

SABBATH READING.

Know'st Thou?

And know'st thou, why thine image glasses
Itself within me evermore,
And in the sea a ship that passes,
Or in a breezeless lake the shore?
And know'st thou why thy voice is waking
Mysterious echoes in my breast,
Like village church bells sweetly breaking
The quiet summer evening's rest?
Before our footsteps wandered hither
In early exile drear and cold,
As angels' bells we played together
On Eden's mother-lap of gold.
Where fruits of bliss in fragrant cluster
Droop large from life's immortal tree,
In that diviner morning lustre
I dwelt long ages since with thee!

Where heaven's endless years are breaking
Like billows on God's central throne;
As He prays the stars are making
A mighty music in their zone.
On those celestial coasts resplendent,
The spirit world beyond the sky,
We roamed amid the light transcendent,
The sister thou, the brother I.

Oh, when thy voice is sweetly breathing
As music-bells at distance long,
Found memory seems around me wreathing
The spells of Eden's angel-song;
And when with shades of sorrow saintly
Thy radiant glances softened are,
It seems as if on me brook faintly
The gleam of many a vanished star.

Then trembles on my lips the story
Of those fair days we knew before—
Of paradise in golden glory,
Eternity's far silver shore.
Methinks, I could but discover
Fit words for what I dimly know,
Once more the loved one and the lover
Might find that Eden here below.

Methinks, I could with speech inspire
The thoughts within my heart so rife,
Thine own would catch a kindred fire,
The long ago would spring to life,
To clasp me while I strove to mutter,
Then would those thoughts be open fang,
Ah! not one accent can I utter,
For I have lost our childhood's tongue.

The Barret Conference.

The Rev. William Pennefather, of Christ's Church, Barret, annually invites Christians of different denominations to come to a Conference for worship, mutual fellowship, and edification. He first thought of doing this in 1833, and after the lapse of some years he was permitted to see it realized. Their motto then, as it is now, was—"Gathering together unto Jesus."

And when they met in 1856 around the table of the Lord from twelve different sections of the Church to feed on Christ by faith, the number of the women sloopers was a hundred and twenty [Acts 1], which seemed, as it were, prophetic of the blessing God was about to bestow.

In 1858 a second Conference took place, and since then they have been held yearly. The Conference held in the end of July last was the seventh.

They were commenced in 1856 in the school-house; but on account of the greatly increased attendance, a large iron-room capable of containing more than a thousand persons was erected in 1860, in which to hold the meetings. This room was quite filled during the three days of the Conference both morning and night. A large proportion of the morning assembly was composed of Christians of the upper rank of society, giving proof of the blessed work of grace that has been going on among the higher classes for some years. Many were from London—Barret being only ten miles distant.

The objects of this Conference, as described by the Rev. Mr. Pennefather in a letter to myself, are these:—

"Let that the members of Christ may have an opportunity of shewing to the world and to the Church their union with Jesus and with one another in love, and in the ties of nature, or of circumstances, or of any ecclesiastical arrangements."

"2d. That the exaltation of Jesus is the only means where the peculiarities and differences of minds are kept in their proper place."

"In a word, communion with the Lord and with His saints has been our great aim in these holy reunions; and God has been pleased at the Conferences to bring very varied materials together and to harmonize them by the glow of His own presence. Husbands and peasants—unlettered and learned men and women—Christians of varied clime, and known by various names—have all met as the children of one Father, as the purchased possession of one Redeemer, and as animated by one divine Comforter. We have all recognized heaven as our home, and our present joys, sorrows, and conflicts, as being mainly the same."

"For many months previous to the last Conference, God had inclined the hearts of His children in different countries to seek for the manifestation of His glory in our midst. Many upon beds of sickness pleaded for the Barret Conference, and I feel that the blessing wherewith the Lord blessed us was in answer to prayer—which he himself indited, and which ascended from many hearts. No power but the Lord's could have blended into harmony such heterogeneous materials as composed the Conference. Truly He stood between us, and spoke peace to His waiting people."

"A full and admirably prepared report of the proceedings has already been given by others, and we need not give it here; but over every one to attempt it, how could we give an adequate idea of that which formed the very essence of blessedness of the Conference—The presence and power of the Holy Ghost? All this brethren who were present will bear me out in affirming that that which made the Barret Conference the source of blessing which it was to hundreds of the Lord's children is unrepeatable! We might tell how happily and profitably the meetings were conducted by the much-beloved Mr. Pennefather—How they were commenced by silent prayer, which was very impressive—how many petitions were read and presented—how several brethren joined in prayer, and two or three of the brethren delivered addresses on Scriptural topics, and how heavenly was the singing of the gospel hymns; but the flood of spiritual blessing imparted to individual souls by the Holy Ghost during those services, who could estimate? However, as one who had the high privilege of blessing which it was to some of blessing, I think it may be made useful to my dear readers if I tell them a

MISCELLANEOUS.

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So she brushed the ashes from the hearth, drew the coals together, threw on them a handful of the carefully saved fuel, and fanned the faint flame till it flashed high in the chimney. Then she looked about the room to see if aught could be amended; but the few articles it held were as in their wonted places, and she was fain to sit and gaze at the fire, and then a solemn hush. But he never offered to cross the threshold.

"I dare not," he would say, when asked to ride or walk, "there is danger in the street, and this calm is so very sweet. If it could only last!" And then he would sigh and sometimes weep and sob like a child.

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"Of course, after such a programme, said his wife, and you may depend upon my going up and down with you to perform my duty as a wife."

"In an hour's time," he replied, "I will send a carriage for you, and meet you myself at the door of the Hall. Be sure that you are ready in good time, for there will be a tremendous crowd."

"I will be in time; trust me for that," said the lady, and she hastened to her evening toilet to the little ones; but that was her astonishment, when she returned to the parlor all boistered and cloaked, to find their stranger guest awaiting her.

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"Of course, after such a programme, said his wife, and you may depend upon my going up and down with you to perform my duty as a wife."

"In an hour's time," he replied, "I will send a carriage for you, and meet you myself at the door of the Hall. Be sure that you are ready in good time, for there will be a tremendous crowd."

"I will be in time; trust me for that," said the lady, and she hastened to her evening toilet to the little ones; but that was her astonishment, when she returned to the parlor all boistered and cloaked, to find their stranger guest awaiting her.

"I cannot surely be tempted here," said he in a low, sad voice, "but if you will let me to this room, I will perform my duty as a husband."

It may be that I shall there complete the errand here commended."

Gladly did the lady acquiesce in the request, and they were soon at the door of the thronged Hall. Not her husband, but an intimate friend of his, joined them there and led them to the reserved seats near the platform. There had been stirring music by the band, fervent prayers by the ministers, and thrilling speeches by orators from distant parts of the country, and the hearts of that vast multitude were aroused, as had never been before, to the dangers of drink, and the necessity of reform in their lives. Then, while yet the music swelled in their ears, the President announced "A Voice from Our Home." There was a breathless silence for a moment, and then loud acclamations greeted the "good Samaritan" of our sketch, as he bowed to the waiting throng. It had seemed to them as the best speaker pushed his voice, that the theme, "A Voice from Our Home," was quite exhausted; but so unimpassioned was the eloquence that now mastered it, that they hung upon every word, as if he had spoken of something fresh from heaven. He did not take the mass of drunkards or debauchers, but of them all, who were as yet in the audience seemed as if gazing on dissolving views rather than listening to chosen words; and so wrought up were they that when he pictured that horrible scene in the tragedy of drink, where the husband levels the floor the wife who once slept so sweetly upon his bosom, who is the mother of his children, they seemed to hear the gentle and wronged one fall, and sobs and sighs broke forth from the assembly. The speaker paused till they were quiet—wiping, meanwhile, the tears from his own cheeks.

"Do you ask me," said he, when he again resumed his theme, "do you ask why I stand here to-night and speak these things, why I'm not only speaking but feeling them? Look at this, I said, lifting the glossy hair from his left temple, "do you see that scar on my forehead?"

In the brilliant gas light it was perfectly visible to many a watching eye; it was ghastly, frightful looking scar, marring the beauty of a brow that might otherwise have been a painter's model.

Slowly and solemnly did the speaker utter each word, then, as a shuddering hush—
"I have slowly, more solemnly, did he speak, "He seized a knife, yes, and the one tool his gentle wife had, with her own hands, laid beside his plate for him to carve the

Minutes of Ramsay Council.

Ramsay, 16th Oct. 1863.
The Council met this day in the Town Hall, pursuant to Public Notice. Council all present, the Reeve in the chair.
Minutes of last meeting read, approved and signed of the whole—Carried.
Communications received and read.
A letter from the County Treasurer, and one from the Clerk of the Peace.
James Wallace presented his accounts, as Inspector of Houses of Public Entertainment. Mr. Dickson presented the petition of Thos. Goulter.
Mr. Marshall presented the petition of John Kemp and others.
A petition was laid on the table, signed "Michael McDermott." Ordered to be thrown upon the table.
Moved by Mr. Marshall seconded by Mr. Moffat, that the Council resolve itself into a Committee of the whole—Carried. The Council in Committee, the Reeve in the Chair, to whom was referred the petitions this day read in Council.
The petition of Thos. Coulter, your Committee recommended that no action be taken in the matter.
The petition of John Kemp and others, your Committee recommended that the Council, when in Almonte, examine the place complained of.
William Gleeson, pathmaster, presented the dangerous state of the Bridge, near Slatery's, 8th line,—that he be allowed \$5.24 for plank.
William Houston was heard respecting the Bridge on Cross Road No. 5 & 6, 7th con.—that he be allowed \$8.64 for plank.
John Delaney presented the Ottawa Road as being in a bad state of repair. Mr. Moffat to examine and report.
James Clark was heard respecting Cattle impounded. Fine to be remitted.
Robert Wilson was heard, respecting the draining of his land in Almonte. Your Committee cannot recommend that anything be done in the matter.
The Council resumed.
Moved by Mr. Dickson, seconded by Mr. McLean, that the report of the Committee as minutes be adopted.—Carried.
Council adjourned till the last Friday in November.
DAVID CAMPBELL,
Town Clerk.

The New York Herald and the Peace Movement.

The New York Herald gives place to the following significant views:
If there was anything in the councils at Washington that could be dignified with the designation of even third or fourth rate statesmanship, it would at once occasion a pause in the hostilities prosecuted against the South, propose terms of peace, and thus make the most of a virtue that is speedily becoming a necessity.
An egregious President would not hesitate a moment in employing all the means at his disposal to forestall the European alliance while it is yet unperfected, by proposing terms to Jefferson Davis that he would not temperately accept. He would put an end to the existing belligerence, while he yet may do so without disgraceful humiliation. He would acknowledge her independence in the sense in which it will be acknowledged by the alliance. He would say in the truthful consciousness of his heart—"Come, come, my old confederate, I have employed such forces by land and by water, and such other means as no belligerent ever employed before, and never will perhaps employ again, to coerce you back again into the union. You have resisted them with a constancy, a resolution and a dauntlessness which no belligerent ever displayed before, nor perhaps ever will display again, and such other hands and be friends henceforth and forever. There is room enough for us both in this hemisphere. Let us be sister republics, in fact and in truth, and enter upon the high career of working out for the benefit of our common people, and all future ages, the problem of man's capacity for peace, and such other government—each emulating the other in its benign progress for the attainment of this ennobling end."

A MAN SAVED FROM THE GALLOWES BY MARRIAGE—The case of Patrick Nagle, an Irishman, charged with rape, was called on. The girl, a very interesting person, came into court. Much interest was excited and a great number of persons were present to hear the trial. The man, a rather good-looking fellow, seemed to be deeply in fear by the dangers that surrounded him. Mr. James O'Reilly, of Kingston, appeared for the defence; Sir Henry Smith for the Crown. When the case was called, Mr. O'Reilly challenged the array of jurors, evidently for the purpose of throwing the case over until the next Assizes, he having stated previously that the man was desirous of marrying the girl, and no doubt would be able to do so, she being willing. In that case the Crown would have no evidence against him, as a wife cannot appear as evidence against her husband. Mr. O'Reilly's challenge was allowed, and the trial of the case was adjourned until next court, on the ground that the jury were only summoned from the city of Ottawa and the township of Gloucester, and should have been taken from the whole county and not from any particular locality. It was suggested by the learned Counsel for the defence that the prisoner was willing to marry the girl, and he made an application to admit him to bail. The Judge stated that if the girl would consent to marry him, and he could be secured of the security of the man, he would grant the application. Upon Mr. O'Reilly giving the necessary assurance to the Court, bail was taken, and the man and girl left the court to go before a clergyman to have the solemnities of matrimony performed. The counsel was present, and thus by his ingenuity saved his client, for, no doubt, if the prisoner had been tried, he would have been found guilty. Thus a man was saved from the gallows, and got a wife into the bargain!—(Ottawa Citizen.)

Gold Found Near Home.

From a letter which we reprint from the Belleville Intelligencer, it will be noticed that a returned Californian miner has discovered both gold and silver—these precious metals which have excited the adventurous spirits of our distant regions, the prospect of our very door, so to speak. The Chaudiere and the Gilbert have no longer the monopoly of being the only goldfields in Canada. Upper Canada may now boast of its auriferous deposits, and if gold do turn out to be somewhat limited in its distribution, as perhaps it will, the probabilities are that the argentiferous ore is more plentifully supplied. Of course we base these remarks on the letter of Mr. Atkins, the miner; but there are reasons for supposing that his narrative is well founded. The country where the alleged discoveries have been made is known to be a rich mining region. Moreover, we know that the traditions have come down from the Indians in this neighborhood being at first plentifully supplied with rude silver trinkets and pieces of the bright metal, though all attempts to induce the Indians to tell where the silver was to be found ended in failure. The white man, bringing science to his aid, will finally imitate the close observation of the Indian, the hidden treasures of the mine will soon be his; for the secrecy and cunning of the red man are of no avail against the progress of white settlement, exploration, and discovery. The public curiosity will naturally be excited to hear more of these discoveries. And we may be sure the public will not have long to wait. The locality is within easy reach, and the gold-thirsty of the surrounding townships may soon settle the matter for themselves. Unlike, as in British Columbia and other distant regions, the prospect in the County of Hastings will be within reach of piousness and cheap provisions, one of the main advantages of the Nova Scotia and Chaudiere diggings. Water power and fuel for steam engines may be had in abundance, and quartz crushing and scientific mining may be carried on with every advantage. Should these discoveries turn out to be as favorable as the published indications would lead one to suspect, one can hardly be too sanguine as to the important future which the mineral wealth of Hastings County will achieve for the County. The iron and copper are quite enough to make the locality rich and famous; but the silver and the gold will do wonders for the enterprising and industrious inhabitants. Altogether, the Hastings people are congratulated on their possession, and if their County is about to become a second California, teaming with the wealth of gold and silver, why may not we and other Kingstonsians soon be there to share.—News.

Paris, Oct. 5.

Here, as brief as possible, is the account which you ask me to make. Yesterday evening, at nine o'clock, the "Giant" was compelled to descend near the Gare d'Orléans, after three violent shocks, the last of which tumbled the train on its side. The rupture of our safety rope while travelling by night forced us to throw out our anchors. One of the prongs of the

A LECTURE
By Rev. W. AITKEN.

(Continued.)

The planets, primary and secondary, connected with our system, numerous as they are, especially since the smaller planets have been so largely augmented, are yet greatly outstripped in number by the Comets, of which several hundred have been observed, and which, on adequate grounds of probability, are computed to amount to many hundreds or thousands more. Of those which have been made the subject of scientific consideration, some, as was formerly mentioned, in their furthest flight from the Sun, keep still within the outermost planetary orbit, and are hence named interior Comets; some, again, moving in hyperbolic curves come to us we know not whence, and depart we know not whither—being, perhaps, as Humboldt has suggested, "Merely sojourners through our Solar system, moving from one Sun to another." (Comet iv, 199.) There are others which, though describing vast orbits of extreme ellipticity, may, nevertheless, in obedience to the power of Solar attraction, be expected back from their longest excursions into the ethereal realm; their visits, however being attended with few and far between. The older times Comets were regarded with a superstitious dread—their appearance "with fear of change perplexing monarchs," and being, in general estimation, ominous of terrible disaster, the forerunner of pestilence and war. In our own time, they have inspired alarm of another sort, but scarcely less visionary, than in their irregular career, sweeping in all directions through space, one or other of them should come into collision with the earth. Such a collision is, no doubt, within the limits of possibility, and in the instance of the Comet called after the Astronomer Bells, as Sir John Herschel has remarked, "Supposing neither its orbit, nor that of the earth to be variable, must, in all likelihood, happen in the lapse of some millions of years." This comet's orbit, "by a remarkable coincidence, very nearly intersecting that of the earth, had the latter, at the time of its passage in 1832, been in the same position as its actual place, it would have passed through the Comet." (Outlines, Ast. 573, 585.) Whether, if a collision had taken place, it would have been followed by the disasters foreboded from such a catastrophe, may, notwithstanding, be reasonably questioned. One Comet which approached the earth to within six or seven times the distance of the Moon, afterwards got astray in the miniature system of Jupiter, but without producing the slightest sensible disturbance of the motions of that planet's satellites. The most substantial clouds, according to the eminent Astronomer just cited, "which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere, and seem at sunset to be drenched in light, and to glow throughout their whole depth as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a Comet." "Newton," it is subjoined in a note, "has calculated that a globe of air of ordinary density at the earth's surface, of one inch in diameter, if reduced to the density due to the altitude above the surface of one radius of the earth, would occupy a spherical space in radius the orbit of Saturn. The tail of great Comet then, for aught we can tell, may consist of only a few pounds or even ounces of matter." (Outlines, Ast. 558, 560, note.)

It may be enough to convey an idea of the enormous bulk of the largest Comets to mention that of 1680, at its greatest size, had a length much exceeding the whole interval between the Sun and the Earth—amounting, in fact, to forty-one millions of leagues. This Comet is supposed, though on uncertain data, to accomplish its revolution in a period of eight thousand eight hundred years; and its greatest distance from the Sun is computed to be twenty-eight or twenty-nine times further from him than Neptune. When we add that the nearest fixed Star—that, at any rate, which by the greatness of its parallax would seem to be nearest—a certain Star in the constellation of the Centaur—in two hundred and seventy times more distant still, it may tend to give us some faint notion of the immensity of a domain, the first step towards whose confines from our system, is over an interval which, with arbitrary signs, indeed, may denote, but which fittingly baffles our capacity of definite conception.

Besides the celestial bodies to which hitherto we have chiefly been adverting—those, namely, belonging to the Solar System, the Heavens contain an incalculable multitude comprehended under the general classification of Stars, and commonly on account of their greatest apparent permanence, distinguished as fixed Stars. And the spectacle which the nocturnal sky, sparkling with those living fires, offers to the eye—irrespective of scientific considerations—is one of those ineffable sublimity few are wholly insensible. A late illustrious poet (Byron), in language characterized by his usual energy and beauty, has embodied the impression which the contemplation of the starry host is adapted to produce on the poetic temperament—

"Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without regret,
Nor wished for wings to soar away,
And mix with their eternal rays"—*Stanzas of Dunsinane.*

In an earlier age the sentiment thus expressed assumed the form of a "vain idolatry" in the Zonian worship. Another perversion of it has been witnessed in the mystical theories and vile impostures of Astrology. The proper effect is realized when the thoughts are raised in sacred homage to Him by whom "the Stars were ordained," "who bringeth forth their hosts by number, who calleth them all by their names," and who "hath set his glory above the heavens."

In a clear night, two or three thousand of the Stars, but an extremely small number, are visible to the naked eye, under the telescope, they swell into numbers defying computation, and apparently limited only by the penetrating and defining power of the instrument employed. In their examination, their distance, as is proved by the scarcely appreciable smallness of their parallax, is by the entire absence of any parallax susceptible of measurement by the most delicate process of investigation, is immense. Our distance from the Sun is above ninety millions of miles; but the distance from the Sun, of what is believed to be the vast remote of the Stars, exceeds the former distance more than two hundred thousand times. Their visibility at such unimaginable distances implies both their transcendent magnitude, and their surpassing splendour. The Stars are, in truth, Sun, shining, not like the planets, by reflection—but by their own intrinsic brightness. The analogies of our own system would, accordingly, lead us to conceive of these centres of attraction and sources of Solar influence, as planetary spheres revolving around them; and this conception is sustained in the case of some of them; by a variable brilliancy, most readily explicable, at least in certain instances, as the suspension of a dark body, such as that of a planet interposing occasionally between them and us, and so causing a partial obscuration of their effulgence.

In the irregular distribution of the Stars over the heavens at unequal distances from our system, many of them no doubt appear

to be in close juxtaposition without any particular connection being implied; the seeming connection is merely optical. But in other instances it is different; and combinations of Stars are found revolving about one another, or about their common centre of gravity, conformably to the same grand law which regulates the movements of the planets about the Sun. Thus we have the sublime phenomenon of revolving Suns; and assuming these Suns to have respectively planetary accompaniments, the results must obviously be systems at once, the most magnificent and the most complex.

When one body revolves about another under the influence of their mutual attraction, the period of their revolution being ascertained, furnishes means for determining both their distance from one another and the sum of their mass. In this way the distances of certain Stars from certain other Stars has been calculated, together with their united mass. And thus, for example, two Stars, apparently in closest conjunction, are found with a combined mass not very different from that of our Sun, to be separated by an interval much wider than that which intervenes between the Sun and the furthest removed of the planets, the dimly distant Neptune—than an interval, that is, of about three thousand millions of miles.

When the telescope is directed to certain fixed stars, it is as if we were looking into many portions of the Milky Way—Star or Star is observed as far as the power of the instrument extends, and the view at length terminates in a different brightness, proceeding from crowded myriads of Stars which the telescope fails to resolve. But in other directions where the Stars are less densely packed, the telescope penetrates into the boundless regions of space beyond; and there, relieved against the dark background of the sky discovers firmaments, as they have been termed, starry clusters—comprising numbers of single Stars, which, in their position, form, among which the globular structures are the most frequent, and in particular instances, dependant for their stability on the operation of dynamical laws, whose character is involved in profoundest mystery. Such starry clusters, as observed in our sky, and such conditions as have been described or otherwise, are many in number; and some of them are so remote—for there can be no doubt of their belonging to this classification, though hitherto unresolved into distinct Stars, as to be visible only to the most powerful telescope, and even in them, but a faint and feeble gleam. Our Sun and the Stars more immediately surrounding it, are believed to constitute a cluster of the class now under consideration. Among those which occupy the profounder depths of space, in more than one instance such relations obtain as would seem to be taken from a real connection, and the probable evolution of one around another. There is no doubt but the Sun and our system as a whole are advancing towards a certain quarter of the heavens, whether this movement is to be ascribed to the internal arrangements of the cluster in which they are comprised, or is attributable to a common revolution of the entire cluster around some invisible and unknown centre. "Nothing more magnificent," it has with reason been observed, "can be presented to our consideration than such combinations. Their stupendous scale, the multitude of individuals they involve, the perfect symmetry and regularity which many of them present, the utter disregard of complication in thus heaping together system upon system, and construction upon construction, leave us in wonder and admiration at the evidence they afford of infinite power and of rational design." (Outlines, Ast. 875.)

In contemplating the vast universal system of which so imperfect an outline has been presented, the inquiry naturally arises—When did this system so amazingly originate? What is the date of its wonderful birth? To this inquiry of course it is impossible to return a precise answer; it is all but inevitable, of a certain general solution. The fact that objects placed at such immense distances from us, as are many of the stars and starry firmaments, are notwithstanding, visible to us—this fact is in itself a sign of a lengthened period having elapsed since they first began to shed their effulgence in the illimitable realms of space. The velocity of light as deduced from observation of the Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites from different points of the Earth's orbit, and confirmed by other observations, is such that it moves at the rate of about one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second. The velocity of movement, which, even for considerable distances, may be regarded as virtually instantaneous, is far indeed from being so when such distances, as separate us from the Stars are to be traversed. It is certain that thousands of years—to venture no greater definiteness—must have been spent in the passing of light from some of the immeasurable remote regions of the universe, which by its transit it has revealed to us. So long therefore, must be the duration of the celestial fires have been kindled. And since luminous objects are discovered by us, such as they appeared at the instant of their emitting the radiance which perhaps long subsequently, reaches the eye—we therefore behold those starry spheres, and mighty aggregations of spheres, not, in truth, they are not, but under the aspect which they exhibited years, or thousands of years ago, and for years—thousands of years—might they have suffered annihilation, and all their splendid garniture have been swept from the heavens, before we could perceive that their glory had been extinguished, or had begun even to wax dim.

Geological Science, by its investigation of the structure of our globe, not only confirms such conclusions in reference to the antiquity of the universe as has just been derived from another—yet kindred—source, but greatly extends them. To adopt the language of a Roman Catholic divine, second to none in profound learning to none—Geology may be called the science of nature's antiquities. Fresh and young as this power may look to us, and ever vigorous in all her operations,—free from all symptoms of decay as her beauty and energy may appear,—truth, they are not, but under her early days of rude contention and arduous struggles, and then her epochs of calmer subsidence, and gentle rule. And the legends of all these she hath written upon monuments innumerable scattered over the boundless tract of her supreme domain, in characters which the skill of man hath learned to decipher. She has her pyramids in those mountain cones of disputed formation, which raise in every contour—her mighty aqueducts in the majestic rivers which beddle, as it were, large territories—her stupendous edifices in the stupendous flowing in the peaceful streams of the reservoirs in the vast deep—her landmarks and local monuments to note the times and places of her victories over art, or of her defeats by a stronger energy than her own—her canons and sculptured groups, in the inscriptions, upon the tablets of inscriptions or plants—and we have but even now discovered her cemetaries or columbaria in those curious caverns, wherein the bones of early generations lie inured, yet embalmed by her preserving hand, with evidences and proofs of when they lived, and how they died. And over beyond these times, we go back to her cyclopean monuments, her fabulous ages of

when the huge *Saurians* and *Megatheria* disported in giant proportions over sea and land, and hid to our astonishment, all that a night-mare fancy might have dreamed of their shapes, recorded in sure representations upon unerring monuments." (Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the connection between Science and Revealed Religion, 4th Ed., vol. 1, p. 263-4.) In the phenomena of stratification and fossiliferous deposits, the Science thus eloquently described brings us into contact with facts which are insusceptible of rational explanation without supposing the agency of the natural cause therein involved to have been in operation through myriads of years. Abstaining from minuteness of detail on a subject which, in justice, would require very lengthened treatment, it may justly be noticed, that the great depth to which the fossiliferous strata descend—a depth in Europe, for example, of not less than eight or ten miles—the extremely slow state of their formation—a few inches in thickness, except in extraordinary cases being the work of a century—ordinary cases being of a geological character and organic remains—their successive elevations and the like—all unite in pointing to periods of time compared with which that of man's occupation of the globe dwindles into insignificance; and during which by the marvellous process of change by which the world has been the theatre of its gradual progress, the changes of its climate, its vegetation, its animals, and its human inhabitants, have proceeded to the extent of a new world.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the conclusions of Geology respecting the age of our globe—as Analogy warrants their extension—to the countless myriads of Globes with which Astronomy conversant, we shall have for the universe, and in the contemplation of which its all but infinite vastness. It would plainly serve to exalt our conceptions of the grandeur of that universe generally, if we might suppose all the multitudinous orbs which compose the wondrous whole, to be represented, the work of a century—when we dwell on this however, is, in reality, in great measure, a region of uncertain speculation; and one in which the certain is not likely to be rewarded by the discovery of much in the shape of positive truth. It would, of course, be the height of presumption to attempt to determine the precise date of the origin of the world, for the benefit, that is, of a world from which, except by artificial aid, only an inconsiderable amount of them can be beheld. And the analogies of nature, so far as our acquaintance with it yet goes, would lead us to believe that, in common with this world in which, in the boom of immensity, we have found a home, they are the seats of life and intelligence, under infinitely varied conditions; or if not already so tenanted, are, at least, in the geological period of the earth's history, passing through the long continued processes of change by which they shall ultimately be prepared for such habitation. This is indeed, nearly the amount of all that can be advanced on a matter, our information regarding which, even if it were greater than it really is, would constitute at most, but a basis for probable conjecture.

A great point of contact, and of astronomical aid, is attributable to a common pronouncement of a faculty of kind. But the indowment of the Astronomer has this special prerogative that it is maintained directly in the face of proofs the most overwhelming of the Being of God and His glorious attributes. And it must be confessed, in whatever way the fact ought to be accounted for, that the most successful cultivators of the Science of nature have only too often indicated—along with an admirable ability, and ready promptitude, to recognize all that nature teaches on other subjects—their incapacity to apprehend, or reluctance to entertain, what the teachings when contemplated in her noblest aspect, namely, as a manifestation of God—the aspect in which alone her proper Utility stands revealed. In this connection, I may be permitted to testify to the feelings of the most feeling of painful disappointment experienced, on discovering in the perusal of "Customs" [one of the few books adapted to give a new and enlarged idea of the capacity of the human intellect,] that the illustrious author would refer us, for the origin of the Cosmos, to the hand of God, "excellent in Council and wonderful in working," but to an unintelligible form of speech in the shape of a "primordial necessity." With such a result of philosophical inquiry, prosecuted through a long life by a man of the loftiest order—before us we may well exclaim with another of the poets—

"Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim?
Lights of the world and demigods of fame?
O Starry Heaven! hast thou so dared
To boast to us the things thou dost not deem?
For what is left us of immortal hope, if like him who—"
"Denied
Divinely the Divine, and died
Chiefest of men—Ethereal—"

We must look through the "great broad Universe," and behold no God. But that there is a God, "all nature cries aloud through all her works; and if a God there is, that God how great!"—how great in goodness as in wisdom, and in power and in all perfection. I am well aware that some of the views which have been presented in the course of the foregoing observations—I allude particularly to what has been advanced with reference to the age of the world—have been thought in conflict with the testimony of Revelation. Such a conflict, however, indeed, believed to exist, so generally as once was; and it may be presumed, that among intelligent and well-informed persons there will not long continue to be much difference of opinion on this point. Between the truths of Revelation, and the facts of Science, there can, in our view, be no real contradiction. But interpretations, alike of the Book of Revelation and the Book of Nature may be erroneous, and so exhibit discordant results; and there can be no greater service to the interests of Revelation than by necessary persisting in interpretations which place it in opposition to well established scientific facts—hopeless as such persistence must ever be in the end. The grand epochal announcement of the Sacred Volume leaves the question of the age of the Material Universe undetermined, while, however, distinctly intimating that it had a commencement—that it is a Creation. And here it is in entire harmony with the teachings of Nature, contemplated in the light of true Science. The Universe whatever its antiquity is not Eternal. The existing worlds and systems of worlds, of which Astronomy takes cognizance, and the only less imposing phenomena comprehended in the domain of Geology, occur in pointing to a beginning—however far remote in the obscurity of past ages, and in testifying to the intervention of a Supreme Creator. However we meet with organization and relative adjustment, there must be most proofs of intelligence and design, implying the designer in whom the intelligence resides. And the study of the science of nature is conducted in a wrong spirit, and not made subservient to its noblest uses, if it fail to draw the mind upward, in solemn reverence, and sacred awe, to that God who is the author of Nature—who has everywhere impressed it with evidences of the ineffable Wisdom, and Power, and Benevolence, which are His glorious attributes; and who in the incalculable ages and vast realms through which he has extended and perpetuated His Sovereign Working, may be conceived, in so

far as that was possible, to have symbolized the eternity of the Being and the immensity of His essence.

I conclude this imperfect sketch of a great subject, by a quotation from the most eminent Roman Catholic dignitary and scholar, whose eloquent language has already been adduced—"There is no way," he remarks, "in which they all (the Natural Sciences) can be made subservient to the interests of religion; by viewing them as the appointed channels by which a true perception and estimate of the Divine perfections are meant to pass in to the understanding; as the glass wherein the embodied forms of every great and beautiful attribute of the Supreme Being may best be contemplated; and as the impression upon the mind of the great deal of Christian wisdom have been engraven by an Almighty hand, mystical characters of deepest wisdom, Omnipotent spells of prophetic power, and emblems most expressive of an all-embracing, all-preserving love. And even as the engraver, when he hath set some way into his gem, doth make proof thereof upon the tender wax; and if he find not the image perfect, is not thereby disheartened, so long as it presents each time a progressive approach to its intended end; but returns again and again unto his peaceful task; so we, if we find, not that at once, we bear upon our minds the clear and deep impress of this glorious signet, must not we fear to proceed with our labours, but go on, ever striving to approach nearer and nearer the attainment of a perfect representation." [Lectures on the connection between Science and Revealed Religion, vol. 1, p. 353-4.]

*This and other quotations have been added to the Lecture was originally delivered.

Rector Campbell and the Rev. H. Ward Beecher.

The rector has sent the following letter to the Secretary of the Emancipation Society:—

Cornwall, Oct. 10, 1863.

Sir—In reply to your letter requesting me to inform my congregation that Mr. H. Ward Beecher "will deliver a lecture in the Philharmonic Hall on the American war and emancipation," I beg to inform you that I decline to invite my congregation to attend a lecture on that species of "emancipation" which Lord Brougham, in my opinion, justly calls "a hollow pretext, designed to produce a slave insurrection."

I return you the platform ticket you have sent me, not intending to attend the lecture, being of opinion that persons professing to be the ministers of a merciful God, "the author of peace and love of concord" might be better employed than in advocating a fratricidal war accompanied by atrocities which, as Lord Brougham says again, "Christian times have seen nothing to equal, and at which the whole world stands aghast almost to incredulity."

Your obedient servant,
AUGUSTUS CAMPBELL,
Rector of Liverpool.

Mr. Robert Trimble.

The Herald.

CARLETON PLACE.
Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1863.

A variety of causes have contributed largely to the idea that Canada was to receive a large influx of emigration during the past season. The anticipations, however, have not been fully borne out by the published reports. At the commencement of the present season circumstances appeared remarkably favorable for a larger proportion of emigrants from the old world, than to settle in this province. As the "Globe" says—in addition to the causes at work in ordinary years, which are constantly sending us a portion of the surplus population of the old world, the terrible disaster which had befallen the cotton trade, in consequence of the American war, had swelled the emigrating class far more than the usual proportions. An immense number of factory operatives had been thrown out of employment, and if they stayed at home, they had no prospect before them but pauperism, if not absolute starvation, for themselves. There could be little doubt that very many of this class would seek to emigrate, and that, if they had not enough savings of their own left, to carry them to some more fortunate land where honest industry would be certain to find remunerative employment, assistance from the benevolent, through the channel of relief committees, or other associations, to enable them thus to make their escape from poverty and destitution, would not be wanting. And to what country could they more advantageously emigrate than to Canada? We have here a healthy climate equal to any in the world, and a fertile soil capable of yielding to steady labour a comfortable subsistence for millions more than our present population. We have the advantage also of comparative nearness to Europe, the cost of a few days' sail from Liverpool or Glasgow to Quebec being but trifling when compared with the expense and tediousness of the long voyage to the distant fields of emigration in other British colonies. And this year, moreover, it was supposed that, the United States being rent and torn by the convulsions of civil war, a much larger proportion than usual of the emigration across the Atlantic would be directed to the peaceful shores of Canada—and that Quebec, rather than New York, would be the chief landing place for the crowds who would be coming to seek new homes and better fortunes in America.

The expectations have not been realized. The emigration from England, as was anticipated, has been very much larger than usual, but the proportion coming to Canada has been very little in excess of the average number of arrivals in past years. And of those who have arrived in Canada, a large number have merely made it the route by which they passed to the United States. It will probably be found, when the returns are made for the whole season, that the actual accession to our population by immigration during the present year, that is, the number of emigrants who have not only arrived in Canada but stayed here, will not exceed 15,000 or at the most 20,000, and in this estimate we include those coming via the Suspension Bridge, having made New York

their landing-place, as well as those who have landed at Quebec.

The number of emigrants who left Liverpool during the quarter ending 30th September last, exceeded by 16,517 persons the number during the corresponding quarter of 1862. But of the large excess this year from England, Canada has received comparatively a small share. For this more than one cause may be assigned. One is the continued insufficiency of the machinery provided for making thoroughly understood in the old world the inducements we have to offer to emigrants. And, undoubtedly, another cause which has checked emigration to Canada very materially, is to be found in the alarmist cry, representing us to be in imminent peril of invasion from the United States, which certain parties in England, and certain parties in this country, have thought proper to raise.

The Emigration Committee presented a report last session in which they urged upon the attention of the Government and the Legislature various practical suggestions, with a view to improving the efficiency of our emigration system, which had been offered by previous committees, but have never yet been carried out. In the first place they renewed the suggestion for the establishment of a permanent agency in England, and as an evidence of the beneficial results that might flow from such an agency, they point to the fact that Mr. Buchanan, the Chief Superintendent of Emigration, during the two months he was in England last spring, received no fewer than 1,128 letters from persons desirous to emigrate to this country. Secondly the committee recommended an agency during the season at New York. They state that up to the end of August during the present season, they arrived at Hamilton, via the Suspension Bridge from New York, 12,633 emigrants, or only 3,392 less than had arrived at the same date at Quebec. The committee consider that the two main causes for so many preferring the New York to the St. Lawrence route are the much lower rates of passage, and the greater number of Trans-Atlantic steamship lines having their terminals at New York; and as it is probable that these causes may continue in operation for some time to come, the committee strongly urge the appointment before the opening of another year's immigration, of a competent active person to reside at New York, giving gratuitous directions to all comers whose ultimate destination is Canada. Thirdly, the committee recommended the completion of the arrangements for a proper enclosed landing place at Quebec, where emigrants on arriving would be protected against being led astray and cheated by runners and others interested in misleading them, and would receive correct information as to the means of reaching the destination whither they wished to go.

Fourthly, they recommend restricting the agencies within the Province, and reorganizing the duties of each agency. All these are suggestions well worthy of the consideration of the Government. We have no doubt the whole question will engage a due share of their attention, and we trust that the opening of next season will witness in operation a better organized system for attracting emigration to our shores and for protecting the emigrants when they arrive with land or work, than any which has heretofore been in existence.

A certain Tory paper, published in this country, has been trying for a long time past, to obtain a notice from the *Carleton Place Herald*. To secure this gratification, it has, time and again, resorted to misrepresentation, and even vilification, of the editor of this sheet. After all his pushing and shoving to get into notice we shall not deign to mention his name or that of the paper he publishes. We will only say that he was a stout apologist for the old corrupt coalition—a thick and thin supporter of all their misdeeds and their misgovernment, and is now going it strong for Morris and the present opposition—in fact, for Cartier Macdonald and Galt.

We appeal to the readers of the *Herald* and to every reader of any newspaper of respectability, in the country, if they were tired of the government of the party to which we have alluded; and if they were not anxious to make some change which, they supposed, might be for the better. It was agreed on all hands, at that time,—that no change could be for the worse; and we appeal to the same parties again, and ask them are they satisfied with the one-sided course which the member for South Lanark has pursued since his election, as representative in Parliament, of the intelligent electors of South Lanark. If they are satisfied, we are not; and a contemptible sheet, whose name we soon to mention—a perfect liekipsite of Mr. Morris's,—has the impudence to drag our name weekly before the public. Fortunately, for us, we disregard his attacks; and of we feel that we have just as good a right to give our opinion of the course pursued by the member for South Lanark—and to condemn his "factions" and partisan opposition to the Reform government, as any supporter and admirer of the old corrupt Coalition has to denounce the "independent member" who has a sympathetic smile which should meet the contempt of every thinking man in the country.

We write as we feel, and we say we don't want our name dragged, every week, into second-rate party prints, for no other cause than that of expressing our honest opinions. We have as good a right to our opinions as other people have, and we shall continue to express them as fearlessly as we have ever done—hurling editors—party combinations

—and party conspiracies—to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We need not hide the fact—that we often feel amused at the attempts which some of our enemies make to try and get up a quarrel, and, if possible, induce us to bring them into notice. Such petty ebullitions of spleen are, probably, excited by self-conceited ignorance of our true position, or envy of our success. But, in either case, we can assure them, the thing will not work. We do not write with a view of pleasing everybody; and hence, we are not at all surprised to find, that the opinions of other men sometimes differ from our own. And if they feel disposed to abuse and misrepresent their neighbors, that is no reason why we should do the same. If we sometimes allow hostile breezes to blow past, beneath us, without interruption, it is because we are not fond of squabbling. We believe in Reform and Progress in every department of life—political, social, moral and religious. And so intent are we in obtaining our object and in making the *Herald* a welcome visitor in every house in the country that we have not time to stop to quarrel with every petulant hireling, whose opinions may differ from ours.

We have now, credibly maintained a political existence of fourteen years, and we may add, that ever since we have been in the habit of reading newspapers, we have noticed, on the part of some members of the press—both political and religious—a disposition to garble the language, pervert the sense, mistake the position or misrepresent the doctrine of an opponent. This, we respectfully submit, to an intelligent public, is not exactly honest. Nor does the practice, in the long run, advantage the party resorting to it. It can never advance the cause of truth, whilst it usually leads to endless contention, bickering, crimination, and retaliation. Honesty, candour, and fairness, are, we are fully persuaded, the best policy in logic literature, and politics, as well as in the domain of traffic and exchange.

If any one will take the trouble to retrospect the history of human society, he will find that most of the deputations that have divided men into sects, subdivided sects into parties, and cliques, as we see amongst ourselves—arrayed different parties of politicians and different sects of religionists against each other, and even plunged nations into war, have arisen more from differences in the manner of expressing ideas, than from the intrinsic differences of the ideas themselves!

The last issue of the London *Punch* is remarkably good. *Punch*—that is, the *Punch*, is always good. But the one before us has excited more than usual interest.—The cartoon represents Britannia, with troubled countenance, standing beside a huge flag pole, with pulleys and ropes, in the very act of hauling up "THE STORM SIGNAL," or what is known as the "Storm Drum." Her countenance portends anxiety, while she grasps the rope with surprising firmness and determination. Had we an engraver we should certainly transfer the picture to our columns. But we must content ourselves with copying the following lines, which will give our readers a better idea of the affair than anything we can write. There is no doubt trouble is brewing somewhere, and Britain is preparing for it.

BRITANNIA HOISTS HER STORM-DRUM.
Up with the drum that storm forebodes,
From the signal rigging down,
The only puzzle 's about the modes
In which to point the cone—
For upwards tells of storms from East,
And downwards from Westward blown.
But if upwards or downwards you shall say,
Or opposite comes together,
When clouds so bank and blacken each way,
Portending awful weather?
That not the most sagacious sense
The Europe holds, or sensible whence,
Or, still less, prophesy whither.

Will the storm come from the north-nor-west?
About the Great Black Eagle's nest?
Where red stains freeze along the snow,
The faint poor Poland's dead would hide,
But on the accented corpse of the show,
With teeth set hard as when they died,
With face to Heaven, and breast to foe,
Their hands still clenching scythe or spade
That served for bayonet or blade.

Where skeleton-like the charred beams peep
Out of those sheets of winter sleep,
That look so pure and shroud such sin;
Or a little hand shows here and there,
Or a wily curl of infant's hair!
Still clasped the mother's hand within,
Who died so hard, yet could not save
The little one that shares her grave?

The clouds they draw to the north-nor-west,
About the Great Black Eagle's nest,
So thick, so charged with vengeance,
So laden with God's own levin fire,
It scarce may be that the storm must burst,
On the nest of the Great Black Eagle first.

But farther to South and more to West
The storm-clouds gather grim,
Where Danes and Dutchy-men are prent
On Baltic's Westland rim,
Spirits of Vikings wake from sleep,
Who living loved the loud wild roar
Of elements upon the deep,
Or charged as Norsemen to Danes call,
And bids be of good cheer,
And forge are glows, and hammer falls,
Welding the armour for wooden walls,
Or shaping sword and spear,
And while the hammer beats the anvil,
Into the moulds of the mighty gun,
And growing thunder, near and far,
Roll up the sulphurous clouds of war.

Or comes the storm from the Banks of Speer,
Where "a little game" they're at,
While the Heizenholzer's crown for pea,
And for thimble DOLL'S his hat?
Comes the storm from the his party's wrath,
Slow-wounded, to sweep away
The baneful sceptre that bars the path
Of Prussia to breathing day?
Comes the storm from the smouldering fires
Of "Federal" Execution,
The breath of the Diet that never tires
Of its threats of Retribution?
Comes the storm from the clash in air
Of Pruss and Austrian Eagles?
Or from Franks with Prussia's foe,
Their collars as Russia's bear,
To hunt the Polish patriot down,
Or the baser hound, that for the crowns,
Betrays whom he inveigles?

Comes the storm from the bed that heave
With the groans of "the sick man" lying,
Because he's all cursing him in their sleeves,
And he's his soul all a-dying?
Or comes the storm from Venice or Rome?
Comes the storm from the dome,
Where, as North and South, the tempter rages
One place of Plerimages,
But now their soot and scorn and hate,
Because we've watched their storms rage on,
And only prayed they might abate,
Nor chat up Englishman, Frank, or Dou,
And tangle Europe with Union's fate?

But whoever we hoist the drum,
Or whencesoever the storm may come,
A wretched wily, Eagle I mean,
With the banks of the Seine for his sery,
That wheels and wheels about the piles
Of food, all sullen with stormy war,
Now soaring, sinking otherwhiles,
As if he scented the storm whens'er it break,
Should bring him food for his yellow beak.

But its coming 's in the air,
And this is the warning of the drum,
Against the storm, PREPARE!

A correspondent in Hantsly has written us a letter giving an account of a stabbing affair, which, he says, took place lately in that Township. He either forgot to sign the document or was afraid to trust us with his name, as a guarantee for the truth of what he says; and he need not be surprised if we decline publishing his statement of the affair, since we have no means of knowing whether the information is correct or not and cannot even guess who is our informant.

Another esteemed correspondent writes from Pakenham, complaining of the nightly pranks of some unruly boys in that village. We would, most willingly, assist in setting such matters right, could we do so without the risk of a libel suit either against ourselves or our correspondents. We learn from the communication that the names of the fast young gentlemen are known, and the proper course would be to put them under the care of a constable. No deliaey should exist in the mind of any one about taking this course. Parents and guardians of children who give them a street education after night, must expect the usual consequences. All who wish well to the future of their country should assist in correcting evils of this kind. The boys of the present, will be the men of the next generation, and "just as the twig is bent the tree will be inclined."

Those of our agricultural friends who are in need of good Farming Mills, will do well to apply to Mr. Lamb of Smith's Falls. See advertisement.

Albert Gunn was recently discharged for false entries in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. His dismissal results thus:—"A Gunn discharged for making a false report."

Charles Forbes, of Portland, a year ago grafted a pear scion into a mountain ash, and the ash has borne an abundance of pears this season.

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