

Poetry.

FREEDOM OF THE HUMAN WILL.

To those his life and what he'll be
For this eternal truth has given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

He'll draw, persuade, direct him right
Bless him with wisdom, love and light
In manifold ways to good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

Freedom and reason makes us men;
Take these away, what are we then?
Men animals, and just as well,
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

It's my free will to believe;
To God's will me to receive;
To stubborn wills this I'll tell;
It's all free grace and all free will.

Those that despise grow harder still;
Those that believe turn their will;
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear, in glory dwell.

But if we take the downward road,
That leads to hell our last abode;
Our God is clear, and we shall know,
We're plumb'd ourselves in endless woe.

SILECTION.

Election, what a glorious plan,
To save the rebel creature man.
And glory bring to God
For motives in the Father's breast,
The precious Lamb elected is?

To hear the heavy load.

The Father so has lov'd the world,
To give his Son, our blessed Lord,
To save our souls from sin,
That he might shed his precious blood,
And open the door that leads to God,
And call us, sinners, in.

Elected he a prophet is,
To teach us, and to make us wise
To everlasting life,
Elected he a Priest became,
Aton'd for crimes that we have done,
That we might pardon have.

Elected he the victory won,
And rose triumphant from the tomb,
And conquer'd death and hell,
Election, yes; this song we'll sing,
(He's Lord of lords, and king of kings,)
While we this name can spell.

I read my Bible, this is plain,
Christ Jesus is elect, Aton'd,
And blessed be the Lord,
But no election I can find,
Of enemies to God in mind.

Who hate his blessed word.
When we repeat and turn to God,
Believe and love his blessed word,
And have our former sin,
Then we're elect in Jesus Christ,
Who groan'd and died upon the cross,

That we the price might win.

Now, sinners, don't you dare to stand
And say, "If I elected am
From all eternity,

" Though now I fight against the Lord,
He'll bring me by his power and word,
And say, "I now remember well,
And shall have."

For God may eat the brittle thread,
And consume the living dead.
And you mistaken see,
You'll then lift up your eyes in hell,
And say, "I now remember well,
When Jesus call'd for me."

He said, that all things ready were,
That my poor soul might have a share,
It's not for me to say;

But I'd forsake my seat,
And hard'd my heart against them all,
To endure eternal pain.

Now glory to the Lord, Amen;
Christ Jesus saves us from our sin,
When we believe in God;

Now glory to the glorious Son,
Aid holy spirit, there in one,
Let's live upon his word.

Miscellany.

ELIZABETH CAROLINE HURLEY.

BY THE REV. D. M. GRAHAM.

Elizabeth's father was once a papist. He prayed to saints, and confessed his sins to a priest. He was very unhappy because he felt he was a sinner, and he did not know how to have his sins forgiven. He lived in Ireland, and all the people about him were Papists. Papists are not allowed by their priests to read the Bible. This is the reason Elizabeth's father did not know how to have his sins forgiven. The Bible is the book that tells us how we may please God. It tells us to repent of our sins. It tells us to love and obey Christ, and our sins shall be forgiven. While Mr. Hurley was so unhappy, he came over to this country where he got hold of a Bible, and obeyed it and was happy. The Bible made him so happy he loves to tell others about it. He loves to tell his unfortunate countrymen about it who have had to live in ignorance of it. He keeps on talking about it though they often get angry with him because the priests hate him, and teach the poor ignorant people to hate him. Once they became so angry they tried to kill him by stabbing him with a knife. Still he continues to talk to them about the good book that makes him so happy.

He lives in New York, not far from where I live, and I often see him and his family. He has a son about eight years old, and till this week he had a daughter between five and six years old. He of course loves to tell his own family about the Bible, and the little girl loved to hear about it. She was very affectionate to her father and mother and little brother. When she saw any one in trouble she would pity them and say kind words to them.

You all know this year began with Sunday.— On that day she went with her father to meeting, and as she was going along she said "how sweet it is to go to meeting with my father." When they got to the place of meeting, her father wanted her to sit by the stove, but as that was a good way from the pulpit she told her father she could not hear nor understand so well there, and asked his permission to sit nearer to him. He consented, and she gave attention to every word. I hope you will be attentive when you are at meeting.

The Wednesday after, she was taken ill with the croup, and died the next Monday evening. During her sickness she talked much with her father and mother about the Savior. She told them she was going to die, and where she wanted them to bury her, so they could come and see her grave. She

inquired how deep the grave would be; how large the worms are that would eat through the coffin and then eat her body, and many such questions she proposed. She said she was sorry to go without their company, but she was not afraid; she should see the Savior.—On the evening of her death she seemed very sad and inquired if she could know her father and mother and brother when they should come to heaven. She was told they would know each other in heaven. She seemed very happy after that. She asked her father to pray with her; she kissed all of them and tried to comfort them, and then died peacefully. She looked calm and happy after death. She was intelligent for above her years, especially in regard to preparation for death. I attended her funeral yesterday.—When her mother took the last look of the body of her sweet child, she said, "the Lord smites me with his rod, but he sustains me by his staff;" the father said "God loves us as my child; it is enough."

Her body now lies in Greenwood, a beautiful place for burying the dead, called a cemetery, a word which means a sleeping place. This place is three or four miles from the city, and in a pleasant season of the year a great many people, who live in the city, and who come to visit the city, go to see Greenwood. Little Elizabeth had been there. The children of my Sabbath school will visit it next summer, and when they are there they will look for her grave, and when they stand by it, I hope they will pray to the Savior as she loved him, that their death may be as happy and as hopeful as was hers. Many of my little readers who are now Sabbath school children and who live in other places, will yet come to see New York, and when you are here you will go to Greenwood, and when you are there admiring the costly works of art which mark the places where the rich, and it may be the wicked, are buried, don't forget to look for the modest stone on which is inscribed the name of the little girl who made her parents happy even in the affliction of her death. ELIZABETH CAROLINE HURLEY.—*The Myrtle*, New York, Jan. 12, 1854.

MISERIES OF HEATHENISM.

Go for a moment in imagination to the great temple of Juggernaut, at Orissa. Every year more than a million of persons visit this celebrated spot. The aged, the weak, and the sick undertake this pilgrimage as a remedy for all evils. "It is no uncommon occurrence," says one of the missionaries to that place, "to see the miserable worn-out pilgrims, with a patience and fortitude worthy of a better cause, binding their solitary tattered garments round their lacerated feet, and groaning along with bending backs, tottering steps, and emaciated forms and dull sunken eyes, from day to day, and week to week, until they obtain the object of their painful toils, a view of Juggernaut. Nor is it a matter of wonder that vast multitudes sink under their miseries; for it is generally the case so soon as one of the party fails, his companions leave him without the least commiseration to his fate. These poor wretches are almost without an exception thrown out upon the village Golgotha, to be devoured by dogs, birds, and so forth I have several times passed over this piece of ground, and the skulls and bones exceed calculation. The fact of dogs, Jackals, and vultures living on human prey is familiar to every inhabitant of Orissa. If the pilgrim live to leave Juggernaut, he has a long journey before him, and his means of support are often almost, if not quite exhausted. The work of death then becomes rapid, and the route of the pilgrims may be traced by the bones left by the jackals and vultures. The country near the temple seems suddenly to have been visited by pestilence and famine. Dead bodies are seen in every direction. Dogs jackals, and vultures are observed watching the last moments of the dying pilgrim, and not unfrequently hastening his fate. Such is known to be the mortality among pilgrims, that a Hindoo of property always makes his will before he sets out on this journey, and takes a most affectionate farewell of his disconsolate relations. It is supposed that above two thousand die annually on pilgrimages to different holy places." "In the immediate precincts of the holy city where Juggernaut resides, are to be seen crowds of devotees; some remain all day with their heads on the ground, and their feet in the air; others with their bodies entirely covered with earth, some cramping their eyes with mud and their mouths with straw. One has his foot nailed to his neck, or has a pot of fire on his breast; another is enveloped in a net work of ropes. On the day of high festival, when Juggernaut is dragged forth from his temple and mounted on his lofty car, in the presence of hundreds of thousands, who rend the air with shouts of "Victory to Juggernaut! our lord!"—the public services are commenced by the officiating high priest, who is stationed in front of the idol, by a loathsome pantomimic exhibition, and by filthy, blasphemous songs. But it is not until some poor victim of superstition cast himself under the wheels of his ponderous car and is crushed to death, that this horrid king, as he is styled, is said to smile."

The heathen are constantly in the practice of performing great self-tortures upon themselves. I will mention a few of these. Some roll their bodies on the ground for hundreds of miles. The Rev. Mr. Heyer gives an account of an "Indian devotee who had spent more than nine years on a journey from Benares to Cape Comorin, that is, from the 27th to the 7th degree of north latitude. The whole journey is made by rolling on the bare ground from one side to the other, about three miles each day. His family accompanied him, and ministered to his wants.—Some throw themselves from a high wall, a second story of a house, often twenty or thirty feet in height, upon iron spikes, or knives stuck in a bag or mattress of straw.—Many in this way are often cruelly mangled and lacerated. In some instances the issue proves fatal. Sometimes bundles of thorns and other firewood are accumulated, among which the devotees roll themselves uncovered. The materials are next raised into a pile and set on fire. Then the devotees dance briskly over the embers, and fling them into the air with their naked hands, or toss them at one another. Some bore themselves to a vertical wheel, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and raised considerably above the ground. They bind themselves to the outer rim in a sitting posture, so

that when the wheel rolls round, their heads point alternately to the zenith and the nadir. One other species of torture I must mention. The deluded votaries enter into a vow. With one hand they cover their underlips with a layer of wet earth or mud. On this with the other hand they deposit some small grains, usually mustard seed. They then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dripping dews of night and the blinding sun by day. And their vow is, that from that fixed position they will not stir—will neither move, nor turn, nor eat, nor drink—till the seed planted on the lips begins to sprout or germinate. This vegetable process usually takes place on the third or fourth day, after which, being released from their vow, they arise, as they doingly imagine and believe, laden with a vast accession of holiness and supererogatory merit."—Dr. Scudder.

CIGAR MONEY.

"BROTHER M.—we intend to raise a subscription for a new Sunday-school library. Will you head the list?"

"Excuse me, brother Adams; I have had so many calls upon my benevolence of late, that I really can't afford to give much. Get some one to lead the list, and I will give what I can."

A shade of disappointment crossed brother Adams's face as he turned slowly away.

"Well, well," sighed brother M., "I would give more; but, notwithstanding my rigid economy, I must neglect some good cause. I have n't enough for all."

So saying, he drew a cigar from his pocket, and began to puff away, at the same time thinking over what had just occurred.

"I must give something, I suppose," said he to himself, as he knocked the ashes off his cigar. Instead, however, of returning the cigar to his mouth, he still held it up and looked at it, while his lips moved as if he was calculating.

"Is it possible?" said he, at length; "twenty-one dollars and ninety cents a year for cigars? Let me see! three cigars a day, two cents a piece, is six cents a day, multiplied by three hundred and sixty-five, makes twenty-one dollars and ninety cents."

He rose from his chair, threw the cigar in the counting-house fire, and taking up his hat he went to seek brother Adams.

"Brother Adams," said he, "I have been thinking over our conversation, and think I can spare you twenty dollars."

Brother Adams looked surprised and pleased. As he turned to write brother M.'s name on the subscription-book, the latter stopped him, and said, with a smile, "Write, cigar-money."

Brother Adams looked surprised, but, taking the hint, he entered on his book, "Cigar-money, \$20."

Reader, have you any cigar-money to spare?—*Sunday School Advocate.*

[From the New York Journal.]

AUSTRALIAN AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture is carried on extensively by small farmers, who work with their families, hiring assistants in harvest-time, but conducting its operations in general without science. Manure, following, and rotation of crops are seldom heard of; yet the produce of the ill-treated soil is surprising. Wheat, maize, barley, and potatoes are the principal products. Wheat is sown from the commencement of March to the end of June; the harvest is from November to January; but good crops of culinary vegetables are yielded, as potatoes, turnips, onions, and peas, planted or sown at almost any time of the year, a highly important advantage.

The eminently agricultural region of Australia embraces the longest settled districts of New South Wales, or the maritime side of the Blue Mountains. The landscape has here many of the features of the old world—towns, villages, good roads, public houses, tiled and enclosed fields, comfortable houses of stone and brick, surrounded with gardens and orchards. But on passing from the coast to the interior, the agricultural is left for the generally pastoral district, where little disturbances has been given to the primitive aspect of nature, and the sheep farmer lives in a condition of rude independence, occupying a country overgrown with trees, shrubs, rushes, and grasses, with no inclosures but a few paddocks around his house.

The extensive tracts devoted to sheep-breeding are generally held on lease, from the government, for a term of years, and for purposes exclusively pastoral, no attention being allowed to be paid to agriculture, except the raising of as much grain, hay, and fruit as the family or establishment of the occupier may require for domestic use. Having selected a district of "run" as it is called, of unappropriated land, in the choice of which careful attention must be paid to water-provision and pasture, he takes out a license of occupation, or rental proportioned to the number of sheep or cattle which the district is calculated to support. It must at least be capable of carrying 4000 sheep, or an equivalent number of cattle, for which an annual rent of \$50 is paid, with an extra \$12.50 per annum for every additional 1000 sheep, or proportionate increase of cattle.

An invaluable remedy for Consumption, Pain in the Spleen, Bleeding at the Lungs, Difficulty of Breathing, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Chest, Inflammation, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Piles, Salt Rheum, Osteitis, Gout, Epilepsy, Prostration of the Nervous System, General Debility, &c.

DAVID KIERSTEAD.

WILL BE SOLD on SATURDAY, the 15th April next, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the premises, a **Valuable Farm**, situated in Douglas Valley, Queen's County, two miles from the town of New Ross, and only twenty-five from the city of St. John. The Farm consists of 200 acres of land, and contains 5000 sheep of all ages.

There is a good chance for a crop next season. The farm is conveniently situated, and well supplied with all the necessaries of life.

The terms of payment are as follows—15 per cent. on the value of the farm, and the remainder to be paid in two annual instalments of \$100 each, at the rate of 5 per cent. interest.

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