

WATCHMAN OF THE SOUTH.

DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF PRACTICAL PIETY, THE DIFFUSION OF RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AND THE PROPAGATION OF THE DISTINCTIVE TENETS AND INSTITUTIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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THAT LETTER.

From an old file of the Virginia Gazette, we copy the following letter, written by the Rev. James Waddell, D. D., of Virginia, and the original of the Blind Preacher in Wirt's British Spy. It was addressed to the Rev. William Giberne, rector of Lunenburg Parish, and of course of the established church. The letter will sufficiently explain the circumstances which gave rise to it.

July 21, 1768.

Reverend Sir,—There are few so passive as I am to submit to the misrepresentations of a double, or silently to bear the false charges of prejudice and arrogance. A mistaken practice may silence some and fearfulness others: but my part I think I am under the influence of neither. As a member of civil society, I am protected while I behave well, by the laws of my country; and as a Presbyterian minister, I discharge the duties of my office under the same protection. I therefore consider myself more upon a level with my fellow subjects, than will be, perhaps, pleasing to you; and enjoying the privilege to remark on your and speeches with the same freedom and impunity which a seemingly reply from you will serve.

As a Presbyterian, I approve the doctrinal articles of the established religion according to the act of toleration—and, as a minister, I preach agreeable to them. An occasional sermon of this kind, in compliance with a request, might be allowed any where in our province, without any abuse of law or offence to men. I preached by invitation at your upper church, when I attended to hear you. My coming there, and your not coming, seemed both together casual. In your pulpit I was the advocate of virtue and friend of Christianity; reflected on no one, nor descended to any peculiarity of sect or party. Yet you chose to present me in sundry discourses on several subjects, as a composition of all sects which were least known to your hearers or most likely to be hated by them. Like a cowardly man that would rather waste his passion by giving nicknames, than risk a battle, you called me a pick-pocket, dark-lantern, moonlight preacher and enthusiast. However, if you are pleased with this childish sport, I do not mean to rob you of the pleasure. A moonlight preacher, I suppose, signifies one that shines with a borrowed light, as the playgoers do. But, if we may believe you, I cannot be suspected of being one. And lest any of your hearers should be influenced by the example of my stated hearers and friends to reject me, you attempted, regardless of what is most esteemed by the gentleman and christian, to destroy my reputation, and bring them and me into dispute together. Do you use such mean and unhandsome methods to prevent my coming to hear me, from a persuasion that my coming would hurt their character? They must certainly be extremely obliged to you for being so much more regardless of their character than you seem to be of your own.

Do you think my doctrine or example endangers their happiness? They are the best judges of that. And you ought to consider that though they be obliged to pay you, they are not obliged in the same sense to hear you. In one of your Sunday orations, you published, I understand, a "hue and cry," directed against all well-disposed persons who were lovers of the faith and truth; requiring them "to apprehend a certain illiterate new-light preacher, who, instigated by folly, natural impudence, and the Devil, had taken the advantage of your disposition and entered your pulpit, which was to be kept sacred; and then belched out his nonsense and ignorance for an hour, to the laughter of some and contempt of others, and the public whipping post of the county, to be dealt with according to law."

You might be greatly pleased with the beauty of your own thoughts and elegance of expression in the piece—but however great its merits may be, to both accounts, I think it is not very fit to make a part of a sermon at the head of which stood these words, "Earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints." I do not mean, sir, that there was any impropriety in making it a part in your discourse—I only mean that it could not be connected with your sacred text, or delivered on the way it was, without profaneness in the abuse of the pulpit, contempt of the Sabbath, and an affront to the christian audience and to God. You might have used Dr. Sherlock's sermon on that text, against the Popish recusants, which is written with his usual judgment and decency, without being chargeable with any unusual inconsistency; or, perhaps, you thought his method of treating the enemies of his religion, of his king and country, was too genteel for my demerit. I must here beg leave to clear your parishioners of the reproachful indecency of laughing in church, with which you have charged them.

Sensible that they were hearing a sermon very different from what you intimate, they were in general grave and of better manners than their parson. If any smiled, it was more from custom, I believe, than out of disrespect to me.

These hints will suffice, I hope, to show you how little I regard the rhodomontade of the Abolition family. If you had been apprised of this in time, you certainly would have suppressed some windy preambles, which have done no honor to your reputation as a defender of the faith—although you might, through an unhappy mistake, view them with emotions of uncommon joy, as proofs of genius and trumpets of your glory.

I will now venture to recommend to your perusal the 75th canon of your church, which, besides other particulars to be noted by you, requires "that you should endeavor to profit the church of God, having always in mind that you ought to excel all others in purity of life, and be an example to the people to live well and christianly under pain of ecclesiastical censure to be inflicted with severity." Some would be so rude as to interrogate you here; but I rather beg leave to add the 53d canon to the former, which orders "that above all things you should abstain from bitter invectives and scurrilous language against any persons whatsoever." Finding you thus condemned by the voice of kings, and by all the lords spiritual of Great Britain, and signing your confession of guilt, I bid you a cordial farewell, assuring you, sir, that in this, and in other things where you think me your enemy, I am your friend and most humble servant,
JAMES WADDELL.

DR. NETTLETON'S SKILL WITH ERRORISTS.

A young female, who had been for some time in a state of religious anxiety, said to him, "What do you think of the doctrine of election?" Some say it is true, and some say it is not true, and I do not know what to think of it." "And what do you wish to think of it?" said Dr. N. "I wish," said she, "to think that it is not true." "Suppose, then," said Dr. N. "that it is not true. The doctrine of repentance is true. You must repent or perish. Now if the doctrine of election is not true, what reason have you to believe you ever shall repent?" After a moment's reflection, she replied, "If the doctrine of election is not true, I never shall repent." Her eyes were then opened upon her true condition.—Every refuge failed her. She saw that she was entirely dependent on the sovereign grace of God; and there is reason to believe that she was soon brought out of darkness, into God's marvelous light.

A certain individual said to him, "I cannot get along with the doctrine of election." "Then," said he, "get along without it. You are at liberty to get to heaven, the easiest way you can. Whether the doctrine of election is true or not, it is true that you must repent, and believe, and love God. Now what we tell you is, that such is the wickedness of your heart, that you never will do these things, unless God has determined to renew your heart. If you do not believe that your heart is so wicked, make it manifest by complying with the terms of salvation. Why do you stand caviling with the doctrine of election? Suppose you should prove it false; what have you gained? You must repent and believe in Christ, after all. Why do you not immediately comply with these terms of the gospel? When you have done this, without the aids of divine grace, it will be soon enough to oppose the doctrine of election. Until you shall have done this, we shall still believe that the doctrine of election lies at the foundation of all hope in your case."

A woman, who was known to be a great opposer of the doctrine of election, said to him one day, "You talked to me yesterday, as if you thought I could repent." "And can you not?" said he. "No I cannot, unless God shall change my heart." "Do you really believe," said he, "that you cannot repent, unless God has determined to change your heart?" "I do," said she. "Why, madam," said he, "you hold to the doctrine of election in a stricter sense than I do. I should prefer to say, not that you cannot, but that you never will repent, unless God has determined to change your heart."

To a young woman who had long been thoughtful, but not deeply impressed, and who seemed to continue from week to week in the same state of mind, he said one day, "There are some who never will become true believers. Christ said unto the Jews, 'Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep.' Perhaps this is your case; and I tell you now, that if you are not one of Christ's sheep, you never will believe on him; and I hope it will ring in your ears." And it did ring in her ears.—From that moment, she found no peace, till, as she hoped, her peace was made with God.

To a man who manifested great opposition to the doctrine of election, he once said, "If I should go to heaven, I feel as if I should wish to say, in the language of the apostle, 'who hath saved us and called us with a holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which were given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.' Now, if we should meet in heaven, and I should make use of this language, will you quarrel with me there?"

"Do you believe," said an Arminian to him one day, "that God influences the will?" "I do," he replied. "How do you prove it?" "I prove it by this passage of Scripture: 'For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do.' " "But that does not mean," said the Arminian, "that God influences the will; and now how do you prove it?" "I prove it," said Dr. N. "by this passage, 'For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do.' " "But that, I say, does not mean 'that God influences the will.' " "And what does it mean?" said Dr. N. "It means," said the Arminian, "that God gives us a gracious power to will and to do." "Then it does not mean," said Dr. N. "that God works in us both to will and to do."

He once fell in company with two men who were disputing on the doctrine of the saints' perseverance. As he came into their presence, one of them said, "I believe this doctrine has been the means of filling hell with christians." "Sir," said Dr. N., "do you believe that God knows all things?" "Certainly I do," said

he. "How then do you interpret this text, 'I never knew you?' " said Dr. N. After reflecting a moment, he replied, "The meaning must be, 'I never knew you as christians.' " "Is that the meaning?" said Dr. N. "Yes, it must be," he replied, "for certainly God knows all things." "Well," said Dr. N. "I presume you are right. Now this is what our Saviour will say to those who, at the last day, shall say to him, 'Lord, Lord, have we not eaten and drunken in thy presence, &c. Now, when Saul, and Judas, and Hymeneus, and Phileas, and Demas, and all who you suppose have fallen from grace, shall say to Christ, 'Lord, Lord—' he will say to them, 'I never knew you—I never knew you as christians.' Where then are the christians that are going to hell?"

A man once said to him, "I sincerely desire to be a christian. I have often gone to the house of God, hoping that something which should be said, might set me home upon my mind by the spirit of God, and be blessed to my salvation." "You are willing, then, are you not," said Dr. N., "that I should converse with you, hoping that my conversation may be the means of your conversion?" "I am," he replied. "If you are willing to be a christian," said Dr. N., "you are willing to perform the duties of religion; for this is what is implied in being a christian. Are you willing to perform these duties?" "I do not know but I am," said Dr. N. "You are the head of a family. One of the duties of religion is family prayer. Are you willing to pray in your family?" "I should be," he replied, "if I were a christian. But it cannot be the duty of such a man as I am, to pray. The prayers of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord." "And is it not," said Dr. N., "an abomination unto the Lord, to live without prayer? But just let me show you how you deceive yourself. You think you really desire to be converted. But you are not willing even to be convicted. Just as soon as I mention a duty which you are neglecting, you begin to excuse and justify yourself, on purpose to keep your sin out of sight. You are not willing to see that it is a heinous sin to live in the neglect of family prayer. How can you expect to be brought to repentance, until you are willing to see your sinfulness? And how can you flatter yourself that you really desire to be a christian, while you thus close your eyes against the truth?"

Memoir of Nettleton.

From the Episcopal Recorder. STATE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

The following extracts from the correspondence of a distinguished individual in our own Church, are from two Clergymen of the Church of England, whose names, if we were allowed to mention them, like that of our correspondent himself, would give additional weight to any statements which they may be induced to make. It seems to us strange that this tractarian darkness should have overspread so many of the subordinate clergy of our mother Church, when the light of truth seems to burn so brightly in the Episcopate of England. The view that they take of the Dunbar case is precisely what we were prepared to expect, and the interest which is felt abroad in the proceedings of our chief Ecclesiastical Council at present in session here, should admonish those who have the solemn responsibility of being connected with it, that they are called upon to discharge a duty, not to us only, but to the Protestant world. May the Great Master of Assemblies be in the midst of them, and enable them to act in view of that judgment throne, around which they and those whose representatives they are, will shortly be convened.

"But, alas, as to the country and our Church we sigh. I fear, notwithstanding every check, the Tractarians are multiplying in number, while the leaders are deepening in the Papal Apostasy. The most avowed Popery is glorified in by Mr. Ward in his 'Ideal of the Church,' and truly the word is fulfilled in them, 'many shall follow their pernicious ways.' God is righteously punishing our national neglect of his Gospel, by sending them thorns in our sides. Our government more and more relax our laws against Popery, and have passed this session an abominable act giving unrighteous favor in charitable trusts to Socinians, who have defrauded Trinitarian endowed Chapels. Every thing established is shaking. But, blessed be God, we know it is that those things which cannot be shaken, may remain. The true Church of Christ in all denominations yet increases and enlarges, and there is a fuller testimony against all the abominations of these days." Speaking of the case of the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, he says, "I wonder the Bishop of Aberdeen was so infatuated as to send his wretched anathema to your Bishops. It is entirely disregarded by our own Bishops. One of them told me it was really of no more value than a piece of brown paper. It is a real insult to all English Clergymen, in insulting the faithful English brother minister, the Rev. Sir W. Dunbar. The Scottish Episcopal Church is in danger of becoming embodied Tractarian. Their communion service and their canons bear hard upon tender consciences. They have widely departed from our service and discipline. If you see the Churchman's Monthly Review, you would see in January '43, and March '44, lengthened reviews which I wrote on the subject. I trust both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, see the danger of having full communion with a Church on such a sliding scale as the Scottish Episcopal." Speaking of our approaching General Convention, he says, "We shall be deeply interested about it, and trust that the Lord will strengthen the hands of the faithful brethren by your proceedings."

Another eminent divine, writing to the same person on the same subject, says, "I shall look with anxiety to see what your next Convention may do in this matter—alluding especially to the New York ordination." Upon their decision, as it appears to me, depends the continuance of the Protestant character of your Church."

INCREASE OF PROPERTY IN BOSTON.

We learn from the Transcript that in this city an increase of \$7,000,000 in assessment value, of property has been made this year, and the rate of taxation is \$6 on a thousand instead of \$6 20.

For the Watchman of the South. A NAMELESS ESSAY.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet."

By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am.

Friendship, we are told, is a tender plant, requiring assiduous, careful culture, and the protection of a strong but gentle hand. The fiery course of fierce passions may in a moment sweep it away. The frosts of neglect may blight its fairest flowers. The worm of jealousy, secretly gnawing at its root, often slowly but effectually destroys it. Though "it has served to solace many woes, and lighten many ills," like all things earthly, it is subject to change and death. This is true of human friendships. But there are friendships, which, albeit earthly, are nevertheless not human, or, at least, not wholly so.

Every man may find in his own books (we speak not of bad books) friends who never change; whom prosperity affects not, and over whom adversity has no influence. When others have grown cold and indifferent—when the world looks darkly and gloomily upon you, unaltered they continue to cheer you with that true friendship into which enters no deceit, no mere rapid civility, nor hollow profession.—Estranged you may become from them—estranged they never become from you. You may treat them as you treat no other friends; with tenderness, with ingratitude, and neglect; but they harbor no ill feelings in return. They never repel your proffered advances. They never meet you with cold or averted looks.—They never salute you with bitter and reproachful words. Unless you go to them with a heart polluted, and a mind brutalized by crime and vice, they are the same to you they ever were. The rich storehouses, in which they have garnered up so many good and precious things, are never closed against you. To them they invite you to come always, and buy, without money, and without price. Are any other earthly friends so constant, so kind, and generous?

They have still claims upon you which no others can advance. While you are holding delightful and profitable communion with them, they afford you the proud and pleasing reflection, that others in other times, far wiser and better than you, sustained the same relations to them—that poets, philosophers, orators, statesmen, and philanthropists, have all been friends of your friends—and that the same noble passages, upon which you now dwell with so much enthusiasm, and the same thoughts and sentiments from which you now get so much pleasure and instruction, years and centuries hence, may exert a like influence upon other minds and hearts.

For the advice, the comfort, the instruction, the pleasure they afford you, are they not worthy of your friendship? Other friends there are, human friends, but not all equal in merit and value to them.

"Homes there are," Lamb has told us, "that are no homes;" friends there are, too, that are no friends; as, for example, not unselected, those of the rich and powerful. "Wealth maketh many friends;" but who, and of what sort are they? We need not tell you, reader; you know as well as we. Your own experience shall furnish you with many an instance. You have yourself, often, it may be, certainly, if you have attained unto old age, seen the very men, who were foremost in adulation and professions of friendship to him great in wealth or station, who flattered upon his bounty, and under the shadow of his wing crawled into "place and profit," drop off and desert him, when riches and power took to themselves wings and flew away.

"As we do turn our backs From our companion thrown into his grave, So his familiar to his buried fortunes Slunk all away!"

Among this base herd of black-hearted ingrates, you have seen one character viler and more repulsive than all the rest, and concentrating in itself everything that was hateful and despicable in each of the others. We mean the "flavoured parasite"—the basest, meanest, most supple, most servile, most cringing form humanity ever assumes. The one, of all others, however blackly and foully polluted they be, from which, as possessing no single redeeming trait, every honorable mind, even as the world has it, not to say every pure and virtuous, turns with the most ineffable loathing and disgust. The consummately abject and utterly degraded wretch, who sacrifices all truth, and honesty, and manliness, to gratify his sordid passions, and advance his selfish purposes—who, to gain his end, would allow any poor fellow worm, that could boast a gilded crest, to rear its puny head, and crawl over him. He, too, is one of the friends wealth and power make. We do not say, the rich have no friends—they have some as true and faithful as those of other men; but they have many of the sort to which we have spoken.

The friends of the poor—how many are they? The very poor man—would he had said, has no friends. "All the brethren of the poor do hate him; how much more do his friends go far from him? he pursueth them with words, yet they are wanting to him."

The Children of Genius, the admired, courted, and applauded—how many of them, too, have to mourn the instability of earthly friendship! The world deals not more kindly with them than with others. They do not find it less fickle and mutable. True, at times, it dazzles them with a display of its glories; secures them for a while, it may be, the favor of rank and power and fashion—yea, invests them with wealth, with honor, and station—makes them the admired of all admirers, the applauded of the applauded—but it continues not always in such sort, nor preserveth long towards them one phase. Many of them live to learn, by bitter experience, how short-lived are its smiles and favors—how hollow its professions—how miserably it can delude with flattering lips and a lying tongue—how speedily, with "a forehead of bronze and a heart like the nether mill-stone" it will turn away when evil days draw nigh. And so, even though their noon be one of sun-shine and splendor, at eventide, clouds and darkness often gather about them. Read these two passages from the life of a late brilliant writer.

This we find near the middle of the book, when he, likewise, was about the midway of

this, our life's career—"His visiting list included various members of the royal family; numerous representatives of every rank in the peerage; with few exceptions, all the leading politicians on the Tory side; not a few of their conspicuous opponents in both houses; a large proportion of what attracted most notice, at the time, in the departments of art, literature, and science; and, lastly, whatever flattered and glittered in the giddiest whirl of the beau monde."

Now read this, found towards the end of the same book: "He was buried in Fulham churchyard, in the presence of very few mourners—none of them of rank or known to fame."

Goldsmith has left us his experience of human friendships in this verse:

And what is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!

Others, greater than Goldsmith, have added their testimony; but it cannot be given here without exceeding the limits assigned to this.

Reader, do not mistake me; (by your leave I will drop the *we*;) I do not deny that there have been, and are, friendships though human—genuine. I could not, without the vilest ingratitude to some warm and generous hearts, to whom if ever I prove ingrate, may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. I could not, for I have read "that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." I know, too, classic story has turned into proverb, beautiful as they are true, the friendships of Damon and Pythias, of Orestes and Pylades.

But such friendships, if they pass unscathed through all their perils, have yet one to encounter, one last enemy, the terriblest and most effective of all—Death. There are not many, under whose notice these pages may come, who have not listened to the noise of the clouds as they fell upon the coffins of some loved ones—who have not watched the flowers and grass as they grew about their graves, and spent there many dark hours in bitterness and anguish of spirit. Yet there are friends, over whom Death has no power. He may take you from them; but he can never take them from you. They are—I say it with no levity of spirit—your books. Then seek and cultivate an intimacy with them. Love and honor them. Poor you may be—despised and neglected of the world—compelled to

"Bear the whips and scorns of time
Th' oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;"

go to them, and you will find friends, no respecters of persons, who never repulsed any that went to them with a brave will and a right spirit.

"I know 'There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' but I am speaking here—and I do not wish to be misunderstood—solely of earthly friendships.) My bookish ye voiceless teachers, ye silent companions of my pleasant hours, friends ye have been to me indeed, and friends in need! How much have I to thank you for! How can I ever cease to remember with gratitude the delightful intercourse you have held with me! True, I have not profited by it as I ought; but it was not because I was insensible to your worth, as this feeble tribute may testify. In return for all your benefits hitherto received, I can have but one wish for you—when the day comes that I shall have to leave you, and commence that journey, upon which you cannot accompany me, and from which I can never return to you, may you then pass into kinder and better hands, and be to others, as ye have truly and faithfully been to me.

"Guides, philosophers, and Friends." For albeit there are not many of you, among you are some choice spirits—some with whom the good and gifted of other days and of all lands have delighted to commune—

Were I not afraid of exposing myself to censure for too liberal quotation, I would copy here a few lines from the pen of one whose name is dear to the lovers of elegant literature. Mr. Roscoe, when obliged to sell his books, addressed to them a sonnet, full, says Irving, of pure feeling and elevated thought; and doubly interesting from the fact, that the parting with his books, seems to have been the only circumstance that could provoke the notice of his muse. Perhaps you have already read this sonnet in the first volume of the "Sketch Book?"

But reader—not you, the kind-hearted and charitable, but you, the severe and critical—I think I hear you exclaim, "The poor egoist! wherefore all this about his books?" To the charge of egoism I plead guilty; but do not misunderstand me—with no compunctious visitings, nor feelings of shame and repentance, I would not, things as they are, that I could plead otherwise. Why? Because, for the present, at least, I would have you as a friend; and, therefore, the converse reciprocity of feeling, must necessarily be egoism to a third listener—I would address you as a friend, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth might speak; for the mouth refuseth to speak the feelings of the heart to an unsympathizing and indifferent ear.

But I am not talking of my books alone—I am talking of your books as well—of all books which have no polluting nor debasing influence. To such of every name, much honor and length of days! May they never fall into rude and unkind hands, incapable or unwilling to appreciate their worth. May the dust of neglect never accumulate upon them, nor the spider weave his web about them. Long may they continue their mute but wise and eloquent teachings. Long may they find friends to love and revere them. And, when at last, time lays his hand heavily upon them—when their leaves, once so white and legible, yellow and dim with age, hang loosely within their frail and ragged covers, may they not then be laid aside, except to appear again, Phoenix like, in new form and new dress, and destined again to a long life of usefulness and honor!

A. M.

AN INTERESTING EXTRACT.

Our readers have not forgotten the Rev. Mr. Simpson, minister at Port Rush, Ireland,

who some months ago presented the claims of his congregation, on the christian liberality of our citizens, to aid in erecting their church. The following extract from a letter written by a young gentleman, a member of one of our most respectable families, who is now travelling in that country, will be read with interest, the more lively that it communicates the pleasing fact of the erection of the church, and its employment as a place of worship. The letter is addressed to relatives, who have kindly permitted the extract to be copied for our paper:

"On leaving Port Stewart we drove along the coast on our way to Port Rush, and I viewed with wonder and admiration the headlands as we neared them, each surpassing the other in lofty grandeur, with the waves of old ocean, that had but yesterday kissed the shore of my native country."

On arriving at Port Rush, the first object which attracted my attention, was Mr. Simpson's church, which is a plain and neat building of granite, and is to my belief durable enough to last for ages. Its interior is neat and well finished. While we were engaged in looking at the church, Mr. Simpson soon entered, and with 'the shake of the hand' of a warm hearted Irishman, welcomed us to his native land. After asking for all his friends in Pittsburgh and his sister city, he told me much about his feelings towards his American helpers; and shewed me the design of the stone which is to bear the inscription, informing the sons and daughters of Ireland, of the people to whose liberality the church owes its erection.

FORGIVENESS.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Life is not a fairy dream, in which all the fairest and most beautiful of earth's blessings are strewn with lavish hand to bless and soothe us with their magic sweetness—but a stern reality, where we meet with frowns as well as smiles; where clouds, and storms, and tempests, succeed to the placid breeze and soft serenity of the blue ethereal skies. Friends may meet us with a glad smile, yet part with angry frowns; the words spoken in jest and intended as but the pleasing remark of a light, frivolous heart, may cause offence, and end in coldness and displeasure; and thus on through life's mazy ways we go with naught to cheer or soothe us but one bright thought—that forgiveness may follow in the path of error—that the kind heart of one who was a friend will not be estranged, because of an unintentional error, committed in a thoughtless and unguarded moment, but, remembering "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and in that spirit, which is a mark of true nobleness, he will extend the proffered hand, and speak from the eyes more effectually than words can speak, the language which his heart feels; that all is forgotten and forgiven.

In contemplating the heavens when the great luminary of light has hid his face beyond the western hills, and clothed all nature in a mantle of darkness, one star will attract and rivet our attention by its superior brilliancy. In casting our eyes over a ridge of mountains, some peak, towering its head above the rest, will call forth the expression of more than usual admiration. So will that person, who, to the usual accomplishments of life, adds the rich treasure of a forgiving heart. We are all more or less prone to commit errors here and as life's fleeting hours pass by, we do many things to offend those for whom we have the highest friendship; yet in the cultivation of this bright quality, these offences may be robbed of their bitter sting and around that path, which, but for this, might have been filled with wretchedness and affliction, may be thrown the richest garlands of peace and happiness.—Presbyterian.

HEAVEN.

Talking of Heaven, reminds us of a droll circumstance that occurred lately in one of the small towns on the Alabama river, about a hundred miles above Mobile, which latter place is of course the metropolis of all that section of country. A little girl, who had been hearing a good deal about Heaven at church, asked her mother with much earnestness, "which is the greatest place, Heaven or Mobile?" She told the inquisitive juvenile there was no comparison between the two places, the advantage being incalculably in favor of the former! "I didn't know," said the provoking little innocent, "but what Mobile was, because I hear it a heap more talked about!"

BURIAL PLACES OF BRITISH POETS.

Shakespeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's in the Fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller in Beconsfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Swift in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thomson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's church, at Chichester; Gray he conceived his 'Elegy' Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer at 3-4, 'all ocean for his grave'; Churchill in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dereham; Chatterton in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn; Burns in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crowsfoot church, near Keswick; Shelley, beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome; Keats, beside him, 'under the pyramid, which is the tomb of Cestus'; and Thomas Campbell in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.