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NEW-BRUNSWICK RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, good will toward men."

VOLUME I.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1820.

NO. 26.

MIS SIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH,

Delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Baltimore Conference Missionary Society, City of Baltimore, Monday evening, March 23, 1820—and repeated by request at the Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in New-York, May 4th. By Rev. George G. Cookman.

I congratulate you, Sir, on the elevated position you sustain as the President of this Christian meeting; and I congratulate this assembly on the interesting and animating occasion which brings them together. There is, Sir, about a Missionary Meeting a spirit-stirring atmosphere, a sacred sympathy, better felt than expressed. It is here that we peculiarly recognize the solemnizing presence of the great Head of the Church, and it is here we catch the kindling charities of the gospel. Missionary ground is high and holy ground,—we stand exalted above our sectional and national feelings,—and as our eyes ranges over the boundless and comprehensive prospect of all the families of the earth,—as we mark the advancing march of gospel truth, and the victories of our Redeemer's cross, our souls spread abroad with spiritual enlargement, and catch a spark of that seraphic fire which touched the prophet's lips, and burns on heaven's high altar.

There was a period within your recollection, Sir, when it was necessary in the very teeth of opposition to advocate the cause of missions by force of reason, and dint of argument. Skepticism pronounced it a doubtful scheme, and infidelity pronounced it a mad scheme, and the wise men of this world pronounced it a foolish scheme; but, Sir, glory to the God of missions, he took the matter into his own hand, and triumphantly proved that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men!" and while some with Jewish unbelief were stumbling at the difficulties, and others with Grecian pride were smiling at the foolishness of the undertaking, our Father and our God was pleased by the foolishness of preaching to save even the very heathen that believe. And now, Sir, throughout this babbling earth, from the equator to the poles, we have ten thousand living epistles of irresistible argument, demonstrating beyond a doubt that the cause of missions is the cause of God. The object of these anniversaries is not to argue the practicability or propriety of the thing itself—this we reiterate is already abundantly established—but to rouse into full and vigorous activity, by the application of powerful and legitimate motives, the energies of the Christian church in the advancement of this grand and heaven-born design. The spirit of Christianity is essentially a missionary spirit. They are identified as one. You cannot separate them. Together they stand or fall. They are based on the broad foundation of an infinite benevolence, and they stretch abroad their sympathies to the wants and miseries of the universal world. The eternal Father loved nothing less than the world, and gave his Son for nothing less; and as he sent the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, so the out-beamings of his grace are essentially free.

The illustrious founder of our holy religion—himself a missionary, and the prince and the pattern of all missionaries—established a missionary system. He was not the mere head of a sect; but the great Head of that universal church, which, standing on the rock, defies the gates of hell. He broke down the middle wall of partition—he constituted this earth his magnificent temple, and in the evening of the world sent forth the general invitation to all the tribes of men to come and worship in his courts. This last glorious dispensation was ushered in by the songs of angels, as "glad tidings of great joy to all people;" and the "great effectual door" was opened on the day of pentecost, amid the rushing wind and the descending fire, with the mission-

ary commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

And, Sir, what were the old apostles, but heads of a missionary college? Themselves graduates under Jesus Christ, the great teacher of the church, Heaven taught, heaven inspired men! They were linguists without a lexicon, and preachers without a book. They had "the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn." These were missionaries of the right stamp. Men full of the Holy Ghost. Hearts of flesh—decision of steel—souls of fire. Emancipated by the Lord, the spirit of liberty, they rose above the narrowness of national prejudice, and became citizens of the world. They knew no man after the flesh,—they belonged to no nation,—they carried a message of mercy to every nation. There was Peter in his fisher's coat, and Paul the tent maker, and Matthew the publican, and they proclaimed, as they went, salvation free as the air you breathe, in the name of Christ the Lord. And the priests raged; and philosophy sneered; and royalty frowned; and the beasts of the people scourged, and pelted, and hooted; but, Sir, in the name of the God of missionaries, they went steadily on,—and, Sir, what was the result? why, Sir, the gospel was preached to all the world. The platform of Jewish ceremonies sank beneath the simple doctrines of Jesus; and the Gentile nations flocked to the standard of Immanuel. The proud citadel of Pagan mythology, stripped of its delusive grandeur, stood exposed a gloomy sepulchre, full of dead men's bones. Philosophy was conquered without argument; the gospel was preached in the very palaces of Rome; and eventually the cross of Christ was planted triumphant on the throne of the Cæsars.

And, now, Sir, that 1800 years have rolled away; I ask, Has the cause of missions lost any of its commanding and authoritative character? Is it not, like its divine author, the same yesterday, today, and for ever? Where will the opposer of missions set his foot? Will he dare to say that the unchangeable love of the eternal Father is in any degree abated? Or that the great Prophet of the Church has altered his purpose? Will he say that the gospel commission has run out, or that the moral state of the heathen is better, or the obligations of the Christian church less? O, tell it not in Gath, repeat it not in the streets of Askelon! We have been too lukewarm, too supine. It is high time to awake out of sleep. What! shall we need urging, with the high example of a missionary Saviour, and twelve missionary apostles, before our eyes? What! with such illustrious leaders in the van-guard of the Christian army, shall we shamefully loiter and lag in the rear? Nay, my brethren, let us up and be doing; the spirit of missions is the soul of the church; while we send the gospel abroad, God will revive the work at home. Let us then to the field. In this war there is no neutrality. Christ hath said, "He that is not for me is against me." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." O, Sir, let us beware the curse of Meroz—for our want of missionary zeal. "Curse ye Meroz—curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, for they came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not preferring a bold and sweeping charge against the churches, but rather stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance. It is true indeed, emphatically true, that much remains to be done, but, Sir, it is equally true, that something has been done, and more is yet in progress. There has gone abroad throughout Protestant Christendom a redeeming spirit: of which this present missionary meeting is another triumphant proof, a spirit, which, in the expansion of its liberal designs, contemplates, under the blessing of God, nothing less than the evangelization of the world.

The world in which we live has taken a wonderful advance in art, science, civilization, and liberty, within the last hundred years, nor, Sir, has the

march of religious truth been behind the improvements of the age. The word of God, once immured in the recesses of a cloister, has been translated into almost all languages, and circulated into almost all lands, while the latent sparks of missionary fire have burst the shell of sectarian peculiarity; and now, Sir, the Protestant churches are emulously laboring in breaking up and cultivating the great field of the heathen world.

While we rejoice in the labours and success of other missionary societies, and wish them God speed in all their endeavours; perhaps, Sir, we may be permitted, on the present occasion, to refer particularly to our own.

We were saying, Sir, that the age in which we live was distinguished by unprecedented improvements. One astonishing discovery has followed upon another, proving how amazingly the vast powers of nature may be made subservient to the purposes of art, and among these stands pre-eminent the steam boat, the bright production of the creative genius of the immortal Fulton. It stands the eighth wonder of the world.

While, Sir, I as an individual render up my meed of admiration, permit me to say, that there is a vessel now afloat, which, though less celebrated on the pillar of this world's fame, has been productive of more real benefit to the best interests of mankind.

She was built at the foundry, city of London, under the direction of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley. She is constructed on precisely the same model, and built of the same materials, as the *old ship*, which was launched in the city of Jerusalem by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ immediately after his resurrection, and afterwards sailed and navigated by the fishermen of Galilee. She is, Sir, to all intents and purposes, a missionary vessel, calculated for spiritual discovery and Christian colonization. She carries letters of marque, a chosen crew of missionary adventurers, and steers by the bright and morning star of Bethlehem. It is true indeed for the first few years, her voyages were confined to the British seas. She alternately visited the islands of Ireland, Scotland, Man, Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey;—in all which, under the blessing of God, flourishing colonies were established. But, Sir, the God of heaven never intended her for a coaster, she was destined to circumnavigate the globe. Accordingly, Sir, at this juncture, the great Head of the church raised up a body of men of high missionary feeling—spirits of lofty enterprise—hearts of universal charity. Need I name an Ashbury, a Boardman, a Pilmoor, a Whatcoat, and last, not least, a Coke. These men, adventurous as Columbus, and greedy of souls as ever Spaniards were of gold, launched the missionary vessel into the great and boundless deep of the Atlantic; and favored by propitious gales and an approving God, reached the shores of this new and far-famed world. Here, Sir, they boldly planted the standard of Methodism. Here they found the fields white already to harvest, nor had they long to complain that the labourers were few. God gave the word and great was the increase of able and effective men in this western viceroy of the Lord. The word of the Lord was like fire among dry stubble—it cleared the woods—it ran along the banks of our vast rivers—it was irresistible—it crossed the northern lakes—it penetrated the Southern swamps—it defied the frosts of Canada—it scaled the cloud capped summits of Alleghany—and now, Sir, let the pious observer behold the great family of Methodism—from New-Orleans in the south, to Labrador on the north, sitting beneath their own vine and fig tree;—and truly may he exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

Nor, Sir, is this all. The Missionary spirit has done greater things than these. It has silenced for ever the futile theories of a self-created philosophy, and stopped the mouth of an arrogant political expediency. Where is now the empty declaimer who affirmed, with the solemnity of an oracle, that it

was impossible to humanize the African, or civilize the Indian? Let that man cast his eye under the spreading tree of Methodism, and he shall see fifty thousand converted Africans reposing beneath its refreshing shade, and two thousand Indians finding a solace from the storm. Yes, Sir, while selfish politicians have been debating the question of civil right, and minute philosophers have been arranging the properties of color, your missionaries have gone forth, and believing that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, that all souls are his, and that God is no respecter of persons, they have, as debtors to the Greeks and the barbarians, preached salvation to an in the name of Jesus; and, Sir, with what success? why, God has proved that the things impossible to men are possible to him—He has proved, not only that Africans have souls, but souls purchased by the blood of Christ; and that the Indian is not only a man, but by the grace of God, a gentleman, and that with the Bible in one hand, and the axe in the other, he can exhibit a specimen of civilized industry which might put philosophers themselves to the blush; and triumphantly prove his claims to the rights of man and of citizenship, to the everlasting confusion of narrow and temporizing politicians.

But, Sir, we are digressing. We must return to the missionary ship, and if you please embark for Europe.—Mr. Wesley finding that the Lord was opening up missionary ground in distant lands, and being himself detained at home by the weight of his societies, appointed Dr. Thomas Coko admiral of the ship, with a commission for foreign service. And truly we may say the office was made for the man, and the man for the office. He was a Welshman by birth, and a cosmopolite in feeling. I saw the admiral when I was a boy, and hope never to forget him. He was, like Zacheus, a man of small stature; but, Sir, there was a great soul in a little body. O who can forget the honest enthusiasm which glowed in his animated countenance, or the kindling glance of his benevolent eye. He was the apostle—he was the martyr of Methodist Missions. For them he was willing to suffer the loss of all things. In this spiritual adventure he risked his life, his purse, his reputation, his all. He stopped at no difficulty, and though on some occasions his vessel (as respects money matters) was in the shallows, yet she never struck the ground. In the prosecution of duty he feared no danger. His favorite motto was, "I am immortal till my work is done." Appointed by the father of Methodism to this missionary command, he entered upon his office with humble boldness and generous enthusiasm. He hoisted the broad flag of free grace at his mast head, and spreading his white canvass to the winds of heaven, he steered for America. And although tremendous storms drove his vessel out of her intended course down to the West India islands, yet here we have to acknowledge the finger of God bringing real good out of seeming evil. For from that apparent accident sprang one of the most extensive, productive, and benevolent of modern missions, which has eventuated in the salvation of thousands of the African race. It would be endless to follow the admiral through all the cruising activity of his missionary life. Suffice it to say that he lived as he died, and died as he lived—a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The ocean was his sepulchre, but he being dead yet speaketh. Yet when he died the enemies of missions began to triumph. "We shall hear no more of Methodist missions," said they. "No doubt the enthusiastic old man and his mad schemes have failed together." But, Sir, these self-made prophets proved themselves false prophets, for when our Elijah ascended to glory, there were many Elishas to catch the descending mantle of his charity. The admiral was dead; but, Sir, the good missionary ship floated her triumphant course over the main, and waved her joyous banner to the nations. She doubled the cape of Good Hope, and landed a band of spiritual warriors on the East India shores. Thence standing for New South Wales and the Sandwich Islands, she stretched across to Madagascar, touching at South and Western Africa, in all which places she established Christian colonies. Nay, Sir, she has sailed under the batteries of Copenhagen up the stormy Baltic, and established a Methodist mission in the very fastnesses of Sweden. She has passed under the guns of Gibraltar, landing her missionary warriors on that impregnable fortress; and, finally, she has

traversed those seas, and planted colonies on the very ground once trod by the feet of the holy apostles.

But Sir, you are ready to think we are sailing out of all longitude and latitude. We shall, therefore, with your permission, bring our missionary vessel home to port, with one observation, namely, is she to remain in port? Is she to be laid up as a dismantled hulk—a melancholy memorial of what our fathers were able to begin, and we are unwilling to finish?

methinks I hear some cautious calculator hint, "Charity begins at home." Granted, my brother, but remember charity must not remain at home. When the pressing wants of home are tolerably supplied, let her go forth, like Noah's dove, on an errand of mercy to the four quarters of the globe. Such is the spirit of the missionary commission, and such was the practice of the missionary apostles. We are ready to admit that these United States have presented and do present a vast and comprehensive field for the incessant labours of our active itineracy. We are ready to admit that the Indian tribes make a loud and pressing appeal for renewed and increasing exertion, and may God prosper that noble mission; but, Sir, we are not ready to admit that this missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources and responsibility of the Meth. Episcopal Church. Granting, as we do, that much has been accomplished at home with very small means, is that any reason why something might not be accomplished abroad with greater? What, Sir, surrounded as we are by the spirit-stirring activity of the age, are we to sit still at home, and let other men take our missionary crown? For ever perish the thought. Sir, I this night propose that we forthwith put the missionary vessel to sea under the care of American pilots, and, Sir, let her first voyage be eastward.

There is on the western coast of Africa an American, and I thank God, we may add, a Christian colony, which, under the blessing of Heaven, promises to be a focus for the evangelization and civilization of that benighted continent. The freemen of Liberia are standing on those shores, and uttering the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." That colony is precious to the heart of the philanthropist—it stands the altar of a national atonement, and an imperishable monument of a nation's benevolence. And, Sir, whilst the moral feeling of this republic is promoting its temporal interests, whilst the north is giving up and the south keeping not back, shall the Methodists of these United States be backward in answering the will of those gifted and qualified men who are crying, "Here am I; send me?" Sir, nothing is wanting but the means, and I am persuaded the means will not be wanting.—And, Sir, are the South American republics to be forgotten? Do these present no claim upon our benevolence? Among the millions of this extensive continent is there no field for missionary labour? If these United States have given them the bright model of a civil constitution, shall they withhold the brighter boon of religious liberty and Christian knowledge? It is high time something must be done. Let our missionary vessel stretch along the coasts of South America. Let her touch at the Havana, at Rio Janeiro, at Buenos Ayres, and leave her missionaries at all these places;—let her double Cape Horn, and coast it along the shores of the Pacific. Yea, Sir, let her never drop her anchor until she completes the circumnavigation of this transatlantic world.

But, Sir, before we hoist our sails we are arrested by a very abrupt consideration—the means. Who shall pay the freight of the vessel? We have n. n. but, Sir, we want the money, for it is demonstratively certain that if the world is to be evangelized, it must be by means, not by miracles. And, Sir, if we succeed in getting our missionary vessel under way, it will not be by fair speeches, or loud professions, but by fulfilling, to the letter, the laconic peroration of dean Snytt's celebrated sermon—we must in one word, "Down with our dust."

Suppose, Sir, for instance, this meeting, naming contradictory, on the spot resolve itself into a committed of ways and means. Already I think I see the eyes of our enterprising brethren, the collectors, sparkling full of expectation. But stay, my dear brethren; be not too sanguine. Alas we can invite you to no gold or silver mines; they are amazingly scarce in this country; but you may draw encouragement from the language of the resolution I hold in

my hand. Here it is asserted as a fact, that "the silver and the gold are the Lord's, whilst we are but the stewards and almoners of his bounty." Now, Sir, if this be true, and I have no doubt of it, we may get at the silver and gold this very night. We must all of us turn miners. We must take the pickaxe of conviction, the mighty lever of conscience, and dig down into our own hearts, cleansing away the rubbish of self love. O, Sir, once break up this great deep, and depend upon it there are hidden treasures below. Would to God I had the prophet's rod. Methinks I would smite the rock, and what a stream of golden benevolence would issue forth.—Sir, I am persuaded that this meeting will triumphantly rebut the illiberal insinuations of certain bothen poets, that the age in which we live is a brazen or an iron age—they will this night prove, to the very testimony of sight and sense, that this is the golden, or at least the silver age.

Sir, in conclusion, permit me to pursue this idea one step farther. We live in an age of retrenchment and reform. But, Sir, although no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, I foresee a period near at hand when the principles of moral retrenchment and moral reform shall be carried into full and legitimate effect. The time is at hand when true benevolence will stand on the solid basis of conscientious frugality, and genuine charity on cheerful self denial—when the great inquiry will be, *How much* can I give to God? How little will supply my wants? It was this legitimate principle which gave such a moral splendour to the poor widow's mite, of whom it was said that whereas others gave of their abundance, she gave all that she had. I see the day coming when our Christian ladies shall emulate the chivalry of the wives and daughters of the ancient crusaders, and cast in their bracelets, their rings, and their jewelry, to carry on this holy war—when the fathers of our families, like the heads of Jewish houses, will pour in their golden gifts to build the temple of the Lord—when our young men of fortune, unlike the young man in the gospel, will sell all that they have, and give to the poor neathen, and taking up their missionary cross, follow their victorious Captain; and when the whole Christian church shall arise to the noble disinterestedness of primitive principles, and the universal charity of primitive practice. The hour is at hand, Sir, when reform, moral reform, personal reform, domestic reform, will be the order of the day. It will turn the world upside down. It will enter our dwellings, and revolutionize our very household establishments. It will almost work miracles. It will sweep away from our mantle-pieces our splendid pier glasses, handsome glass and china vases decorated with artificial flowers, and substitute neat missionary boxes. It will convert ribbands and vails into cordage for our ship, and India shawls into substantial sails; and pianofortes and music books into Bibles and hymn books for the heathen. It will transmute gold watches into silver or pinchback, and transmit the net proceeds to the missionary treasury.

But, Sir, are we speaking of the future? What, shall posterity take our crown? Nay, Sir, let us this night anticipate the prophet's vision—let us take time by the forelock—let us make our advance march in the career of benevolence—let us prove ourselves not children in this business. Come my brethren, let us try our strength, test our principles, prove our love to God and our heathen neighbours. Are your hearts ready, your hands ready, your money ready? Then as ye have "freely received, freely give," and "whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do, do it with all thy might."

DIVINITY.

EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL BETWEEN DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

(Concluded.)

Can we conceive that the glowing spirit of St. Paul has slumbered during almost two thousand years?—that the dispensations of the almighty wisdom during a third part of the age of the world have been hidden from a being, whose hourly delight was in the view of those dispensations; who drank in knowledge, faith, and hope direct from the eternal fount; whose heart was hourly mounting on the wings of holiness and burning gratitude to the throne of the Eternal; whose spirit was actually borne up,

before it had thrown off the veil of flesh, to the third heaven? What but the positive law of Scripture can authorize the belief, that, while even "a passing generation,—beings immersed in the world, darkened by its ignorance, and inflamed by its passions,—may trace those mighty instances of benevolent power, exult in the knowledge that they pour upon them, and feel their highest hope and richest mental enjoyment in the view of the rapid completion of the promise and prophecy of the Eternal, yet that the spirit of the great Apostle,—with his fight finished, his work of faith and holy heroism done, his immortal crown gained, his solemn struggle with earthly passion and fleshly error ended in victory,—should, at the moment of triumph, be cast into the chains of darkness; have all his noble faculties and angelic thoughts, his ambition of eternity, sunk into a sea of oblivion; his freed spirit, that had actually seen, even in life, what it had not entered into the heart of man to conceive, nor had ever before been given to the eye of man to witness,—the Paradise of God,—should be sunk for years immeasurable into the clod of the valley.

All analogy is against such a conception. But we have the direct evidence of Scripture for the active existence of the soul on the separation from the body—the often-quoted answer of our Lord to those Jewish doctors, who denied the existence of the soul, "God is not the God of the *dead* but of the *living*." This undoubtedly implies, that he is the Lord of the living in some more definite sense than as he is the supreme master of all creation, active and inactive—merely material, and extinct with life. He is here declared to be the Lord of beings existing at the time when the words were spoken, though the Patriarchs were laid in their graves nearly four hundred years before.

Another text (Matthew x. 28.) which we do not recollect to have seen applied, strongly expresses the foundation of his doctrine,—"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul," is an obvious declaration that whatever may be the means of extinguishing life, the Spirit of man is beyond their reach—that it does not share the grave. Our Lord's language to the penitent thief, is a similar declaration: "I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Attempts have been made to represent, by a mistranslation, this text as only a general and remote promise: as if our Lord had said, "This day I tell thee." But the immediate time seems to be distinctly implied. The penitent thief had made a request applicable to a period, which, when he saw the Messiah on the cross, and palpably leaving life, he must have looked on as *remote*. "Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom." His belief in the truth of Messiah, must certainly have been of the most pre-eminent kind, when, in the midst of the fullest visible proof that the King of Israel was a human being, overwhelmed by his enemies, expiring in the common agonies of the cross, and suffering without resistance the rejection, tauntings, and cruelty of his people; with even his immediate followers as such all flying; and but a few, prompted by personal affection, venturing to approach his dying hour: and not less in the midst of the horrid pangs that were rousing every nerve of the criminal himself; he could proclaim by his solitary and glorious avowal, his reliance on the declaration of God. The answer, then, is worthy of the Lord of life and death,—"I tell thee, *this day* thou shalt be with me in Paradise." I shall not put off the reward to the time when I shall come in my triumph, the visible King of Israel and the world: I shall lead you *at once* into the place of beatitude, where the disembodied souls of the holy are. The text also makes a striking distinction between the request and the promise. The criminal asks to be a sharer in the future kingdom. This is not answered. But he is promised an entrance into the present Paradise; a promise, in which the remote glory is included, with the addition of the immediate and unsolicited happiness. The parable of Dives and Lazarus confessedly, like all the other parables, founded on the general belief of the people to whom it was addressed, is a proof of the general belief at the time; but it is more. There is a moral impossibility in our Lord's having taken it for the foundation of even a parable, if its material were not essentially true. The adjuncts of the narrative may be, or may not be, additions, for the purpose of giving an influence to the lesson at the time. But, as Paley well ob-

servos, all the parables seem to have been systematically founded on fact. And where, we may add, do we find any instance of a parable touching on the gross fables of antiquity, either Greek or Asiatic, of which we know, that the greater part were familiar in Syria?

Our Lord is also declared to have descended, after his death, into Hades, the place of the disembodied spirit, (improperly translated Hell,) and, as if expressly to obviate any vagueness in our belief of the fact, his actual occupation there is assigned.—he is declared to have preached to the spirits there, whose bodies had perished in the deluge, probably that portion of antediluvian mankind, which had not revoited with the multitude, but which as is the law of great catastrophes, had suffered in the general punishment of the evil.

But our Lord is declared to have been in all things "our example." Like us he lived on the earth, subject to its struggles and privations; like us he died: like him we are to rise from the grave bodily,—and why are we to suppose that in one point alone,—the active existence of the soul between death and the resurrection,—we are to be dissimilar?

But his death, he makes an obvious distinction between the body, which he was to leave on the cross, or surrender to the grave, and the Spirit, which was to survive. In the final agony he cries, "Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit." And thereupon, say the Evangelists, "he gave up the Spirit." He does not present his body to the hands of the Father. St Stephen, when dying, with the vision of glory in his eyes, offers up the Spirit in almost the same words: "Lord Jesus receive my Spirit." If no further meaning were to be attached to those prayers than a general desire for the divine protection, why should the body, which is hereafter to partake of the glorious destiny, be unnamed? Why should not the martyrs' prayer have been "Lord Jesus, receive my soul and body," if they were alike to be precipitated into the grave, and slumber alike, until the great day on which the body is to awake from its slumber? The evident reason is, that their intermediate fates were to be different: and while the body was committed to the grave—a state of virtual non-existence,—the soul was to live, and be in the hands of God.



THOUGHTS ON THE NECESSARY EXISTENCE OF THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE OF ALL FINITE BEINGS.

WHEN we contemplate our own existence, it is natural for a thinking mind to inquire,—whence did I come,—to what primary power am I indebted for my being,—and by what modes of reasoning and inquiry, shall I obtain a satisfactory knowledge of that primitive Cause from which I have derived those bodily powers, and mental energies, which I possess?

That I am in existence, is a truth too plain to require proof, or to admit denial. I could not have imparted that existence to myself, for this would imply action prior to being, which is absolutely impossible; because action, which necessarily presupposes existence, can never be its primary cause. The same truth which is conclusive with regard to myself, is equally applicable to every creature and thing within the vast empire of Being. If, therefore, I could not have imparted existence to myself, so neither could any of my progenitors have imparted existence to themselves. This truth being granted, one of the two following propositions must be admitted: first, either the ancestors of human nature, must in a vast chain of retrogression, have existed without a beginning; or, secondly, man must be primarily indebted to some independent power, for that existence which he enjoys. Now, if out of two given propositions, one of which must be true, we can prove one to be false, the truth of the other will be clearly demonstrated.

It is a self-evident fact, that all individuals of the human race, as well as all the generations of those individuals, are limited as to the duration of their existence. Each has had a commencement of being; and, in those that are now no more, that commencement has been succeeded by a termination, so far as it respects our present state. Hence all the parts are necessarily finite, and no accumulation of finites can ever make an infinite. The whole of any given aggregate, and all the parts of which that whole is composed, must necessarily be

the same. If, therefore, all the parts are finite, so also must be the whole, which is formed of those parts.

In addition to the preceding observations, all the generations, of men, as well as the individuals which compose them, are dependent upon those which immediately preceded them. If, therefore, we allow the whole, to form in the aggregate an infinite series, we must suppose the existence of an infinite series of dependent beings to be not merely abstractedly possible, but to be in a state of actual existence. Now if this series be actually infinite, it follows, that it must also be independent, for no series can be strictly infinite, that is not absolutely independent. But how an infinite series can be constituted by an accumulation of finite links; or how the whole can include independence in its nature, when all the parts of which it is composed are actually dependent; we can never hope to know, until we can reconcile contradictions.

Admitting an infinite series to exist, we would ask—Suppose, as all the parts of which it is composed are finite, one individual generation were subtracted from the general mass, would that which remains be finite, or infinite? If infinite, it must have been more than infinite before the subtraction was made, which is impossible. But if it be finite, as that which is supposed to be subtracted is finite also, it is equally impossible to imagine, with any consistency of thought, that the union of two parts, each of which is avowedly finite, can ever constitute that which is infinite. And to suppose the whole to be infinite, while all the parts, of which that whole is composed, are finite, is to make the whole to be infinite and not infinite at the same time.

The supposition that the whole may be independent, while all the parts of which it is composed are dependent, is attended with consequences not less absurd. In this case, we must suppose, that all the parts are dependent upon each other in continued retrogression, until in the series we reach the first link, which we must admit to depend upon nothing. Now, if this link be not dependent upon any thing, it must be independent; for whatsoever has any existence, must be either dependent or independent. It cannot be dependent, because, being the first link, there is nothing on which it can depend; and even if this absurdity were set aside, we should be compelled to admit that it is an effect without a cause. It is equally certain that it cannot be independent, because it partakes of the same common nature with those links, which, without dependence, can have no existence. It must therefore be dependent and not dependent at the same time.

If the first link in an infinite series be independent, it must be eternal, for we have already seen, that nothing could have made itself, since this implies action prior to existence. But to ascribe eternity of existence to a first link in an infinite series of dependent beings, is to make it eternal and not eternal at the same time.

There seems to be but one way through which the absurdity of the above conclusion can be obviated, and that is, only by removing the difficulty to another stage, in which we shall again meet it in its last retreat. It may perhaps be asserted, that "To suppose an infinite series, is to suppose an aggregate from which a first link is necessarily excluded, and consequently, where no first link exists, no absurdity can be attached to it." Against this objection we would beg leave to assert, that this infinite series must either have a first link, or it must not: If it have a first link, the whole cannot be infinite, for nothing can be infinite that is placed within the reach of numbers. But if it have no first link, it can have no second, because it has no first; and no third, because it has no second; and consequently, it can have no successive link whatever. The supposition, therefore, of an infinite series of dependent beings, in what light soever it may be viewed, appears evidently to be pregnant with absurdity.

But if an infinite series of finite and dependent beings be totally impossible, it follows, that the human race must necessarily be dependent for their primary existence, upon some cause which is absolutely independent; and consequently, on some cause that must have eternally existed. Nothing short of this, can extricate our reasonings from those absurdities which we have already perceived attaching themselves to an infinite series of de-

pendent beings. It is of no consequence to the present argument, whether we call the primary cause of finite existence, human, angelic, or divine; or whether intelligence be supposed to be incorporated in its essence, or excluded from it. These inquiries may be of much importance hereafter; but in the present stage of the argument all that we require is, to ascertain whether the primary cause of human existence be in itself dependent or independent.

That it cannot be dependent, has already been proved in the preceding paragraphs. Its independence therefore follows as a necessary consequence; it being the only alternative of the general proposition, which includes every possibility within its wide embrace; and the instant we admit the absolute independence of any given cause, we must necessarily admit it to be eternal. For since its actual existence could not have been imparted by itself, and its absolute independence precludes the possibility of its existence being derived, it must be in the possession of underived existence; and that existence which is underived, could never have known a commencement or beginning.

We have now arrived at a stage in this chain of argumentation, in which two points are clearly ascertained; namely, that something must have existed from eternity; and that this something could not be the human race, whether we view them as individuals or generations, or embrace, in one comprehensive survey, the aggregation of the species. But in what manner this something exists, which we must allow to be eternal, must be the subject of our next inquiry.

There are but two primary modes of existence within the reach of possibility, and these are necessary and contingent. That existence is said to be contingent, which might have had a commencement, and which, without involving any contradictory ideas, may have a termination. It follows, therefore, that every being and thing which is finite, can have nothing more than a contingent existence; On the contrary, that existence is said to be necessary, which is not derived from any source,—which is not dependent on any cause,—and which is placed beyond the influence of all foreign power. It appears from this definition of these modes of existence that the primary cause of finite being, cannot be contingent; and, therefore, it must include necessary existence in the essence of its own nature.

It is not, however, to be imagined, that when any being is said to have a necessary existence, its existence is necessary to the production of any given effects. In this respect it may be said, that the sun is necessary to give us light, and that its light is necessary to render things visible; but, in themselves, there is no absolute necessity that things should be rendered visible, that light should emanate from the sun, or that the sun itself should exist; since the total absence or non-existence of all these can easily be supposed, without involving any contradictory ideas.

But when we rise from these modes of existence, which are thus relatively necessary, though only contingent in themselves, to contemplate that existence which we have already proved to be both independent and eternal, we behold an exalted mode of being, wholly distinct from every thing that is finite, including in its own nature the essence of independent and absolute existence.

Nor can it with any propriety be urged, that what is said to exist thus necessarily, is simply necessary to give being to that which is finite. Finite existence, it will readily be admitted, could not have been, if necessary existence had not preceded it. But whether any thing finite existed or not, this cannot alter the nature of that existence which is necessary in itself; otherwise it would cease to be independent. Necessary existence, therefore, must include in its own essence the reason of its being; nor can we suppose its non-existence, without including contradictory ideas in the supposition. As every thing cannot exist contingently, something must exist necessarily; but if that which exists necessarily, could cease to exist, it would include and not include necessary existence in its essence at the same time. And if we proceed from simple possibility to fact, and admit the actual non-existence of that being or thing which we grant to exist necessarily, we must then allow, that necessary existence is become non-existent; and, consequently, that the something to which it applies, exists necessarily,

even while it is destitute of being. Nothing, therefore, can be said to exist necessarily, but that which cannot possibly cease to exist.

But, although necessary existence must be admitted, it is totally impossible for us to allow it in the mere abstract. Existence, in all the possible forms which it can assume, must necessarily be connected with some substance or essence, from which it is inseparable, unless it cease to be. Necessary existence, therefore, implies the actual existence of some substance or essence; and consequently, some necessarily existent substance or essence must actually be in existence. But as this something, to which necessary existence applies, must be allowed to have an actual being, it is totally impossible that it should be located to any portion of space or duration; because universality of existence is an undeniable consequence of necessary existence. If the absence of a being, of any description whatever, from any given portion of space, can be admitted, without involving any contradictory ideas, no reason can be assigned why it may not, on the same principle, be absent from all other portions of space; and the same modes of reasoning will hold good with regard to every portion of infinite duration. And so far as the possibility of this absence is admitted, the evidence arising from this admission is decisive, that such beings can have nothing more than a contingent existence.

Existence, on the contrary, which is absolutely necessary, is not confined either to time or place: it is dependent on nothing, and knows no bounds. Universality of existence is therefore its necessary concomitant; and hence, that being who exists necessarily, cannot but be omnipresent.

As all contingent existence must have been derived from that which is necessary, the being who includes necessary existence in his essence, must be the fountain of all power. No energy, therefore, of any description whatever, whether muscular, intellectual, or spiritual, can have any existence that was not primarily derived from this primitive source of all. This being must therefore possess all power; and wherever all power is concentrated, there we find Omnipotence. A power that is omnipotent must necessarily extend, not only to all realities that ever began to exist, but likewise to all possibilities. Nothing finite could have been what it is, had it not been the effect of power; and no power can possibly be conceived, but that which omnipotence has primarily supplied. To assert that any thing is possible that does not actually exist, is in effect to assert, that an adequate power must somewhere exist, capable of turning possibility into reality; and consequently, every thing must be absolutely impossible, which a power that is infinite is totally unable to accomplish. Nothing, therefore, can bound the physical operation of omnipotence, but that which involves a palpable contradiction.

As this first cause of all finite being must exist universally, because it exists necessarily, it must uniformly have the power of knowing its own energies; for this power to know must be included in our idea of omnipotence. But a being that has power to know the extent of its own energies, must necessarily possess knowledge; and that which possesses knowledge must be intelligent in proportion to its knowledge. Now, if this intelligence be in proportion to its knowledge; and the knowledge of any being be commensurate to its power; and this power to extend to all realities and all possibilities; it follows, that its intelligence, its knowledge, and its power, must be alike without limits; and, consequently, this being must possess power, knowledge, and intelligence, which are alike infinite. It is this glorious assemblage of necessary existence, of omnipresence, of omnipotence, and of infinite knowledge, from which we derive our idea of God.

As this glorious Being, whom we denominate God, must necessarily include in his essence those perfections, which we have seen combined in this assemblage, it is totally impossible that he should be material. It is evident, that matter does not include either intelligence or knowledge within its essence; for, if this were admitted, it would follow, that intelligence and knowledge are essential to matter; and, consequently, that every atom must possess these sublime perfections. But, as these perfections are not essential to matter, so neither can any combinations which matter can assume, give being to an exalted property, which no atom in the combi-

nation can possess. If one atom be destitute of intelligence, another must be equally destitute for the same reason. Can, then, two atoms, which are essentially unintelligent, give birth to intelligence by their being combined? If this were admitted, we must conclude, that these atoms had derived from their combination, a degree of perfection, which no one among them, and which not all, separately taken, could be said to possess. That which is true of two atoms, with regard to the production of intelligence, is equally true of three, of three hundred, of three thousand, or of three million; and of any assemblage that is placed within the reach of numbers. Matter, therefore, cannot be God; and, consequently, God is not a material being.

Nor can we, with any greater degree of reason, imagine matter to be necessarily existent, than we can suppose it to be intelligent. We have already seen, that whatsoever is necessarily existent, must exist universally. But if matter had existed universally, no interstices could have existed between the parts into which it is capable of being divided; neither could motion have been possible. No two atoms can occupy, in one and the same instant, the same portion of space. Matter, in its own nature, cannot but be impenetrable. If the universe were absolutely filled with matter; a body put in motion must move through solidity; and, consequently, must enter that space which another body occupied in the same instant; which is wholly inconsistent with the impenetrability of its nature. If, therefore, the existence of motion prove that matter does not exist universally, and the want of universality of existence prove that matter does not exist necessarily, it follows that matter itself, together with all the forms which the modifications of its parts assume, can have nothing more than a contingent existence; and, consequently, that it must be indebted for its existence to that Being whom we denominate God.

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

FEMALE ATTIRE, &c.

A woman's wardrobe may be divided into two parts,—the ornamental and the useful. In the first I include all the various articles which are affected by fashion; every thing, in fact, of external dress. In these a good economist will avoid a superabundance. She will endeavour to check that feminine weakness—the love of variety, which so frequently displays itself by an ever varying costume, and will confine the ornamental part of her wardrobe in as narrow bounds as the extent of her general style of living and visiting will permit. Whimsicality of dress is no proof either of good taste or good sense, but rather results from the absence of both, or from the mistaken notion that to attract attention is to gain admiration. But whimsicality, whether shown in dress, manner, or opinion, does not deserve, and never obtains permanent admiration: it is more likely to meet with the smile of contempt, or the sneer of ridicule. A claim to superiority and distinction established on such a foundation has nothing to secure it. It is those qualities only that are intrinsically good and useful, that can gain permanent admiration and esteem. It is true that every one who lives in society must follow fashion to a certain extent, or must be prepared to encounter the laugh, and perhaps the scorn, of those who pronounce judgment on appearances. But it is extremes on either side, that are to be shunned by all who wisely prefer propriety, and consistency, to notoriety and peculiarity.

Another disadvantage of possessing too many of the ornamental parts of female attire, is the fickleness of fashion, and the constant necessity which this must produce of altering the forms of dresses, which the means of the possessor do not allow to be thrown aside. For these alterations of dress much valuable time must be wasted, or much money squandered, and, in either case, the very attention which is requisite for so unworthy an object, takes the mind from more important and rational pursuits. Some women seem to think that life is of no use but to make or remodel dresses, and act as if they were born to be walking blocks for showing off to advantage the workmanship of the ribband and lace manufacturer, of the mantuamaker and milliner.

The second part of a female's wardrobe, comprehending every article not subject to the laws of fashion, deserves also attention and care; and for your management of this branch I recommend this rule: do not neglect to make each year a small addition to most of the articles of which it is composed. By doing this you will scarcely perceive the effects of time on your general stock, because the yearly supply will bear some proportion to the deficiencies which that may cause. But if you neglect this rule the consequences may be that all at once, you shall find your wardrobe to require a complete renewal, and your annual allowance will then scarcely suffice to provide it. Most of the things to which I allude are of an expensive nature, and sweep away no inconsiderable sum, when whole sets are to be purchased at one time. All good economists agree in their approbation of this rule and enforce it, more particularly with regard to household and table linen.

In choosing linen or cambric, examine the threads if they are even and close; a raw linen, with uneven threads, does not promise to wear well. Fine linens answer better than the coarse ones, provided they are not unsuitable for the use for which they are destined. The yard-wide linens are not thought so strong and well made as those of the narrower width, but the latter will not always cut out to the same advantage as the wider linens.

I recommend you to resort to good and old established shops, rather than to those which are considered cheaper; the former rest their prosperity upon the approbation of steady customers, and will not knowingly offer them goods which are bad in quality, and which would prove unserviceable, while the latter are eager to attract vagrant purchasers, alluring them by the promise of bargains—a delusive promise, the goods thus offered for sale being usually of so flimsy a texture, as to prove, on trial, scarcely worth the trifling sum that had been given for them.

INDUSTRIOUS FEMALES.—What a happy simplicity prevailed in ancient times, when it was the custom for ladies, though of the greatest distinction, to employ themselves in useful and sometimes laborious works! Every one knows what is told us in Scripture to this purpose concerning Rebecca, Rachel, and several others. We read in Homer of princesses drawing themselves water from springs, and washing, with their own hands, the finest of the linens of their respective families. The sisters of Alexander the Great, who were the daughters of a powerful prince, employed themselves in making clothes for their brothers. The celebrated Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her female attendants. Among the Romans, no citizen of any note ever appeared in public in any garb but what was spun by his wife and daughters. It was a custom in the northern parts of the world, not many years ago, for the princesses who then sat upon the throne to prepare several of the dishes at every meal. The depravity of the age has, indeed, affixed to these customs an idea of meanness and contempt; but, then, what has it substituted in the room of them? a soft indolence, a stupid idleness, frivolous conversation, vain amusements, a strong passion for public shows, and a frantic love of gaming.

The habits of industry, says an elegant female writer, cannot be too early, too sedulously formed. Let not the sprightly and the brilliant reject industry as a plebeian quality; as a quality to be exercised only by those who have their bread to earn, or their fortune to make. It is the quality to which the immortal Newton modestly ascribed his own vast attainments; who, when he was asked by what means he had been enabled to make that successful progress which struck mankind with wonder, replied, that it was not so much owing to any superior strength of genius, as to a habit of patient thinking, laborious attention, and close application. Industry is the sturdy and hard-working pioneer, who, by persevering labor, removes obstructions, overcomes difficulties, clears intricacies, and then facilitates the march and aids the victories of genius.

Be not desirous of having it to say, that you have perused a vast number of volumes. One book read with laborious attention will tend more to enrich your understanding, than skimming over the surface of twenty authors.

MISCELLANY.

From the Twenty-fifth Report of the Religious Tract Society.

ISSUES OF PUBLICATIONS.

The publications issued from the depository during the year have amounted to nine millions, six hundred and forty-nine thousand, five hundred and seven; without including the works published in foreign countries, at the expense of the society, to which considerable additions have been made—being an increase, compared with the preceding year, of one million, three hundred and sixty-seven thousand, one hundred and three, in those issued in England. The sales of the first series of tracts alone have increased nearly six hundred thousand. The Committee have no doubt that the total number of publications distributed through the instrumentality of this institution, since its commencement in 1799, amounts to upward of one hundred and twenty millions.

The following paragraph exhibits the activity of the agents of the society, in distributing tracts among that class of people and in those places, where the restraints and purifying influence of divine truth are most needed.

The friend who visits the courts and alleys of London, and distributes tracts in prisons, hospitals, and workhouses, has received nearly 53,000 publications for these important objects. At the pleasure fairs in London and its vicinity, where much wickedness generally abounds, 185,700 tracts and hand-bills have been distributed. About 150,000 have also been given to persons found violating the Sabbath day. The soldiers and sailors have not been forgotten: more than 23,000 publications having been granted for circulation among them; in addition to two of the Circulating Libraries—one presented to a regiment proceeding on foreign service, and the other for the use of the men in the barracks at Chatham. The Home-Missionary and Baptist Home-Missionary Societies have received 26,000 publications. Among the crowds attending the executions of criminals, 35,700 have been given away. Several convict-ships have been supplied to the extent of 18,000 various works; including the Circulating Library, which was placed under the care of a correspondent in one of the vessels. About 40,000 tracts and hand-bills have been circulated at different horse-races, and 28,000 among the crowds who visited the ruins of the Brunswick theatre.

BURNING OF WIDOWS IN INDIA.

The following general view of the extent and the various ways in which the heathenism of India operates for the destruction of human life, is taken from the Evangelical Magazine. The destruction of social and domestic happiness, together with the complex and accumulated miseries which are occasioned, can never be estimated; and though much of it is seen by the eye of a Christian, yet much more of it has its seat in the heart, and is felt and known by those only who endure it. These evils are not things that were, but things that now are. They result directly from the religious systems now adhered to by, perhaps, 150,000,000 of people: religious systems, whose direct and powerful tendency is to pollute, rather than purify mankind—to enhance, rather than mitigate the sufferings of life. The object of all missions to the heathen is to substitute for these systems the Gospel of Christ.

The existence of human sacrifices in the 19th century of the Christian era, and in a part of the British dominions, is a fact equally interesting to the politician, the philosopher, and the philanthropist. The nature and extent of these sacrifices in British India, present 'a tale whose greatest word might harrow up the soul.'

These sacrifices are perpetrated by the suttee, (the burning or burying alive of the Hindoo widows,) infanticide, cruelties to the sick on the banks of the river Ganges, and pilgrimages to various holy places. By the practice of the suttee, hundreds of disconsolate widows, some of them mere children, are hurried to the funeral pile, and burnt with the remains of their husbands, a few hours after their decease. Infanticide chiefly prevails in Guzerat, under the Bombay presidency, and dooms numbers of infants to death at the very dawn of life. The cruelties to the sick are exercised on the banks of the Ganges, which is considered a goddess, and numberless victims of

superstition are annually sacrificed. At the temple of Juggernaut in Orissa, Gya, and Allahabad, a tax is levied on the pilgrims, and multitudes are allured to these shrines of idolatry, (made more celebrated by British connexion with them,) many of whom never survive the miseries of the pilgrimage. 'How are their sorrows multiplied that hasten after another god.'

The extent of these evils is very appalling. The number of suttees in the Bengal presidency, from 1815 to 1824, was as follows:

1815,	378	1820,	509
1816,	442	1821,	655
1817,	707	1822,	583
1818,	839	1823,	575
1819,	650	1824,	572

Total in 10 years, 5,997 burned or buried alive! In the Madras and Bombay presidencies, the official statements for nearly the same period, give 635; grand total, 6,632.

The Hon. East India proprietors, urging the abolition of this murderous custom, declare—'Probably no day passes on which some victims are not sacrificed to this horrid practice, in India, and more especially in the Bengal Provinces.'

No correct idea can be formed of the number of murders occasioned by suttees, infanticide, cruelties to the sick, &c. The late Rev. W. W. Hall, in his valuable work, conjectures "the number of victims annually sacrificed on the altars of the Indian gods," as follows:

Widows burnt alive in all the Hindostan,	5,000
Pilgrims perishing on the roads, and holy places	4,000
Persons drowning themselves in the Ganges or buried or burnt alive	500
Children immolated, including those of the Rajpoots	500
Sick persons, whose death is hastened on the banks of the Ganges	500
	10,500

By official documents laid before parliament, from 1821 to 1828, it appears that the average number of suttees is about 700 annually, but this does not include those that take place in the tributary, allied, and independent states, which are not subject to British regulations. When Row Lacks, grandfather of the present chief of Cutch died, fifteen concubines were burned on his funeral pile. A recent account from the Hill Country states that twenty-eight females were burnt with the remains of a Rajah.—Probably half or one third the number of suttees in the estimate may be nearer the truth, but after the greatest possible reduction, the numerous and various kinds of murders in British India, cry, as though an angel spoke,—Oh Britain, spread thy shield over those who 'are drawn unto death, and ready to be slain.' Say, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'

TEMPERANCE.—The corporation of the village of Ithaca have refused to license any retail grocery establishment. The resolution was adopted by the board unanimously. This is a bold experiment, and we understand it has been submitted to without much opposition. The evil of intemperance is beginning to be seriously felt, and although there may be some diversity of opinion in reference to the measures to check its progress, there can be none in relation to its magnitude or of the importance of arresting its progress. Much has been done; example and precept of prominent individuals, may do more, until an entire corrective shall be found in public opinion.—*New-York Commercial Advertiser.*

If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthful his morning, how sober his nights, how moist his mouth, how joyful his hear:—they would never admire the noises, and the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious and the hearts of the ambitious.—*Serenny Taylor*

Calumny may fasten upon your character, but if you have a good conscience, you may unhurt shake it off, as Paul shook off the viper.

THE ACQUISITION OF VIRTUOUS DISPOSITIONS AND HABITS A NECESSARY PART OF EDUCATION.

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits.—This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station: The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiment which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardor of religion which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.—*Blair*.

AN EXAMPLE FROM THE WILDERNESS.—The Cherokees, who in point of intelligence and civilization are far in advance of all other Indians, have begun to enlist themselves, by name, on the side of Temperance. The following resolutions have been drawn up in the native language, and are circulating for signatures with the most encouraging success.

"A powerful enemy is abroad in our country. He is destroying many strong men. The mourning of the widow and the orphan is heard wherever that enemy has been. Unless we defend ourselves we shall be subdued before him.—Let us all arise, and put him to death, or banish him beyond the limits of the Cherokee Nation.

"1. We, whose names are undersigned, do now truly resolve, that we will not henceforth drink any whiskey, or rum, or any kind of distilled spirit, on any occasion, unless when it is prescribed, as a medicine by a physician.

"2. We also resolve that we will use our endeavours to prevent every member of our families from drinking any distilled spirit, and not only the members of our families, but all persons, from bringing it to our houses, or keeping it there.

"3. We further resolve, by our conversation, on all suitable occasions, to convince all persons of the expediency and importance of entire abstinence from the use of distilled spirits.

"By good wishes to our fellow men, and by a desire for the prosperity of the Cherokee Nation, we are induced to make these resolutions, and to subscribe our names."

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A Lucchese peasant, shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and ferocious mastiff.—He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days, and the dog was not to be found; and the peasant after some time, begun to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from disappearing, was mad, and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grow hourly more violent; he raved, and had all the evidences of the

most violent distemper. As he was lying with the door open, to let in the last air that he was to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to the bed side, and frolicked about the room.—It was clear that he, at least, was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head into a basin of water, and thus refreshed walked into the room to his astonished family. The statement is made in a memoir by Professor Barbavini; and it is not improbable that many attacks of a disease so strongly dependent on the imagination, might be equally cured by ascertaining the state of the animal by which the bite was given.—*Weekly Review*.

WAR.—I have been enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory; but I also confess that even the sight of a battle field has not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings, who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other and passing through it as gentle as possible; but, on the contrary, in endeavouring to destroy each other, as if Time did not himself do this with sufficient rapidity! What I thought at fifteen years of age, I still think—'war, with the pain of death which society draws upon itself, are but organized barbarisms, an inheritance of the savage state,' disguised or ornamented by ingenious institutions and false eloquence.'—*Louis Bonaparte*.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—On Tuesday last, 30th April, four gentlemen of this town having occasion to attend the funeral of a relation from Inverness to the solitary romantic church-yard of Boleskine, by the side of Loch Ness, engaged a post chaise for the purpose. They accompanied the hearse to the foot of the hill, a little beyond the Black Rock, to the east of the pass at Inverfarigaig, and here the driver alighted to lead the horses up the ascent. Unfortunately, believing there was no danger, he did not tell the party to alight also, and to this must undoubtedly be attributed the alarming accident which in a few minutes ensued. When near the top of the hill the horses backed to the side of the Loch, and one of the wheels going over the edge of the narrow road (which is out of a range of fearful altitude), the whole were instantly hurled over a steep precipice, apparently to instant destruction. The first overturn of the coach destroyed the windows and roof of the vehicle, and ere it had descended much further the top was driven in and thrown open. At this critical moment the descent of the coach was interrupted by some birch trees, and the gentlemen providentially escaped through the roof of the coach, with no further injury than a few cuts inflicted by the broken glass. The horses were also but slightly injured. We shall not attempt to describe the sensations of the party on this remarkable escape from what appeared to be instant and inevitable death.—*Inverness Courier*.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.—In the memoirs of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, it is stated that in the district of Gori, in Russia, at the foot of the Ossetin mountains, there is a hill, on the stony surface of which the humidity that exudes from the rock, in summer, and in fine weather, is converted into ice of a thickness proportionate to the heat of the sun.

It is the custom in Prussia, when two persons are engaged to be married, to publish the engagement in the newspaper.

Mr. Dwight gives this copy of an advertisement;—

"I have the honor respectfully to give notice of the betrothing of my only daughter, to Mr. P., of Newstead, Judge of the Domain.

The Widow Counsellors of Justice, &c. &c.

"As betrothed, present their re- } Amos R.
membrance— } Edward F.

Within fifty miles of the current of the Rhine, more than seven millions of inhabitants reside, who, in wealth and enterprise are not surpassed by any others on the European continent.

A FEMALE CHIMNEY SWEEP.—Yesterday morning a Mr. BROWNING, of Gee-street, Somers-town, sent to SMITH, a sweep, of St. Pancras, to have his chimney swept. A poor girl, about eleven years of age, was sent in a most ragged and pitiable state, to perform the job, who, after having ascended the chimney, habited as a boy, discovered her sex, and stated that her father had, for the last five years, dressed her in boys clothes, and sent her out with boys to sweep chimneys, and that she slept at night with them on the sack in the cellar. Several parish gentlemen, with Mr. BROWNING, called upon the unnatural parents, and severely reprimanded them, and immediately ordered them to clean the poor girl from the soot, and clothe her in the dress belonging to her sex.—*English paper*.

True resignation, says Mrs. Moore, is the hardest lesson in the whole school of Christ. It is the oftenest taught and the latest learnt. Yet when this hard lesson is once mastered, it makes all other things easy. It was a maxim of the excellent Bernard Gilpin, "All things are for the best." Being informed against by Bonner, he was apprehended, and set out for London. On his journey he broke his leg, and his common maxim was retorted upon him, *Is all for the best now?* Yes, he believed so; and the event confirmed his saying, for while he was thus delayed, queen Mary died, and instead of coming to be burned, he returned in triumph to the joy of his parishioners.

Frequent and regular reflection on the past is the best means of improving the future. "At night," says Pythagoras, "review thrice what thou hast done through the day: be troubled at the ill, and rejoice in the good."

Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not.

CONTROVERSY.—If we must contend, let it be like the olive and the vine, which shall bear most and best fruit; not like the aspen and elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind.

A NOBLE INSTANCE OF DIGNIFIED INTEGRITY.

Fermanagh Assizes, Ireland.

The only trial that excited much of the public attention, at these assizes, was that of Patrick Durnin, who stood indicted for the murder of Andrew Somerville, in July last. This trial acquired much interest, from a most atrocious effort to deprive the prisoner of his right to a fair and impartial trial. The prisoner was a Catholic, the deceased an Orangeman. To sustain the indictment, the prosecutor had entirely failed to make out a case amounting even to manslaughter. In point of Law, it was clearly a case of justifiable homicide; and when the counsel for the crown were about to close, a person named Alex. Aiken, a yeomanry officer, and master of an Orange Lodge, stepped upon the table, to offer testimony of what he was pleased to call the prisoner's confession, saying, that he had told him that he (the prisoner) "had murdered the deceased."

The learned Judge (Mr. Sergeant J.) here interposed. He first commanded the witness to be silent. He then rose from his seat on the bench, and warmly addressed Mr. Aiken to the following effect:—

"Sir,—In the evidence you have given on this trial, you have solemnly sworn that you are a perfectly disinterested witness; whereas to my knowledge, both your words and actions have evinced the contrary. On my coming into Court this morning, you, well knowing that the prisoner was to take his trial at its sitting, for a capital offence, and that the penalty of his conviction would be the forfeiture of his life; you Sir, fully apprised of this, in a manner perfectly intelligible to me, and for an object which I could not misunderstand, endeavoured to prejudice my mind against an unfortunate prisoner, whom the benignity of our laws required me to hold guiltless, till the contrary appeared. In language evidently intended for my ear, I heard you thus declare, "That the prisoner ought to be hanged without Judge or Jury." I then felt it my duty to suppress my indignation at your foul attempt to influence the administration of justice; but I cannot

now sufficiently express my abhorrence of conduct so highly reprehensible, because I consider it as a base effort to poison the very source of justice. And I trust in God, I have the approbation of the jury, of the counsel, and of every one that hears me, for now ordering you off the table."

It is impossible to describe the effect that this address had on all present.

The counsel for the prosecution closed their case. The counsel for the prisoner declined calling any witnesses.

The learned Judge then recapitulated the evidence with great precision, and explained the law to the Jury; who, without any hesitation, returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

LITERATURE.

From the *New-York Journal of Commerce*.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

Dr. Johnson defines lexicographer, "a harmless drudge." Not more so we presume than an Editor,—but as men are more sensible of the aching of their own bones than those of others, we do not wonder at the definition. In a language like ours, so copious, so various in the signification of terms, so irregular, and so diverse in the origin of words, it is certainly a herculean task to form a complete vocabulary, with a full list of definitions, etymologies, &c. This Dr. Johnson attempted to do in three years, except that he did not trouble himself much with etymologies,—and our countryman, Mr. Webster, has done it (more perfectly than it was ever done before) in 20 years. He has done it amidst a host of prejudices which would have discouraged most other men,—not so much against himself personally, as against the very idea of an American Dictionary of the English Language,—and he has finally come off victorious, having found a liberal sale for his work, and what is better, the general approbation of intelligent men who have examined it, throughout the country. Not that every item in its 2000 pages has been approved,—for even in gold there is generally some alloy,—but that taken as a whole, it is acknowledged to be the best, or at least among the best, of similar works which have ever been given to the public. In addition to the commendations of various newspaper prints, it is highly applauded in the *North American Review*; and even in England, bids fair to find a favorable reception. The *London Magazine* for June, in a "review of Reviews," notices the article of the *North American*, at considerable length; and on the strength of it bestows very flattering encomiums upon Mr. Webster and his Dictionary. We make the following extracts:—

The most important article in the present number of the *North American Review*, is that on Dr. Webster's English Dictionary. From the account given of this work by the Reviewer, it would appear to be one of the most valuable contributions our literature has yet received from our trans-atlantic brethren. Dr. Webster has, it seems, devoted 20 years of his life to his task. The publication appears in two volumes quarto,—and, in so far at least as respects the general character of its contents, may be considered as modelled upon Johnson; though the entirely new manner in which each of its departments is treated makes it, even in regard to plan, a new work. In so far as we may judge from the present paper, Dr. Webster's qualifications, as an English etymologist, appear to be of the first order.—We have, indeed, nowhere met with a more enlightened exposition of the principles of etymological science than is given in the article before us. It was a subject of which Dr. Johnson knew absolutely nothing. His Dictionary is one of the most wonderful works ever completed by a single individual; and has many real merits of the highest sort;—the amount of which, as is well remarked by the present writer, is only to be sufficiently estimated by a comparison of what he has done, with the performance of the most successful of his predecessors. But if we allow that he has given us, in the first place, nearly a complete vocabulary of the language as actually living and in use when he wrote,—that secondly, his great reading within a certain range of our literature has enabled him to illustrate his definitions with an abundant selection of the most apt quotations,—and thirdly, that his definitions themselves are often distinguished by a precision and

felicity of expression, such as scarcely any other pen could have rivalled in that very difficult species of writing—we shall have admitted every thing, we think, that can be fairly advanced in commendation of his work by its warmest admirers. But, considered as a Dictionary of the English language, its deficiencies are, notwithstanding all this, of the most serious description. Even as a mere vocabulary, it did not, in the state in which it was given to the world by its author, contain any thing like a complete display of the treasures of our noble tongue. Dr. Johnson's knowledge of English Literature, indeed, scarcely extended beyond the reign of James I.; and just as, in writing the Lives of our Poets, he chose to begin with Cowley,—so in compiling his Dictionary, he scarcely sought for its materials from any period antecedent to the commencement of the seventeenth century.—Yet for two centuries previous to this time, the English was a formed and cultivated language; and could boast of its classics and its native muses. The reign of Elizabeth was its golden age—the time at which its powers displayed themselves in their greatest vigor, and were made flexible, so as to produce the most varied, harmonious, and expressive forms of diction. Of the writers of this period, however, Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was not even an interpreter—far less a store-house of the riches of expression to be found in their pages. A passage from Dr. Webster's work, quoted in the present article, gives us some curious information as to the numbers of words contained in some of our standard Dictionaries. "The Dictionary of Walker," says he, "has been found by actual enumeration, to contain in round numbers, thirty-eight thousand words. Those of Johnson, Sheridan, Jones, and Perry, have not far from the same number. The American edition of Todd's Johnson contains fifty-eight thousand. In the work now submitted to the public, the number has been increased several thousand."

We cannot doubt, from the account here given us of it, that Dr. Webster's work is one well worth the attention of every student of the English language; and that in some most important respects it is generally superior to any thing of the kind, that has yet been produced among ourselves.—Even among the author's own countrymen, we observe it stated, it has been pretty generally deemed rather a hazardous enterprise for an American to undertake a Dictionary of a language which may be fairly supposed to be spoken and written in its purity only among another people; and this prejudice may doubtless be counted upon as likely to operate still more strongly on this side the water. The notion is obviously, however, more a prejudice than any thing else.—The intercourse of nations is now so intimate, that whatever literary stores are open to an Englishman are equally open to an American; and for the making of a Dictionary of the language, it really, therefore, can matter little whether an individual reside in London or New-York. We can very well conceive how the political institutions and habits of a people should exert an influence on certain descriptions of their literary produce,—but not on their dictionaries. It is in our opinion, in the highest degree creditable to America, that the encouragement she affords to learning, has been already sufficient to give birth to such a book as this of Dr. Webster's seems to be.

REMARKABLE PRECOCITY OF TALENT.

Sigismund Baron Von Praun. This youth who is distinguished for his early and very extraordinary proficiency in the arts and sciences, was born at Tynau, in Hungary, on the 1st of June, 1811, where his father resided, as Colonel in the Austrian service. In his second year he was able not only to read with fluency, but to give a connected sketch of the history of the world. On the 11th of November, 1813, (being then 29 months old,) he was admitted into the second class of the gymnasium at that place; and at the examination of the 26th of August, 1814, he received the first prize for German reading and writing, the Hungarian language, the catechism and drawing, in preference to 70 scholars, who were much older than himself.—At the public examination on the 17th of March, 1815, being three years and nine months old, he received the same honors for the Latin and Arithmetic. But the most extraordinary was his astonishing proficiency in music. In this third year he made himself perfectly master

of the violin; and at the last mentioned examination, he performed on the most difficult instrument a composition by Ployel, with universal applause; a year after he gave his second concert before Prince Schwartzburgh, and the principal Hungarian nobility; and from this moment the fame of this prodigy spread itself over Europe. In the summer of 1816, he gave several concerts at Vienna, and presented a great part of his receipts to the Invalid fund, for which the Emperor honored him with the order of Civil Merit. In 1817, the commencement of his 6th year, he began his professional tour, passed through Italy in a kind of triumph, and received from the Duchess of Parma the order of Constantino, from the Pope the Golden Spurs and the Order of St. John Lateran, was created Palsgrave, and rewarded with a gold medal and a very flattering diploma by the Royal Academy, before which he had exhibited with much *eclat* his proficiency in the sciences. In his thirteenth year he completed his legal studies, and received eighteen Royal honorary diplomas from Italy, Austria, France, and the Netherlands. He had scarce attained his 15th year, when he had acquired the reputation of one of the first players, and was the author of several works, among which a beautiful manuscript in seven languages excited great attention. His high reputation increased with his subsequent tours through Italy, Austria, Holland, France and Germany, of which a longer detail would be superfluous here, as the accounts published in the journals of the countries which he visited cannot be forgotten by the public. He is at present at Nuremberg, and will next visit Berlin.—*London Literary Gazette*.

Eichborn, the elder of the University of Cottingham, has been in the habit of studying 16 hours in a day during the last 55 years.

It is calculated that there are fifty thousand persons alive in Germany, who have written and published books.

The longevity of the German literati is remarkable. Professor Streumeyer, of Gouguen, is delivering his one hundred and sixth course of lectures; Eichborn his one hundred and first; Heyno died at 86; Knaster at 81; Michaelis at 74; Hallar at 70; Kant at 80; Jacobi at 76; Wieland at 81; Klopstock at 79; Goethe is now 77, &c. No law superannuates them. All are hard students and voluminous authors.—*Dwight's Germany*.

THE SEASON.

From *The City Gazette*.

We regret to be informed, that in the English settlement on Long Greek, between Washademoack and Sussex Vale, Rye, which generally has been considered a sure crop, is this year likely in a great measure to fail. This is supposed to be in consequence of being winter killed, and also of a heavy snow storm which fell late in the Spring. We are not aware how it may be in other parts of the Country.

Since writing the foregoing, we have been informed by a person from Sussex Vale, that although the heavy and continued rains, and cool weather which prevailed in May and June, prevented the crops from coming forward as early as usual; yet the late dry warm weather, has greatly revived them. In that quarter none of the Rye is winter killed, wheat, upon low wet ground has been partially injured, but upon dry grounds it looks well, a few late planted potatoes, perished in the ground, but their places has been supplied with Buckwheat. As the Indian Corn succeeded remarkably well last year, a greater quantity than usual has been planted this year; and it has lately assumed a promising appearance. Our informant says, generally, that more than usual seed of every kind has been put into the ground this season, that appearances warrant a favorable anticipation, that grass also has much improved, and that the husbandmen, are looking forward with hope, to an abundant harvest.

From Mougerville we learn, that the crops are thought to be nearly, if not quite, three weeks behind the growth usual at this season of the year.

POETRY.

TO MEMORY.

Come, Memory, and paint those scenes
I knew when I was young,
When meadows bloom'd and vernal greens
By nature's hand were sung;
I mean those hours that I have known,
Ere light from me withdrew;
When blossoms seem'd just newly blown,
And wet with sparkling dew;
When warblers from each neighb'ring bush
Saluted with their strains,
The sprightly linnæ, lark, and thrush,
And call'd me to the plains.
Yet, ah, forbear, kind Mem'ry cease,
The picture thus to scan!
Let all my feelings rest in peace.
'Tis prudence forms the plan.
For why should I on other days,
With such reflections turn,
Since I'm deprived of vision's rays,
Which sadly makes me mourn?
And when I backward turn my mind,
I feel of sorrows pain,
And weep for joys I've left behind,
On childhood's happy plain.
Yet now through intellectual eyes,
Upon a happier shore,
And circled with eternal skies,
Youth sweetly smiles once more.
Faturity displays the scene,
Religion lends her aid,
And decks with flowers for ever green,
And blooms that never fade.
When will that happy period come,
That I shall quit this sphere,
And find an everlasting home,
With peace and friendship there?
Throughout this chequer'd life, 'tis mine
To feel afflictions rod;
But soon to overstep the line,
That keeps me from my God.

VALUE OF A MOMENT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

At every motion of our breath
Life trembles on the brink of death,—
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.
Moment by moment years are past,
And ours ere long will be our last.
'Twixt that (long fled) which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.
This is that moment,—who shall tell
Whether it leads to heaven or hell:
This is that moment,—as we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose,
Time past and time to come are not;
Time PRESENT is our only lot.
Oh God! henceforth our hearts incline,
To seek no other love than thine.

LOCAL.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Yesterday arrived the Brig Chance, 14 days from St. Thomas'. About 10 o'clock forenoon, whilst passing Grand Manan, the Master, Mr. THOMAS ELLIS, accidentally fell overboard. The vessel which at the time was going 8 knots an hour, was immediately put about, the boat was lowered, the body was recovered from the water, and every means which the persons on board could devise to resuscitate it were applied, but unhappily the vital spark had fled. Mr. Ellis, had for many years been a Ship Master out of this Port, and was deservedly esteemed for his ability and integrity in the line of this profession, and for the general excellence of his character. This dispensation has involved an affectionate family, and a large circle of Friends, in deep affliction, and has called forth the sympathy of all with whom he was

acquainted.—Mr. E. was a native of Liverpool, (England) he was 32 years of age, and has left a wife and three small children.—*City Gazette.*

On the afternoon of Sunday last, at the upper part of the Parish of Sussex, a young man from the Parish of Norton, while in the act of running his horse at full speed, found the horse falter under him, he immediately alighted, and led the horse a few steps, when the animal lay down, and in about five minutes he expired. *Quere, Is running a horse at full speed, a proper employment for the Sabbath day?—lb.*

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.—On Saturday morning, Mr. RANKIN, of the firm of R. RANKIN & Co. of this place, had been on board the Steam Boat St. George, previous to her departure from Indian town, for Fredericton. When coming on shore, just as the boat was starting, he was met on the plank which formed the gangway from the boat to the wharf, by a person wanting to go on board. The motion of the boat moved the plank, which together with the two persons upon it, fell into the water, a distance of some feet. The boat was promptly stopped, and assistance was immediately rendered by her people, and by the people on the wharf, and happily both persons were saved, without having sustained any material injury.—*lb.*

INFANT SCHOOLS.—On the 25th ult. a class of infant Scholars, between two and eight years of age, and who had been only four weeks under instruction,—together with their teachers and parents, waited upon the President of the United States. After some pertinent introductory remarks, by a Rev. Gentleman, and a corresponding reply by the President, the children were occupied about an hour in exhibiting the improvement they had made, during the brief period of their tutelage. The result was highly gratifying to all present.

Infant Schools were first introduced in England—and have excited much interest there, and inasmuch as they furnish a place and manner of safe keeping for the children, especially of the operative classes, during the hours in which the mother is obliged to labour to assist in providing for the family, and also bring the children under early and pleasing discipline, and unite solid improvement with healthful exercise and infantile amusement.—These schools are thought to be an important improvement in the early training and management of children.—*lb.*

From the Quebec Gazette of 2d July.

We are sorry to learn that the outrage on the St. Roch Presbytery, where the thieves besides securing a large booty severely wounded the Rev. Messire Paquet, with a view, it was supposed, to murder, has been followed by the transmission of a letter to that gentleman, of which the following is an extract:—

"I have not been able to kill you, be on your guard, for I am looking for every means to revenge myself, and it will be done before a fortnight, and I will certainly find the means."

"Your sworn enemy,
"27th June 1829."

The audacity which marked the recent thefts, certainly calls for the most rigid punishment. Life and the person have been threatened and violated, and the thieves unite and appear to concert their measures with great coolness. Few persons who have not had the opportunity of knowing it by personal observation, can conceive the alarm which has been created in the country parishes, where cattle and so much other property must be left exposed in a defenceless state, and where, unlike what it is in towns, assistance cannot be readily obtained, and cries of alarm are of no avail, owing to the distance at which neighbours generally live. Indeed each country house ought to be prepared for a defence against the attacks of six or eight bold thieves. It has been found that the greater part of the thieves lately taken had been frequently condemned, even to death, and that several had been only a few days liberated. Against the depredations of such confirmed criminals, execution or transportation for life appears to be the only security.

CANADIAN LIBERALITY.—The Quebec Natural History Society, has offered a silver medal for the best "Essay, descriptive of the Quadrupeds of British North America" which is to be open to all competitors. A silver medal for the best Essay "descriptive of the indigenous plants of Canada," open to the members of the Society residing in the Colonies, only. A silver medal for the best "Essay on any branch of philosophy and science, other than Natural History," open to general competition. The Essays to be sent to A. F. Holmes, Esq. before the 20th day of February next.—*Novascotian.*

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—The Supreme Court of P. E. Island, commenced its sittings on the 30th ult. His Lordship the Chief Justice congratulated the Grand Jury on the total absence of all criminal cases; he observed that it said much for the moral state of the inhabitants of the Island, consisting of a population of 30,000 individuals, that during a space of four months since the last term, not a single crime was committed to call for the interference of this Court; and he expressed an earnest hope that this happy state of the community might long continue.—*No Novscotian.*

Collect for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

GRANT, O Lord, we beseech thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by thy governance, that thy Church may joyfully serve thee in all godly quietness, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen.*

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. B. G. GRAY, Mr. JOHN MURRAY to Miss SOPHIA M'CARTY.

In the Parish of Kingston, (King's County,) on Thursday last, by the Rev. Elias Scott, Mr. THOMAS RAYMOND, Merchant, of this City, to Miss DERRY ANN youngest daughter of the late Thomas Fairweather, Esq., of the former place.

At Norton, (King's County,) on Thursday last, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. DAVID CALDWELL, of Halifax, to Miss MARY SMITH PRICE, of the Parish of Norton.

DIED.

On Saturday evening last, in the 28th year of her age, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Campbell Gibb, of this City.—Turned by Divine Grace, in early life, from "the path of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just," an humble and consistent walk has ever since proved the truth of her change, while an open confession of her Lord deeply tried its sincerity. Kept by the power of GOD in peaceful reliance on the finished salvation of CHRIST JESUS, she passed from a state of pain and weakness, and from a world of many conflicts, to an eternal rest in the world above.—Her funeral will take place this afternoon, at 5 o'clock, from the house of Mr. C. Gibb.

Suddenly at Indian Town, on Friday morning last, Mr. JOHN PETERS SKEFF, second son of Captain James Segee, of Fredericton, in the 25th year of his age.

At Annatto Bay, Jamaica, on the 6th June, Captain JACON HOLLETT, of the brig Aurora, of London, formerly of this port—a man deservedly lamented.

At Cork, on the 21st May, after a few days illness, JAMES LYONS, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Lyons & Co. and late a respectable Merchant of Halifax.

At Windsor, on the 7th instant, in the 62d year of his age, after a most painful illness, W. H. O. HALLIBURTON, Esq. Chief Justice of the Courts of Common Pleas and General Session of the Peace, for the Middle District of Nova Scotia.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Fredericton, Mr. Asa Coy. Woodstock, Mr. Jeremiah Connell. Sheffield, Dr. J. W. Barker. Chatham, (Miramichi,) Mr. Robert Mcrow. Newcastle, (ditto,) Mr. Edward Baker. Bathurst, T. M. Deblois, Esq. Sussex Vale. Mr. George Hayward. Sackville, Rev. Mr. Busby. Moncton, William Wiley, Esq. Shepody, Mr. George Rogers. St. Andrews, Mr. G. Ruggles. St. Stephen's, Geo. S. Hill, Esq. Magaguadavic, Mr. Thomas Gard.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

Halifax, John M'Neil, Esq. Cumberland, Thos. Roach, Esquire. Newport, Rev. R. H. Crano. Bridge Town, Mr. A. Henderson. Graville, Rev. A. Desbrisay. Yarmouth, Mr. John Murray. Barrington, W. Sargent, Esq. Sydney, (Cape Breton) Joseph Noad, Esq. P. M.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Charlotte Town, Mr. John Bowes.

CANADA.

Quebec, John Biguall, Esq. P. M.

TERMS.—The "New-Brunswick Religious and Literary Journal" is published Weekly, by ALEX. M'LEON, at "The City Gazette" Office, at 15 shillings per annum, exclusive of Postage: one half payable in advance, the other half in six months.—All arrearsages must be paid, before any subscription can be discontinued, except at the discretion of the Publisher.

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