

ready for those who embrace the Son of God. Your pastor is ready to receive you, nay, has been weeping in secret places over your condition for a long time, and wishing that "the heavenly, that vision so divine," might arrive, when he could join in a song of rejoicing with the angels over your repentance. The house of worship is opened on the Sabbath for you, that you may hear how the Saviour died for you. Why then will you die?

Do not flatter yourself that you have no need of salvation. If your heart has rejected the Saviour, or said, "Go thy way for this time," all heaven looks upon you with astonishment and horror! The stains of enormous guilt are upon your soul. In this relation, everything you do is turned into crime, and all your enjoyments are but treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. The Christian's faith is to him as the philosopher's stone;—it turns even his afflictions into blessings. But your unbelief is the reverse of this;—it turns every blessing into a final curse. O, be not too proud to receive the instructions of infinite wisdom. You are condemned already and every passing day is like the wheel of a chariot, whose successive revolutions roll you on to endless ruin. Break loose, then, from the snares of sin! O, cry for mercy before it is too late! See, how a pale and lifeless form starts from the grave of each of your young friends who have died during the past year, to give force to that solemn warning of your Maker, "Behold! now is the day of salvation."—*Baptist Register.*

Scotchmen and Scotch Music.

The following instance shows that Scotch music will make a Scotchman do anything when out of his own country:—

A gentleman who was a first rate performer of Scotch music on the violin, spent a winter in Exeter, and of course soon became acquainted with the musical dilettanti of the place. Dining one day with a professor, the conversation turned upon Scotch music, and a strong argument arose as to its bearing competition with foreign music; the Scotchman, whom we shall for the present designate the Fiddler, insisting that, when properly played, nothing could excel it; the Professor on the other hand insisting that it was only fit for a barn-yard.

"I'll tell you what," says the Fiddler, "I'll lay you a wager of £5 that if a party of Scotchmen can be got together I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the third."

"Done," says the professor; "and if your music is capable of that, I will not only pay you the £5 with pleasure, but will be convinced that it is the most enlivening, pathetic, and best music in the world."

The difficulty arose as to getting an opportunity for a trial. But this was soon obviated by a third party informing them that a number of young Scotchmen dined annually at the Old London Hotel, on the anniversary of Burns' birthday. This was a capital opportunity for the Fiddler; for these young men, being principally raw-boned, over-grown Scotch lads who had recently left their own country to carry tea in the neighborhood, were the very ones upon whom he was sure to make a hit.

All being now arranged, and the utmost secrecy being agreed upon, the eventful day was anxiously looked for. At length it came; and the Fiddler and Professor by an introduction to one of the party got an invitation to the dinner. There were twelve altogether sat down; and a right merry party they were. The Fiddler was not long in perceiving that he had got among a right musical set, and he waited patiently till they were fit for anything. At length he gave a wink to the Professor, who at once proposed that his friend should favor them with a Scotch tune on the violin.

"Capital, capital!" cried the whole party. The violin was brought in, and all were in breathless anxiety. The Fiddler chose for his first tune "Here's a health to them that's awa," and played it in the most solemn and pathetic manner.

"That's a wae fu' tune," said a great big, raw-boned youth to his next neighbor.

"It is that, Sandy. There's meikle in that tune, man. It reminds me o' ane that's gane;" Jamie at the same time giving a deep sigh, and drawing his hand over his long gaunt face to hide the tears which were trickling down his cheeks.

The Fiddler with his keen eye soon perceived that before he got through the second part of the tune he would have them all in the same mood. He, therefore, threw his

whole soul into the instrument, played the tune as he had never done before; and as the last four bars of the tune died away like a distant echo, there was not a dry cheek amongst the company. Now is the time, thought the Fiddler; and without stopping a moment, struck up, in a bold, vigorous style, "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maui." Out went the handkerchiefs, away went the tears.

"Chorus!" cried the Fiddler; and in an instant all struck up,

"For we are nae fou', we're nae that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crow, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree!"

The song ended, up struck the Fiddler in his best style, the reel of "Jenny dang the Weaver."

"Hey, ye hearties!" cried Sandy.

"Scotland forever!" cried Jamie; and in an instant tables, chairs and glasses were scattered in all directions and the whole party dancing and jumping about like madmen.

Out ran the affrighted Professor, (for he did not know what might come next,) up came the landlady with her terrified train of inmates. But none durst enter the room, the hurras and thumps on the floor being so boisterous; and it was only upon the entry of a Scotch traveller, who had just arrived, and who cried to the Fiddler for any sake to stop, that order was restored.

It is needless to say the Professor paid his bet cheerfully, and was fully convinced of the effect of Scotch music when properly played; and that the landlady took care that the Fiddler never came into her house again on Burns' anniversary dinner.—*Eng. Paper.*

Seamen's Friend.

The Sailor an object of Christian Sympathy.

[From the Sailor's Magazine.]

Persecution for Christ's sake on ship-board is no uncommon thing; every sailor who loves Jesus has to endure it, more or less.—One instance of persecution I will relate.

Some time in October last, one Sabbath evening, after preaching, I invited, as usual, all to come forward for prayers who felt the need of a Saviour. Among others, a sailor presented himself—a man I should think about fifty years of age. He wept bitterly, and in broken accents said, he desired to find the Saviour,—had once known him, but had lost his hope and his confidence in him.

He was requested to state his experience publicly, when he proceeded. He said, "My brethren and sisters in the Lord, I was once happy—I rejoiced in the God of my salvation. Many years I have known that God is good; his love was shed abroad in my heart, and his Spirit did bear witness with my spirit, that I was his child; but, my brethren, these feelings are gone, and now my heart is sad—what shall I do? I lost my light and my love, on my last voyage, which was from Europe to Quebec."

"When I shipped, I inquired if the Captain was a professor of religion; was answered yes; I then expected to have good times—happy meetings—but my expectations were cut off, for when I got to sea I found the Captain was a Roman Catholic, and so were some of the crew. On the passage I tried to live to God—went often as possible below to pray—was found out and persecuted by my shipmates, they even knocking me about and tearing my books, the Captain encouraging them. Thus I suffered, and was pressed as a cart beneath its sheaves, and so discouraged, almost ready to give up. I am on my way to New York to get a ship. I have come here to seek the Lord. Brethren, will you pray for me?"

The above is the substance, and I think almost word for word, of what he said. His request was, of course, readily granted—the brethren united at the throne of grace in his behalf, and on that evening he said he felt comforted—he wept tears of joy—the friends wept with him, and all I believe were thankful that God had delivered him from the great curse and cruel influence of Romanism.—Some friends assisted him a little, and knowing something myself of the concern felt for sailors by the superintendent of your Sailor's Home, I directed this poor and persecuted sailor to Captain Richardson. He left us the next day, and since then other matters equally interesting have caused this to sleep with us, until a few days since I received the following letter:—

New Orleans, February, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.—I am happy to inform you that I arrived at Liverpool, Eng-

land, in November last, for which I am truly thankful to God, and for his goodness to me in sparing my unworthy life to this moment.

Dear friend, I return you my humble thanks for your kindness to me. I arrived safe in New York, and by your direction found Capt. Richardson, and was made very welcome at the Sailor's Home—was there five days. I found the Lord to be there, and He blessed my soul in a great measure, glory to his name. Captain Richardson was very kind. If I had been his own brother he could not have done more for me than he did.—Dear brother, I return thanks to God that I left the Roman Catholic ship in Quebec. Please accept my Christian love from a once wicked Dutch sailor, but thanks to the Lamb that was slain for me, I have redemption through his blood. I found God's people in Liverpool,—was introduced to Capt. Cushing, of the Sailor's Home there,—went with him to meeting—shipped for New Orleans—had much persecution on the passage because of my methodism; but have arrived safe, have shipped again in an American ship called the Edinburgh, bound for Liverpool and from thence to New York. And if the Lord spares me I shall call and see you.

Please give my kind love to all my brothers and sisters in Albany.

I am your affectionate

Brother in Christ,
CORNELIUS VANDERPLUS.

I would say, in closing, I have often witnessed the kindness of both Captain Richardson and his good wife to sailors, and know something of the blessed effects of the religious influences exerted at the Sailor's Home. Many date their first religious impressions there, and many their conversion. How many will not be known till the "time of the restitution of all things." I am, with respect, yours truly,

JOHN MILES,
Chaplain of Bethel.

A Cloud of Blessings from the Sea.

We are acquainted with a shipmaster who fully believes that a sea life, and a close walk with God, are entirely compatible with each other; that men can serve God wherever duty calls them. Hence he dedicated his new ship, as we have known some to dedicate a new house, with solemn religious services. Hence when he ships a new crew, it is with the expectation that some, or all of them will become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Hence he calls his men, morning and evening, around him for the worship of God. He is now at sea. From a private letter addressed to his friend we take the liberty to make the following extract:

"C. knelt this evening in prayer, and has found peace with God through Jesus Christ. God has surely made a child out of a stone. Glory to God! Hardly a word has been spoken to-day on board. Every one is still, and appears in a deep study. God is at work by his still, small voice. Oh, A. I want you here now; it seems as if I could not endure to enjoy so much alone. I want every child of God to enjoy it."

"To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth!"

"It seems to me that I feel this more than I ever did before. Rejoice with me, ye angels who stand around the throne."

Almost every night a prayer meeting is held on board; and among those hopefully converted is the second mate. This officer was once a preacher of universal salvation, and now promises to become a preacher of righteousness.

We expect to hear more good tidings from that favored ship.

Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

By lately published returns, it appears that in the year 1848, there were connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, 6,758 Sunday-schools, embracing 70,264 officers and teachers, 357,032 scholars. The libraries in these schools contain 831,179 volumes. Besides the Sunday-school proper, they report 4,900 Bible-classes, and 21,554 pupils in Infant schools. There have been raised in all the schools for benevolent purposes during the year, \$13,052. 67,000 copies of the Advocate are also taken, and the number of conversions reported as having occurred in the schools during the year is 8,240.—There are some very remarkable items connected with this report, of which we have room only for the following. The increase of

schools during the year, over that of the preceding year was only 190, while the increase of officers and teachers was 5,118, and of scholars 16,802; of course a very large part of the increase in the two last items must have been to old schools, or schools not established within the year. This is a good sign.

The increase of schools is from 6,568 to 6,758, while the increase of Bible-classes is from 2,733 to 4,900! The increase of scholars in the Sunday-schools proper is from 65,146 to 70,264, while the increase of the infant scholars is from 10,709 to 21,554, or more than double. A very successful and powerful agency must have been employed to produce such results. The increase of conversions is equally remarkable, being from 4,188 to 8,240, or nearly 100 per cent. The sum raised for benevolent purposes has risen from 8,020 to 13,952, and the expenses of the schools have been \$11,943 more in 1848 than in 1847.

THE ICE TRADE;

or, what Enterprise and Perseverance will do.

The business of exporting ice from the United States is said to have been commenced in 1805, by a Mr. Tudor of Boston, who made a shipment of the article from Saugus, a little village near that city, to the island of Martinique, and suffered a loss of \$4,500. He continued his operations until 1815 with varied success, until he made a contract with the Government of Cuba, which proved profitable. In 1817 he extended the trade to Charleston, next to Savannah, and in 1820 to New Orleans. In May, 1833, his operations extended to Calcutta by a shipment in the ship Tuscany, which was the first ever made to Calcutta, and the foundation of a new very profitable and extended business. The increase in the trade was small, the shipments reaching in 1832 only 4,352 tons, all shipped by Mr. Tudor. The objections of ship owners to take ice, and the want of information as to the best means of packing it, so as to preserve it, kept the trade small, but perseverance and ingenuity soon removed all obstacles, and in 1847, the shipments coastwise from Boston alone, reached 51,887 tons, forming part of the cargoes of 49 ships, 39 barques, 45 brigs, and 125 schooners, with a foreign export of 22,591 tons, in 21 ships, 24 barques, 38 brigs and 12 schooners, in all 74,478 tons!

PLACES TO WHICH ICE GOES.

The coastwise shipments are to all the seaports, from Philadelphia to Galveston, Texas; while the foreign market includes, besides the West Indies and the West Coast of South America, Mauritius, Isle of Bourbon, Manilla, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Whampoa, Batavia and Liverpool.

PROFITS OF THE ICE TRADE.

The freight of this trade is perhaps greater than any other in the world, inasmuch as the article shipped is of no value, except that which is incident to labour and machinery. The freight paid on the 74,478 tons shipped in 1847 from Boston, is estimated at \$2 50 per ton, or \$186,195, and the value of the ice \$2 per ton, \$146,956. The ice used in packing cargoes of perishable merchandise which would not have been preserved without ice, is valued at \$72,500. To all this may be added \$100,000, for profits to those engaged in the ice trade, and we have a return to the country of \$507,651.

PACKING ICE.

The ice is packed in saw-dust, (another seemingly very useless material.) The quantity brought to Boston from saw mills in the state of Maine in the year 1847, for ice-packing purposes, would equal 4,600 cords of solid wood, valued at \$2 50 per cord!

PRICE OF ICE.

The price at which ice is sold to the consumer varies much. At Havana, where it is a monopoly, it costs 6½ cents per pound; at New Orleans ½ to 3 cents, which has stimulated the consumption to 28,000 tons in 1847, against 2,310 in 1832. At Calcutta the price has not been over 6 cents, and is now 2½ cents. The consumption of ice in Boston and vicinity for 1847 was 27,000 tons, costing the consumer \$72,900, and yielding a profit to seven houses which supply the market of \$18,135. The capacity of the storehouses for ice was in 1847 equal to 141,332 tons, exclusive of those at Charlestown and East Boston, where temporary deposits are made.

SEASON AND MODE OF GETTING ICE.

The season for gathering ice is very short, not over twenty days in a good season, when