

REVOLUTIONS AND counter-revolutions of Europe, which...

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TEXAS WESLEYAN BANNER

PUBLISHED BY A JOINT COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS OF THE TEXAS AND EAST TEXAS CONFERENCES, FOR THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH: CHAUNCEY RICHARDSON, Editor—J. N. W. FIELDS, Corresponding Editor

VOL. II. HOUSTON, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1850. NO. 2.

The following Poem was composed for a missionary sale at Centenary Hall, London, August 1842...

THE RUINED WORLD. Where the lone marble column rears its form in solemn grandeur...

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submit with a tolerable grace to those whose right and duty it is to control them...

any other man. The command is absolute and unconditional. If he has made himself unworthy to sustain the paternal relation...

nothing that would not afford you a great satisfaction, but would doubtless be the greatest treat that you could possibly imagine...

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CHAUNCEY RICHARDSON, Editor.

HOUSTON:

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1850.

The proceeds of this paper will be equally divided between the Texas and Eastern Texas Conferences, and devoted to the spread of the Gospel.

The Editor of this journal, in company with Rev. Robert Alexander, and Rev. B. L. Peel, left this city for Galveston, on the Reliance, on Wednesday evening last. Bro's Alexander and Richardson are the delegates of the Texas Conference, to the General Conference, which meets in St. Louis, on the first of May next. Bro. Peel, whose health had so failed that he was compelled to desist from preaching, is traveling as the Agent of the Trustees of Ruter's Church, Washington. We learn that all the brethren, and the Rev. Dr. Baker, Agent of Austin College, left Galveston for New Orleans on Friday last, on the Palmetto.

As the time draws near for the brethren to convene in General Conference, we hope the whole Church will offer up prayers, that the blessings of Almighty God may rest upon them in their deliberations.

THE IMMENSITY OF THE WORKS OF GOD.

Divine power and greatness are daily opening wider, and expanding more the heart of the Christian. The more the sciences of Astronomy, Chemistry and Geology become known, the more glorious and infinite appears that Wisdom and Power, by which all things consist. The time was, when the sky was supposed to be a firm covering, spread over our heads, and ornamented with little sparkling knobs, which shined upon us in the shape of stars. The Sun was supposed to wander his daily and annual round, led by some secret string along this firmament. The time was, when all organic bodies on the surface of the earth were considered compositions from the four most distinguished parts of visible creation: earth, water, fire and air. The time was, when all creation was considered an effort, or more properly speaking, a stupendous, immediate effect of Divine power. And even at that time, what raptures filled the heart of the groping philosopher, when he contemplated the works of God! What songs of praise were heard from the lips of the Poet, when considering the order and beauty of nature.

But our facilities for the acquisition of knowledge, have opened unto us as it were the secret work-shops, from whence those great works of Nature are produced: we have as it were, penetrated the secrets of the sky, and have counted and measured the stars in the immediate vicinity of our earth, and what do we find?

This study into the construction of the eye has enabled us to make instruments, so to assist our vision, as to see clearly the minute and distant bodies composing the visible world. The microscope has expanded and disclosed to the eye of the astronomer their position, as an innumerable multitude of fixed stars or suns, whose planets and satellites are still hid in darkness. Our own solar system has disclosed to him its order and distance, and has enabled him to calculate upon the exist of new planets, whose, hitherto, nothing but a void appeared.

Baron Zach, an eminent astronomer, computes that there may be a thousand millions of stars in the Heavens. If we suppose each star to be a sun, and attended by ten planets, leaving remains out of the calculation, we have ten thousand millions of globes like the earth, within what are considered the bounds of the known universe. As there are suns to give light throughout all these systems, we may infer that there are eyes able to behold it, and beings, whose nature in this one important particular, is analogous to our own. To form an idea of the infinitely small proportion which our earth bears to the vast aggregate of systems, let us suppose that the body of grass that grows upon a square yard, from which we had, by calculation, that measure one mile long by two-thirds of a mile in breadth, will contain 10,000 millions of blades of grass. Let us then imagine such a meadow stretches to the length of a mile, to be sure not and the proportion which an single blade of grass bears to the whole herbage on its surface, will express the relation which our earth bears to the known universe!

But even this is a trifle, probably of millions of suns, "hounded" in the unknown depths of space, and placed forever beyond our ken, or the light of which may not have had time to travel down to us since the period of our creation!

The Chemist has been enabled to initiate nature and disclose the elements and composition of bodies, until the very atoms of the elementary gases are traced through their various proportions; and these gases themselves, formerly supposed to be free and uncontrollable, are made the slaves of the mechanic, the servants of the chemist.

The Geologist is amazed at the stupendous works of insignificant creatures. The works of the coral insect have long been the astonishment of the world. That these apparently insignificant polypi have reared those reefs in the mighty main, that have been the ban to navigation in the Southern ocean, has long been known; but that we owe to their agency the construction of the continent and islands that exist in that part of the Globe, and that they most ultimately weave these islands and join them together into the largest continents, to be inhabited by men in a future day, has not been known so long. They seem to have done more: all the countries whose understrata are composed of limestone and chalk, seem to owe their origin to kindred agencies, and hence the British islands and the greatest part of America are of the workmanship of an

insect, whose largest body has room in the hulk of a field pea.

These stupendous works, however, are thrown far into the shade, when compared to the works of a still smaller animal; aspecies which congregated by tens of thousands, might live in one single coral insect; the animalcule and infusoria, that have only been discovered since we have learned to magnify matter a thousand times, by the aid of the microscope, are really the journeyman mechanics who have built Turkey, Nubia, Egypt and Hungary; they have built up Northern Africa, Western Asia, and Central Europe; they have by millions hid themselves down to make of their own bodies a dam to restrain the inland seas, and bound the Nile to make room for the habitations of man. These insignificant creatures, these palpable gasses, are the instruments of Almighty Wisdom, out of which worlds are formed. And who knows how far these agencies may reach? What immeasurable space may be filled with worlds constructed by similar means? What length of ages may have been employed in their construction? Indeed, what may not an Infinite God do in infinite wisdom and power; with infinite space to work upon, and eternity to work in! What is man, that thou art mindful of him and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

BROWNSVILLE.

Our Missionary at this important post, Rev. N. A. Graves, seems to possess true Methodist proselyting energy. As we published two weeks since, in less than twenty-four hours after his arrival at his appointed field of labor, he succeeded in procuring a field for a Church and parsonage, at a cost of three hundred and twenty-five dollars. A few days afterwards, the cornerstone of a Church (THE PROSPERITY) was laid with proper ceremonies.

We have placed Bro. Graves' name on our subscription list, and we hope he will keep us daily informed of what is transpiring in the valley of the Rio Grande.

Rev. Dr. OLIVER, at the latest dates, was suffering severe personal affliction in New York city.

NEGROES HUNG.

In our last we published an account of the murder of Mr. Gerald Hayd, by two negroes. A private letter informs us that on Wednesday, the 17th inst., the negroes were hung by the citizens of Fayette county.

TEXAS ENTERPRISE.

Our enterprising fellow citizens, Messrs. Brown & Tabor, have just completed a magnificent stage coach, intended to run on their line from Houston to San Antonio. This coach is of Texas material and Texas workmanship, and will compare favorably with the finest they ever saw. We are pleased to see such improvements in the staging operations of our State, and hope that travelers on the above line will find a comfortable conveyance.

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES OF THE FRONTIER.

We learn from the Western Texian, that the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande is infested with hostile Comanches. They have taken the mail. Five men have been killed, and upwards of one hundred mules and horses stolen. We presume the military officers in command, will vigorously exert themselves to rid the country of these marauders.

PLANK ROADS.

John H. Baldwin, of Syracuse, N. Y., addressed a meeting of our citizens at the Old Capitol, on Thursday night last, on the subject of Plank Roads. During his interesting and eloquent discourse, we had the pleasure of listening to the Judge's efforts; but we were informed by several good men who were present, that it was essentially practical and judicious; and that the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the meeting, in favor of Plank Roads. We understand a subscription has been extensively circulated and liberally met to carry out the charter granted by the Legislature, to construct a Plank Road from this city to the Brazos river.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT FOR TEXAS.

Two propositions are now before the Congress of the United States relative to this Court. One to divide the State into two or more Judicial Districts; another to require the present Court to be held in different places throughout the State. At present, the Court is in session at Galveston. Hon. J. C. Watrous, Judge; Col. James Gore, Clerk; Gen. Joseph Bates, Marshal; W. P. Ballinger, Esq., District Attorney.

The Gospel adopted to Man.—When Dr. Duff read to the intelligent Hindoo youth for the first time, the precept of the Savior: "I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you," one of them could not restrain himself from speaking out his feelings. O! how beautiful, for days and weeks he could not cease repeating, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you—how beautiful, surely this must be the Truth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the T. W. Banner.

A wrathful man stirreth strife; but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.—SOLOMON.

Give me a revolver, bowie knife, sword-cane, and— What is the trouble, brother? I will have satisfaction. What is the matter; you seem to be angry? Nothing but blood will restore my reputation. Do tell us what has transpired so horrible, as to make you forget the exhortation of St. Paul? "Brethren avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath." But I will not bear this, it is too much. I will let him know that he shall not trifle with my name: I will teach him better. Brother, it is written, vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord.—Therefore, if thou enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. But if thou dost him that he will call me a coward. I must teach him that he is not to speak lightly about me. But it is written—recompense to no man evil for evil. Bless them which persecute you. I could endure any thing else; but this is too vexing. Do let us know what it is that caused you to deviate so far from the straight and narrow way of righteousness? Well, if you must know—they say that brother Q, said that I was a loafer, and that before I came, he stood some chance with a certain lady; he tried to injure me by speaking lightly of my habits in the family. But I will teach him better. Alas! brother, you are preparing a stony bed upon which to repose yourself; that pistol which you carry, and that deadly hate which you cherish against your brother, will be the cause of most poignant sorrow, and cast a stigma upon your christian reputation, that time will never efface. The church will mourn over your instability and false theory of honor. The world will despise you for your inconsistency in casting away your christian armor, to assume that prepared by the adversary of your soul, who is now in raptures to see how finally he has you in his snare. Will you destroy yourself to gratify your passion for revenge? Look ere you take the fatal leap.—Remember, brother, that if you give yourself unreservedly to do and suffer the will of your heavenly Father. He will take care of your reputation and character; you need not fight; God will not permit you to endure more than is necessary to make you meet for the kingdom of heaven. But he has threatened to slay my jaws. Well, brother, the best weapon of defense is prayer to that God who can pay the land that is raised against you. The best shield, and that which which no bullet can pierce, is a meek and quiet spirit. Remember that your God has the destinies of all in his hands, and nothing can escape His notice. Let me repeat to you what an aged brother told me when he heard of the shocking death of one of the most wicked men I ever saw. I will describe him then; you can judge of the danger to which the brother was exposed. His name was W.—The first time that I saw him, he was in a large assembly. I shuddered at the first glance, though I did not know him. He reminded me of the Gladiators of Rome; and especially of a Negro, who wished that all those had but one neck, that he might extirpate the whole at one stroke. His small grey eyes were sunk deep in his head, and were restless, moving with that rapidity which indicated a mind full of hate. Benevolence and veneration had not even the frame-work on his head, much less had they a residence in his heart. He had persuaded the widow, on whose plantation he had been overseer, to marry him, though opposed by all her friends. It was not long, however, before he showed his evil nature; his wife gave him three thousand dollars to leave, and never return to her. He went; but so soon as he spent the money, he came back and entreated her to live with him once more. Her children implored her not to yield; they were sure he would treat her badly again. He then demanded of her husband, and she consented. She soon learned the reason why he came back; he had the deeds drawn conveying all her property to him. By persuasion he expected her to resign her name, but she firmly refused. This so excited his wrath that he seized her by the throat, and nearly suffocated her, while he held the pen in one hand for her to sign the deeds; several times he had done this, and she endured it, because her children had warned her of the coming storm—they had left her, and were living a mile from her; some of them were married. At last, when she saw in her mirror the prints of his fingers in green and black on her throat, she knew she could hold it no longer, and the thought flashed into her mind, that perhaps in his rage, he would by force put the pen in her hand, as the breath was about to leave the body, make her write her name; she kept witness in the house to do his bidding in any way. She watched her chance to escape; for she was surrounded by spies. She chose one of the darkest nights, while they were revelling, and went alone across the fields to her son's house. It was a gloomy night to her, she passed near the grave of her former husband, who had been to her all that heart could wish. She contrasted those sunny days with her present distress. She stopped to listen if footsteps were near her; it was with difficulty that she could support herself. At last, trembling with fear, she arrived at the house of her children; they welcomed her mother, and told her not to fear, they would protect her. She wept for she knew the danger to which they were exposed. W. sent for and demanded his wife, and if they did not send her their lives should pay the penalty. No threats of the monster could move these noble minded sons, though the elder had a lovely boy. It was for the mother that raised them from helpless infancy, and to whom they owed their existence—they would shield her from this brute. On Saturday night, a faithful servant came in great haste, and told her mistress that she had seen several muskets placed at the turn of the fence, which they must pass, if they went to church, as was their custom; and that she heard W. say secretly to his comrades, that he intended to take her by force from the carriage, or kill them all. W. was then forty years of age; and as he looked upon

his athletic form, and flourished his brawny arm—that night, as they regaled themselves with wine and strong drink, making ready for the morrow's work—he said, forty years more do I expect to enjoy these good things, and this fine estate; and with an oath, declared nothing should hinder him.

The morning sun rose brightly: the mother, with tears, begged them not to go. They replied, the crisis must come; the sooner the better. The mother and wife set upon the back seat: the son and child on the front; the younger son and wife's brother rode on horseback, all well armed, and silently watched for the turn of the fence; but they saw no moving thing—nothing to excite suspicion till within two rods of the turn, when W's brother rushed upon them; next W himself, with his musket pointed, seized the reins, and demanded his wife. No! was the reply. W. fired; the bullet passed through without injury; in an instant the son was on the ground, and the fiend lay weltering in his blood, and a horrid groan came from his bosom; his lips were clenched. Oh! that this could close the scene; for my blood courses with feverish rapidity as I call up this tragedy. From behind the brother W. approaches and levels his musket at this self-sacrificing son; the ball entered his back; he reeled and fell upon the carriage; he lived a few hours; the accomplices fired upon the younger brother, and disabled him. Though this was four miles from the church, yet it was not long before a host were on the way; but they were too late, the villains had escaped.

I was present when this heroic son breathed his last prayer, and bade his wife, mother, child, and friends adieu.

But the living were more to be pitied than the dead; the younger brother lost his arm, the wife mourned in her widowhood, the child fatherless, and the mother nearly bereft of reason, for having caused the death of her first born.—When we told our good brother of W's fate—Well, said he, the Lord will take care of those who put their trust in Him; as the following inscription will show: Two years since that man came to me, and in the presence of several of my friends, accused me of stealing his cotton-plantations. I then told him that I had not. He then called me a liar. Before I thought, I struck him across the face with my cane, without thinking I was a christian; for that had been my early habit of resenting insult; in a moment I was sorry, and begged his pardon, and told him for my christian character I would not have done it, though he had accused me wrongfully. I offered to shake hands with him; he refused; a black cloud of revenge was on his countenance; his grey eye flashed, and as he turned to go, he raised his forefinger, and pointed at me; said he, I will have your blood, and went away. I went home much troubled; I resolved to arm myself; I was obliged to pass by his house whenever I went to my plantation. I had an experienced brother with course to pursue; said he, never carry weapons. It will provoke a fight; besides, it is unchristian. Put your trust in the Lord; make it a subject of prayer; treat W. as though nothing displeased him had transpired, and you will not be harmed. I followed his advice, but I cannot say that I had a trial of my faith several times. On one occasion I was coming from my plantation, between sun down and dark. I was not far from the public road, but it was a gloomy place, thick bushes were on one side, and wood on the other; it was a fine place indeed for deeds of darkness. I saw a man approaching; it was W; he was armed; I raised my thoughts to God and felt that he was my only hope. W. stopped his horse; I also reined up mine, to show him that I did not expect him to harm me. I spoke kindly to him; he answered me graciously; he seemed restless. I thought I could read revenge in his savage countenance. I could feel my own heart beat. I knew that I was in his power, unless God restrained him; he put his hand upon his pistol but took no notice of it, but went on, until I saw a softening of his features, and then rode on; after which, I half turned my head; he was sorry that I had escaped. On another occasion I was going to my plantation as dark as I had entered the darkness which led to his house. I heard some one rattle after me at full speed; it was W. He halted by my side. I thought, well this is a fitting place for his murderous deeds; he has sworn he will have my blood. The gloom of night was gathering around us; on either hand were thickets, where might be the crawling reptile venturing; how easy to secrete my body here. I then looked upon his fawning countenance; there was an air of triumph, which seemed to say; I have you now. I invoked the aid of the Lord of hosts, that he would protect and defend me. I talked with him in a soothing manner, all the time watching the movement of his eyes, so that when he seemed ready to execute his threat, then he would waver. He saw that I was in his grasp; at length we arrived at the turn of the road which went to his house; he stopped his horse; I bade him good night, and rode on. When I looked back he seemed to be hesitating whether to follow or not. I never prayed more fervently, as I had slowly rode to his house.—Now, said the good brother, as he arose from his seat and started back, his grey hairs, while his chest heaved with strong emotions. I verily believe if I had armed myself, I should have been killed. But God was my defence. That man was restrained by the power of the Almighty; he had determined to kill me, and was still waiting for a convenient time. He has now gone to his own place. I tell you, and it is better to trust in God, than to defend ourselves with weapons. Take the advice of the old man.

A TEACHER IN TEXAS.

The Use of the Confessional.—Recently a gentleman was about to employ a Catholic girl in his family, and asked her how often she wished to "go out" to mass, confessions, &c. She replied that she "went to mass, every other Sunday, and to confession only once in two or three Sundays." If she would not be taking anything often than that.

To know when to keep silence, is as good frequently as to know what to say when the time comes for speaking.

REV. MR. ALVORD'S SERMON ON THE ETERNAL LIFE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. 6: 23.

This gift is to the righteous; it is the heaven of the Scriptures. There are many passages in the Bible which express the same thing, but none so fully and comprehensively as this. It is the idea in its living, breathing form. It implies a heaven interior to the soul, as well as exterior, and bids us look onward, beyond a mere state, to progress—to a growing up toward God for ever and ever.

Here we may have no field of controversy. Our simple duty is to state these facts on this subject, which God has revealed.

Consider heaven, then, in three important aspects:

- 1. As a gift, through Christ.
2. As a place of unspicable glory.
3. As eternal in its duration.

1. Heaven is a gift, through Christ. All spiritual blessing is by grace—that is, the gift of God. Though consequent upon the obedience of the righteous, it is not in amount commensurate with it. How low and mean would the heaven be which should be only the measure of our worth, apart from that of Christ. But now "he that spared not his Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how will he not with him also freely give us all things?" because we "are Christ's and Christ is God's."

2. Heaven is a place of unspicable glory.

(a.) In contrast with the doom of the lost, we have some strong impressions of what will be the happiness of the saved.

(b.) The negative view of Heaven shows it to be exceedingly desirable. Nothing unclean shall enter there. There shall be no sin nor death there.

(c.) The preparation required for entrance into heaven foretells its glory. The spirit must become regenerate; and the body cannot enter its gates till "its corruptible shall have put on incorruption."

(d.) The material epithets which the Bible applies to heaven are evidently designed to enhance our ideas of its glory. Its streets are of gold, its gates of pearl, &c.; the "glory of the Lord doth lighten it."

(e.) Its interior and accumulated means of happiness amount to these ideas: God and Christ, the patriarchs, the apostles, the martyrs, the great company of the blessed are there; and "eye hath not seen" the things which God hath in heaven prepared for those who love Him.

(f.) Its active employment are indicative of its glory. Its bright inhabitants are employed in devotion and worship, in communion with each other and with the Lord, in searching the "deep things" of God, and learning the mysteries of Providence, and assiduously toward the infinite loveliness of God.

(g.) Our text gives us a still higher view of heaven. It is not "HAPPY" is not the mere opposite of death, nor a mere synonymy with happiness; but it shows the vitality, dignity, and unending expansion from within of the glory of the righteous. "He that hath the Son hath life." That life is love, and in heaven will flow on as the tide of an ocean that can find no shore.

11. The glory of heaven is eternal in its duration.

"There are joys for evermore." "They shall reign for ever and ever." The sweep of eternity has nothing to do with this gift of God, but to increase its lustre and magnify its grandeur. When our lowest hopes sink down exhausted in their prophetic speculations, there is still an eternity beyond.

12. The first law of religion is gratitude to God. How ought we to thank him for this unspeakable gift!

13. How powerful is the grace which can raise the dead to such a life as this!

14. How affecting the motive which our subject brings both to the saint and the sinner! Away with all low and sensual views of heaven. God is there, and to the wicked he is a consuming fire, in the very brightness which displays his love to the righteous.

MOYTON.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

From the French.

There were two neighbors, who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages as common laborers were their only support. One of these men was fretful and discontented, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family?" This thought never left him, but gnawed his heart, as a worm the fruit in which it is hidden. Now, although the same thought was presented to the mind of the other father, yet he was not fretted by it, for he said, "God, who knows all his creatures, and watches over them, shall also watch over me and mine." Thus he lived tranquil, whilst the other neither tasted either repose or joy. One day, as the latter was laboring in the field, sud and east down because of his fear, he saw some birds go in and out of a plantation. Having approached, he found two nests placed side by side, and in each several young ones, newly hatched and still unfolded. When he returned to his work he frequently looked at these birds as they went out and returned, carrying nourishment to their young ones. But behold, at the moment when one of the mothers is returning with her bill full, a vulture seizes her, carries her off, and the poor mother, vainly struggling beneath his grasp, utters a piercing cry! At this sight the man who was working, felt his soul more troubled than before; for, thought he, the death of the mother is the death of her young ones. Mine have only me—no other! What will become of them if I fall them? All the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not. On the morrow, as he returned to the field, he said, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor mother—several without doubt, have already perished." He set off towards the plantations, and looking into the nests he saw the young ones alive and well; not one seemed to have suffered. Astonished at this he hid himself in order to see the cause. After a little while he heard a light cry, and perceived the other mother bringing back in haste the food she had gathered, which she

distributed to all the young ones without distinction. There was some for each, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery. In the evening, the father who had distrusted Providence, related to the other father what he had seen, who observed,—"Why fret yourself? God never abandons his children; let us believe, hope, love, and pursue our course in peace; if I die before you, you shall be a father to my children, and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; and if we both die before they are of age to provide for their own necessities, they will have for father, "Our Father who is in Heaven."

A CHRISTIAN OUGHT TO DIE TO HIMSELF, AND LIVE TO CHRIST.

The following article is extracted from Arndt's True Christianity, a work written originally in German, and which may be had in that language at the American Tract House in this city:—

"Christ died for all, that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again." 2 Cor. v. 15.

Over and above that this sentence is full of exceeding consolation, whilst it is hereby manifested that Christ died for all men; it contains likewise in it, a most wholesome doctrine concerning the way and method of the Christian life; which is, how we ought to live not to ourselves, but to Him who died for us. For to live to Him, before we had died to ourselves, and to the world, is utterly impossible. If, therefore, we have a mind to live in Christ, we must be dead to all the desires of the world; and if you have resolved to live not to yourself, but to Christ, and for Christ, then must you for his sake be ready to renounce your own natural life, with all that thereto belongs. But if you are rather inclined to live to yourself, and to the world, it naturally follows, that you must, in order hereto, renounce presently all communion and commerce with Christ. For what communion hath light with darkness, or Christ with the world? and what concord or agreement can the spirit have with the flesh?

Now there are three kinds of death; the one is spiritual; the other is natural; and the third is eternal. Of the first of these speaks the apostle, both in this text and elsewhere, frequently; that it is when a man dies daily to himself; that is by a death to carnality, aversion, pride, voluptuousness, wrath, and such like other sins and passions of the corrupt nature. This death is the beginning of life.

Of the second speaks this our apostle also writing to his Philippians, in this manner, "To me to live is Christ; and to die is gain." As if he should have said, even then when a Christian shall pass through the natural death, Christ still remains his life; and thus death is hereby great gain and advantage to him. For in that he exchanges, by means of this, a short and miserable life for an eternal and blessed one, and earthly and transitory goods for those that are heavenly and perpetual; this cannot but be a most gainful exchange to him. And Christ having been his life here, then when he comes to be translated into the arms of his beloved, and to be called up from death to life eternal; whether it be gain for such an one to die, or to leave this world of sin and misery to go to him, none can doubt.

But whosoever shall be pleased to accommodate this saying to the first sort of death, that is, the spiritual also, he shall not in my opinion err. For three happy and blessed is that soul, to whom "to live is Christ." I mean the soul wherein Christ lives; or that has in her the life of Christ, by a most lively copying after the original graces which shine so bright in him, but a especially his humility and meekness. O three, you, seven times blessed is the man who thus lives Christ! But, alas! the far greatest part of men have at this day elected themselves with the devil, have put on his life instead of Christ's; and to them to live is the devil. As for instance, it is pride, wrath, blasphemy, lying, idolatry, covetousness, and all manner of concupiscence; for this is the life of the devil.

But you, O man! look about you again and again, and consider who it is that lives in you. Blessed are you, you, most blessed indeed, if you can but say, "To me to live is Christ;" not only in the world to come, but even now in this present world also. Here, even here, let Christ be your life; that he may be so for ever hereafter; and here to die the death unto the world, and unto sin, account it all gain. So then in both senses, for you to live is Christ, and gain to die. For is there anything here more profitable, or more gainful than to die in this relation, by the thorough mortifying of all the sinful lusts and affections in you, that so Christ may live in you, and you in Him? For by how much one dies to the world, or to himself, so Christ accordingly lives in that person. Go on then courageously, and faint not; but let Christ now live in you in time, that you may also live with him in eternity.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

BY JUDGE McLEAN.

The man who aspires to eminence, must consider his work only begun when he leaves college. He has laid a foundation for a structure, which it will require his whole life to complete. But if he rest upon his college course, in a few years he will forget almost all that is valuable which he has learned. To avoid this, he must constantly add to his stock of information. But the man who cannot claim these advantages, is often more studious in the acquisition of knowledge, from a consciousness of his deficiency. And this applies especially to the itinerant members of the Methodist church. They are in the daily practice of preaching to a different congregation, which requires the exercise of their talents, and urges them to the attainment of knowledge. Facts will show how much power of these men, in vigorous eloquence and many, surpass those who have passed through college. Every man must make himself; the college cannot do this for him. Some who had very few advantages in early life, may be most triumphantly said to be great men. Indeed, every man who becomes eminent, must be, in a substantial sense, a self-made man, but not a self-made scholar; and yet there has not appeared in the Methodist connection a finer model as a preacher. He was eloquent, in the true sense of the term. Few men ever filled the pulpit with greater dignity and usefulness; and the beautiful simplicity of his sermons was, perhaps, unequalled in our country.

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