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"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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ALL IS ACTION—ALL IS MOTION.

BY J. HAGEN.

All is action, all is motion,
In this mighty world of ours!
Like the current of the ocean,
Man is urged by unseen powers!

Steadily, but strongly moving,
Life is onward evermore:
Still the present is improving
On the age that went before.

Duty points with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to actions high;
Wo betide the soul that lingers—
Onward! onward! is the cry,

Though man's form may seem victorious,
War may waste and famine blight,
Still from out the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light.

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward, onward, onward ever!
Human progress none may stay;
All who make the vain endeavor,
Shall like chaff be swept away.

Origin of the English Religious Tract Society.

Mr. Jones the enlightened Secretary of this important Institution, made the following statement a few days since at the Jubilee Breakfast:—

He said, he had been requested by the Committee to say a few words with reference to the origin of the Religious Tract Society, and he would, therefore, call their attention briefly to this subject. He would, for this purpose, refer to the time when Mr. Burder, residing at Lancaster, considered it necessary to call the attention of the inhabitants of the town to the truths of the Gospel, for which purpose he wrote a tract, entitled "The Good Old Way." He printed this tract at his own expense, and distributed it to every family in the town.—(Applause.) This plan for making the Gospel known was looked upon, in those days, as a very novel one, and excited considerable interest; and some persons said that it was a very audacious thing for a man to distribute, what was then called, a Methodistical tract. This, then, was the beginning of the Religious Tract Society. Another very singular circumstance occurred about this time. The worthy churchwardens of Bolton observed an advertisement of a new tract, entitled "The Good Old Way," and they very properly said, "There can be no good way, except the way we are pursuing," and accordingly they ordered a large number of the tracts to be printed, for the purpose of distributing among the people of Bolton at the church doors, to teach them the good old way in which their fathers walked. (Applause.) The tract was followed soon after by many others, which produced a powerful and most beneficial effect on the minds of the people; for at this time, the anarchy in France was raging in full force. He well recollected hearing Mr. Burder speak in admiration of the writings of Hannah More, which appeared about this time and the only fault, perhaps, that could be found with them was, that they did not contain a sufficient amount of evangelical truth. Finding such defects as this in the tracts issued for the spread of the Gospel among the people, the originators of our Society determined immediately to print tracts, and soon after, they published six, for which one penny each was charged. After some time, however, they found that private efforts could not

effect much good, and they, therefore, came to the determination of forming a Society for the printing and distribution of tracts, and he might state that some of the most admired and excellent works were accomplished by the exertions of one individual alone. He alluded to Mr. Burder. (Applause.)

It was now just fifty years since that good man appeared at the Surrey Chapel, and before the service began requested an interview with Rowland Hill. This interview was granted, and, having heard the design which Mr. Burder had in view, it was agreed that they should hold a meeting. The meeting was accordingly held, and some opposition was offered to Mr. Burder's project. Some said that that was not the time to carry out an object of that description, and Rowland Hill himself offered some objections to it, and proposed that instead of "The Religious Tract Society," it should be entitled "The Christian Tract Society;" but after some discussion, the original title was adopted, and the Society was regularly constituted. Ever since that time God had blessed their efforts. In the first year the Committee caused thirty four tracts to be printed; in the second year, the exertions of the Committee had not been so great as in the former, and the number decreased to twenty-seven; in the third year they seemed to have been completely worn out, for he found that in that year they only printed one tract. (A laugh.) But even this was well when compared with the fourth year, then they did not even print one tract. In the year 1809, however, some sign of improvement was manifested, for five tracts were printed; their receipts were £2,619, and they distributed 1,500,000 tracts. (Applause.) Now this was a great effort when they considered that the receipts formerly amounted to about £400 and that only 200,000 tracts were distributed. In the year 1816, Mr. Lloyd joined the Society, and a short time previously Mr. Stokes, also joined. Mr. Stokes, at that time, was a young tradesman, unknown beyond the small circle of acquaintances in which he moved, and took very little part in any of those movements which occurred in that day; but yet before he died he composed upwards of two hundred volumes and tracts; and thus this layman lived to see 14,000,000 of copies of his own publications sent forth by the Religious Tract Society.

In the year 1819, Mr. Lloyd endeavored to stir up the Committee to increased exertion, and to publish books for children; and in that year they printed some works for young people. (Hear, hear.) In 1829, the number of tracts and books amounted to 182, and the income of the Society amounted to £22,660, or about three times the amount subscribed in 1819, and the circulation of tracts increased to 10,113,000. At the end of the next ten years, the number of tracts published was 211; the receipts were £69,000, and the circulation amounted to 18,420,000. In 1849 (ten years later) the tracts published amounted to 223, the distribution was 18,223,000, and the income to £60,000. (Applause.) He found that the Society had received during the fifty years which it had been established, £145,000 in the shape of subscriptions and donations; and during the same time £151,000, or £6,000 more than the receipts, has been expended by the Society in the cause which they have undertaken. (Applause.) The total sale of tracts amounts to 1,220,000, and the number of tracts written is 4,925. When the Society was first established, it printed works in English only, whereas at the present time, tracts, &c., were printed in the French, Italian, Danish, and Spanish languages, and he had the satisfaction of stating, that the first tract printed in the Danish language had led to the formation of the Bible and tract Societies in Den-

mark. These are some of the statistics of the Society, and he might add, that the result of its labors had been to cause the circulation of 500,000,000 of tracts and books printed in 110 of the languages of the world. (Applause.)

WATERLOO—BEFORE AND AFTER.

We were forcibly struck lately (says the Knickerbocker,) in reading Dumas's "Shores of the Rhine," by this contrasted picture of "Napoleon going to and returning from Waterloo." The two scenes are worthy the pencil of Delaroché:

"We saw two carriages approaching, galloping, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running towards the town, crying 'L'Empereur! L'Empereur!' We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd, awaiting him, and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with running; but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postillions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post. I saw Napoleon! He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the legion of honour. I only saw his bust framed in the square of the carriage window. His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallion head of the old Roman Emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features immovable, were of the yellowish colour of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive. Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a King without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that time a fine young man of six-and twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well-formed, his beard black, and his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past. Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aid-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle; he was smiling too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live! All this lasted for about a minute.—Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and at all disappeared like a vision.

Three days afterward, toward evening, some people arrived from St. Quentin; they said that as they came away they heard canon. The morning of the 17th a courier arrived who scattered all along the road the news of the victory. The 18th, nothing. The 19th nothing: only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said the Emperor was at Brussels. The 20th, three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the court-yard of the town-house. These men hardly spoke French.—They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives.—We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten! That fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison; so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember the years which had gone before!—My mother ran to the fort, where she passed

the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive, whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary, as was the men's account of the battle. At four o'clock, more fugitives arrived who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother was killed. This we would not believe: Napoleon might not be invincible—invulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until ten o'clock at night.

At ten o'clock at night we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the Postmaster went out with a light. We followed him as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the Emperor!' I got on a stone bench, and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed Napoleon, seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army; Letort had been cut in two by a canon ball. Napoleon lifted his head slowly looking round as if rousing from a dream, and then, with his brief, stern voice, 'What place is this?' he said, 'Villers-Coteret, Sire.'—'How many leagues from Soissons?' 'Six, Sire.' 'From Paris?' 'Nineteen.' 'Tell the post-boys to go quick,' and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage. His head fell on his chest. The horses carried him away as if they had wings!

The world knows what had taken place between these two apparitions of Napoleon!

INTERIOR OF AN ASSYRIAN PALACE.

The interior of the Assyrian Palace must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make on the stranger who, in the days of old, entered, for the first time, the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in coloured borders of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls and monstrous animals were conspicuous amongst the ornaments.—At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme Deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divines. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, and animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great