

## Varieties.

## FIFTY-SIX OF THE WANTS OF THE CHILDREN OF ZION.

AND THE SOURCE WHENCE THEY ARE SUPPLIED.

I want to feed on Jesus' word,  
I want communion with my Lord,  
I want salvation full and free,  
I want my Father's face to see.

I want to prove each promise sweet,  
I want to live at Jesus' feet,  
I want his mercy every day,  
I want upholding all the way.

I want to live as Jesus' bride,  
I want in his dear wounds to hide,  
I want to prize his faleness more,  
I want his person to adore.

I want to hear his heavenly voice,  
I want in Jesus to rejoice,  
I want to joy in him by faith,  
I want to credit all he saith.

I want to trust him with my all,  
I want on his dear name to call,  
I want to die to all things here,  
I want on him to cast my care.

I want to see his Gospel spread,  
I want on Satan's power to tread,  
I want to see the proud made sad,  
I want to see poor mourners glad.

I want to see the hungry fed,  
I want by Jesus to be led,  
I want him as my guide and friend,  
I want him to my journey's end.

I want him as my priest and king,  
I want his precious love to sing,  
I want him as my rock and tower,  
I want him in each trying hour.

I want him as my brother dear,  
I want my Jesus always near,  
I want his eye, his hand, his heart,  
I want with all besides to part.

I want him as my husband kind,  
I want in him my all to find,  
I want him as my daily bread,  
I want him as my living head.

I want him as my living place,  
I want him as my God of grace,  
I want him as my life and peace,  
I want him as my righteousness.

I want his great atoning blood,  
I want to bathe in that dear flood,  
I want his Spirit's voice to hear,  
I want the love that casts out fear.

I want him now in Achor's vale,  
I want him when all hell assails,  
I want him when my flesh gives way,  
I want him as my only stay.

I want his smiles, his looks of grace,  
I want to see him face to face,  
I want his wisdom, strength, and love,  
I want with him to dwell above.

The blessings here by me implor'd,  
Are all in Jesus richly stor'd;  
Yea, thousands more than here express'd  
Are found in him, my heavenly rest.  
Count all the stars that shine by night,  
Count all the sun's sweet rays of light,  
Count all the drops of rain that fall,  
Count all things moving, great or small—  
Though vast this number, yet how few  
Compar'd with what by faith I view,  
All meeting in my glorious Friend,  
Whose love and mercy know no end!  
By him my wants are all supplied,  
His mercy flows in one sweet tide;  
On his dear name I love to call,  
In him I find my heaven—my all.

## RELIGION AMONG THE SLAVES.

In the summer of 1839, we were in Louisville, Ky. As no great change has ever taken place in our opinion on this slavery question, we were at some loss then for a place to go to preaching, and used on the Sabbath to walk out to a graveyard, or in the fields, or up and down the streets in search of sermons. One forenoon, passing a little frame church on Walnut street, if we recollect rightly, we heard the voices of a congregation singing. Brother Samuel who was with us,—it was farther down street than would have been thought safe for a woman to walk alone at midday,—said it was a congregation of Methodists, and a missionary station. He thought but assured us he had once dropped in and heard a sermon he liked.

We went in and took a seat. A plain-looking elderly man preached in the style usual for Methodists—preachers in country places—all about religion—its comforts in life and triumphs in death. Like Uncle Tom, he insisted, with great earnestness, that it was "a great thing to be a Christian." Religion—*it* made the weak strong, and the meanest most honorable. To illustrate this grand truth, he told an anecdote as something coming within the range of his own knowledge, of an old slave who had "got religion." His

master was kind, but irreligious and reckless, and was withal much impressed at the earnestness of his servant's prayers and exhortations. But one day, one evil day, on the Sabbath, too, this kind master was drinking and playing cards with a visitor, when the conversation turned upon the religion of slaves. The visitor boasted that he could "whip the religion out of any 'nigger' in the State in half an hour."

The master, proud of possessing a rare specimen, boasted that he had one out of whom the religion could not be whipped. A bet was laid, and the martyr summoned. A fearful oath of recantation, and blasphemous denial of his Saviour, was required of the old disciple, upon pain of being whipped to death. The answer was, "Bress de Lord, massa! I can't!"

Threats, oaths, entreaties, and noise were tried, but he fell on his knees, and holding up his hands, plead, "Bress de Lord, Massa, I can't! Jesus, he died for me! Massa, please, massa, I can't!"

The executioner summoned his aids, the old man was tied up, and the whipping commenced; but the shrieks for mercy were all intermingled with prayers and praises—prayers for his own soul and those of his murderers. When fainting and revived, the terms of future freedom from punishment were offered again, and again he put them away with the continued exclamation, "Jesus, he died for me! Bress de Lord, massa! I can't."

The bet was the full value of the property endangered. The men were flushed with wine, and the experimenter on "nigger religion" insisted on "trying it out." Honor demanded he should have a fair chance to win his bet, and the old disciple died under the lash, blessing the Lord that Jesus had died for him!

The preacher gave his recital with many tears, and before he was done, we do not think there was a dry eye, except our own, in the house. Our pulses all stood still with horror, but the speaker did not appear to dream that his story had any bearing against the institution with which he was surrounded.

We cannot remember how he said the particulars came to his knowledge, but think the martyr had been under his pastoral care, and that he got the minutiae from slave witnesses in a "love-feast."

He gave us the story simply to show what a good thing religion was. Of those who heard it, and the many persons there to whom we related it, we found not one who appeared to doubt it.—*Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor.*

## THE KING AND HIS SCOTCH COOK.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

THE witty Earl of Rochester being in company with king Charles II., his queen, the chaplain, and some ministers of state, after they had been discoursing on business, the king suddenly exclaimed: Let our thoughts be unbanded from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of wine, that cheereth, as the Scripture saith, God and man. The queen hearing this, modestly said she thought there could be no such text in the Scriptures, and that it was but little else than blasphemy. The king replied that he was not prepared to turn to the chapter and verse; but was sure that he met with it in his scripture reading. The chaplain was applied to, and he was of the queen's opinion. Rochester, suspecting the king to be right, slipped out of the room to inquire for a Bible, [a pretty king by the grace of God and defender of the faith, and a pretty chaplain to a king, that could not master a Bible between them.] among the servants. None of them could read, but David the Scotch cook, and he, they said, always carried a Bible about him. David being called, recollected both the text and where to find it. Rochester told David to be in waiting, and returned to the king. This text was still the subject of conversation, and Rochester proposed to call in David, who, he said, was well acquainted with the Scriptures. David was called, and being asked the question, produced his Bible and read the text: It was from the parable of the trees of the woods going forth to appoint a king over them. Judges 9th chapter and 11th verse. "And the vine said unto them, should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?" The king smiled, the queen asked pardon, the chaplain blushed. Rochester then asked this doctor of divinity if he could interpret the text, now it was produced. The chaplain was mute. The Earl therefore applied to David for the exposition. The cook immediately replied: "How much wine cheereth man—looking Rochester in his eyes, your lordship knoweth, [no doubt David had seen him for a dozen times,] and that it cheereth God, I beg leave to say that under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat offerings and drink offerings; the latter consisted of wine, which was typical of the blood of the Mediator, which, by a metaphor, was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation, that he had appointed, whereby his justice was satisfied, his law fulfilled, his mercy reigned, his grace triumphed, all his perfections harmonized, the sinner was saved, and God in Christ glorified."

The king looked astonished, the queen shed tears; Rochester, after some very severe reflections upon the chaplain, gravely moved that his majesty would be pleased to send the chaplain into the kitchen to turn cook, and that he would make this cook his chaplain. Now, by way of conclusion to this historical fact, I will only remark that this same cook is a true specimen of what the Scottish peasantry are, at this present day, few of them learn more at school than to read the Bible and write their own name, but the beautiful and sublime language in which the narrative is conveyed, the true and concise descriptions of men and matter, &c., make those whose Bible was their school book, and who make it their companion by the way, to be wiser than their teachers. Hence in the heather hills among the shepherds, and in the lowlands among the ploughmen of Scotland, you will find thousands deeply read in almost every science and language. They are the most profound engineers, the most scientific gardeners and botanists, the most learned physicians, surgeons, and anatomists, learned, independent, and conscientious preachers of righteousness, and by them the gospel is preached to the poor.

## WHAT IS FAITH?

A poor man, whose mind was perplexed by the simple question—what is saving faith?—dreamed a dream, which seemed to explain it to him. He thus related it to a Christian minister: "I thought that I stood in some desolate spot, on the very edge of a steep cliff. Below, at a great depth, the sea was dashing violently against the bottom of the cliff. I stood with only half a footing on the edge, when in a moment something, I knew not what, whirled me over the precipice, and I felt myself falling and falling downwards into the ocean beneath; but suddenly, (how, I cannot tell,) I thought I caught hold of a crag on the side of the cliff, as I was falling past it, and there I hung, with one hand grasping a small piece of rock. I hung a few seconds, and then I felt that the crag was crumbling in my fingers, or breaking away from the side. What was I to do? The next second I must fall and be dashed to atoms. All at once, I turned and looked behind me, and I saw a figure, dressed in pure white, coming towards the cliff, and walking on the water. He came nearer and nearer, until he stood just underneath where I was hanging, and although the distance downward was great, yet I thought I could see the expression of his countenance, that it was a kind and gentle one; I could even see that our eyes met, and instantly I heard him whisper softly upward to me, 'Let go! let go!' I let go, and fell into his arms, and was saved." The poor man understood his dream thus; the crag was self-righteousness, and every false refuge that crumbles in the grasp of the sinner. He who came walking on the water was Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and the words, "Let go," were the same as the words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Faith is the letting go of all other dependance, and falling into the arms of Christ.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.—Sated and regular seasons are indispensable to the effectual performance of all business, Method, proverbially styled the soul of business, cannot exist without such seasons. Irregularity, which is the prevention or the ruin of all valuable efforts, grows of course out of irregular distributions of time. That which is done at accidental seasons only, is not done at all, but no duty demands regularity and method more than prayer. There is in all men naturally a strong indisposition to pray. Stated seasons, therefore, returning at regular periods, are particularly necessary to preserve this duty in its full vigour. He who prays at such seasons, will always remember this duty; will form his schemes of life so as to provide the proper place for performing it; will be reproached by his conscience for neglecting it; will keep alive the spirit of prayer from one season to another, so as to render the practice delightful; and will be preserved uninterruptedly in the practice, by the strong influence of habit. He who prays at accidental seasons only, or then in form attends to this exercise, will first neglect and finally desist from such a practice.—*Dwight.*

A recent classification of the inhabitants of the world in regard to religion, gives the following results:—Christians 285,000,000; Jews, 5,500,000; Mohammedans, 116,000,000; Idolaters, 484,000,000. The idolaters are thus classified: Buddhists, 245,000,000; Brahminists, 133,000,000; Pagans 106,000,000.

A PROOF OF MAN'S FALLEN CONDITION.—Nothing is greater proof of man's folly and corruption than that if he was left to choose his own happiness, and order all events for himself and others, he would certainly ruin both himself and them.—*Adam.*

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E. W. FLAGLOR.

St. John, N. B., January, 1853.

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AGENCY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

7th January, 1853.

THESE are to certify, that Messrs. ROBERT and HUGH DAVIS, having recently lost by Fire their Milling Establishment in the Parish of Hampstead, Queen's County, and having furnished me with the several proofs required by the conditions of Insurance, and being satisfied therewith, I have paid them their claims; and do hereby declare that I still do, and have no desire to relinquish the Insurance on their Property in Woodstock, or to effect further Insurance for them if required, notwithstanding the several rumours that have been circulated regarding the origin of the Fire, and also as to the value of the property recently destroyed.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.