

fer, is with regard to Buddah. Some sects, and it seems the larger portion, maintain that which we have above observed—that those Buddhas who have appeared on earth are holy men, and are to be followed by others who are yet to come. Others affirm that it is the same Buddah who has appeared on the earth at different times, and in various lands, always as a Saviour and benefactor. In various nations, Buddhism presents some different features. Thus in China, Java, Japan, Burmah, Ceylon and Thibet, many differences may be observed in the minor doctrines. But in every land its great features are the same, and its leading doctrines have little variation.

In China, Thibet, Mongolia, and Corea, the Buddhist priests wear a costume like that of the Franciscan friars—take the vow of celibacy, and dwell in convents precisely like those of the Catholics. They shave the head, use the rosary, sprinkle holy water, and celebrate masses with solemn music. We can imagine the surprise of the Jesuit missionaries, when first these things were known by them. They could not account for it in any way, and at last declared Buddhism to be the "master-piece of Satan," invented purposely to obstruct the progress of Christianity.

These two religions are peculiarly interesting, on account of the vast numbers of the human family who believe in them. One hundred and fifty millions bow down before the idols given them by Brahmanism. Three hundred and fifty millions profess the doctrines of Buddhism. These numbers are vast almost beyond conception. It is strange to contemplate the increase of Buddhism. It seems to have spread everywhere. In the late religions of Egypt and of Canaan, we find these doctrines, for the Ossees, the Samaritans, and the Griosties have been proved to have relied on them. Buddhism, beginning in India, spread over Thibet and China, and proceeded to Ethesopia and Egypt. Afterwards it slowly penetrated into Chadea, Palestine, Greece, Rome, Gaul, and Britain. The doctrines of the ancient Druids, and of the Scandinavians, were Buddhistical in very many respects. To trace them out has been the work of many learned men. But in all these countries it has been expelled by other religions.

Looking then at these Eastern nations, and contemplating the character of their religions, and the almost countless number of their followers, the soul is appalled by the sight, and we tremblingly enquire—can these millions ever know the truth? Can these false and idolatrous religions ever be banished thence? Oh, yes! God reigns in Heaven, and in his hands is all power, and might, and majesty. We have his promise that the whole world shall one day belong to Christ. In that promise let us humbly trust, and let us all do what may be our duty, believing that there will surely come a time when one shall not say to the other, "Know ye the Lord? but all shall know him from the least to the greatest."

#### To Subscribers.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER.—10s. per annum in advance, 12s. 6d. if payment is deferred three months. Eight copies sent to one address for fourteen dollars. Where payment is deferred longer than 3 months, the receipt of 13 papers in such parcels of eight copies, 10s. will be invariably charged.

No subscriptions will be taken for a shorter period than 6 months; and in no case will less than 6s. be charged for a half year.

#### To Advertisers.

For Advertisements relating to Sales, Articles of General Consumption, &c., the Visitor, which has a circulation of over 1700, can be scarcely surpassed. The terms are on the same scale as our contemporaries.

### The Christian Visitor.

SAINT JOHN, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1853.

#### Missionary Appointments.

We are happy to announce that the Board of the New-Brunswick Domestic Home Mission Society have engaged the services of our esteemed Brother, the Rev. Benjamin Scott. He left yesterday by the boat, for Sackville. From that place he will proceed immediately to Shediac, where he will spend a few weeks. While there he will be engaged in preaching the blessed gospel of peace, to all who come to hear. From Shediac he will cross over to Prince Edward Island to spend a short time, and will then return to New-Brunswick, and enter permanently upon his labors in Miramichi, where he will establish himself in the most central place, and endeavour to lay a broad foundation for future action. The long experience of our brother in Mission labor,

and his devotion to the cause will qualify him for the important work before him. We trust he will have enlarged success in this department of Christian effort.

Brother Scott will furnish the Board with such information in respect to the spiritual necessities of Shediac as will prepare them to adopt such measures as shall supply that section of country with the preaching of the word.

The Rev. T. H. Porter, from Nova Scotia, has also been appointed by the Board to labor permanently at Gagetown, and surrounding districts, as occasion may. From all that we have heard, this appointment will be exceedingly gratifying to friends in that section of country. We have the fullest confidence in Brother Porter as a Minister especially adapted to his labor. We trust that the Lord will with way before him, and crown his labor with his rich blessing. We commend Brother Scott and Porter, to the prayers of the people, and to the confidence of the faithful men.

VISITOR.

#### REVIVALS.

We are happy to say the interest in our Churches is still kept up. Last Lord's day Brother Robinson baptized 6, Brother Bill 5, Brother Clay 5, and each expects to be engaged in the same scriptural manner next Lord's day.

At Hamilton, N. Y., it is computed that two hundred souls have been converted, among whom are some of the leading citizens of the village.

We intend to occupy our first page for a few weeks upon ROME, and we think these papers will be read with deep interest. ROME is appreciated by educated minds. To nine out of every ten tourists who toil their weary way thither, in obedience to the dictates of wealth and fashion, the City of the Seven Hills presents an exterior of some beauty, but of much less interest than is generally supposed. Without their classical and historical associations, the remains of ancient Rome, with few exceptions, are masses of ruin and desolation, upon which the tourist may cast a hasty glance, and marvel that such heaps of rubbish are suffered to lie undisturbed. In the department of Art, educational preparatives are not less necessary; for to what purpose is it, to look upon paintings and statues with an eye that can appreciate only colossal size or brilliancy of colour? Of Rome, Byron has said truly and beautifully:

Rome is as the desert, where we steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections.

In one sense or other ALL find the desert, but FEW comparatively stumble over a recollection worth recollecting.

#### LEISURE HOURS.

What heart-histories linger about the little word *home*. No other word brings up so many reminiscences, or awakens such deep sympathies within the soul. In that quiet retreat, embraced within these four walls, slumbering in the shade of these old elms, what a world of thought, of feeling, and of action have existed! It was the early, perhaps the only residence of that aged couple, you see there by the ingle-side. What words have been spoken here to soothe and console, to warn and to admonish, to awaken hope or to excite fear! What dear, rich offerings, have been laid on the altar of love! What joy was awakened in the family at the birth of the first born, it sent a thrill of rapture from the kitchen to the attic; the very cat and dog partook of it, and the little canary seemed to throbbles such a song, that the notes tumbled over each other so rapidly that it was doubtful whether they could ever get righted up. But it was not all of joy, there was much of sorrow in that mansion. If there was a birth now, there was a death then; and now a wedding, and then a funeral. In after life, memory will revisit the spot and people it with the old familiar faces. Here the old people sat. This was Eva's chosen seat, and that was Eddie's. Here was the nursery, and there the sleeping-room. Yonder is the old willow tree on which our swing was suspended, and there the well with the moss-covered bucket by the door. Are they all there? Imagination rekindles the hearthstone, peoples the solitary chambers with the "loved and lost." Their voices ring again upon our ears, and the old clock behind the door sends its clear notes along the walls and up the stairs, and to every part of the dwelling. The breakfast-table knows its appointed place, and the seats are all filled, not one is now vacant, and the old family Bible still lies on the stand—

One clear idea, wakened in the breast  
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.

We need not pursue these details any further. The word *home* is an intellectual loophole, through which the day-beam sheds the light over the darkened brain. It is a word that fingers a talisman that calls up the past from its deep repose and fills it with the "pride of former days."

In the family circle it is important to know how to spend the time profitably and pleasantly; to check that restlessness, seen among