

tionary body acts instantly like a dam suddenly interposed in a cataract; the pressure bears down with increasing force, and the resisting power must give way.

I cannot stop to tell you of Auld Røekie, (Edinburgh,) where I waited hours in the hot sun to see her Majesty land, but she did not. The next day she took the magistrates and citizens by surprise, and was in their capital ere some of them were out of bed, nor yet can I tarry to speak of the "banks and braces o' bonnie Doon," nor of the Trosachs, the scenes of the Lady of the Lake, nor of the Highlands—I enjoyed them all, and then hastened over to Ireland, and travelled from Derry to Cork, by Dublin, Limerick, and the Lakes of Killarney. I looked carefully into the condition of this wonderful people. They are a problem in society yet to be solved. Perhaps something concerning them will reach you from another direction.

We went to the north of Germany by way of Hamburg, up the Elbe to Magdebourg, thence on to Berlin. Here I found a splendid capital built in the midst of sandy plains, rich and prosperous, all created by the genius of one man, Frederick the Great. I endeavoured to study his character and genius as I rambled over his palaces and grounds at Potsdam, and looked upon the graves of his horses and dogs near his summer-house, covered with marble, and inscribed with their proper names. He desired to be buried among them: and why not? I would rather lie there in the sweet summer garden than under the cold marble church-floor. But why not be buried as the Romans were, and the clean calcined bones be deposited in the family columbarium, inclosed in a neat little urn? I have felt favourable to this since I descended into the family tomb of Augustus at Rome, and saw 1500 thus dwelling together quietly, each with his own inscription.

We sojourned in the gay luxurious capital of Austria, crossed the mountains of Styria, sailed over the Adriatic, and spent a week in Venice, the silent tomb of departed wealth and greatness. As I lounged in St. Mark's Place, walked through the cathedral, roamed around and over the grand, gloomy ducal palace, descended into the pozzis, or dungeons, and "stood on the Bridge of Sighs," I felt she had deserved her fate.

Sweet, luxuriant, smiling Italy! for a month we have been amidst groves of orange, lemon, citron, figs, olives; and amidst clambering vineyards. But who can think of Italy and not immediately see Rome rise in her ruined palaces, arches, amphitheatres, temples, tombs, that are now fortresses, coliseums, &c., the evidences of concentrated power and wealth, unfriendly to the happiness and liberty of the people, yet so dazzling to them as to steal away their freedom by gratifying their senses with splendours and sports. From Rome we came to Naples by the Via Appia, along which Paul passed to Rome. We have been in the city of the Lazzaroni for several days,—have rambled over Pompeii in its silence and devotion,—up Vesuvius, and down its lowest crater,—over the Phlegrean Fields, around Avernus, and into the cave through which Æneas descended into hell,—we crossed the fearful and far-famed Styx by torch-light; trod the banks of Acheron, and regaled ourselves in the Elysian Fields, a truly sweet, beautiful little haven, now filled with vineyards and ancient graves. We examined the classic fields of Cumæ and Baia, and are now en route to Athens, Constantinople, Palestine, and Egypt, of which we cannot report till our return. So good by to you, my dear doctor, and a happy new-year to you all.

Naples, Italy, Dec. 24, 1842. J. P. DURBIN.

[We learn that private letters from President Durbin, dated subsequently to the above, have been received at Carlisle. The latest was from Alexandria, Jan. 6th. He is expected to return to his post at the college the last of June.—Ed. Chr. Adv. & Jour.]

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty and increasing its fragrance.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

[THE following excellent article on this most interesting and heart-cheering doctrine, (which in consequence of its length, we are obliged to divide into two numbers) will be read with much pleasure and profit by every devoted Christian—for there is no doctrine of our holy religion more eminently calculated to endear the Saviour to his followers than that of a particular providence.—Ed.]

### DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE CINCINNATI LADIES' REPOSITORY.

THE word *providence* is from *pro* and *video*, and signifies "to look after, or see to." In theology it denotes that care which God exercises over his creatures. It embraces divine agency in three forms—namely, creation, preservation, and control.

We must distinguish the creative acts of providence from the six days' work of Jehovah. The latter originated, or brought into existence, this world, and the species of beings which inhabit it. The former produce the means of sustaining and perpetuating these species of beings. They are done in secret as it were. No open voice commands, and no song or shout of the sons of God accompanies these life-giving acts of providence. These spring forth amidst the solemn stillness of nature. To devout minds they are no less, on that account, the tokens of God's creative energy.

To illustrate this feature of providence, we introduce the following thought from a sermon on providence by an aged travelling preacher. It is taken second-hand from one who heard the discourse, and it may not be penned in the very words of the preacher; but it is in substance as follows:—

"My coat," said the venerable man, "is much more the gift of God than though my heavenly Father had sent it to me by a company of angels from heaven. For, in the way I received it, God has been employed in preparing it for months. First, he formed the sheep. Then he breathed on the fields with the breath of spring, and produced the green grass for the sustenance of the sheep. Next he brought out fibres of the fleece, and furnished the material for my garment. Lastly, he gave the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, and the tailor the skill by which the material was fashioned into cloth and fitted to my frame. When, therefore, I got my garment, it had passed through the hands of my heavenly Father some half-a-dozen times."

These remarks of the preacher illustrate our views of the creative energies of providence. When the Lord causes grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, he puts forth creative energies, and in a form which we denominate providential, because the end to be subserved is the sustenance of his nobler creatures.

But, secondly, providence implies *preservation*. We mean by this, that God directly interposes to preserve the lives and the happiness of his creatures. This is what is denominated "a particular providence." We will adduce some examples.

Not long since, two miners, Verran and Roberts, were sinking a shaft, and had reached to a depth of ten fathoms from the surface. They had one day drilled into the rock, inserted the fuse, and tamped it ready for blasting. On these occasions the men are drawn up by a windlass, and as there are only three in a corps, there is only one man at the brace, and he can only draw up one at a time; consequently, after the whole is ready, one man is drawn up, and the kibble lowered, ready to receive the last, who has to put fire to the fuse, and then both men at the windlass draw him up with the utmost speed, in order that all may get out of the way when the explosion takes place, which is sometimes so violent that large stones are thrown up at the top, carrying with them part of the roller and windlass to a considerable height. It unfortunately happened that as the safety-fuse with which the hole was charged was longer than was necessary, they inconsiderately took a sharp stone to cut a piece of it off, and ignition immediately commenced.

They both flew to the kibble and cried out to the man at the brace to "wind up;" but alas! after trying with all his might he could not start them. At this moment (when the hissing of the fuse assured them that their destruction was within half a minute,) Verran sprang out of the kibble, exclaiming to his comrade—"Roberts, go on, brother, I shall be in heaven in a minute!" consequently, Roberts was drawn up, and Verran threw himself down, placed his devoted head under a piece of plank in one corner of the shaft, awaiting the moment when he should be blown to atoms.

Just as Roberts got to the brace, and was looking down with trembling apprehension on the fate of poor Verran, the whole went off with a tremendous explosion, and a small stone struck Roberts severely on the forehead as he was looking down the shaft. To the inexpressible surprise and joy of the men at the brace, they heard Verran cry out, "Don't be afraid, I am not hurt!" Roberts immediately descended, and found that the great burden of the blast was thrown in every part of the shaft except the corner where poor Verran was coiled up.

This occurrence produced a state of serious feeling in the neighborhood, and was considered, as it must be by all but infidels, a direct, if not a miraculous interposition of Providence. To contradict this would be atheistical. We know of little difference between discrediting the existence, and denying the providence of God.

We derive our being from God. He who creates must preserve. The uncreated or self-existent needs no preserver. To live is the law of his nature. He *must* be, and must be as he is, without the possibility of change. But the creature exists by the will of his Creator, and by that will he must continue to be, or not to be. A creature has no inward principles of being; he is like the stream which flows only by the supplies derived from its fountain.

To be continued.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

### THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

A SCENE IN THE LATE CONVOCATION.—Matters were rather in an awkward position; for though all were quite at one on the great principle, objections, referring to secondary matters, seemed the order of the day; not a few of the speakers had something to mention with which they were not quite satisfied; so that altogether it seemed scarcely possible to unite so many different shades of opinion. It was at this critical moment that Dr. Chalmers stood up to speak.—As soon as his massive and venerable head was observed over the house, cries of "hush, hush," proceeded from every corner. He laid a small slip of paper on the table, containing a few memoranda of subjects to be alluded to, but his speech was not read, nor was it fully prepared beforehand. It was easy to see that his whole heart and soul were speaking; never did his eye flash more brightly, nor his noble countenance exhibit more expressiveness and energy. He addressed himself successively to the different classes of objectors in a tone of solemn earnestness and persuasion that could not be resisted.—Had he been pleading for the lives of his nearest and dearest friends, he could not have been more solemn, or persuasive, or earnest. And it was not simply by appeals to their feelings that he tried to gain them over, but by dwelling on the great principles which they held in common, by showing that they compromised nothing by agreeing to the resolutions, and by painting the lamentable and ruinous consequences that would follow from their keeping aloof from their brethren. The noble-minded man sat down amid thundering peals of applause; and never, in the course of half an hour, was such a victory gained. It seemed as if all disagreement and difference had been charmed away by the spells of his eloquence. The promise seemed to be literally fulfilled, "I will give them one heart." One member after another rose, and while before some speakers had started some fresh difficulty, it now happened that each one that rose did so to profess himself satisfied, or very nearly so. Mr. Begg withdrew his motion on condition of being allowed to bring the Antipatronic question in another shape under the