

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH TIMES.

DEAR SIR.—This Dream, which is not all a dream, is enclosed to you because it appeared so appropriate for the Church Times of the 1st January. It was cut from the Church Advocate and Christian Witness. 'That the author of "An Angel's Visit" may, after many days, "find his bread, thus cast by him upon the waters," is the sincere wish of

Yours truly

A CHURCH WOMAN.

One of the Rural Parishes, December 20th, 1852.

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.—On the evening of one 31st of December, I had been cherishing the humiliating and solemn reflections which are peculiarly suitable to the close of the year, and endeavoring to bring my mind to that view of the past best calculated to influence the future.

I had attempted to recall the prominent incidents of the twelve months which had elapsed, and in this endeavor I was led frequently to regret how little my memory could retain even of that which was the most important to be remembered. I could not avoid, at such a period, looking forward as well as backward, and anticipating that fearful tribunal at which no occurrence shall be forgotten; whilst my imagination penetrated into the distant destinies which shall be dependent on its decisions. At my usual hour I retired to rest; but the train of meditation I had pursued was so important and appropriate, that imagination continued it after sense had slumbered. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, I was mentally concerned in the following scene of interest. I imagined myself still adorning, link after link, to the chain of reflection, the progress of which the time for repose had interrupted; and whilst thus engaged, I was aware that there remained but a few moments to complete the day. I heard the clock as it tolled the knell of another year, and as it rung slowly the appropriate number; each note was followed by a sting of conscience, bitterly reproaching me for my neglect of precious time. The last stroke was ringing in my ears—painful as the groan announcing the departure of a valued friend—when, notwithstanding the meditative posture in which I was sitting, I perceived that the dimness of the apartment suddenly became brighter, and on lifting my eyes to discover the cause, I was terrified at perceiving that another being was with me in my seclusion. I saw one before me whose form was indeed human; but the bright, burning glance of whose eye, and the dazzling splendour that beamed from every part of his beautifully proportioned form, convinced me at a glance it was no mortal being that I saw. The elevation of his brow gave dignity of the highest order to his countenance; but the most acute observation was indicated by his piercing eye, and inexorable justice was imprinted on his majestic features. A glittering phylactery encircled his head, upon which was written in letters 'The Faithful One.' Under one arm he bore two volumes; in his hand he held a pen. I instantly knew the recording angel—the secretary of the terrible tribunal of heaven. With a trembling which convulsed my frame, I heard his nearlly accents. 'Mortal,' he said thou wast longing to recall the events of the past year; thou art permitted to gaze upon the record of the book of God. Peruse and be wise.' As he spoke thus, he opened before me one of the volumes he had brought. In fearful apprehension, I read in it my own name, and recognized the history of my own life, during the past year, with all its minutest particulars. Burning words were those which that volume contained; all the actions and circumstances of my life were registered in that dreadful book, each under its respective head. I was first struck with the title, 'Mercies received.' Some were there, the remembrance of which I had retained—more which were recalled, after having been forgotten—but the far greater number had never been noticed at all. Oh, what a detail of preservations and deliverances, invitations and warnings, privileges and bestowments! I remember that 'Sabbaths' stood out in very prominent characters, as if they had been amongst the greatest benefits. In observing the recapitulations, I could not but be struck with one circumstance—it was that many dispensations, which I had considered as calamities, were enumerated there as blessings. Many a woe which had riven the heart—many a cup whose bitterness seemed to designate as poison, was there, verifying the language of the poet,—

'E'en crosses from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise'

Another catalogue was there—it was the enumeration of 'transgression.' My hand trembles as I remember them. What an immense variety of classes! Indifference, thoughtlessness, formality, ingratitude, unbelief, sin against the world, against the church, against the Father, against the Son, against the Sanctifier, stood at the head of their crowded battalions, as if for the purpose of driving me to despair. Not one sin was forgotten there—neglected Sabbaths—abused ordinances—misimproved time—encouraged temptation—there they stood, with no excuse, no extenuation. There was one very long class I remember well—'idle words,' and the passage flashed like lightning across my mind, 'For every idle word men shall give account thereof in the day of judgement.' My

supernatural visitant here addressed me: Dost thou observe how small a portion thy sins of commission bear to those of omission? As he spoke, he pointed me to instances in the page like the following; 'I was hungry, and thou gavest me no meat; I was thirsty, and thou gavest me no drink; I was sick, and thou didst not visit me.' I was conscience-stricken. In another part of the record, I read the title, 'Duties performed.' Alas, how small was their number! Humble as I had been accustomed to consider the estimate of my good works, I was greatly disappointed to perceive that many performances on which I had looked with pride, were omitted, 'because,' my visitor informed me, 'the motive was impure.' It was, however, with feelings of the most affecting gratification I read, beneath this record, small as it was, the following passage: 'Whoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' Whilst I gazed on many other similar records, such was the intense feeling which seemed to be awakened within me, that my brain grew dizzy, and my eye became dim. I was awakened from this state by the touch of my supernatural instructor, who pointed me to the volume in which I had read my own terrible history, now closed, and bearing on a seal, on which, with a sinking heart, I read the inscription,—'Reserved until the day of judgement.' And now, said the angel, 'my commission is completed. What thinkest thou of the record? Dost thou not justly tremble? How many a line is here which, dying, thou couldst wish to blot? I see thee already shuddering at the thought of the disclosures of this volume at the day of judgement, when an assembled world shall listen to its contents. But if such be the record of one year, what must be the guilt of thy whole life? Seek, then, an interest in the blood of Christ, justified by which thou shalt indeed hear, but not to condemnation. Pray that when the other books are opened, thy name may be found in the "book of life,"—and see, the volume is prepared for the history of another year, yet its page is unsullied. Time is before thee—seek to improve it; privileges are before thee—may they prove the gate to Heaven; judgement is before thee—prepare to meet thy God! He turned to depart, and, as I seemed to hear the rushing which announced his flight, I awoke. Was it all a dream.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 10.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

O God of love, to thee we raise
Our voices high in songs of praise;
To bless thee for the light serene,
That shone on Patmos' desert scene.

We praise thee for that vision clear,
Which all the Churches list to hear,
Which all the waiting saints receive,
The earnest of the earth's reprieve.

Dispel our fears; disperse our night,
Speed through the earth the Gospel's light,
That in the light of truth we may,
Attain the eternal light of day.

Around us when the darkness rolls,
O 'Light of lights,' illumine our souls,
And guide us to that place above
Where thine elect resides in love.

No. 11.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

In vain the heathen spend their ire,
On mourning Judah's infant race,
Tho' thousand's fall by sword and fire,
Thousands arise to fill their place.

O Lord, bedewed with martyr's gore,
Thy Church shall flourish more and more,
And every where thy people spread,
Baptized in danger for the dead.

O Rachel for thy children slain,
Be comforted and cease to weep;
No longer let thy tongue complain,
Safe in their Saviour's arms they sleep.

Convert our hearts O Lord, to Thee,
And from transgression set us free,
Then take us to the land of peace,
Where tyrants from their troubling cease.—W. B.
25th Dec.

News Department.

THE DELIVERY OF THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—The clear and distinct voice, and happily modulated tones, with which Her Majesty usually delivers the Speech from the throne were not less conspicuous on this than on former occasions. But throughout nearly the whole of the lengthy address, the slamming of doors at the bar, indicating the successive arrival of Members of the Lower House, formed a very unseemly interruption to the Royal delivery. Her Majesty, however, was not discomposed by the violent noises referred to, and though a frequent "hush" from the assembled peers denoted the general feeling of annoyance occasioned by the disturbers of the peace, the Queen spoke the Speech without break or pause. The most intense interest was evinced in the opening sentences of the address, in which allusion was made to the services of the departed veterans in war and council; and here a

momentary evidence of emotion on the part of the Royal speaker was manifestly participated in by all the illustrious assembly. The Queen's voice, however, soon recovered its firmness; and the interest next centred in the paragraph of the speech, wherein mention was made of the improved condition of the country.—A suppressed "hush" went through the House at this portion of the Address, and the most marked curiosity was manifested as to the wording of the allusion to the possible "unavoidable injury to certain important interests," occasioned by the free-trade measures.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The Royal Speech was not read by Her Majesty in the House of Lords until a quarter past two, and not a copy was issued from the Treasury previous to that hour; yet so rapidly was it transmitted by the wires of the Submarine Telegraph—being at the rate of forty words a minute—that its receipt was acknowledged by a return message from France at five minutes past three, and a summary of it was posted on the Bourse and Exchange Rooms in Hamburg early in the afternoon.

If Louis Napoleon shall indeed become the heir of his illustrious uncle, nature ought to read in the event an illustration of retributive Providence. When, in order to secure a successor to his kingdom, Napoleon divorced the Empress Josephine, and married a Princess of the house of Austria, the object of his ambition seemed as if it had been attained, when the guns of the invalids announced the birth of the infant King of Rome. Yet mark the results! Napoleon himself is driven from his kingdom. His only son dies an obscure prisoner of Austria; but the grandson of the rejected Josephine restores, after years of hopeless humiliation, his fallen family, and becomes the heir to his Imperial Throne.—Correspondent of the Witness.

CONVERTS IN CALCUTTA.—A respectable native convert has recently collected statistics regarding the number of converts to Christianity from the Government and Missionary Colleges and Schools in Calcutta. From these it appears that twenty-six have belonged to Government Colleges (institutions, it is to be remarked, in which Christianity is not taught), twelve to the London Missionary Society, five to the Baptist Mission, six to the Church of England Mission, thirty-six to the Free Church Mission (both before and after the Disruption), and six to the Scottish Establishment. The returns do not include any of the schools at Serampore, Chinsurah, and places beyond the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta.

THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—The population of the globe is supposed to be less than one thousand millions—937,000,000. A French writer, alluding to the subject, says:

"If all mankind were collected to one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives of the number of the human race, is counter-balanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagoes,) it would support 8,000,000,000, and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000 or twelve times the present number.

EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.—The Africa sailed from this port for Australia on Monday, with about 550 emigrants, 49 of whom were cabin passengers and about 400 were adults. Among the passengers gentlemen of the clerical order seem to have been conspicuous. There were two clergymen of the Church of England, four Roman Catholic priests, and three ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. There were also four surgeons, two newspaper reporters, and six sea captains going out to bring home vessels. The Tantivy emigrant ship went into the river on Saturday, with about 380 souls on board. The number of vessels which left this port last month with emigrants for Australia and America was thirty-six, having on board a total number of 12,188 souls. In the previous month (October) the ships dispatched were forty-two, and the emigrants 17,243. In November, 1851, the vessels were thirty-seven, and emigrants 11,632, giving an excess for November, 1852, of 556 persons. From the Government depot, at Birkenhead, the number of emigrant vessels despatched, from the 20th of January to the commencement of the current month, was thirty-six, carrying with them to the remotest portion of the widely-spread British empire no less than 13,485 passengers, a number of which, reckoning children according to their official returns, represents upwards of 15,000 souls; all of them being industrious persons, mechanics and laborers of good character, for the government will receive no others, and such as this country, under present circumstances, is least able to spare. Three remaining vessels will, it is calculated, take out about 866 additional passengers registered, increasing the number to 16,000 souls, who within the present year will have sailed from this port to Australia from the Birkenhead depot alone.

THE ERUPTION OF ETNA.—Catania, Nov. 3.—The volcano, after being several days dormant, has re-