

The Provincial Wesleyan

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

VOLUME XIII. No. 24.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1861.

WHOLE No. 622.

Religious Miscellany.

Over the River of Death.

Lines to the memory of Mrs. John Black, of Amherst, who departed this life the 25th of February, 1861, untroubled and rejoicing.

Over the river of death there lies
A world of glory bright,
And all who do true wisdom prize
Shall walk its streets in white:
Over the river of death is found
A world of spirits pure,
By faith we reach that hallowed ground,
And make salvation sure.

Beyond the river of death there runs
The river of Life most fair,
And he who to the margin comes
A heaven of joy shall share:
From fountains divine shall waters rise
The heavenly souls to cheer,
And as they drink they grow more wise
Through God's eternal year.

Over the river of death I'll know
The wise, the good, the true,
I loved them well on earth below,
But larger love is due;
And larger love my soul shall feel
To all the saints on high,
When God does to our hearts reveal
The joys that never die!

Over the river of death I'll go,
Though dark it is and drear,
For there my Saviour's love I'll know,
And lose all guilt and fear;
Over the river of death I claim,
By grace, a goodly store,
No mortal tongue its worth may name,
I'll count it evermore.

Over the river of death I'll meet
My friends just gone before,
I'll find her at our Saviour's feet,
And there we'll both adore,
Over the river of death we'll find
Dear friends that here we knew
And praise the river of death that joined,
All hearts to Jesus true.

Over the river of death we'll move
With faith and joy to know,
That dying friends high joys did prove
Aid that river's flow:
The waves of the river of death will glide
All peaceful 'round our feet,
When Jesus 'midst the swelling tide
Our raptured souls shall greet.

T. H. D.
Colchester, 13th March, 1861.

Salvation free for all who believe.

We prefer to stand with Christ, and to reiterate what He here affirms, that God, when He gave His Son, gave him for the world, that God loved the world; that of all the myriads and millions of our race, there is not a soul whom God would not save—not a soul in whose perishing He takes pleasure. Some perish—perish eternally; but they will perish despite the infinitude of His love to their very selves.—God loved the world—hope-inspiring truth! He loved the world; not a sinner did He overlook in the unspeakable gift—the wondrous provision! He did not pass by the chief of sinners when He gave His Son. My fellow sinner, God loved the world, and He therefore loved you. And now He waiteth to be gracious; He would save you. One only condition does He append—Faith.

"That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." These words are repeated from the statement which the Great Teacher had previously made: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

The perishing of the Israelites in the wilderness through the plague of fiery serpents, and their deliverance, is employed by the highest authority as a typical of the danger and salvation of the sinning race of Adam. This reference of Jesus to a well-known fact in Jewish history will assist us to understand the mode in which the Divine remedy for saving men becomes efficient.

Observe, that the mode in which the remedy was applied to the relief of the Israelites was entirely supernatural—a look accomplished the cure. The mode by which the Divine remedy for human salvation is applied is equally above nature—removed far from the sphere of human appliances—altogether opposed to the devices which men invent for producing even moral effects looking unto Jesus—that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life! That pole on which the brazen serpent was erected, became an emblem to the people; set up on high they looked upon it as the Divine token of their victory over the death that assailed them. The Son of man was lifted up upon the cross as an emblem of life and salvation to a sin-envenomed, perishing race; a token of God's will and purpose that they should not perish, but have eternal life. "If I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Such is the attraction of the cross of God, the world, dying and perishing, having vainly tried every remedy, shall turn its languishing eye to the Lamb of God, and as he hangs upon the accursed tree, and in that great consummation, the general sentiment of humanity shall be that which Paul embodied in his well-known *psalm of triumph*—I may thus speak of it, for it is true poetry, a man's speech: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

We wonder not that this plan for human deliverance should be treated with scorn; that the rationalist should despise it as unworthy of the common sense of the world; that following the philosophical Greek, he should regard the preaching of the cross as foolishness. "The foolishness is inconsistent with the end; a crucified man save a world of mankind! a malefactor's death bring life to millions—eternal life! it cannot be, there is a flaw somewhere; it is opposed to all our notions of God and of the relation of man to His maker!" But what do you know of God's promises to man? What reason to believe that you are anxious on his account, or that you conduct such as to lead him to suppose that you are indifferent to his state,

—brought out from the depths of the Infinite? How much has it grasped that which its uplifted hand and outstretched arm has sought to reach? Ah! vain man, you are driven after all to the Bible; that which you know of things secret things, you have derived from this source. Can you take a part and reject a part? Can you consistently take what suits you, and throw back the rest as false, and therefore as unworthy of credence? The Bible must be taken as a whole, or it is nothing. He who spoke those deep, those wonderful words on the Mount, submitting the moral nature of man to His marvellous power of analysis—revealing the depths of the human spirit, He whom you so much admire in His moral teachings, gave utterance to this declaration, which you esteem folly: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

You ask why this mode was adopted? I know not. You ask, could not another plan have been devised? I cannot speculate on what may be possible to the Infinite; but I do say, that this is God's plan, and that, therefore, I accept it. I further say, that it is the plan which, according to the will and counsel of God, from all eternity, became the one necessary plan. The language in the original is very forcible—"so it behooves the Son of man to be lifted up." So must, it is a necessity for us—there is no other way of salvation; the only method of healing is the uplifted Saviour. One look at Him, one earnest, sincere, trustful look at the Lamb of God saves my poisoned soul from the present pain and the future terrible results of sin. I question not—I ask not, "how can these things be?" I accept the promise. I understand not all the reasons, though I can see how it tends to self-renunciation and to the manifestation of God's glory, that all ground of human boasting should be done away in the simplicity and superabundance of the remedy; but forasmuch as no other remedy appears, forasmuch as every attempt of mine to be cured of sin has been wholly vain, forasmuch as this remedy is brought before me—lifted up in my very sight—and God, in His Gospel, invites me to look—simply to look—and be saved, I give up reasoning; I give up every human appliance; I give up every human condition; I cast myself at the feet of the cross, and "look to Jesus!" That look heals me! O, the simplicity of faith! I have no theological definition of faith to supply from the formularies of the schools; I have nothing to say by way of explanation as to what faith is in general, and what that faith which saves; no, I simply say it is "looking unto Jesus"—looking to the divinely appointed remedy—looking at it as sufficient to accomplish all that was proposed by its being "lifted up." I hear a voice; it cometh from the Gospel, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else."

Fellow sinner, do you feel that sin is a terrible disease? Do you feel that it is poisoned your soul? Do you groan under those wounds which it has inflicted upon your mortal nature? Are you conscious that your soul is now dying, perishing, just ready to sink into eternal death? Have you struggled, vainly struggled to conquer the rankling disease, to heal the burning wounds? Have you given up in despair, as though no hope were left to you but to perish? Think you your wounds are too numerous, too deeply seated to be healed? Despair not; behold from that wilderness in which you languish—

Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that kindled,
To bleed and die for thee!

For thee! A look is sufficient; a look at the essence of infinite love and mercy as it rises before you in the Gospel; a look from three sick, as thou art; a look from where thou now liest; a look, this moment, to Christ, as the Lamb of God, the world's atonement, will save thee from perishing; will heal thy poisoned spirit, and bring into thy soul the deathless germ of an eternal life. You need not perish; you will not perish if you but "behold the Lamb of God." You say that you already feel—"the sorrows of death and the pains of hell"—that you feel as though you could not make another effort—that you cannot go to Jesus: "Effort" remain where you are; "Go to Jesus" you need not go; He is here; He is right there; the word of law which we preach, is right there; and this: "A Look"—*Rev. Dr. Jenkins.*

The praying Wife.

Recently in Wales, two men were returning home from a beer-shop, at a very late hour; as they were walking, one said to the other, "When I get into the house to-night, my wife will scold me dreadfully." "Ah," replied his companion, "I shall have something ten times more intolerable than scolding; my wife is always quiet, but she weeps, and speaks to me about my soul, and her words are burning like fire in my conscience." He reached home, and as he anticipated, his wife met him at the door, weeping. He went to bed and slept, but his wife, distressed and anxious about his soul, instead of going to sleep, lay on her side, and about three o'clock the morning, he awoke, and about her standing at the bedside still weeping. He said to her, "Margaret, what is the matter with you?" She answered, "The thought that my dear husband is an enemy to my loved Saviour, and that he is likely to have his eternal portion with damned spirits, almost breaks my heart." This answer broke him down. He felt that his case was a bad one, and the fact that his wife felt so deeply on his account, led him to feel for himself. He arose, and knelt by the side of his wife and prayed, and God, who blessed the conduct and language of his wife to his conviction, manifested to him his pardoning grace through Jesus Christ, and they are a happy couple rejoicing in the hope of dwelling together forever in heaven.

Has any reader of this an unconquered husband? Do you feel deeply in his behalf, and does his present danger and future ruin excite your deepest interest? Have you prayed earnestly and perseveringly to God for him? Has he reason to believe that you are anxious on his account, or that you conduct such as to lead him to suppose that you are indifferent to his state,

and regardless of his future welfare? Try such a course as this woman pursued, and God will bless your efforts, and answer your prayer.—*Mother's Journal.*

Don't Run Away.

Don't run away from the world's temptations and influences. If you are really a coward, go and hide yourself somewhere until you have screwed up backbone enough to face the enemy like a man. Don't run away at the slightest indication of danger, as if you hadn't the slightest confidence in yourself. Nobody ever conquered a foe by being a retreat. If you mean to fight the battle of life like a hero, you can't begin too early. Would you respect yourself and win the respect of others? Then don't shrink away from the trials and temptations, but encounter them, smite them down, lay them in the dust at your feet. A man who has conquered his enemy is immeasurably greater than the paltriest who creeps away in abject terror. High or low, rich or poor, we are all soldiers in the action that terminates only with the sunset of life's day, and the weak-hearted trembler who shrinks back, and quakes at the sound of the trumpet, is yet far in the rear when the light of victory shines on the crest of the warrior who pressed straight on and fought his way through. A temptation overcome is better discipline than twenty avoided. No man knows his strength until it has been tried and proven, and the noblest natures have passed off through the fire of trial.—*Life Illustrated.*

Preaching.

A careful study of Wesley, as a preacher, will force upon us this conviction, that ranting and loud preaching, and a high degree of nervous excitement, are not necessary concomitants of great pulpit power. It is not the thunder, the rain, nor the wind that kills, but the fiery bolt from heaven.

Whitefield may be taken as a specimen of one class of pulpit orators. Nervous, excitable, and full of emotion, he rises upon the winds of excitement, and preaches like a Western tornado. He is eloquent; he is powerful. The people flock to hear him; and by his many are turned to righteousness. But his physical system, and causing his moral influence to be felt in every part of the habitable globe; with an empire of sixty colonies scattered throughout every clime, with his fleets sailing on every sea, and his flag waving on every breeze, her merchants dwelling as princes, and her sons among the honourable of the earth,—she stands pre-eminent in the world, strong in the conscious protection of the Almighty, an island sovereignty among the nations of the world, the depository of the arts of civilized life, the seat of free government, the asylum of the oppressed, the abode of pure religion, the Protestant truth, the foster-mother of the Reformation, and Rome's most dreaded foe. Oh, my Christian friends, there are no limits to what God might permit us to accomplish in the world, if the educated part of the population of our country were adequately leavened with the spirit of Missionary enterprise; and the talent, the wealth, the commerce, and the political influence of Great Britain were rendered tributary to the Cross of Christ, and rendered subservient to their highest ends—the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Henry Pease, Esq., M. P., in supporting the Resolution moved by Mr. Chown, said—Apprehending that the invitation of the Committee for me to take part in this meeting was rather with a view that one of the smaller sections of the Christian community, glad to contribute its mite to this great work, should appear before you, than because of any abilities that I have to address you on this occasion, I shall make pretty short work of it. In the sentiment of the Resolution which has been read most cordially unto me, I cannot allow the meeting to separate without a few remarks as to the circumstances in which we are placed this day. Alluding to the recent death of her Grace the Duchess of Kent, Mr. Pease said—much as that event was regretted by the country, it was scarcely sufficiently regretted. It is next to impossible for Englishmen fully to estimate the benefits and the blessings which have descended upon this country through the instructions of that lamented lady. Do we not see that from the throne downward there is shed abroad upon this country an example of domestic felicity, an example of constant care in the training of children, and other things which, in a country so extensive, it is impossible to estimate the effects of?

The Resolution was then submitted to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

The Rev. Wm. Arthur said—I rise, my Lord, to move, "That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President and Vice-Presidents, for their continued patronage—also to the Treasurer, who is requested to continue his services. That grateful thanks be also presented to the officers, Committees, and collectors of various auxiliaries, branches, and associations, throughout this country and the colonies; to whose untiring zeal and energy the Society again owes a considerable increase of free contributions during the past year; and would earnestly entreat a continuance of their efficient and valuable services; and that the following gentlemen be the Committee for the ensuing year, with power to fill up vacancies." (Names read.) My Lord, I have very great pleasure in moving this Resolution. At this hour of the meeting, I shall not attempt to support it by any observation, but I feel that there is no person in the world who has more thoroughly reason to entertain a Resolution of this kind than the Secretary of a Missionary Society. With regard to the duty that we owe to this great British and Foreign Bible Society, I beg just to corroborate every word that has fallen from my venerable friend Dr. Venn. As the Secretary of a Missionary Society I know that, in the one Society I represent, there are scattered over the world more than 800 Missionaries, and that in the name of every man of them I can thank this Society for the work that it is doing. There is not one of them, however he may be labouring, who would not join to-day in praying that God may bless and prosper, may extend and strengthen the British and Foreign Bible Society. If I had ventured, my Lord, to say a word more, it would have been simply a word urging to great and exceeding extent of your efforts. I hear of all that has been done with gratitude. I look upon it

with wonder and thanksgiving; but I feel, my Lord, that in Italy, that in China, that in India, that in almost every other field you can name, your scale is miserably small, your operations are but beginning; you have not yet surveyed the field, much less occupied it.—It is a very easy thing to talk of spreading our operations all over a country, say from Messina to the French territory, but what does that mean? It means that we have little lamps lighted up here and there at extreme distances from one another. We take and place a Bible agent in a city, and then we place another in a city 100 miles off, and congratulate ourselves on the work we have done; whereas, if we were really awake, and had God's love burning in us as it ought to be, in the very same time as we have put one lamp on Brighton-hill, and another lamp at Highgate, and another at Charing-cross, and another at the Post-office, and said we have been lighting London, we might have had one lamp at least in every street in the place. And then, my Lord, with regard to India. I hear to-day what you have done there. It is now above twelve years ago since, on this platform, I deliberately proposed to this Society an enterprise, namely, that you should set your foot upon the Continent of India at its termination, Cape Comorin, and say, "By the blessing of God, I will carry the Word of Life into every dwelling in India where there is a man that can read it. If that enterprise had then been entered upon—and it might have been—I say, my Lord, there are tens of thousands of British subjects lying in their graves to-day who might have read God's Word before they died. There are men whitening and turning into skeletons in the North West Provinces, and going down by starvation to an early grave, who, if we had been alive, might at least have read before they got something about the bread that does not perish, something about the life that can never pass away. I know that the neglect of that undertaking has not been altogether the fault of England. It has been positively opposed in India, and opposed by Missionaries on grounds of argument, and because, forsooth, they do not want to send the Bible, some of them, where they cannot send a living teacher. I am the last man in the world, my Lord, to try to divorce the two. I would to God that I could give to every village in the Queen's dominions a Preacher, a school, and a Bible. But if I cannot give the three, let me give the Bible. If you would send the Bible to every village in India—and if you had undertaken it a dozen years ago, you would have done much towards it—that might be done within thirty years, at the vast moral power, as well as the physical power, of Great Britain. Never in the whole course of history has there been such a spectacle as this little island, containing a territory not much larger than the single state of New York, yet possessing a moral power in the world, and causing her moral influence to be felt in every part of the habitable globe; with an empire of sixty colonies scattered throughout every clime, with his fleets sailing on every sea, and his flag waving on every breeze, her merchants dwelling as princes, and her sons among the honourable of the earth,—she stands pre-eminent in the world, strong in the conscious protection of the Almighty, an island sovereignty among the nations of the world, the depository of the arts of civilized life, the seat of free government, the asylum of the oppressed, the abode of pure religion, the Protestant truth, the foster-mother of the Reformation, and Rome's most dreaded foe. Oh, my Christian friends, there are no limits to what God might permit us to accomplish in the world, if the educated part of the population of our country were adequately leavened with the spirit of Missionary enterprise; and the talent, the wealth, the commerce, and the political influence of Great Britain were rendered tributary to the Cross of Christ, and rendered subservient to their highest ends—the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Hymn of Trust.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earthly care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, "Thou art near!"

Religious Intelligence.

British and Foreign Bible Society.

(Continued.)

The Rev. J. Crown, of Bradford, moved—

"That while the continued success attending the circulation of the Sacred Scriptures in European countries, in British colonies, and in the Missionary field, demands the expression of grateful praise; the political changes in Italy, the abolition of prohibitions in Austria, and the emancipation of serfs in Russia, present most promising fields for future operations."

The Bishop of Victoria said—The resolution which I have been requested to second, embraces a rather extensive range. It refers to the circulation of the sacred Scriptures in European countries, in British colonies, and in the Missionary field. I feel, my Lord, that it perhaps will be more in accordance with the wishes of this meeting, if I entirely limit my remarks to one little spot in the vast Missionary world with which my own recent experience has been most particularly identified, and if I endeavour, in a few brief minutes, to place before this meeting a summary view of the nature and extent of the Missionary opening in the kingdom of Japan. It was eleven months ago that I wrote a letter to the Secretary of this Society, dated from the city of Jeddo, the capital of the Japanese Empire, endeavouring to lay before him a statement which I find was subsequently published in the monthly periodical of your society, dwelling on the real character and extent of the present opportunities for distributing the word of God in that country. When I speak to you of Japan, I speak to you of a country where the Almighty Creator has lavished the richest gifts of his providence—a fair climate, a fertile soil, a region rich in mineral wealth, a soil teeming with agricultural produce, a land rich in picturesque landscape beauties, a coast indented with harbours and bays, which possess within their all that is calculated to make a man happy in the gifts of a bountiful Creator. Then, again, if I look at natural qualities and disposition of

the people, I see there a native population who need but the Gospel of Christ to raise them to a leading and prominent position among the nations of Asia. Not unlike in geographical configuration, and situated at the border edge of a great continent, Japan, when it is brought under the influence of the Gospel, seems designed, in God's providence, to fill that mighty part in which Great Britain has so long fulfilled on the border of the great western continent of Europe. If I look at her people, I see amongst them many solid and stable qualities of natural disposition which suggest great hope for the future. I went to that land, expecting, from the descriptions which I had received, to find Aeneadian scenes of innocence and simplicity amongst the population; but in this respect I was painfully disappointed, and without deeming it right to detail to this meeting those facts on which that unfavourable view is grounded, I will simply content myself with this assertion, that the present moral condition of the Japanese is such as to excite the most earnest prayers and endeavours of all Christian at heart to send them that Gospel of Christ which is the only foundation of true civilization. (The speaker then enlarged upon the present political condition of Japan and the condition of its inhabitants. He continued—I think we are scarcely able to appreciate the vast power, the unprecedented opportunities which a benign Providence has shown down upon this Society. Since I last visited my native country, it has been my lot to visit no inconsiderable portion of our colonial territories. Within the last four years I have visited twelve of the colonial dioceses of the Church of England; I have visited the United States of America, and had opportunities of comparing our institutions with those of our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic. I returned more than ever proud of my own country, and thankful to God that my lot has been to be born in Great Britain. God has concentrated upon this generation and age unexampled facilities and opportunities for diffusing the Gospel throughout the world. Look at the vast moral power, as well as the physical power, of Great Britain. Never in the whole course of history has there been such a spectacle as this little island, containing a territory not much larger than the single state of New York, yet possessing a moral power in the world, and causing her moral influence to be felt in every part of the habitable globe; with an empire of sixty colonies scattered throughout every clime, with his fleets sailing on every sea, and his flag waving on every breeze, her merchants dwelling as princes, and her sons among the honourable of the earth,—she stands pre-eminent in the world, strong in the conscious protection of the Almighty, an island sovereignty among the nations of the world, the depository of the arts of civilized life, the seat of free government, the asylum of the oppressed, the abode of pure religion, the Protestant truth, the foster-mother of the Reformation, and Rome's most dreaded foe. Oh, my Christian friends, there are no limits to what God might permit us to accomplish in the world, if the educated part of the population of our country were adequately leavened with the spirit of Missionary enterprise; and the talent, the wealth, the commerce, and the political influence of Great Britain were rendered tributary to the Cross of Christ, and rendered subservient to their highest ends—the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

General Miscellany.

Prof. Lowe's Balloon Voyage.

Prof. T. S. C. Lowe made a balloon ascension from Cincinnati on the 20th April, starting about 5 o'clock in the morning. He passed over parts of Kentucky, the Cumberland Mountains, and part of Virginia. He thus describes the latter portion of his trip:

Feeling uneasy, lest I should get into South Carolina before I could get out of the current formed by the mountains, I ascended, with the hope of clearing them to the North. I continued to discharge weight and let off gas until I attained an elevation of 25,000 feet above the sea. Here the thermometer fell to 10 degrees below zero; the water, fruit and other things froze, and it required all the clothing and blankets I had to keep me warm.

It was now 12 o'clock, and I could distinguish the blue ocean in the Eastern horizon. Not having sufficient ballast to remain at that great altitude, the balloon gradually sank down to within twenty thousand feet of the earth. Here, the current was a little South of the agents, and knowing that the coast in that direction was an uninhabitable swamp, and being desirous of landing near a railroad, I concluded to descend and look out a good place. I heard the firing of cannon, and concluded I was near some village; and on nearing the earth, over a plantation, caused great consternation among the inhabitants, who seemed to be entirely unacquainted with such a scene, and it was some minutes before any one could be persuaded to approach; and when they did, they could not render any assistance but threatened destruction to the "hellish" contrivance that had frightened them so; but I learned of them that it was the town of Sparta, near the line of North and South Carolina. They would not believe that I had sailed from the State of Ohio that morning, and informed me that they would be very thankful if I would leave, and ordered the negroes to let go the ropes they were holding.

Being desirous of getting near a railroad, I threw out a bag of sand and commenced to ascend. At that moment one of the bystanders, seeing the bag of sand fall, sang out, "Hello, stranger, come back; I reckon you have lost your luggage." I arose 7,000 feet, and there remained until I was wafted some twenty miles further to the east, which occupied about half an hour more, during which time I heard many discharges of what I took to be muskets. Not knowing, but being apprehensive that the globe over my head was the object of the fire, I prepared for making all the signals possible when I should again near the earth, but while I was thus elevated I had no fear, for it was impossible to send a ball within a mile of me.

When within half a mile of the earth, I heard cries of terror, and saw people running in all directions; but I was determined to land for good this time, let come what would, and in five minutes more the anchor took a firm hold in a short scrub oak, and the car gently tumbled to the ground. Thus far, the globe, gently swinging to and fro, presented a very life-like appearance. I soon noticed some hands peeping around the corner of a log but that stood near by, and in which there seemed persons in great distress. I called to them to come and assist me, at which they took no notice, until I threatened to cut loose and run over them, after I threatened two white boys, three old ladies, and two negroes, in a body, returned within twenty feet of me.

At that moment a gust of wind caused the balloon to swing over near to the ground, and a general stampede took place, which caused me to abandon all hope of getting any assistance; but after telling them it was fastened to a tree and would not hurt them, they again ventured up, in company with a stalwart looking young woman, six feet high and well proportioned, and took hold of the edge of the car. I inquired what was the matter in the house, and was told that several old persons were praying, as they thought the day of judgment had come. I then asked if there were any white men about. They said they expected them every minute; that they saw the great thing coming, and had run for their guns. This was rather an unpleasant piece of information, and I was determined to keep as large a crowd around me as possible.

In a few minutes men with muskets began to collect, but seeing women, children, and negroes surrounding the air traveller, there seemed to be no use for firearms; so I discharged the gas unmoored, and pecked up the machine ready to leave. By this time several more rough-looking fellows arrived, and threatened destruction to the "devil" that could sail through the air—one adding that he had followed it ten miles, and had shot at it six times without any effect.

The tall young woman aforesaid assured me that there was no danger, for all the men there, in the neighbourhood were cowards, as all the brave ones had gone to the wars, notwithstanding which they declared they were not afraid; however, promising to give myself up when I arrived at the village, they consented I should leave under a guard of nine men. Proceeding a mile, we started for Unionville, a village nine miles distant, and arrived that evening, halting in part of a stone building with a small chequered window. A council was then held with the jailor, who positively refused to allow any such animal as they described to come into the building.

I was then taken to a hotel, and soon found persons of intelligence, who assured me that I was among friends. Here I remained over the Sabbath, and was called upon by persons of fine education, who informed me that of all the places in the South, at the spot where I landed the inhabitants were the most ignorant, for they could neither read nor write.

The next morning I started en route for home, but news had reached Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, that a man had brought papers from Cincinnati, Ohio, only nine hours old, I was therefore at first arrested on suspicion of being a bearer of despatches.

This brought together a number of learned and scientific gentlemen, who at once knew me by reputation, and saw my position, and I was immediately released, and furnished with a passport by the Mayor of Columbia. From this time until I reached Cincinnati, no more impediments were placed in my way.—*Cincinnati Paper.*

Interesting Conversion on a Man-of-war.

On Wednesday an aged brother said: "It is with pleasure and with profit I have at home, though feeble in body, I bless God that my service is perfect freedom, and in keeping his commandments there is a great and a glorious reward. I have realized and experienced it for many years, and if possible, I love the service of God better now. I am here to-day on a very peculiar occasion. Forty-two years ago this day was the holy Sabbath, the 18th of April, 1819, I was then just coming into harbor from Scotland; the ship was not coming in, and I did not like, after being at sea for eleven weeks, to be prevented from attending church. I immediately made application, and got ashore and came into this church. It was a time of refreshing, indeed, to my soul. I have been striving to serve God from my youth, and the longer I serve him the more I desire to do so. If I live until the 24th of this month I will be seventy-seven years of age, and if I live until the 4th of July of this present year, I will then have been engaged twenty years. I have preached more to soldiers and sailors than almost any other man in America. Sixteen years I preached on Governor's and Bedloe's Islands with gladness of heart. When I was sick, not long ago, I had a friend to call upon me, who, twenty-eight years ago, was awakened and converted through my feeble instrumentality. He was a confirmed drunkard and a cast-away, but he became a sober and a religious man, and is now a local preacher. I found many young men from the city of New York on board men-of-war, and among them was a young man, a graduate of Columbia College, son of one of the first physicians. He studied medicine, but because so dissipated that he left home. I found him on board a man-of-war, and I am happy to say he came out the most interesting convert that I ever witnessed, for he was a young man of talent and amiable disposition. We became intimately acquainted, and I have a great number of letters that were written to me by him from different parts of the world. He died at Madras some time ago, rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. He had given his father a great deal of trouble, and he forbade me in his letters from communicating anything about him directly to his father; lest he should think I was an intruder, but he wanted me to go to the neighbourhood of his father's house, and by repeated reading to the father a letter written to me by their one wayward but now converted son. After I had read the letter, the father said, 'That is not from my son.' 'Yes, said I, 'it is.' 'Why, he never wrote so before.' 'He never felt so before,' I replied. When I came to that part of the letter where he said I must not go to the house, the father threw his arms around my neck and said: 'An intruder! You are as welcome a messenger as ever entered my house; tell my son I forgive him all.' I attended that father on his dying bed, and the erring son, who constantly communicated with him, was the main instrument in the hands of God in the conversion of his aged parent."

A young man, a member of one of the city regiments, said that his regiment was about to leave for Washington to protect the Government. He asked an interest in the prayers of the meeting for himself, that he might be able to exhibit the spirit of the Christian in the presence of his comrades, many of whom, he regretted to say, did not carry Bibles in their knapsacks. Presumably while he and his fellow Christians would be at their devotions, others would be drinking and gambling.

A brother said it was the prayer of faith that would save our country. Our present situation was awful indeed, but I believe it is the duty of the followers of Christ to present our country before our heavenly Father in humble supplication and prayer. God may save us from the difficulties we are involved in. It is awful to think of shedding blood in a nation possessed of so much intelligence and Christianity as America. I believe if every Christian believer were to offer up the prayer of faith, peace would soon be restored to us.

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Wonderfully joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over.

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