

perusal of Dwight's Theology. By such decision and self-denial, some men counteract all the dissipating tendencies of itinerancy, while they are enjoying its unspeakable advantages. But it is to be observed that such self-control is seldom found, except in those who have been previously subjected to most vigorous scholastic training. Where there is a will, there will be a way; and the resolved purpose to be well furnished for the work is scarcely ever frustrated. But to carry out such a purpose, you must avoid a thousand things, to which, at your age, you will be tempted, and which consume time and preclude habits of application.—*Watchman and Observer.*

THE WALDENSES.

The Worcester Spy contains the following report of Dr. Baird's lectures on these interesting members of the Christian church.

The Waldenses are found, not in Switzerland as many suppose, but in Italy, 200 miles from Geneva. They live in the kingdom of Sardinia. Their country is 18 miles in length, and from 12 to 14 miles in width.—Its population is 26,000; 22,000 of them are protestants, and 4,000 Catholics. To this spot, they are confined by law, and are forbidden to hold property in any other part of Italy.

The ancestors of the Waldenses, took refuge in these valleys, in the first centuries from the persecutions which arose under the Roman Emperors. Amid all the changes of the world, they retained the truth, in its purity, in their mountain fastnesses. In the 11th century, they stood alone in the world as an evangelical people. In the 14th century, the dukes of Savoy, at the instigation of the Popes, commenced their wars of extermination. In 250 years they passed through 34 wars, and still preserved their national existence. They owed their safety to their position. The old men, women and children, were sent to the mountain tops to pray, while the young and strong fought. In one battle 300 of the Waldenses repulsed 8,000 of the invaders. As the enemy defiled along the narrow valleys, rocks were thrown from the overhanging precipices, and many were killed. Cromwell interfered to save them, but at his death their enemies renewed the attack.

The most destructive war, was in the time of James the second. The troops of Louis XIV, attacked them in 1688, and 14,000 were slain, the remaining 3,500 went to Switzerland, in mid-winter. They were kindly received by the Bernese, and remained with them three years and a half. William, Prince of Orange, then sent Col. Arnaud to persuade them to return to their own country.—He placed himself at their head, as both minister and leader, and they reconquered their country. Peace was declared in 1692.—Since that time, they have not suffered from war but have been grievously oppressed.—Their taxes were far higher, in proportion, than those of the other Italians. They were not allowed to proselyte, but priests were sent among them, to win over their children.—These attempts rarely succeeded. When the reformation commenced, the Waldenses sent a committee to Luther, to ascertain his religious views. When informed they replied that his doctrines were the same they had held for centuries.

From that time they have kept up a communication with Switzerland. Their ministers are educated in that country. They use the French language in their pulpits. Seven young men are supported in their colleges, by the interest of a fund created in Calvin's time. The contributions for their assistance from protestant countries, since that time, would probably not vary much from half a million. Col. Beckwith an Englishman who now resides among them, has done much for their benefit. He has given them about 30,000 dollars and has built for them 165 school houses.

They have fifteen parishes, a college, with 50 students, and a grammar school. Their national flag is a burning lamp surrounded with stars, and encircled with the beautiful and appropriate motto, *Lux lucet in tenebris.* The king of Sardinia has, during the last year, granted them what they never possessed before, religious liberty. They are now endeavouring to restore the Italian language in their pulpits. God has evidently preserved them, to be indeed, a light shining in a dark place, that through their influence, the true Gospel may be spread in Italy. They send

by the lecturer, their salutations to the American churches, and ask their prayers and aid in their great work.

Seamen's Friend.

THE DEAD OF THE SEA.

Extract from a sermon preached in the Roosevelt-street Mariner's Church, New-York, April 19, 1846, by the Rev. James W. Alexander, D. D.

Rev. xx. 13.—*And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.*

IV.—Consider the NEGLECT with which the dead that are in the sea have been allowed to go down into its depths.

Neglect, of individuals or classes, is to be measured with some reference to their importance and value. Were the seamen who are daily perishing in the waters an idle, unprofitable, burdensome generation, we might perhaps let them drop away with less blame.—But they sustain the trade of the world.—Whatever is meant by that pregnant word *commerce*, involves the toils and dangers of thousands of mariners. To neglect them, is to cast from us the very instrument by which the gains of merchandize are acquired. The useful products, and the almost necessary luxuries, which are exchanged between continents and islands, are borne on their arms. The sails that fan all climates are guided by their sinews. There is not a delicacy or ornament of commerce, there is not a wonder of art, there is not a transmarine medicine, there is not a transportation of Christian mercy, not a visit of holy friendship and affection, which is not in some sort entrusted to the hardy seamen whom we neglect. And when he dies, far from sight of land, he dies in the hard service of a civilization and refinement, which use him, and abandon him. The soldiers of the earth are many; but we can do without them. The day, we trust, is hastening on, which shall render obsolete their trade of blood. But the sailor we cannot do without. The more peace the more commerce. The progress of every science and art tends to bring a greater throng into the highway of nations. And the Gospel itself, as it begins to expand itself more largely over the earth, will claim for itself a Christianized seamanship, to dispense the word and the ministry of God among all nations. Mariners are then indispensable; yet these are they whom we have neglected. The sin lies at the door of Christendom. The son who leaves the maternal threshold to traverse the earth, is the one who should be furnished with the means of life.—But the Church has seen her children going abroad over all waters, and yet has done but little, and even that little but lately, for the spiritual good of the seaman. How long was it, before Christian watchmen even missed the sailor from church-assemblies? How long before means were used to furnish his sea-chest with the Bible? How long before a Bethel flag was hoisted, or a Bethel chapel built? This "Mariner's Church," rich as it is in blessings, has existed only 26 years.—The origin of our present efforts dates no further back than 1817, when a few godly seamen of Rotherhithe, near London-bridge, began to pray under those colours which have since waved over so many clusters of believers. The Societies of London and New-York were later still. While we bless God for what has been done, and for the encouragement we have to proceed, we cannot but bewail the absolute destitution of the vast body of mariners. Immense portions of the Christian world take no cognizance of them as immortal beings. Congregations send up prayers, for years, without remembering those whose business is on the great waters. And the consequence is, that although no field of effort has yielded more fruit in proportion to labour bestowed, yet so vast is the amount to be compassed, that the great mass is not reached. Neglected mortals continue to plunge unprepared into eternity.

It would be a consolation to the pallid, shivering seamen as he spends his few last moments on the parting timbers, before the final plunge, to remember some word of promise—some hour of communion—some message from Christ's ministers—some precious sacrament; alas! what multitudes have none such to remember? They have come and gone for years to and from Christian ports, but they have found no Christian privilege there, for none has taken them by the hand, or led them to the house of prayer. A poignant sense of this neglect moved the founders of this Society to begin and prosecute their

work. They were willing to snatch, if possible, from the double destruction of soul and body in shipwreck, at least here and there one among the thousands, who mount up to the heaven, and go down again to the depths, while their soul is melted because of trouble; all this is but the beginning of sorrows. Neglect of such will appear in its true light, when the sea shall give up the dead which are in it.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

This Society held its annual meeting at the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. The report stated, that receipts of the Society for the last year, had been \$4772. The Sailors' Home has, during the year, received 2,503 boarders, and has reached its utmost limit of accommodations. Board has been given to the needy, to the amount of 296; during the year, 96 Bibles have been given. The preaching of the Gospel has been sustained at the Mariner's church. The congregation of seamen has nearly doubled since the last anniversary; five have been added to the church and seven others have given evidence of renewal.

Addresses were made by several gentlemen, but we have room only for the following remarks of Capt. GIRDLER, of this city:

In looking back some forty years ago, we find that seamen were considered as a hopeless race of beings—wedded to sin almost from necessity—their associations of the most unhallowed kind—living, as unaccountable beings, and dying (if they escaped the casualties of the sea) of premature old age, abandoned, degraded, lost! It seemed as though the church had forgotten her first missionaries—those illustrious Galilean fishermen; that the Divine Head went on board a ship and taught from thence on the shore—that the wretched, degraded seamen were without her pale, and unless a signal interposition of heaven transpired, they must forever be shut out from the marriage supper of the Lamb.

My first essay as a seaman was on board a Public vessel in 1814. The school boy now appeared in the sailor's garb, having commenced preparations for a cruise by filling water stores, &c. I was sent with a party, the old boatswain at the head, to a bakery for bread; the shop was closed; and as our wants must be supplied, the old sailor insisted on my applying at the residence of the proprietor near by. I rang the bell; the door was opened by an interesting little girl, who, astonished ran to her mother in the parlour crying—O mother! here comes a sailor! what shall we do! Alas! there was too much cause for that child's astonishment: the sailor's debased character was proverbial; his degradation complete.

I well remember the day in 1827 on my arrival at New York after a providential deliverance from shipwreck, were from a fleet of 300 vessels, 250 were stranded or lost.—As a seaman drawing near the coast on a dark and perilous night, strains his vision to get hold of the lights, or the dark outline of the land above the horizon; or hear the surges of the sea on the beach—or the gradual shoalings of the water to direct him to his desired haven, so did I look for the Bethel meeting as the most appropriate place to return thanks to God, and ease my happy spirit in bearing testimony to the truths of his own revealed will. I had not coasted far in Water street, I think, before the joyful signal was given! It was not a blue light; but it was a transparent lantern with the words "Bethel" inscribed and hung at the door of a sailor's boarding house; this was apostolic; we are told in olden times that "daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus."

Thirty years ago I knew but one little temperance boarding house in New York, where good old Capt. Prince held his Bethel prayer meetings. How many houses of this description could be found in this city at that period? Consider how the mariners' churches well filled with serious, attentive congregations! the Retreats! the homes and other accommodations all conducted on strict moral principles. Look at your beautiful houses in Purchase street and North square; appropriate sanctuaries for the body and for the soul!—they will stand enduring monuments, like the Pillars of Hercules until time shall be no longer. Constructed of materials liable to decay; they will be rebuilt and enlarged in new and improved editions, until its inmates are all summoned home into the Paradise of God.

Summary.

A New Industrial Resource.—Close your Potash Works.

The influence of English enterprise is becoming more active in the development of the industrial resources of Ireland. We have seen the report of Mr. Neville Warren, countersigned by Messrs John and Charles Watt—the former an engineer of admitted ability, and the latter practical analytical chemists—in which, after a minute investigation, those gentlemen state that over a surface extending from Dalkey to Wexford, there are upwards of seventy miles in which the granite stone, the external surface of which is so well known, contains a very considerable proportion of potash. It is proposed, under their advice, to construct materials for the chemical operation required to extract this valuable alkali from granite, by which means upon an outlay of £10,000 capital, they calculate upon realizing a gross revenue of £40,000, the greater proportion of which will be expended in labor in the district of Kingstown. It is estimated that there are 2,000 tons of potash, the produce of America, consumed annually in England and Scotland, the present cost of which is £40 per ton; and that, by working the granite of Dalkey, which extends inland to Sandyford, the same quantity could be extracted by means of the capital referred to, and sold at £20 per ton, yielding a revenue of £40,000, to remunerate the capitalist and diffuse the blessings of employment among the people, and not only render it quite impossible for the Americans to compete with the Irish, but really push an Irish trade in potash into the American Continent.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

The Late Bishop of Limerick.

If some of our bishops are busy and overbearing in the exercise of their power, there are others who bring scandal upon religion by lives of splendid idleness. One of these has just been removed from this mortal scene.—The Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox, Bishop of Limerick, died at Birmingham on the 30th of May, in the 77th year of his age. Dr. Knox was translated from Killaloe to Limerick in 1834. The diocese includes some of the counties most severely visited by famine. Besides being patron of forty-four livings, he drew from his diocese the annual sum of £4,968. Limerick city is the seat of the cathedral, and should have been the Bishop's residence. But he was a stranger where his duty lay! He lived in affluence in Italy, while the people of his diocese were perishing by famine and pestilence. The palace and the cathedral are both in a state of dilapidation. Planks supply the place of glass in some of the windows. Of the £75,000 or nearly, which he drew from famishing Ireland, how much went to the relief of the starving peasantry!

A Modern Bishop.

The Dublin Press states, that the present Bishop of Limerick lives out of the country to avoid his creditors. This is not very creditable to a prelate of the Establishment. "A portion of his income" says the Press, "is sequestered to pay his debts and his lordship lives upon the balance abroad."

The Curate and the Rector.

A curate, who had for nineteen years received the paltry stipend of £100 a year from his well endowed rector, for performing the pastoral duties of a rather extensive rural parish lately applied to the noble patron of that and many other livings for promotion to an incumbency of £130, per annum. His lordship was startled by the application, and wrote to inquire into the cause, seeing that according to the present law, the curacy already held was entitled to £150 a year by the scale as to population. The curate replied that he had never received more than £100; whereupon the noble patron wrote to the rector, to whom his word was law in such a case, and ordered the paying up of all arrears—£950, with interest, the whole amounting to above £1400; a handsome fortune to the poor clergyman, who is also to receive his full salary in future. He has, therefore, occasion to rejoice in having unconsciously saved a pretty little property, which, if received during the whole time, might have glided out of his possession almost imperceptibly.

Young zeal and old knowledge form an excellent compound.