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Religious Miscellany.

The Guest.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—Rev. 3: 20.

Speechless sorrow sat with me:
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wholly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock.
And a hand was on the lock:
One in waiting spoke to me,
Saying sweetly:
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said, "thrust the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock:
In the dark, I found the lock—
"Enter, I have turned the key."
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me?"

Opening wide the door, he came:
But I could not speak his name:
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face:
When my cheerful fire was burning,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my master

Was the guest the supped with me!
—Harriet M'Kean Kinnaird.

A Word to Mothers.

A PRIZE ESSAY, BY SUSAN A. TUCKER.

If there is any motto which, above all others, I should rejoice to see inscribed on the countenance of every mother, it is this: "Rejoicing in hope." It has been often said that cheerfulness is a Christian duty; but are its real value, and its important bearings on human happiness rightly appreciated? Is it generally understood and believed, that in order to make others happy we must be happy ourselves? And yet in every relation of life this is true, and to none is its application more forcible than to the mother. Her countenance may be considered as the barometer of the social atmosphere in which she moves. If radiant with benevolence, and illuminated by the smile of hope and cheerfulness, we naturally look for peace and contentment in the little community over which she presides; but if frowns and discontent prevail there, we must expect to find all around her pertaking of the same spirit. And yet how difficult, often for the most amiable temper, always to observe an even balance amid the conflicting duties and the petty annoyances, to which those mothers who take a proper oversight of their families are daily exposed! It has been said that the life of a woman is made up of little things—of things too important to be neglected, yet many of them scarcely worthy to be named. These are the things—endless in their number, their variety, and their collision—which daily try the patience of the wife and mother; and sometimes, alas! too often, are allowed to disturb her equanimity. Indeed the most amiable temperaments are sometimes the first to be affected by these things. Unaccustomed to any severe trials of temper, they have never felt the necessity of principle in its regulation, but trusting to their own happy impulses, have been borne smoothly forward. Now, however, trials of this kind multiply around them; they find themselves involved in cares, to which, perhaps, they feel inadequate; in duties, for which they have a positive dislike; in circumstances, which they cannot by any skill or ingenuity make bend to their wishes or their convenience. They are thwarted on every side; perhaps the carelessness or capriciousness of domesticity; perhaps the waywardness of children—or it may be their own ignorance and inexperience—render it impossible to make such arrangements for the comfort of their families as they desire. Now, if they have no better support than mere native amiability, they will doubtless yield, in some degree, to discouragement, and instead of gracing their misfortunes with smiles of good humour, and making amends for every disappointment by their own sweet temper, they will probably dwell upon their trials, perhaps their grievances, and thus do much to encourage a spirit of murmuring and petty complaint.

It is in cases like this that the need of principle is felt. Indeed, I hesitate not to say, that a mother, the mistress of a family, who is not sometimes happy from principle, will sometimes render others very unhappy by her peevishness and discontent. She must follow out the apostle's injunctions, and be "patient in tribulation," or she cannot always "rejoice in hope." To this she is summoned by every motive of affection for the objects of her care. How can they delight in her presence, enjoy her society, and be blessed by her influence, if her manner is repulsive, her countenance dejected, her voice stern?—should she allow herself to brood over petty annoyances, to indulge the spirit of discontent and fault-finding, instead of basking in her presence, as in the sunshine, they will fly from it as from the gloom and darkness of night.

Even the infant, as he lies unconscious in his mother's lap, and gazes up into her face, catches a spark from that eye, which may determine its future character and destiny. And is it of no importance whether it be a "ray serene," reflecting its own soft radiance on his guileless face, or a troubled and uneasy look, which will soon tell its own story, but too truly, to the heart of that confiding child? O! if mothers did but realize how early, how imperceptibly they begin to impart their own spirit to the little ones whom God has given them, they would be more watchful never to exhibit before them a single unwelcome or undesirable trait. And then to reflect, that the image of that face, the echo of that voice, will follow them when they leave the parental roof; will go with them, even should they wander to the very ends of the earth, who would not desire that they should prove a load-stone of abiding power, to attract them from every desirable and unworthy act, from every degrading association, and to keep them in the hallowed paths of purity and virtue? Do mothers wish to make this power abiding, this loadstone irresistible? let them, then, keep it safe from every lead of peevishness and ill-humour—let every ebullition of anger and impatience. One

such exhibition on the part of a revered and beloved parent may leave a dark spot upon the family landscape, which can never be wholly effaced.

The mother is the presiding genius of her household, and on her mainly depends their happiness. The father has a mighty influence, we know; but it is subordinate in most instances to hers. In the little world of home, she is the sun, the star, and soul must that would become when these orbs are shrouded, or even briefly overcast. Let her complain of her cares, describe her endless toils and vexations—sweary the ear with her discouragements—and above all, let her speak in fretful tones, or with a frowning brow, and how unavailing will be her best efforts to promote the happiness of her family! Well-directed as they may otherwise be, they will be insufficient to restore the peace which her peevishness has dissipated. She may be notable in every department of household skill—she may even "reek wool and flax, and work diligently with her hands"—she may "rise while it is yet night, and give meat to her household"—obscure as such practices have become in these modern days—yet if she be fretful withal—impatient of contradiction—more ready to censure than commend—if she cannot have compassion on the weak and erring among her flock—if she exacts more than is just—I ask, does such a mother rightly discharge her high and holy duties? Does she make home that happy place which shall cause it to be preferred to every other spot on earth? No!—let it be repeated again and again, that no diligence or success in the mere minute of household comforts can possibly atone for the absence of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, "and of man too," is of great price.

What wife, what mother does not know that she was chosen to be the solace and cheerer of her husband? That for this, he sought her love—perhaps endured hardships and privations to win it, thinking by this boon to create for himself an atmosphere of perpetual peace and kindness, and that

"At her sweet smile each ear should cease." Alas for him, if with the golden days of romance those hopes have vanished! If the eyes, which once glaced on him only with tenderness, are ever permitted to dart a burning ray of anger or impatience, adieu to his dreams of delight! Instead of breathing an atmosphere of love, he must henceforth be subjected to that most capricious thing—a woman's temper—and will find his home a happy or a cheerless place, according as good humour or discontent happens to rule the hour.

"Then deem it not an idle thing
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

Does any ask, "What shall be done? How is it possible for any woman, who has much to do with the cares and vexations of life, always to be peaceful and happy?" It is not in human nature to endure without a murmur such annoyances as fall to her lot. Perhaps not. At any rate there are few, very few, tempers which can safely abide the tests. But if human nature is insufficient of itself, strength from on high is promised to the trusting, the believing soul, "casting all your care upon him," says our Apostle, "for he careth for you." "Be careful for nothing," says another. How much is implied in this—how much to reprove the solitude, the extreme anxiety, the dejection of many Christian mothers! And Christ himself has said, in a discourse on the impropriety of excessive attention to the things of this life, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" Will your sighs, your tears, your complaints, your growls, bring about the object you desire? Will they lighten your cares, or remove your difficulties? No.

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed."
God, and not you, has charge of the future—and he is the hearer of prayer. This is your only safe resource when surrounded by difficulties and discouragements. Here is the secret of your strength, and by his help you may prevail. "Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." So said the Apostle, in words dictated by the Holy Ghost 1800 years ago, and the triple blessing has lost none of its significance by the lapse of ages. We perceive a beautiful sequence, by which one suggests the other to his mind, though in an inverted order—for, in order to fulfil the first, we must strictly obey the other two, and particularly the last, "Continuing instant in prayer." Yes, Christian mother, here is the secret of thy strength. "Wait on the Lord—be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart—wait, I say, on the Lord." Never do you appear before your household with a gloomy countenance. A discontented spirit, when you have made full proof of this god-like weapon. It "beats down" into your face before your eyes, and you fear them no longer.

Why should you then be otherwise than cheerful and of good courage? You have an Almighty Friend, who knoweth all your cares, all your infirmities—and who will lay upon you no more than he will give you strength to bear, if you will but trust him. Whenever, then, you are "discouraged, because of the way," you distrust his ability and willingness to sustain you. You act no longer like a child, but a slave, and you cannot expect his blessing on yourself and household. Seek then his aid in enabling you to "bear the burden and heat of the day;" commit to his wise and gracious management all your concerns—the smallest as well as the greatest—and you will be at peace. Even the follies and imperfections of your children, severely as they may try you, will not be able to disturb your patience, or ruffle your equanimity. You will pour all your griefs and all your anxieties into the ear of your compassionate Father in heaven, and there you will leave them.

Yes, take thy sorrows there,
For he that smeth from the place of prayer,
And goeth forth in peace to bear alone
Christ's easy yoke, and bears of Him, the lowly One.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Angels in the House.

I know a man. He is not a Christian. His daily life is not in accordance with even principles of morality. He has three beautiful, well-behaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them, his little girl, three or four years old.

Said he: "Perhaps some people would think it sacrilege, but I don't, but for some time back I have been in the habit of reading the Bible and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it is a good influence to the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night I went to 'Lodge' (he is a Mason) and did not get home till after 11 o'clock. The children, of course, were all a-bed, and I supposed a sleep. Before going to bed I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment when I heard Noble get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet came pattering across the floor toward me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt down beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her, and in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said: 'Po, po, po, po!' I prayed. I kissed her, and she went back to bed; and I tell you, G—, I have had nothing affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long but just that little—'Po, po, po, po.'—Independent.

Baptism.

"Origin," says Rev. Mr. Monteith, speaking of the altar on which Elijah ordered water to be poured, says, "The altar was baptized." Clement also and Ambrose says of a backslider reclaimed by the apostle John, "He was baptized a second time with tears." Tertullian says, "Baptism means to pour out, as well as to immerse." Irenaeus speaks of a sect of Christians who baptized by affusion of water and oil. Lawrence baptized one of his executioners, a short time before his death, with water from a pitcher. Novatian was baptized on his bed by pouring, "according to the custom of the times." Cyrillus, Bishop of Carthage, says baptism is a fulfilment of the prophecy, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you." Athanasius speaks of a Christian sect who baptized by sprinkling.

Getting used to it.

St. Augustine relates that among the gay young bloods of Rome, during the time of his disipated days, there was one who from native delicacy of fiber could not endure the gladiatorial shows of the Coliseum, and could never be induced to witness one. His young companions determined to cure him of being such a milkop, and so bound him, hand and foot, and carried him in, and held him down between them. At first he kept his eyes shut, but the merriment of public spirit prevailed; and before the exhibition was over, he was one of the most eager spectators, and after that one of the most devoted attendants at those bloody tragedies, until he was stopped by the power of the gospel.

Thy Favor is Life.

Atq. "Favor is my home."
Freak, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Freak, every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Earth has no resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless:
Jesus is mine!
Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away:
Jesus is mine!
Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void:
Jesus has satisfied:
Jesus is mine!
Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, oh loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest:
Welcome, my Saviour's breast:
Jesus is mine!
—Mrs. Harriet Bowser, Scotland.

Religious Intelligence.

Christian Experience.

The following is the experience of the wife of Professor Upham, as written by herself. It seems to have originally appeared in the Guide, but we copy it at the request of a friend, from the *Advocate and Interest* of Jan. 21, 1844.—[E.]
I read, with deep interest, the "Guide to Christian Perfection," and find myself thereby enlightened, strengthened, and encouraged in the way of holiness. The subject of *heart holiness* has been to me the last year one of all absorbing interest. And not only heart holiness, but a holy walk, a holy life, a holy conversation, a life of entire *symbolical holiness*—an aim to be in the world as He was, our blessed Pattern, our holy Redeemer. I say, for the last year, holiness to the Lord has been my motto. I have been a professor of religion sixteen years, but I never heard of the doctrine of entire holiness, as a thing to be realized in this life, until February, 1839. When I tell you that I do not belong to your order, and had never been at all associated with a people of this belief, you will be able to account better for my ignorance. In the good providence of God, I went last February into a Methodist tract meeting. I heard a sister there speak as I never before heard man or woman speak. A holy composure sat upon her countenance, and she seemed to be breathing the atmosphere of heaven. She spoke with the simplicity and love of the beloved disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom. I sought a private interview with her. I opened

to her my heart. I told her I lived in a state of daily condemnation, and I had never indulged a hope of living above this state. Then, for the first time in my life, I heard of Jesus, a present Saviour from all sin. We knelt, side by side, and prayed; and she, a present God, clearly seen in and through Jesus; to the Great Unknown, to God afar off. The news of this salvation—a salvation from sin, was good news, glad tidings. This thought I was worthy of the Son of God; this I was, indeed, *peace on earth*. I seemed to see, if this were true, it was the healing balm for all my woes. I will not undertake to describe my past experience. I will turn away from this dark chapter of my history, only with saying, I remember three distinct periods of this experience, when, it now seems to me, I might easily have entered into this state of entire consecration to God, and perfect love in the soul, had I met with such a friend to guide me. But I cannot excuse my sins, my unbelief of God's word. There God, even my God, professedly, had always called me to holiness; and I may say in truth, that I never read and meditated upon his word without seeing and feeling the difference between the gospel standard and that by which I was living. I had only one interview with this sister, as she left town, having been here on a visit. Alone, undisturbed, except by the spirit of God, I pursued the doctrine of heart holiness. I came to the word of God with a determination to lay aside my former creed; to forget the experience of those dear servants of Christ I had long known and loved, and understand for myself what the salvation of the gospel was. Being so situated as to be able to control my time, I laid aside all work, excepting the more necessary and personally pressing family duties, and devoted my time, for eight weeks to the study of the Bible. I commenced with Paul's writings, and often read one epistle through four or five times before I went to another; dwelling on his expressions, and endeavouring to find out all his meaning. From the Epistles I went to the Gospels, and from the Gospels to Isaiah's glowing description of the churches. I soon became speculatively convinced, not only of the extent of God's requirements, but of the obligations and the ability of the Christian to fulfill these requirements in and through Jesus, who I saw was manifested to take away our sins. I now set myself, by prayer and supplication, to know the Lord. I fasted, wept and wept. Passages of his import, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "If ye have not the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his," were searching to my soul. The Spirit of God accompanied the word, and it was like a two edged sword piercing my heart. But I came to the Bible to read and believe it all, and my eye fastened on the promise of our Saviour, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Blessed, sweet promise, my heart swells with emotion while I repeat it. While pleading his promise, I knew the Lord. I fasted, wept and wept. Passages of his import, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "If ye have not the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his," were searching to my soul. The Spirit of God accompanied the word, and it was like a two edged sword piercing my heart. But I came to the Bible to read and believe it all, and my eye fastened on the promise of our Saviour, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Blessed, sweet promise, my heart swells with emotion while I repeat it.

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light of God's countenance, the great God, whose beautiful works I everywhere behold, and whose so often admired—ere the terrible God, who dwelleth in the chariot of his anger, to destroy the rebellious nations from off the earth, this God is my God. The sunbeams of his love rest upon me—upon me, a poor, frail child of dust, once all polluted with sin, but now a joint heir of God afar off. The news of this salvation—a salvation from sin, was good news, glad tidings. This thought I was worthy of the Son of God; this I was, indeed, *peace on earth*. I seemed to see, if this were true, it was the healing balm for all my woes. I will not undertake to describe my past experience. I will turn away from this dark chapter of my history, only with saying, I remember three distinct periods of this experience, when, it now seems to me, I might easily have entered into this state of entire consecration to God, and perfect love in the soul, had I met with such a friend to guide me. But I cannot excuse my sins, my unbelief of God's word. There God, even my God, professedly, had always called me to holiness; and I may say in truth, that I never read and meditated upon his word without seeing and feeling the difference between the gospel standard and that by which I was living. I had only one interview with this sister, as she left town, having been here on a visit. Alone, undisturbed, except by the spirit of God, I pursued the doctrine of heart holiness. I came to the word of God with a determination to lay aside my former creed; to forget the experience of those dear servants of Christ I had long known and loved, and understand for myself what the salvation of the gospel was. Being so situated as to be able to control my time, I laid aside all work, excepting the more necessary and personally pressing family duties, and devoted my time, for eight weeks to the study of the Bible. I commenced with Paul's writings, and often read one epistle through four or five times before I went to another; dwelling on his expressions, and endeavouring to find out all his meaning. From the Epistles I went to the Gospels, and from the Gospels to Isaiah's glowing description of the churches. I soon became speculatively convinced, not only of the extent of God's requirements, but of the obligations and the ability of the Christian to fulfill these requirements in and through Jesus, who I saw was manifested to take away our sins. I now set myself, by prayer and supplication, to know the Lord. I fasted, wept and wept. Passages of his import, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "If ye have not the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his," were searching to my soul. The Spirit of God accompanied the word, and it was like a two edged sword piercing my heart. But I came to the Bible to read and believe it all, and my eye fastened on the promise of our Saviour, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Blessed, sweet promise, my heart swells with emotion while I repeat it.

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power is lodged, it is an ordinance of God." As such, we believe it to be the highest civil duty of the subject, or citizen of a government, to maintain and defend it. And in defending it, we consider that we do not manifest any preference for the person or persons who may happen at the time to be administering it, but that we are doing homage to the Power which is the representative of God's authority on earth, and which has been Divinely established for our temporal well-being.

Such, we assure you, is the unanimous sentiment of our brethren in the Northern States. Party lines have been obliterated—Party names are no longer heard amongst us. We are a united people. Our purpose is not to subjugate the South. Far be it from us to entertain such a thought for a moment.—We wage no warfare against any of the institutions of our Southern brethren. We have no intention of depriving them of any of their rights under the Constitution. But we are determined, by the help of God, to suppress rebellion against the most beneficent government ever vouchsafed to man, as the necessary and only means of preserving our nationality. We have no controversy with the South as a section of the country. If the hand of rebellion had been raised in New England, or among the States beyond the Alleghenies, we would be as ready and resolved to strike it down, as we are to paralyse the rebellious arm of South Carolina.

Our very existence as a nation depends upon the success of our efforts. If we should acknowledge that a separation between the Union and any one of the States could be effected by an ordinance of secession, we would admit a principle of disintegration which would soon under us into petty principalities, and utterly destroy our National character. Peaceable secession is an idle dream.—Better that our great nationality should be shattered to fragments by a collision of the two grand sections, than that individual States should wear each other out in perpetual conflict.

Under this solemn conviction, the North has been aroused to the necessity of coming to the rescue of the Government, and in this determination we trust we have the sympathies and the unexpressed wishes of many true and loyal citizens of the South. The war is not of our seeking. It has been thrust upon us. The gates of battle have been thrown down by rebellious men, and because we were slow to take it up, our forbearance has been construed into pusillanimity. And now we feel that if ever there was a war justified in the eyes of all the civilized world, accompanied by all the sanctions of religion and approved of God, it is the one upon which we are now embarking. Men of every political faith, of every religious creed, and of every condition in life, compose the material of our soldiery.

In this community almost every person capable of bearing arms is ready to volunteer in the service of the Government. Our association and even the militia, largely represented in the ranks of the army. If you are under the impression, as many in the South appear to be, that the Government forces consist in any great measure of the "rabble of the cities, the dregs and refuse population of the States," permit us to disabuse your minds, for it is a fearful delusion. Our farmers and merchants, our lawyers and physicians, our Professors of colleges—men distinguished for learning and eloquence—our praying men as well as our professional fighting men, are doing duty in the ranks under the impulse of the highest patriotism. Many of our regiments have pockets for their testimonials as well as belts for their revolvers, and the prevailing sentiment throughout the troops seems to be that the battles are to be fought under God's direction, and with entire reliance for His assistance.

You ask us to become co-workers with you in the cause of peace. We have both labored and prayed that the calamities so long menaced might be averted. But God in his wisdom has seen fit to permit them to come upon us. He has, doubtless, wise purposes to subserve by this national visitation. We would gladly have had perpetual peace with all the world, but especially with our brethren. But we cannot pray for peace on the terms you offer us. War is a dreadful evil, but it is not the worst calamity that can befall a nation.—It is not to be compared with the curse of *anarchy*, or the blight of a *Military Despotism*, and one or other of these alternatives, we religiously believe, would be the necessary consequence of a recognition of the right of secession.

We do and will continue to pray, however, that our distracted land may, in God's own time, be restored to its wonted state of prosperity and peace, by the victory of law and order over treason and rebellion, and the condign punishment of all those who have lifted up the partial and sectional against a government which has never wronged nor oppressed, but has always protected, defended and prospered all its loyal citizens.

Dr. Cheever, in returning thanks, entered at considerable length into the question of slavery, viewing it in a Scriptural light and as one of the great evils of the age. He pointed out the ground which it is possible to commit against the Divine law. He illustrated even the mundane retribution which overtook this crime by a comparison of the two States of Michigan and Arkansas. Both these States had been admitted into the Union in 1836, and in the course of 20 years Michigan had nearly three times the population, more than eight times the number of public schools, and in all other indications of civilization and prosperity had immeasurably outstripped its sister State in the South, on the political and social degradation of which the speaker dwelt with much force. Now that the judgment of God, he said, had fallen on this great iniquity, by driving the Slave States into the madness of a rebellion, an opportunity was given to his country of freeing itself hereafter from the stigma of an awful crime. The demand on the North should be one for the total abolition of slavery. If then attempted to effect a compromise with the seceding States, the judgment of Providence would recoil upon them hereafter with tenfold violence. Now the Divine mercy had at last given them an opportunity of clearing their country of an abomination, and a juncture had arisen, which came sooner or later to all people, when to maintain the government of the country it was necessary to maintain the military conquest of the South. He thought that slaves held in States which had not seceded should be purchased by the Government and set free, and that they should confiscate the property of the slaveholders who were in rebellion and manumit their slaves also. They should forbid slavery in the district of Columbia, repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and forbid the traffic in slaves from State to State. If the North were to adopt such a course, and announce their firm determination of suppressing all slavery and trade in slaves for the future, he believed the course would at once command the sympathy and respect of all mankind.

The duty of Great Britain, however, in this matter was clear. No matter what the issue of the present struggle in the United States might be, England should never submit to the degradation of recognizing a community of pirates as a nation. The North, he thought, will never prosecute the war with vigour or success, unless the military conquest of the South would become an impossibility unless the North threw off all disguise and timid half-measures by proclaiming the total abolition of slavery, throughout the length and breadth of the United States. In consequence, the rev. doctor stated that, in fact, only one single State had really seceded—South Carolina. The others had all been coerced into it at the point of the bayonet during the reign of terror which followed the secession of South Carolina.

Lord Kinnaird explained to the meeting how it was that Dr. Cheever had not been more intimately known to the English public during his visit to this country. A public meeting was to have been held last April under the presidency of Lord Brougham, when Dr. Cheever would have an opportunity of explaining what slavery really was in certain States of America, but in the interval which elapsed before that took place, the dreadful rupture and the fratricidal war which all in England so keenly and sincerely mourned, had broken out among the States, and Lord Brougham in the exercise of a very wise discretion, did not think that at such a juncture it would be right to adhere to their purpose regarding the meeting. This was the only reason why the meeting was not held, though the abandonment of the idea had given rise to some misstatements in the American press, attributing to Lord Brougham had given the cold shoulder to Dr. Cheever, and the fact had been held up and desecrated upon as another instance of the Southern sympathies of this country. Such statements were utterly untrue. He thought there was not much sympathy felt in his country for either party in the contest between the North and South, for the universal opinion in England was that both were equally innocent.

After a few words from Mr. Samuel Morley, proposing a vote of thanks to the noble chairman, which was carried *non voce*. Lord Shaftesbury, in acknowledging the compliment, said it was astonishing to him, that Lord Brougham had given the cold shoulder to Dr. Cheever, and the fact had been held up and desecrated upon as another instance of the Southern sympathies of this country. Such statements were utterly untrue. He thought there was not much sympathy felt in his country for either party in the contest between the North and South, for the universal opinion in England was that both were equally innocent.

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General Miscellany.

The American Crisis.

On the 24th a meeting was held at Wilkes's Rooms, London, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. Dr. Cheever, pastor of the Church of Puritans in New York, with a testimonial as a token of the honour in which a consistent course he has held in denouncing slavery as a sin against God is regarded

After a few words of explanation from Dr. Cheever, who stated that the rebellion of the South was daily adding thousands to the cause of Abolition, and that he believed the time was rapidly approaching when slavery would be un-
dermined and gratefully discontinued in this country. Talent, fame, wealth, energy and zeal have repeatedly and sadly failed in the past ages of the church's history; but faithful and persevering prayer—never!

Obituary Notices.

Died, of Diphtheria, at Digby, on Saturday, 8th June last, Miss STRANAHAN, daughter of James and Lucy Taylor, in the 14th year of her age. She was baptised last January in the presence of the congregation, and received into the Methodist Church; furnishing at the same time undoubted evidence to her pastor and the members of the Church that her mind was gradually influenced by the spirit of God. Susanah was a scholar in our interesting Sabbath School, in which was laid the foundation of her conversion to God and happy death. She evinced very conscientious attachment to her school—so much so that, when her parents remonstrated that she was too old to go on in the last Sabbath of leaving home, she replied, "I must go there while I am able to attend." Her illness made rapid work on her tender, youthful frame. She was a child of intelligent piety, and manifested unusual decision in the walks of religion for one so youthful; was very serious in all her deportment, yet kind and affectionate; was most attentive to her class-meetings, and other means of grace, and very fond of her hymn-book and Bible. When questioned by her pastor as to the reason why she wished to be baptised and join the people of God, she gave a clear testimony that the Lord had drawn her youthful heart to Him.

Her funeral was most respectfully and largely attended. The scholars and teachers of the Sabbath School walked in procession to the Wesleyan Church, where a sermon was preached on the occasion. W. M. C.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1861.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Churches within the bounds of the Conference, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent of Missions. Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence. We do not undertake to return rejected articles. We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

Our present Ecological Status the Harbinger of a Higher Position.

It is not our purpose to devote this column to eulogium or self-gratulation; though with such a theme as that designated above, we may find it the most difficult part of our task to avoid what we utterly discard and detest—vainglory. We hold it a fixed principle of scriptural teaching and requirement, that the most favoured and prosperous Christian or Christian community should be the most humble of all that "showers of blessings" should ever be followed by rich harvests of gratitude and humility. Yet we may safely adopt either of the methods by which the value of inspiration illustrates or enforces necessary lessons, without thrusting into the foreground our own past fidelity or success—at least in such a manner as to offend our God or grieve our fellow-men. The Bible is itself chiefly a record of the past. And wherever its sacred pages describe the accomplishment of any worthy enterprise, or the achievements of any man or people, it is designed for our solemn instruction; that, as the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works;—or in other words—not by any means void of these in either force or beauty, though perhaps more simple in their construction—that the Christian may derive encouragement in the toils of the future from a retrospection of the past.

Five years—five brief and rapid years have passed since our infirm communion took to itself a distinct, though auxiliary, organization in the cause of righteousness—the societies, ministers and people who had been rescued from the wide forest of Colonial infidelity, and who were welcomed from the bosom of the Parent Church in Britain, invited the wisdom of their venerated Fathers "at home" to provide for their future independence, without severing the link which bound them, with no galling stress, to their own loved communion. The event was quite as auspicious as any had dared to anticipate. Hope urged her way, under the guidance of Faith into the unveiled future, and brought back a story of prosperity and joy. The youthful Conference gazed around upon the cluster of loyal children who designated the British Conference by the fond name of mother; and as the strength, the wisdom, the talent, the influence and the honors of each stood out in bold relief, the tender, late and late-born breathed to Heaven a prayer for that power and blessing which would render itself worthy of its illustrious lineage and connection. To occupy honourably its position, it was not enough that the existence thus begun should be retained; it must evince an unceasing expansion of heart and system. The surrounding relatives were vigorous, some of them gigantic; and the conclusion was inevitable, that to vie successfully with the Methodist brotherhood, our youthful Conference must sacrifice much and labour more. For self-ambition and unbecoming adherence to the "law and the testimony" it must be ever ready, or otherwise prove recalcitrant to the true heroism of its pioneers while occupying high ground on the colonial spiritual battlefield. We will not say that everything has been gained which was then devoutly wished for. And we are constrained to the confession that our pathway has not been so rapidly traversed as might have been the case had more earnestness, faith and unwavering perseverance signalized our every action. But devoutly do we render unto the Great Head of the Church thanksgiving and praise for the favourable position and prospects which are before us. For the augmentation of our numbers, for the enlargement of our Methodist borders for the multiplied numbers who adhere so affectionately and loyally to our loved communion; for the discretion, legislative ability and logical power of our youthful Conference as an ecclesiastical body; for the continued energy and efficiency of our Educational Institutions, and the success of our Book Room we do render unto God thanks.

May we take the past as an index of the future? Reason and faith hope all unite in harmonious response—may. An expanding and aspiring country invites us to emulate its enterprise. Tens of thousands beckon to us in eager invitation as "westward the course of empire takes its way." Scores of intelligent and talented youth, abandoning the pleasures and prospects of the world, the pursuits of commerce and the walks of fame, tender to us their sympathy and support in saving souls and exalting the human race. It is the glory of Methodism—and in it is its glory—that in every household which confesses its instrumen-

talty for good, the altar of prayer has been erected. From these ten thousand shrines as many supplications are ascending to Heaven for our betterment, and while the pure fire of devotion burns upon them, we cannot fail to reap the promised harvest. Talent, fame, wealth, energy and zeal have repeatedly and sadly failed in the past ages of the church's history; but faithful and persevering prayer—never!

An object of no ordinary importance has been secured to our Conference this year, which, as being inseparably identified with our future advancement, cannot be too frequently or urgently represented. We refer to the Collegiate course of study now to be adopted at Sackville. Such a curriculum as would at once prepare the student for higher usefulness and honors has long been felt to be a serious desideratum. The institutions of other lands, as well as those of our own denomination, have wooed the attention of our youth desiring of graduating, and offered them a higher fame, though perhaps not higher instruction or truer dignity than we were prepared to impart. It was fitting that the Church of their choice should make provision for their reasonable necessities. The new Professorship also demanded such an acknowledgment. This step advanced, we no longer doubt the practicability of establishing in our midst a College proper. This will prove a most important feature of our future success. Our Colonial as well as our Methodist prosperity will be associated in no slight degree with the accomplishment of such an enterprise. To the students of God's wealth in our midst we commend the serious importance of this duty, which claims and receives in the deliberations of our annual sessions the deepest interest.

While pointing thus to a higher position, and urging the athlete among us toward that portion of our Colonial stadium which exhibits corals of enduring renown, we are perfectly conscious that the *modus operandi* must be peculiarly our own. Models we have, complete in their own spheres; but in every land there are local circumstances which demand peculiar treatment and distinct consideration. Hence, the design will in a great measure devolve upon the actors—the wisdom and power being sought at the mercy-seat. We are indebted to the experience of the past for our "constitution," and its kindly admonitions will ever be welcomed and appreciated; but many of our triumphs will be achieved over enemies which exist only on our own battlefield. For this purpose our Divine Master transfers to our ranks, from the halls of science and other spheres of action, those whose instincts, affections and prayers, are peculiarly with us, and whose early life has rendered them familiar with every distinctive trait of their native land. A thought of still greater moment also urges itself upon our attention—our sacred dependency upon God for the accomplishment of designs which His own operations alone have prompted. With that deep consciousness of our complete subordination to His righteous will, both in our possessions and enterprises which brought the struggling hero of the Reformation to his knees in the memorable interview with the angel of the Covenant, when those words—ten thousand times adopted since—"The work is thine," came swelling up from his depressed spirit, we too approach the Throne of the Heavenly Father. Each feature of past success elicits from our hearts—we trust in reverent sincerity—the language of praise—"Thine is the glory," while mountains of obstacles in the future, dark, defiant and frowning, only call forth the ejaculation equally devout and truthful—"Thine are the power and wisdom."

It is not our purpose to devote this column to eulogium or self-gratulation; though with such a theme as that designated above, we may find it the most difficult part of our task to avoid what we utterly discard and detest—vainglory. We hold it a fixed principle of scriptural teaching and requirement, that the most favoured and prosperous Christian or Christian community should be the most humble of all that "showers of blessings" should ever be followed by rich harvests of gratitude and humility. Yet we may safely adopt either of the methods by which the value of inspiration illustrates or enforces necessary lessons, without thrusting into the foreground our own past fidelity or success—at least in such a manner as to offend our God or grieve our fellow-men. The Bible is itself chiefly a record of the past. And wherever its sacred pages describe the accomplishment of any worthy enterprise, or the achievements of any man or people, it is designed for our solemn instruction; that, as the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works;—or in other words—not by any means void of these in either force or beauty, though perhaps more simple in their construction—that the Christian may derive encouragement in the toils of the future from a retrospection of the past.

Correspondence.

LOWER BRITAIN, Aug. 14th, 1861.
To the Editor of the Provincial Wesleyan.
DEAR BROTHER,—I have been reminded of late, by a beloved brother minister, of a communication of mine, addressed, through the Wesleyan, to Mr. John Tiley, of Newfoundland; and in justice to Mr. Tiley, and in vindication of the Scriptural character of our ministry, I will append his note for publication, which I think will be a sufficient rebuke to the Rev. gentleman who bore false witness against his neighbor. But to show the matter in its true light, I must request you again to publish an extract from the Rev. Mr. Tiley's communication to the Church Record, in connection with Mr. Tiley's reply. Besides, there is another interesting point referred to in Mr. Tiley's letter—the introduction of Methodism into Newfoundland, and its progress into North America, by Mr. John Hoekins. (See Mr. Wesley's Letter to Bishop South: August 10th, 1780: Works, vol. p. 108.) I am,
Yours truly,
THOMAS ANONIM.

After we had passed Foster's Point, a dangerous shoal, with a rock to take up a skiff about a third of the way, we took to the oars and rowed up under the shore till we got past Bound's Head, when we got on the boat and ran across to Mr. Tiley's, of Lower South Harbour. Here we threw out our grapple in about eight feet of water, and waited for a "flat" to take us ashore. We were kindly entertained by Mr. Tiley, an old gentleman who appeared to have found pleasure and profit, too, in scientific and learned pursuits. He is a Wesleyan; and as I was the first clergyman, I believe, who had "burst into this silent sea," I did not feel disposed, single-handed as I am in this Mission, to discuss the church questions which him at any length, particularly when I found him recognizing the Wesleyan teachers as a *key body*, and giving me leave to have service in his house.

HEAVY PILEY.
Heart's Content, Oct. 10th, 1859.
UPPER SHOAL HARBOUR, July 7, 1860.
MY DEAR FRIEND AND OLD PASTOR—Of whose Apostolic mission I have no question.—When about five or six years old—though now turned seventy—George Smith came to our village. Led by the hand of my mother I went to hear him preach. The text was, "I AM hath come unto you;" and though I did not understand some things he said, the subject melted my heart. The Gospel melody being exhibited, to use the language of a modern poet, "It took there have been up and down, through all which I have never had one doubt of the applicability of the text to the occasion. I never dreamt, in my simplicity, of the contradiction to apostolic ordination, which in the long-veiled struggle the national Church had endeavored to engross to itself without any scriptural warrant for so doing. And the effect of all my researches has led me to see that Mr. Wesley, according to the true sense and letter of the New Testament, was as much entitled to the appellation of Bishop as Timothy or Titus. This is a point never was, and never can be, overthrown, unless you leave the word of God, and impose fables, which is too much the case where religion is made to consist of outward ceremony.

You expressed a wish to know what I said to Mr. Poley on the subject of lay preaching; to which I answer, *Nothing*, for that subject was never referred to in our conversation. Besides, any religious sentiment is fully developed in a little while I am about to publish. I have not written for the learned, nor for gain, but to delineate the state of the infant church in my native island, about 95 years ago. Old Perican can justly boast of the first Wesleyan Church in this island. Wesleyanism was introduced there by a Mr. John Hoekins, who had a church partly built before Lawrence Caughen came to the country. This could not have been known to Miles, the Wesleyan historian. I am so affected by this circumstance, that I have written a statement of Mr. Hoekins' ministrations in that place, and my happy results thereof.
(Signed) JOHN TILEY.

Is Congregational Singing Practicable?

MR. EDITOR,—I have been thinking a good deal upon Congregational Singing. I have heard not a few long sermons to it universally practised. I have conversed with some who have heard it with admiration in Henry Ward Beecher's Church; and I have read our London Review upon the subject, from which I will quote, and very far from wishing to seem to *Dictator General*, I would humbly submit for mature consideration, what others with myself, think should be, and can be the universal practice of the Christian Church. The article is longer than the rule allows, and will require a little more patience.

Congregational singing is a very ancient practice.—When our Great Creator laid the foundation of our world, all the Heavenly angels sang. The morning stars sang together and all the Sons of God shouted for joy. When God redeemed Israel from Egyptian bondage, "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song upon the Lord and spoke saying—(observe the words) it did not smother or drown the sea as it is now too often the practice—I will sing unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." David the sweet singer of Israel calls for Congregational Song. "O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation—and add "O come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker—and so invites both to Congregational singing and praying—yea, he would have every voice in creation sing, for he says "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." The Apostle Paul commands the churches "to sing with Grace in their hearts unto the Lord; to speak to one another in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts unto the Lord;" and setting them the example, he says "I will sing with the Spirit and with the understanding also." At the Birth of Jesus the angel of the Lord struck the key note, and the multitude of the heavenly host with the angel, praised God, saying Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards man." The new song of redemption is to be sung by all the redeemed, and consequently by all the church, for all are redeemed, and it will be sung for ever by all the redeemed in Heaven, and even "infant voices shall proclaim their young hosannas to his Name."—And the beloved disciple tells us he heard all the hosts of heaven both angels and the redeemed singing—the sound thereof he likens "to mighty thunders; and the sound of many waters." Surely there is Congregational singing in heaven, and when we get there, we shall all sing "Salvation to God and the Lamb." It is true that Popery kept it long in bondage—the harp of congregational song for many weary years hung upon the willow, but Luther took it up, and returned it to its proper position, and again that harp of solemn sound was heard in the great congregation. And now is there not danger that choir singing may be substituted for congregational singing? I think that both ministers and people see the great need of a second reformation in this respect. The choir is indeed of ancient date, this cannot be denied, for the Hebrew church had its choir, and when properly conducted, they are sources of much good—not as monopolizers but as *Leaders* of the praise of God. When the officiating minister says "Let us pray," he means that all should pray; and when he says "Let us sing to the praise and Glory of God;" does he not mean that all should sing; as well might we confine the praying to the singing to a part only. It is true, a few stray voices throughout the congregation may be heard now and then, and perhaps one reason why so few sing is, that many of the tunes now sung by the choir are unknown to the congregation, but even when they are known, there are many who can, but don't sing, but leave the choir to do it for them, just as they look to the preacher to do all the praying for them. How is it that we have in some of our weak night services such a *chorus* of singing music? Why, because every singing soul like us its voice. Now we want such singing on the Lord's Day also, and then we shall have what the celebrated Watts calls so delightful—

"A Lord how delightful it is to see
How solemnly they worship thee,
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and they are there."

Visit for once Henry Ward Beecher's church, and you will hear singing that stirs up the fire within, unless you are dead in sin, and even then, it will electrify you. Such music will remind you of the words of one spoken some 3000 years ago, when he says "But when we say concordant unity of the whole Congregational chorus came (as I may say) thundering in, even so, as it made even the very ground shake under me, (oh the unutterable, ravishing soul's delight), in which I was so transported and wrapped up into high contemplation, that there was no room left in the whole man—my body and spirit below, but Divine and heavenly rays all around me." Surely we may also have the same in kind, and the same in degree also, if the numbers are equal; we know nothing that should prevent it. Only let us try, and by God's blessing we shall have it. In the first place, let us try and get for our churches, what Mr. Beecher has for his church—the Hymn Book with the tunes that are to be sung book together, forming one book, and each pew to be supplied with them. To secure a variety in singing, it will be necessary to have 2 or 3 tunes set to the same hymn. In "The Companion to our Hymn Book" published by Mr. Mason, we have 3 tunes to every hymn, in all 222 tunes & 769 hymns, but you must use your hymn book and the note book separately, because the latter contains one verse only and not the entire hymn for each tune. If the same number of tunes is sufficient for Methodism in England, it ought to be enough for Methodism in America. We have had too many tunes crowding upon us; what we want for long is the same as the "Companion," viz: for long metres about 40; for common metres 40; for short metres about 25—and for all the other metres a much lesser number, as they are less frequently used than the former. As many of our tunes that are known and sung in America are not in the Companion, it will be necessary to make a companion (or rather *supplement*) to be united in one to our Hymn Book, containing those tunes in use among us, and a remainder from every available source, adopting as many of the English Companion as

may be approved; and to accomplish such a plan, a committee of suitable persons—of good judgment and taste, should be appointed for the purpose. The Committee in making their selections would do well to observe, that church music would be ranged under two great divisions—the formal and ornamental, and the plain church style in the other. The former division includes musical intricacies of all kinds; the latter is characterized by such plainness of arrangement as may be consistent with solemnity and grandeur. The formal style is very little removed from that of the secular music of the day. The true church style preserves throughout its melody of taste and fitness, the distinguishing grand and solemn features which have ever separated it not only in degree, but in kind from secular composition. Up to a comparatively recent period—even the present generation—florid compositions were most commonly used, all others being designated stupid, heavy, and the like. Of late years however, the true ecclesiastical style has found among its supporters, all those judges whose competence to form an opinion can be evinced by sound reason; more dogmatic assertion being the customary defence on the other side. The suitability of the ancient style is evident, inasmuch as music of this kind, being plain and uniform in its movement, is easily performed by persons of moderate ability and vocal power. In a mixed congregation, for example, if it is desirable that all should sing, the song should not be too high, or too low; not too difficult, or too varied in its movements; otherwise it would fail to answer the desired end. Singing should have neither the flighty course of the jig, nor the mournful path of the dirge; but possessing a solemn yet cheerful dignity, it is thus more in harmony with those feelings of *reverential joy* which every Christian should give thanks unto the Lord and adore before His presence with a song. As in the times in which we live, it is generally the received opinion that the sanctuaries of the Most High should be distinguished by their appropriate architecture, and consequently we no longer build churches like Theatres or Heathen Temples, or with univerting resemblances to factories or stables,—some rejoice to know that the music of the sanctuary is becoming exclusively sacred. And surely as prayer is addressed to the Giver of all Good, with a solemnity and awe quite distinct from the conversation of man with man, so Congregational singing and praying—yea, he would have every voice in creation sing, for he says "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." The Apostle Paul commands the churches "to sing with Grace in their hearts unto the Lord; to speak to one another in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts unto the Lord;" and setting them the example, he says "I will sing with the Spirit and with the understanding also." 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