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## The Meeting of Friends.

Oh, dear to the soul is that moment of rapture,  
When friends, the long-parted, again re-unite;  
When warm-quickening tears blend with heart-felt  
caresses,  
And words are too poor to express the delight  
Foreseen that hour of重逢 meeting.  
Or joy remembered to heighten the joy,  
Though earth may have seasons of bitterest  
anguish,  
This surely is bliss without any alloy.

With eyes fondly beaming, each speaks of the  
past;  
That has burned unextinguished for many a  
year,  
To see the dear face, that with smiles now is  
lighted,  
And tell, to that cherished companion, each  
case,  
Each joy and each sorrow, that marked that  
long absence,  
When far, far away, from the friend of our  
heart,  
And the fondly-breathed vow that, if once more  
united,  
No power but death from each other should  
part.

But Death, ah, the monarch, in secret exulteth,  
To hear hapless mortals acknowledge his  
sway,  
His power hearts closely united to sever,  
And vain is their frenzied appeal for delay;  
His presence can chill the warm fount of  
affection,  
And voices, that in friendship we clasped,  
become cold,  
While voices, that greeted our presence with  
rapture,  
Now silent, forget that glad welcome of old.

But a meeting there is, where his presence can  
never  
Dutiful, for a moment, the loving and true,  
In the "Land of the Blest," with what hallowed  
emotion  
Earthly friendship each spirit again shall  
renew.  
Escaped from a world full of sorrow and trial,  
Our loving companions, with eagerness, wait  
To hail as God's victors, the chosen and ransomed,  
And the glories unfold of that heavenly state.

Then raised be the heart now despondent and  
drooping,  
Complain not of dangers and toils of the  
day,  
But with courage and faith, and love that  
endureth,  
Those trusty companions no longer delay,  
To haste on the journey that, sooner or later,  
Shall bring thee, in safety and peace, to  
abide  
In the realm of the weary, the home of the  
wanderer,  
Where Death has no power true hearts to  
divide.  
M. E. H.

## The Maiden and the Rack.

At Lisbon, in the early days of the Inquisition,  
a young lady, Maria de Cocco, was seized and  
brought before the judges of that blood-thirsty  
court.  
Maria was charged with being faithless to the  
Church of Rome. Gilted with all the varied  
accusations of a knowledge of the foundations on  
which true religion is based, she was not long  
in learning that the Roman Catholic religion is  
a cheat and a lie, and her pure mind rejected it  
with disgust. But she was a timid girl. Gentle  
as she was pure, and true as she was brave,  
she was not fitted for the conflict of faith and  
piety through which she was called to pass.  
When brought into the presence of the cruel  
judges, she trembled from head to foot, the cold  
sweat stood on her pale brow, and she was  
ready to sink to the earth with fear. She  
quitting mind and availing herself of means to  
acquire a knowledge of the foundations on  
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her up, and once more left her in her solitary  
cell to come back to life. There in her  
aching misery she had time to think of what  
she had done, and why. She had been faith-  
less to the cause she loved; and though it  
was sweet to lie on that cold stone floor, and  
feel that the wheel was no longer dragging  
her limbs and her life away, yet she was  
sorry, even then, that she had purchased her  
deliverance from torture, by a confession of  
what her soul abjured. Stand up to that,  
Maria, when they bring thee before the  
monster again.

That day of trial was at hand. She was  
longer in recovering from this second torture,  
but she was hurried into this second trial,  
judges there to sign the extorted confession.  
Calmly but decidedly she told them of her  
weakness under suffering, how she had hoped  
to bear all and die rather than deny the  
faith she loved, but the anguish was awful,  
and she, a poor, weak girl, had been tempted  
to confess. But now she would retract all  
she had said in the moments of her misery.  
She abjured the Church of Rome, and defied  
its power. "Twice," she added, "I have  
given way to the frailty of the flesh, and  
perhaps, while I am on the rack, I shall  
deny what I have sworn to me by pain."  
And then the wretches racked the brave  
girl again. She was strong now. Her  
strength was made perfect in suffering. The  
more severe the agony, the braver was her  
heart, and woman-like she rose above the  
present, and was a heroine in her martyr-  
dom. Her constancy triumphed. The  
judges ordered the punishment to be stayed.  
They would not give her the luxury of  
dying in her victory. They ordered her to  
be scourged through the streets of Lisbon  
and banished!

Let us not judge too harshly of those who  
deny the faith. We know not the strength  
of their temptation, nor the weakness of  
their powers of resistance. We might all  
with less. They may be recovered, and  
gathering strength from suffering, may yet  
be mighty in faith, and victorious too.—  
V. Y. Observer.

## Family Worship.

Family worship may be considered the  
pinnacle of religion of the family, as a few  
reflections will render evident. We might all  
with less. They may be recovered, and  
gathering strength from suffering, may yet  
be mighty in faith, and victorious too.—  
V. Y. Observer.

The parents, after family worship in the  
morning, can enter upon the duties of the  
day, and especially, the difficult task of  
training their children, with good hope of a  
successful result, which they could have no  
successful ground to expect if they neglect-  
ed to acknowledge God in the family, and  
solemnly to commit themselves, and all that  
pertains to them, to the Divine guidance.

Children must feel a restraining and  
beneficial influence from this solemn act, as  
well as from the earnest prayers then offer-  
ed up for their behalf. It is a petition that  
they may be preserved from temptation, will  
be apt to recur to their minds when the  
temptation presents itself, and the very  
knowledge that they are the children of  
praying parents will, to some extent, be  
a safe guard to them through life.

If a family are to be trained in a godly  
manner, which, doubtless, all admit, the  
calling them together morning and evening  
to worship God, is, perhaps, the most power-  
ful single element in that training. In fact,  
all other good training will appear, to some  
extent, inconsistent without it.

A regular observance of family worship  
is an excellent means of correcting errors in  
the walk and conversation of the parents  
themselves. They no longer feel their own  
inconsistency more keenly than when con-  
ducting worship before their children and  
servants. So much must this be the case,  
that to have any comfort in this exercise,  
it is necessary to bring the mind to give up  
or at all events, contended against to the  
utmost.

and attentive, and any departures from a  
proper demeanor during the worship of  
God in the family, should be carefully  
corrected, until perfect decorum is attained.  
—Montreal Witness.

## A Scene on Mount Hermon.

Well might Mr. Thompson (missionary of  
the American Board) say, in reference to  
the interview described below, which he was  
permitted to enjoy on his recent visit to  
Hasbeia, "I came from it with a heart won-  
dering at its own deep resources." Such  
scenes throw open to the charmed spirit its  
inmost chambers, stored and adorned with  
pearls and gems, and treasures infinite, of  
whose possession it was never before con-  
scious; a glimpse of wealth unknown, to be  
developed through a long eternity of blessed  
fruition.

Scenes of diversified interest occur in our  
daily labours. This morning I took the  
two deacons, and having threaded the crook-  
ed lanes of the town, climbed up the steep  
side of Hermon towards the south-east, when,  
entering the vineyards, I came to a solitary  
lodge in the garden. Four posts, planted in  
the ground, supported a floor made of poles  
and platted cane, a few feet above the surface.  
Above this is the lodge, about six feet square,  
and as high, constructed by twisting  
and weaving great withes, leaves and all, in-  
to walls and a canopy, tight and snug, and  
quite impenetrable to the rays of the sun.—  
This is the home of the owner of these gar-  
dens for about eight months of the year.  
We have long known him as a quiet, se-  
rious Protestant, and for some time past  
as an humble applicant for admission to the  
church.

After a joyful welcome from our friend, I  
crept into this little lodge through a small  
aperture, followed by the two deacons.—  
There was just room enough for us four. I  
sat down upon his hard bed, if a single quilt  
and pillow can be called a bed. On the pil-  
low lay the Arabic Bible, Prayers for Every  
Day in the Week, Thomas Kempis' Imitation  
of Christ, and Doctor Smith's work on the  
Offices and Work of the Holy Spirit, all  
well worn by constant use. It is impossible  
to detail minutely our long and interesting  
conversation, as it spread over the whole  
subject of redemption. It was more than  
satisfactory; it was delightful and refresh-  
ing. Some of our friend's remarks were am-  
azing by their earnestness. One of the de-  
acons inquired what he now thought about  
the saints whom he formerly worshipped.—  
"O," said he, "since I have learned to  
bless my soul with all its hopes on the  
beloved Saviour alone, I have forgotten the  
very name of the saints." "Well; but you  
do not think them?" "By no means; I love  
all true saints, whenever and wherever they  
have lived, in ages past, or do now serve  
the Lord on the earth; but in the matter of  
salvation they have nothing to do with me,  
or I with them."

At the close of our visit we knelt in  
prayer. A delicious breeze from the olive  
tree over shadowing the lodge, seemed to  
whisper peace through this ancient and  
world-accepted emblem of peace. My place  
for prayer. Above us, in solemn majesty,  
lay the holy head of Jesus, the true vine,  
emblem of the Saviour and his people; who  
the crushed clusters pour forth fragrant  
memorials of that precious blood which was our  
theme as we knelt in prayer.

It was good to be on the mountain side,  
in that lodge, beneath the olive, among  
those clustering vines, with that old man of  
humble mien and fearful eye, the voice of  
prayer ascending from full hearts to the  
canopy of heaven above our heads. Yes,  
it was good to be there. I crept forth from  
this humble lodge with eyes blinded with  
tears.

In the afternoon, as the old man was con-  
ing to our preparatory lecture, I met him  
on the stairs. Seizing my hand, he said,  
"Ever since you left me this morning, I  
have been looking up into heaven; and  
seeing nothing there but Christ." Gazing  
earnestly up into the clear blue sky, with  
a voice which almost frightened me, he re-  
peated several times, "I see nothing in  
heaven but Christ; I see nothing in heaven  
but Christ!"

Human Life.  
Were we on a journey through a strange  
country, and stopping here and there, only  
for a night, we should deem our accommo-  
dations of small importance; we should not  
think of fitting up in a costly manner, a  
house in which we should remain but a few  
hours. Human life is a journey through a  
strange land. Our home is, far away.—  
Each object we behold is a monitor, pointing  
us downward to the grave in which our  
ashes will soon repose. It is not vain, then,  
for us to give our whole attention to wealth  
and fame? We cannot carry them with us  
into the grave. The rich and poor are alike  
in the coffin, and all the fame of earth will  
make no difference in the world to which  
we are hastening. I have read of a man  
who was rich on earth. He had furnished  
only every day. He was clothed with  
purple and fine linen. He rode in his char-  
iot. He revelled in wealth and splendor.—  
But death, the common enemy, visited his  
sleeping abode, and buried him away. He  
took no gold, no silver, with him. His char-  
iot he left behind. His magnificence, his  
incredulity in the world, his philosophy, his  
in that other world, he was miserably poor.  
He had no home. On the waves of the  
angry sea his soul was tempest driven. He  
had no pillow but the wave of fire, and in  
vain he prayed for a cup of water to cool  
his parched tongue.

## Our Progress in Life.

What a blessed order of nature it is,  
that the footsteps of Time are  
inaudible and noiseless, and that  
the seasons of life, like those of  
the year, are so indistinguishably  
brought on in gentle progression,  
and so blended the one with the  
other, that the human being scarcely  
knows, except from a faint and  
unpleasant sensation, that he is  
growing old. The boy looks on the  
youth, the youth on the man, the  
man in his prime on his grey-head-  
ed sire, each man on the other as  
in a separate existence—in a sepa-  
rate world; it seems sometimes as  
if they had no sympathies, no  
thoughts in common; that each  
regrets and weeps on account of  
things for which the other cared  
not, and that such smiles and tears  
were all foolish, idle, and most vain.  
Months, years, go by, how changes  
the one into the other, till, without  
any violence, lo! as if some trea-  
surer, at last, the cradle and the  
grave. In this, how nature and  
man agree, pacing on, and on, to  
the completion of a year, of a life.

"I have thought of it."  
So said a young lady who had  
been reminded by a pious mother of  
a neglected duty. "Ah, but  
thinking of it does not do it," said  
her mother. "True," answered  
the daughter, "I have found that  
it does not," and as soon as an  
opportunity occurred the neglected  
duty was performed.

"I have thought of it." Ah,  
how many stop there in their pur-  
sues of duty. A church-  
member sees a brother go astray.  
"Have you conversed with that  
erring brother?" "No; I have  
thought of it."  
"Do you know the state of mind  
of that young neighbour who is so  
constant at the prayer-meeting? Have  
you had an earnest conversation  
with him?" "No; I have  
thought of it." It is the chilling  
reply. No doubt that erring brother  
has thought of reforming, and that im-  
penitent neighbour has thought of  
repenting; but of what avail will it  
be, if their actions do not correspond.

Moral Discipline.  
No system of intellectual education  
can be otherwise than defective,  
unless it comprehend in its wide  
scope the due regulation of the moral  
feelings. And never does intellect  
become clear in its perceptions,  
so penetrating in its views, as to  
be wide in its range, as when allied  
with a pure and holy heart. The  
corruption of the heart reaches up  
to the intellect, mars its symmetry,  
clouds its horizon, and distracts its  
powers. The intellect, when purified  
by the heart, and man may not  
put them asunder. The highest state  
of intellectual greatness is  
attainable only in connection with  
the highest state of moral excel-  
lence. The mind is not disciplined  
as it should be, unless it be disci-  
plined to purity, as well as to truth.  
—Clark's Mental Discipline.

Always speak with the utmost  
politeness and deference to your  
parents and friends. Some chil-  
dren are polite and civil every-  
where; but at home; there, are  
coarse and rude enough. Nothing  
suits so gracefully upon children,  
and nothing makes them so lovely,  
as habitual respect and dutiful  
deportment towards their parents and  
superiors. Parents make the plainest  
face beautiful and gives to every  
common action a nameless but  
peculiar charm.

Sympathy is one of the most re-  
fined pleasures of our nature—we  
call it pleasure, although it is akin  
to pain; for its disinterestedness,  
ennobling character, and beneficial  
effects, cannot but render it, with  
all its sorrows, a source of gratifica-  
tion.

If the sun were a globe of  
gold, and each star a diamond,  
and a pearl of silver, and the earth  
a mass of great value, one soul would  
be worth more than them all; and  
yet the sinner values his soul less  
than he does a few rusty silver dol-  
lars, or the transitory pleasures of  
sin for a season.

## The Closing Scene.

Within the sober realm of leaden trees,  
The sunset yawned in his hour of ease;  
Like some unheeded ray in his hour of ease,  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barn, looking from the hazy hills  
O'er the dim waters, widening in the vales,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,  
(The village seemed farther, and the streams sang  
low;  
As in a dream, the distant woodman heard  
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests erewhile armed in gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
The village seemed farther, and the streams sang  
low;  
Withdrawn afar in times remotest old.

On stumby wings the vulture tried his flight;  
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;  
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,  
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—  
His crew, and all was stiller than before—  
Silent till some replying warbler blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where, ere the joy within the elm's tall crest  
Made garulous trouble round her unadvised  
young;  
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind with a censer swung;

The North British Review thinks the following, from a  
well-known American poet, is entitled to rank with  
Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

How to judge of the Industry of  
Ministers.  
A farmer is apt to suppose, if he does not  
see his minister at work in the field every  
day, he must be idle or lazy. A mechanic  
wants to see him in the shop. The merchant  
in the store. The professional man thinks  
he might be attending to some profession. So  
many persons judge of the industry by the  
amount of labour he performs in the field,  
the store, the shop, or in pursuing some pro-  
fession. But none of these are his appropriate  
work. Judge him on the Sabbath. If he  
comes with his mind well stored with Divine  
truth, and is prepared to present to the people  
well arranged and well digested sermons from  
Sabbath to Sabbath—sermons that are cal-  
culated to interest and edify the church and  
the congregation; don't charge that man with  
being idle or lazy, he is at his work when  
you are asleep.—Journal and Messenger.

The Sentiments Proclaimed by  
Anti-Pedo-Baptist Con-  
troversialists.  
The opponents who entered the field  
against the former part of this series of  
articles, having been silent for some time, I  
am thereby left at leisure to advance to the  
prosecution of the work in hand. But ere I  
proceed, let me remind my respected readers  
that there has been no reply worthy the  
name to any argument or charge heretofore  
advanced against the Polesians rebuked.  
There was indeed a contradiction of two  
statements, but it was not intended to be  
contentious to deny the charges—the one  
case was the denial of the implied charge  
of proselytism, by one who has been scarce  
a year in the Province, and therefore utterly  
unacquainted with the proselyting manœuvres  
resorted to in various parts of New Brunswick  
and Nova Scotia. The charge therefore  
stands good, and is here reasserted, with this  
additional observation, that instances and  
names can be abundantly furnished.

In the other instance of contradiction, let  
it be borne in mind that the only parties  
capable of contradicting, so as to make the  
prosecution of the work in hand. But ere I  
proceed, let me remind my respected readers  
that there has been no reply worthy the  
name to any argument or charge heretofore  
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stands good, and is here reasserted, with this  
additional observation, that instances and  
names can be abundantly furnished.

With these preliminary observations, let us  
proceed to take up, in the first place—  
I. Sentiments or opinions on Infant Baptism.  
—They reject it with abhorrence. They  
attack those who practise it, indiscriminately.  
They abuse and ridicule the ordinance, and  
those who teach and practice it.

They reject it with abhorrence. They  
do this needs no proof, as they glory in it.  
We therefore observe that they have a right  
to do so, if they think they have sufficient  
grounds, only they are of course accountable  
to the living God, for the course they ap-  
pear to have taken, and for the course they  
take. We will examine the grounds on  
which they proceed to cast it away.

It is asserted, that there is "no scripture  
for it," or to express the reason in the more  
familiar language of the day, "there is no  
warrant for it." But what is meant by  
"warrant?" Is it a warrant, "there is no  
scripture," &c.? Merely this, I imagine  
from their writings, that there is no passage  
which in so many words, commands the  
Baptism of infants, or where it is stated that  
infants were baptized. There surely ought  
to be something stronger than this to sanc-  
tion the rejection of infants from the rite—  
even a plain, or at least a clearly implied,  
prohibition. For in the institution of circum-  
cision, first believers were to receive it, then  
their children at eight days old.—Genesis  
xvii. 9-13, 23-27; compare with Rom. iv.  
11-16, and this rite so instituted was prac-  
tised down to the more full development of  
Christianity. I say "the more full develop-  
ment of Christianity," because I am not of  
those who believe that Christianity began  
with the enlargement and improvement of  
the Church on the day of Pentecost, being  
fully convinced that to allow this, is to  
allow that true faith in Christ is now, and  
as much entitled to be termed Christianity.  
Their light was not so clear, but equally  
true with ours, emanating from the same  
source. "That was the true light which  
lighteth every man that cometh into the  
world." John i. 9.

Moreover in Old Testament times, all the  
believing descendants of Abraham, and all  
his servants who believed in God, and their  
children who were circumcised were account-  
ed of God's people. Congregation, or Church,  
as much as believers now; and none were  
disowned but those who were either not cir-  
cumcised, or whose circumcision had, by  
transgression persisted in, become uncer-  
tain. Gen. xvii. 14, and Rom. ii. 25.—For  
circumcision every professed if they keep the  
law, but if they be a breaker of the law, they  
circumcised, for it became unavailing. It  
is, therefore, a great mistake to think that  
the Church of Christ had no existence before  
the day of Pentecost, or that the Church had  
ceased to exist either in form or reality prior  
to that day. The following passages will  
prove what I assert: "This is He that was  
with the Church in the wilderness, with the  
angel which spake to him in Mount Sinai,"  
Acts vi. 38.—"We are the people of His pas-  
ture, and the Sheep of His hand."—Ps.  
xvii. 7. "Surely they are my people, child-  
ren of the covenant: so He was their Saviour."  
—Isa. lxiii. 8. "He came unto His own,  
and His own received Him not."—John  
i. 11. "The first-fruits made holy, but the  
lump is also holy, and if the root be holy, so  
are the branches. And if some of the  
branches be broken off, and thou being a  
wild olive tree, wert grafted in among them,  
and partakest of the root and fatness of the  
olive tree, boast not against the branches."  
—Rom. xi. 16, 17. "At that time we  
were without Christ, being aliens from the  
Commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from  
the Covenants of promise, having no hope,  
and without God in the world. But now in  
Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar  
off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.  
For He is our peace, who hath made both  
one, and hath broken down the middle wall  
of partition between us, having abolished in  
His flesh the enmity, even the Law of Com-  
mandments contained in ordinances, for to make  
in himself of twain, one new man, so making  
peace. Now therefore, ye are no more stran-  
gers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with  
the Saints and of the household of God, and are  
built upon the foundation of the Apostles and  
Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief  
corner stone."—Eph. ii. 12.

The church of God, then, existed under  
every dispensation, and in its extended sense  
embraced all the professed believers in the  
promised Messiah, and up to our Lord's time  
at all events, it included their children, who  
had received God's appointed seal—circum-  
cision. Further, up to our Lord's advent, it  
had been a divinely appointed custom to re-  
ceive those who, from among the heathen,  
renounced their idolatrous and sinful prac-  
tices, and were baptized, and were admitted  
to church privileges; and also to confer on  
children the same rite, and all privileges of  
children they were capable of partaking.

All this, of course, our Lord knew, because  
He had so appointed; if such, then, was the  
case, and none can deny it, would He not,  
if intending that the children of believers should  
be baptized, have made it plain, and  
parents had received, have given some  
intimation of His will, to guard His people  
from mistake? More than this, did not  
our all-wise Redeemer foresee that vast  
multitude of Infants who would fall into  
the custom of Infants' Baptism in every age;  
if He intended this practice to be contrary to  
His will, how can it be accounted for, that He  
left no warning on the subject, nor given the  
least intimation of His displeasure at the  
practice?

Lastly, did not the Holy Spirit that in-  
spired the writers of the Acts, and Epistles  
also foresee how far this practice would pro-  
ceed among sincere Souls, and as our  
opponents admit, among true Children  
of God? If so how can it be accounted for  
that He not only gave no warning, but, ac-  
tually gave such descriptions as have led  
thousands, and tens of thousands, of devout  
Souls, to this practice, to conclude that it  
was the will of God, and that He had  
Children thus to God? And if Baptism of  
Infants be so great a "Sin,"—The greatest  
error of Popery,—"The great hindrance of  
the spread of pure religion," and the "great  
door by which the world is let into the  
Church," then it is such a thing as is not  
to be tolerated, but to be abolished, that there should be  
no specific warning?

There was no instance of aggravated Sin  
by which the Children of Israel generally  
departed from God, against which they  
were not warned; and which they were  
blessed, and to be blessed, with inspired  
men of God, to warn when they should be  
tempted to depart from Him; but, when the  
testimony of God was completed, so that  
none was to add thereto or diminish there-  
from, and when the Church was no longer  
blessed with inspired men to warn her;  
when she must look to the word of God  
alone for infallible instruction, and try the  
spirit by the Scriptures, by the word, and  
find no warning from God against this  
heresy, Infant Baptism. Against other  
Sins, according to our opponents, of the  
Mother of Harlots we are warned, but  
against this we have none. St. Paul says  
to Timothy, 1st Tim. iv. ch. 1, 3. "Now  
the Spirit expressly saith, that in the  
latter times, some shall depart from the  
faith, giving heed to seducing Spirits, and  
doctrines of Devils, speaking lies in hypo-  
cricy; having their conscience seared as  
with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and  
commanding to abstain from Meats," &c.  
and again in the Second Epistle iii. 1, &c.  
he describes the prevalent Sins of the last  
days, but in neither place is there the least  
intimation of that heinous Sin—Infant  
Baptism. Either the inspired Apostles  
were unfaithful, or our opponents are sin-  
ning against their Brethren.

Look reader at the following significant  
facts. Some of the Ministers of Infant  
Baptism, and pursue those who practise it  
with incessant argument, and ridicule, and  
controversy more than any admitted error  
of the day, while that spirit who foresaw  
the all-but-universal prevalence of the prac-  
tice, even among sincere Souls, and  
intimation of such an error originating or  
prevailing. In view of these things may  
we not demand of those who require us to  
give up such an institution, "thus saith the  
Lord," their requirements? Until they do  
this, we shall require them to cease from  
their more quiet Christian neighbours on  
this subject. If they think they should not  
consecrate their offspring to the Trine Je-  
hovah, they can refrain, but they must suffer  
us peacefully to pursue what we think is  
taught in the word of God.

(To be Continued.)

XX.

XX.

XX.

XX.





Our Blue-Eyed Boy.

One time in the May that has vanished With a heart full of quiet joy, I cradled to sleep in my bosom Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.

No shadow of sorrow had darkened His young life so longly bright, For the sun of but two little summers Had sprinkled their light in his hair.

The twilight was pressing her forehead Down deep in the level main, And over the hills lay shining The golden glow of her train.

While under the heavy trees, That swept o'er the dying day, The star of the eve, like a lover, Was hiding his blushes away.

In the hollows that dimple the hillsides, Our feet felt the sunset has been, Where pink, with their spikes of red blossoms, Hedged beds of blue violets in.

And to the warm lip of the sunbeam The cheek of the blushing rose inclined, While the weak pansy gave its white blossom To the murmuring low of the wind.

Where the air was warm with music, Of the bird and the bright-leaved fern, And the waves going by like swift runners, Astinging the songs of the sea.

But now, in the dim fall of silence, I took up the boy on my knees, And sang him to sleep with a story Of the lands'neath the sheltering trees.

Oh, when the green kirtle of May-time Again o'er the hills-top is blown, I shall walk the wild paths of the forest, And climb the steep headlands alone.

Panning not where the slopes of the meadows Are yellow with the cowslip beds, Nor where, by the wall of the garden, The hollyhocks lift their bright heads.

For, when the full moon of the harvest The cheek of the blushing rose inclined, I hold the last time to my eyes, Our beautiful blue-eyed boy.

And parting away from his forehead The ring of his wannish gold, I sang him to sleep with a story Of the lands of the upper fold.

When laying his pale hands together, And putting his lips on my lips, We trusted his feet to the pathway That winds through Eternity's flowers.

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the most tempting, after his appetite is satisfied, and either pulling the remainder through the rack, and his feet, or else breathing on it so much as to render it unpalatable to him. Stock of all kinds should have their regular meals, at fixed hours, as much as a man, and be allowed to masticate and digest what they have eaten, in the intervals. If they are continually fed at all hours and times they will be continually expecting something and consequently be kept uneasy. They will thrive better on a less amount of hay and grain by the first method of feeding than by the last, and with less labor of attendance on the keeper.—Middlesex Farmer.

To Kill Crows.

In the winter, or towards spring, the crows are generally very plentiful. Take the entrails of hogs or sheep, or a dead carcass of any kind, and place it at a proper distance behind the barn, or other outbuilding. Then take two inch sugar and bore a hole through some convenient spot, the proper height, and remain inside after they frequent it. Then take a good sized spruce, well soaked in the black fly, and assemble to dine, point the muzzle of your gun through the hole, take a dead level at the thickest part of the assembly, and let go, and the carriage will be depressed. This is no theory, it is practical experience. I think nothing of killing twenty at four shots with a small gun. I have often done it, and had crows in the spring by the bushel. If you want them for scare-crows, take out the insides and throw in handfuls of salt to preserve them, and you can have crows to hang over the fields in the spring in any quantity; and besides, they are perfectly harmless at the sight, and have no idea of entering premises where their black brethren are so unenviedly dealt with.—Genesee Farmer.

A good Winter Feed for Milch Cows.

Mr. Editor: Cows, restricted during their confinement to the barn, in winter, to a dry diet, almost invariably "shrink their milk." This is especially apt to be the case, where very particular attention is not paid to supplying them with water, and where they are restricted to dry hay or cornstalk feed. When roots cannot be supplied, a very excellent substitute may be provided, by chaffing and steaming; but to one who has a supply of potatoes, the following method will be found very economical and efficient in retaining the flow of milk: Take a quantity of potatoes—(those which are not marketable will answer for this purpose)—crush or rasp them, and put them in a close barrel. Over a strainer of six inches thick, deposit a layer of three inches of Indian meal, and so on alternately, till the barrel is full. In the centre of the mass introduce a pint of good yeast, and set aside for one week. A vigorous fermentation will be the result, and the contents, when thoroughly mixed, will be a most excellent and nutritive feed, not only for cows in milk, but also for the young of farm stock. If the number of your animals is large, a more spacious receptacle may be supplied—say a hoghead or wine-pipe. Of these there should be several, as it will be necessary to have the progress going on, and the prepared food is being used. For mashing the roots, where rasing is not practicable, a plank trough should be used, or a floor that can be traversed by a heavy roller.

In warm weather, a little water will be sufficient to set the fermentation going, and yeast need not be used. Apples, cabbage leaves, and, indeed, almost any green succulent matter may be added to the mixture. And here let me add that when the root crops are to be taken in till the commencement of cold weather—which they never intended to be used for winter use. They will keep well during the colder months, unless placed where there is too great a degree of heat, and will keep as long as the roots to the most sources of your barn, and the comfort of your stock. Cabbages are excellent for milch cows, and no farmer should neglect to put in an acre or so every year, to feed out toward the last of summer and through the fall, as well as for winter use. The loose heads and stems are as good for the cow as those which are most compact. Cur. Germantown Telegraph.

Miscellaneous.

Earthquakes in Chili. Whether the different directions of distinct metallic veins arise from a different species of volcanic action, or from the same cause, is a question which has long been a subject of inquiry. It is possible, however, that leached ashes contain some 30 per cent. of it. It is impossible, however, that leached ashes contain the double salt of silicate of alumina and that of silicate of iron, which was found in the real agent of silicate retaining ammonia and other fertilizers, and therefore by adding leached ashes, we add ammonia, or at least the means of obtaining it from the atmosphere in the most available form for the wheat plants; and that it is this alkali that so much enriches the crop, and not the soda and potash which may be left undissolved from the ashes. If this be the case, the older the leached ashes are, the better; the more they have been exposed to rain courses, and the more ammonia they will contain, and the more good they will do to the wheat crop. And it would indicate that on our wheat soils, leached ashes do more good than the unleached ashes, from the fact that ammonia is so much more necessary as manure for wheat, than the alkali potash and soda, which are washed out in leaching.

These views, however, are at present somewhat hypothetical, and further experiments are necessary to confirm or refute them; yet the fact that leached ashes are a fructiferous fertilizer, remains a fact still, though we cannot decidedly account for their good effect; and we would recommend all farmers who can obtain them, to do so, and apply them to their light soils previous to sowing wheat this month.—Genesee Farmer.

Feed Cattle Regularly. We find that very many of our farmers feed their cattle more than they require, to keep them in good condition, particularly those which do not work, and horses that are not used for any particular purpose occasionally when the owners are absent to go a short trip or do a light job. "Keep Dubbin eating," says the father, and the boys follow his injunctions implicitly, and his rack is replenished with hay as the father or son pass the stall, till he thinks it a matter of course to have an additional amount of feed every time he hears any one in the stable, before him, and if not attended to he gives them a call to quicken their memory. Much hay in this way is wasted—the horse selecting only a little of

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each to out-do the other in works which should add to the renown of the metropolis, and carry down their names to the most remote generations. Visiting this last of all, as I did, the traveller finds Karnak to surpass all that he could have imagined, and he is for a time bewildered, and lost in the most profound astonishment, as he wanders amid ruins which cover so vast a space, and indicate a previous condition of glory and splendour far beyond all that the world has ever seen behind. He spends some days here in endeavouring to gain a clear idea of what is before him; and leaving it with regret when he is obliged to explore, he is ashamed to acknowledge to himself how little, after all, he has really learned, and how incompetent he is to pretend to speak with precision of what it contains. Most thoroughly, too, are the convictions, which are formed upon his mind, that, to appreciate Thebes, one must take up his residence here, and being well prepared by previous study of Egyptian history and antiquities, must give months to the study of its contents with days, and even hours.

Spencer's Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.

Interesting Paragraphs. NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—This building, with the exception of the floor will be constructed on a site of 173,000 square feet, and will contain, on the ground floor, 111,000 square feet of space, and in its galleries, square feet more, making a total area of 173,000 square feet for the purpose of exhibition. There are thus on the ground floor two acres and a half, or exactly 252,100; in the galleries, 1 acre and 41,100; total, 293,200 square feet, or 6.6 acres.

Spencer's Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.

EXTRAORDINARY WEALTH OF A SOUTHERN PLANTER.—The New York Tribune translates the following from a German paper:—"A rich planter, a Mr. Delabitzscher, deceased from an ancient French family, recently died in New Orleans. He was a young man at the time of the first French Revolution, and fled from the guillotine to become a merchant's clerk in the Crescent City. After a time he married the daughter of a rich planter, and carried on the plantation so skillfully, as in a comparatively short time to acquire the reputation of one of the richest men in Louisiana. Since his death the division of his property has shown its aggregate to be an amount, which, from an European point of view, is almost fabulous. It consisted of 31 plantations, upon branches of the Mississippi, affording an annual profit from the cultivation of coffee and sugar of \$50,000; twelve steamboats upon the Mississippi, 3 upon the coast, and 200000000 of sugar, the aggregate value of which, at the present calculation, is \$150,000; shares to the amount of \$5,000,000 in railroad stocks, producing annually \$250,000; 7 limited partnerships in Europe, one in each of the cities of London, Paris, Bordeaux, Lisbon, Cadiz, Naples and Genoa, each producing an annual profit to the amount of \$80,000; in all, \$560,000; cash to the amount of \$7,000,000 in the Bank of England, drawing 2 per cent, producing \$140,000—making an annual income of \$2,450,000. As a single individual, Mr. Delabitzscher, was worth, at the time of his death, \$10,000,000. His property included, furniture, collections of works of art, books, &c., were in proportion. The property falls to three heirs."

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—"Louis Bonaparte," says Victor Hugo, "is a man of middle height, pale, slow in his movements, having the air of a person not quite aware. He has published, as we mentioned before, a celebrated treatise on artillery, and is thought to be acquainted with the manufacturing of cannon. He is a good horseman. He speaks drawingly, with a slight German accent. His historicall abilities were displayed at the Eggington tournament. He has a thick mustache, covering his smile like that of the Duke d'Artois, and a duty eye, like that of Charles IX."

REMARKABLE SAGACITY.—A few days ago a mule and a horse employed side by side, in hauling heavy goods out of the hold of one of the New York steamers, by some mismanagement got overboard. The mule side stepped down under the bows of a schooner lying near, where the horse lodged and was buoyed up by some ropes; but the mule, in its panic, sprang overboard, and, in its fall, was struck by the schooner's bowsprit, and was killed.

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NEVER FAILING REMEDY! HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. A CRUELLE SETS ASIDE HIS QUARTERS AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING. Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

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