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Whole No. 219.

The Pleasure of Singing.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.
I love to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
This pleasant time,
When voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
And song to me
Is company.
God company when I am lonely.
When'er I greet the morning light,
My soul goes forth in thankful numbers;
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is striv'd
By each glad bird
Whose notes are heard in sunny bowers;
And I sing forth
To triebly mirth
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.
Man first learn'd to sing in Paradise,
From the bright angels over him singing;
And in our home, above the skies,
God angels are forever ringing.
God lends his ear,
Well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer his people's sorrow,
The day shall break,
And we shall wake
Where love will make unfolding morning.
Let him sing, while yet I may,
Like him who God loved, the sweetest tongue
Psalms.
Who found in harp and holy lay,
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest;
I read the chart,
While timid fear with sorrow blancheth
O, how I long
To join the throng
Who sing the song that never endeth.

Thoughts on Popery.

NO. II.
Popery is the Despotism of the Church—a despotism unlimited in its sovereignty, God, irresponsible to man, immediate because knowing no laws but its own volitions, and these the volitions of Jehovah!
Where, then, is the Church? so omniscient over men, so independent of humanity, so essentially true and holy, the oracle of God, before whose decisions opposition of almost human name and base in shame reverence; whose evil they must reckon good; whose errors they must hear as truth; whose unbelief they must see as purity. Where is this "Mystery" which must be worshipped as God, and obeyed as God, and feared as God, and loved as God, who is the spirit of God, and moves in it? For ages man has done slavish soul service to the Church? Its name has been a power in the world before which powers physical and mental and moral have gone down: what then is the Church? Where may we find the God so long so blindly, so passionately, so fatally worshipped? Strange madness of the human mind! Incomplete folly of reasoning beings! how shall language express the wildness of disordered fancy, and the stupid beauty of appetite which have combined to form this phantom? Yes, the Church is that a phantom. It never had a real existence. It is but a creature of the imagination, a mere dream in the hearts of men. Here is the great difficulty in striving with it; grappling with an entity which is no entity, contending with air, and wrestling with the intangible. *To have this nightmare on the breast of man is more than he can bear.* O, how I long to see the Church, demands the Papist, for it is infallible!
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He—to characterize whose nature his puzzled laborer, seeking for a name, told in vain through the language of excommunication, till better inspired suggested *Hibbles*—is he infallible? No, say my apostle, and this, and but the Church? The Church is the whole body of believers; are they infallible? God forbid, ejaculates the Jesuit, else there would be no need for priests? No! There are the subjects of infallible Church. Bring forward the clergy then! He! ye may say, fathers? which of you is the Church? I fathers? which of you speaks for Jehovah? What says history of you? What of your ignorance, your pride, your sensuality, your worldliness, your falsehood, your thefts, and robberies, and murders? What says it of your doctrinal disputes, your child in controversy, your arrogant threats about "infallible truths"? Shall we test the impeccability of Rome by you? The whole world laughs at the question! History is a blaze of invective against you! Men's thoughts of you are gathered from the tombs of the martyrs you have slain; from the corpses of your poison, your arrows, and your shafts; and whose pitiful remains, strewn the earth hopeless of a resurrection, are always before our eyes, the awful monitors of the fate of those who take you to their bosom. From the secret places of your cruelty when God has laid bare; from the sacred records of nations, which you have mingled with the bread of life; from the nauseous revelations of the confessional and the convent; from the criminal records of all nations; from the simultaneous shuddering of all hearts—men have gathered their thoughts of you! O, what complaints of you have come up to God! What a mighty swell of voices

The Signs of the Times.

A FEW REMINISCENCES, BY GEO. G. COLEMAN.
Waterman, what of the night?
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And, blessed be God, I have lived to see in this hundredth year of Methodism, planted on every continent of the earth, and almost every inhabited island of the sea, sustained by the hands of hundreds of devoted missionaries, aided by hundreds of thousands of dollars pouring into the missionary treasury.
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A soft Pillow.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. The noisy clamor and language blasphemously exalted Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.
"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion repressed him, saying, "I have I looked upward to the blue expansive vault of heaven and deem that I could see her there, looking down upon this lower world, to guard and bless me, and I have fancied I could hear her deep low tones mingling with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, the Great Eternal.

Things worth finding.

1. To find the past and people assembled in worship precisely the time appointed, and no moment permitted to be lost in commencing worship.
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3. To find the house thoroughly ventilated just previously to being occupied, both in cold and warm weather.
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5. To find strangers well cared for, and seated as they enter the sanctuary.
6. To find all hearts, and eyes, and ears employed in attention and devotion.
7. To find the Sabbath school well attended, and claiming the interest of parents as well as children.
8. To find that worldly thoughts and conversation had been left at home, and adjourned

The Last Thoughts.

FAREWELL, A LAST FAREWELL, FOR DEATH IS LIVING
His eye fixed upon my trembling brow,
And angels in their flight, were saying,
"There is a land where streams of pleasure flow."
Where by the rivers in the shady lowlands,
Those that I know, in peace, sweetly recline,
And pluck the glorious, everlasting daisies,
Those which are nurtured, by a hand divine.
And ask ye of this region, do ye wish to know,
Of lands which mortals never yet have seen,
Where streams of mercy and compassion flow,
And bowers of heavenly peace, are ever green?
Where death may never enter, and where joy is dwelling,
Within each happy heart and breast secure,
And where the angels, hallelujahs swelling,
Praise him, all knowing and serene pure.
Not yet, not yet, can these celestial glories
Be shown on the eyes of mortals here below;
But for the faithful, who are true and true,
And in death's chariot, hither ye shall go.
I come, I come—farewell ye earthly pleasures—
Ye friends receive a long and last adieu—
I come, I come to greet the glorious treasure,
Which, if found worthy, shall remain to you.
And lay me where the oak its boughs are flinging,
Over the brook that murmurs gently by;
And where the birds their happy notes are singing—
And the pale floweret, silently do lie.

Rills from the Fountain.

THE SABBATH.—In the annual address of Dr. Benjamin Welch to the graduating class in the medical institution of Yale College, we find the following well-tempered remarks in regard to a Physician's Sabbath:
"That is both a moral and a physical precept that enjoins one day in seven as a day of sacred rest. No man needs it more, nor enjoys it less than the Physician. When others turn aside from their weary labors on the returning Sabbath, he is left to him but the summons to augmented labor. Often, how often, have I felt, that had I but the Sabbath, after a week of toil and privation, to revise my spirits and recruit my frame, I could spend my way with a light and cheerful heart. Too frequently you will find that this will be denied you, and the sequence of calls that had better be delayed.
"It is there is any thing in the asperity which has been sometimes cast upon the science of medicine, that it tends to skepticism, or infidelity, or irreligion, it is not in the fact which the physician contemplates, or the scenes he witnesses—all pointing to another state of existence; but it is chargeable to the attainment of God's pardoning mercy, cannot now be ascertained—although it is believed that in the morning of life he was frequently the subject of serious impressions. The year 1816 was however marked, as bringing with it the most important event in the history of our departed brother; as the one in which he emerged from the darkness of spiritual night, first beholding the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. In that year Point de Bute was, for the first time, favored with an Annual District Meeting of Wesleyan Ministers; and the result of their ministrations and deliberations on that occasion, was a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, awakening and converting many souls. Of that number Brother Dobson was one; the circumstance of his conversion was soon succeeded by his connection with the visible Church. Called to be a partaker of God's goodness, through the instrumentalities of the Wesleyan Ministry, he gave a decided preference to the doctrines and general economy of Methodism; it was natural for him to prefer a union with the people among whom he had found the Christ. But, though from principle a decided Wesleyan, he lacked nothing of that true and loving character the followers of the loving, the meek, and lowly Jesus. Of those who, with Mr. Dobson, were added to the Church as the result of the revival at Point de Bute in 1816, few now remain; some preceded our brother many years in the removal to the world of spirits; among whom were the names of Wells, Trueman, Wood, and Tremblay, names which were closely identified with the interests of Methodism, and which will long be gratefully cherished in the recollection of those ministers, to whose collection so much contributed. Some, to be feared, have fallen from their steadfastness; but there are yet those who, adorning their Christian profession, are prosecuting their journey to the celestial city.
Mr. Dobson always regarded his connection with those whom he believed to be the people of God, as a very great privilege, and that was promotive of a closer union with God by a living faith in Christ, and of more delightful fellowship with His people. He was a man of strict integrity, and upright character, and it is admitted by all who had the privilege of intercourse with him, that he manifested the genuineness of his faith by a blameless and consistent walk before a witnessing world; the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom lay very near his

Horeb and Sinai.

A Correspondent of the *Parian Recorder* writes thus from the vicinity of Mount Horeb:
Solemn and grand towered the holy mount above us. In its shade we sat down and gazed upon the place where Israel encamped, upon the mountain Moses ascended, and upon the solitary region Elijah sought.—Evening came; all was still. There was no storm-wind, "earthquake," or "fire" but God was in the heaven, and the sea was heard even in deary solitude; and where He gave the law divine, amid smoke and fire, while "the whole mount quaked greatly," we read His record of that sublime scene, and asked His protection while the mantle of night should cover us.
At midnight a tolling bell started us from sleep; its whooping sound, and its clangor; its solemn sound quickened the blood in our veins. It was the Convent bell, calling the thirty eccentric monks, the sole tenants of the Greek Convent, to their nightly devotion. There, away from the busy world, amid solitude, surrounded by a few wandering Arabs, these men lived, vainly imagining that they served God more acceptably by being near the holy mountain. They observe punctually a round of daily prayers, and outward forms; they rise at dead of night, and chant their hymns of praise; they crown Horeb's highest peaks with golden crosses; but seldom, if ever, plant the cross of Christ in the unregenerate heart.
Sinai is interesting only for what it has

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THE SABBATH.—In the annual address of Dr. Benjamin Welch to the graduating class in the medical institution of Yale College, we find the following well-tempered remarks in regard to a Physician's Sabbath:
"That is both a moral and a physical precept that enjoins one day in seven as a day of sacred rest. No man needs it more, nor enjoys it less than the Physician. When others turn aside from their weary labors on the returning Sabbath, he is left to him but the summons to augmented labor. Often, how often, have I felt, that had I but the Sabbath, after a week of toil and privation, to revise my spirits and recruit my frame, I could spend my way with a light and cheerful heart. Too frequently you will find that this will be denied you, and the sequence of calls that had better be delayed.
"It is there is any thing in the asperity which has been sometimes cast upon the science of medicine, that it tends to skepticism, or infidelity, or irreligion, it is not in the fact which the physician contemplates, or the scenes he witnesses—all pointing to another state of existence; but it is chargeable to the attainment of God's pardoning mercy, cannot now be ascertained—although it is believed that in the morning of life he was frequently the subject of serious impressions. The year 1816 was however marked, as bringing with it the most important event in the history of our departed brother; as the one in which he emerged from the darkness of spiritual night, first beholding the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. In that year Point de Bute was, for the first time, favored with an Annual District Meeting of Wesleyan Ministers; and the result of their ministrations and deliberations on that occasion, was a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, awakening and converting many souls. Of that number Brother Dobson was one; the circumstance of his conversion was soon succeeded by his connection with the visible Church. Called to be a partaker of God's goodness, through the instrumentalities of the Wesleyan Ministry, he gave a decided preference to the doctrines and general economy of Methodism; it was natural for him to prefer a union with the people among whom he had found the Christ. But, though from principle a decided Wesleyan, he lacked nothing of that true and loving character the followers of the loving, the meek, and lowly Jesus. Of those who, with Mr. Dobson, were added to the Church as the result of the revival at Point de Bute in 1816, few now remain; some preceded our brother many years in the removal to the world of spirits; among whom were the names of Wells, Trueman, Wood, and Tremblay, names which were closely identified with the interests of Methodism, and which will long be gratefully cherished in the recollection of those ministers, to whose collection so much contributed. Some, to be feared, have fallen from their steadfastness; but there are yet those who, adorning their Christian profession, are prosecuting their journey to the celestial city.
Mr. Dobson always regarded his connection with those whom he believed to be the people of God, as a very great privilege, and that was promotive of a closer union with God by a living faith in Christ, and of more delightful fellowship with His people. He was a man of strict integrity, and upright character, and it is admitted by all who had the privilege of intercourse with him, that he manifested the genuineness of his faith by a blameless and consistent walk before a witnessing world; the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom lay very near his

Horeb and Sinai.

A Correspondent of the *Parian Recorder* writes thus from the vicinity of Mount Horeb:
Solemn and grand towered the holy mount above us. In its shade we sat down and gazed upon the place where Israel encamped, upon the mountain Moses ascended, and upon the solitary region Elijah sought.—Evening came; all was still. There was no storm-wind, "earthquake," or "fire" but God was in the heaven, and the sea was heard even in deary solitude; and where He gave the law divine, amid smoke and fire, while "the whole mount quaked greatly," we read His record of that sublime scene, and asked His protection while the mantle of night should cover us.
At midnight a tolling bell started us from sleep; its whooping sound, and its clangor; its solemn sound quickened the blood in our veins. It was the Convent bell, calling the thirty eccentric monks, the sole tenants of the Greek Convent, to their nightly devotion. There, away from the busy world, amid solitude, surrounded by a few wandering Arabs, these men lived, vainly imagining that they served God more acceptably by being near the holy mountain. They observe punctually a round of daily prayers, and outward forms; they rise at dead of night, and chant their hymns of praise; they crown Horeb's highest peaks with golden crosses; but seldom, if ever, plant the cross of Christ in the unregenerate heart.
Sinai is interesting only for what it has

Thoughts on Popery.

NO. II.
Popery is the Despotism of the Church—a despotism unlimited in its sovereignty, God, irresponsible to man, immediate because knowing no laws but its own volitions, and these the volitions of Jehovah!
Where, then, is the Church? so omniscient over men, so independent of humanity, so essentially true and holy, the oracle of God, before whose decisions opposition of almost human name and base in shame reverence; whose evil they must reckon good; whose errors they must hear as truth; whose unbelief they must see as purity. Where is this "Mystery" which must be worshipped as God, and obeyed as God, and feared as God, and loved as God, who is the spirit of God, and moves in it? For ages man has done slavish soul service to the Church? Its name has been a power in the world before which powers physical and mental and moral have gone down: what then is the Church? Where may we find the God so long so blindly, so passionately, so fatally worshipped? Strange madness of the human mind! Incomplete folly of reasoning beings! how shall language express the wildness of disordered fancy, and the stupid beauty of appetite which have combined to form this phantom? Yes, the Church is that a phantom. It never had a real existence. It is but a creature of the imagination, a mere dream in the hearts of men. Here is the great difficulty in striving with it; grappling with an entity which is no entity, contending with air, and wrestling with the intangible. *To have this nightmare on the breast of man is more than he can bear.* O, how I long to see the Church, demands the Papist, for it is infallible!
Whether there be this infallibility is the question to be determined. In the examination of the conduct of the claimant to it. We turn open the books of history and summon the Church to court. But the Church does not appear. We serve the process upon the Pope, and surely we find no infallibility in him. We find him in all respects the greatest sinner among his kind, and a violator of all laws, invader of all rights, deceiver of all people, abominable, unclean, and full of blood! The Apollyon on earth, butcher of his race, blasphemer of his God! Is he infallible? I wince in soul, incoherence in conduct, variable in opinion, vain, boastful, cruel, and proud in property, abominable in adversity, is this thing—the historical Pope—is he infallible?
He—to characterize whose nature his puzzled laborer, seeking for a name, told in vain through the language of excommunication, till better inspired suggested *Hibbles*—is he infallible? No, say my apostle, and this, and but the Church? The Church is the whole body of believers; are they infallible? God forbid, ejaculates the Jesuit, else there would be no need for priests? No! There are the subjects of infallible Church. Bring forward the clergy then! He! ye may say, fathers? which of you is the Church? I fathers? which of you speaks for Jehovah? What says history of you? What of your ignorance, your pride, your sensuality, your worldliness, your falsehood, your thefts, and robberies, and murders? What says it of your doctrinal disputes, your child in controversy, your arrogant threats about "infallible truths"? Shall we test the impeccability of Rome by you? The whole world laughs at the question! History is a blaze of invective against you! Men's thoughts of you are gathered from the tombs of the martyrs you have slain; from the corpses of your poison, your arrows, and your shafts; and whose pitiful remains, strewn the earth hopeless of a resurrection, are always before our eyes, the awful monitors of the fate of those who take you to their bosom. From the secret places of your cruelty when God has laid bare; from the sacred records of nations, which you have mingled with the bread of life; from the nauseous revelations of the confessional and the convent; from the criminal records of all nations; from the simultaneous shuddering of all hearts—men have gathered their thoughts of you! O, what complaints of you have come up to God! What a mighty swell of voices

The Signs of the Times.

A FEW REMINISCENCES, BY GEO. G. COLEMAN.
Waterman, what of the night?
The following week article was first published some weeks ago in the New York Christian Advocate Journal. It has been recently republished in the same paper. We commend it to the attention of our readers.
MESSRS. EDITORS.—Although not a very old man, I have lived long enough to see some things I love, some things I hate, and some things I am very indifferent about. Let us classify.
I. GOOD SIGNS.
When a boy at school, I saw that remarkable little Welshman, Dr. Thomas Coke, in Scarborough chapel; that cosmopolitan in feeling; that foreign minister of Methodism—and I hope never to forget him like a countenance like a cherub, with a heart large enough to contain four continents, and a pair of shoulders broad enough to sustain the atlantic weight of our missionary enterprise; "and he died"—but his example lives and speaks forever.
Immediately upon his death I heard the master spirits of Methodism preach a missionary crusade through the length and breadth of the land. I heard Robert Newton, the *Apollon* of Methodism, preach his missionary sermon from this text:—"There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us;" and Jabez Bunting, the *William Pitt* of Methodism, sounding forth in tones as clear and musical as the jangle amongst the mountains, the startling echoes of which resounded from John O'Grady's house to the Lands End, "Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!"—and I heard it all expounded by the profound philosophy of Watson, and the colossal learning and full-hearted sincerity of Adam Clarke.
And, blessed be God, I have lived to see in this hundredth year of Methodism, planted on every continent of the earth, and almost every inhabited island of the sea, sustained by the hands of hundreds of devoted missionaries, aided by hundreds of thousands of dollars pouring into the missionary treasury.
Fifty years ago I saw, for I am certain I was in the body) in the city of Philadelphia, some things which I am very positive it is *laetitia* for a man to utter. I saw in that great city two parsonages, six Methodist Episcopal churches, about four thousand members, and five hundred Sabbath-school children.
I have lived to see in that beloved city nearly all the old churches either renewed or rebuilt, new ones erected, making a grand total of *tredecim* churches, and eleven well furnished and commodious parsonages, nearly eight thousand members, and probably as many Sabbath-school teachers as, fourteen years ago, there were scholars.
Ten years ago I attended the Baltimore Conference Missionary Society, and we took up about eighty dollars. I have lived to see the day when we could lift eight hundred dollars in Light-street Church at one single meeting.
In the same year I attended the anniversary of the Parent Society in New York, when we joyfully reported the enormous sum of ten thousand dollars, as the whole receipts for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year. I have seen many Sabbath-school teachers as, fourteen years ago, there were scholars.

The Memory of a Mother.

How impressively sad and soothing to the lone heart, is the memory of a mother!—a shining life in the kind and affectionate counsel, if the light of her eyes quenched in darkness, if her sweet voice heard no more on earth, if her radiant smile seen no more beaming light and gladness around, and her gentle tread heard no more around our firesides, how often does memory revert to those bygone days of untroubled happiness, when without a cloud of care to damp the ardor of our young hearts, we sported around her in careless mirth, regardless of the past or the future. "She has watched over us in infancy," she has grown up with us, she has been our guide, our comforter, our counselor, and our friend, she is gone. The hand of the relentless destroyer has torn her from her happy friends and peaceful circle; her tones of love and affection are hushed in eternal silence, and she is sleeping beneath the cold clods of the valley. But the remembrance of our mother is sweet. And in after years, when the world's heartless sympathy shall come with blighting influence to our hearts, when the finger of scorn is pointed at us, and the sneers of ridicule are hurled upon us, then we can turn and think of her who loved us and find a melancholy joy. Wherever we may be, in whatever station in life we may be placed, we shall always find that the memory of our mother will shed a brightness around our bosom, and that the entrance to the path of duty, regardless of present obstacles, will never be forgotten by our mother yet. No, I have not forgotten her. The melting tones of her voice are still ringing in my ears, and her gentle smile is still beaming on my face. And when the world's cold-heartedness has laid its icy hand upon my heart, and I look upward to the blue expansive vault of heaven and deem that I could see her there, looking down upon this lower world, to guard and bless me, and I have fancied I could hear her deep low tones mingling with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, the Great Eternal.

A soft Pillow.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. The noisy clamor and language blasphemously exalted Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.
"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion repressed him, saying, "I have I looked upward to the blue expansive vault of heaven and deem that I could see her there, looking down upon this lower world, to guard and bless me, and I have fancied I could hear her deep low tones mingling with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, the Great Eternal.

Things worth finding.

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Ladies' Department.

Reveries.

Tis a holy Sabbath morn'g, And brightly shines the sun; Shedding a glorious radiance, The weary world upon.

All things so calm and peaceful seem, So sweetly speak of rest; And earth a like some fairy scene In living beauty dress'd.

In my seat beside the window, Alone I'm sitting now; Gazing at times upon the clouds, Who're passing here below.

Or listening to the echo Of the many trampling feet; As to the Church they're hastening Along the silent street.

And many voices blending now In songs of praise I hear; Wafted upon the wind's light breath Unto the listening ear.

Thanks to a gracious God of love, For many mercies giv'n, Are borne upon the wings of prayer, Up to the throne in Heav'n.

And my own heart is responding In gratitude and love; With every strain of music sweet, To Him who reigns above.

And though not in the house of God, Yet holy thoughts will come Unto my spirit, whispering Of a bright heavenly home.

And oh, how I bless the Father, Who gave His only Son; To death, that we, erring mortals, Might enjoy life to be won.

To every humble creature soul, Who asks his sins forgiv'n, And by His precious blood made whole, Might win a crown in Heav'n.

My very heart is yearning so, For a blessing like to this; Vouchsafe to grant, O mighty one! That mine may be such bliss.

O, throw Thine arms around me now, And guide me on my way; As I pass through this wilderness, Be Thou my strength and stay.

And when the light of earth grows dim, May happiness divine, And beams of heavenly glory Upon my pathway shine.

Amid the chilling waves of death, O, bear me to that shore; Where with Thy children I may dwell, For ever, ever more.

Again tones of the tolling bell, Are falling on my ear; And again the hurrying footsteps Pacing below, I hear.

The Church is out, and onward each Is wending on his way, And the noontide beams have scatter'd The morning of the day.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 11th, 1853.

Buffalo Correspondence.

DEAR READER.—Have you never known days when nature seemed particularly friendly?

When the gentle breeze seemed to whisper to you of the beautiful and true, and the blue sky with its fleecy drapery of clouds looked more lovingly than usual upon you?

And at such times what visions of beauty have flitted before you;—scarcely finding expression to be sure, but containing whole volumes of beautiful poetry. Bright scenes long since forgotten are recalled to your memory; friendly faces, and loved tones have a visible presence, and your thoughts are so filled with lovely and bright images, that for the time you are a Shakespeare or Goethe, and create for yourself a world as fairy-like as ever fled the brain of earth's greatest poet. Such a day is the present to me. There is a sabbath stillness in the air, the very leaves seem to rustle gently as if impressed with holy awe, and I am alone with my thoughts in my quiet home. No well known footstep or loved voice breaks in upon the visions of the past by making the present all too dear, and I would fain in the solitude with you as in the olden time. Perchance you may have thought Molly Bawn had departed this (newspaper) life and forgotten her friends of the Wesleyan. Not so however, for many a loving thought and various way peculiar to you across the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, and at the close of the bright summer she has had a resurrection and is ready to jog your memory if you have forgotten her. Our busy city seems to afford but few interesting topics to write about, and the only peculiar features I have discovered are spiders and grasshoppers. Now a spider's web is a very beautiful thing in the abstract and quite a curiosity, but after all more interesting to philosophers than housekeepers, and when these scamping nuisances hang upon their curtains in every corner, and call down your just indignation by turning eyes droppers by thousands, it becomes a war of extermination and various ways peculiar to nature naturally what people call a chicken-hearted person. I never could kill anything but a flea or mosquito, but the cool deliberation with which I dispatch these obnoxious offenders argues badly for the moral influence of Buffalo. Grasshoppers too flourish prodigiously in these northern climates. You drive swarms before you at every step on the city walks and bring home dozens as ornamental appendages to your bonnet or dress, and between these marauders and the dry weather, the foliage and fields look almost as desolate as if the scourge of fire had swept away their verdure and beauty. A stranger would naturally expect very fine scenery here from its vicinity to the great "chef d'oeuvre" of nature—Niagara Falls, but in this it would be disappointed. A fat uninteresting country extends for miles around, without even the relief of a fertile soil, for it is for the most part only suitable for grazing. It may be that this is a pleasant case of nature to heighten the sublimity of the scene when for the first time the foaming rapids and rush of the mighty waters roll back upon the towering cliffs, but with all that backing there it still seems to seek and enjoy here when one is disposed to seek it. There is grand old Erie bounding the horizon with its dark green waters bearing every sail, and at night the heavens present a more brilliant scene than in more southern climates. For a few evenings past we have been watching the eccentric motions of the stranger Comet who seemed to wag a pleased recognition of the attention, and last night the Aurora borealis appeared with uncommon brilliancy. Streams of vivid light like the glory we see pictured round the head of a saint shot up into mid heaven, and lighted the dark clouds beneath them brilliantly as if nature's blacksmith had just put a new iron in the first time. It was curious and to me a very novel sight to see the staining

rays glow gradually less at the horizon, taking the exact form of the circle from which they emanate. As I gazed with delight upon this strange phenomenon, I thought of dear Miss Bremer, and her beautiful story of the "Midnight Sun," and wished I might journey to that far-off northern clime of those wonderful glories this is the faint reflection. Thus even here when it would seem at first nature had been rather niggardly of her charms, there is much to delight the unprejudiced observer. I have cherished memories of days of wonder and delight passed on Erie's glistening waters; nights of unearthly beauty when the stars came forth and put on their shining crowns before the mirror of the lake, and the moon light the unprejudiced observer. I have cherished memories of days of wonder and delight passed on Erie's glistening waters; nights of unearthly beauty when the stars came forth and put on their shining crowns before the mirror of the lake, and the moon light the unprejudiced observer. I have cherished memories of days of wonder and delight passed on Erie's glistening waters; nights of unearthly beauty when the stars came forth and put on their shining crowns before the mirror of the lake, and the moon light the unprejudiced observer. I have cherished memories of days of wonder and delight passed on Erie's glistening waters; nights of unearthly beauty when the stars came forth and put on their shining crowns before the mirror of the lake, and the moon light the unprejudiced observer.

Europe—the threatened invasion of Turkey by Russian military forces—if not, to loosen the bonds of Mohammedanism, to lead the Ottoman Empire to some Christian subjects in their religious liberties, and open a "new era" of effectual for the propagation of the true faith by evangelical agents, and thereby bring the truth of the Gospel in contact with the understandings and consciences not only of the Mohammedan, but likewise his Greek, Armenian, and other subjects to result in their conversion to the faith of Christ? What means the rebellion in China, the exhaustion almost of a Christian creed in the strangely existing belief of the opponents of the present, long-reigning dynasty, and the success already attendant on their arms, if not, to break down with spear and battle-axe, with sword and cannon, the towering wall, which has for centuries kept the messenger of the Cross from openly announcing the Christian faith, and preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, to that heathen, and densely populated empire?

All these are significant signs of the times, and indicate that God himself is at work, in preparing a way for the ultimate triumph of His own ever blessed cause throughout the whole world. It remains for those who are on His side, not to faint nor fear, at the troublous scenes of the present day, but to pray, and believe, and labour, with increased ardour, and confidence, and earnestness, assured that the world's regeneration is an event which it is in the divine purpose to accomplish, through human agency, at a period not too remote to prevent them from rejoicing in its approach. The morning of deliverance has dawned upon our world—the day-dimness is advancing—and ere many years pass through their appointed circles, the dawn of a new era of righteousness will envelop with his beams every human heart, filling the earth with joy and gladness.

THE PEACE OF GOD.—What would we do, that would we be without it? The world may charm us for a while, lure us by its tempting baubles, its glittering pomp and show, but soon also we find that our eyes are turned only for a moment, then down, leaving behind an aching void. In the time of weary suffering, of temptation, or of sorrow, they have no power to sustain, to comfort or to soothe, and oh! when the hour of death comes, when we must pass through the dark valley, what would we then do without an interest in the Redeemer's blood, all this unseemly gift, a heavenly peace, a holy calm that passes all understanding, was a few days ago presented to the Rev. Mr. Brooke, Minister of the Church of Scotland, at Frederick, N. B., each of the pieces having on it, the following inscription tastefully engraved:—

PRESENTED TO THE REV. JOHN M. BROOKE, by the officers, non-commissioned officers & soldiers of the head-quarters of the 72nd (the Duke of Albany's Own) Highlanders, AS A MARK OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE, AND OF THEIR OBLIGATION for his many kindnesses, and the zealous performance of his duties as Garrison Chaplain at Frederick, during the time the regiment was quartered in New Brunswick in the years 1851, 1852, and 1853.

Sir George F. Seymour, Commander-in-Chief on this Station, has been promoted to be Vice Admiral of the Red.

The melancholy results caused by the fearful epidemic which has been raging at New Orleans, have called forth general sympathy throughout the Union, and a practical proof of its existence, the last accounts state, that \$223,714 have been sent to the Howard Association to be distributed among the surviving sufferers.

The Eastern Chronicle learns from a correspondent at Plaister Cove, that the schooner "Aurora," of Beverly, James Allan, master, was totally wrecked at Cape Cod, on Sunday night the 4th instant—crew barely escaping with their lives. She had a full tare of codfish, which was also lost.

We see it stated that the Duke of Saxo Weimar has ordered the castle of Wartburg, in which Luther was secreted after being placed by his translators at the stake, to be decorated with appropriate mural paintings.

The people of Loos Choo Islands are perhaps the most gentle and polite in the whole world. The only obstacle to very free intercourse seems to be that they are not willing to buy or sell anything.

The First Sod Turned. The first sod of the Railway was turned with great pomp and show on the 14th instant, in St. John, N. B., by Lady Head, assisted by His Excellency Sir Edmund Head, in the presence of between twenty-five and thirty thousand persons. The "programme" is too formidable for our columns; it may, however, suffice to say, that all ranks and conditions of society were liberally represented. Such another display, it is said, has never been witnessed in British North America. The procession which marched through the principal streets of the city, was at least two miles long. We congratulate our brethren of the sister Province on the auspicious event, and sincerely hope the turning of the first sod, will not be the last, but will prove the harbinger of unprecedented and well-founded prosperity. We wish we could say that a reasonable prospect of a similar exhibition for a like purpose in Nova Scotia "Hope deferred," however, has made "the heart sick." We have our opinion as to the reasons which have caused this delay and disappointment, but from the peculiar condition of affairs, are compelled to be silent, lest we give offence in quarters where it should not be taken. Yet, we cannot relinquish the belief that sooner or later, the first sod of a Railway will be turned in this Province, and that Nova Scotia, once started in this race of improvement, will rapidly recover the ground she has either seemingly or in reality lost.

The Peace of God. The peace of God: what can surpass, what can equal it? It is a something indescribable in its very fulness, something that the worldling feels not, knows not of—none but the true Christian, the child of God, can feel and understand. Truly has been said by one of our old "psalmist understandings." When bending beneath the weight of sin and misery, feeling the

load too intolerable to be borne, and yet despairing in our very helplessness, our eyes rest upon the mediatorial sacrifice once offered on Calvary, in expiation of these our offences. Hope springs up within our hearts, and looking to Jesus our dear Redeemer, and looking to His blood, we feel the heavenly power take possession of our hearts, fill our souls, and pervade as it were our whole being.

In the time of temptation, when the night of darkness is shrouding our souls, and no ray of light is visible, when all seem to have forsaken us, the "still small voice" gently whispers to our hearts, messages of comfort and consolation, bidding us trust still in Jesus's merits, and feel again His heavenly peace.

In the season of sorrow, or of fierce temptation, He forsakes us not—when the spirit is low, and within us and the waves of sorrow are tossing wildly over us, when we are passing through the deep waters, and bending beneath their weight, His words are with us still, we feel His arm supporting and bearing us up through the darkness. His words are with us still, we feel His arm supporting and bearing us up through the darkness. His words are with us still, we feel His arm supporting and bearing us up through the darkness.

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treasures. Amid the barrenness of heart produced by the world's scorn and reproaches, these words of kindness as it were, dwell like an oasis in the desert.

The hardened criminal, unshaken at the enormity of his acts—untrembling by the mercies of the law—undaunted by the terrors, unconcerned at the prospect of an ignominious death—has often been aroused from his indifference, his stolid conscience has been awakened, his obsolete laws softened, by a few "kind words" timely uttered.

But "kind words" cost nothing. No greater effort is required to use them than to speak harshly. Even an extra endeavour had to be put forth, are we not amply repaid by the tokens of love, affection, and gratitude, manifested towards us, by the recipients of so small a favour?

EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT. DEAR BROTHER.—The result of our efforts in behalf of the Institutions at Sullivan in the N. B., St. Stephen, and the Milltown Circuit is the sum of \$300; and we expect, through the promised aid of our brethren stationed on these Circuits, to add considerably more to the list. You will permit me to say that our brethren in the Ministry can do much to assist us in this work, and while we take this opportunity to thank them for their efficient and cheerful co-operation hitherto, we affectionately urge upon them the duty of bringing the subject before their congregations, and thus prepare the way for those who have to perform the more arduous duties of personal application. We have now the prospect of reaching the maximum spoken of at the commencement of this year, and possibly when we hear from our brethren, the Agents of the N. S. Districts, it will be seen that the maximum will be realized. This undoubtedly is the sincere prayer of all who are interested in the future of our Educational Institutions. I would also suggest that if the Agents should have passed by any who feel disposed to assist in this good work, those friends would confer a favour by giving their names with the amounts, to the Minister on the Circuit, or by sending them to the Agents.

Yours, &c. JOHN ALLISON, St. John, N. B., Sept. 15, 1853.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS. Mr. Cox, one of the Missionaries of the American Board, in a letter from Sandwich Islands, dated April 30th, describes a meeting of the "Cold Water Army" of about five hundred strong children and youth at Hilo, and a temperance celebration, at which two thousand persons were present. Hilo, the missionary says, for the past year has been remarkably temperate and quiet. Though more than one hundred and thirty vessels have entered that port, and the streets have been crowded with a season of different nations, cases of intemperance had been very rare, and noisy riots, such as were once common there, had not been known. He explains the whole by saying, "We have a faithful magistrate, and a vigilant police; and it is hard for the vicious and unruly to escape detection. We have, therefore, little disturbance from alcohol."

Romania, Mr. Cox reports, to be running out and dying away in Puna and Hilo. The spirit of true religion seems to be active and efficient there. There have been many hopeful conversions, and more than four hundred have been added to the church. Eighteen hundred dollars have been collected for the cause of Christ, besides some three thousand dollars in value contributed for or expended on houses of worship.

From the returns of the late census of the United States, the Rev. Dr. Darbin has given in the National Magazine a condensed statement of the number of churches, &c., from which we select the following particulars:—The Methodists have 12,467 churches; accommodation for 4,209,333 worshippers; a total value of church property of \$11,636,671.

The Baptists have 8,791 churches; accommodation for 3,130,878; church property, \$10,931,292. The Presbyterians have 4,284 churches; accommodation for 2,040,316; church property, \$14,369,889.

The Roman Catholics have 1,112 churches; accommodation for 620,959; church property, \$8,573,258.

The Episcopalians have 1,422 churches; accommodation for 625,213; church property, \$11,261,970.

The Congregationalists have 1,074 churches; accommodation for 793,177; church property, \$7,973,962.

The number assigned to the Roman Catholics, which is about one-seventh of the number assigned to the Methodists. The total number given to all sects in the Union is 13,840,896; of which the Methodists are nearly one-third, while the Roman Catholics are not even the two-hundredth part.

We learn from the Canadian Christian Advocate, that in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, there has been during the last year an increase in the membership of 245. The Missionary department is also encouraging. The collections for Missionary purposes during the year amounted to over \$2,000, being some \$700 in advance of the previous year.

The Rev. Mr. Rice, Wesleyan Minister at Kingston, Canada West, has been presented by his congregation with an elegant Tea Service of plate, accompanied with a purse of \$200.

The first public meeting held in the Turkish Empire, in connection with the Bible Society, took place in Constantinople, on Monday, 13th of June last, presided over by the British Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. A very encouraging sign of the times.

The Journal of Commerce announces that the large firm of Messrs. Galt & Co. of New York for the President of Africa. She is to carry out two old school Missionaries and their wives, to the island of Carico, where a healthy climate and a magnificent bay invite colonization. It is about 200 miles from the mouth of the Niger.

It has been mentioned that a Marquisan Chief had arrived at the Sandwich Islands, asking that one or more of the missionaries be sent to the Marquesas. The Hawaiian Missionary Society have decided to send three Hawaiian missionaries and their wives to Fatihava, who were to sail about the close of June.

The Southern Christian Advocate says, that reports of Revivals reach us from various quarters. There is one in progress at Savannah—indeed, many parts of Georgia are favoured with refreshing seasons. The Rev. J. Hutchinson writes us from Greensboro, Ala. "I have never known a more general interest awakened on the subject of religion than seems now to pervade the whole section of country." May God preserve the life and health of the preachers and work with them mightily.

From the Western Christian Advocate we learn that at the Ladbroke Camp Meeting, in the vicinity of Pittsburg, last month, fifty persons were converted and added to the M. E. Church.

Kind Words. When "weary and lone," the sweetest sounds that can fall on my ear, are "kind words, kindly spoken." The humble ditty or swelling song may please the senses—the majestic and solemn tones of the organ inspire the soul with reverential awe—the melancholy guitar may cause the tear to start, and the fountains of sympathy to overflow—but language fails to express the soothing effect, cheering influence, and hope-inspiring power exercised by "kind words," coming from those we love.

Speak kindly to the destitute son of poverty, the straggling daughter of shame. They need something to cheer their way. Words of love and care of kindness, though long forgotten by the individual, are still by them referred to with gratitude, and numbered among their choicest

also at the German Methodist Camp Meeting eight miles from Louisville, Kentucky, there were over thirty conversions, and some twenty accessions to the church.

The Episcopal Annual of August 26th, records revivals in various sections of Virginia and North Carolina, at which there were some 300 accessions to the M. E. Church, South—The Monthly Advertiser of the same date, has records of some 500 accessions to the membership in Tennessee and elsewhere.

Some eighteen years ago, Romanism was the only religion tolerated by law in Texas—Now it has 20 churches, 25 priests, 60 literary institutions, and an estimated population of 40,000; while Protestantism, which eighteen years ago was illegal, has 27,000 Romanists—of 12,000 Methodists, 5,000 Baptists, 6,000 Presbyterians, 1,000 Episcopalians, and about 20,000 adherents among the population.

Cure for the Yellow Fever. The following efficacious mode of treating the Yellow Fever, appears to have been procured with success by the late Ferdinand Smith Stuart, M. D., and is extracted from his Memoirs, published in the London Monthly Magazine, for February, 1817.

In his voyage to St. Domingo, the Doctor was wrecked three times in Admiral Christian's fleet, in 1795 and 1796, above five thousand men being lost, and not one-sixth of four hundred sail returned to England. He was afterwards at the capture of St. Lucia, at Martinique, and again in St. Domingo, where seven thousand six hundred British troops and as many seamen died in five weeks of the yellow fever, which, though not of the medical staff, he discovered a means of alleviating or curing. All the remedies prescribed by impudent empirics (says Dr. S.) are the latest falsehoods and impostures; for the disease is merely a bilious fever, with the bile rendered acid and corrosive by the extreme heat, and is cured by free grains of tartarised antimony, and one table spoonful of soft sugar dissolved in fifteen table spoonfuls of boiling water, of which one is taken every fifteen or twenty minutes, until it has operated three distinct times, when an immense quantity of acid, called viscid bile is evacuated, and the patient immediately relieved; toast and water with mint is used for constant drink, and an ounce of nitrous circulation (Glauber's salts) in tea on the second or third day after, which with bark in port wine during a state of convalescence, has constantly completed the recovery."

Discovery in the Manufacture of Iron.—A gentleman named Finch, in Pittsburgh, has discovered, it is alleged, a mode of puddling iron, by which the common trade Allegheny iron is made equal to the best English. Major Wade, of the Fort Pitt Iron Works, who tested it, says, the strength of the iron, when pulled in the direction of its length, is sixty thousand nine hundred pounds per square inch, and Mr. Finch is confident that he can make an article of iron of this, of four thousand pounds to the square inch. His process, as it is attested by persons acquainted with the business, is applicable to all kinds of iron with the same advantage in strength—making that metal entirely safe and fully strong enough for all purposes for which it is needed. The process, it is said, is equally successful in increasing the strength of cast iron. The discovery is an interesting and important one to iron manufacturers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AN IMPORTANT ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY has recently been made in Bulgaria. Two Greek inscriptions are said to have been found, one of which in a place now called Anaidokits, reveals the site of the ancient Tomes, celebrated as the place of exile of the poet Ovid. The other (which is bilingual) establishes the identity of Varna, when it was found with the ancient Polesus. The site of Tomes has hitherto been placed by some at Temesvar, by others at the mouth of the Danube.—Boston Trav.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN ASSYRIA.—It appears by a statement of Mr. Layard's, that since the publication of his second work, remains have been found much more than any previously taken from the Assyrian mounds; and that from one inscription it would seem that temples existed of the 19th or 20th century before Christ, ascending almost to the earliest known Egyptian period.—B.

GIORRETTI'S MANUSCRIPTS.—The Parliaments of Turin announced that two manuscripts of great importance have been found among Giorretti's papers, one being a complete work on Ontology, and the other a work on Catholic Reform, a subject which had engaged Giorretti's attention during the latter days of his life, and which he used to discuss with his intimate friend, the Bishop of Paris, Montanelli, and Lamennais. The publication of these posthumous works is to be entrusted to the firm of Massari.

Mr. Bennett, of Lyons, has recently employed the paste of the chloride of zinc in the destruction of the book of Job, which he has destroyed and healing, so that when applied to small arteries they have not bled. The use of caustic for such a purpose is not new—that of zinc is

