferred:—

"1st. That the mind or soul is not an inherent quality of the brain, although it receives outward impressions by means of this organ, (which communicates with all the other bodily organs of senses by *the nerves*) and on which the soul more immediately acts to direct the movements of the body while life maintains a very intimate union between them.

2nd. That the soul is not at least of a nature which must necessarily perish like the body, or become torpid without sense when the brain dies, but has been constituted immortal,—that is, capable of continued consciousness, by the will of its Creator.

3rd. That the soul is not mere empty space, but is a substance of its own kind; differing entirely from our common ideas of matter, in the same way as lightning, magnetism, &c., are of a distinct nature from all other matter, and cannot be called *material* in the common sense in which we use this word;—the soul being able to pervade the brain as the magnetic power does iron, or the electrical influence does the whole of animal bodies, and many other substances; being able to come out of our mortal frames at the Divine command; still continuing a conscious individual soul."

That the mind acts immediately upon the brain will not, doubtless, be denied by those who believe in its existence. This important truth is supposed to be proved, to the perfect satisfaction of many eminent critics, by the modern discoveries of phrenology; and that there are certain particular formations of the brain, upon which the mind acts, in order to produce certain effects upon, and actions of, the body. It has likewise been stated, by some phrenologists, who have paid particular attention to the dissection of the brain, that in all cases it corresponds, in form and size, to the appearance of the human skull during life; and that those who have any special developments, have a strong propensity, inclination or desire, in certain directions, which appears to them to confirm the opinion that the peculiarities of the mind are, to a certain extent, developed by the formation of the head.

Phrenology, according to Phrenologists, teaches us that the brain is the organ of the mind, or that physical organization upon which the mind immediately acts; not that it is the mind itself, but that it is the medium or instrument of mental manifestation. Thus, as the eye is not sight, nor the ear hearing, neither is the brain the mind; but as we see through the eye, and hear by the ear, so the mind operates through and by the brain. Hence mental manifestation has never been known except in connection with the brain. Phrenologists also state, "where there is small brain their is small mental power; and where there is large brain there is great mental power." This, however, it would seem to us, is not altogether correct; or, otherwise, mental power would not depend so much upon perfect organization, as upon the size of a certain portion of organized matter. Supposing the principles of Phrenology to be true, what is designated greatness of mind, does not, upon this supposition, so much consist in the actual size of the brain, as in its perfect organization and active temperament. If this be correct, it will follow that even where the matter of the brain is small in some, when compared with others; yet, if the smaller brain be more perfect in its formation, the temperament more active, and the organs, upon which the mind immediately acts, more strongly developed than in the larger, the mental powers, we may suppose, will be greater in the former than the latter. Great mental capabilities, therefore, it would seem, if this reasoning be correct, are manifested, not so much from the size, as the perfect formation and activity of the brain.

Phrenology, however many may view it, and even abuse it, so far from coming in contact with the generally received opinion of the existence, spirituality, and immateriality of the human soul, or of rendering any support to the infidel dogmas of materialists, stands forth, if true, as a powerful auxiliary, in confirmation of man's spiritual, immaterial and immortal nature. It appears to satisfactorily prove that the human mind acts upon certain formations of the brain; and that these operations of the mind, so long as it remains united to the body, are manifested in proportion to the perfect physical development and activity of the brain. It unfolds unto us the intimate union which exists between the soul and the brain, but no more proves the mind or soul to result from its particular organization, than that the eye is sight, or the ear sound!

GEO. JOHNSON.

Sheffield, N. B.

PAY YOUR VOWS.—A clergyman took for his text the following words:—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord thy vows."—An Indian heard him attentively, and at the conclusion he stepped up to the parson and thus accosted him:—"I vow I'll go home with you, Mr. Minister."—"You must go then," replied the parson. The Indian afterwards vowed to have supper, and stay all night. "You may," replied the clergyman, "but *I* vow you shall go in the morning."

The Legacy.

The ministry of the Lord Jesus was nearly ended. The life of the man of Sorrows was about to close in a mysteriously agonizing death. His weary wanderings in search of the lost sheep of Israel had now brought him within the shadow of the cross. He stood upon the verge of that awful darkness into which, alone, he must enter to expiate the guilt of mankind. The powers of hell, who had fiercely opposed every step of his progress, had sounded the last alarm throughout the dominions of Satan, and summoned the reserves of perdition to crush the Messiah in this hour of agony. His human enemies, who had dogged him with preserving malignity throughout his ministry of mercy, were now close upon him. From the passover-table one of his chosen friends had stolen away to betray him, and the rest were ready to forsake and deny him in the hour of his extremity. Angels, gathering from their dwelling places in light and joy, saw with amazement the seat of mercy darkened with wrath, and the glittering sword of Jehovah's justice turned, not upon the enemies of Jesus, but upon himself. Alone he must contend with heaven, earth, and hell! Alone he must rise victorious, or death must reign eternal over the souls of men. With his sorrowing disciples he had left the city and turned toward the Mount of Olives. It was midnight, and the full-orbed moon threw a melancholy light upon Kedron and Gethsemane. It was his last hour for meditation and prayer. How sad, how awfully oppressive must have been the thoughts of that hour! The body sank under the suffering of the soul. Human nature was inadequate to sustain it, and the utmost mercy of Heaven could only send a cordial to enable him to *endure*.

The victim was prepared for the sacrifice; and, himself the high-priest, he was ready to go alone into the holy place, and sprinkle his blood upon the cross, and consecrate it forever the mercy-seat of the world! As the high-priest, upon the great day of atonement, put up a prayer, first for himself, then for his immediate family, and afterward for the nation, so Jesus prayed for himself, for his apostles, and for the Church.

It was then, amidst the affecting solemnities of the offering of his soul, that Jesus uttered the ever memorable words, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them;" and his "glory" from that moment became the "glory" of the followers of the Lamb. The word "glory" is the largest expression in human language. It is a cumulative term, in which are gathered indistinct conceptions of excellencies transcending accurate knowledge. It is used to express the grandeur, and holiness, and goodness of God, the sublime magnificence of his dwelling-place, the ultimate happiness of the redeemed of the Lord. In bequeathing his "glory," therefore, our Lord intended a gift too excellent for full conception—too precious to be estimated by any computation of value. The glory thus bequeathed was not the essential glory of the Godhead which our Lord "had with the Father before the world was." This was not the glory God had given him; for "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The glory bequeathed to his people was the glory which pertained to the incarnate Messiah—to the God manifest in the flesh—to the Son of Mary, born of the mysterious agency of the Holy Ghost."

This glory was not what the world calls such. Riches, sovereignity, warlike renown, were not the possessions of our Lord. He was poor and oppressed, and unresisting to injury; and his people have, in all ages of the world, been liable to poverty and oppression. The glory of the Church is a glory compared to which all worldly wealth, and power, and honour, is utterly insignificant. All these come at the last to be but gilding upon the funeral pall that covers man's corruption—but the glory which Jesus gave is life from the dead.

The glory of Jesus consisted partly in the relation which existed between him and the Father. He was the acknowledged son of God. Between him and the Mighty God there was the closest communion of love—the most perfect concert of will—the utmost unity of design. The peace of God flowed constantly in the mind of Jesus. The throbbings of Jehovah's love sent its pulse of benevolence uninterruptedly through his soul.—The Holy Ghost in unmeasured fulness dwelt in him: the wisdom of God was given to him; the strength of God was at hand to help him; the angels of God ministered to him; the resources of omnipotence were open to him; he asked what he would, and it was done for him; God covered him with the wing of his protection, gave him victory over all his enemies, raised him triumphantly from the dead, and crowned him with immortal honour and glory. All this, in such measure as we may be able to receive it, Jesus has bequeathed to us.

Jesus was the Son of God not nominally, nor by courtesy, but really and practically; and now to as many as receive him hath he given the privilege to become the sons of God. Now are we the sons of God, but when he shall appear we shall be like him; for the glory God has given him he hath given us. When he shall *appear*—mark the expression—not when he shall *come*. He is already with us. He dwells among his people, and presently he shall appear in the glory of his power, and they shall be like him—no more aliens from him. God looks upon us with the complaisant love with which he looked upon our Lord.

The advantages of our present relation to God, are, indeed, so unspeakably great as to deserve well to be called "glorious." The world is ours: for, as the stars shine, and the showers fall, and the sun pours his radiance upon the earth; for, as God's providence is exerted in all its wisdom and power; for as He shakes the nations and overthrows kings, and sets the humble upon thrones; for as He takes the cunning in his craftiness, and palsies the arm of the strong; for as He spans the guilty world, and holds back His vengeance until His elect have escaped to the city of refuge; for as the angels are ministers, Christ our elder brother, the Holy Spirit the comforter and guide, heaven the majestic, the beautiful, the happy, the eternal home—are not these possessions "glorious?" Does not the very thought of them sweep over the heart like a zephyr from heaven, and wake all its trembling strings to melody?

It is true that God's children enjoy no exemption from the ordinary ills of life. This world is not God's provision for the wants of our nature. It cannot satisfy a single permanent want of our nature. It can only meet the accidental wants which belong to this transitory state; those appetites which belong merely to this imperfect earthly life. The permanent nature, the intellectual man, the moral being, cannot be satisfied with wealth or honour, or sensual indulgence.—The experience of all who have preceded us agrees with the divine assurance, that he who loveth silver, and what silver may buy, shall not be satisfied with silver.

If we regard this life as a time of probation, and this world as a place of moral refinement and discipline, the results of which are to be held in such a preparation for eternal life as shall enable us fully to enjoy what God will provide as a satisfying portion, then we can readily understand why our heavenly Father does not indulge us in the pleasures, or overwhelm us with the cares of this world.

We are God's children; let us come into His family, afflicted with a most dangerous disease which pervades our whole system, bewildering our understanding, and benumbing our sensibilities, and poisoning our hearts, and begetting in us depraved tastes and unnatural appetites. God deals with us as we deal with our sick children, when we deny them the indulgences they crave, and administer to them the medicines they loathe. But he does so that he may save us from sin, and prepare us for eternal health and happiness. The glory of Jesus consisted, again, in the glory of His character. He was holy. No stain of sin was on His soul. No recollection of transgression flitted between His conscience and the approving smile of God. He was good. His heart was a fountain of loving kindness. No angry feeling, no impatient desire, no complaining murmur, no ambitious wish ever polluted that soul which, pure as the sea of glass before the throne, mirrored the moral glories of God. Upon His perfect humanity the rays of Godhead falling, as upon a denser medium, were refracted into all the separate perfections of Jehovah's glory, and thrown like a rainbow of hope over a death-stricken world!

Of this glory His people are partakers.—This is made their calling, glorious hope! To them comes down from heaven the inspiring invitation, Be ye holy as I am holy.

The glory of Jesus was the glory of triumph; and we can now do all things through Christ strengthening us. Over the world, the flesh, and the devil, he has given us to be *more* than conquerors. More than conquerors? Yes, as an old writer observes, for all these things shall not only be overcome, but made to fight on our side. Jesus triumphed over death. Scarcely had His enemies pealed their shout of triumph over the grave of Jesus than He came forth, leading death in chains, and thus bound. He has delivered him to His people. No more their terror, the monster is now their servant. For them He gently opens the escape-gate to heaven; and while with one cold hand He presses back sin and sorrow, and care, and every earthly evil, with the other He leads the redeemed of the Lord into the house of their Father!

"The glory Thou hast given Me, I have given them!"—*N. Y. Chris. Adv.*

The Deliberate Procrastinator—her Fate.

A young lady residing in the city of P——, was one day visited by her pastor. She was an only daughter—young and volatile; the admired of the admirers, the centre of attraction in the social circle, fond, lovely, gay, and fascinating. She often frequented the ball chamber. Her parents being wealthy every wish of her heart was gratified.

After the usual ceremonies, incident to a visit, the pastor asked the young lady about her soul, about God, and the judgment. A change suddenly came over her fair brow. She evidently did not like to converse upon such serious subjects. Still the man of God urged upon her the duty of becoming a Christian—of giving her heart to God. But she sat and received his advice in a very pensive mood. When about leaving, he asked her if she wished him to pray for her. She was silent. He knelt down and bore her on the wings of his prayer by faith before the throne of grace. And then, feeling that he could do no more at present, he left her.

Shortly after, she retired to her chamber. And in her musings the Holy Spirit deeply impressed upon her mind the solemn instructions she had just listened to. She was troubled. A dark cloud had come over her worldly vision. She felt the keen gnawings of an enlightened conscience. Something must be done; she could not bear this. She thought the subject over and over, and could not dismiss it from her mind without acting. She at last came to the conclusion that she would give her heart to God, but not *now*. She thought that about four years longer would suffice to remain in the service of sin and Satan, and accordingly made a resolution to that effect.

To satisfy herself, and make it binding upon her, she thought she would commit it to paper. The Bible and some writing materials lay on the table; she drew her chair up to them; opened the sacred volume, and placing her paper upon the pages of inspiration, she commenced penning down her resolution. It was as follows: "I hereby solemnly promise that in four years from this date I will give my heart to God." Then she attempted to sign her name, but her heart failed her, and she tore it up. Still her bosom heaved and throbbed with anxiety. She could not bear the idea of dying without yielding herself to God. She then wrote the words down again,—altering the time to four months. She made all her points, crossed her t's, dotted her i's. But just as she was pressing her pen down on the paper to write her name, her heart again failed her, and she likewise destroyed it. A third was commenced—changing the time to four weeks. This she signed. The thought of what she had done drove the flush of health from her cheek, and the spark of intellect from her eye. She sat silent and statue-like for a long time. And not appearing at the family board, her mother went to her room to learn the cause. As she opened the door and saw her pale and ghastly looking child, she exclaimed:

"What's the matter, daughter; are you sick?"

"No, mother," was the pensive reply.

Being unable to gain any satisfactory reasons from her, she sent for the pastor. He came; and they both talked, and prayed, and wept with her. But she was still silent. At last she pointed them to the Bible and said:

"I have sealed my doom—have done it calmly and deliberately."

O, what pangs must have rent those hearts as they discovered the fatal resolution, written and signed!

The daughter never recovered from the shock. She pined away rapidly. At the expiration of the four weeks—the time she was going to give her heart to God—her broken hearted father and mother followed her cold form to the silent tomb.

Comment is unnecessary. It carries with it its own fearful warning. It is a dangerous thing to postpone what you know to be right, and what ought to be done now, to some future period. To do this, is solemn insult offered to Him in whose hand your breath is. It is as much as to say, "I *will* have the pleasures of sin so much longer. I *will* reject Christ and his claims so much longer. I *will* resist the Holy Spirit so much longer, and then I will become a child of God."

O, sinner, boast not thyself of to-morrow! trifle not with sacred things!—*N. Y. Baptist Register.*

Jacob's Well.

Oh, Thou, who, once "wearied sat thus on the well,"
Thou camest our sorrows and griefs to dispel,
Though thyself was't the fountain of life from above,
Humanity's form, thou assumed in love:
How true, are thy counsels!
How sure, thy blest word!
Nor aught but thy precepts
Can comfort afford.

Whene'er like Samaria's daughter,—we come,
To draw at earth's cistern,—we find there is none,—
There is naught can replenish, with lasting supply;
No draught to refresh, but must speedily die!
Be nigh, then, blest Saviour!
To teach and impart,
Cause the life-giving well—
To spring up in our heart!

Oh "satiate the weary," "the sorrowful soul,"
Speak "peace," that shall silence, shall comfort control,
Diffuse of thy Spirit, the water of life—
Fix the well-spring within, it shall terminate strife,
And lead to thyself,—
To thy word here below,
Then point to the final abode of the blest,
Where the wearied and way-worn forever may rest.

A.

Guysborough, July 18th, 1853.

The Home of Popery.

The priests have everything to their desire in Naples. The king, queen, government—the systems of religious instruction, and of education, are entirely in their hands. And so it has been for ages. Naples, with all its institutions, is in the hands of the priests, as the clay is in the hands of the potter; and here is the place where, without let or hindrance, Popery has had the grandest opportunity of showing its tendencies, and producing its fruits.—And what are its influences and fruits, as seen in the religious and moral state of the people?

The moment you place your foot on the quay of Naples, you feel at once that you have landed in a city of beggars. You meet them on landing; they dog you to the custom-house; to your carriage; to your hotel. They meet you in the streets, and if you give away a few coppers they swarm around you. You see them in groups upon all the quays, around all the churches, in all the public squares, and in all kinds of mutilation and rags. They sleep in the markets, or on the steps, or in the porches of the churches; and in the city of Naples there are said to be thirty thousand and upwards of the most beggarly-looking beggars to be seen in the world. And yet, every thing you see in the shape or dress of a priest, save the wretched-looking mendicant monks, are clothed in fine black cloth, and fine linen, and silk stockings, and shining shoe-buckles, and look as if they fared sumptuously every day. The priests of Naples are the most sleek, rotund, joyous, well-fed, self-satisfied, set of looking men I ever saw. They look and act as if they were in clover. Somehow or other, priests and beggars swarm together. Where is an exception?

Naples is a city of ignorance. There are humane and charitable institutions there, but there is no system of education that has in view the masses. None of those swarming beggars can read. Such is the fact as to the tier of people above the beggars. The merest moiety of the people know how to read. There is a college for the sons of the aristocracy, whose students wear a military uniform; there are schools where at great expense, the children of the wealthy may be instructed. But nothing is done for the instruction of the people. There are neither "godless" nor godly schools there. Hence, Naples is an ignorant city. Somehow or other, priests and ignorance are always found together. Where the priests wield the influence, the masses are in ignorance. Where is an exception?

Naples is a wicked city. We collected statistics in proof of this, but we cannot here state them. But the evidences of this wickedness you meet everywhere. So numerous are crosses, virgins, pictures of Christ, lighted candles and other Papal emblems, and so much external reverence is paid to these things, that a stranger might infer there is much goodness there. But when you see men bowing to the Virgin, and swearing at the same time—gambling under a picture of Christ in agony on the cross; drinking, dancing and carousing in the presence of a box with a glass door, containining an image of Mary and bambino with a candle burning before it; when you see priests in shovel hats, and monks with ropes around their loins playing cards in the open streets, what further evidence do you need of a wicked and corrupt city? If the pious and the priests do so, what must be the conduct of the sinful and the common people? And the true state of the case is such as to sustain any inference we may draw. Where the priests wield the influence, the masses of the people are wicked. Where is an exception?

Of the gross superstition of Naples, what can we say? You see the proof of it everywhere. You see it in the processions of the host to the chambers of the dying; in their general processions; in the multiplication of emblems of worship; in the miserable miraculous juggle as to the blood of St. Januarius, a cheat practised by the priests on the people three or four times a year! I was in the cathedral church of this saint on "St. John's day," which is a high day in Italy. There was high mass going on at the altar, at which three cardinals were serving. A servitor handed his censer to another, and stepping down from the altar offered his services. We went to the tomb of the saint under the altar—to the little chapel where the blood liqueties, and as the man in livery explained it with an air more of incredulity than of belief, I could not help muttering, *shame, shame!* If priests here will strive to explain the sentence of the Madiai in Tuscany so as to turn away its sharp point from Popery and its priests, what explanation will they attempt of the cheat as to the blood of St. Januarius? If they say it is a true miracle, the country will be in a broad laugh; if they admit it to be what it is, a most gross imposition, what follows? Priests and gross superstition go together Where is an exception? Surely not where they have all things to their liking.

Naples is most despotically governed.

The king is a despot, and the priests are his tools and his spies. The prisons are filled with prisoners, among whom are the noblest and truest men of the country. The old Bourbon "*lettres de cachet*," in all their terrible and concealed despotism, are revived; and with the charge, trial, or notice, the very salt of the people are torn from their families, and confined in the most noisome and deadly dungeons. The awful revelations of Gladstone in his "Two letters to the Earl of Aberdeen," will not soon be forgotten by the world. The present fearful despot granted a constitution—then revoked it—and then cast into prison, and into felons' graves, the persons that formed it, and sustained it by his command. Cardinals and bishops have written politcal catechisms, and they are taught by the priests of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which teach that all liberally-minded persons are eternally lost; that the people can establish no fundamental laws, as all such laws must flow from the sovereign; that the people, who are made for submission, can impose no laws upon a sovereign; that a sovereign is not bound to keep his oath when he thinks it good to violate it, and that the pope can absolve, when necessary, from the obligation of an oath, and from the crime of violating it. With a catechism like this, written by cardinals and bishops, taught by the priest in all the schools, and fully believed by a Bourbon prince, we leave it to our readers to infer what must be the freedom enjoyed, or the despotism felt, by the people of Naples. Priests and despotism go together.

And yet, in view of the Pope and his priests, the king of Naples is the model king, and his kingdom the model kingdom of the world. He is the monarch of the earth, whom Pio Nino most delights to honour.—Nor is there a model after which the Pope and his priests would more gladly mould our own happy republic, were it in their power, than the kingdom of Naples. The apologists for the Duke of Tuscany, in the case of the Madiai, would be the advocates of Ferdinand.

O, the blessings, civil, social and religious, in reserve for our country, when priests are in power here as they are in Naples!—*Kirwan in the New York Observer.*

William Hone's Recollection of John Wesley.

The following extract from a brief memoir of the late William Hone, for many years a noted infidel, is not only interesting in itself, but conveys a lesson which parents and guardians would do well to meditate.—*(London) Watchman.*

The account he (William Hone) at different times gave me of his conversion, began with that of his early unbelief, and the causes of it. His father was an Independent Dissenter, and brought him up very strictly, unfortunately too strictly—the ordinary penance for a slight fault being to get by heart a chapter in the Bible. On one occasion, being sent to get his task, sitting on the garret stairs, he threw the book from him down the whole flight, saying, "When I am my own master I will never open you." "And alas!" said he, "I kept my word but too well; for thirty years I never looked into it."

"My father and his friends," said he, "were in the habit of speaking much and bitterly of John Wesley. They frequently called him a child of the devil. I had a most terrific idea of this child of the devil. Being under six years old, I went to a dame school to learn my book, and be out of harm's way. My dame was a very staid and pious old woman; she was very fond of me, and I was always good with her, though naughty enough at home. She lived in one room, a large underground kitchen; we went down a flight of steps to it. Her bed was always neatly turned up in one corner. There was a large kitchen grate and in cold weather always a good fire in it, by which she sat, in an old carved wooden arm-chair, with a small round table before her, on which lay a large Bible open, on one side, and on the other a birch rod.—Of the Bible she made great use, of the rod very little; but with fear we always looked upon it. There, on low wooden benches, books in hand, sat her little scholars. We all loved her, I most of all, and I was often allowed to sit on a little stool by her side. I was happier there than anywhere. I think I see her now, that placid old face, with her white hair turned up over a high cushion, and a clean neat cap on the top of it—all so clean, so tidy, so peaceful. I was happy there.

One morning I was told I was not to go to school. I was miserable, naughty, disagreeable; cried to go to my dame; it was a dark day to me. The next day I got up hoping to go to school; but no, I might not; and then they told me she was ill, and then I cried the more from grief; it was my first sorrow. That day, too, passed in tears, and I cried myself to sleep. Next morning everybody was so tired of me that the servant was told to take me to her. As we approached the house all was so still, it gave me an awful feeling that all was not right. The kitchen door was shut; the seryant tapped, and a girl opened it; no scholars, no benches, the bed let down and curtained, the little round table covered with a clean white cloth, and on it something unintelligible, covered up with another. 'Here is master William, he would come,' said my bearer; and a low hollow voice from the bed said, 'Let him stay, he will be good.' There lay my dame; how altered! Death on her face; but I loved her all the same. My little stool was placed near her bolster, and I sat down in silence.

"Presently she said to the maid, 'Is he coming?' The maid went to the window and said, 'No.' Again the same question, and the same answer. Who could it be? I wondered in silence, and felt overawed.—At last there was a double knock at the house door above, and the maid said, joyfully, 'O, madam, Mr. Wesley is come!'—Then I was to see this child of the devil! I crept to the window; I could only see a pair of black legs with great silver buckles. The door was opened, steps came down the kitchen stairs, each step increasing my terror. I saw the black legs—then came in a venerable old man, with, as it seemed to me, the countenance of an angel, shining silver hair waving on his shoulders, with a beautiful, fair, and fresh complexion, and the sweetest smile! This then was the child of the devil! He went up to the bed—I trembled for my poor dame, but he took her hand, and spoke so kindly to her, and my dame seemed so glad! He looked at me and said something; she said, 'He is a good boy—he will be quite quiet.'

After much talk, he uncovered the table, and I saw the bread and wine, as I had often seen it at my father's chapel, and then he knelt down and prayed. I do not say *I* prayed, but I was awfully impressed and quite still After it was over he turned to me, laid his hand on my head, and said, 'God bless you, my child, and make you a good man.' Was this a child of the devil? I never saw Mr. Wesley again. My dame died; but from that hour I never believed anything my father said, or anything I heard at chapel. I felt, though I could not have expressed it, how wicked such enmity was between Christians, and so I lost all confidence in my good father, and in all his religious friends, and so in all religion."

Christian Watchfulness.

1. *We should watch against self-deception.*—Not a few there are in all our Churches who are self-deceived, and vainly imagine they are on their way to heaven. They have never evangelically repented of their sins, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls. The light that is in them is darkness, and therefore how great is that darkness! There is no correspondence, but direct disagreement, between their professions and their practice. Failing to produce in their lives the fruits which are the scriptural test-virtues of a life of godliness, they must be regarded as self-deceived, trusting for salvation in "a refuge of lies." Fearful to such characters are these solemn words of Holy writ:—"Be not *deceived*; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. vi. 7–8.

2 *We should watch against unbelief.*—Unbelief is a most fearful sin, and has proved the ruin of hundreds and thousands who once enjoyed the religion of Jesus, and tasted of the good word of life. With many Christians, perhaps most of them, unbelief is "the well circumstanced sin," or "the sin which doth so easily beset them." Let us, kind reader, watch against this enemy of our peace and comfort, and never be satisfied till the least and last remains of it are expelled from our hearts. So dishonouring is this sin to God and his glorious perfections, and so chilling to the life of God in the soul, that the apostle Paul exhorted his Hebrew brethren to take heed, lest there might be in any of them "an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.—Heb. iii, 12.

3. *We should watch against formality.*—Unless we pray much and fervently, and have the sacred fire of love burning warmly and brightly upon the altar of the heart, there is a great tendency to a dull and lifeless formality, even in our most solemn devotions. We should watch this point.—"This people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their *heart* far from me."

4. *We should watch against pride.*—Pride seems to be nearly the last principle which yields before the triumphant march of grace in the human soul. It is so interwoven into the very texture of our being, that its existence in the heart, in some degree, is not incompatible with even a state of acceptance with God. Sanctification, or "holiness perfected in the fear of God," can alone destroy its root in the heart. How many have made "shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience" by a failure to observe Christian watchfulness in regard to pride, as to its manifestations in their persons, gifts, accomplishments, dress, style of living, &c. Watch against this foe of your happiness, Christian reader, and mortify the deeds of the body

5. *We should watch against anger.*—This is the besetting sin of thousands of even those who profess to enjoy the Christain religion, and will be the cause of the ruin of multitudes of professors at the last. Sinful tempers and true religion can never exist together; they are eternally opposite; all anger must be given up, before the mild and lamb like spirit of Christianity can dwell permanently in the heart. Reader, it may be, that unholy temper of yours has planted many a thorn in your happiness, and cast many a stain on your conscience. Heed the word of God, for it speaks to you pointedly; "Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in anywise to do evil."—Ps. xxxvii. 8. Watch, then, this adversary of your soul.

6. *We should watch against evil-speaking.*—Evil-speaking is one of the leading characteristic sins of the Church. It claims an alarming universality. In fearful results and moral enormity, this sin is scarcely equalled by any of the prominent evils which darken and stain the Christain character. How many of this type of professing Christians there are in every branch of Christ's Church, who are the source of endless strifes