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WHOLE No. 646.

Religious Miscellany.

Our one Life.

Thou art not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here;—
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have not time to sport away the hours.
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream;
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.
Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gales;
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.
Oh, life below! how brief, and poor and sad!
One heavy sigh.
Oh, life above! how long, how fair, and glad!
An endless joy.
Oh! to be done with daily dying here!
Oh! to begin the living in yon sphere.
Oh, day of time, how dark! Oh, sky and earth,
How dull your hue!
Oh, day of Christ, how bright! Oh, sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green!
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

Home Life of Sir T. F. Buxton.

We turn now with pleasure from the agitations of public life, from scenes of conflict and struggle, to contemplate the subject of this memoir in the peaceful retirement of home.

A pleasant picture illustrative of this, is here given by his biographer.

"Once at rest in the retirement of Cromer Hall, Mr. Buxton began to lose the grave and earnest expression which usually marked his countenance while under the heavy pressure of business in town; not that the autumn was spent wholly in recreation—on the contrary, his studies, chiefly bearing upon public objects, were assiduously pursued. He generally passed the latter part of the evenings alone in his study, frequently remaining there to a very late hour.

"Cromer Hall was often filled with an easy, social party, but he had no wish to extend his circle much beyond his own relatives, and the families in the immediate neighborhood. He had no taste for society of a more formal, and, as he thought, insipid character; nor did he find much pleasure in conversation, though at table he would usually entertain the party by his playfulness of manner, and by his store of anecdotes, which he could tell with much force and spirit. He took great pains in providing amusements for the younger members of the circle. There is much picturesque scenery around Cromer, and large parties were often collected for excursions.

"At home, also, he was energetic in setting on foot amusements for his young friends, such as acting, charades, Christmas games, or amusing readings. At one time, a family newspaper was started, which appeared once a week; and great was the interest excited in reading the various contributions, grave and gay, which every one sent in. Sometimes he would give a list of poets, from whose works the juvenile part of the circle were to learn by heart, and examinations were held, with valuable books for prizes.

"Of Mr. Buxton's power over the minds of those about him, drawing them out and inciting them to action, we have the following testimony of one who was a frequent guest in the family circle:

"I wish I could describe the impression made upon me by the extraordinary power of interesting and stimulating others, possessed by Sir Fowell Buxton some thirty years ago. In my own case, it was like having power of thinking, powers of feeling, and, above all, the love of true poetry, suddenly aroused within me, which, though I may have possessed them before, were till then unused. From 'Locking' good, 'Understanding,' to 'William of Wyndham' good at last, he woke up in me the sleeping principle of taste, and in giving me such objects of pursuit, has added immeasurably to the happiness of my life."

For the benefit of the young with whom he associated, Mr. Buxton wrote a collection of favorite maxims. A few of these, copied from a rough manuscript, give an idea of his character.

"Mankind in general mistake difficulties for impossibilities. That is the difference between those who effect and those who do not."
"Burke—'The more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing.'"
"Plato—'Better eat in acts than principles.'"
"Idleness the greatest profligacy."
"The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given."
"My experience is, that men of great talents are apt to do nothing, for want of vigor."
"Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm?—he will do little. It is there one who will conquer?—that kind of man never fails."
"Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—some iron in you."
"But it is not hard to imagine that the very presence of the master of Cromer Hall was diffusive of happiness, so thorough was his own enjoyment at these periods of relaxation. He well improved his retirement from public duties, in exercises which gave vigor to the frame and elasticity to the mind."
"No Arab," says his biographer, "ever took greater delight in horses than Mr. Buxton; and several of his favorites, especially John Bull, Abraham and Jerome, were renowned for their strength and beauty."

Religious Intelligence.

Of one of these, an anecdote may be here related in his own words, as told to his private secretary.

"Poor old Abraham," he said, "was the finest horse I ever had in my life. At the time when George the Fourth was very unpopular, I was riding through St. James's Park, just as the king passed, surrounded by an immense mob. The shouts and groans and yellings were terrific, and there was I, wedged in among the multitude, in the midst of noises which might have frightened the most courageous animal. 'But my noble steed pricked up his ears, distended his nostrils, curved his neck, and stood immovable. The next day came the Marquis of —, to endeavour to buy my horse. I said that I did not wish to sell him, that he was a great favorite of mine, and perfectly suited my purpose. Nothing daunted, the Marquis held his ground, made me first one offer and then another, and at last told me that he was not endeavoring to buy the horse for himself, but was authorized to go as far as £500 for a friend. 'The fact is, Mr. Buxton, said he, 'it is the king who has sent me to buy your horse, and I hope you will refuse to sell him to His Majesty.' This took me aback, but I had made up my mind; so in the politest manner possible, with many apologies and regrets, I maintained my ground, and so the matter ended. What I meant, though I didn't think it exactly civil to say so, was, 'You may tell His Majesty that I'm happy to hear that he's so fond of a good horse, but so am I; and having got one, I mean to keep him.'"

The bodily strength gained by a generous use of outdoor exercises, was found available in more than one of the sudden emergencies of which life is so full. Mr. Buxton's house was but a quarter of a mile from the sea-shore, and wrecks were frequent. The rumor of a vessel in danger, always brought him quickly to the spot. On one occasion, he saved the life of a drowning sailor, at the imminent risk of his own.

The sea was so tremendous that no boat could reach the ship—the oldest fisherman stood in silent awe, as the craft was dashed to pieces before their eyes, her crew strewn upon the waves. Mr. Buxton caught sight of a sailor struggling at the top of a wave. He dashed at once into the surf, seized the drowning man, and though but barely escaping being drawn out into the deep, by the strength of the retiring billow, succeeded in struggling against it till, by the aid of a rope, both were drawn ashore nearly dead.

Another feature of the home life at Cromer Hall was the religious influence exerted upon the neighborhood. On Sabbath evenings, his large dining-room was wont to be filled with a miscellaneous assembly, composed of "fishermen and other neighbours," joining in the devotions of the family, and listening to his "brief but well-digested comments" upon the Scriptures.

To promote the welfare of his poor neighbors was his constant care; gratifying them with small favors, as well as benefiting them in weightier matters. Proofs of their regard for him were not wanting. Having gone one day to the Magistrate's meeting, to speak to Lord Sheffield, he found himself, on coming out, surrounded by a crowd of people, one of whom addressed him as "the poor man's magistrate."

God not in the House.

A Scottish laborer went to work for a wealthy farmer. It was regarded as something of a favor to be employed by him, as he was a prompt and liberal paymaster, and had everything about his farm in order. The Scotchman remained with him only a few days. "You have left Mr. Runyan," said a neighbor.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Was the work too hard?"

"No."

"Wages too low?"

"No."

"Why did you leave, then?"

"God was not in the house," and he went on his way, leaving his questioner to ponder on the strange answer.

Family worship was not known under Mr. Runyan's roof; not was there a single praying member in his family. The laborer did not like to live under such a roof. He did not like to be even for a season, a member of such a family.

"Of how many houses in our happy land can it be said in truth, God is not in the house? The house may be spacious, elegant, furnished with every comfort and convenience, but God is not in it. There are none in that house to thank Him for the blessings bestowed upon them. There are none there to serve and honor Him."

A Doubting Heart.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoners they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below,
The soft white emerald snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days:
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wade the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Encouragement for the Diffusion of the Bible.

On the establishment of a National Bible Society in Holland, the British and Foreign Bible Society promised the sum of five hundred pounds, besides a liberal offer of Bibles and Testaments. When this grant offer was made, in the presence of three of the wealthiest citizens of Amsterdam, one of them stood forth, another one exclaimed with astonishment, and the third exclaimed, "The English are a pattern to all nations." In 1819, in the town of Hoorn in Holland, scarcely a single servant could be found without the Scriptures, and the large hall of the Alma House, formerly filled with disgraced mobs, now resounded with hymns of praise. School masters in Zepp, were ordered not to let a day pass without reading a chapter to the children, "for the Bible places every one in the sphere where he ought to be, it is itself the best rule, the most faithful counselor, and the safest refuge."

In 1824, in the Netherlands, a certain day in October was appointed throughout the whole kingdom to offer, at six o'clock in the evening, prayers and supplications to God for the success of the circulation of the Bible. The Dutch society in 1821 furnished the Scriptures to all the sufferers by a dreadful inundation that occurred in the country, and a very active marine Bible society was formed. The Bible is indeed a Divine legacy to the human race.

In Germany, rationalism had taken the place of Divine revelation. Then it was that the agents of the Bible society began to spread the Word of God without note or comment, as the most powerful of all means for stemming the tide of theology. The Rev. Dr. Schwabe describes the tract of country through which the retreating and pursuing armies had passed, the ruined villages, the lost Bibles, the scattered schools, the churches even left without the Scriptures necessary to the performance of Divine worship. He describes the Bible society at Erfurt, the locality of Luther's monastery, well supplied with Bibles, but where the destitution was then great. Among the mines of Salfeld, children came to bring him, with tears of joy, the whole little treasure they had gained by picking over, in exchange for a Bible. A poor German workman brought fifteen silver groshes to the clergyman whose ministry he attended, saying it was his "little all," but that he felt bound to offer to the Bible Society, in gratitude for that excellent book, which he had received from it the year before.

On the establishment of a Bible Society in Prussia, the first clergyman who presented a Bible in his right hand, and represented with striking eloquence the floods of infidelity and wickedness, the ravages of war, and the general misery under which the Prussians had suffered for so many years. A minister of a village in Switzerland says: since that excellent law has fallen into disuse, which compelled every couple to produce their Bible at the altar, many families are without it. I was singularly struck, says another correspondent, with your idea of introducing young children to assist in founding the Bible Society. It is for two young orphans that I desire this favour, and I will take care to instil into their minds that having been rescued from the years of weakness and infancy, they are bound to devote to its service those of maturity and strength.

The formation of the Swedish Bible Society produced such joy in the hearts of the people that when Sweden had been forced to make peace with France, in 1812, and to declare war against England, and the usual war-prayer was read in all the churches, the people enquired who their enemies; and being informed that the English were intended, "No, no," they exclaimed, "the English are not our enemies. They are our best friends. They sent us corn to sow our lands when we had consumed our revenue; they sent us medicine and blankets for our sick and wounded; and more than all they have sent us the Bible." They said they could not use that war-prayer, and it was accordingly discontinued. The example of Sweden soon extended to the sister kingdom of Norway. Oddur, the son of a bishop of Holm in Iceland, was educated in Norway, and shared in the sensation which the doctrines of the Reformation produced through the north of Europe. We are told that for three nights, on his knees, he sought the Father of Light to open the eyes of his understanding, and show him whether the principles of Rome or of Luther were from heaven, and afterwards repairing to Germany, he attended the lectures of Luther and Melancthon.

On his return to Iceland he entered upon a translation of the Scriptures, and to avoid persecution commenced his labors in a small well-lighted room. He completed a version of the New Testament in 1539, but finding it impossible from the force of public opinion to print it in Iceland, he sailed for Denmark, and published it under the patronage of King Christian III. This edition has been called a faithful mirror of Luther's German version. The population of Iceland at this period consisting of forty-six thousand persons able to read, almost without exception, had among them but forty or fifty Bibles. In the year 1845 another edition of five thousand extra Testaments led the press for Iceland. Rev. E. Henderson writes, on his voyage thither, "our vessel is freighted with Bibles for the needy inhabitants of Iceland, and also with the bread of life—the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Wherever he went he was welcomed. The ardour of the people to obtain a copy of the Holy Scriptures was excessive; they really hungered and thirsted after the Word of God. At the house of the Dean of Iceland, he saw a Bible of the former days; it was a folio edition, nearly devoured by the tooth of time, but the defective pages had been all neatly pasted up, and the text supplied in the most accurate manner, in a hand-writing which would have done honour to any schoolmaster in Europe. It was the work of a common scribe. Mr. H. underwent many trials on this journey. He forced on horseback upwards of sixty rivers, flowing cold from the snow and ice mountains, he travelled for five successive days without seeing any village, and he was obliged to sleep in the open air, with scarcely a bit of glass to relieve the eye, or the note of a bird to charm the ear, but he had a delightful companion in a

Danish officer, and he was carrying the Lamp of Life to those who longed for its light. He descended from the mountains into the beautiful valley of Eyfjord, and in that neighbourhood a Bergman who had been seeking in vain for a Bible for the long period of seven years! They passed through a parish, in which there were only two Bibles, and another in which there were none at all. It was then fifty years since the last supply of Bibles had arrived in Iceland! "Where I have come," he says, "I have been welcomed as an angel from heaven. The people often asked me whether old king George had sent them the Bibles; and then I told them of the Bible Society and the spirit it was diffusing in every quarter of the world." "It is the word of God," was the reply they frequently gave; and they often recited some passage relative to the diffusion of the knowledge of the Lord in the latter day. So interesting are the religious annals of this people that we scarcely know where to cease quoting them.—*Ex. Pop.*

Experience of London Missionaries.

At a recent Wesleyan Home Missionary meeting, held in London, a missionary engaged in laboring among the teeming myriads of the Spitzbergen population, delivered an address so full of most interesting and valuable facts as to the spiritual destitution of that part of the metropolis, that we cannot refrain from quoting a portion of it. He said, "that he was not present as a counsel to plead, but simply as a witness to give evidence. He had not to preach to the sable sons of Africa, but to men and women with bodies black with filth, and hearts black with guilt; not to do with the castles of India, but with the outcasts of London; not to grapple with heathen mythology, but with men who worshipped no God, who never bowed the knee to Jehovah, and who never uttered his name save with blasphemies; not to decipher the thousand characters of the Chinese language, but to preach to London thieves who spoke a language peculiar to themselves." In narrating some of his adventures in the dark regions of London, Mr. Ewer said, "that there were hundreds of mothers who did not know how to wash their babies, dress their babies, cook their food, or mend their clothes. He had frequently met with women who had been glad to get rid of their children by death. And to show the miserable wages paid to women by the metropolitan stop-shops, he said: 'Numbers of them are employed in making match-boxes at 2½ pence per gross, superfine trowsers at 10 pence a pair, boots are bound for 1½ pence per pair.' He has often held, not 'midnight,' but 'mid-day meetings' for unfortunates, when 'the temples throbbed, the heart ached, and consciences spoke; and twelve of them had been rescued from the streets, and many more were as thirty thieves, with two or three bulldozers, but he had never been insulted. 'There was a door to every man's heart, and these poor wretches felt as others felt, and love as others love, when kindly treated.'

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The day itself was more beautiful, if anything, than the finest which we have been favored since our arrival in Port Royal. Early in the morning the rebel gunboats took up the position which they had occupied on other days at the entrance of the bay, while as many as seven larger river steamers coming from behind the headlands, passed backward and forward in the offing, occasionally approaching the fortifications on either side, and communicating by means of a row boat with those on shore. Some of these vessels had brought reinforcements from Charleston, but the larger number were crowded with excursionists from all the country, who had come to witness the utter humiliation of the "Yankees," and the destruction of their fleet. At 9 o'clock the fleet was signalled from the Wabash to raise anchor, and in rather more than half an hour afterwards all the vessels were in motion. They moved slowly toward the land, intently feeling the way with the sounding line, arranged in two columns, of which the first was led by the flag-ship and the second by the Bienville. The first column comprised the Wabash, Squibbana, Molokai, Semolee, Pawnee, Unadilla, Ottawa, Pontchar, and Vandalia. In the second column were the gunboats Paganin, Augusta, Curlew, Seneca, and H. L. Forbes, followed in the track of the Bienville. Sufficient force was given each vessel, in order that the first of one column might not interfere with the operation of the other. It was well understood that the Commodore intended to fight at close quarters, and the fact intensified the interest every body felt in the approaching conflict. As the fleet moved majestically on toward the fort, the few minutes consumed in getting within range of the batteries seemed dreadful long to the spectators, who watched in deep suspense the commencement of the fight. At length, precisely at five minutes before 10 o'clock, the Bay Point Battery opened its fire upon the Wabash, and that at Hilton Head followed within a second. The ships were then nearly midway between the hostile guns, and scarcely within range. For a minute they made no reply; but presently the Wabash began. Then grandly she poured forth her massive sides a terrible rain of metal, which fell with frightful rapidity upon either shore. The other vessels were not slow in following her example, and the battle was fairly begun. From my point of observation, on board the Atlantic, which was taken as close to the combatants as was consistent with safety, in order that Gen. Sherman might witness the proceedings, it was apparent that only a few of the shells, which at first were the only projectiles used, burst within the fortifications. The guns had too great an elevation, and their iron messengers were crashing among the tree tops a mile or two beyond the batteries. The same was the case with the rebels, whose shells passed between the forts and shore, and did not follow the example, and the battle was fairly begun.

Revival Meetings in Braemar.

Lord Radstock gave an address in the Free Church of Braemar on the evening of Sabbath last. Mr. Hamilton Magill, of the U. P. Church of Glasgow, and several Free Church ministers, took part in the proceedings. Clergymen and laymen of various denominations have of late delivered addresses in the same place, among others, Rev. E. A. Curlew, of St. Dunstan's, London; Rev. Henry Venn of the Church Missionary Society; Rev. George Lee, Curlew's Church, Birmingham; and Major Strathof, Cheltenham, of the Church of England; Rev. R. McDonald, North Leith; Rev. H. N. Williamson, Huntly; Rev. J. O. Dykes, East Kilbride; Rev. John Milne, Perth; Colonel Davidson, Edinburgh; and Professor Dickie, Aberdeen, of the Free Church; Rev. Dr. Patterson, Kirkwall, of the U. P. Church, and Col. Ramsay of the Establish-

ment of Church. The work of revival seems to be still going on throughout the district.

General Miscellany.

The Naval Expedition.

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The day itself was more beautiful, if anything, than the finest which we have been favored since our arrival in Port Royal. Early in the morning the rebel gunboats took up the position which they had occupied on other days at the entrance of the bay, while as many as seven larger river steamers coming from behind the headlands, passed backward and forward in the offing, occasionally approaching the fortifications on either side, and communicating by means of a row boat with those on shore. Some of these vessels had brought reinforcements from Charleston, but the larger number were crowded with excursionists from all the country, who had come to witness the utter humiliation of the "Yankees," and the destruction of their fleet. At 9 o'clock the fleet was signalled from the Wabash to raise anchor, and in rather more than half an hour afterwards all the vessels were in motion. They moved slowly toward the land, intently feeling the way with the sounding line, arranged in two columns, of which the first was led by the flag-ship and the second by the Bienville. The first column comprised the Wabash, Squibbana, Molokai, Semolee, Pawnee, Unadilla, Ottawa, Pontchar, and Vandalia. In the second column were the gunboats Paganin, Augusta, Curlew, Seneca, and H. L. Forbes, followed in the track of the Bienville. Sufficient force was given each vessel, in order that the first of one column might not interfere with the operation of the other. It was well understood that the Commodore intended to fight at close quarters, and the fact intensified the interest every body felt in the approaching conflict. As the fleet moved majestically on toward the fort, the few minutes consumed in getting within range of the batteries seemed dreadful long to the spectators, who watched in deep suspense the commencement of the fight. At length, precisely at five minutes before 10 o'clock, the Bay Point Battery opened its fire upon the Wabash, and that at Hilton Head followed within a second. The ships were then nearly midway between the hostile guns, and scarcely within range. For a minute they made no reply; but presently the Wabash began. Then grandly she poured forth her massive sides a terrible rain of metal, which fell with frightful rapidity upon either shore. The other vessels were not slow in following her example, and the battle was fairly begun. From my point of observation, on board the Atlantic, which was taken as close to the combatants as was consistent with safety, in order that Gen. Sherman might witness the proceedings, it was apparent that only a few of the shells, which at first were the only projectiles used, burst within the fortifications. The guns had too great an elevation, and their iron messengers were crashing among the tree tops a mile or two beyond the batteries. The same was the case with the rebels, whose shells passed between the forts and shore, and did not follow the example, and the battle was fairly begun.

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Agas of the United States.

1907—Virginia, by the English.
1613—New York, by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts, by the Puritans.
1624—New Jersey by the Dutch.
1628—Delaware, by the Swedes and Fins.
1633—Maryland, by the Irish Catholics.
1636—Rhode Island, by Roger Williams.
1636—North Carolina, by the English.
1670—South Carolina, by the English.
1682—Pennsylvania, by William Penn.
1732—Georgia, by Oglethorpe.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION.

1792—Vermont. 1836—Michigan.
1792—Kentucky. 1836—Arkansas.
1796—Tennessee. 1845—Florida.
1802—Ohio. 1846—Texas.
1811—Louisiana. 1846—Iowa.
1816—Indiana. 1848—Wisconsin.
1816—Mississippi. 1850—California.
1818—Illinois. 1858—Minnesota.
1819—Alabama. 1858—Oregon.
1820—Maine. 1861—Kansas.
1822—Missouri.

A Word to others.

Consider thy religious duty to take outdoor exercise, without fail, each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. O, I know all about "Lucy's gown that is not finally set," and "Tommy's jacket," and even his coat, his buttonless coat thrown into your lap, as if to