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ORIGINAL.

THE MINISTRY AS A PROFESSION.---NO. 5.

Some people value professions in the proportion that they promise fame and position. Ungodly ambition and lust for praise are always to be censured; but a sensible regard for the esteem of those who are both wise and good is unobjectionable. Such esteem is encouraging and may be innocently inspiring to the good. Now let it be remembered that there is a world of difference between being *notorious* and being *genuinely praised.* Nero and Dyonicious were notorious and yet they are named with a shudder, and distinguished by their hideous cruelty alone. Who would be remembered as the heartless Danton or his accomplices? Such men are made eminent by their violence to the rights and happiness of others. May Heaven forfend the calamity of such distinction! But is not that "*praise,*" which the world gives its heroes in every department, almost always composed in part of regard bestowed on actions, which partake of this violence to a greater or less degree? Is a lawyer always on the right side? Does he always defend the innocent? Does he not run a risk of being as often an advocate *against* justice as *for* justice? Does he not oppress the helpless and harmless oftentimes? Is he not then the admired and lauded hero of iniquity? Oh, think! who it is that praises him in such instances; and think of the nature of that praise; and think of the motives which inspire it. Corrupt indeed must that man be who can glory in the admiration which the despicable and guilty give him for having shielded them from justice, by his having brought injury, shame and calamity to the noble, true and unoffending. Yet such is apt, very apt to be a large part of the praise, which the life of a lawyer secures. Of course I do not intimate that members of the legal profession seek such praise for the sake of it, or with a knowledge that their clients are of that detestable character; but I mean that in the nature of the case, a lawyer cannot always be on the right side, if he sought to be so, and that there is a wrong side and a right one to every question and there are advocates on both sides. Again, the nature of the profession causes praise on one side to be but the predicate of censure, dislike and often bitterness on the other. If one man is cleared, perhaps another is convicted. If one is made happy, perhaps another is made miserable. If one man gains, perhaps another loses, &c., &c. Praise from such a life must be embittered.

In politics very few ever receive much more than gaseous, 4th of July sort of praise which has about as little "heart" in it as the praise that is given to the fireworks at a celebration. Some receive more, but they often enjoy only the manifestations of party prejudice and a flimsy enthusiasm, which is fed on newspapers and cross-road ebulitions of senseless ranting. The statesmen and the lofty politicians are extremely few. They sometimes enjoy much love and praise, and most justly deserve it.

But after all, the praise that good people give to a faithful minister is the most enviable that man has ever received. Of the two I would rather the *heart* should praise me than the *head.* The highest monument is built of grateful, loving hearts, and the grandest salvoes are those that are whispered with almost heavenly eloquence in the chambers of pious souls. This monument and these salvoes are the true ministers. It is best to have that praise, which is thought in the head, and felt in the heart. Such praise is the faithful minister's.

A. W. M.

SELECTIONS.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.---NO. 15.

Agricultural Capabilities of the Pacific State—Sacramento—Old Acquaintance—Camp-meeting—Methodist Singing—An Inviting Field.

The time will come when California will be as distinguished for her fruits and agricultural products as for her mineral wealth. Her mines seem inexhaustible and doubtless new discoveries are yet to be made, but her capacity for cereal crops is very partially developed. Lands which yield from thirty to fifty bushels of wheat per acre and from seventy to eighty bushels of barley are too remunerative to lie idle long. As a grazing country it has declined and will continue to decline. The wild oats once so luxuriant have deteriorated in height and quantity. The increase of stock and close mowing in a few years more will exterminate them. When the now open valley shall be inclosed and the labor of the skilful husbandman shall be applied to her soil, the Pacific State will become the granary of the world. Her exports of wheat will astonish those who have thought of her only as the land of gold. Much of the precious metals which her people dig from the gulches and the mountains and which she sends to the East by the million every month, will return to her coined and stamped and ready for use.

Considering the length and breadth of this great country, there are but few large streams and yet well nigh all the most interesting points of the State may be reached from San Francisco by water. Her bays, rivers, and creeks and lakes are all more or less navigable. The waters of Feather River are so constantly plied with boats that at the lowest stage navigation continues, for the water and sand are so mixed that they are always fluid enough to allow a passage. On one of my trips up the river, the boat was ploughing along through a sand bed, with only a few inches of water upon the top when I remarked to the Captain, that he was certainly making his last trip for the season. He replied, by no means, we never cease to run on this river; if however, no boats were to pass in two days, and thus give time for these sands to settle, it would all be over with us till the rainy season comes on. But you see, sir, we keep moving and keep things stirred up, and so we can always squeeze along.

Sacramento is a beautiful city of 15 or 20,000 inhabitants. It is built on a plain running back from the river and in location, size, wide streets, buildings and trees, greatly resembles Augusta, Georgia. This was the first point in the State I visited after our arrival, and here at different times I spent several pleasant days, formed new and renewed old acquaintances. To Capt. Littleton and family, we are indebted for many kindnesses on our first visit and indeed every succeeding one. We were strangers and they took us in and treated us on all occasions with generous hospitality. Much to my surprise, I found an old pupil of mine, Mrs. Harris now, formerly a Miss Bryan, of Ga., and her husband and herself would have us to spend some time with them. Old acquaintance made this habitation more like home than ever the heartfelt kindness of entire strangers could do at other places. Used to parsonages and preachers I found another home with Brother and Sister Evans. All these and others gave more than a cup of cold water, for Christ's sake, as well as through courtesy, to a stranger—the Lord reward them an hundred fold here and forever.

I attended seven Camp-meetings in California and was deeply interested in them, not only as a minister looking to great moral results, but as a man who, familiar with such gatherings in the east, saw them here under new aspects and surroundings.

Camp-meetings here are very unlike any thing of that name elsewhere. A place is selected near to water if possible, if no *running* stream wells or pumps are brought into requisition, and the next essential is a grove of live oaks. These are necessary that with their umbrageous tops, they may help to form an arbor in the first place, and then they are convenient to shade the tents. The grounds are not laid off square or oblong, or indeed in any way. They are innocent of all shape. One man pitches under one tree, another under another, and so on; the thickest shade is chosen for the preaching place and the preachers' tent is always jam up to the pulpit—"the stand." If among the interlacing branches, there are any breaks through which the sunshine streams down, some brushes or planks are put up, seats of various kinds are provided, straw laid down and all is ready. The tents are made by setting a few poles about eight feet long in the ground and surrounding them with cotton cloth. If the shade of the tree is not dense enough, cloth or brush or plank is put on the top. There are but few *tenters;* seven is the most at any one place I visited, three, two, one and none, and yet the congregations were large at all of them by day or night. The P. Elders, I believe generally carry their own tents. Some of the preachers too I noticed had tents of their own and carried sticks, cloth and all in their buggies. To feed the people two arrangements prevail. In some cases, the people in the circuit furnish the provision and hire a man or men to cook, and *every body eats at the same table, free of cost to the eaters,* but at a heavy expense to the providers. These meetings cost from 700 to 1,000 dollars. At another place a public tent is put up and a contract is made with some man to furnish the table at so much a head, say twenty-five cents a day, and this I believe is the more common method.

Another peculiarity of those meetings is, that a time is set to begin without any understanding as to the time of ending. They last from four to fifteen days, according to circumstances. I attended one when the P. E. and a visiting preacher were the only tenters, and the preacher in charge was the cook for the whole congregation. The irreligious people of the neighborhood furnished the provisions. Many of those things seemed to me very awkward and inconvenient, but I soon became accustomed to them and really enjoyed them. They strikingly illustrate the old saying, "where there is a will there is a way." The preachers and people in C. have a *will* to work for God and by all means to save souls, and like Paul not waiting for things "made ready to their hands," they go at it careless of time or expense or inconvenience. The blessing of God rests upon them like dew. I have seen the power of God upon the people in awakenings, conversions, and in the baptism of the church. On these occasions, there is a heartiness, a freedom from constraint, a free gushing of religious emotion that is refreshing. A false and foolish civilization has not yet crushed out all the pious independence of the disciples, and the free enjoyment of spiritual influence without regard to "the fear of man" I trust will long survive the "*progress*" of the times. It would regenerate our old time preachers to hear the singing about the altar at one of these *extemporaneous* Camp-meetings in California. It is not a fossil, but a living type of the better days—what Beecher calls "genuine old Methodist thunder." A little more of the same sort in the east, would *reform* the false taste, the pernicious fastidiousness of those who are doing their best to *deform* the singing of our people.

As it comes in my way, this is as good a time as any to say—that to substitute the *praise of God* by *music* is as wicked as it is unmethodistic. The difficulty with us, is not want of science, but want of religion. This is the secret which underlies all our complaints. I have seen many a dumb church grow vocal with song—while revival fire was burning. No education in notes, no artistic training of the voice will supply the lack of heartfelt piety where God is to be praised. A courageous, free, lively religion will always find expression in the simple melodies of the church, while operatic music—stiff, formal, soulless singing will freeze and kill "the things that remain, that are ready to die." Pardon this digression. The religion of our people in California is of the right kind, active, fearless, stirring. They can weep without shame, sing and pray without constraint, shout, defying the world and the devil. The only capital defect is one incident to their circumstances. In the midst of a new country, the people excited by gold and speculation, surrounded by novel scenes and circumstances, society unsettled, sometimes transient, in many places perpetually changing, the church has not been as systematically organized as it ought to be. The most of the preachers too have been inexperienced, untrained themselves and of course have relied upon revivals and protracted efforts here and there to the neglect of discipline, class-meetings and the indoctrination of their converts. (A change for the better is begun and I trust will go on to perfection.) I mention this here not because it is a fact merely in California, but because it is in my judgment a common error. We lose in one way very much of what we gain in the other. On this point I hope to enlarge before very long, for I think it vital. My main reason for the statement above, is to show the necessity of sending more experienced men to the Pacific Conference. There is not in the bounds of Southern Methodism a more inviting field than this. No place where a man can do more permanent good in a greater variety of ways. Men, educated men, men of long and varied experience, who understand our church polity and deeply imbued with the love of Christ—can do immense good by training the preachers, preaching to the people, as a counsellor in church enterprises, in Conference business, in moulding the institution of an incipient empire.

Before I am done writing and talking for California, the brethren will find out that I am in earnest. I have lost this year by chill and fever, but my spirit in relation to our interests there knows no chill, and my desire to help our struggling church on the Pacific coast keeps up to fever heat.

G. F. PIERCE.

Sunshine, Sept. 12th, 1860.—S. C. Advocate.

THE NEWS FROM CHINA.

MR. EDITOR:—Our harbor is full of English and French men-of-war, and our streets full of red coats and blue coats, red caps and green caps, and all the speckled, grizzled, ring-streaked and striped fraternities belonging to the naval and military orders of England and France. Some wear medals on their breasts, some blue ribbons and glittering stars; and some one thing and some another, not one-half of which I pretend to understand. I suppose some of them are official badges, others Crimean medals, etc. The French officers are the most fantastic looking creatures I ever saw. Most of them wear red pants, with a dark stripe running down outside the leg, small red caps covered with a great deal of gold tinsel, and a profusion of chains and ribbons twisted about the neck and shoulders. The soldiers are gay enough, and bad enough. The English are much more genteel, and indeed, superior in every respect to the French. We see here hundreds of red coats just precisely like those Marion used to chase through North Carolina.

The English are a patriotic people; they love their country, and their good Queen Vic. This is her birthday, and, while I write, the house is shaking with the roar of cannon, as they roll forth their patriotic thunders in honor of the greatest woman in the world. The English are always burning gunpowder, either in saluting their friends or shooting their enemies.

There is one gun-boat lying in the harbor, with the stripes and stars floating over her quarter-deck—the Saginaw. This solitary little boat is the only representative of our great Yankee nation's power and glory in these waters. The Chinese do not fear us—I do not know that they hate us—I doubt if they love us. We are regarded by them as a good sort of people, who love money more than foreign territory or military glory. Ours is the great "flowery flag country." That is all.

It is said there are now thirty thousand English and French troops in the China sea. No fighting has yet taken place.—Gossip says Lord Elgin is charged with a message of peace, and that on his arrival things will likely assume a less warlike aspect. Of the object of his visit, we of course know nothing. The Chinese expect to fight, hope to gain another great victory, but are not too confident to make arrangements for a different result. As to any reliable information concerning the war, except that there are troops here, and that actual hostilities have not yet begun, I can furnish none. The North China Herald, which I hope now reaches you regularly, will furnish all the information known to the public here. Missionaries and merchants are visiting the country interior for many miles without any molestation. Brother Lambuth is at this time in the country with two Wesleyan missionaries.

The Nanking rebels are taking possession of all the chief cities in the Southern provinces. Serious fears are now entertained for the present capital of this province. The Imperial forces seem unable to check their progress in the least. The approaching conflict between the foreign troops and this government, has encouraged the rebels to hope for the speedy downfall of the Tartar dominion. Should Pekin be taken by the English and French, there is every reason to believe that the days of the Tartars in China would be numbered. It is difficult to say what we ought to expect in the event of the rebels taking the supreme control. Their Christianity is, to say the least of it, exceedingly doubtful. Some persons at a distance, who know nothing about them, call them saints, etc. I wish I could believe it.—China is dying of old age and moral corruption. What will the new China be? All well. Your brother in Christ,

W. G. E. CUNNYNGHAM.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, May 24, 1860.

JOHN WESLEY'S RELIGION.

When dying, John Wesley quoted his brother Charles' hymn beginning,

"Let the world their virtue boast,"

dwelling with peculiar emphasis on the lines,

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

This great man reached the conclusion of the apostle Paul, to whom we have often fancied he bore a strong resemblance, both in the character of his mental organization and evangelical spirit. A sense of total unworthiness and a perfect reliance on the all-sufficiency of Christ, are the essential elements of a true religious faith.

LOVE THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

The warmth of the spring draws out the sap of trees into a sprouting greenness, and the peace of God refreshes the soul into a flourishing obedience. Some who profess that they enjoy an ocean of peace, express not a drop of obedience. Suppose their profession true, they defraud God; but it being false, they delude themselves.

THAT SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING FUND.

Another important reason why we need this fund is, that we may be able to cheapen the prices of our Sunday School books. The complaint is constantly coming up to us, "Why don't you sell your Sunday School books as cheaply as those of the American Sunday School Union?" Our answer is this: We sell them at a mere trifle more than it costs to pay for the type-setting, stereotyping, paper, ink, printing and binding. That "Union" sells its own publications, often, for much less than they cost. How can it do this? Because it has just such a fund as that for which we now ask, to draw from, and so pay the difference between the actual cost of the book, and the lower price at which they sell it. Give us this fund, and then we shall be able to do the same. That is, to sell our books below their cost, and to give them away to those destitute schools, which cannot afford to pay anything at all for them.

How much more creditable it would be to Methodists, instead of buying other publications, because they are a little cheaper, to give liberally toward the creation of a Sunday School Publishing Fund of our own, which would enable us to supply our own schools with our own books, on terms as low as the lowest.

How much will you give towards it?—Any sums may be forwarded to the treasurer of our society, Rev. J. B. McFerrin, D.D., Nashville, Tenn., or to Charles Taylor, Columbia, S. C., Corresponding Secretary, S. S. Society of the M. E. Church, South.

PEACE IN ZION.

Peace in the church is worth any sacrifice except the sacrifice of truth and conscience. Personal preferences, opinions about questions of mere expediency, diversities of taste, natural antipathies of temperament—for all these may co-exist with the deepest piety—are to yield to the claims of christian charity. The Holy Ghost writes this on all truly regenerate hearts. "Hereby we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren"—love them in spite of all and every difference of natural disposition and mental characteristics. In this union of christian hearts there is Divine strength and beauty. It is "sweet and pleasant," says the Royal Singer. Whosoever needlessly introduces the least element of discord into the church, is guilty of the betrayal of Him who bought it with his most precious blood. Be patient in dealing with the erring. Love will conquer in the end, for it is God's weapon. Complain less, and pray more. Entreat, but do not denounce. Weep, if you feel like it, for the desolations of Jerusalem, but lift no rod of vindictive punishment against your frail and fallible fellows. While the world is striving and tossing around, let there be peace in Zion. Let the hallowed atmosphere of the sanctuary be undisturbed by the voice of angry censure or bitter reproach. Love one another, and let love be without dissimulation. This is an unvarying condition of prosperity, and the evidence of it. It is a mark of spiritual growth and christian perfection. Hear the apostle, "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."—2 Cor. xiii, 11.—*Pacific Methodist.*

DESCENDANTS OF ROMANISTS IN JAPAN.

A curious letter from Rev. Mr. Brown, in Japan, is given in the New York *Evangelist.* He reports that it is said by Mr. Harris's interpreter, Mr. Heuski, and the French Abbe, who is attached to the French Legation as an interpreter, that there are at Yeddo one hundred families living in a quarter of the city by themselves, and receiving each five rations of rice per diem, from the Emperor's storehouse, which families are the descendants of one hundred Roman Catholics that recanted at the persecution, two hundred years or more ago, and who were required to keep up a knowledge of Romanism, so that, from generation to generation, they might act as detectives of Romanists in the country. The above-named gentlemen assert that the descendants of those recanters still receive their regular allowance from the Emperor. If so, it would be exceedingly interesting to know how far they have retained among them any correct knowledge of the Romanist faith. One would suppose that their notions would become somewhat confused and incorrect after transmission by mere tradition through so many generations. The existence of such a body of men shows that the Japanese government does not forget the past, and is very perseveringly vigilant against the introduction of Roman Catholicism into their country. Another fact shows the same. In various parts of the country, along the roads, there are wooden tablets set up on which imperial orders are recorded. One contains, among other things, an offer of $200 or $300 for the detection of any "Catholic, Romanist, or Brethren" among the people. These offers are the same that were made two centuries ago, and as often as they become defaced by exposure to the weather, they are retouched with India-ink, to render them again legible.—*The Methodist.*

A BALL THAT HITS.

The following condemnation of fashionable preaching is hard, but it is a true shot in some quarters. It is from "The Homilist," a work just published:

"Well, dearly beloved brethren, I have come into your pulpit to-day because I have agreed to come. It is in the terms of an old contract between us; a contract that was formed, to be sure, when I was disposed to take a somewhat more fanatical view of the matter than I do at present. But I respect the bargain; worship is a social decency, and a graceful adjunct to civilization. Established usage looks in this direction, and religious institutions are a politic kind of constabulary. I am here in my place as the bell rings, and I take occasion to say that it is proper you should be saved. The Bible is pronounced authentic by competent antiquarians, and has uncommon literary merits. The laws of good breeding have settled it that virtue is a desirable accomplishment, besides being a safe protection against unpleasant penalties invented by magistrates; and christian faith I will recommend as a prudent specific against disagreeable consequences generally reported to follow wicked courses. Amen."

A PICTURE OF WESLEY'S TIMES.

Thackeray's Lecture on the Second George, published in Harper, makes one feel that a reformation was needed:

As I peep into George II.'s St. James' I see crowds of cassocks rustling up the backstairs of the ladies of the court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning under his canopy in his chapel royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing. Discoursing what?—about righteousness and judgment? While the chaplain is preaching, the king is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher; so loud, that the clergyman—it may be one Dr. Young, he who wrote "Night Thoughts," and discoursed on the splendors of the stars, the glories of heaven, and utter vanities of this world—actually burst out crying in his pulpit, because the defender of the faith, and dispenser of bishoprics, would not listen to him. No wonder that the clergy were corrupt and indifferent amidst this indifference and corruption. No wonder that skeptics multiplied, and morals degenerated, so far as they depended on the influence of such a king. No wonder that Whitfield cried out in the wilderness—that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hill-side. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley, surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their ante-room, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervy, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin, at her mistress's side? I say I am scared as I look round at this society, at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops, at this flaunting vice and levity. Whereabouts in this court is the honest man? Where is the pure person one may like? The air stifles one with its sickly perfumes. There are some old-world follies, and some absurd ceremonial about our court of the present day, which I laugh at; but, as an Englishman, contrasting it with the past, shall I not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James passes me now, I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life; the good mother; the good wife; the accomplished lady; the enlightened friend of art; the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows.

PERFECTION.

BY JOHN WESLEY.

What is the perfection of which man is capable, while he dwells in a corruptible body? It is the complying with that kind command, "My son, give me thy heart." It is the "loving the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind." This is the sum of Christian perfection; it is all comprised in that one word love. The first branch of it is the love of God: and, as he that loves God loves his brother also, it is inseperably connected with the second, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Thou shalt love every man as thy own soul, as Christ loved us. "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets;" these contain the whole of Christian perfection.

Another view of this is given us in those words of the great apostle, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." For although this immediately and directly refers to the humility of our Lord, yet it may be taken in a far more exensive sense so as to include the whole disposition of his mind, all his affections, all his tempers, both towards God and man.—Now, it is certain that, as there was no evil affection in Him, so no good affection or temper was wanting. So that "whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are lovely, are all included in the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

St. Paul, when writing to the Galatians, places perfection in yet another view. It is the one undivided fruit of the Spirit, which he describes thus: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity," (so the word should be translated here,) "meekness, temperance." What a glorious constellation of graces is here! Now, suppose all these things to be knit together in one, to be united together in the soul of a believer, this is Christian perfection.

Again: He writes to the Christians at Ephesus, of "putting on the new man, which is created after God in righteousness and true holiness;" and to the Collossians, of "the new man renewed after the image of him that created him," plainly referring to the words in Gen. i. 27, "So God created man in his own image." Now the moral image of God consists (as the apostle observes) "in righteousness and true holiness." By sin this is totally destroyed. And we never can recover it till we are "created anew in Christ Jesus."—And this is perfection.

St. Peter expresses it in a still different manner, though to the same effect: "As he that hath called you is holy, so be ye holy, in all manner of conversation." 1 Peter i. 15. According to this apostle, then, perfection is another name for universal holiness; inward and outward righteousness; holiness of life, arising from holiness of heart.

If any expression can be stronger than these, they are those of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, 1 Epistle, v. 33: "The God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may the whole of you, the spirit, the soul, and the body, (this is the literal translation,) be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

We cannot show this sanctification in a more excellent way than by complying with that exhortation of the apostle, "I beseech you, brethren by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, (yourselves, your souls and bodies; a part put for the whole, by a common figure of speech,) a living sacrifice unto God," to whom ye were consecrated many years ago in baptism.—When what was then devoted is actually presented to God, then is the man of God perfect.

To the same effect, St. Peter says, 1 Ep. ii. 6: "Ye are a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ." But what sacrifices shall we offer now, seeing the Jewish dispensation is at an end? If you have truly presented yourselves to God, you offer up to him continually all your thoughts and words, and actions, through the Son of his love, as a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

Thus you experience that he whose name is called Jesus does not bear that name in vain; that he does, in fact, "save his people from their sins," the root as well as the branches. And this salvation from sin, from all sin, is another description of perfection, though indeed it expresses only the least, the lowest branch of it; only the negative part of the great salvation.

IRELAND—FRUITS OF THE REVIVAL.

A friend wrote on the 27th ult., from the neighborhood of Belfast, as follows:

"Here I am, in the very place to which my longing thoughts have been tending ever since I have read the accounts of the revival.

The day I arrived, my cousin inquired in one of the neighboring cottages, where the prayer meeting would be held. As I could not, on account of my health, walk any distance, I concluded to husband my strength for one on Sabbath evening held by the converts. In this I was foiled.

But after the meeting at that time, one of the servants who had been there came in, and said, "they are coming." On walking to the gate, the most beautiful music came wafting up the road from about 20 persons, the very youngest, perhaps a child of ten years. They all work in the flax mills.

Just before reaching aunt's gate they commenced singing the twenty-third psalm in meter. That completely overwhelmed me. I thought, "Dear people! you will need the faith expressed in the first verse of that psalm before the winter closes," as the hay was standing out, almost destroyed by the rains, and not any of the grain gathered in. Oh! what a scene for angels to look on. Hearts that a few short months ago were all moral defilement now singing the praises of God—now the temples of the Holy Ghost. These are not ashamed to tell what the Lord has done for them.—Four of that little company had spoken or prayed at the meeting.

It is customary for them to sing psalms on returning to their homes. This passage came to my mind forcibly, "With singing shall they return to Zion." It was a beautiful moonlight night. The bay in the distance and the mountains round us, and this group of goodly ones, singing praises to the God of all, with the heart, and with the understanding, all moved me.—Their music was in perfect harmony and time.

Before this revival, aunt was exceedingly annoyed with the unseemly conduct of the young people passing her gate.

It is very common for the young converts to request permission to speak before the congregation, and also to pray; and though illiterate, their language is beautiful and appropriate.

Another thing about Belfast is very striking. Texts of scripture, calculated to arouse and awaken, are placarded, in large type, on the corners of streets and road sides, such as "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," "Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost."

While there is still much to be done for multitudes who are unsaved in this land of superstition, this is the most direct and blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit vouchsafed to our earth, I verily believe, since the day of Penticost.

The Lord God Almighty has, by righteousness, exalted Ireland among the nations of the earth, and brought her back again to the original pure gospel. Though her sister isle may, by her bad legislation, shut up the treasures of her bosom and hamper her commerce, yet the Lord is her deliverer from the bondage of sin, and the galling yoke of popery."

WE ARE ALL BROTHERS.

Throughout this great nation we are all brothers. We are mutually dependent on each other. The lessons of Providence can and should be read. In the North, the heavens have smiled, the seasons have rolled cheerily round, and a grand harvest is gathered. In the South, the heavens have been brass, the dry seasons have grated harshly on their hinges, and our poor barns are empty. But our rivers and railroads in a few hours can bring down the surplus at the North, and banish famine from our homes. Next year it may be reversed, and then we shall furnish the North.

Who knows but God may design by this providence to teach our great people their mutual dependence. We are the same people; our origin, our mother tongue, our ancient compact of the old thirteen States, our common revolutionary blood, our sacred Constitution, our vast territory, our geographical unity, our noble rivers, piercing through the country from North to South, indivisible, all proclaim that it is our dearest interest to be and remain one people. Our hopes and those of our children are bound up together in the destiny of this country. The future of Christianity is united with, and can never be divorced from our national destiny. When there are so many sacred reasons for cordial fraternity, it is the part of madness to shut our eyes against the comfort and happiness of each other. Let us learn of God's lessons, love our Constitution and our whole country, and love one another. *Banner of Peace.*

A SURE PAYMASTER.—That terrible saying of Annie of Austria to Richelieu holds true for mercy as well as for judgment: "My Lord Cardinal, God does not pay at the end of every week, but at the last he pays." God may put his faithful ones upon a long and faithful apprenticeship, during which they learn much and receive little—food only, and "that in a measure"—often the bread and water of affliction. Yet at the last *he pays,* pays them into their hearts, pays them into their hands also. We may remember long seasons of faint yet honest endeavor; the prayers of a soul yet without strength; the sacrifices of an imperfectly subdued will, bound even with cords to the altar; we may remember such times or we may forget them, but their results are with us.—Some of the good seed sown in tears is now shedding a heavenly fragrance within our lives, and some of it will blossom, perhaps bear fruit over our graves.—*The Patience of Hope.*

THE LONDON MINISTRY.—"The most popular and able preachers" in London, according to a recent statement of Kirwan "are not in the Establishment. With all its gorgeous churches and vast endowment, —it has but few men to be compared with Cumming, and Hamilton, and Spurgeon, and Martin, and Brock, and Punshon."

TATTLING.

The *Western Meth. Protestant,* Springfield, Ohio, gives, among other good things, the following receipt for making tattlers: Take a handful of the vine called Run-about, the same quantity of the root called Nimble tongue, a sprig of the root called Back-bite, at either before or after dog days; a spoonful of don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at the shop of Miss Tabitha Tea-table.—Stir them well together, and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of discontent, kindled with a little jealousy; then strain it through the rag of Misconstruction, hang it upon a skein of Street Yarn, shake it for a few days, and it is fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil continually.

A STRONG EXPRESSION.

Mrs. L. L. Bayley, in a letter to the Richmond *Christian Advocate,* in a description of the celebrated Baptist preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, says:

"After praying an energetic and earnest prayer, having read the fourth chapter of Judges, upon which he made a number of comments, some of them very good, he proceeded to give out another hymn, and before reading the second verse, said, "If there are any strict Baptists here, I hope they will enjoy this verse, for I assure them I do." He then read:—

"The saints on earth and all the dead,
But one communion make,"

and continued, "all the people on earth, nor the devils in hell, could not make me believe in restricted communion."

WAITING.

At the beautiful gate of the temple
Full many a year ago,
A lame man waited, with silent eye,
Watching the ebb and flow,

Of the ceaseless tide of worshipers,
As they passed by, one by one,
From the grey of early morning,
To the set of the golden sun.

The volume of inspiration
Tells of the lame made whole;
How the healing balm of heaven
Was poured on his waiting soul.

At the beautiful gate of thy mercy
My spirit, O Father waits:
It looks for a gleam of glory,
A hope from the golden gates.

And the hymns of its adoration
Rise mingled with tears and pain,
As morn to night, and night to morn
It watches and waits in vain.

Send, Father, some holy angel
To open the golden gate;
To pour the gleams of glory
On spirits that hope and wait.

To whisper of thee and heaven,
And teach us to see aright;
On our souls to pour a chrism—
On our eyes a heavenly light.

SEVEN PERSONS BURNED AT THE STAKE.

A correspondent of the Sacramento *Union* relates the particulars, as far as known, of one of the most revolting acts of savagery in the history of Indian barbarities. About the 3d or 4th of May last, Norman H. Canfield, of Butte county, California, who had then recently arrived in the Territory, with a party, composed in all of seven persons, left Stone's Crossing of the Truckee at Big Meadows, with the intention of visiting Winnemucca at his camp at Pyramid Lake, and endeavoring to obtain his peaceful permission to prospect for silver in the vicinity of the Lake. To disarm the Indians of any thought of hostility on their part, and inspire as far as possible, a feeling of confidence and friendliness, they went without weapons of any kind, with the single exception of a revolver, which Canfield was persuaded to carry. Three or four days after this, occurred the massacre at Williams' ranch. A short time afterwards the bodies of seven men who had been slain were discovered lying together between the Truckee and Red Bluffs, and though too far decomposed and mutilated to be recognizable, were supposed to be those of the Canfield party, and as such their names were published at the time; the remains were not then buried, and a subsequent examination proved the error of the supposed identification. Among the volunteers in the late Indian expedition under Col. Hays' were two very intimate friends of Mr. Canfield, who used every possible effort to ascertain the fate of his party; but though the form and features of all the discovered dead were carefully scrutinized, none were recognized as bearing any resemblence to him or his known companions. A few days after the volunteers were withdrawn from Pyramid Lake, the regulars being then stationed there, some of the latter discovered among the cotton woods, below where the Indian village had stood, and near the place where the Truckee empties into the Lake, tied to as many trees, the bodies, or charred remains of seven men, who had been burned to death. Two or three had been fastened to the trees with log-chains, and the flesh had been entirely burned from them; the others had been tied with raw hides; and the upper portions of the bodies bore traces of identification, particularly that of Canfield, who was a robust and powerful man, remarkable in form and feature; his lower limbs and the lower part of his frame had been consumed, with the evident design to protract susceptibility to pain, till the bones were charred; but the upper part of the chest, the arms and shoulders and the head were entire; even the trim military whiskers worn by the victim were unsinged. Further description and detail have also been furnished, but the revolting hideousness of the picture forbids elaboration. Suffice it that the evidence leaves to the friends of Mr Canfield and his companions no possibility of doubt as to his identity, and the horrible process of his and their death. The remains of the victims of this terrible *auto da fe* were all carefully interred in one grave, beneath a large cottonwood tree near the spot on which they died, by the soldiers under Captain Steward. Canfield was from Cambridge, Washington county, New York, where his family resided in 1849, when he came to California.

AN IMPROMPTU SACRAMENT.

During the visit at Ireland's house, an humble Wesleyan itinerant, on his way to Cornwall, stopped at Bristol to greet the Arminian champion. As he arrived at the mansion, with two fellow-itinerants, Fletcher was returning from a horse-back ride, which had been enjoined by his physicians. He recognized them as Methodist preachers, and dismounting, hastened towards them with extended arms.

They were struck by his "apostolic appearance." He repeated most of the sixteenth chapter of John, on the promise of the Holy Ghost. "My soul," says one of the visitors, "was dissolved into tenderness, and became as melting wax before the fire!" They regretted the effect of his controvesial labors upon his health. "If he fell a victim," he replied, "it was in a good cause."

After a little further conversation "upon the universal love of God in Christ Jesus," the visitors were about to take their leave, when Ireland sent his footman into the yard with a bottle of wine, and slices of bread upon a waiter; they all uncovered their heads while Fletcher implored a blessing upon the refreshment, which he had no sooner done, than he handed the bread to each, and then lifting his eyes to heaven pronounced the words! "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life."

Afterwards, presenting them the wine, he said in like manner: "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ," ect.—"Such a sacrament" says the narractor, "I never had before. A sense of the Divine presence rested upon us all, and we were melted into floods of tears. We then mounted our horses and rode away, that hour more than repaid me for my whole journey from Edinburgh to Cornwall."

Such was Fletcher, coming out of the strife of the six years' Calvinistic controversy. Such he had been since he entered it, and such he continued to be until he entered heaven.—*Daily Christian Advocate.*

THE LAST HOURS OF LAFAYETTE.

No life had ever been more passionately political than his; no man had ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other prepossessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour. His children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could see. His son George observed that with uncertain gesture he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore suspended round his neck. M. de La Fayette raised it to his lips; a miniature and a lock of hair of de Madame de La Fayette, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus, already separated from the entire world, alone with the thought and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died. In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family that M. de La Fayette had always wished to be buried in the small cemetery adjoining the convent of Piepus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of victims of the revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards, and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of the convent of Piepus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only hold three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passing through the convent in silence; then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present; public politics assumed no place near the death-bed or the grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled.—*Guizot's Memoirs.*

INFLUENCE.

Far in the distant years some deed of beauty,
Hath struck the key-note of a bold refrain,
And many a noble act and high-souled duty
Led on the lofty strain.

Far in the distant years some thought came gleaming,
Along the hist'ry of this world's great life,
And quivering down from heart to heart its beaming
With glory still is rife.

Oh, blest the power such deeds of heavenly meetness
To pour adown the tract of coming days,
And blest the thoughts that fall in living sweetness
Upon life's common ways.

And glad the gathering, when our time is ended,
Of all the influence that one life hath cast;
The souls that through such earnest words have tended
Upward to heaven at last.

A WESTERN PIONEER.

A correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector, writing from Iowa, gives the following description of a pioneer preacher

"On a recent trip through the interior I met a Methodist minister who was occupying two mission stations in Chickasaw county, and performing the labors of two clergymen. He was preaching on an average four sermons a week, and traveling nearly three hundred miles per month. He is a man of robust constitution, and performs his arduous labors seemingly without injury to his health. He was a pioneer minster in the valleys of the Sellrock and Cedar rivers six or seven years ago, and married the first couple that were united in Cerro Gordo county. He was once crossing a broad, unsetled prairie in Worth county, with three other persons, in as many carriages, and to break up the monotony of the ride, and to serve God most acceptably, they held a prayer-meeting without halting their horses Two persons occupied the middle carriage, and each of them led in the devotions. Another carriage then took the middle position, and the persons occupying it prayed. Then the third and fourth successively took thrt position, each person in turn engaging in prayer. It is not a very uncommon thing for conference meetings to be held while journeying through prairie land, the time being taken up in singing and exhortations while the carriages are in motion; but I never heard of a second prayer-meeting being held under such circumstances."