

The Provincial Free Press.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume X. No. 15.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1858.

Whole No. 458.

Poetry.

The Grave of Judson.

SENECA WALLACE CONK.

Where sleeps the fierce and fiery Han
Whose terrors few so wide,
Whose name of blood and fear was won
Where men in nations died?
Untroubled moulders where he fell
The "Scourge of God," the curse of Rome;
Nor man shall know, till Death and Hell
Yield up their dead, his narrow home;
But friends accursed to dwell below
That spot of earth exulting show.

And him whose glory eagles flew,
Wild ravens o'er a world,
Beneath whose steps new empires grew,
And hissing serpents were hurled,
The ocean rock, his prison grave,
Surrendered to a proud repose,
Where censurers swing and banners wave,
And death keeps state with kingly show,
And gray-haired warriors, tottering slow,
That spot of earth exulting show.

Thou last thy conqueror's grave, O Earth!
Ere that last hour—thou see,
Amongst the gems of priceless worth,
And dead which are in thee?
Uter thy voice, thou stormy deep,
Give answer for thy priceless trust,
For God but lends him time to keep
Till he require all of his dust;
And the sea answers—Angels know,
And where he lies exulting show!

Speak on, O Sea! forever bear
His name the world around;
For in thine awful tones we hear
No nobler, loftier sound;
Frenzied, whoso'er thy billows toss,
To seaward lengths, how Judson fell,
Victorious soldier of the Cross,
In bloodstained march or captive's cell
Till, as his ceaseless raptures flow,
All nations round his story know.

The solemn temple's passing bell,
The booming canon's roar,
To seaward multitudes may tell
When kings are kings no more,
Unveiled by noise of human pride,
His nameless grave unmarked, untrod,
He sinks to rest, as Moses died:
On Nebo's top, alone with God:
No tracks to his Beth-Poor show
Thy faithful waters' pathless flow.

Keep thy proud trust, thou Ocean wave:
Thy moan his requiem be;
And thou, O Nature! o'er his grave
Weep out thy sounding sea;
As where no human tear may fall,
Till the last spring, no footstep tread
Till the last summer, no breeze shall call,
Watch thou, and weep, God's head dead;
Then unto all above—below—
Thy priceless trust exulting show!

Religious Miscellany.

Conversion of Edwards.

Henry Rogers, author of "Eclipse of Faith," and one of the editors of the *Edinburgh Review*, who has superintended an edition of Edwards' works styles the following extract, one of the "Locci Classics" of the English language.

The first instance I remember of that sort of inward, sweet delight with God and divine things that I have lived much in since, was on reading those verses 1 Tim. i. 17. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." As I read the words, they came into my soul, and as it were diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the Divine Being, a new sense, quite different from what I had ever experienced before. Never any words of Scripture seemed to me as those words did. I thought with myself how excellent a Being that God was, and how happy I should be if I might enjoy that God and be wrapt up to him in heaven, and be as it were swallowed in him forever. I kept saying, and, as it were, singing over these words of Scripture to myself, and went to pray to God that I might enjoy him; and prayed in a manner quite different than what I used to do, with a new sort of affection. But it never came into my thoughts that there was anything spiritual, or of a saving nature in this.

From about that time I began to have new kinds of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward, sweet sense of things came into my heart, and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books or sermons, or those that treat of these subjects. Those words, Canticles ii. 1, used to be abundantly with me, "I am the rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." The words seemed to me sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much engaged in reading about that time, and found from time to time a sweetness that would carry me away in my contemplations.

This I know not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision or fixed ideas or imaginations of being alone in the mountains of some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ and wrapped and swallowed up in God.

A sense of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart, an ardor of soul, that I knew not how to express.

Not long after I first began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together, and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a soli-

tary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God, as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them in sweet conjunction, majesty and meekness joined together; it was a sweet and gentle and holy majestic meekness, and awful sweetness, a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything, in the sun, moon, and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass, flowers, trees, in the water and all nature, which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for a long time. And in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory in these things, in the meantime, singing forth in a low voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And soon anything among all the beauties of nature so sweet to me as thunder and lightning, formerly nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncomely terrified both with thunder and lightning, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-storm rising, but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, if so I may speak, as the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take the opportunity at such times to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightning's play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which was often-times exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it all ways seemed natural for me to speak, or chant forth my meditations, or to sing my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice.

I felt then great satisfaction as to my good estate, but that did not content me. I had vehement longings after God and Christ, and for more holiness, wherewith my heart seemed to be full, and ready to burst forth, often brought to my mind the words of the Psalmist, "my soul breaketh for the longing it hath." I often felt a longing and lamenting in my heart, that I had not turned to God sooner, that I might have more time to grow in grace.

My mind was greatly fixed in divine things; year after year often walking alone in the woods, and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy and prayer and converse with God, and it was always my manner at such times to sing forth my contemplations. I was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer, wherewith my heart was continually raised up to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent. The delights which I now felt in the things of religion were of an exceeding different kind from what I ever enjoyed before, and what I had no more notion of when a boy, than one blind man has of pleasure and beauty, or the breeze, or among the two or three who have met together, and converse of that home to which each closing day is bringing us nearer, and toward which our united hearts and hopes are tending.

And if some of the souls on earth is so sweet, if the society of the good and lovely is to be desired, what must it be to mingle in the grand assemblage above?—Heaven has been gathering to itself through countless ages whatever is congenial to its nature, and enriching itself with the spoils of earth. Whatever is good, honest, and excellent, elevated and worthy to be loved in the character of man, is found gathered and still gathered in that multitude which no man can number in the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.

From every century, every generation, out of every people, and nation, and kindred, and tongue, since the world began, a long procession has ascended, and still passes onward, comprising all that is best, and noblest, and brightest in man, all that is holy, all that is true, all that makes earth safe and pleasant to dwell in, and joining itself to that church of the first-born which is written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. There are those who have known and loved. The hoary head walking among us for so many years in the ways of wisdom, the soldier of the cross, who had learnt to live not to himself, but unto Him who died for him, pure-hearted, loving ones—the tender or infant—all taking their place in the ranks of those who are "without fault," before the throne. Once safe within those portals, how glorious their communion, how pure their intercourse. Nothing but holiness, and happiness and love bind together the family of heaven.

Is this the company in which we trust to spend our portion of years? What manner of persons ought we, then, to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for, and hastening unto the day when we, too, shall join in that innumerable multitude, and unite with them in the ever new song of praise to Him who has covered us with righteousness, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.—*Christian Witness.*

No Family Altar.

We saw to-day the statement in a religious paper, that in many professedly pious families there is no family altar, and that the husband and wife, and children, do not habitually kneel together, and seek God's blessing upon them as a household.—The statement haunted us. We could not get rid of it. We thought we saw a home in the wilderness, in mid winter, with no cheerful blaze upon its hearth, condition, three blasts driving in through hundreds of crevices, and a family sitting together, benumbed and just ready to perish. They have ceased to realize their danger—in a dreaming, half-conscious state, they are gliding into the arms of death. What a picture! But sadder is the spiritual condition of a home where the fires of devotion are not kept burning; where the young are not taught by parental example their daily dependence on God, and their need of his pardoning grace.

If our paper goes to any such home, we hope that this paragraph will be pondered, and the altar fire kindled without delay.—*Christian Herald.*

There is much significance in the statement made by Pro. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, that there is only one eminent man of science in the country known to be an avowed enemy of Christianity. Both the friends and opposers of religion are perhaps, prone to overrate the importance of scientific observations in relation to the evidences of religion; but it is pleasant and encouraging to know how invariably all reliable investigations, in history, geology, astronomy, physiology, and other kindred fields, have resulted in favor of the Bible.—*Exchange.*

Plain and Strong Reasons

FOR CONSTANTLY ATTENDING DIVINE WORSHIP AND RELIGIOUS ORDINANCES.

1. God requires it. It is for his glory; and as his rational creatures, we would willingly obey his holy will.

2. It is exceedingly pleasant and edifying when the heart is alive and awake to God and good things.

3. It is the best adapted and most likely means of benefiting those who are in the greatest need of spiritual benefit.

4. None are so advanced in grace and knowledge as to need those means which God has appointed; whilst their constant attendance is a practical witness for God, his truth, and his cause.

5. Few have any superabundance of religious opportunities; consequently you should avail yourself of all, remembering the loss of Thomas by his absence only on one occasion.

6. Great mischief is done by a total or partial neglect of Divine worship. Thereby you wrong your own soul—set an injurious example to your family—discourage the heart and weaken the hands of ministers and friends, and exert a baneful influence far and wide.

7. The example of the godly of old should operate in the matter. David had great delight in attendance, and wept when hindered. See the whole of the 16th Psalm.—The pious Jews rejoiced, "We will not forget the house of our God." (Neh. x. 39.) and Paul says, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." Heb. x. 25.

8. Every one shall give an account of himself to God, and it is unreasonable to suppose that the excuses which are so plentifully made for the neglect of Divine worship and ordinances will bear the test and meet the approval of that day.—*British Messenger.*

The Company of Heaven.

It is pleasant amid the jars and discords of this lower world, to meet and mingle with the great and good and noble spirits that are to be found among us, and to refresh the weary, world-worn mind by association with the pure and holy hearted; after the busy cares and petty trifles of the world are over, to sit quietly down by the fireside, or among the two or three who have met together, and converse of that home to which each closing day is bringing us nearer, and toward which our united hearts and hopes are tending.

The Fruits of Rome.

Then, Pere Silas showed the fair side of Rome, her good works, and bade me judge the tree by its fruits.

In answer, I felt and I avowed that these were her abundant fruits; Rome; the fair side of Rome, her good works, and bade me judge the tree by its fruits.

Religious Intelligence.

The Revival.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

From far and near come tidings of great awakening. The religious element with renewed power and momentum pervades all classes of society, in all parts of the country. From Maine to the mountain passes of Sierra Nevada, in miners' camps and in theatres, we listen to the prayers and exhortations of multitudes who feel the influence of religion urging them into the fold of the churches. In this city there has been, and is at present existing, the greatest religious revival since the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

The Thunder-storm.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Frank, a boy from the city, had been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home, a violent storm arose; he began to run, and to light his way, he ran fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept into a hole in an old oak tree, not far from the road-side. He did not know that the lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But all at once he heard a voice that called, "Frank! Frank! Frank!" He was startled, and he called out, "Who is there? What do you want with me?" "I did not mean you, but my own little Frank; he was watching the goose under the brook, and must have hid himself somewhere from the storm. I came to take him home. See there he comes at last, out from the bushes." Frank, the boy from the city, related how he had been taken with terror, and how he had been rescued from the storm. Then the peasant folded her hands devoutly and said, "O! my child, do not thank God any the less that the voice came from the mouth of a poor peasant woman. It was He who would that I should call your name, although I knew nothing about you."

Lost! Lost! Lost!

Just after breakfast, a few days since, we were startled by the heavy tolling of the court-house bell, as if for fire. Every one rushed out into the streets, but it was soon ascertained that the bell tolled for a lost child, not for fire. "A child lost!" The announcement sent a pallor to every cheek, and a tremor to every heart, and tears to many eyes. Parents thought of their own little ones, and rejoicing that it was not their child, hastened to join in the search. The mechanic left his shop, the merchant his goods—only one thought filled every mind, "a child lost!"—Arrangements were made for a thorough and speedy examination of every place the child could possibly have reached. No pains or trouble were to be regarded—"we must find the child," was the universal sentiment. Just then, the little fellow was brought in from the country, whither he had gone the night before without the knowledge of his parents.

What a joy we all felt that he was found. How thankful that he was not wandering away, exposed to the bitter cold, and the driving snows in the search for his mother's arms! He returned to our homes, rejoicing over a "child found."

Do you not hear that knell? It tolls for a lost soul—a soul wandering on the dark mountains of sin, lost to all good; to God, to Heaven. It may be the soul of your parent or your child, your brother or your wife, will you not hasten to the rescue? Perchance the erring one may be reclaimed, and led back to the fold of Christ. Angels in Heaven may rejoice over him who was lost and is found. Hasten, ere it is too late, to show the wanderer the only path that can lead to happiness and to Heaven.

Put it anywhere, and let its power be felt—let it be read, obeyed and loved, and such results as these will follow.

1. The fierce and most cruel savage is tamed, and made mild, gentle, and affectionate.

2. Social and family ties are rescued from the perversion produced by vice and crime, and become sources of purest happiness.

3. Put a Bible there, and if that ruler's heart feels his power, his eyes are opened to see what are the true rights of men; and a ruler so taught will legislate with great accuracy and joy in behalf of all those rights.

4. Put a Bible there—and every individual in that community, heartily obeying it, will be a conscientious member of the nation, and an enlightened supporter of civil order and government.

5. Put a Bible there—and its practical workings on the heart will put an end utterly to every error and delusion which may be destroying the welfare of that community.

6. Put a Bible there, and its power will come to the heart, will change all that coldness and indifference to men's eternal welfare, that had prevailed there, into the most intense and cordial interest in that welfare.

So we may put a Bible anywhere, and if we can bring it into spiritual contact with the heart, we employ the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

Put a Bible There.

Put it anywhere, and let its power be felt—let it be read, obeyed and loved, and such results as these will follow.

1. The fierce and most cruel savage is tamed, and made mild, gentle, and affectionate.

2. Social and family ties are rescued from the perversion produced by vice and crime, and become sources of purest happiness.

3. Put a Bible there, and if that ruler's heart feels his power, his eyes are opened to see what are the true rights of men; and a ruler so taught will legislate with great accuracy and joy in behalf of all those rights.

4. Put a Bible there—and every individual in that community, heartily obeying it, will be a conscientious member of the nation, and an enlightened supporter of civil order and government.

5. Put a Bible there—and its practical workings on the heart will put an end utterly to every error and delusion which may be destroying the welfare of that community.

6. Put a Bible there, and its power will come to the heart, will change all that coldness and indifference to men's eternal welfare, that had prevailed there, into the most intense and cordial interest in that welfare.

So we may put a Bible anywhere, and if we can bring it into spiritual contact with the heart, we employ the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

Religious Intelligence.

The Revival.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

From far and near come tidings of great awakening. The religious element with renewed power and momentum pervades all classes of society, in all parts of the country. From Maine to the mountain passes of Sierra Nevada, in miners' camps and in theatres, we listen to the prayers and exhortations of multitudes who feel the influence of religion urging them into the fold of the churches. In this city there has been, and is at present existing, the greatest religious revival since the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

The Thunder-storm.

Frank, a boy from the city, had been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home, a violent storm arose; he began to run, and to light his way, he ran fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept into a hole in an old oak tree, not far from the road-side. He did not know that the lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But all at once he heard a voice that called, "Frank! Frank! Frank!" He was startled, and he called out, "Who is there? What do you want with me?" "I did not mean you, but my own little Frank; he was watching the goose under the brook, and must have hid himself somewhere from the storm. I came to take him home. See there he comes at last, out from the bushes." Frank, the boy from the city, related how he had been taken with terror, and how he had been rescued from the storm. Then the peasant folded her hands devoutly and said, "O! my child, do not thank God any the less that the voice came from the mouth of a poor peasant woman. It was He who would that I should call your name, although I knew nothing about you."

Religious Intelligence.

The Great St. Louis Revival.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin of Wednesday evening.

Men who placed implicit reliance upon their own schemes and efforts have discovered their own mortality. Conscience and the dormant moral element re-assert their sway, and the daily services of the Churches are thronged with crowds of earnest seekers who hitherto have been strangers to the religion which they are seeking.

In this city, the interest is chiefly manifested among the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian denominations. In a portion of the Churches of each, daily services are held, and in some instances beside the morning prayer meetings, afternoon services are indulged, and evening discourses by the pastors. The Washington Street Baptist Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, is open to two services daily, morning and evening, and about fifty persons have joined the society, and many more are seeking religion.

The Michigan Street Church (Colored Baptist) is also greatly exercised, some half score or more having fallen under conviction.

The North Presbyterian Church presents a spectacle of religious enthusiasm which cannot be proved productive of good. The Lafayette Street Church, also, has been the scene of a greatly exercised congregation, and a large number of persons have availed themselves of its offices. The First, Dr. Thompson's Church, has demonstrated the efficacy of the revival in the redemption of men from the paths of this world.

At Black Rock great enthusiasm exists in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. We are told that the converts to those Churches number several hundred professors of religion, and the excitement is rising. At Grace Church from forty to fifty have been added to its membership. The Pearl Street M. E. Church also has been instrumental in the conversion of about an equal number. In all these parishes the religious

interest is increasing in intensity and volume, and those most active in furthering the good work speak encouragingly of the future. They deem the already great enthusiasm but preliminary to a still greater awakening of religious zeal.

The Daily Cross.

The world is in opposition to Christ.—The whole routine of worldly business, in manufactures, commerce and legislation, falls generally below the level of mere morality. It seldom rises to the high requirements of Christian principle. Hence, who- ever would walk by the standard of this requirement, must go against the current of worldly motives and principles. This must be done constantly. The course of worldly desires is always in the same direction, and always in opposition to the demands of christian duty. At these demands are constant and insurmountable, he who would comply with the race, and be constantly denying his natural propensities. This is the Christian's constant, daily cross. It constitutes the warfare which he must constantly maintain.—No single act of self-denial, however prominent; no sole profession, however public, finishes the Christian struggle with the world. It closes only with his life. This is brought out in every character to which he is compared in the Scriptures. Is he likened to a soldier?—he is told to have his armor on, for his adversary is always going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Is he personated as on the race course?—he is commanded to strip for the race, and every great warrior of his high calling in Jesus Christ. Is he likened to a servant? he is commanded to wait constantly, for in an unexpected time the Master cometh. All the figures and all the commandments of Scripture indicate a daily cross, an unyielding and constant warfare, in banks and markets, everywhere throughout the interior, this matter is an absorbing topic. Churches are crowded; bank directors' rooms become oratories; school-houses are turned into chapels; converts are numbered by thousands, embracing all classes and conditions. Whatever may be the essential character of such a movement, it demands now, from the extent and the depth of its workings throughout the nation, a respectful treatment.

The truth is, that in the various absorbing employments of such a life as prevails in this country, we forget to seek reality. We are so much taken up in business, or in the plots of politics, or enjoying society here and there—and they seem utterly matter-of-fact and worldly, and given up to having a good time while they live, and very much forgetful of everything else. So our whole nation appears to foreign observers, as if it were a people who were content with the things of this world, and indifferent to men's eternal welfare, that had prevailed there, into the most intense and cordial interest in that welfare.

Put a Bible There.

Put it anywhere, and let its power be felt—let it be read, obeyed and loved, and such results as these will follow.

1. The fierce and most cruel savage is tamed, and made mild, gentle, and affectionate.

2. Social and family ties are rescued from the perversion produced by vice and crime, and become sources of purest happiness.

3. Put a Bible there, and if that ruler's heart feels his power, his eyes are opened to see what are the true rights of men; and a ruler so taught will legislate with great accuracy and joy in behalf of all those rights.

4. Put a Bible there—and every individual in that community, heartily obeying it, will be a conscientious member of the nation, and an enlightened supporter of civil order and government.

5. Put a Bible there—and its practical workings on the heart will put an end utterly to every error and delusion which may be destroying the welfare of that community.

6. Put a Bible there, and its power will come to the heart, will change all that coldness and indifference to men's eternal welfare, that had prevailed there, into the most intense and cordial interest in that welfare.

So we may put a Bible anywhere, and if we can bring it into spiritual contact with the heart, we employ the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

Religious Intelligence.

The Revival.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

From far and near come tidings of great awakening. The religious element with renewed power and momentum pervades all classes of society, in all parts of the country. From Maine to the mountain passes of Sierra Nevada, in miners' camps and in theatres, we listen to the prayers and exhortations of multitudes who feel the influence of religion urging them into the fold of the churches. In this city there has been, and is at present existing, the greatest religious revival since the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

The Thunder-storm.

Frank, a boy from the city, had been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home, a violent storm arose; he began to run, and to light his way, he ran fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept into a hole in an old oak tree, not far from the road-side. He did not know that the lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But all at once he heard a voice that called, "Frank! Frank! Frank!" He was startled, and he called out, "Who is there? What do you want with me?" "I did not mean you, but my own little Frank; he was watching the goose under the brook, and must have hid himself somewhere from the storm. I came to take him home. See there he comes at last, out from the bushes." Frank, the boy from the city, related how he had been taken with terror, and how he had been rescued from the storm. Then the peasant folded her hands devoutly and said, "O! my child, do not thank God any the less that the voice came from the mouth of a poor peasant woman. It was He who would that I should call your name, although I knew nothing about you."

Religious Intelligence.

The Great St. Louis Revival.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin of Wednesday evening.

Men who placed implicit reliance upon their own schemes and efforts have discovered their own mortality. Conscience and the dormant moral element re-assert their sway, and the daily services of the Churches are thronged with crowds of earnest seekers who hitherto have been strangers to the religion which they are seeking.

In this city, the interest is chiefly manifested among the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian denominations. In a portion of the Churches of each, daily services are held, and in some instances beside the morning prayer meetings, afternoon services are indulged, and evening discourses by the pastors. The Washington Street Baptist Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, is open to two services daily, morning and evening, and about fifty persons have joined the society, and many more are seeking religion.

The Michigan Street Church (Colored Baptist) is also greatly exercised, some half score or more having fallen under conviction.

The North Presbyterian Church presents a spectacle of religious enthusiasm which cannot be proved productive of good. The Lafayette Street Church, also, has been the scene of a greatly exercised congregation, and a large number of persons have availed themselves of its offices. The First, Dr. Thompson's Church, has demonstrated the efficacy of the revival in the redemption of men from the paths of this world.

At Black Rock great enthusiasm exists in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. We are told that the converts to those Churches number several hundred professors of religion, and the excitement is rising. At Grace Church from forty to fifty have been added to its membership. The Pearl Street M. E. Church also has been instrumental in the conversion of about an equal number. In all these parishes the religious

interest is increasing in intensity and volume, and those most active in furthering the good work speak encouragingly of the future. They deem the already great enthusiasm but preliminary to a still greater awakening of religious zeal.

The Daily Cross.

The world is in opposition to Christ.—The whole routine of worldly business, in manufactures, commerce and legislation, falls generally below the level of mere morality. It seldom rises to the high requirements of Christian principle. Hence, who- ever would walk by the standard of this requirement, must go against the current of worldly motives and principles. This must be done constantly. The course of worldly desires is always in the same direction, and always in opposition to the demands of christian duty. At these demands are constant and insurmountable, he who would comply with the race, and be constantly denying his natural propensities. This is the Christian's constant, daily cross. It constitutes the warfare which he must constantly maintain.—No single act of self-denial, however prominent; no sole profession, however public, finishes the Christian struggle with the world. It closes only with his life. This is brought out in every character to which he is compared in the Scriptures. Is he likened to a soldier?—he is told to have his armor on, for his adversary is always going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Is he personated as on the race course?—he is commanded to strip for the race, and every great warrior of his high calling in Jesus Christ. Is he likened to a servant? he is commanded to wait constantly, for in an unexpected time the Master cometh. All the figures and all the commandments of Scripture indicate a daily cross, an unyielding and constant warfare, in banks and markets, everywhere throughout the interior, this matter is an absorbing topic. Churches are crowded; bank directors' rooms become oratories; school-houses are turned into chapels; converts are numbered by thousands, embracing all classes and conditions. Whatever may be the essential character of such a movement, it demands now, from the extent and the depth of its workings throughout the nation, a respectful treatment.

The truth is, that in the various absorbing employments of such a life as prevails in this country, we forget to seek reality. We are so much taken up in business, or in the plots of politics, or enjoying society here and there—and they seem utterly matter-of-fact and worldly, and given up to having a good time while they live, and very much forgetful of everything else. So our whole nation appears to foreign observers, as if it were a people who were content with the things of this world, and indifferent to men's eternal welfare, that had prevailed there, into the most intense and cordial interest in that welfare.

Put a Bible There.

Put it anywhere, and let its power be felt—let it be read, obeyed and loved, and such results as these will follow.

1. The fierce and most cruel savage is tamed, and made mild, gentle, and affectionate.

2. Social and family ties are rescued from the perversion produced by vice and crime, and become sources of purest happiness.

3. Put a Bible there, and if that ruler's heart feels his power, his eyes are opened to see what are the true rights of men; and a ruler so taught will legislate with great accuracy and joy in behalf of all those rights.

4. Put a Bible there—and every individual in that community, heartily obeying it, will be a conscientious member of the nation, and an enlightened supporter of civil order and government.

5. Put a Bible there—and its practical workings on the heart will put an end utterly to every error and delusion which may be destroying the welfare of that community.

6. Put a Bible there, and its power will come to the heart, will change all that coldness and indifference to men's eternal welfare, that had prevailed there, into the most intense and cordial interest in that welfare.

So we may put a Bible anywhere, and if we can bring it into spiritual contact with the heart, we employ the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

Religious Intelligence.

The Revival.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

From far and near come tidings of great awakening. The religious element with renewed power and momentum pervades all classes of society, in all parts of the country. From Maine to the mountain passes of Sierra Nevada, in miners' camps and in theatres, we listen to the prayers and exhortations of multitudes who feel the influence of religion urging them into the fold of the churches. In this city there has been, and is at present existing, the greatest religious revival since the most powerful of all agencies to bring to an end all the moral disorders of the world. We do good on the largest scale to the individual, the family and the nation.—*American Traveller.*

The Thunder-storm.

Frank, a boy from the city, had been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home, a violent storm arose; he began to run, and to light his way, he ran fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept into a hole in an old oak tree, not far from the road-side. He did not know that the lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But all at once he heard a voice that called, "Frank! Frank! Frank!" He was startled, and he called out, "Who is there? What do you want with me?" "I did not mean you, but my own little Frank; he was watching the goose under the brook, and must have hid himself somewhere from the storm. I came to take him home. See there he comes at last, out from the bushes." Frank, the boy from the city, related how he had been taken with terror, and how he had been rescued from the storm. Then the peasant folded her hands devoutly and said, "O! my child, do not thank God any the less that the voice came from the mouth of a poor peasant woman. It was He who would that I should call your name, although I knew nothing about you."

Religious Intelligence.

The Great St. Louis Revival.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin of Wednesday evening.

Men who placed implicit reliance upon their own schemes and efforts have discovered their own mortality. Conscience and the dormant moral element re-assert their sway, and the daily services of the Churches are thronged with crowds of earnest seekers who hitherto have been strangers to the religion which they are seeking.

In this city, the interest is chiefly manifested among the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian denominations. In a portion of the Churches of each, daily services are held, and in some instances beside the morning prayer meetings, afternoon services are indulged, and evening discourses by the pastors. The Washington Street Baptist Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, is open to two services daily, morning and evening, and about fifty persons have joined the society, and many more are seeking religion.

The Michigan Street Church (Colored Baptist) is also greatly exercised, some half score or more having fallen under conviction.

The North Presbyterian Church presents a spectacle of religious enthusiasm which cannot be proved productive of good. The Lafayette Street Church, also, has been the scene of a greatly exercised congregation, and a large number of persons have availed themselves of its offices. The First, Dr. Thompson's Church, has demonstrated the efficacy of the revival in the redemption of men from the paths of this world.

At Black Rock great enthusiasm exists in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. We are told that the converts to those Churches number several hundred professors of religion, and the excitement is rising. At Grace Church from forty to fifty have been added to its membership. The Pearl Street M. E. Church also has been instrumental in the conversion of about an equal number. In all these parishes the religious

interest is increasing in intensity and volume, and those most active in furthering the good work speak encouragingly of the future. They deem the already great enthusiasm but preliminary to a still greater awakening of religious zeal.

The Daily Cross.

The world is in opposition to Christ.—The whole routine of worldly business, in manufactures, commerce and legislation, falls generally below the level of mere morality. It seldom rises to the high requirements of Christian principle. Hence, who- ever would walk by the standard of this requirement, must go against the current of worldly motives and principles. This must be done constantly. The course of worldly desires is always in the same direction, and always in opposition to the demands of christian duty. At these demands are constant and insurmountable, he who would comply with the race, and be constantly denying his natural propensities. This is the Christian's constant, daily cross. It constitutes the warfare which he must constantly maintain.—No single act of self-denial, however prominent; no sole profession, however public, finishes the Christian struggle with the world. It closes only with his life. This is brought out in every character to which he is compared in the Scriptures. Is he likened to a soldier?—he is told to

