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Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

REV. ALEX. W. McLEOD,
Editor.

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Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness.

The water in the bottle spent,
No earthly succour nigh,
What sorrow Hagar's bosom rent
To know her child must die—
A wilderness arid and dry,
No source of hope the mother found.

What thoughts of bitterness now pass'd
Across her drooping mind,
From Abraham's tents of plenty east
A house herself to find,
A shelter for her homeless boy,
Her only hope, her single joy.

That single source of joy is fled,
Her soul in sorrow drown'd,
Frenzied she lays her burning head
On the bare desert ground,
She cannot bear to lift her eye,
And see her arid Ishmael die.

A howl'd distant from her child
Her ears of anguish fill,
That death will walk the desert wild
And take the fatal blow—
What the mad mother long and wide
She lift her mournful voice and cried.

The eagle on his timeworn rock
Was startled at the sound;
The lion from his slumber woke
And shook the desert ground;
Old Sabeus started from his sleep
To hear that frenzied mourner weep.

Island by panting on the ground,
His strength decaying fast,
The eagle of a mourner found,
And from on God's hope he cast,
His voice in plaintive wail employ'd
And raised his soul to Abraham's God.

That plaintive prayer was heard on high,
It ran the heavenly road,
It reached the regions of the sky
And reach'd the throne of God,
The angel of the Lord look'd there
To see their souls from dark despair.

He saw the weeping music stole
On Hagar's wailing ear,
Behold a vision through her soul,
Attain'd all her long desire,
He saw her lately weeping eyes,
And seen a cheering hope she spies.

"Arise," he said, "lift up thy boy,
His voice has reach'd mine ear;
He yet shall be a nation's joy,
His death no longer to be fear,
A mighty hunter in the field,
To him shall hangry Christians yield."

Behold the mighty power of God!
These thousand years have flown,
Emanuel's name yet unobscured,
No fortress impregnable,
Unconquered, prodigious, and wild,
True offspring of the archer-child!

The Roman in his warlike strength
A thousand cities won,
By night subdued gave place at length
To the fierce God and His Son,
And nations mighty in their prime
Have died beneath the foot of time.

But Ishmael's people still survive
The same through every curse,
Unchanged where all is change they live,
Like some huge mountain rock,
That lift its rugged, changeless form
To Heaven in sunshine and in storm.

Halifax, N. S., December 20, 1853.

Missionary Meetings, Long Reach, N. B.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt the following interesting respecting a Missionary meeting recently held in the village of Long Reach, will prove interesting to many of your readers.

The village is situated on the western side of the River St. John, opposite to the house of the late Mr. John G. Long. The appearance of the village as well as the surrounding country, affords much of interest to those who for the first time sail up the majestic waters of the St. John. Having enjoyed the services of His Honor, Judge Wainwright, and the Rev. Mr. Churchill, of England, we concluded to hold our first Missionary Meeting in that locality. And we would thus publicly acknowledge the kindness of the Sons of Temperance in republishing promptly to our request for permission to occupy their hall on that occasion.

To W. F. BENNELL, Esq., we are particularly indebted, and he, by his special attention, had the hall fitted up in the most tasteful manner.

On Friday evening, 7th inst., being the anniversary of the meeting, the numerous friends which might be seen flocking to the place, led us to hope our object would be accomplished. At an early hour the speakers were literally crowded. The Rev. Mr. Churchill opened the meeting with singing and prayer, when Col. PETERS, formerly a M. P. P., was called to the Chair. Having stated in a few words the object of the meeting, he introduced to the audience the Rev. Mr. Churchill, who in a lengthy speech addressed the meeting. The Rev. gentleman showed in a very clear and impressive manner the sad condition of man without the Gospel, and also the great moral revolution which, by the blessing of God, the Gospel had already effected. He then, in a very forcible and striking manner, pointed out the various errors now existing in the world, as infidelity, immorality, and the like, and the ultimate triumph of the Gospel; and as he beheld man rising above the degrading practices of heathenism into spiritual liberty, he became fierce with his subject. But as he glanced the differ-

ent portions of the world, and beheld in thought those millions which are yet enthralled by sin, having the chains burst asunder by the Word and Spirit of God; as he doct upon the privilege of man to learn for himself, from the book of truth, his eternal destiny, the torrents of eloquence with which he poured out the feelings of his heart, fully proved that he had touched upon his favourite theme. The learned Judge closed his address with an affectionate appeal to his hearers upon the importance of an experimental acquaintance with the realities of religion, in order to appreciate the value and feel fully interested in the spread of that Gospel which is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. The proceeds of the meeting showed that many felt interested in the grand object contemplated. Having sung the doxology, in which many joined most heartily, the Benediction was pronounced, when the assembly dispersed fully satisfied, I believe, with the result of our first Missionary Meeting in Gagetown.

On Wednesday, March 15th, we held our last Meeting in the Temperance Hall, in Westfield, which having been previously fitted up for a Tea Meeting, presented a very tasty appearance. We were assisted on the occasion by the Rev. Messrs. HENNING and TAYLOR. The chair was occupied by Mr. WILLIAM PORTER, an old veteran, who had done much for the cause of God. After a few remarks he called upon the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who in a very feeling manner addressed the meeting; he spoke of the efforts of the General, as witnessed by the support afforded under the heaviest trials, and the joy it imparted in the hour of death; and closed his address with an appeal to his hearers, with reference to the duty which they owed to their fellow men. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Henning, whose fame, for successful missionary speeches, is in all the churches. He entertained the meeting for a length of time, while in a very clear and instructive manner, he brought before his hearers many important facts connected with the mission work in foreign parts. His speech, marked as it was, by clearness of thought, and energy of expression, was well calculated to meet the different capacities of his hearers. The singers kindly favored us with some pieces of music suitable for the occasion. There is no doubt that the result of missionary efforts on this Circuit, will fully prove, that while the blessings of Providence are so richly dispensed unto us, we are not unmindful of the wants of our fellow men who are perishing for the bread of life. May the spirit of intercession be poured upon the various different departments of the Christian Church, and may the Gods of Missions so crown their efforts with success, that soon His glory may be so revealed as that all flesh shall see His salvation!

Yours truly,
WILLIAM TWEED,
Long Reach, March 16, 1854.

Popery in England—On the Continent.

The following extracts were sent us, by an esteemed and very intelligent Wesleyan minister in England, who is well acquainted with all public matters in Europe. The views given we believe to be correctly true; for, at least as much as she pleases, Rome is on the descent.

It has been the weakness of many zealous but timid professors among the various sects of Protestant religionists, to regard with anxiety the advances which Popery was reported to be making in this country, and credulously to receive without suspicion of exaggeration the statements of Papists themselves, as to the amount of success which has attended their efforts to proselytize our fellow-countrymen from the faith and induce them to bend their necks to the imposition of the Papal yoke which "our fathers were unable to bear." And the bold attempts to establish among us a Popish hierarchy, in which the result of missionary efforts, and the progress of the Tetrarchin heresy, have tended, without doubt, to increase the excitement and strengthen the alarm which has been so generally felt.

Those who have marked the aggressive character of the Pope's means to accomplish his purposes—who have read his history traced in characters of blood—and who reflect that it assumes to itself the attribute of infallibility, and that it is essentially the same intolerant and persecuting Church, it has always been, unchanged and unchangeable—may well be excused if they regard with misgivings any effort it puts forth to establish its ancient sovereignty over the consciences and liberties of the people.

But a reference to the supplement which accompanies the returns of the last general census may serve to dispel all needless fear on that account, as it tends to exhibit the Roman Catholics in England and Wales as included within a very small minority, when compared with the bulk of the population or the several religious denominations into which it is divided. It is one thing to build gorgeous and capacious churches and chapels and to appoint to them a numerous train of prelates and priests; it is another to fill these sanctuaries with congregations, and to extend the moral influence of Popery among the masses. In the latter there have been a signal failure; for among the 17,000,000 of the English population, the entire number of Papists is less than 200,000. The actual number of sittings in the Popish places of worship is stated at 186,111. Now let us suppose these to be fully occupied—which would be an exception to the rule which obtains with all religious communions—then, making due allowance for the large contributions to the several Popish congregations from the sister country, and from the various continental states of those who have been driven by the revolutions that have distracted their own countries to seek an asylum in our favored isle, the number of English Papists would be liberally estimated at 150,000; and yet, for this contemptible minority the Court of Rome but lately had the audacity to parcel out this country into dioceses, and to appoint over them prelates with high titles, and to bestow the incense of episcopacy in every town and city to take the oversight of the Mormon impostors and their ignorant dupes.

The Appendix to the Census Returns has dispelled a great delusion. It has shown us

that all the machinations of a Jesuitical priesthood and its subordinate agencies—the baits that have been held out to allure the indigent to sell their consciences for a morsel of pottage, and the vast variety of means, fair and foul, that have been resorted to—say, and the plots of apostates and traitors who were invited to deliver up the citadel to the invading foe, with the professed design of "converting England to the ancient faith," have proved abortive. The nation still stands staunchly Protestant, prepared, if need be, to do battle in defence of our altars and our hearths, and to hand down to posterity unimpaired the "form of sound words" which we have inherited as a sacred bequest from the martyrs, who are represented in the Apocalypse as crying from beneath the altar for vengeance on the "Woman red with the blood of the saints."

Nor is the picture less cheering if we turn to Ireland, which we have been wont to regard as a priest-ridden country, and which has frequently been the theatre of murder, incendiarism, and "every evil work," the necessary consequence of that state of ignorance and semi-barbarism in which it has been the policy and study of the priests to hold the population. In Ireland the Romanists can no longer boast of seven millions of adherents; for—independent of the drain by emigration, whereby some two millions have been transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic, far from the presence and perverted influence of the priesthood—the thousands of converts from Popery which have rewarded the zeal and self-sacrifice of the agents of the Church Missionary Society and other kindred institutions, have vastly reduced the number of Papists, so as to render it extremely doubtful whether they do, in fact, exceed the numbers of Protestants of all denominations who are constantly laboring for their evangelization.

Popery is also on the wane on the continent, and is only maintained by proscription and persecution on the one hand, and by imposture and pretence on the other. The one is designed to repress the spirit of inquiry and a desire for the truth on the part of the more intelligent; the other, to delude a credulous and superstitious peasantry, who have been brought up amidst the numbing influences of an idolatrous Church, and who are sunk into a state of darkness—"grasp darkness"—"darkness that may be felt."

The sure word of prophecy points to the speedy, universal, and final overthrow of the "Man of Sin," and to those who have looked forward to this event as a "consummation most devoutly to be wished," the statistics contained in the official returns to which we have referred are full of encouragement and hope.—Western Christian Advocate.

Redeem the Time.

Buy it up so as to lay hold of each opportunity as it turns up, for the word "time" refers as much to "opportunity" as to "time itself. Be on the eager watch for opportunities upon each and every man! It has been said that there is "a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at its height, or else all is lost. But in truth there is not one tide merely, but many. There may, in a moment, be a tide of opportunity, and it is our duty to seize it, and to be ready to seize each one as it passes; for it passes as the winged lightning, ready to lay hold on it. REDEEM THE TIME!

Buy it up so as to have it all in readiness against the emergency. As it is bought up in the hour of Egypt, as general drought together all manner of stores into some city or fortress, against the day of war and siege, so do you. The evil day is at hand, it has already begun. There is not a moment to be lost. Make ready for the evil day, and be ready to seize each one as it passes; for it passes as the winged lightning, ready to lay hold on it. REDEEM THE TIME!

Buy it up so as to make rapid progress in your heavenward journey. On this there must be no loitering. You cannot afford to linger. Time is too brief, the way is too rugged, the journey is too important, the risk of failure is too terrible, the reward is too bright and glorious, to allow any such lingering. Press onward. Make sure that you are really advancing. See that you are becoming holier in spirit, heavenier in your walk, and more like the Master in your whole character and deportment. Pray more, love more, trust more. Be more self-denying and obscure. Get your feet on the things which are upon the earth; crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts. REDEEM THE TIME!

Buy it up so as to be more useful in the world. It is not a life of tame and greatness that you are called to, but to one of usefulness. You are not to be able to do or speak great things, but you can be useful. See that you keep this in view. O pray to be kept from an unprofitable, wasted life. Pray for a useful life, however humble, may be despised and obscure. Let your life be a day. REDEEM THE TIME.—Rev. H. Bowser, D. D.

The Death of Hume.

To a man who believes the truth of revelation, and therefore the existence of divine vengeance against the despisers of it, this scene will present as mournful a spectacle as perhaps the sun ever shone upon. We here behold a man of great talents and invincible perseverance, entering on his career with the professions of an impartial inquirer after truth, met at every stage and step by the evidences and expostulations of religion, and the claims of the Creator, but devoting all his labors to the pursuit of fame and the homage of the great and learned. We behold him appointed soon to appear before

the Judge to whom he had never alluded in malice or contempt, yet preserving to appearance, an entire self-complacency, and justly protesting about the approaching dissolution, and mingling with the insane sport his reference to the fall of superstition, a term of which the meaning is hardly even dubious when expressed by such men. We behold him at last carried off, and we seem to feel, the following moment, the darkness in which he vanishes, the shrieks of surprise and terror, and the overpowering accents of the messenger of vengeance.—On the whole globe there probably was not acting at the time as mournful a tragedy as that of which the friends of Hume were the spectators, without being aware that it was any tragedy at all.—John Foster.

Monks in Italy.

In Rome, all the toil of the worship falls upon the monks. They are more easily recognized, since they never abandon the habits of their order, but only put over them the sacerdotal ornaments required by the ceremonies they fulfil. No idea can be formed by which to measure the shameful ignorance of these corporations.

The peasants form the greatest ingenuity of their number. Their aim is not to find an asylum for their piety, or a shelter against the disappointments of a world they do not know; no, it is only to avoid manual labor, which they abhor,—to satisfy with impunity their corrupt appetites. What they look for, is only an easy, careless, and satiated life, with a certain authority over the masses, to flatter their coarse vanity.

Their immense number of houses that offer such a ready way of escape from so many duties, is an obvious cause of the demoralization of that miserable tendency. Everywhere the fields remain uncultivated and sterile; labor is avoided and put off; industry reduced to nothing; family left unprotected, and the domestic economy destroyed by the hideous plague called beggary. Such are the principal results of that scourge, convent life.

The religious orders are obliged to take their recruits from the lowest regions of society. None but those who are ignorant and uneducated, are admitted into the order, and progress, whatever else they may be, if there are any exceptions, they are so rare, that they must not be taken into consideration. Some very distinguished men have sprung, however, from so much obscurity, and have, in the course of their duties, performed some noble actions, and have, in the course of their duties, performed some noble actions, and have, in the course of their duties, performed some noble actions.

Their only motives in adopting such a life is a miserable and narrow egotism; they do not care for the duties they assume. In place of the qualities, vocation, and learning which have not, they have the hypocrisy and false appearance of an exaggerated devotion. The superiors know very well how to excite this zeal, to bring it to the blindest fanaticism, and to obtain everything from the monks, but they seldom do so, and they are not willing to break away from any considerations of duty or interest but those of his own convent. He becomes a passive instrument in the hands of a superior; and this last is himself completely isolated from State or nation.

Now it is from the lowest orders of this monkish soldiery, that are selected those who are the most impudent advocates of persecution in all its forms. They do everything in their power to keep the nations in error and ignorance; it is the best means of securing the safety of their treachery and avarice. Their continual intercourse with the inferior classes from whom they originate is always fatal to the former.—In order to encourage and prolong in the people a belief which may render easy the plundering habits, these able monks have penetrated into the houses of the poor; and succeeded in robbing many of their last cent. Far from bestowing any charity upon the indigents, they bereave them of everything they may still possess; they throw their parents and their children into the streets, and make them beggars; they make a money business of the hopes and fears engendered by their religious cheats. In other ranks of society, they use a little more refinement; they know how to insinuate themselves into families, and to worm their way into the hearts of the living and the inheritances from the dead. They take advantage of confidence to observe the interior affairs of houses, and then exact and receive a secret tribute.

Perfidious and deceitful emissaries, these monks penetrate into the homes which they wish to ruin; there they gain to the cloister what the other world would become troublesome to their covetousness; they circumvent and get surreptitiously the parents' confidence; then, by skillful artifices, they direct the inheritance to the cloister, and the property of the government of the cloister property. Sometimes, also, they foment intestine dissensions, they incite fathers against their children, sons against their parents; they corrupt the servants of rich houses, in order always to have correspondence in the place; and these lackeys, by selling the secrets of their masters, help and favor their schemes of avarice.

Higher still, on the threshold of power, there are to be met those odious attempts of the monks, which have been so long a scourge to the Roman States. Secret agents and ambitious spies, they aim at nothing else but a share in the government; under the mask of their habit, these monkish diplomats have mixed in all the political intrigues of the last two or three centuries. Every Catholic court has had a monk in its council; always concealed, and affecting the greatest humility, these hypocrites generally, by mysterious means, acquired a powerful influence in the government of the country; women were their most powerful means of success; by cautious piety and ascetic transports, they gained their hearts by first getting possession of their heads; and then they were strong enough to know no longer a master.

Sometimes, also, they subdued the geniuses who governed the State; Richelieu was obedient to Father Joseph, the inexorable monk surnamed *The Gray Eminence*, when one of them occupies the pontificate,

all the political acts of the government are in the hands of the monks. In 1846 it was Father Vaurais, (great pontificary of St. Peter, who introduced to the Pope, every Frenchman desirous of obtaining his benediction. According to the reception of benediction, the person introduced is obliged to make three genuflections. Many are amazed at the facility with which an audience is obtained of the holy father, and the secret of such courtesy is all in the *regale* or present that must be made to the Pope's chamberlain after the audience.

In every religious order, the acts of each member are regulated by the influence of the General. This influence forms the first dogma of cloister discipline, and is religiously observed, from the lowest degree of the scale to its highest chief. The Generals are consequently the great leaders of that militia, which publicly or secretly covers the whole of Christendom; and the power finally centres entirely in the sovereign pontiff.

Every one knows what immense support they give to the Pope in Rome, therefore to them are reserved the most flattering and obliging receptions. The Generals are considered as men of the first merit; but this is only a deceitful report, spread expressly for seducing and bribing those they wish to gain to the order.

The cloister dignitaries are sometimes eminent for their learning; but theological excels have such place in that learning, that the western forests of dried trees, annual reputation in the matter is generally limited to the walls of the convent; moreover, each order has too direct an interest in putting forward the merit of their chiefs, to be suspected of exaggeration in their praises and admiration.

The Generals of all orders are chosen by ballot; for these elections, all the monks are convoked, and hold a conclave which is not inferior to that for the election of a pope. The conclave is a professional society of every kind. There, also, each nation canvassers are perfectly aware that, at his election, the General renounces his nationality, and becomes a simple subject of the Pope.

Every convent or religious association holds a secret convention in the choice of their General; nor would brilliant qualities of his mind, his learning, eloquence, and eloquence be considered sufficient motives for an election. What is required above all, is an unlimited devotion to the spirit of the order; an unshaken determination to sacrifice everything and every person to that feeling; business ability; knowledge of the intricacies of the order, and a reputation for craft and cunning,—such are, in short, the essential qualities that each order imperiously requires of its Generals.

When other merits distinguish a monk, he may be devoted to written controversies, theological discussions, a professorship, or preaching; and, in these ways, he can attain the highest dignities of the Church, and even sometimes to the supreme power of the Pontificate.

The Generals are entrusted with all important negotiations in which the association has any interest. Their correspondents are in both hemispheres, and form an immense net, which is spread over the whole world.

In reflecting on such combinations, do not be surprised that the greatest power of the Roman See resides in that religious militia, existing and acting everywhere, but, by common submission and unity of obedience, and concentrating all its force in one place, viz., Rome! All spiritual operations of the convents are now exclusively employed to support and enlarge the temporal interests of that city.—Cassander.

The Human Intellect.

The vast and capacious powers of the human intellect form a theme on which men always love to dwell. It stirs the spirit of man to be told of the secrets he has extorted from nature; of the stupendous treasures of knowledge which he has heaped up; of the sagacity with which he has divined into the abyss of dark and hidden things; of the chariot of fire in which he has ascended to "the brightest heaven of invention." Of all these glories it is his delight to hear. He sits in pride amid the spoils and the riches of countless generations, till he feels a sort of divinity within him, and begins to scorn the earth, which he has treads. And then come the hours of heartiness and the perversion of his heart, which so often turn his knowledge and his wisdom into a snare and a curse.

For what will the Lord of all knowledge say to the creature whom he has made, and who has arrayed in all this magnificence and prodigality of endowment,—what will he say to his own boundless art to be piled up as a tower, whereby man may build himself a name, and exalt their pride into the heavens?

If there be any one thing in the course of this world which proclaims more loudly than another the power, and the majesty, and the goodness of the Almighty, it is the victorious progress of the mind of man. For what are the triumphs of that one Supreme and Eternal Mind which contains all truth and wisdom; and from which alone the mind of man derives every particle of its energy, every particle and source of its prodigious faculties? And can any one proudly imagine that these powers were given to man that he might erect himself into a deity, and forget the work of the Lord and the operations of his hand? The mightiest intellects of this world have ever seen have never imagined this. It has been their great delight and glory to be made aware of the greatness of Him who "saith enthroned on the riches of the universe." Even those grand and ruling spirits, who shone like burning lights in the dark places of the ancient ignorance—even they were often impatient to "feel after" the "divinity which stirred within them," and to pay Him the honour and love which are his righteous due, "if happily they might find him." And of those who have lived in brighter and more glorious times, the greatest and the best have always honoured their Creator with all the powers of the understanding which he gave them, and to pay Him the crown of rejoicing to those master spirits, what does their great example say to us? Does it not tell us that our intellect was given us for high and holy purposes; that it is a light kindled within us by Him who dwells in light; and that it is both our glory and

Where does your Strength lie?

Every human soul has some point on which it rests. As every arch has its keystone, every lever its fulcrum, every body has its centre of gravity, which may be on some thing, so every soul must have a point, out of which, stability and repose may be derived.

We cannot always tell what it is. A man does not always know what it is himself. Men do not often ask themselves questions enough to know what the strength of their souls is. Like the total force in the body, we know when it is present and when it is gone, but not where it is.

Here is a man full of activity and energy, vigorous, vigorous, the life of his circle. Suddenly, as if struck by an evil eye, he seems to collapse and wither—the less energy, he does nothing, and is good for nothing. Nobody knows what has come over the man; but the strength of his soul is departed. What has been touched? what has gone from him? Obtrudes the world knowledge, or perhaps tells us no living creature—all we know is that the man is blighted.

Nor, when the strength of a man's soul has died out, does he always die. There are many men, and women too, who utilize the strength of their souls. The man of the western forests girdled trees annual in which never more vital sap shall ascend from a living root, yet still, for a while, shooting forth blossoms and leaves, from the mere habit of a past vitality; and so man, when the strength of their heart is dead, rises like on from the more mechanical habit of living.

Sometimes the strength of a man's soul lies where he does not look for it. He only discovers where it was by the blow which strikes it.

Here is a man of realising a man of varied intellectual resources, a man of wide accomplishments, versed in art and skilled in learning. He shows himself friendly, and has scores of friends; he has a fair wife whom he loves passing well. A beautiful daughter prattles and totters about his fire-side—so fine a creature, so fair and fanciful with her soft curls, her gay ignorance, her sweet absurdities—the little thing seems made only as the luxury and ornament of existence—its toy and plaything, not its essential want. The roots which are laid bare, a dew drop, a bird-song, and fine to strike into the deep and lower granite of the man's soul. The man plays with her daily when he closes his book, or comes in from his business, but he thinks of her as a passing perfume, a dew drop, a bird-song, and fine to strike into the deep and lower granite of the man's soul. The man plays with her daily when he closes his book, or comes in from his business, but he thinks of her as a passing perfume, a dew drop, a bird-song, and fine to strike into the deep and lower granite of the man's soul. The man plays with her daily when he closes his book, or comes in from his business, but he thinks of her as a passing perfume, a dew drop, a bird-song, and fine to strike into the deep and lower granite of the man's soul.

Obituary Notices.

MRS. ANN SMITH, OF NEWPORT.

Died at Mendon, Newport, on Sabbath morning the 12th March, Mrs. Ann Smith, wife of Thos. Arnold Smith, and daughter of John and Rachel Haines, of Newport.

She attained the age of 39 years, days before her decease. She was left a bereaved partner and eight children, one of them being but four days old at the time of her death. No danger was apprehended in her confinement until a few hours before she died. When the fears of her friends concerning her health were communicated, she expressed her calmness and resignation to the will of God, and remarked, in reply to a proposal of some friends that she had better see her children and bid them farewell,— "that if it was thought she could not survive over the night, she would like them to be called, but if they believed her end was so near, she wished the young children to remain in their beds until morning when she could perform the mournful duty." They were called to see her in the night, and bade farewell to each of them, and gave them suitable advice. The eldest daughter being of an age to profit most by religious discourse, especially (were enjoined to give their hearts to the Lord, and avoid the ungodliness of the world. She expressed her confidence in God to the writer of these lines a few hours before her death. Her calmness of mind, in view of "the dark valley," was greater than that of some persons anticipating a mere change from one earthly locality to another; and she believed, did not result from a self-righteous spirit, or insensibility to the affections that bind us to our relatives and friends, but from her confidence in the wisdom of God's providence, and faith in the merits of her precious Redeemer. Death seemed to have no sting, and the grave no terrors; while she, at the same time, expressed desire to remain with her family if the Lord would allow it, but, as death appeared inevitable, she bowed to the will of God with all her friends were weepingly anticipating their bereavement.

Mrs. Smith was awakened to the necessity of seeking an interest in Christ with earnestness, at a protracted meeting held by Rev. William Cross, at Mendon, in the Spring of 1811. She was at the altar as a penitent, and obtained some hope of salvation during the special means of grace then being held, but attained to the assurance of faith in Christ in her own house about two weeks after the meetings closed, by devoutly reading the Scriptures with earnest desires for spiritual benefit. Her father and husband obtained the joys of pardoning mercy at the same meetings which were so beneficial to her; and thus a new impulse of good thought and feeling came to cheer her in her earthly pilgrimage, derived from her own salvation, and of those so dear to her by the ties of nature. Mrs. Smith remained thirteen years a consistent and highly esteemed member of the Wesleyan Church. She was diligent in expressing her religious opinions and attainments, but evinced solemnity, earnestness, and propriety in her christian course. She has left many class-mates and friends, to lament her sudden and early removal, who will long and affectionately remember her as a noble and benevolent friend, and as one who has left a strong impression in the neighbourhood of the vanity and insecurity of human existence in this vale of tears. We trust the design of Providence in sending this bereavement to her family and friends will be fulfilled, and be sanctified with fruits of good lasting and permanent utility. She was buried at Mendon on Tuesday morning the 14th March, a large concourse of people of various denominations listening to the funeral address with attention, and in reference to many, we believe, with tenderness of feeling. May the good Lord prepare us for the solemnities of the final scene, and the joys of our future and better home.

T. H. D.
Mendon, Newport, 23rd March, 1854.

THE DELIGHTS OF BENEVOLENCE.—If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of it is the power of relieving distress; if their be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.—Bacon.

