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## Hymn in a Happy Approach to Death.

BY CRUDEN.  
Come forward, Death, and let us talk,  
While near to thee I stand;  
I fear thee not; so I draw near;  
To shake thy threefold band.  
I welcome thee to do thy work,  
Soon as my sails are run;  
I cannot form an empty wish,  
Thy coming stroke to shun.  
In some dark chamber of the grave  
Do thou this body lay;  
For in thy hands, O Death, my friend,  
I fearless leave my clay.  
Haste, take thy dart, thy spear, thy bow,  
And lift the killing hand;  
I'll look thee boldly in the face,  
And thus undaunted stand.  
By faith I see Immortal's land;  
Oh, let me leap on shore,  
To mingle with seraphim,  
And in their strains adore.  
I hear their harps, their golden harps,  
Sound the Redeemer's praise;  
O let me join my notes with them,  
And sing redeeming grace.  
Come quickly, Death, the angelic guards  
Are hovering all around,  
And waiting to embrace thy charge  
When thou hast me unbound.  
Make haste! cut loose! dissolve life's band,  
I long to be away;  
When immortality is view'd,  
Could patience bear delay.  
Life's bitterest hour is recompens'd  
By ecstasy of death;  
Assured of endless life, I yield,  
Triumphing, my last breath.  
I part for pure immortal joys,  
I'm all anxiety.  
To see, to feel, to hear, to know,  
What means eternity.  
Now, now my breath begins to fail!  
The spirit's altar tree;  
And all the bands that keep their hold  
At once surrender see.  
I breathe, I feel immortal life,  
And taste celestial joy,  
While dazling glories round the throne  
My every power employ.  
Ye friends surviving, dry your tears,  
Your sighs, your tears are lost;  
Shed them for those who on the sea  
Of mortal life are tossed.  
Joy on my eyelids let some friend  
His finger gently lay;  
Without their aid I see the beams  
Of an eternal day.

My acquaintance with Bishop McKendree, after his elevation to the Episcopal office, and subsequently to my connection with the itinerant ministry, in 1821, fully confirmed the opinion I had formed respecting his deep and ardent devotion to the religious instruction and welfare of the young and rising generation, during the two days which he had spent at my father's house, when I was comparatively but a child.

The Bishop spent much of his time, during the last few years of his life, within the bounds of the Kentucky Conference, which then included all that portion of the State of Tennessee that lies North of the Cumberland river. The people among whom I labored were frequently favored with his visitations, for he was emphatically a working man to the last. My opportunities of becoming acquainted not only with his general views, sentiments, and peculiar habits, but with the great controlling objects and interests of his heart and life, were numerous and diversified. Feeble as was his health, and severe and complicated as were his afflictions, at times, he was never unemployed, but, like his great Exemplar, he was "always going about doing good."

## Bishop McKendree.

The first time I ever saw Mr. McKendree was my father's residence, two or three miles from Washington, Mason county, Ky. I was then between nine and ten years of age. There were several other preachers present on the occasion, the most of whom I had often seen before. They met for the purpose of holding what was then called a "two-day's meeting," the services usually commencing at 11 or 12 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, and closing at 9 o'clock, on Sunday night, as the state of religious faith and feeling might seem to indicate as most suitable and proper. Mr. M.'s fine personal appearance, affable manners, and conciliatory address, his ready and uncommon beauty and singularly attractive benignity of his face, or some things, for which I am not now, after the lapse of more than forty years, able to account, arrested my special attention. The very prompt, polite, and courteous manner of his address, when in conversation with his brethren, and his conversation with me, with peculiar force; and from some cause or other, I felt strongly desirous for him to talk with me on the subject of religion.

After the close of the meeting on Saturday night, I went into the preachers' room, as we called the little apartment where the ministers lodged, and asked them, as politely as I could, for their shoes—Methodist preachers, in those days, not being in the habit of wearing boots. They were all soon untied, taken off, and handed to me, without the utterance of a single word by any one present, until I approached Mr. M. While in the act of presenting me, he very affectionately said, "My little son, are you going to clean our shoes?" I promptly replied, "Yes, sir." "Then," said he, "I'll go and help you." But this I strongly objected, letting him know that I always blacked the preachers' shoes, when they staid at our house, if they needed it. He still insisted, and added, "I have a couple of excellent brushes, and some good blacking, that won't rub off; besides, I generally clean my own shoes, and think I know how to do it about as well as any body else." He soon had his brushes and blacking out of his valise, and in the course of some fifteen or twenty minutes, we had blacked up the entire stock of shoes on hand. I soon discovered that, while I was quite his equal in removing the dirt and filth from the shoes, he was greatly my superior in the art of polishing. Perceiving my lack of skill in this branch of the business, and that I was laboring to put on the polishing with the same old course brush that I had used in removing the dirt and filth from the shoes, he turned round, and with an air of the most unpretending kindness and familiarity, showed me the brush that he used for that purpose, giving me, at the same time, a practical illustration of the quick, though light and gentle stroke, which he produced the fine, glossy polish on the blacking; nor have I to this day forgotten it.

During the brief period of our association together in the kitchen, and while actively employed in shoe blacking, he asked me many questions on the subject of religion, and gave me much good advice, for which I was very thankful; and on retiring to bed for the night, I determined that I would, from that time forward, be a better boy than I had ever been before.

The next day, which was the Sabbath, Mr. McKendree preached the second sermon, it being common at that time in Kentucky, to have two sermons on such occasions, or at least one sermon and an exhortation, in the early part of the day on Sunday. I do not even so much as recollect

the name of the preacher who delivered the first discourse; but when Mr. M. arose in the pulpit, (which, by the way, stood in a little grove of forest trees, near the family residence, and was very original and primitive in its construction, having been erected by my father, many years before on the stump of a monarch poplar, which measured, at the distance of three feet from the level of the earth where it stood, near eight feet in diameter.) I immediately recognized him as the preacher that had assisted me in shoe-blacking the night before, and who had talked with me so kindly and earnestly on the subject of religion. I felt constrained to go forward and hear him. Indeed, there appeared to be something in the sound of his voice that pleaded directly to my heart. I listened to every word that fell from his lips with the most profound attention. Before the close of the sermon he said: "I must not forget the young people and children." I drew up still closer to the stand, and attended with increased interest and delight to all he said. His conduct, and especially his conversation, the evening before, had strongly prepossessed me in his favor, and I heard him with the most intense interest. I felt as I never, perhaps, felt before, that I was a sinner, a poor, guilty, helpless sinner, and that without the mercy of God, I must be lost forever. As I retired from the crowd, I said in my heart, "He's a good man, and I wish I had religion, and was like him." I need scarcely add, that the impression made on my mind by that discourse was never entirely obliterated.

My acquaintance with Bishop McKendree, after his elevation to the Episcopal office, and subsequently to my connection with the itinerant ministry, in 1821, fully confirmed the opinion I had formed respecting his deep and ardent devotion to the religious instruction and welfare of the young and rising generation, during the two days which he had spent at my father's house, when I was comparatively but a child.

The Bishop spent much of his time, during the last few years of his life, within the bounds of the Kentucky Conference, which then included all that portion of the State of Tennessee that lies North of the Cumberland river. The people among whom I labored were frequently favored with his visitations, for he was emphatically a working man to the last. My opportunities of becoming acquainted not only with his general views, sentiments, and peculiar habits, but with the great controlling objects and interests of his heart and life, were numerous and diversified. Feeble as was his health, and severe and complicated as were his afflictions, at times, he was never unemployed, but, like his great Exemplar, he was "always going about doing good."

Among the children he was a great favorite. I have often known him, when about to engage in family devotion, to inquire for the children, and to await their coming in, until the patience of the negligent and mortified parents was almost exhausted. He would then, in a friendly and unassuming manner, enter his room, and, not able to leave his bed without assistance, of having the children in his apartment—of telling them of the evil consequences of sin—the advantages of piety, and always illustrating what he said by some simple and briefly narrated incident or anecdote, which seldom ever failed to make a deep and lasting impression on the minds of his little auditors. There are doubtless hundreds still living in Kentucky, as well as in other portions of this great Republic, who, under God, owe their first religious impressions to the kind and unassuming teachings of that eminent, though self-sacrificing minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have frequently known him, in declining, on account of feeble health, the pressing invitations of his brethren to preach for the people, before leaving the neighborhood, to say to the children, "If you will collect the children, I'll try and talk a little for them before I go." On one occasion, having been confined for several days by a severe attack of rheumatism at the house of sister Cook, widow of the lamented Valentine Cook, in Logan Co., Ky., feeling himself unable to start on his journey, he determined to log the next day to his brother's, in Sumner Co., Tenn. He asked sister C. if she thought the young lady who taught school in the meeting-house, which stood but a short distance from her residence, would have any objection to his saying a few words to the children the next morning before he started. "Certainly not," was the reply; "Miss M. is a Methodist herself, and would be much pleased to have you preach for the children." "Send her word," said the Bishop, "that I'll try and talk a little for them at 9 o'clock in the morning." The appointment was accordingly made, and at nearly half past the next morning the meeting-house was filled. The whole neighborhood, parents as well as children, all turned out to hear a venerable Bishop talk a little to the children. Unmoved from his original purpose of addressing the pupils of the school by the crowd of adults who had assembled on the occasion, the Bishop, after a short prayer, read the first ten verses of the third chapter of Second Samuel.

He shall not ever forget an outline sketch of that brief, impressive, and memorable discourse. Its effect was so overwhelming as it was unexpected to many who were present on that occasion. Parents, who had never been known to weep in the house of God, looked round, as moved by some invisible power, on their tender offspring with evident emotions of the deepest solicitude and affection; while children involuntarily arose from their seats, in every part of the congregation, and came, with outstretched arms and streaming eyes, to their parents, exclaiming, with the most intense and heartfelt interest, "O Pa," "O Ma." "What is the matter? What makes you cry?" "Won't we all serve God, and go to heaven when we die?" A gracious revival in the school and neighborhood, was the immediate result. Many were awakened and converted, and to this day, some who profess religion at that time, are still standing as pillars in the temple of God and way-marks to the kingdom of heaven; while others, having filled up the measure of their duty and sufferings beneath, have gone to their reward, "far up in the skies."

Bishop McKendree was a known and loved friend of all in his day, as the devoted friend and uncompromising advocate of Sabbath-Schools. I give the following as one among the many instances that might be gathered

up in Kentucky, tending to confirm and illustrate the foregoing remark. I received it from an old and highly esteemed member of the Louisville Conference but a few days since. I present it, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words: "On my arrival at R—, in the fall of 1825, the station to which I had just been assigned, I found that, with all the piety and prosperity for which the Church had been so justly celebrated, they had no Sabbath-School! On mentioning the subject to the official meeting, I was told it was altogether out of the question to think of getting up and sustaining a Sabbath-School in that place. Thus discouraged at the threshold, I dismissed the subject at once, not feeling at all disposed, as a stranger among a strange people, to engage in a hopeless enterprise. Shortly after this, Bishop McKendree paid us a visit, and remained in the place for several days. On learning, as he soon did, that we had no Sabbath-School in the town, his spirit seemed to be stirred within him. He began by lecturing the parents, then by talking with the children on the subject, and finally by presenting the whole matter to the public, large, from the pulpit, which he did in one of the most able and powerful appeals that I ever heard in behalf of the Sabbath-School enterprise. I need scarcely add, that his visit and labors among us resulted in the immediate organization of a large and prosperous Sabbath-School in connection with the Methodist Church, which, I am happy to learn, has been continued from that day to this."

And here I may take occasion to remark, that while the issues of the Bishop's well-timed and well-directed efforts among the people may have been seen in the many gracious and glorious revivals which they have been favored during the last twenty-five years, they will never, perhaps, be fully developed until the clear and certain light of eternity shall have been brought to bear on the deeds and aims of the many who would to God that all who bear the name, and wear the livery of Methodist preachers, did but feel and evince the same spirit of enlightened, consistent, practical devotion in behalf of the moral and religious welfare of the young and rising generation, that glowed in the heart, and was at all times and in every place, manifested in the life of Bishop McKendree!—*Yash. Adv.*

## Incident in the Life of Dr. Newton.

The following narrative of Dr. Newton's success on one occasion in defeating an impudent attempt to disturb a Missionary meeting, is taken from the recently published memoir of that excellent man, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson:—

A miserable woman, of the name of Mrs. Martin, was going about the country, delivering lectures in favour of what was popularly called "Societies." She had a fine theory, and licentiousness in practice. She had come to Manchester, where several of the working-classes, who did not like to retain her in their thoughts, paid the sum of two-pence an evening to hear her vile harangues against all religion, and even moral government. To obtain a hearing, it was arranged that she, accompanied by her ungodly partner, should attend the missionary meeting which, according to public announcement was to be held in the Methodist chapel, Salford. Accordingly, when the meeting assembled she and her accomplices took their places together in the gallery. While the business of the meeting was in progress, she arose and demanded a hearing in opposition, not only to Christianity but to all religion; when, of course, great confusion prevailed; her friends requiring that she should be heard, and others declaring that she should not.

Mr. Newton, who was on the platform, rose in all the confidence of truth and righteousness, and in the full force of his trumpet-voice, exclaimed: "And it is come to this? Is it come to this? That in this Christian country a company of people come to a meeting, which their own hands have reared, for the purpose of dividing means for sending the gospel to the heathen, but they must meet with an unseemly interruption like the present? An interruption by whom? By a woman, whose conduct is not only a disgrace to the trained her from such an outrage. One of the greatest men that ever lived was St. Paul; and he has said, 'Let your women keep silent in the churches; for it is not permitted to them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as unto the Lord.' And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is the same for women to speak in the church.' I should like to know what kind of respect that woman pays to her husband; and who takes care of her children, while she is gadding about the country, endeavoring to corrupt the principles and practices of all to whom she can gain access?"

In this address he was supported by the cheers of the meeting; and during the delivery of it the woman sank down in the pew and covered her face; when a workman exclaimed, in the broad Lancashire dialect, "Newton has shot the Martin; and another responded, 'I will bear that fellow preach.'" Mr. Newton then stated that the meeting had been convened for a specific purpose, and from that purpose they would not depart; but they were neither ashamed to avow their belief of the gospel, nor to meet their adversaries. He gave his address, and invited any persons who had doubts respecting the momentous question, which had just been mooted, to visit him, pledging himself kindly to hear their objections to the root of the matter, which satisfied his own mind that the gospel is the very truth of God.

He then spoke of the subject of missions to the heathen, their nature and purpose, and the benefits which had resulted from them; appealing to the children for the truth of his statements, and to their liberality and kindness in support of the good cause; reminding all present that they had free access to the meeting, and that no two-pence had been demanded of any one. The consequence was a handsome collection; and in the course of a short time, a workman called at Mr. Newton's house, saying that he had accepted the invitation which was given at the missionary meeting, his faith in the gospel had been shaken, and his mind being ill at rest in a state of doubt and uncertainty. Mr. Newton listened to the man's case, and then gave him such a view of the gospel, its

nature, evidences, and benefits, that the religious of the poor man were kindled: he began to pray, and read his bible; and the truth beamed upon his mind, in its own clear and heavenly light; he joined the Methodist society, and believed with a heart unto righteousness, and became a new man in Christ Jesus.

## Andrew Marshal, the Negry Preacher.

On Sabbath morning I attended divine service at the Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Dr. Preston is pastor; he was absent, and his place was supplied by a New England minister. The building is very fine, of granite, brought from Maine, and the interior is a noble temple. In the afternoon I determined to hear the renowned Andrew Marshal, the veteran pastor of the African Baptist Chapel. This soldier of the cross has a world-wide fame, and a very interesting notice of his public services may be found in Sir Charles Lyell's travels. Mr. Marshal's church is a fair old building, and in its interior much resembles a New England old country meeting-house.

I looked round to the congregation, and noticed that the audience, without exception, was well dressed, the women chiefly wore head dresses of Madras hankchiefs, though many had bonnets, and most of the men wore no northern dress, but all as if they were in his one hundredth year; his hair is as white as snow, his countenance mild, without any wrinkles to mark decrepitude or decay. His voice is one of great sweetness and power; he read his hymn without stammering—and such reading! In sober truth, I know no northern doctor who can equal him. It was read as Shaughton used to read, and those who remembered that style of giving out palmody, will long to hear Andrew Marshal. I came to Church expecting to hear a wreck of a preacher—a negro preacher. I found in the pulpit a man whose age has not touched his faculties; his mind is as vigorous, and his workings are as true and faithful as are the intellects of men of thirty or forty years of age. He preached for an hour an expository sermon on the man out of whom Christ expelled the devils, who were permitted to go into the herd of swine.

Mr. Marshal's sermon will remain in my memory associated with the discourses of great men. The exposition was Scriptural, argumentative, full of imagination, and abounding in wit, yet all in keeping with the place. It was reminded all through the sermon of the great discourses of the old country, each eminent in its peculiar way. I refer to Rowland Hill, Christmas Evans, and William Jay. Marshal had much of the wit which consecrated from the desk of Surry Chapel, while the graphic sketches of some Welsh and Scotch preachers in the old colloquial style of Jay are found all through his sermon. The noble preacher made more points of power in that hour than I have heard in any sermon for five years.—I regard him as the most astonishing preacher I have ever listened to, when his age, his position, and his duties are considered. No pulpit in New York or Boston but would have been honoured by such a sermon.

The limits of a letter will not permit me to give an outline of the sermon, but it will live in my memory and its illustrations would do good to the students in the old country, and many a spring in divinity. Mr. Marshal's voice is euphonious, his manner dignified. Nothing but his white hair indicated his age, and I never should have supposed him more than sixty-five, had I not been informed. I must not forget his every it was a man talking with God, reverently wrestling with God.

He saw the portals of the city—he had been out at its gates, and it seems as if he knew the holy ones. Among the hearers were several white ladies and gentlemen, and I was glad to meet with the Hon. Francis Granger, and his daughter. They both united with me in my appreciation of the preacher, and Mr. Granger told me that he thought the reading of the hymn was one of the most impressive exhibitions of sacred oratory he had ever witnessed.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

## Synonyms of the New Testament.

Several volumes by Professor Trench, of England, have recently been republished in this country. They are worthy of a place in every man's library, and to the minister especially they are invaluable.

The work on "Synonyms of the New Testament," should be in the possession of every minister. It is not a work of interminable length, nor, like some theological and critical works, is it useful merely as a manual discipline on account of its obscurity. The style is chaste and lucid.—There is no superabundance of explanation, neither is the mind left with crude and half-learned ideas through improper brevity.—The peculiarities of the Greek words are set forth so clearly that the mere beginner in that grand old language can understand them thoroughly.

As a peculiarity of the book, I will give a single instance which will illustrate its practical tendency. It will be remembered that after having asked Peter the heart-searching question, "Lovest thou me?" Jesus gave him his three-repeated commission to feed his flock—his sheep and lambs. Our author is explaining the Greek words rendered "feed" in the English version. Two different terms are employed; first, *boke*, then *poimaine* and *boke* again. In our version, each of these terms is translated by the same English word. Says Dr. Trench, "The distinction, although not capable of being easily reproduced in all languages, is very far from fanciful; it is indeed a most real one. *Boke* is simply 'to feed,' but *poimaine* involves much more—the whole office of the shepherd, the entire leading, guiding, guarding, folding, of the flock, as well as the finding of nourishment for it." Still it may be asked, if *poimaine* was superadded upon *boke* because it was the higher word, and implied many farther ministries of care and tendance, why does it not appear in the last, which was also the most solemn commission given by the Lord

to Peter? how are we to account for his returning to *boke* again? The lesson, in fact, which we learn from his coming back to the word with which he had begun is a most important one, and one which the Church, and all that bear rule in the Church, have need diligently to lay to heart; this, namely, that whatever else of discipline and rule may be superadded thereto, still the feeding of the flock, and finding for them of spiritual nourishment, is the first and last; nothing else will supply the room of this, nor may be allowed to put this out of its foremost and most important place. How often in a false ecclesiastical system the preaching of the world loses its pre-eminence! the *boke* falls into the background. Every available resource is brought into the service, and the "stream which flows hard by the oracles of God," and then souls to partake of the waters of salvation.

Pastoral visiting is of great importance, but preaching the Gospel is of even more importance. God does not call men "to visit," though it is well if a minister's regenerate soul and Christian heart prompt him to go from house to house in search of lost ones. Any earnest-hearted brother or sister of sociable disposition, can do this part of the pastor's work as well as the doctor of divinity; and if this was the only or most important duty of the minister, the Lord would doubtless call such persons to this labor.

Methodism is a wheel within a wheel.—Its mechanism is so constructed that every cog and pulley has its appropriate work.—Every available resource is brought into the service. This is the secret of her wonderful success. In this economy the minister's duty is especially to preach.

By the provisions of our Discipline, the class-leaders must give to every member of the Church appropriate admonition, advice, and consolation at least once each week.—By this arrangement then, pastoral visiting devolves appropriately and principally on class-leaders, though the true minister will not consider himself exempt from any labour which will extend the cause of Christ.

The excellent men, of street-corners, to shake hands with one, and say something in the ear of another, is comparatively an easy work; but to be a successful opponent of error, defender of the faith, and apostle of the truth, requires no ordinary toil. This, however, is demanded by the age, and the Church will be satisfied by nothing less.

W. H. BARNES.

## "I have Nothing to Give."

So said a Church member when called upon for a contribution to a mission.—"Nothing to give!" And yet he talked of the preciousness of the Gospel to his own soul—of the hopes he entertained of salvation through the blood-purchased provisions of the Gospel—but he has nothing to give to extend these joys and hopes to those who profess to love as himself.—Nothing to give! Yet God is constant and munificent in his benefactions. Every day his treasure is opened, and fresh blessings freely dispensed. God never answers the asking of his creatures. "I have nothing to give!"

"Nothing to give!" And he wears decent apparel, lives in a comfortable house, sets a plentiful table, and seems to want for nothing necessary to the comfort of his family. Nothing to give! And he sometimes attends the monthly concert, and prays that God will send the Gospel to the ends of the earth. He said many times during the year, "Thy kingdom come," and pretended that it was prayer. If dollars were as cheap as words, the treasury of benevolence would be full. If Christians were as liberal with their purses as they are with their prayers, there would be no lack of means for sustaining the missionaries of the cross in every land.

"Nothing to give!" And the heathen are stretching out their hands in imploring petitions for the bread of life, and war-battered Christian ministers, and even children, are standing upon the shores of our own land looking across into the darkness and weeping for the means to carry them there, that they may minister to the spiritual necessities of those perishing millions.

"Nothing to give!" Then you ought specially to labor that you may earn something to give away. What work at hard manual labor for the very purpose of devoting the earnings to charity? Does not this savor of fanaticism? Precisely; the fanaticism of St. Paul. "Let him labor, working with his own hands, the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

## Christians and Missions.

Rev. Dr. Duff, in an address before the late Paris Convention, made the following appropriate remarks in reference to professed Christians and missions:

What sacrifices had Christians made? The receipts of benevolent societies had been diminished on account of one or other cause, which had affected the revenues of God's people; but where had retrenchment been commenced? Had it been in regard to splendid residences, or sumptuous furniture, or rich viands? Had it not been with the house of God? Some thought that Christians should give a tithe of their income for the cause of Christ. But this was no measure for Christians. Even the Jew gave more than a single tithe. On examination it will be found that he gave at least three tithes. If any man wishes to be a Jew, let him give as much as that. But this was no proper measure. The man who has \$25,000 a year, and gives \$2,500, does

not give as much as the person who has only \$100, and who gives \$10. The former has \$22,500 left in the store; but his brother looks black yet, and his features fall, but somewhat pleated, and shrunken, and tremble. He trembles, not very much of the late Charles Pagan, with, however, that severe and higher aspect which a more thorough education would have given the latter. Frederick Monod is still ardent with zeal. He translates for us often at the meetings of the "Alliance," and if the speaker is at all in the right mood, Monod is sure to catch fire, and, I have thought, make the translation more stirring than the original. He has gone much for the Young Men's Christian Association in Paris. His own house is thrown open every Saturday night for his members, and other young men, he treats them on these occasions to a cup of tea, and a taste of his favourite evangelism. American readers remember that, not very long since, he renounced the national Protestant Church of France because of its connection with the state, and the support which, as well as the support, which it accepted from the government—for you must bear in mind that the French government supports from its budget some half-dozen religions (including Jews, and Mohammedans in Algeria) for the shrewd purpose of controlling them. Monod was right abstractly, but it is thought by some of his friends that he was too precipitate. Most evangelical pastors here hope for the deliverance of the Church from the state; they believe this change will follow a general restoration of spiritual life in the former, as they will lose their congregations by retreating from it, they deem it best to remain, and prepare the way for the desirable change. Even Americans feel at liberty to comment on this course under the special circumstances of the French Church. Abstractions may do well enough in the former case; but practical action has higher claims, and becomes a matter of conscience under such embarrassments. Another of the Monods, at Lyons, has had serious trouble with the relation of the Church to the State; but he has announced that he will adhere to the state Church because it afforded him the best means of usefulness, and was ripening for salutary changes. He is a wise and goodly man. The good evangelist, labouring among the thousands of neglected Protestants in the old province of Poitou, to whom I referred in my last letter, made a similar statement on respecting his connection with the national Church. For him to renounce it would be to renounce his whole field. Utterly opposed as I am to the most unscrupulous ingenuity of a state Church, I am nevertheless glad to find this good sense and consideration among the excellent men of the street-corners, who fear has blundered; he had a thousand or more people under his influence in the national Church; he has now but thirty or forty and many of these are members of his own family. He has, in fine, pretty much lost it. By a somewhat singular coincidence there sits, next to me to him, another very excellent man who has set the same example in England; the reverend and honourable Baptist Noel. At the table of the public dinner to which I referred in my last letter, the excellent men, Frederick Monod, I fear has blundered; he had a thousand or more people under his influence in the national Church; he has now but thirty or forty and many of these are members of his own family. He has, in fine, pretty much lost it. 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course to follow in the same path. But heavy would be the responsibility that Minister who would recommend his sovereign to raise improper and unworthy objects to the dignity of the peerage.

THE HAVOC OF A YEAR.—CRIMEA Sept 19.—It was on this day twelve months ago that the Allied armies marched from Odessa, and that the Russian drew first blood at Bouljank.

A dreadful tragedy took place yesterday, at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, which resulted in the death of two of the keepers of the institution, named William Carroll and Barry Mills.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, while John E. Clark, an insane man, was chopping wood in a short distance outside the gate of the institution, the medical gentlemen, with the attendants, named respectively Mills and Carroll, standing close by, Clark attacked them with the axe he had in his hand, and before assistance could be rendered killed them both.

First ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.—Thursday, September 20.—As many medals, clasps, and ribbons as were available were distributed to day in the various regiments, and on an average there was about ten medals to each company; that of course excited dissatisfaction.

THE PRINCIPAL TOPICS OF LOCAL INTEREST are the agricultural and industrial shows now in progress in Boston. Very great preparations have been made for the U. S. Agricultural Exhibition, and the number of entries of superior horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, &c., is very great.

ON Monday evening last the Rev. Dr. Richey delivered an address in the German Street Methodist Chapel, on the subject of the Colonial Wesleyan Conference, and entered into an explanation of certain matters connected with the separate organization of the Colonials.

General Intelligence.

SUSPECTED HOUSEBREAKER APPREHENDED. The town of Dartmouth, which is usually one of the most tranquil places in America, was frightfully shocked on a sudden, yesterday morning, by the news that Mr. Thos. Gentles, baker, had discovered a vagabond at very early hour, trying to break into Mr. S. Noble's dwelling.

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Latest Intelligence.

THE WAR. From William & Smith's European Times. We announced last week in a late edition of the Kinburn, the surrender of the garrison, its transfer to Constantine, and the taking of a large quantity of stores and ammunition.

THE RUSSIAN POSITION IN THE CRIMEA.—BERLIN, Oct. 24.—It is reported here that Prince Gortschakoff has represented to the Emperor Alexander that there are great difficulties in his present position, and asking for instructions as to whether he shall risk a decisive battle or evacuate the Crimea.

RETURN OF FRENCH GENERALS.—The Monitor says:—General Bosquet, Mellinet, and Trochu, whose wounds are in a fair way of being healed, embarked on the 18th of October, in order to return to France.

THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.—According to letters from St. Petersburg, the Emperor Alexander's mind is becoming affected. He has grown exceedingly religious since his troops have been everywhere beaten, and lays pray the whole day, invoking Providence to accord him a victory.

DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.—Sir William Molesworth, Secretary of State for the Colonies, died at his residence, 87, Eaton place, London, at noon, on Monday, the 22nd inst.

THE FLEET IN THE DNEPR.—ST. PETERSBURG, Friday, October 26.—The whole of the militia has been ordered on the march to reinforce the army of the South under General Loris.

THE DEFEAT OF KARS.—TREBIZOND, Oct. 25.—The official report of the victory of the Turks at Kars, on the 29th Sept., has arrived here. The defence was most heroic. No English officers were wounded.

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PELISIER'S quarters are at Skelia. The enemy continues to augment the defences of North Sebastopol. The latest intelligence from the Crimea, received from Germany, is to the 14th. On that day the 2nd French Corps, commanded by Gen. Bugeaud, occupied the passage of Diana, near Alma, and the excellent positions of Tchoral and Chouloum, the route leading to Atchobar and the passage of Manjupakle, the heights of which, as well as those of Kerma, are occupied by the Russians, to the number of 24,000.

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MADAME ROSSETI returned on Wednesday from her journey into Provence. She will give an extraordinary representation at the Grand Opera on behalf of the army in the Crimea. The following is from Marseilles:—Within a few days about 10,000 men have left port, and the local journals announce that from 3000 to 5000 of the 82nd Regiment, the 15th of the 17th for the same destination.

GREY.—ATHENS, Oct. 19.—The Ministry has been changed again.—Conduktor, finance; Crispotou, public instruction; Bothier; Triopki, foreign affairs, when he arrives.

COMMERCIAL. Halifax Markets. Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, Nov. 7th.

Improved Breed of Sheep. To be Sold at Public Auction, At the Places and times Undermentioned.

PURE DURHAM CATTLE. To be sold at Public Auction in Windsor, on SATURDAY, the 10th of November next, at 12 o'clock.

THE SUBSCRIBERS. Having established a MARBLE MANUFACTORY, near the mouth of the River of the Province, in the County of Westmorland.

FURS! FURS!! FURS!!! At 145 GRANVILLE STREET. The Subscriber has received a consignment of White and Black Furs, of the most superior quality.

COMPLETION OF FALL IMPORTATIONS. E. BILLING, Junr., & Co. Have completed per Eagle, Themis, and Ermine their Fall Importations of British and Foreign Manufactured DRY GOODS.

NOW READY BELCHER'S MAP OF NOVA SCOTIA, including the Island of CAPE BRETON. Size five feet two inches by two feet.

Shipping News. PORT OF HALIFAX. ARRIVED. Wednesday, October 31. Brig Isabella Maria, Cunningham, New York.

THE SUBSCRIBER. HAS received from England per Themis and White Star, the principal stock of Fall supply of Goods, consisting of Drap, Medals, Paris, Meubles, Combs, Trunks, Hats, Lace, Ribbons, and other Toys of regular quality, at such low prices as to be good and price moderate.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. FURNISHED Sale of Sheep. SALE OF STAMPS AND DURHAM HIFTERS.

Improved Breed of Sheep. Pure Durham Heifer. THE subscriber has for sale a SHEEP (Rams and Ewes) of improved Leicester breed, and a HEIFER of the same breed, of the best quality.

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