

Religious Intelligencer.

ABLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.— ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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WHOLE NO. 196

PRAY FOR YOUR ENEMIES.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

Travelling on business through the western part of the State of New York, in the month of June, I stopped at an inn on Saturday evening, in a thinly settled part of the country, and put up for the Sabbath. Upon inquiry, I was informed that there was a public worship within a number of miles. The thought of spending the Lord's day in such a situation spread gloom over my mind. But how often is God better to us than our fears! Being weary with my journey, and having committed myself to the hands of the Lord, I retired to rest, under an impression of the goodness of God. The morning dawned upon me in a composed state of spirit; and every thing seemed to conspire to produce in me wonder, admiration, and love. As I came my eyes over the rich scenery of nature's works, I could not but raise my thoughts to the Maker of all things. These "thou wondrous fair, Thyself how wondrous then!" The day did not pass without some lively tokens of the divine presence. The pages of the written word were open before me, and I was enabled to see the beauty of its doctrines, and to taste the sweetness of its promises.

Towards the close of the day, being disturbed by the noisy and profane conversation of some person who had called at the inn, I went out into the field to meditate at evening. I directed my steps towards the woods, a path which led through beautiful fields richly laden with the bounties of Providence. But just as I had reached the border of the field, when the sound of a voice fell upon my ear, I paused; the voice seemed to be one of supplication. Approaching the place where it proceeded, I perceived, beside a tree, a negro woman, apparently advanced in life, upon her knees, with her hands clasped together, and her eyes steadfastly fixed upon heaven. I listened, and was struck with astonishment, to hear one of the daughters of Ethiopia, in the most impressive manner, raising her prayer to God. Never before did I witness such simplicity, fervor, such engrossedness. Like a true daughter of Jacob, she seemed to have power in the Angel of God. That part of her prayer which I distinctly heard, was confined to herself and her master.

"O Lord, bless my master. When he calls upon thee to damn his soul, do not hear him; do not hear him, but hear me—save me—make him know he is wicked, and he will pray to thee. I am afraid, O Lord, I have wished him bad wishes in my heart—rep me from wishing him bad—though he ships me and beats me sore, tell me of my sins, and make me pray more to thee—make me more glad for what thou hast done for me, a poor negro."

As she arose from her kneeling posture, her eyes glanced upon me. Ingenious conjectures were suggested in my mind, as to the cause of her supplication. She was preparing hastily to retreat, when I called to her in a mild tone, and she did not seem to be alarmed, and told her I was pleased to find her so well employed. Encouraged by the mildness of my address, she came towards me. I inquired into her situation and circumstances, and she seemed very happy of the opportunity of making them known. I asked her why she came to this place to pray. She answered that her master was a very wicked man, and would not, if he knew it, allow her to pray at all. The reason of her coming there at this time to pray, was that her master had been beating her that day, and she was afraid she had not felt right towards him; and that she had done wrong also, by submitting with more resignation to his unwhipped lot. I asked her how she came to think it was her duty to pray. She said she had once heard a woman pray in a barn—that the woman prayed for the whole world—said they were all sinners, and going the road to hell—and that after she heard this woman's prayer, she thought it was her duty to pray too. But for a long time she felt that she was so bad that she could not pray. After while she found that she could pray, and that she loved to pray—seemed to do her good, she said, after her master had been beating her, to go away into the fields of woods and pray to the Lord.

I inquired of her whether there were no religious people in the place. She mentioned as the only one, the woman before spoken of, whom she had heard pray a number of times; but she had never conversed with her. I then told her that there were many people in the world who had similar sentiments to hers respecting God and prayer. Her eyes sparkled on hearing this intelligence; she looked with eagerness while I entered into some particulars respecting the new birth and the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. The truths of the Gospel were to her as cold water to a thirsty soul. Her countenance, now glowing with wonder, now suffused with tears, now lighted up with joy, was still present to my imagination. She appeared very anxious to be instructed here; but it was not all; she entreated me to go and converse and pray with her master; and to pray for him when alone. When I was about leaving her, never expecting to see her again in this world, I exhorted her to continue in the exercise of a submissive and forgiving spirit towards her master, and to commit herself to the hands of Him who judgeth righteously; encouraging her with the prospect of a speedy release from all her sufferings, and that, in due season, if she perse-

vered in well doing, she would, through grace, reap a rich reward in the kingdom of glory. Never was I so fully convinced that the religion of Christ consists very much in the spirit of love and forgiveness. The native pride of the human heart is quick-sighted in discerning ill-treatment, violent and unrelenting in its resentments. Too many, alas, even of those who bear the Christian name, and profess an assured hope of pardon from their final Judge, know not how to forget or forgive an offence to a fellow-worm. Such a professor may appear to be planted in the vineyard of the Lord; but his fruits are the grapes of Sodom and the clusters of Gomorrah.

This poor woman, often cruelly treated by the hands of an unkind and unfeeling master, showed nothing like anger or revenge. While smarting under the wounds inflicted by his cruelty, she would retire beyond the sight and hearing of mortals, to pray for his welfare. When speaking of the conduct of her master, she did not dwell upon his faults with seeming pleasure and delight. The ingenuities of her love and compassion manifested itself in a very different manner. Her love to God showed itself in secret, persevering, and importunate prayer for her master; in earnestly requesting me to converse and pray with him; and in entreating me, with a countenance visibly marked with sincerity and love, to pray for him when I was alone. Nothing did she appear to desire more than her master's eternal welfare. Such a spirit as this must be religion; it is the very spirit of Christ; and if so, nothing short of such a temper can be religion. It is an easy thing to talk and pray—words are light and airy things; but to love our enemy, to do all in our power to promote his present and future well-being—this requires grace indeed.

Reader, have you from the heart forgiven all who have injured you? If not, can you hope that God will forgive you? Think of the love of Christ in dying for his enemies, that all who believe in him may be saved. Go to him, confessing your sins and trusting in his mercy. Henceforward let love to God and love to man reign in your heart, that, when weighed in the balance of eternal truth, you may not be found wanting in the meek and holy temper of this poor slave.—American Tract.

"Christians don't care about my Soul."

So sad a young man recently, when pressed by a friend to attend to the subject of his salvation. "I see them careless in the house of God, engrossed with the honours and pleasures of the world during the week; and I mingle often with those who profess to love me, and they never say a word to me about my soul. It cannot be a matter of so much importance as you represent, or surely they would not be thus inconsistent."

A few days later, that young man sent for his pastor, who found him with despair written on his pale, unquiescent countenance, and was about to offer up a prayer, but the young man prevented him. "Your prayers," said he, "can do me no good—it is too late. I have grieved away God's Holy Spirit, never, never to return. I feel airily in my soul the agonies of the damned. I sent for you not to pray, but to be the bearer of a message—a message from the borders of eternity."

"You remember, from the words, 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve.' You spoke of the value of the immortal soul, the uncertainty of life, and urged an immediate decision. My judgment was convinced, my heart touched, and I resolved that, let others do as they might, as for me I would serve God."

"You ceased, J.—W.—, a member of your church, set by my side. Fearing that he might leave the house before I had an opportunity of speaking to him, I turned towards him to beseech him to pray for me, and to ask him to come to my room after dinner, to read the Bible and instruct me in the way of salvation. All unkindly of the assembly of the place, and of the solemn truths just spoken, he was laughing, amusing himself in criticising the error of an old man near us; and before I could recover from my surprise sufficiently to speak, he made some ludicrous remark on the subject—in which I joined him?"

"All my serious impressions fled in an instant, and have never returned. I know my danger, but could not feel it; I saw my guilt, but my heart was adamant; and now my prison-house is hell for ever and ever, with devils for my companions. Would to God I had never seen J.—W.—! Tell him all this, and that I charge him with the loss of my precious soul. Had he been consistent, I might have been rejoicing in Jesus, and prepared for endless blessedness of God's right hand."

These were his last words, spoken with the fearful energy of despair, while the cold drops of agony bedewed the pale brow, and every breath was but the silent utterance of the terrible remorse that preyed upon the soul. A few moments more, and the deathless spirit stood all unprepared in the presence of its Maker—another fearful monument of the direful influence of a cold-hearted professor.

O Christian, Christian! beware! Your words, your actions, your very thoughts as mirrored in your countenance, may be either saving souls or turning them to everlasting perdition. God bids you to be faithful and wise in winning souls to Christ!

A Conversation with an Irish Hay-maker.

In a hot day in the month of June, I accosted a party of Irish haymakers, resting from their labour in the shade, and found one of them quite willing to converse with me: he was the spokesman for his party. The first thing he brought forward was the claims of the Holy Virgin, and the efficacy of her intercessions with her Son on behalf of poor sinners. "Sure her blessed Son has set her beside himself at the right hand of his throne, that she may move him to bless us."

"That," said I, "is not in my Book. 'On earth his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him, and he did not even set them before his other disciples'" (reading to him Matt. xii. 46-48).

Finding he could not hold his ground here, he changed his position, saying, "Do you not believe, then, in the prayers of the saints?" "Undoubtedly I do," I replied, "provided they be living saints; such saints as Paul speaks of, for example, 1 Cor. i. 2. 'They that are sanctified in Christ Jesus called to be saints.' I believe very much in the prayers of such saints as these. Then if you love Jesus Christ I look on you as a saint. I should rejoice greatly in having a place in your prayers."

But my Irish friend sought to bring back attention to the more orthodox class of saints, with which, chiefly, men were familiar on his side of the church. "Have you ever read," said he, "'The Lives of the Saints?'"

"Yes," said I, "I have read the lives of very many contained in the Bible, and other lives of holy men and women who have loved God."

Again this was not the "Lives of the Saints" that he intended. I told him I had not read his "Lives of the Saints," nor had I any great desire to read them.

"Ah," said he, "the Honourable Mr. Spencer, at the beginning, and before he was fully initiated into the thing, used to say, 'The more he read of the "Lives of the Saints," the worse he liked them.' But he has changed his mind since then, and, as a holy priest of our holy church, he now knows and feels the worth of their lives."

And now he went off in another direction, and propounded the dogma, "You know we must be saved by our works."

"Well," I answered, "my Book says 'By their fruits ye shall know them,'" and then pointing him to a tree all verdant and blooming, in whose shade we were sitting, "Let us understand, however, what we mean about good works, and let this tree teach us a lesson. Its fresh green leaves are to us the proof of its vigour and life; but then the leaves are merely the effect of a living cause which God produces. The leaves grow because of the sap within and the air and rain and sun without. Suppose the tree were to boast itself, and tell us its leaves were the cause of its life, we should know very well that it was not so, but that they were only the outgrowth and proof of its life. If we are already saved by Christ, we shall certainly produce the fruit of good works. But then, the Word of God will tell us, 'Not of works, lest any man should boast;' or, more to the point still, 'Who maketh thee to differ? for what thou dost that thou didst not receive?' Now, if thou dost receive it, as this tree does its sap, 'Why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?' 1 Cor. iv. 7."

My valiant friend now launched his closing thunderbolt: "The Bible alone," said he, "is not sufficient to save us."

Here, poor fellow, lay the root of all his errors, and here lay the great stumbling-block in the way of his being saved from his errors; once and again, as he had taken ground given away beneath him, he had taken refuge in the convenient reply, "It may not say so in your Bible, but it does in ours;" and when he found that it was not admitted, he began to quote his prayer-book, and the authority of the church, as standing side by side with the authority of the Bible. "The church teaches it, and therefore I must believe it."

This, then, is Romanism, as held by an earnest, sincere, and for his station in life, a most intelligent follower of the system. He held much that was true about the work of Christ, to which, in words at least, he professed to attach the highest importance; but it always came out that this was but a secondary consideration with him, in comparison of the unscriptural and anti-scriptural dogmas of the intercession of the Virgin, the prayers of saints, and the saving efficacy of works. These were the substance of his creed, and I was only received as its fringe. Let us, as Protestants, seek to keep all truths in their right relationship. God's Bible must be kept uppermost. Creeds, formularies, and prayer-books may all have their place and their worth, so long as our appeal is "to the law and to the testimony." If they speak not according to this law, it is because they have no life in them.—Book and its Mission.

Correspondence.

London Correspondence.

LONDON, Sep. 11th, 1857.

We are surrendered just now to speculations on the telegraph delay in announcing the Indian mail. The last mail was telegraphed from Cagliari in Sardinia, and as similar arrangements will have again been made, we are reduced to the conclusion that there is a hitch farther off. The steamer may be a slow vessel, or some accident in the difficult navigation of the Red Sea may have occurred. The public mind is strung up to a pitch of painful anxiety, not lessened by the sinister rumours which have been actively scattered during the last few days. It is now just upon two years since Sevastopol fell, and a very cheerful coincidence would it be if tidings of Delhi's fall were to come to hand. If possible one would like to see of the insurrection to fall in some other way than by assault and sack. Military violence, even when employed as an avenger of deeds too dark for description, is a blind and reckless instrument. The Times, and other papers are crying out that Delhi may be razed to the earth, scattered, and ploughed up, as a monument of British retribution, especially for the atrocities on women and children. If only mutineers lived there, or if the inhabitants could be proved to have abetted the odious indignities inflicted, the reprisal would not be too great; but the severest justice cannot approve the wholesale devastation and worldly ruin of 150,000 persons, many of them women and children, for crimes of which they have been as innocent as ourselves. The conviction strengthens that the East India Company's government will be vitally modified or curtailed, perhaps superseded before very long. The friend of missions must deeply deplore the havoc made of property by the maddened Sepoys, and the lower sort, either set free from prison, or deserving to be sent there. Yet the loss of European life has been small at the missionary stations, and the native Christians have shown the greatest fidelity. Their trepidation may be pardoned, and all the more so few have apostatised through fear. Most touching is the case of the catechist, a Mohammedan convert, when a young English officer, brought in half dying from wounds as a prisoner, roused his drooping faith by the exhortation, "Come, my friend, whatever you do, don't deny the Lord Jesus!" At that moment the torturers were driven away by the arrival of troops, the catechist was saved, and had barely time to bless his comforter when the young ensign's soul went victorious to glory. What a scene might not the poet and the painter make of this; but whatever pen and pencil may do, its record is on high, and will shine forth in the great day of the Lord. Every one who has friends in India, is overwhelmed with the saddest tales of suffering. From such a source I have heard nine moving accounts. A brigadier said a year since to my informant, "I hope to shake hands with you again in twelve months;" he fell at Cawnpore. A gentleman and lady rode three days with only a few cups of water to support nature's energies. Hairbreadth escapes are countless, and seem generally accompanied by a devout sense of providential mercy. One of the most romantic pages in the history of adventure will be written, when the progress of the Indian mutiny is detailed.

Appeals for pecuniary relief are flying through the Kingdom, and meeting with a generous response. The Emperor of the French has sent £1,000, and great names nearer home will not come behind in the race of liberality. None will distance the Earl of Dalhousie, the late Governor General of India, who is reported to have placed his pension of £5,000 per annum at the service of the Company for the present emergency.

The Court is at Balmoral, where the Queen on Tuesday 8th, opened a bridge over the river Dee. On Sunday the royal party heard Mr. Caird, whose sermon two years ago was published at Her Majesty's request. This second discourse is said to have been "magnificent," so that we may suppose it not to have fallen below the former in the elements of pure pulpit eloquence. His text was 1st Cor. iii. 22, 23.

The Atlantic Cable is not disposed of for eastern service. There are two companies wishing to carry out telegraphic communication with India, the one by the Red Sea, the other by the Euphrates Valley route. They are both influentially supported, but their influence, it is to be feared, will be shewn in preventing anything to be done. Still the electric wires are on their way, just in that direction precisely. They have been laid from Bonn, in Africa, on the Algerine frontier, to Cape Trafalgar, in Sardinia, a distance of 150 miles. Progress is being made in the arrangements to carry wires on the floor of the blue Mediterranean from Cagliari in the same island, to Malta.

The British Scientific Association has closed its sittings after the usual amount of learned palaver, and a more than usual amount of extraneous amusement. The Lord Lieutenant has been a munificent patron of the assembled savans, catering for their pleasures with indefatigable zeal. The Earl of Carlisle is in character in all this, one of the nobility that God has made,—"a guinea" man with the mark of rank upon his brow. Our Irish priests are boasting that the

Dublin meeting of the Association was a great triumph. The attendance was 2,002, only 130 below this at Glasgow.

Since I wrote, 3,000 children trained in singing on the *Tonic sol fa* system, taught by Rev. Dr. Curwen, made a display in the Crystal Palace before 30,000 listeners. The young folks gained great credit by their performance. The performers in the great Handel Festival are now receiving their memorial medals; each medal is of bronze about the size of a five shilling piece, and has the owner's name in the rim.

The Manchester Exhibition is not attracting the common homespun Lancashire mind. The Tories have run a needle into the pride of the citizens in the shape of a leading article. An effort is being made to raise £5,000 for giving an admission to 100,000 Sunday School children. The Mayor is one of the Secretaries. The children will not appreciate the paintings, and £5,000 are a large sum to spend on an afternoons pleasure. The conception, however, befits the city, which gave the Queen the National Anthem, sung by 70,000 children's voices. Manchester boasts of doing things on a large scale.

I forget whether I said anything of the princely gift—I believe I did—of F. Crossley, Esq., M. P., of Halifax, to the people of that town—nothing less than a Public Park! An address signed by 8,273 persons was their reply, and in spite of his dissuasions, they have resolved on raising a statue to commemorate the noble honor in effigy. Mr. Crossley is a teetotaler.

The Middlesex Election resulted in the unopposed return of Mr. Byng, a relative of the old Mr. Byng, who for many years was the father (oldest member) of the House of Commons, where he sat for Middlesex above 60 years. Mr. Byng, the elect of Middlesex, and this formerly represented Tarstock, and this borough has witnessed a contest between Hon. Mr. Russell, a nephew of the Duke of Bedford, and Mr. Miall, editor of the *Non-conformist*. The Duke disclaimed all wish to bias his tenantry, who returned Mr. Russell over his more democratic competitor by a majority of 44 votes out of 284 polled.

Dr. Livingstone, whose travels are announced for November, was received on Wednesday by the members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and Cotton Supply Association. He was warmly cheered, and after his address a resolution was carried conveying thanks to him, and requesting the Government to put a steamboat at his disposal for opening up commercial intercourse on the Zambesi River.

The Early Closing Association is prosecuting its work, that of promoting an earlier closing on week-nights of business houses and a Saturday half holiday. It had a meeting last night of its friends, when resolutions pledging them to give it "the utmost pecuniary and personal support," were unanimously agreed to.

London is at all times the abode of foreign as well as of domestic "bions." Remarkable men of all nations are never absent from it, not even when the town itself is said to be "out of town." The United States have sent us Rev. Theodore Cuyler, a good temperance brother, and Rev. W. H. Milburn, the Chaplain to Congress, who is blind. Yesterday evening he lectured to the Young Men's Association on "Western Mind—its manifestations, eloquence, and honour." He managed I suppose to steer clear of the Slavery difficulty, for the audience, say the newspapers, was greatly gratified with his address.

The captain found guilty of murder on the high seas lies for execution to-morrow; the two mates who assisted him are respited. They will probably be transported for life. There is a two-fold movement in the religious world of happy omen—the increase of services for the working classes, and general prayer meetings in reference to India. In Ireland the evangelical movement is not peacefully proceeding, in the form of outdoor preaching. Belfast has been in the pangs of a riot from this cause, and even the wretched Protestants will possibly have to abandon their ground in order to preserve the public peace. The great Evangelical Conference is now in session in Berlin. Interesting information will soon be received.

The season has taken another turn, for two weeks we have had a preponderance of dust and rainy weather. But the harvest has been well nigh universally gathered in, and the blessings of the Spirit as well as those of the sky be coveted and enjoyed by all people! B.

From our New York Correspondent.

ASHFIELD, Mass., Sept 14th, 1857.

Mr. Editor:—Ascending the Connecticut valley a hundred miles or so, and going west ten or eleven miles, would bring you to the hilly region where I am spending a few days to recruit my exhausted system. Since I have been here, the Session of the New-England Quarterly Meeting has taken place. Among the things which have rendered it interesting was the ordination of H. B. Davis to the work of the ministry. Bro. Davis has been preaching in this place nearly a year. There is no church of any kind here. There have been churches but they have been rent by schisms till all have perished. Once there was a very interesting and flourishing strict communion Baptist Church here, but it is now a scene of desolation owing to the influence of Adventism. It is passing strange that the

truth of the Lord's second coming should be used for the destruction of churches as has occurred in this country to a wide extent. The house of worship belonging once to the church above spoken of is situated in a pleasant locust grove, and was a good and well-built edifice for the region in its day; but it is now given over to decay and ruin, a fit symbol of the state of religion in this region.

Bro. Davis came here a year ago and by consent of all has preached in the house above mentioned, which is still within quite comfortable, despite its forbidding outward appearance. The audience has steadily improved; a choir has been organized and is doing well; and other improvements have been made. Years of faithful labor, however, are required to bring back society to as good a state as it had reached here years ago. Those who retain any spark of piety are alienated in their feelings from organization and are indisposed to assume church obligations; their course has a most blighting influence upon the minds of the impenitent, especially the youth, some of whom however have been converted under the labors of Bro. Davis. Society seems to be made up of elements that do not readily mingle, though the audiences during the second meeting have been large, attentive and solemn. It is not improbable that the present generation must pass away before society is restored to the state it was in previously to the terrible shock it has suffered. God's blessings have so attended the labors of our brother here, however, that confidence is in part restored, and I should judge the time for organization has fully come. The church here at first must be of few members, and the silent influence of the leading men in community will perhaps be against it, not from malice, but from the deadly state into which their souls have fallen. The work of distinction is easy and rapid, that of building up slow and toilsome; but no where does this principle find more marked illustration than in relation to religious society. Our brother here has a hard field, but it now appears that his efforts are likely to be crowned with slow but sure success. His ordination which occurred yesterday was one of the most impressive scenes I have been present at for a long time.

A word for your readers, interest in farming and grazing. So far as my acquaintance with these employments goes, it has been almost entirely in new countries. In this old country, comparatively, I therefore frequently meet with facts that are interesting to me from their novelty. They may not be so to others. So with those I am about to state. The pastures here when not renewed with foreign substances, "run out," as they call it, that is, the ordinary grasses and clover give place to a species of grass which they call white grass. This latter comes in spontaneously as the other fails. It is not useless for pasturage, but it is less nutritious than the others, and horned cattle that feed upon it, to the exclusion of others, are likely to become diseased with what they call the Bone-ail. Cattle thus affected seem to have scarcely life enough to get about. It seems that this kind of feeding, however it may suffice in other respects, fails to furnish the material in sufficient quantity that goes to supply the waste in the bones. The soil needs to receive lime and phosphorus in some way; if not, the cattle must have other substances than the white grass. An effectual remedy is found, I am told, in bone-dust, that is, the dust or meal which they procure at establishments where bone is worked up in cutlery. Bone powdered in any way is of course to the same purpose. Cattle eat it with great eagerness. They even eat bones not powdered, supplying themselves by instinct with the needed medicine. Thus farmers here are as careful to save every bone left of their own fowl for their cattle, as an Indian is for his dog. The same medicine cures also the Horn-ail, as they call it, a disease of similar nature and doubtless from the same cause. The latter complaint has the effect to diminish in the case of cows the quantity of milk, while the former increases it.

Yours, G

(From our New York Correspondent.)

A Visit to Mount Tom.

MR. EDITOR:—One day the first of this week, with glass in hand, I was permitted to make my first visit to the top of Mount Tom. During the last eight or nine years I have often passed within sight of it. Once the sickness and death of a relative called me to spend several days within three or four miles of it. But always pressing engagements so hurried me along the journey of life, I could not before pause long enough to survey the interesting scenery spread out in view of that frequented point of observation.

After a drive of about three miles from Holyoke by the common road, we turned aside to the right into the forest by a road used mostly for the purpose of drawing timber. At the place where we turned, aside we had gained an elevation of hundreds of feet above the base of the mountain; but still the peak itself lifted up its timbered slopes several hundred feet more. After driving by a winding road half or three quarters of a mile, up the rapidly rising slope, we came to the place where the ascent is so sharp we were obliged to go on foot. About three quarters of an hour, perhaps a little less, of sharp climbing though not difficult or dangerous, brought us

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A Visit to Mount Tom.

MR. EDITOR:—One day the first of this week, with glass in hand, I was permitted to make my first visit to the top of Mount Tom. During the last eight or nine years I have often passed within sight of it. Once the sickness and death of a relative called me to spend several days within three or four miles of it. But always pressing engagements so hurried me along the journey of life, I could not before pause long enough to survey the interesting scenery spread out in view of that frequented point of observation.

After a drive of about three miles from Holyoke by the common road, we turned aside to the right into the forest by a road used mostly for the purpose of drawing timber. At the place where we turned, aside we had gained an elevation of hundreds of feet above the base of the mountain; but still the peak itself lifted up its timbered slopes several hundred feet more. After driving by a winding road half or three quarters of a mile, up the rapidly rising slope, we came to the place where the ascent is so sharp we were obliged to go on foot. About three quarters of an hour, perhaps a little less, of sharp climbing though not difficult or dangerous, brought us

From our New York Correspondent.

ASHFIELD, Mass., Sept 14th, 1857.

Mr. Editor:—Ascending the Connecticut valley a hundred miles or so, and going west ten or eleven miles, would bring you to the hilly region where I am spending a few days to recruit my exhausted system. Since I have been here, the Session of the New-England Quarterly Meeting has taken place. Among the things which have rendered it interesting was the ordination of H. B. Davis to the work of the ministry. Bro. Davis has been preaching in this place nearly a year. There is no church of any kind here. There have been churches but they have been rent by schisms till all have perished. Once there was a very interesting and flourishing strict communion Baptist Church here, but it is now a scene of desolation owing to the influence of Adventism. It is passing strange that the