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Religious Miscellany.

Immortal Longings.

Christ, let me come to Thee!
My heart is weary, and I long for rest;
Is not my earthly mission well-nigh done?
I cannot bear this burden on my breast—
It weighs my spirit downward like a stone.
My saddened life is ever veiled in clouds,
And midnight shadows hath come o'er my soul.
My once bright hopes are wrapped away in shrouds,
And sorrow's heavy surges round me roll:
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come?
Christ, let me come to Thee!
Life hath a dark Sahara before me!
The few bright flowers that bloomed along my way
Were soon transplanted—each beloved tree
To bloom perennial in the "perfect day."
My dear loved ones sit round thy Golden Throne,
And wait—a broken circle still I come;
Let me not linger here on earth alone!
Oh! let me join them in their heavenly home!
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come?
Christ, let me come to Thee!
Behind me roars the angry ocean tide;
Each creditor wave comes nearer, nearer still;
I shudder at their hoarse, loud voice so chill,
I cannot meet the fierce, wild storm of Life!
I have no strength to battle with its more!
Too long I've wrestled in the painful strife,
I must lay down the burden that I bore.
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come?
Christ, let me come to Thee!
In dreams I hear thy white-robed angel sing,
The golden glories of thy heavenly land;
I hear the rustle of each snowy wing,
And feel their touch upon my fevered hand.
Colder than ever seems the earth to me,
When I awake and see them sit away;
I strain my eyes, the last bright glimpse to see,
And watch them vanish thro' the gates of day.
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come?
Christ, let me come to Thee!
I watch my toiling brethren grow faint and slow;
I note the hectic deepening, day by day,
And feel my life is like a wreath of snow.
Which one kind breath of heaven would melt away.
A little longer in this world of vice—
The wished-for boundary is almost passed—
I see the shining shore of Paradise,
I know my pain is almost o'er at last!
Sweet Christ, oh! may I come!
Christ, let me come to Thee!
I've seen the gates that guard thy holy elms!
And often caught a glimpse of thee within;
I know they'll open in their own good time,
And let thy weary, wandering child come in.
I've had, through all this weary care and pain,
One blessed hope, that ne'er has known despair—
It cheers me like the sunshine after rain!
I know thou'lt hear my deep and heartfelt prayer,
And let me come to Thee!

True Devotion.

BY MISS MARSH, AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN VICARS.

Not very long ago, a valued friend requested me to visit a young woman, lodging in an alley in Holborn, who was dying of the most painful of all diseases.

The small room was delicately clean and neat, and on a little table stood a jar adorned with a few country flowers—the offering of an early friend. By the bedside stood a pale young woman, with a gentle and sympathizing countenance, soothing the sufferer's pillow. It was scarcely whiter than her face; the mouth and chin of which were covered by a handkerchief, to veil the ravages which her terrible disease had made.

After a few enquiries of the nurse, I spoke a little to the sufferer; and then remembering that it must seem so easy for one in comparative health to speak to her of the goodness of God, but how much harder it must be for her to believe it,—lying there, hour after hour, in anguish, which suffered her scarcely to sleep by night or day, increasing during the thirteen months past, and leaving no hope of alleviation in the future but by death. I thought it best to tell her all that was passing in my mind, and then I added: if you can believe that the blessed Saviour, who, when He was on earth, healed all manner of disease with a touch or a word, and who has the same healing power now, yet withhold it from you—does so from some infinitely wise and loving reason; it would do me good to hear it. If it be so, will you just lift up your finger in assent?

She raised her pale transparent hand, and waved it over her head, with an expression in her sunken eyes which almost glorified her face. I could not help saying to her, when I could command my voice enough to speak, I believe that one wave of your hand gives more honour to your Saviour, in the sight of all the angels of heaven, than whole years of any little services which He might permit me to render Him, in comparative health and ease; because your faith is so much more severely tried. It seemed a new and delightful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work would glorify her Saviour, she had just meekly borne because it was His will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made a sign for her slate, and wrote upon it, "This makes me so happy. How wonderful and how kind, if He will make glory for Himself out of such a poor creature as I!" Soon after she added, "He has taught me to say of Him, 'My beloved is mine, and I am His.' He has taught all my sins, and I love me freely. He fills me with peace and joy in believing."

When her companion came down stairs, I asked her if she tried to get out for a little fresh air, now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor to be sleeping much, while she is suffering.

"Is she your sister?" I enquired.

"No, my dear, we are not relations; she was

... fellow servants together at a hotel in the West End. And once when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly; so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go among strangers—for she is an orphan—so I left with her.

"And may I venture to ask, how are you both supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time; and now I have still some left of my own savings which I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid!—a QUEEN!" I thought to myself, and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honored.

That woman of royal heart sent me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of interested self-sacrificing love. One word revealed its inner secret, "We are as good as sisters," she said: "We both know that our Saviour loves us, and we love Him, and want to love Him better."

It seems scarcely necessary to add that, when a few weeks later the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left penniless. Fine houses were thrown open to receive her, but she preferred returning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.

This story was told the following day to a few young men, who were members of a Christian Association in Beckenham, and who were chiefly men of the working classes. Early next morning four pounds were sent to me, to be conveyed anonymously to the sufferer and her nurse, with these words written on the envelope—"A token of sympathy and respect from Christian brothers."

Lay Preachers.

It is well known that lay preaching is a part of the economy of Methodism, and has been from its origin, not only for the purpose of giving exercise to the talents of such as may be found qualified for such a work, but also to aid the itinerant Ministry in giving the Gospel a wider diffusion, than they otherwise could. Whatever may be the defects of the itinerant system, it is admitted on all hands, that by it, a much wider field may be cultivated, with a given amount of means, than by a settled ministry; and how could this be done without the unpaid instrumentality of lay preaching. This being the case, Methodism is bound by interest as well as by principle to sustain those men who, foregoing their own ease, are called by the Church to go forth, without hope of other reward, than the smiles of Heaven, Sabbath after Sabbath, to labour for the spiritual comfort and edification of their brethren on the circuit. As wide as our circuits are, we all know that our ministers are not too well paid, and how would it be, were the circuits curtailed so that every appointment could have Sabbath preaching, as they would have to be if the office of local preacher were abolished? Why, the burden not sustained by the circuits would then have to be borne by half the number of members and doublers, those who say we don't want local preachers sent to us, would be amongst the first to murmur under the load. If a circuit can be supplied with the gospel more cheaply and largely by a junction of itinerant and lay preaching, the same principle applies to the evangelization of the world, and with the present stunted liberality of the churches this is a great desideratum—abolish lay preaching, and itinerant must die, and Methodism must lose her aggressive character on the kingdom of Satan, which now distinguishes her; a fact which would be a dire calamity to the interests of religion. Our love-letters would dwindle into mere congregational gatherings, and lose the interest and union which now attend them, and Methodists instead of feeling that commercial tie which now binds them together so widely, would soon pass into rigid estrangement and local selfishness. It would appear that to be the interest of both; lay preachers do us good, they give their own case, and encourage, and cheer otherwise, they themselves will facilitate the growing tendency in our circuits to do them away, by showing neglect for neglect, and indifference for thanklessness. As officers in the Church, appointed under its system for its benefit, we ask not your attendance on our ministrations as a favor to us, but as a duty you have pledged yourselves to. We know we cannot, with as much polish and learning, preach to you as our ordained brethren, from our secular relations in life, but we claim to feel as strong a desire for your welfare and that of the circuits in which we live, and cannot divest ourselves of the opinion, that religion should be dear to the whole Church, whether in a plain or a gorgeous garb.

Memory.

The up-hill path of human life,
Strown as it is with cares and grief,
Affords, to retrospective glance,
A thousand joys, as we advance,
Sorrow that many a tear-drop drew,
Seem blessings in the distant view,
And pleased, we see them as they fade,
Settled and softened into shade;
As setting sun on mountain's side,
Lights up the trees, the bushes hid.

Secret and Conscientious Drunkards.

To some this may seem a strange designation—"conscientious drunkards." The writer thinks he has met with such, and that the number of them is probably increasing in the region in which he resides. His heart's desire is to do them good.

1. They are drunkards. Often under the pervading influence of strong drink, they take delight in the delicious or stupefying effect which it produces on them. Unwilling to abandon the intoxicating cup, they are frequently overcome there, and fall into the hands of their tempters, who, though no man may ever have seen them reel or stagger, yet privately they serve this appetite. And thus the appellation of drunkard belongs to them.

2. They are drunkards secretly. Their habit is known to a few only. Some in their own families, with possibly the physician or the legal counsellor, constitute the little circle of those who know the secret. Other friends may at times suspect that something is wrong, and surmise what it is.

3. The persons described are conscientious. They are not aware of the mastery which Satan and their own depravity have over them in the cup of intoxication. The lust that controls them, blinds them. Perverting some passages of Holy writ, and possessed of a smattering of mental science, they palliate drunkennes, calling it some other name, and profess that the word of God is their guide, and that they are conscientious in their secret indulgence. They

are as conscientious as was Saul of Tarsus, when he verily thought within himself that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. But they are as mistaken in argument and as erroneous in conscience as was Saul, while they think that they may secretly and innocently indulge in the draughts which are perverting, polluting, and ruining them. A deceived heart hath turned them aside, and they cannot deliver their souls, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?

As one and another of them depart this life, and some term of medical nomenclature denoted in the public prints the disease with which they die, how surely, also, does a circle of intimate friends know that other and common name which truly expresses the sad and guilty habit with which they perished.

As these lines may receive the attention of some one secret and conscientious drunkard, who professes to justify his habits by conscience and by some passages of Holy Scripture, I would beg leave to suggest one enquiry to such a man, in the fear of God. Are you not in error in your application of certain passages of Scripture to your case? I know you find in the Bible two classes of texts, of which the following are examples. "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth its self aright." Do these passages of the Scriptures, any of them, allow that man to tamper with strong drink in whom the craving for intoxicating stimulus is keenly and habitually felt? Are passages of sacred writ with the Holy Spirit addressed to men in one condition, to be appropriated and acted upon by men who are in a very different condition. Is it designed by these teachings of the Bible to encourage the occasional use of intoxicating drinks by that man who has learned to love secret intoxication—who withdraws, day by day, to the privacy of his own home, to take the perverting draught, and to rivet again the chain of his bondage. Is not this the call of the Holy Word to the secret and conscientious drunkard? Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth as an adder."

The Lord Jesus Christ alone can save you. He waiteth to be gracious—and He hath the power to forgive and to sanctify you. Call upon him—try mightily to him—and break away from the lust which is dragging you down to hell! Secret and conscientious drunkard, come to Jesus or you perish! The Word of God plainly teaches that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Either in this world or in another world you will know and deplore your guilty blindness, and will feel that conscientiousness in this indulgence is no excuse.—N. F. Observer.

Extraordinary Revival in Jamaica.

The labours of the Methodist missionaries in the West Indies have of late, been greatly blessed. A revival in the island of Jamaica has already resulted in an accession of 6,500 probationers to the Wesleyan societies, which number is likely, by the end of the year, to be increased to 10,000. The Rev. Mr. Foster, who has recently returned to England from the West Indies, in an address to the Conference, gave a thrilling description of this work of the Spirit.

"He remarked that God had been graciously pleased to pour out his Holy Spirit in Jamaica, and to revive his work. That work had commenced on a remote part of the island, apparently independently of any human agency, and at a time very unexpectedly. For a long period there had been great apathy among the people, and the missionaries had begun to fear that they might not be visited by the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit in America, Ireland, and some portions of England. Some weeks before the revival, however, they had witnessed a great increase in their congregations throughout the island. The attendance at prayer meetings had also greatly increased; and at length they began to hear of remarkable awakenings in several places. The chapels were opened for special prayer meetings, and the work spread on every hand, cases of conversion becoming daily more numerous. The agency of mind manifested by the people was remarkable; they roared in distemper, and their cries for mercy were heard at a great distance. In many cases they fell upon the earth in anguish, crying for salvation, and perspiring so profusely that the ground beneath them was moistened. After obtaining mercy, many of them went in groups to their friends and relatives, to warn them of their dangers, to invite them to Christ, and telling their own conversion story. The work thus spread more and more. Even the notoriously wicked were awe-stricken, and acknowledged the hand of the Lord. Yast numbers joined in the prayer meetings, and gave their hearts to God. The work then extended to various parts of the island. In some of the larger towns the work was so extraordinary that the chapels could not hold people, and it was thus among all religious denominations. The chapels had to be opened day and night, and were constantly occupied, prayer-meetings being often protracted until the morning. Ministerial labours, in these circumstances, had become excessive, but all seemed heartily to unite in the good work. Their leaders took some of the awakened to their own houses for prayer, until they found peace, while many others were converted who did not enter the chapels. Others remained under conviction

Coptic Worship.

The interesting account given below of religious worship among the Coptic Christians of Egypt, is extracted from an account of a trip up the Nile, by one of the missionaries of our brethren of the United Presbyterian Church. The Copts, who number about 150,000, are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians and profess a corrupted and rather erroneous Christianity. They hold to the doctrine of the Monophysitism—a belief that the Divine and human natures of Christ, so coalesce as to become one, and also resemble in some of their doctrines and practices of the Greek and Latin churches. The head of their church is a patriarch who resides in Alexandria, and has under his control different bishoprics in Egypt, Syria, Nubia, and other countries. The Copts practice both circumcision and baptism, observe confession, and are much given to austere observances. They are, however, but formal Christians, having a name to live while dead. Missionary operations among them seem to have not met with much success. It will be seen by the succeeding extract, that their worship is the very opposite of the simplicity which the Gospel requires.

(Sabbath.) The Bishop having invited us to attend services in the church, and Monsur informed us that he thought they would allow us to preach, I went up on the Saturday evening, to inquire what would be the scripture lessons for the morrow. That in the gospel was Mark x.

17—31. I could not have asked a better text, and spent till one in the morning in preparing to preach from it. The exciting anticipation of having the privilege of preaching in a Coptic church awoke me by starlight, but without I was not early enough, for I was just fairly seated at my coffee and eggs, and the sun, not yet up, was beginning to gild the western hills, when two messengers came to me on Sabbath morning to come, as the services had already commenced. I hastened up to the church with my Testament under my arm, and was pointed to a chair beside his reverence. They were reading and chanting their prayers, partly in Arabic, but mostly in Coptic. When the time came for reading the "lesson" from the gospels, the Bishop first read it in Coptic, with a deacon standing on each side of him, with a lighted candle. He then asked me to read the translation in Arabic, and I took my place behind the stand on which the books were placed, (there was no pulpit.) One of the deacons came to me with a lighted candle, but, looking up at the windows in the roof, I remarked that there was a lighted candle, and I could see to read, which provoked a smile from those around, and he took his seat. I read the passage above mentioned, when the Bishop asked me to expound, and I commenced my sermon. The men and boys, large and small, were sitting around on mats, and the women in the raised place in the back ground, where the school is kept. There were, I should think, from 150 to 200 present, and were all very attentive. I spoke about three-quarters of an hour, when I could see that the Bishop was getting uneasy, and I stopped. He had good reason for uneasiness, for he had not yet had his breakfast, and I found that they had yet the long services of the mass before them. When all was over, I found that it was nearly 9 o'clock, which, considering that the service commenced before sunrise, made a long—not indeed for as the church, like most churches of the East, was unfurnished with seats, the people stood most of the time. The Copts are as noted in the East, as the Communists, in the West, for the length of their services, and when we consider that they are almost altogether in incomprehensible Coptic, we must at least admire their patience. As I went out of the church I could not help exclaiming, Poor, poor people, who have no food but this for their souls.

But to return to the mass, or Kuddas as they call it. The Bishop asked me to go into the Holy of Holies, which, I had never witnessed the ceremony in Coptic, I did. The inner room which I have called the Holy of Holies, as it corresponds to that department in the Jewish temple, is a small room about 10 feet square, arched overhead, with a narrow door on each side, leading into small dark vestry rooms. It is separated from the body of the church by a chancel veil, into which an opening is cut, large enough for the entrance of a man (this veil or cloth placed the of the panelled or carved parvis and in prayer, though until their conversion they had been very ignorant, displaying uncommon appropriateness of expression with accurate and abundant quotations from Scripture. One peculiar feature of the revival was the desire of the awakened to join themselves to the people of God. In meeting the classes, he had been delighted by the testimonies which he had heard of faith in Christ, and joy in God their Saviour. Many young men had among others, been converted and brought into church-membership. The new converts had begun to contribute, and their free will, to the cause of God; and the receipts of the quarter, when he was last among them, had been greatly increased. It had been impossible for the missionaries, whose labours had now become increased, to pay full pastoral attention to the members, to instruct the ignorant, to watch over the inexperienced, to appoint leaders, to pray with the distressed, and direct them to Christ, as circumstances really demanded. He was happy in the hope that Conference would appoint several additional missionaries to these spheres of usefulness in Jamaica. The work had revived when greatly needed, when spiritual languor had been stealing over the people, and when they had begun to fear that African superstition would gain power in the island, some having come from that continent. But now they had nothing of that sort to deplore. It might also be remarked that agricultural and commercial interests had revived. The Wesleyan labourers on the estates in the island had been much commended by their employers, some of whom had forwarded donations to the mission in acknowledgment. He believed that our mission there was becoming better appreciated. . . . After giving some instances of conversion, the speaker observed that, should the revival continue in the same ratio, by the end of the present year they would have at least 10,000 added to the Society. The work was still in progress; and though there had been some few irregularities, it was only where there was a want of pastoral care. The speaker closed his observations amid much cheering."

Longevity of Animals.

The average age of cats is 15 years; a squirrel and hare, 7 or 8 years; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long-lived; the one known by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Persia, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30; the rhinoceros to 30; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 35 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years; the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Pelicans are long-lived; a tortoise has been known to live to the age 107.—Country Gent.

Decay of Race.

In the last Report issued by the Colonial Office on the past and present state of our colonial possessions an account is given of fourteen persons, all adults, aborigines of Tasmania, who are the sole surviving remnant of ten tribes. Nine of these persons are women, and five men. There are among them four married couples, and four of the men and five of the women are under forty-five years of age; but no children have been born to them for years. It is considered different to account for this. The Maoris of New Zealand are said to attribute their decline in number to the general change of habits introduced by civilization. Besides these fourteen persons, there is a native woman who is married to a white man, and who has a son, a fine healthy-looking child, of whom she and all the blacks are very proud. These fourteen aboriginal natives of Van Diemen's Land live at Oyster-Cove Station, where they are clothed, and housed at the public expense; their subsistence and management cost about £700 a year. Their principal employment is cooking their food, mending and making their clothes, and getting their wood; but all work devotes on the women—the men do nothing. They are much addicted to drinking, have an antipathy to cleanliness, and insist on keeping a number of dogs, which eat, live, and sleep with their owners. Their chief

Shooting a Preacher.

BRO. ELLIOTT.—The above heading may seem to sound strange, coming from the bounds of the Southern Illinois Conference, yet no stranger than true, for we have received a visit from the Rev. Henry Glaze, and to the writer he related substantially the case of his being shot, in the town of Marion, Williamson county, by the notorious Jim Pully, who has been a representative from that county to the State Legislature, and who was recently arrested for treason. Bro. Glaze is the son of Rev. John Glaze, of this conference. Mr. Glaze is closing the second year of his ministry among us, and is a young man of more than ordinary talent and ability. Last conference he was appointed to the Blairville circuit, in Jonesboro District. His circuit lies principally in the west part of Williamson county, and runs to within three or four miles of Marion, the county seat, where Bro. Glaze had his little family.

And now to begin with all the particulars as he related them. It is generally supposed that this town and county are strong for secession; they have sent a company of men to fight for the dark treason of Jeff. Davis. But some time after they had done this notorious act, which they covered the name of those who had a hand in it with infamy and disgrace, they heard that a body of government troops were coming on their way, and to save themselves, they ran up the stars and stripes on the court house. The troops did not come, but to profess loyalty to the government they still let the flag stay, but kept tormenting and abusing Union men, and especially those who voted for Mr. Lincoln. They were made the objects of hate and persecution.

Bro. Glaze, as a true patriot and man of God, knowing the heinous course they were pursuing, had the bravery and honesty to expose this den of vipers, and let their deeds of darkness out to the world. Hence, he was made the object of hate and revenge. He having business in town one day, was met by one of his friends who told him that Pully intended to kill him, and for his friend (Glaze) to be cautious. Glaze told his friend that he should not interrupt Pully, but should try to keep out of his way, if possible. Then he said that he attended to his business that he had in town and started for home, was walking toward his horse and buggy, in company with another man, when Pully, coming up, hailed out to the man to get out of the way till he shot that d-d black republican. Glaze, supposing Pully had reference to him, turned around when Pully drew his revolver and fired at him, but missed him. Glaze then drew his, but before he could get it out of his belt, Pully took shelter behind a fence. Glaze then shot at him, but did not hit him. Pully then shot at Glaze through the crack of the fence, which took effect, hitting Glaze in the left side, the ball passed round toward the back, and lodged some four inches from where it entered. They took two other shots apiece, without effect, Pully behind the fence and Glaze sheltered by his buggy. When Pully had exhausted his shots he then ran at Glaze with the empty revolver in one hand and a brickbat in the other. Glaze had had one shot left, and could have killed Pully, but by this time Pully's friends of the town rabble had come up, and he knew to shoot again would be instant death. Then he told them that they might overpower him by numbers and kill him, but that he had friends that would make them stone for his blood. This intimidated them, but they gathered around him and wrenched his revolver from him when the affair ended in his falling on the ball out. Bro. Glaze showed the ball to the writer and a number of others yesterday. Pully was allowed to go unpunished. It is supposed to have left the country some days after this affray.

Now, we will say to Judge Allen and Captain John Cunningham, and other leading men of Marion, that you are, to a great extent, responsible for these raids, and if you want infamy and disgrace banished from your doors and communities, bring Pully, and other desperadoes of the same clique, to justice. Punish them in the State prison, and if you are loyal to law, let the world know it by your acts in punishing crime. The people of Southern Illinois have borne these raids of persecution until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue.

I am informed by Mr. Glaze that he was ordered to leave his circuit a number of times, that he was frequently met by mobs and brought under the imperative necessity of carrying weapons to defend himself, and all because he had the heart and face to advocate our country's cause, and plead for the maintenance of the best government that ever came from human hands. Gentlemen, you may plead that the M.E. Church preachers are all black republicans, but we tell you that they are all loyal to law and order, and to the preservation of our common government. You may say that they have no right to meddle in this affair. We say that all true patriots have the right, and not only the right but it is the duty of all Christians, and all Christian ministers to speak out and throw their influence in favor of their country's cause; for our all, as ministers and Christians, in this world, is at stake. It is just as much the duty of the minister to diffuse a pure political principle as to preach any other part of the gospel, and it is not for the mobs of Marion to say that they shall not do it. We have written the account of the affray with the kindest feeling to the people of Marion, for we know how they stand in the light of a great majority of the counties around them. That place is looked upon as the headquarters and den of secessionists in Southern Illinois, and suggest that the people there have Hon. John A. Logan, when he comes home from Washington, to raise a company, and Judge

Fireproof Buildings.

The late gigantic fire at London-bridge has tested and found wanting our present system of fireproofing warehouses. In the conflagration we have just witnessed, the fiery element has made his meal of no mere piles of wooden houses, such as he is accustomed to consume in his grand generalizing meals in Canada or other East, where they are composed of the most highly combustible materials, dried to a chip by the great heats of summer, but of piles of building in which science has exhausted her resources in attempting to fortify them against him. We are obliged to confess that science has utterly failed. Party walls of immense thickness, stone staircases, iron beams and pillars, have been of no avail against the spontaneous combustion of a little heap of hemp; and the probability, indeed, is that one of the most valuable lives in our working hive has been sacrificed to our latest notions of fireproofing warehouses containing highly inflammable commodities. It is instructive to know that poor Bradwood to the last protested against the use of cast iron in the construction of our great river-side warehouses. Engineers in 1848, "On Fireproof Buildings," denounced the use of this untrustworthy material in the most decided manner, and pointed out that some great calamity must inevitably befall the men of the Fire Brigade, sooner or later, in their attempts to extinguish the vast conflagration which were likely to take place in these extensive buildings. His own destruction has been the first testimony to the correctness of his views. The fire raging in one of these warehouses can only be compared to that of a blast furnace, and in consequence the cast iron pillars speedily became red-hot, the water from the hose falling upon these pillars suddenly contracted and snapped them like so much glass, and, of course, the floors fell in at once. It is not necessary to give our testimony to the bravery of the men of the Fire Brigade, nevertheless it is a well known fact that they will not venture inside these buildings to play upon the fire, knowing that by so doing they are, like Sanson, sure to bring the place about their heads without a possibility of their escape. Moreover, there is another danger to those outside these warehouses. The massive girders of cast iron supporting the flooring of course expand with the heat; and no walls, however strongly built, can possibly withstand their lateral thrust, and down they come, to the destruction of those near at hand. We have no doubt whatever that this was the cause of the falling of the wall which killed poor Bradwood. It was proven on the inquest that there was no saltpetre in this part of the building; it was also proved that no explosion took place here at all. It has been suggested that the walls were burst out by the swelling of the cotton bales, but it is quite needless to attempt such an explanation when we know that the girders, heated to a white heat as they were, must have elongated half a foot, pressing before them the solid walls.—London Review.

General Miscellany.

Bro. Elliott.—The above heading may seem to sound strange, coming from the bounds of the Southern Illinois Conference, yet no stranger than true, for we have received a visit from the Rev. Henry Glaze, and to the writer he related substantially the case of his being shot, in the town of Marion, Williamson county, by the notorious Jim Pully, who has been a representative from that county to the State Legislature, and who was recently arrested for treason. Bro. Glaze is the son of Rev. John Glaze, of this conference. Mr. Glaze is closing the second year of his ministry among us, and is a young man of more than ordinary talent and ability. Last conference he was appointed to the Blairville circuit, in Jonesboro District. His circuit lies principally in the west part of Williamson county, and runs to within three or four miles of Marion, the county seat, where Bro. Glaze had his little family.

And now to begin with all the particulars as he related them. It is generally supposed that this town and county are strong for secession; they have sent a company of men to fight for the dark treason of Jeff. Davis. But some time after they had done this notorious act, which they covered the name of those who had a hand in it with infamy and disgrace, they heard that a body of government troops were coming on their way, and to save themselves, they ran up the stars and stripes on the court house. The troops did not come, but to profess loyalty to the government they still let the flag stay, but kept tormenting and abusing Union men, and especially those who voted for Mr. Lincoln. They were made the objects of hate and persecution.

Bro. Glaze, as a true patriot and man of God, knowing the heinous course they were pursuing, had the bravery and honesty to expose this den of vipers, and let their deeds of darkness out to the world. Hence, he was made the object of hate and revenge. He having business in town one day, was met by one of his friends who told him that Pully intended to kill him, and for his friend (Glaze) to be cautious. Glaze told his friend that he should not interrupt Pully, but should try to keep out of his way, if possible. Then he said that he attended to his business that he had in town and started for home, was walking toward his horse and buggy, in company with another man, when Pully, coming up, hailed out to the man to get out of the way till he shot that d-d black republican. Glaze, supposing Pully had reference to him, turned around when Pully drew his revolver and fired at him, but missed him. Glaze then drew his, but before he could get it out of his belt, Pully took shelter behind a fence. Glaze then shot at him, but did not hit him. Pully then shot at Glaze through the crack of the fence, which took effect, hitting Glaze in the left side, the ball passed round toward the back, and lodged some four inches from where it entered. They took two other shots apiece, without effect, Pully behind the fence and Glaze sheltered by his buggy. When Pully had exhausted his shots he then ran at Glaze with the empty revolver in one hand and a brickbat in the other. Glaze had had one shot left, and could have killed Pully, but by this time Pully's friends of the town rabble had come up, and he knew to shoot again would be instant death. Then he told them that they might overpower him by numbers and kill him, but that he had friends that would make them stone for his blood. This intimidated them, but they gathered around him and wrenched his revolver from him when the affair ended in his falling on the ball out. Bro. Glaze showed the ball to the writer and a number of others yesterday. Pully was allowed to go unpunished. It is supposed to have left the country some days after this affray.

Now, we will say to Judge Allen and Captain John Cunningham, and other leading men of Marion, that you are, to a great extent, responsible for these raids, and if you want infamy and disgrace banished from your doors and communities, bring Pully, and other desperadoes of the same clique, to justice. Punish them in the State prison, and if you are loyal to law, let the world know it by your acts in punishing crime. The people of Southern Illinois have borne these raids of persecution until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue.

I am informed by Mr. Glaze that he was ordered to leave his circuit a number of times, that he was frequently met by mobs and brought under the imperative necessity of carrying weapons to defend himself, and all because he had the heart and face to advocate our country's cause, and plead for the maintenance of the best government that ever came from human hands. Gentlemen, you may plead that the M.E. Church preachers are all black republicans, but we tell you that they are all loyal to law and order, and to the preservation of our common government. You may say that they have no right to meddle in this affair. We say that all true patriots have the right, and not only the right but it is the duty of all Christians, and all Christian ministers to speak out and throw their influence in favor of their country's cause; for our all, as ministers and Christians, in this world, is at stake. It is just as much the duty of the minister to diffuse a pure political principle as to preach any other part of the gospel, and it is not for the mobs of Marion to say that they shall not do it. We have written the account of the affray with the kindest feeling to the people of Marion, for we know how they stand in the light of a great majority of the counties around them. That place is looked upon as the headquarters and den of secessionists in Southern Illinois, and suggest that the people there have Hon. John A. Logan, when he comes home from Washington, to raise a company, and Judge

Allen be lieutenant, and John Cunningham orderly sergeant, and go and join Dick Ogley's regiment, at Cairo, for three years. Then let the thousands of the good people in Marion take up all such men as Pully, try them in the circuit court honestly, according to the law, and send them to the penitentiary. Then the people of Southern Illinois will begin to believe that Marion folks are routing the den of traitors.—Central Christian Advocate, July 30, 1861.

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Commercial. Halifax Markets. Corrected for the "Provincial Wesleyan" up to 10 o'clock, A. M., Wednesday, September 11.

Desirable Residence! Kempt Cottage. THE PROPERTY OF REV. C. BURCHILL. With two acres of land - Church Hill - and all necessary out-buildings - making it altogether a most desirable residence.

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Our Children's Corner.

Voices were heard... The world is full of melody... Unwritten and unending... The music of a march is sweet... And you may live a nobler life... Than can be told in rhyme!

All for Christ.

"Now, girls, I have got news for you!" The speaker was a young girl, dressed in the height of fashion... "What is it, Ada?" cried one and another.

"You'll never believe it; Lizzy Ashbrook has professed religion!" was the half serious, half laughing reply... "Lizzy Ashbrook!" the girls repeated the name, more or less in surprise.

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heart and playing over her pale features, she said, with a firmness worthy the martyrs of old, "Christ!"... "Though his soul was filled with rage so that he could have gnashed his teeth, the slight figure standing there in its pure white robes—the eye that cast an earnest upward glance—the brow that seemed to have grown white with the struggle of a long and arduous life—filled him with a strange, admiring awe.

He called her into his study, and required a minute account of the whole matter... "What is it, Ada?" cried one and another... "You'll never believe it; Lizzy Ashbrook has professed religion!"

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and explanations, being essentially the same as the first, new subjects only being introduced, do not require further description... In this subduing process the first end to be attained by the subduer is a thorough understanding between himself and the horse.

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