

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

MR. JAMES DE MILL, ASSISTANT EDITOR

GEO. W. DAY, Printer.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Visitor
**A Hymn Composed for the Use
of the Miomac Mission.**

By Rev. S. T. RAND.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."
Goes, sound aloud his love,
Who formed the earth and sky;
Who left his throne above,
For guilty man to die.
Let every voice his praises sing:
And earth rejoice in Christ her king.
Lord of all worlds he reigns,
Supreme o'er land and sea;
Creates them all anew,
To him must bend the knee:
Submission breathe to his command,
Or sink beneath his mighty hand.
For every race he died,
Of every clime and hue;
His precious blood applied,
Creates them all anew.
In every place he plants his throne,
And makes his grace and glory known.
The rude barbarian feels
The gospel's saving power;
Sin's deadly wounds it heals
In that auspicious hour:
Light from above, directs his way,
To realms of love, and endless day.
"The dreary wilderness"
Shall bear the Saviour's voice,
"The solitary place,"
Shall in his power rejoice;
And vie with Eden's blissful bowers,
In fruitful fields and fragrant flowers.
Arabia's rocks shall ring
With the Redeemer's praise;
And Africa's deserts sing,
In loud and captivous lays.
Canaan wilds take up the sound,
And echoing mountains roll around.
From Greenland to Cape Horn,
And wide from sea to sea,
A thousand nations, born
Savage, and wild, and free,
Shall bow to his footstool bend,
And hail him their Almighty Friend.
Miomac and Malleser,
Mohawk and Cherokee,
Surrounding tribes shall greet
His hoarsest harmony.
And was shall cease, and earth shall rest,
In robes of peace, divinely dressed.
To earth's remotest bound
The gospel wings its way;
Wherever man is found,
It pours celestial day.
Christ loved each race ere time began;
He tasted death for every man.
O come, that blissful day!
When all shall see his love!
When those on earth above,
Like those on heaven above,
Then shall the sound of victory!
Thro' heaven resound, and earth be free.

From Mr. Valentine's paper.

New York Baptist History.

THE FIRST BAPTISTS IN THE COLONY.

The origin of the Baptists in this Colony may be ascribed to the settlement of Gravesend, on Long Island, by Lady Deborah Moody with her son Sir Henry, in the year 1634, and to that of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and her family with a few friends, near the present town of Pelham, in Westchester county.—Lady Moody was the widow of Sir Henry Moody, Baronet, of Garesdon, in Wiltshire, England, who dying about the year 1632, was succeeded in his title by his son.—Driven by the intolerance of religious sentiment to abandon her home, the estate of Garesdon was sold, and in the year 1640 she arrived at Lynn, Mass., and united with the church there. The Government granted her four hundred acres of land, and in the year 1641 she purchased the farm called Swamscott, of Deputy Governor Humphrey, at the price of £1100. Her falling off from the church in New England is recorded in their chronicles as follows:—"In 1643 Lady Moody was in the colony of Massachusetts, a wise and ancient religious woman, and being taken with the error of denying baptism to infants, was dealt with by many of the elders, and admonished by the church of Salem, but persisting still, and to avoid further trouble, she removed to the Dutch government, against the advice of all her friends. Many others infected with Anabaptism removed thither also."
In the year 1645, the township of Gravesend was patented to the Lady Deborah Moody, Sir Henry Moody, Baronet, Ensign George Baxter, and Sergeant James Hubbard.
In laying out their village, a section of ten acres, in the most central situation of the township, was divided into squares and streets, intersecting each other at right angles, and so subdivided as to allow of thirty-nine lots of competent size for houses, gardens, &c., fronting upon the extreme avenue which surrounded the whole.
The village plot, thus designated, was next enclosed by a stockade or palisade, composed of half trees, nine feet long and standing seven feet above the ground. Thus fortified they had defiance to the savage, who, soon after their first arrival, had assailed the settlement in great numbers, but had been defeated. By virtue of the patent allowed to the inhabitants of Gravesend, they were to have and enjoy the free liberty of conscience, according to the customs and manners of Holland, without molestation, and to establish courts and elect magistrates to try all causes not exceeding fifty Holland guilders."

For some years the Society at Gravesend received the encouragement and fostering care of the Dutch authorities, and George Baxter, one of their number, was appointed by Gov. Kieft his English Secretary, which appointment was continued by Gov. Stuyvesant on assuming the reins of government, in 1647. In the annals of New Netherland, the name of George Baxter occupies a conspicuous position. Being a young man of resolute spirit and marked ability, he engaged with ardour in the stirring events of that period. He led a party of English to support the Dutch in an

expedition against the Indians in Staten Island in the year 1649, and succeeded for a time in adding this powerful support to an unpopular Government. But a strong current of public sentiment set in with growing force in opposition to the arbitrary policy of the Director General, and the English were soon after found siding with that portion of the Dutch party which agitated for a more popular form of colonial administration.
Baxter resisted this disaffection for a time, until his influence with the English seemed to be threatened, when resigning himself to the force of circumstances, he in the year 1653 made common cause with the popular party, and was at once placed in the van of the English opposition. The most distinguished act by which his secession from the support of Government was evinced occurred in December 1663, at which time the inhabitants of Long Island, having suffered for some time from Indian depredations, and from the descent on their settlements of pirates who then infested the whole American coast, called a convention to provide means for that protection which the Government did not seem disposed to afford.
This convention was composed of representatives of Dutch and English towns in equal numbers. It received the special commendation of Gov. Stuyvesant, but nevertheless an address setting forth the grievances complained of was unanimously adopted, and forwarded to the principal authorities in Holland. This address being written by Baxter, drew down upon him the indignation of Gov. Stuyvesant, who immediately, as the most legitimate and powerful means of retaliation within his power, commenced a religious persecution against those of the English who had previously lived quietly under the smiles of official favor. Thus reduced to a position of defence, the Baptists of Gravesend and others of the English settlements, threw aside the restraint under which they had acted during one or two years previously, while the war between England and Holland was prevailing, and raised the flag of their native land as the signal of rebellion against that of their adoption. But the experiment was ill-judged, and Baxter, with his chief accomplices, presently found themselves within the prison walls of New Amsterdam, where they continued in confinement until the following year. Meantime the Government conciliated the people of Gravesend by several concessions, which served, in the absence of their leaders, to preserve the community in some degree of quiet.
In the year following that of his imprisonment, Baxter, at the solicitation of Sir Henry Moody, was allowed the jail liberties, but taking advantage of an opportunity of escape, he forthwith made his way to Gravesend, where he induced several of the inhabitants to sign a memorial to Cromwell, then Lord Protector, invoking his assistance. This document was forwarded to England, but did not find favor with the Protector; after the restoration, Baxter, who had meanwhile resided in New England, visited the mother country, and in the year 1663 we find him giving his evidence before the Board of Plantations on the state of affairs in the New Netherlands.
When the expedition was sent out from England against this province in 1664, Baxter accompanied it, and saw the end of the dominion of those whom he had formerly faithfully served, and against whom he had latterly so energetically labored.

THE FIRST BAPTIST PREACHER.
Resuming now the course of events affecting the religious interests of the Baptist people during the political troubles in the time of Governor Stuyvesant, it is found that the Government, excited by the spirit of insubordination manifested by the people of Gravesend and the neighboring settlements, but curbed somewhat by motives of policy from too great provocation, nevertheless visited them both in their religious and political affairs with decided marks of disfavor. The Baptists were among the first to feel the effect of the law against conventicles, enacted in 1656. One William Wickendam, so far as the records show, was the first person who exercised the office of a Baptist preacher in this colony. He was an itinerant minister, had no regular support in his vocation, but working at his trade of shoemaker, he found on Long Island both ready listeners and good customers. "Having dared to hold conventicles at the house of William Hallet, Sheriff, at Flushing, in the year 1656, and there to explain and comment on God's Holy Word, to administer sacraments, though not called thereto by any civil or clerical authority, and to dip people in the river," he was fined one hundred pounds, and banished from the Province. In consideration of his poverty, and of his being burdened with a wife and family, the fine was remitted, but the remainder of the sentence was put in force.
From this time forth during the Dutch possession, the Baptists confined themselves to household worship. From want of religious communion among themselves, they in many instances became identified with the Independents and the Presbyterians, who maintained a more complete organization, and to some extent enjoyed in a higher degree the favor of Government.—Recorder & Register.

CAPITAL PENITENTS.—During the reign of the first three Georges, every month saw ten or a dozen poor wretches strangle like dogs in the metropolis, to say nothing of similar exhibitions on Kemington Common and elsewhere. On February 23d, 1785, twenty-one miserable culprits were hung in a row before the debtors' door of Newgate, not one of whom was 20 years of age, and none of whose crimes were marked by any aggravated enormity!

Communications.

European Correspondence.

Rome, Jan. 25, 1855.

Mr. Editor.—In my last letter I gave you a short account of the Vatican, I will now say something about the other palaces of Rome. On the Capitoline Hill is the second best museum in Rome. The statues in this collection are very beautiful—the most celebrated is the dying Gladiator, one of those few miracles of ancient art which now exist. It is a remarkable statue, perhaps the most interesting in Rome. For a long while it was contested whether it was a gladiator, or what it was—but it has at length been decided that it represents a wounded Gaul in the agonies of death. It still bears the name of the 'dying gladiator,' under which it has been so long known. Besides the great excellence of this wonderful sculpture in itself, the genius of Byron has shed around it a still greater interest and charm. The splendid description of it is one of his greatest poetical efforts, every school-boy knows the lines:—

"I see before me the Gladiator lie—
He leans upon his hand, his manly brow
Consents to death, yet conquers agony—
And his drops with his great tears gradually low;
His limbs are aching, his breathing is low,
But where his rage but by the Death lay,
Through the red gash fell heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him,—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout, which hailed the victor's won.
He heard it, but he heeded not, his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor pines,
But where his rage but by the Death lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—her size
Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

In this museum there are many other curiosities. Several plants of ancient Rome, discovered three or four hundred years ago, are very interesting. There is also a mosaic representing four doves drinking, found at Adrian's villa in Tivoli, which was described by Pliny who saw it there.

Not far from this museum, in a square, is the finest bronze equestrian statue in existence. It is antique, and represents Marcus Aurelius. It was once gilded, but very little is left upon it now. Michael Angelo used to admire it very much. He would often stand looking at it for hours. He once cried out to it—"Cammina, (get up) and he declared that its action was spirited and full of life.

There are many other palaces in Rome, each containing splendid collections of paintings, and all opened without fee to the inspection of the public, a fact very much to their credit, and one which it would be very well to imitate in England and America.—The Stada palace contains a very interesting statue of Pompey, which is supposed to be the one at whose base Caesar fell by the hands of his assassins.

The Villas in the vicinity of Rome are very numerous. The principal is the Villa Borgese. Its grounds are very handsome, and of great extent. It seems like the return of the days of Cicero, to see this villa, for all through the grounds are temples and groves with statues of nymphs and satyrs, lakes and fountains, every thing resembling as closely as possible those of the ancients. The Casino is magnificently fitted up. The floors are of marble, the ceilings beautifully gilded and painted in fresco, white all through it are numbers of statues, almost all of which are very fine. One of the finest Roman villas is that called from Torlonia a very wealthy banker of Rome. The grounds are very handsome, and contain everything generally seen in such places.

Rome possesses very many fountains. No other city in the world can boast of a larger number. In general they are handsome and in good taste. The most magnificent and best known is the Fountain of Trevi. An immense body of water rushes out here, over artificial rocks and precipices, and falls into a large basin. The noise of the waters is heard for some distance around.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Christian Visitor.

Karen Missions.

Sec. 2.—The progress of the Gospel among the Karens between 1830—1840.

MAULMAIN KAREN MISSIONS.

Let us now turn our attention to another portion of this land, and trace the progress of the truth in the hearts of the wild and degraded Karens.

When Mr. Boardman came up to Maulmain in 1830, to recruit his waning strength Ko-Thai-Byu accompanied him. This Christian had determined to waste no time or energy which might be spent in behalf of his countrymen. There were numerous Karens scattered throughout this portion of the province, Ko-Thai-Byu was anxious that they should hear of Jesus.

There was at this time in Maulmain a convert named Ko-Myat-Kyau. He had been converted a few years before and had manifested a strong desire for the conversion of the heathen of Burma. His history was somewhat remarkable. He had early become dissatisfied with the religion of Buddha, and had sought in Brahmanism, peace for his conscience and food for his soul. He found not what he sought so eagerly. Still restless, still dissatisfied with himself, he turned to Mahomedanism—but there too he found misery. Still with a wounded conscience, still with the cravings of his higher nature unsatisfied. The religion of Rome now excited his attention. He listened with eagerness to the evidences of an eternal God. He heard for the first time of a crucified Saviour—but the truth which might have given peace

was clouded by errors, that he turned away sad and disappointed. The God who doubtless had excited within him the desires which he felt,—and who by his Providence had guided him thus far, now led him to the fountain of living waters. He heard the true gospel from the lips of Dr. Judson. He believed his glad tidings, and was converted.—No wonder that he felt anxious that all should become partakers of like precious faith.

He was the chosen companion of Ko-Thai-Byu in a visit which he made to the Karens, during his brief absence from Tavoy.

These two devoted men left Maulmain and proceeded up the Salween river. The Karens heard their message with interest and attention. Some hearts were opened, and when after a month's absence the two missionaries returned to Maulmain, five Karens accompanied them, four of whom professed to believe in the religion of Jesus.

Ko-Thai-Byu soon returned to Tavoy; but Ko-Myat-Kyau remained in Maulmain. He took a deep interest in the Karens, and having been a collector of customs among them under the Burmese government, he had become acquainted with their character and language. He believed that if the teachers went among them, they would listen and believe.

These representations were made so repeatedly to Mr. Wade that at length he resolved to visit the Karen villages, and see what prospects there were for the operations of the gospel.

In the beginning of the year 1831, Messrs. Wade and Bennett, with Ko-Myat-Kyau as assistant and interpreter, proceeded up the Salween river as far as Dun-Yohn. The people were at first timid and reserved, but soon finding that they had nothing to fear listened to the missionaries with cordiality and attention. Inquiries were made for God's book, which it was believed the Karens had lost through carelessness, but which they were one day to receive from the hands of the white foreigners. After a stay of two weeks the party returned to Maulmain. The conversion and baptism of four Karens, were the immediate results of this visit; at the same time an interest in regard to the gospel was manifested, which subsequently resulted in many conversions.

Not long after the tour just mentioned another visit was made to the jungles. Mr. Wade was accompanied by Mr. Kincaid.—The faithful Ko-Myat-Kyau went before the missionaries to prepare for their reception.

A zayat was erected on the banks of the Dah-yue, about eighty miles from Maulmain. The Karens thronged to listen to the instructions of the white teacher. There was not manifested the readiness to dispute every truth, so frequently exhibited by Burmese hearers. These simple Karens drank in every word. They felt its truth, and many cheerfully submitted to its power.—A church consisting of fourteen members was formed,—and the teachers with glad hearts returned to their homes.

KAREN VILLAGES FOUNDED.

It was soon perceived that the mode of life adopted by this people exposed the converts to numerous temptations, and not only hindered in them the development of the Christian life, but prevented their escape from many of the degraded habits of their people. Their scattered and wandering mode of life rendered it almost impossible for them to assemble together at stated periods to hear the gospel, or to attend to the ordinances of religion. It was difficult for missionaries to preach the gospel to them, or to exercise that supervision so necessary in the infancy of a church.

Under these circumstances it was deemed advisable, at least for a time to assemble them together in villages. Thus it was hoped, the converts might more readily be instructed in the duties and doctrines of religion. They would escape the temptations into which an unsettled and wandering life naturally lead, while they might more readily acquire the habits and civilization of a Christian community.

Influenced by these considerations Mr. Judson after his return from Rangoon in 1831, proceeded into the jungles. He made three separate tours, and formed three villages.—Sadeville, to which we have already alluded, Newville, and Chummeval. The spirit which animated Mr. Judson in these labors may be gathered from his own lips. As he viewed the works of the great God in the scenes around him, as he saw the power of that same God exhibited in the new heart, and new life of the once degraded Karen,—he exclaimed, "The dying words of an aged servant of God, when he waved his death-struck arm, and exclaimed, 'The best of all God's work is, I feel in my soul.'"

That mighty being who heaped up these crazy rocks, and reared those stupendous mountains, and poured those streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout these deserts,—is present by the influences of the Holy Spirit, and which made them the happy people found by the Spaniards, &c., and whom in a few years they reduced to a state of misery the most acute. "It made up to me," confessed, "that I had constantly murmured so many wonderful things, and that I had constantly murmured that I had constantly murmured."

The Karen shung such many regulations, that few sort of Gents, most of having excelled them in shirt fronts, necks, &c., Mullers, Socks, Brax, Valises, Trunks, Patent Peruvians have passed away, Leggings, now become predominant, commenced, and which he had been to the public for the gentle rule of the Incas and thence—that is, the Sun; but we can still look at their civilization, admire and feel compassion for their

DIED.

Jouglas, on Sunday, the 11th inst. Mr. Nehemiah, aged 84 years. Father Easty experienced the Gospel's joyful sound, his house was always for meeting until houses were built for that purpose. He took the lead of singing in his younger days, his exercise he took great delight; his favorite was Watts 7th, 1st book.—Let every mortal ear be filled with his voice, first class. Brother Easty, formerly of St. Stephen, N. B., most deservedly was a large and solid man. He resided in Hill Street, Newry, Ireland, on Friday 26th, after a lingering illness. Alexander Gill, formerly of St. Stephen, N. B., most deservedly was a large and solid man. He resided in Hill Street, Newry, Ireland, on Friday 26th, after a lingering illness. Alexander Gill, formerly of St. Stephen, N. B., most deservedly was a large and solid man. He resided in Hill Street, Newry, Ireland, on Friday 26th, after a lingering illness.

plied by them was very extensive. It stretched over nearly the whole of that portion of South America, situated between the Andes and the Pacific, which now forms the republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili; and contained a population of between ten and fifteen millions.

Of the origin and early history of this remarkable people little is known. Owing to their ignorance of any written alphabet, or even of hieroglyphics, we have nothing to rely upon but imperfect traditions. These represent them to have been in a state similar to that of the North American Indians; divided into different tribes continually warring against each other, and subsisting by the chase, and the spontaneous productions of the earth,—until the Sun, whom they considered their God and creator, moved with compassion for their condition, sent him his two children Manco Capac and his wife Coya-mama-oello-lhuaco, to redeem them from this state of barbarism, teach them the arts of civilized life, and give them laws. Manco Capac appeared among them about four hundred years previous to their discovery by the Spaniards. He united the people under one government, became their first Inca, and laid the foundation of Cuzco the capital city of the empire. Many conjectures have been made regarding this personage. Some historians, judging from the resemblance of some of the institutions which he introduced to those of China, have supposed him a native of that country driven by adverse winds upon the shores of Peru; but this scarcely seems probable.

The form of government introduced by Manco Capac was a theocracy the most absolute which the world has ever known. The power of the Inca was unbounded; extending as fully over the minds as over the bodies of his subjects. As the child and representative of the Sun he was held as sacred next to their deity.—They regarded him as one to whom they should look for advice and protection in their misfortunes,—as one whom it was their duty to love, to reverence, and to obey in all things. Although he was so absolute, he was expected in return to exercise a parental care over them, and it does not appear that any of the Incas ever abused their authority.

Their religion was remarkably mild. In common with other Indians they believed in the immortality of the soul, and that their deeds in this world would in the next meet with reward or punishment as they deserved. The Sun they regarded as the Creator and supreme ruler of the universe—the director and controller of all events. They also worshipped a being called Pacacamac, the moon, the evening star, the spirit of thunder, and the rainbow; to all of whom they erected temples. The worship of the Sun was exceedingly magnificent. As gold was considered sacred to him, his temples abounded with it, and it was from these that their conquerors obtained such vast quantities of that metal.

Although the Peruvians were infinitely below the Europeans in some respects, in others they were their superiors. Agriculture was carried on in a manner unequalled at that time in Europe. They were well acquainted with the use of guano as a manure, and the islands from which it was obtained were guarded as their most valuable possessions. The precious metals were wrought with a skill which has never been equalled. Though unacquainted with the way of making steel, they combined copper and tin so artfully as to answer all the purposes of that metal. Their roads were most excellent and by their means a communication was kept up throughout the whole extent of the country. The bridges by which they crossed the broadest streams have furnished us with the idea of the Suspension bridge. Their dwellings were generally well built and airy, though of one story only, and were possessed by every family so matter what might be its circumstances.—Their language was soft and musical.—They had poets, and numerous ballads formed a sort of unwritten literature. Though unacquainted with the use of the alphabet, they had a manner of keeping records peculiar to themselves. This was by means of certain cords of catgut or cotton to which were attached other cords of different colors and lengths arranged in the manner of fringe. These were called quipos; by forming knots at certain distances they managed to represent their thoughts, and in this way kept their annals, their accounts, and their laws. They were kept in libraries and the officers attached to them could read the quipos as easily as we our books.

The Peruvians were humane, religious, and scrupulous observers of the laws. Their superstition and credulity were the natural results of the religion and government under which they lived. Their morality was such that previous to the invasion of the Spaniards it was positively declared that a Peruvian had never told a lie. Morality and strict obedience to the laws were sciences in which they made great progress and which made them the happy people found by the Spaniards, &c., and whom in a few years they reduced to a state of misery the most acute. "It made up to me," confessed, "that I had constantly murmured so many wonderful things, and that I had constantly murmured."

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LEECHES!—We have the finest Swedish Leeches for sale, and which he had been to the public for the gentle rule of the Incas and thence—that is, the Sun; but we can still look at their civilization, admire and feel compassion for their

The Soldier's Bible.

The following affecting story was related by Mr. Dudley, Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union.

In the county of Kent lives or lived a minister and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sunday School connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the minister, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him in the school eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He shortly after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Sometime after, the poor widow called upon the minister to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who, he knew, had one or two Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he enquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O sir, who knows what it may do?"

She sent the Bible which the minister gave her by a pious soldier, who upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."
"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver (presenting him the Bible); and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask (opening the Bible); so here goes."
He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "this is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart when I was in the Sunday-school. I never could, for the life of me, commit another. It is very strange! But who is this me that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know. He replied that he did not.
The good man then explained it to him, spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct as before he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after his conversion, the regiment in which he was engaged, the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary, &c." Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there were no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. D., is this for Sabbath school teachers to persevere in, for should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in heaven.

Do you call that Prayer?

The late Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, was one summer's evening walking along the street, when a party of men going from work passed him, one of them was swearing dreadfully. Mr. Kilpin observed it, but said nothing. When he arrived at home he began to think how wrong it was to allow a man to pass by using such language and not make an effort at least to convince him of the sin he was committing. It so disturbed him that he could not rest during the night and he began to think if there was any way of remedying the neglect. He resolved to rise early enough in the morning to be at the corner of the street where the man passed, if possible to meet him when going to his work. He did so, and after anxiously watching for a time he saw the man coming. When he approached, he said, "Good morning, my friend, you are the person I have been waiting for; I am very glad to meet with you." "O sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think." "I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you." "O sir, you are mistaken; it could not be me; I never saw you in my life that I know of." "Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night." "Sir, now know that you are mistaken—I never prayed in all my life." "Oh!" said Mr. Kilpin, "God had answered your prayer last night, you had not here been seen this morning. I hear you pray that God would bless your eyes, and damn your soul." The man turned pale and trembling said, "O sir do you call that prayer? I did, I did." "Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day hence to pray for me." "Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day hence to pray for me."