

THE  
**CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.**

JANUARY, 1825.

**Religious Communications.**

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Mr. Editor,—At this season when the old year has departed and the new year is opening before us, by a kind of common consent, indeed by a sort of compulsion, both youth and age seem to experience an unusual share of joyous feeling. Care smooths his wrinkled front; the heavy heart, for the moment, forgets its sorrow; and a smile lights up almost every face. So far from being a season for serious reflection on the past, or of pious resolution for the future, this period, more perhaps than any other, is devoted to dissipation or trifled away in frivolity.

That gayety of spirit which now appears to exhilarate the heart, is certainly not unamiable in itself. At the occurrence of a New Year, to indulge in a measure of sprightly intercourse with our friends, somewhat greater than on ordinary occasions, can never, I think, be condemned with propriety. It is only the excess into which we are all prone to run, when in a state of excitement, which is to be censured and avoided. It is well known that excessive feasting and merry making on any occasion, not only defeat their own ends at the moment, but often lead the parties indulging in them, into gross sins, and sometimes into disputes and

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rivalships which separate them for ever after.

I am far, Mr. Editor, from wishing to throw a shade of gloom over the minds of your readers at this fair and brief season of enjoyment. I must confess that my own mind is in a state of pleasurable emotion, at witnessing the scenes and occupations which are passing around me. I wish rather to direct this little stream of enjoyment into a safe channel, than to stop its course altogether. By the thoughtless, the fashionable and the dissolute, whatever I might say to check their intemperate mirth, would, I know, have little chance to be read and regarded. But to the calm and sober minded Christian I will offer a thought or two, *on the pleasure to be derived from a recollection of the past, and an anticipation of the future.*

Tracing in memory the various scenes and changes of the year which has past, the mind of the firm and enlightened believer may discover that which ought to brighten his mind with a degree of joy. Though clouds of darkness and sorrow may chequer the retrospect, still he must be conscious that another year has been passed in travelling that path which will terminate in immortal bliss—"in joy unspeakable and full of glory." The strong and delightful conviction will be impressed on his mind,

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bably only disgust or irritate. If their dress is gay and frivolous, it accords with their dispositions, and none will be deceived—they appear and will be taken in their true character; and let our's become us as well. We should consider ourselves accountable for the appearance of our children; and of our *servants* also, who should be, equally with our children, governed by the rules of wisdom and prudence.

(*The remainder in our next.*)

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

*To the Editor of the Christian Advocate.*

It would give me much pleasure to contribute even a little, to the entertainment and edification of the readers of your useful miscellany—And considering the avidity with which the reading publick receive every thing in the shape of narrative, I have thought it might be worth while to put into your hands, a small collection of letters, containing some account of my travels in pursuit of health, through several parts of Europe. You will be able to judge whether their contents render them worthy of being communicated to the publick. The publick are well aware, that an infirm state of health greatly disqualifies its victim for much effort of mind, as well as of body; and from one in such a situation, much will not be expected. I would premise that I left home, under considerable apprehension that I might never return; and for the gratification of my friends, in such an issue, was careful to communicate, from time to time, a pretty full account of whatever changes took place in the state of my health; intending to give them, while I was able, a history of myself. And as

travelling for health has become a *fashionable* remedy, which, in addition to its utility, has greatly increased the number of those who resort to it, I have thought, in reviewing my letters for the press, it might be right to retain whatever was calculated to be useful to travellers of this description. For their sakes, the publick will bear with an amount of personal detail, that would otherwise be altogether improper. I only add, that my complaint was *Dyspepsia*, which had increased gradually for about eight years; producing at length such debility, that through the summer of 1819, the services of the pulpit were reduced one half, and for a short time previously to leaving home, had been suspended almost entirely.

*Gibraltar, January 4th, 1820.*

My dear Friend,—You have been informed that I had taken my passage at New York, in the ship Pacifick, Capt. S——, bound for Marseilles, to stop at Gibraltar. I embrace the earliest opportunity of relieving the anxiety your friendship has made you feel on my account, as well as of gratifying your curiosity, by giving you some account of my voyage to, and safe arrival at this place—This far-famed place, which furnishes so much to attract the gaze of curiosity from every stranger who visits it.

We sailed on the evening of the 3d of last month; an evening of interest to me, never to be forgotten. Setting off on a distant voyage, to encounter the dangers of the ocean—parting at the same time with kindred and country, must awaken lively feelings in any one; and much more in one like myself—to whom the dangers of the ocean are much less threatening, than the debilitating complaint from which he seeks to escape. How will such an one look to the fast receding shores of his native land, foreboding that he is to look upon them no more.



How will he cast his eyes towards the home that holds the partner of his affections, and the children that God has given him—already far distant from his sight, and in his estimation, probably never to be revisited. May you, my friend, never know the anguish that wrings the heart at such a moment. But may you know, in every situation of difficulty and of peril, the more than counterbalancing consolation, which faith finds in the promise—"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath, are the everlasting arms." Let me tell you this is a promise *to go to sea* with; and that to have it on the heart, is of far more consequence, than any thing Dr. Franklin suggests, in his instructions (very good in their place) to those who are about to undertake a sea voyage.

Being without a companion of my acquaintance, one of the first things that attracted my attention on board, was my fellow passengers. Society on ship-board, is an affair of double interest, to what it is on shore. Good society goes a great way towards making up for the many privations which must be sustained; and bad society has this special aggravation, that you cannot, as on land, run away from it; you must make the best of it. My fellow voyagers were four,—Mr. O—, a merchant of Boston, in pursuit partly of pleasure, and partly of mercantile speculation. Messrs. L— and C—, young men of New York, like myself, seeking health; being both under pulmonary affection. The fourth was a Mr. P—, from the neighbourhood of New York. This man's situation has interested me much. He is a man in middle life, the father of six children, so far gone in consumption, as to be carried on ship-board—being too weak to walk. I noticed him particularly on that occasion; and the distress I witnessed on his taking leave of his weeping wife and accompany-

ing friends, called forth all my sympathy; certainly nothing lessened, by my being forcibly reminded of a family parting, so lately sustained by myself. Oh! how necessary, on such an occasion, and how cordial, the consolations of that gospel, whose direction and promise is, "cast all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." With faith's firm grasp of such a promise, the husband and father, even in the last stage of decline, may shed his tears over those he embraces, probably for the last time, and yet rejoicing with a joy that even overbalances his sorrow.

We set off under a fine fair wind. Two other vessels, bound for the same port, "loosed their rudder bands, and hoisted their sails," at the same moment with us. That night the gale increased; and by the next day became little short of a hurricane, which lasted, without intermission, for seven days. You may judge of the situation in which we landsmen found ourselves, when the captain himself was sea-sick. Our cabin, neatly fitted up for passengers, was small. The hatches had generally to be closed, for protection against the waves dashing into it. The steward was too busy with the storm above, to spend much time in keeping it in order. In a little while it was in a situation, at the recollection of which, my mind yet recoils. But happily the deadening pressure of sea-sickness, very soon blunted my sensibility effectually. For three days I suffered much. On the fourth day I was so much recruited, as to be able to crawl on deck. Here I found a few yards, at the very stern of the vessel, safe from the waves, that were constantly lashing over the rest of the ship. In this shelter, wrapped in my great coat, to protect me from the spray of the sea, that drifted like snow before the wind, and grasping a cable, to preserve my balance, I found myself in a situation I surely

never wish to be in again—a situation to enjoy all the terrific sublimity of the ocean in a storm—an object which you, my friend, must see, to enable you to form any adequate conception of; and therefore I shall make no vain attempt (vain indeed with my powers) to describe it to you. The violence of seasickness had prevented me almost from looking out of the cabin, from the commencement of the gale until now, that I was all at once introduced to the amazing scene. I did not apprehend any real danger; yet it made me hold in my breath, to see our little bark, at one moment hanging on the mountain top, and the next plunging with descending prow, as if determined to reach the very bottom of the ocean. Still the wind was perfectly fair; and it was no small satisfaction, to know that we were driving with vast rapidity before “the full exerted breath of heaven,” towards our “desired haven.”

On the seventh day, we were told by our captain, that we were on the grand bank; having sailed a distance of about 1500 miles. Never had he before experienced such a run, in so short a time. To me it did appear, that I had never seen an effort of human courage, or a display of human dexterity, equal to what the mariner manifests in facing the ocean and managing his vessel, amidst the contentions of the winds and the waves. Had I seen only the raging elements, as I now saw them, I should have pronounced all attempts to encounter their violence, in such an unwieldy vehicle as a ship, perfect madness. But if man is to be admired for his prowess and his skill upon the waves, then what is the admiration and the adoration, due to that great Being, who “gathers the winds in his fist,” and who manages the boundless ocean, as the nurse manages her little infant, “making the cloud the garment thereof, and

thick darkness a swaddling band for it.”

Surely if there is a spark of devotion in the bosom, being at sea, and especially being at sea in a storm, will fan it into a glow. Yet how passing strange is it, that of all men, (as far as my acquaintance among mankind extends,) sailors, as a class of people, are the least devout. The very men who see most of “the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the great deep,” have the least sensibility towards Him. The men who of all others, seem to need most, the ceaseless protection of Almighty power, are the least disposed to seek it. Blessings abundant rest upon the heads of those worthy men, who have laid to heart the deplorable state of seamen, as it regards religion; and have consecrated a portion of their gains and their labours, to its amelioration. I shall ever hereafter feel a livelier interest in this class of my fellow beings, than I have heretofore done. Leaving futurity out of view, sailors are, generally speaking, a very wretched race. It would exceedingly alleviate the life of privation and hardship they are compelled to lead, to have the faith and the feelings which belong to the gospel, infused into their minds. How greatly would it smooth their ruggedness, and humanize their brutality?

Our captain is a man who respects religion, and very willingly assented to having daily prayers in the cabin; at which he generally attended. But I have seen very little that looked like *piety* among any of my shipmates, Mr. P—— excepted, who is a devoted but well informed Roman Catholick. He is a man of liberal education, having been bred to the law, which however he has never practised. With his procedure I have been both pleased and edified. Every morning, after being dressed by his coloured man who waits on him, (his extreme debility requiring such assistance.)



his prayer book was put into his hands; and a proper time appeared to be occupied in private devotion. His prayer book I have looked into, and found, to my great surprise, much animated and evangelical devotion; with a great deal less of what is exceptionable, than I expected in a Roman Catholick composition. One night, in our publick prayer, in the cabin, I ventured to notice his afflicted case, and express a few petitions specially for him. He had retired to rest some time before, and I did not know whether he was attending to our exercise; but I was much gratified the next morning, to receive his thanks for the attention. Between this man and myself, there has grown up something like friendship. In his weak state, to pester him with controversy would be cruel; and to manifest alienation, on account of his errors, would be unchristian.

Our second officer on board, attracted from me much attention, as a character somewhat singular. In his figure he was tall, straight, rugged, and bony, with a countenance indicating much shrewdness; a superior seaman, to whose judgment the captain appeared uniformly to yield his own: but in his expressions, the most blasphemous of all men I ever yet heard speak. At first, I supposed that he intended insult to myself, by refusing to be under any restraint in my company; and with feelings of strong repugnance I avoided all intercourse with him. I found, however, before the close of the voyage, that he intended me no personal offence—that blasphemy had become so completely the man's habit and that so totally had he been estranged from all but sailor society, that he was little aware of the indecorum of which he was guilty. Finding this, I tried to become sociable with him; and at length, ventured in private to expostulate with him, on the subject of his

blasphemy. It was well taken, and followed by some very unsuccessful efforts towards restraint. How hard is it for "the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

But I find I have wearied myself with the length of this letter, and beg leave here to close it. I shall have time enough before the vessel sails, to make up for my friends several packets. If they will only be pleased with quantity, making allowance for manner and quality, I think I can gratify them by detailing only a part of what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard, since I left them.

I remain most affectionately,  
Yours, &c.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

No. V.

"Despise not prophesyings. Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."—1 THESS. V. 20, 21.

In the last number I proved (what some of the other side certainly deny, and what, in my opinion, no man who believes in partial atonement can ever consistently maintain—though many in fact maintain it, in whose piety and usefulness we glorify God) that God in the gospel makes an authoritative and universal offer of salvation to those whom it addresses. This universal offer is one of its most prominent and benign features—it is also one of its most momentous considerations! "What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?—where shall the ungodly and the sinners appear?"

The fact of such offer is incontrovertible. I agree with OMEGA that all the symbols of all the reformed churches recognise it as a fact—no man in his senses, who is not warped or cramped or blinded by theory, can deny it. Its importance too is manifest. Let ministers of the gospel feel this fact, and

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LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XII.

The subject of our present lecture is the tenth answer of our Catechism, expressed in these words: "God created man male and female, after his own image, in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, with dominion over the creatures."

In discoursing on this answer, I know not that a better method can be taken than the one which we adopted in the last lecture, namely, to take the several clauses of the answer as they lie in the Catechism, and discuss them severally in that order.

1. Then God *created man*. I have already had occasion to treat of creation in *general*, and of the formation of the first parents of our race. But as the Catechism again resumes the subject in its *particular* relation to man, so this is exactly agreeable to what we find in the sacred records. The account of the other parts of creation is there cursory and general. The account of the creation of man is more full and particular. It was for man that the earth, and all which it contains, was formed. Of all terrestrial things, man alone can know and understand his origin, and adore the hand which gave him being. Of the origin of man, therefore, more was to be told than merely that he was made. Indeed, my young friends, there is no-

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thing which shows the dignity of your nature in the scale of being more strikingly, than the account which is given of this transaction in your Bibles. When the world was formed and completely furnished for his residence, a council of the Godhead is held on the creation of man—"Let us make man. 'Man was to be God's viceroy in this lower world, the only image of his Creator in his moral perfections; and it was the purpose of God, though not then revealed, that the second person of the Godhead should become man; and hence the solemnity of the transaction, and of the account which is given of it—"Let us make man, in our image, after our likeness."—What can be the intention of this remarkable use of language in the plural number, on this occasion? We have already given some explanation of it. But let us examine it a little more closely.

There are only three ways of accounting for this manner of expression that deserve a serious attention; and indeed it is only the last of the three, that can have any thing, that is even plausible, said in its favour.

The first is, that the Deity is here represented as using the royal style, agreeably to what takes place in modern times, in which kings, or sovereigns, speak of themselves in the plural number. But Poole, in his Synopsis on the passage, quotes Aben Ezra, one of the most profound, learned, and candid, of all the Jewish Rabbies, as denying that

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

*Gibraltar, January 6th, 1824.*

My dear Friend,—I have little to add to the details contained in my last letter, on the subject of our voyage here. Nothing further of importance took place. Much contrary wind, with some hard blows, protracted our arrival until the last day of the year, when in the dusk of the evening we let go our anchors in the spacious bay that spreads its bosom before this place.

If setting off on a distant voyage be a matter of much interest, that of arriving at the destined port, the perils and privations of a boisterous passage being over, is little less so. I shall never forget the sensation of joy that thrilled through my bosom, (in which I was certainly not alone) when the second mate announced from the topmast, where he had been stationed on the lookout for almost 12 hours, the sight of land. Every eye was strained to see it too; and all was joy and congratulation, as soon as it was ascertained to be no deception, but the very promontory of Cape St. Vincent on the Spanish coast—which decided our captain's reckoning to be correct. When thankfulness, heartfelt thankfulness to the bountiful Giver of all good, mingles with the joy that danger escaped and ardent wishes gratified always excite, it doubles the enjoyment. I wish I could say this from assured experience. But I am sure it must be so: and hence in all circumstances, the real Christian, when he is *himself*, has unspeakably the advantage. In the hour of danger, he has a protection, known only to himself, in which he confides: and in the hour of success, the feelings of a grateful heart double his joy. Yes, *then* there is happiness, when in the reception of great favours, the *heart* says, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Early next morning after our arrival, we were on deck, to look around

us; and surely my eyes never opened upon a prospect, to me more interesting. For the first time in my life, I had a view of the old world, exhibiting an appearance very unlike all I have ever seen in America. On the one side is to be seen the continent of Spain, naked, mountainous, and rugged, entirely destitute of the woods and fences of my own country. Two towns, Algesiras and Sanroque, appear at no great distance, neither of them respectable. Few habitations, and those mean and shabby, are scattered over the hills and valleys that surround the bay. On the other side are seen the rock and town of Gibraltar, each a unique in the works of nature and art. Conceive a flat and sandy shore extending for some distance back from the sea, and just at the water's edge an immense rock, whose base is about three quarters of a mile broad, rising almost perpendicular to the height of thirteen or fourteen hundred feet, projecting into the sea, for the distance of between two and three miles, and terminating in the same abrupt manner that it commences. This is the rock of Gibraltar. Its projection is not at a right angle to the gut, as it is called, which separates Spain from Africa: but rather parallel with the shore, and the water flowing up between the rock and the coast of Spain, forms the bay, about five miles wide, in which we were anchored. The side of the rock next the bay is sloping, but very steep. At the foot of this slope, stands the town of Gibraltar—its streets running parallel with the water, and rising one above another, on the steep face of the rock. Around its upper suburbs, are scattered little huts, like crows' nests, so high up on the face of the rock, that you would suppose the inhabitants must have wings to mount up to them. What under the sun—I was disposed at first to inquire—could have induced human beings, to reject the fine level edging, which this bay every where else exhibits, and in preference to locate their habitations

on the steep surface of this barren rock? Surely the procedure, thought I, is an impeachment of their rationality. But when you look to the immense ramparts, running in zig-zag direction along the water's edge; rising so high as nearly to hide altogether, the first streets of the town, their tops bristling with cannon that point in every direction; the secret is unriddled. Ferocious man, like the tiger of the desert, seeks a den, whence he can rush with advantage on all that come within his reach, and to which he can retire in safety, to devour the flesh and gnaw the bones of the prey he has taken. Verily, had that divine law maintained its ascendancy over the human heart; "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," a town so located, and so fortified, as is Gibraltar, would never have been thought of on the face of our globe.

Early in the morning, we were visited by a health officer, in a small boat, who, keeping at some distance, made a number of inquiries concerning the port from which we came, the health of the ship &c. &c. And finished by informing us, that we must undergo a quarantine of seven days. Oh! what a damper to our joy was this—to me especially, who had experienced no improvement in my health from the voyage, but rather the reverse. My organs of digestion were never weaker, than during the passage. The operation of sea sickness, appeared to have no other effect than to increase their debility. I felt a general weakness, and kind of stiffness over my system, that made it matter of some effort to mount the cabin stairs. This, with the irksomeness and privations of confinement, during a winter's passage across the Atlantic, rendered me more anxious than comports with Christian resignation, to be once more on shore. You will readily perceive that to a being so circumstanced, whose patience was always short of his necessities, the delay of yet seven days, before he was to be released from his imprison-

ment, would be felt as a trial—and so I did feel it. But the remedy is always at hand, for every disaster, if we could only make use of it—"Thy will be done." *He* who directs the planets in their orbits, and causes "the sun to know his going down;" directs the smallest disappointments that befall us, and is alike wise and good to those who trust him, in the last as in the first.

We were shortly after visited by several boats, belonging to some Americans, established here as commission merchants: and how welcome were the greetings of countrymen in a land of strangers. Their inquiries, if they could be of any assistance to us, and tenders of service in a manner so frank and kind, were well calculated to soothe our minds, under the pressing disappointment recently sustained, in being excluded from going immediately on shore. As we were in quarantine, they could not come on board to welcome us by a friendly shake of the hand: and any letters of which we were the bearers, were received in long iron tongs, and dipped in the salt water, before they were touched, to destroy any contagion that might be cleaving to them—such are the regulations of quarantine.

The morning was most beautiful, and the atmosphere quite pleasant, like a morning in May. We lay on the smooth surface of the bay, looking with no small curiosity, at the strange objects which every where surrounded us. Early in the forenoon, our captain returned in his boat, from a visit to the health office, and announced the joyful intelligence, that the governor had just issued orders to do away quarantine on all vessels from the United States. Such is the course of events in this world of change, where occurrences of prosperity and adversity the most unexpected, press upon each other. We are lifted up, it would seem, only to be cast down again, and cast down that we may be again lifted up. Lifted up indeed



we were, at this last good news. In a very short time we were dressed, and in the long boat, pulling for the shore; anxious to see the interior of a place, whose outside was so romantic. And certainly our expectations of novelty, were not disappointed. We passed through the fortifications, gate after gate, connected by narrow defiles, guarded at every turn, by soldiers in full uniform, with fixed bayonets. On arriving at the last massy gate, which opened immediately into the town, an officer demanded our names; and furnished each of us with a card, granting permission to enjoy the liberty of the place for thirty days, under the guarantee of an American gentleman, resident here, who unsolicited, had voluntarily become sponsor for our good behaviour—such are the existing regulations. Every stranger on his admittance, must enter bail for his good conduct, while he remains. But notwithstanding all these restrictions to keep them out, I have been told there are few places, into which more villains of every description find ways and means to gain admission. There is one main street of competent width, running along the foot of the rock, into which the chief business of the place is crowded. And crowded it was, as we passed up it, with a motley mixture, such as my eyes never saw before. Carts, drays, mules, asses, and men, laden with merchandise, and marketing—Turks, and Jews, and Greeks, and Moors, and Spaniards, and English, dressed in their various costumes, and vociferating in their different dialects. All was bustle and hubbub. To see and hear which made friend P— and myself, as we passed along, leaning on each other's arm for mutual support, to forget every thing else in our astonishment—even our own debility.

We have taken up our residence at the Crown and Anchor hotel, which is reckoned the best in the place, and is generally frequented by the Americans. It is kept by an Irishman, married to a Spaniard; and

does not differ greatly from good inns in Philadelphia, or New York; except in being less neat and comfortable in its accommodations, and much more extravagant in its charges. Our living, notwithstanding we consult economy, to all the extent that comfort allows, will cost us about fourteen dollars per week. The chief supply of the market is from Spain; and that country, at least all of it that is within reach of this place, is in too wretched a state, to afford any thing but at exorbitant prices.

After being thus fixed in a home—a home, one of the most gratifying considerations regarding which is, that it is to be but temporary—my next concern was to make some acquaintances and friends: and in this I have not been without some success; for which I am greatly indebted to a few letters of introduction. Certainly I have much cause of gratitude to the Giver of all good, “who has the hearts of all men in his hand,” for the kind attention he has disposed some individuals to show me. Mr. A—, an English gentleman, and one who I have reason to believe thinks very little on the subject of religion, allows me the use of his horse, whenever I choose to ride out. This to me, who need exercise so much after the confinement of the ship, and to whom exercise was always so salutary, I count a singular favour. There are very few horses in Gibraltar, and one can be had on hire, only at an extravagant price.

The weather since I have been here, has been a good deal wet, with much of what we call in the United States a *raw* feeling. Frost is scarcely ever known; but through the winter, there is much rain, sometimes attended with tremendous thunder; and at other times with much high and cold winds, which compel invalids to keep the house, and render fire quite necessary. Since I have been here, there have been some days of quite warm sunshine, producing a temperature like the month of May with you. Except the trees, which have hardly yet begun to show their leaves, vege-

tation is quite as far advanced in the gardens, as is common in the second week of May, in Pennsylvania. It has been indeed to me an astonishing transition, to find myself within a month, transported from the frozen desolations of December, to all the bloom and luxuriance of advanced spring. And certainly nothing I have ever seen in my own country, belonging to gardening, is to be compared in point of extent, variety, and beauty, taken altogether, to what is exhibited at this moment, the sixth of January, on this admirable rock, where nature and art seem to vie with each other in the production of wonders. The town of Gibraltar stands on the north extremity of the rock, next to Spain; covering a little more than half a mile—I speak by guess. On the south end of the rock there is also some town. The intermediate part along the shore, is a publick walk, called the *Alameda*, along side of which is a flower garden, extending a considerable distance up the slope of the rock. It is here that art has produced a scene, which looks like enchantment. The projecting stones have been removed, and where soil was wanting, it has been carried on with vast labour. Serpentine walks of great extent, thickets of shrubbery, beds of flowers, arbours with hedge-rows of geranium, luxuriant in the highest degree, and now in full bloom, render the spot equal almost to all I can conceive of ancient paradise—trees and fruit excepted. Here I have wandered for hours, and in spite of feeble health, dejected spirits, and a heart habitually hankering after home, I have had enjoyment. I have been forcibly reminded of man's primeval state. I have reflected, if man, fallen man, has been able to convert a spot doubly cursed, a barren rock, into such a garden of sweets; what must have been the garden which God himself planted, enriched with fruit, as well as deco-

rated with flowers: and what must have been the enjoyment of innocent man, wandering through its walks, contemplating its beauties, while regaled with its odours, calling it all his own, and enjoying a peace and serenity within, that was in perfect accord with the harmony and beauty around him. Alas! what a loss have we sustained. What a world would have been *ours*, if sin and death had never entered it! I think I never felt upon my heart, so strongly, the weight of this reflection before. But if we are the children of the *Second Adam* by faith, we have been cast down that we might be lifted up indeed. I now enjoy the little paradise in miniature, to which I have access here, with a double relish, from having been so lately translated to it, from the bleak wintry regions of my own country. Then, what is *their* enjoyment, who, from the more than wintry desolation into which sin and death have converted this globe, pass into the paradise of God above, there to see, and enjoy, what "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." What a hope! who that has it, would exchange it for all that this world can proffer? Let *us*, my friend, cherish it, and seek more and more "to purify ourselves as the object of it is pure." To myself, I feel that it is peculiarly necessary—while wandering a stranger, far, very far, from all of this world that my heart holds most dear, and not knowing whether I shall be ever restored to the objects of my tenderest affections. But if I and mine meet in God's paradise on high, this will ten thousand fold compensate our separation—God of his infinite mercy grant it. The certainty that this aspiration, when it shall meet your eye, will be reciprocated from your heart, not only from feelings of piety, but also of friendship, is felt at this moment as a cordial to the heart of,  
ever  
Yours, &c.



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**CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.**

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LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XIII.

A very important and interesting subject, my young friends, now invites your serious attention, in the eleventh answer of our catechism—"God's works of providence are his most holy, wise and powerful, preserving and governing, all his creatures and all their actions."

In discussing this subject, we shall, as heretofore, pay a particular regard to the several clauses in the answer recited; yet we shall not take them in the exact order, in which they are there placed. Our method will be—

I. To show the nature, and prove the existence of the divine providence—It consists in preserving and governing the whole creation.

II. To consider the extent and operations of this providence—It reaches to all the creatures of God, and to all their actions.

III. To dwell a little on the character of this providence—It is most holy, wise and powerful.

IV. To make a few miscellaneous remarks, chiefly of a practical kind, on the whole subject.

I. Then, I am to show the nature, and prove the existence, of the divine providence—It consists in preserving and governing the creation.

It has been ably argued by some excellent writers, that the preserva-

tion of the universe is a continued exercise of creative power. Their supposition seems to be, that creature existence is a kind of *forced state*. That as matter rose out of existence at the command of the Deity, so it would fall back, or return to non-existence, if not constantly sustained in being, by the very same power or energy which first produced it:—In a word, that preservation is equivalent to a constant creation. They suppose that this theory is, at least, countenanced by scripture. Thus, in the first chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, the inspired writer connects together the creation of the worlds by the Son of God, and his "upholding all things by the word of his power,"—in such manner, it is supposed, as to represent the latter as a continuance of the former act.

But whether providence or preservation, imply a constant creation or not, it seems plain that there must be a continual exertion of divine power, in order to those movements and operations which constantly take place in the material world. Matter is of itself *inert*. This is always considered as one of its essential properties. Yet it moves incessantly, and is continually receiving innumerable new modifications, or changes of form. The established order in which this takes place, we call *the laws of nature*. But what do we understand by the laws of nature? If we do not mean by this ex-

ther be partaker of other men's sins, keep thyself pure,—He that biddeth him God speed, is partaker of his evil deeds." Now, we believe, and doubt not that all our readers believe, that duelling would no longer exist in our country—unless among a few madmen—if every duellist was, by that character, completely shut out from all places of trust and honour. This remedy—and we conscientiously believe it is the only effectual one—every voter at a public election, may help either to apply or withhold. If he does not apply it—if he votes for a duellist—he bids him, in the true sense of that phrase, "God speed." He is a partaker of the duellist's evil deeds—he has not "kept himself pure." Let professing Christians consider this seriously. Let them most seriously reflect whether, with all their complaints against duelling, they are not *themselves* chargeable with participating in the guilt of this disgraceful and murderous practice.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

*Gibraltar, January 15, 1820.*

My dear Friend,—Did I possess a military taste, which I certainly do not, (and I make the acknowledgment without either regret or shame) this place would afford me the most exquisite gratification. I suppose there is not another spot on the face of our warring planet, on which the military art has expended an amount of ingenuity and industry, in its fortification, equal to that of Gibraltar. Its immense ramparts in front of the town, along the water's edge, furnish a delightful walk. Here I frequently saunter, especially in the evening, enjoying the enchanting prospect of the bay, forested (if I may say so) with the masts of the vessels at anchor in its waters, and skirted by the naked hills and thinly populated valleys of Spain, that stretch beyond it,

far as the eye can extend its vision: while on the other side, is seen the romantick town, rising street above street, up the face of the rock; and beyond it, the rugged rock itself, in all the wildness of nature, towering to the clouds.

In these rambles, I often encounter companies of soldiers, undergoing the drill exercise, and am charmed, sometimes to a degree beyond what I supposed one so deficient in musical taste as I am could be charmed, with the performance of the full band of military musick, playing for amusement, or to perfect themselves in their art. Yet while I have been listening with sensations of exquisite delight, reflections of a very melancholy cast, have sometimes risen up in my mind. I have thought—this is the musick of death. It is thus the horrors of war are gilded over. Thus men are allured to the trade of blood. They are charmed into an insensibility of their situation, in being made the instruments of all that is horrible in the angry passions of men, operating to the destruction of their fellow men. When shall the time come round in which the instruments of death, in the hands of the warrior, shall offend the sight no longer? When "the sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning hook, and nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Such a sight will be far better worth seeing than all that is exhibited here.

But I set out to tell you a little about the stupendous fortifications of this place. A little must suffice; as the subject has no interest for me, beyond what mere curiosity supplies. The height of the ramparts which front the town, on the water's edge, I have not inquired. It is such as to give a chill of horror to look down from their top. And their width you may suppose, when I inform you, that walking along the top, you meet here and there with little openings, through which smoke issues, and which are in fact vents of chimneys, ascending from apartments below, which are in-



habited. But by far the most astonishing efforts of human labour, in the matter of fortification, are found at the north end of the rock, facing the narrow tongue of land that unites the rock with Spain. I have mentioned, that here the rock rises with nearly a perpendicular ascent. All along this front you see port-holes at short distances, and cannon pointing in all directions. The fact is, that a perforation, sufficiently wide and high to admit the passage of a waggon and four horses, is excavated along the whole end of the rock. It commences at the back of the town, and ascends as the rock rises. From its ascending and winding direction, it must be not less than three quarters of a mile long. At short intervals in this perforation, wide chambers are formed, from which the port-holes open, and allow the cannon to be pointed. In one of those chambers, very high up in the rock, called St. George's Chapel, is a pile of shot stored up against "the day of battle and of war," containing, we were told, the amount of seventy-thousand balls, 52-pounders. To carry one of these balls up from the water's edge, was a day's work for a soldier.

I have been informed of a soldier, who some time ago conceived the idea of deserting, by letting himself down with a rope fastened to the muzzle of a gun, projecting from one of these port-holes, and so getting off into the Spanish country. Accordingly, having secreted himself in the excavation until the darkness of night, he descended his rope, until he reached the end of it, from which he let himself drop; confiding, no doubt, that he had but a short distance to fall. But alas! he had greatly miscalculated the distance. He was still 300 feet from the ground. In his fall, he was caught by a projecting crag of the rock, too high to be come at. Here his dead body hung, until the birds and putrefaction consumed it.

Every thing here is military. When you walk abroad, the sound

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of the drum and fife is hardly ever out of your ears. There are about 3500 troops at present in the garrison. Their appearance indicates them to be of the first order. I have lately witnessed a grand review, given in honour of General M'Donald, the Spanish governor at Algeiras, who paid a visit to General Don, who commands here: and certainly the spectacle was not without interest. The discipline of the troops, as far as I could judge from their marching, and manœuvring, and firing, must be very complete. But the thing that most attracted my attention, was the astonishing neatness and cleanness of the men, as they marched into the parade. Every soldier had his shoes blacked, his hair powdered, his whole dress unsoiled with a speck of dirt, his arms shining, and looking as if just taken out of a milliner's bandbox. Very probably the officers think, as the men have little to do, that this extreme of neatness may serve to occupy their attention, and not be entirely without use in some other respects. But alas! how little is the profit, compared with the sacrifices of precious time that it calls for. Can it accord with the end for which rational, immortal beings, have been called into existence, that so much time and labour, every day, should be expended on their exterior appearance.—That hour after hour, should be devoted to wiping, and brushing, and polishing, in order to be prepared for the short parade, which does away the whole, and requires the labour to be commenced anew; and this from week to week, and year to year, until advanced age or early death, releases the victim from his pitiful drudgery.—A pitiful drudgery indeed; since whatever effect it may have, in reconciling the soldier to his confinement, by occupying his attention and stimulating his vanity, it contributes little to the solid gain of society, and contributes less than nothing towards preparation

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for those exercises and enjoyments of eternity, which ought to take precedence of every thing earthly.

It may be said, that in the existing state of society war is a necessary evil, and if so, every thing belonging to keeping up complete discipline in armies and in garrison troops, becomes also necessary. It may be so. I am no convert to those very mistaken peace principles, advocated by many very respectable and well meaning people, which deny to men the right of self defence—Which contrary to the express declaration of scripture, refuse to the magistrate the right to “bear the sword;” and which surrenders, in the hope of miraculous protection, the life, liberty and property of the good, to the craft and rapacity of that part of the human species (by far the majority) which, without the restraint of force, would be really far more dangerous, than the bears and wolves of the wilderness.

But while I am no convert to any such principles, I cannot help lamenting with all my soul the *deep* infatuation of those who delight in war; especially of those rulers of the nations (alas! nineteen twentieths of all who rule) who glory in military achievements. Overlooking the protection which gospel truth and gospel morality would give to their empires, they rely on the arm of flesh, and expend an hundred fold more in military efforts, than it would cost to establish among the nations, that kingdom of our God which is “righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.” The establishment of this kingdom over the earth, would do away the necessity for war, and with it, the waste of time and destruction of mental improvement—nay, what is unspeakably more, the sacrifice of life and of immortal souls—which war inevitably produces.

I am told there is much dissipation, among the officers of this gar-

ison. The whole band of commissioned officers (with a few exceptions) eat at one table, and that table is furnished out, with a sumptuousness that equals the extent of their means. The expense is borne in common; but the individuals pay in proportion to their rank; i. e. a colonel contributes as much more than a lieutenant, as his monthly pay exceeds the pay of the lieutenant. The hour of dinner is 6 o'clock P. M. and it is very common for the company to remain at table till eleven and twelve.

Martial law exists here in its full extent. The governor has power to order any person, not attached to the army, to leave the place, at an hour's notice. All offences are tried by court-martial; civil suits are determined by a committee of merchants, appointed by the governor without a jury; with a right of appeal, however, to the governor, in cases above £500. Exactly at sundown, a gun is fired, when the gates are shut; and until the morning gun, a little after daylight, all intercourse with the shipping and the country is suspended. If you are caught without but a minute too late, there is no obtaining the gate to open until the morning.

Gibraltar is a place of great trade. It is a free port. There is here no custom house, and no duty is demanded either for imports or exports. The consequence is, that almost every article of merchandise, can be obtained very cheap. Few vessels entering the Mediterranean, or passing out of it, but stop a shorter or longer time. The British find here an immense vent for their manufactures. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the Spanish authorities to prevent it, great quantities of British goods are smuggled into Spain. The chief revenue which the British government derives from the place, consists in the ground rents, or rather the rock rents. Government owns the rock, and every habitation



erected on it, pays a smart rent. The rock itself has become an article of merchandise. It is limestone of the best quality, and quantities of it have been shipped as ballast, even to the United States, and there sold at a profit.

The present governor, General Don, is very popular. Great merit is ascribed to him, on account of those late improvements which have added so much to the beauty and comfort of the place: to the accomplishment of which, he has contributed liberally, from his own finances. He is a Scotsman, who, under an exterior and manner somewhat abrupt and forbidding, covers much good sense, humanity and patriotism.

The British Territory extends about half a mile beyond the rock, on the neck of land that unites it with Spain. Part of this territory is occupied as a burying ground, and part is cultivated as farm land and garden. The residue is the parade ground. Beyond this is a space, of perhaps a quarter of a mile, called neutral ground, unoccupied by either party. At the edge of this neutral ground, on the British side, strict guard is kept by a file of soldiers, and no one unknown to the guard, is permitted to pass without a passport. Also on the verge of the Spanish territory, a Spanish guard exercises the same strictness. I have been greatly struck with the surprising contrast exhibited between every thing English and Spanish. I have mentioned the extreme neatness and cleanness of the British soldiers. The Spaniards are just the reverse. Their huge fur turbans, and large whiskers, give their countenances a bravado appearance, and this, taken in connexion with their shabby, soiled regimentals, and ragged dirty shoes, makes their whole figure appear grotesque and rather ridiculous. Within the British lines every thing belonging to the government is neat and tasteful. The buildings are

painted, the grounds under cultivation exhibit the highest degree of luxuriance. But you no sooner enter the Spanish lines, than you seem to be in the regions of desolation. Great part of the land lies waste. The scattered dwellings, are hovels. I have rode out several times, to the town of Sanroque. It is pleasantly situated on rising ground, that commands a fine view of the bay and town of Gibraltar, about five miles distant. It is really a strange looking place to an American; very shabby, and entirely different from any thing in the shape of a town, to be seen any where in the United States. The houses are stone, covered some with tile, but more with straw; generally small, and one story high; without glass, except a few of the better order. In lieu of glass, the windows are furnished with iron gratings to keep out thieves, and wooden shutters to keep out the storm. The streets are very narrow, paved with round stones, without footways. No yards or back buildings, are to be seen. The town consists of rows of houses, that front alike to the street on both sides. One of the best houses in the place, is the tavern where I have stopped. It is built in the form of a square, enclosing an uncovered yard in the centre, in which is a draw-well. The lower story, on one side of the square, is appropriated to stabling; above which are rooms of entertainment. I have been amused to see travellers on their arrival, leading their horses through the house to the stable, along the same passage that accommodates every person who enters it. Very few persons are to be seen in the streets, whose dress and appearance indicates any thing like gentility. On the appearance of a stranger, the little troops of dirty ragged children forsake their sports, and pursue him with outstretched hands, clamouring for charity.

The soil of the surrounding coun-

try, is of limestone quality, and evidently capable of being brought to the highest fertility, but nothing like good cultivation is to be seen. This is the more to be wondered at, when we consider, not only the great encouragement which the market of Gibraltar holds out for every kind of produce, but also the stimulating example which English cultivation exhibits, on every spot within their territory. Man is called an imitative animal:—and surely he is so. How it comes to pass that the Spaniard should discover so little aptness to imitate the Englishman, in the many things continually before his eyes, and which are so evidently of the highest advantage, is very surprising. When nations get down, it is hard to raise them: and down indeed poor Spain has long been, under a double despotism, secular and spiritual; but the last, unspeakably the worst. I have had a near peep at Popery, since I came here; and certainly the discoveries I have made, have not lessened the ill estimation in which I have been accustomed to hold this “mother of harlots.” That unhappy Spain owes much of her present degradation, to the numerous brood of evils, produced and nursed by this prolific mother, is, I think, unquestionable. It is to be hoped, a day of better destiny is about to dawn upon this ill fated country. The spirit of liberty is at work. Reports of revolutionary movements at Cadiz, and elsewhere, have reached Gibraltar, and set our little band of Americans, (enthusiasts for liberty) at the hotel where I stay, on the tiptoe of anxious expectation. But what is to be the result, whether a nation of freemen is to be born, or an abortion to take place, that will result in increased debility for a long while to come, time will show.

I have yet to inform you of my adventures and observations on the subject of religion, since I came here. These I must reserve for my next. I have much pleasure in believing

that my communications, however uninteresting in themselves, will interest the *friends* to whom they are made: and I need not tell you, for you will never know until you experience them, the warm feelings with which the heart of a stranger, in the distant land of his sojourn, beats towards the friends he has left behind.

Adieu. Yours, &c.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Mr. Editor,—Your correspondent, Zeta, in his last number says—

“I consider, and shall hereafter, by the will of God, attempt to prove that the certainty of the salvation of those for whom electively Christ died (and in this sense I believe *he died for his elect alone!*) results not from the nature of atonement, but from the divine purpose embodied in the covenant of redemption, specifying and insuring the reward of the Mediator. That there was a necessary connexion between atonement and salvation, I admit and contend; otherwise there had been no ‘manifold wisdom of God’ in the wondrous measure—it would have been infinite folly to have established none: but my position is that this connexion resulted not from the nature of atonement, but from the purpose of God.”

Zeta, it appears from this passage, believes that Christ died for the *elect alone*, in this sense, that it was the purpose of Jehovah to apply the benefit of the atonement to *them alone*, and that their salvation was secured by his promise to his Son: that in this sense Christ *did not die* for others, for the *non elect*; that is, it was *not the purpose* of Jehovah to apply the benefit of the atonement to them, but *only* to offer it to some of them who hear the gospel: and consequently, he believes, that as none *do*, nor ever *will*, accept the offer, but those to whom the Holy Spirit applies the atonement, (see the opposite column in the same page) all but the elect will perish, and sink under an aggravated condemnation for having re-



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Religious Communications.

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LECTURE XIII.

(Continued from p. 101.)

2. Another character of God's providence is, that it is *wise*. On this it will not be necessary to dwell long, since it is implied in what has already been said, and is, in general, exceedingly obvious. Wherever we turn our eyes—whether to the heavens, to the earth, or to ourselves—we see, at once, the wisdom of our Maker and Preserver. It is strikingly apparent, not only in the original structure of what we behold, but in the wonderful manner in which every process and operation is carried on and continued, and in which the wants of every living thing are consulted, provided for, and supplied—Or if we examine the moral world, the same wisdom is not less conspicuous. Good is brought out of evil, light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. The jarring passions, views, interests, and pursuits of men, are so overruled and directed, as to be made to issue invariably in the accomplishment of the designs of heaven.

3. The providence of God is *powerful*. "He doth according to his will, in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou?" How often

do we see the greatest events growing out of the most inconsiderable beginnings, or brought about, by what would have appeared to us, the most inadequate means and instruments? In the striking language of ancient prophecy—"Worm Jacob is made to thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff." From what small beginnings did the Christian religion proceed which is now filling the world? How few events have been productive of such great changes, of almost every description, as the Protestant reformation? Yet this reformation was chiefly effected by the instrumentality of an obscure Augustinian monk—for such was Martin Luther, when he commenced the great and glorious work which he was preserved and honoured to accomplish. On the other hand, the best concerted plans, and the most powerful preparations of earthly princes, have been often turned to confusion and destruction, by causes which were overlooked or despised. Whom God will protect, none can injure. Whom God will destroy, none can save. "If God be for us, who can be against us!"

IV. I am now to make a few miscellaneous remarks, chiefly of a practical kind, on the subject before us.

1. You will sometimes, it is probable, meet with a distinction made, between *ordinary* and *extraordinary providences*. By ordinary providences you are to understand those occurrences which take place agreeably to the established laws of na-

things being equal, is always to be preferred. In a future number, these words shall be examined, as to the extent of their signification in several passages of the Septuagint and the Greek Testament. A. C.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

*Gibraltar, January 20th, 1820.*

My dear Friend,—You may possibly suppose, that my not yet having given you any information relative to the state of religion in this place, must be owing to my curiosity being so much occupied about the many strange objects with which I find myself surrounded, as to allow little time or inclination to inquire on the subject. It is not so. Such a procedure would indeed be unpardonable. The very first concern of man upon earth is religion: and I hold it to be the primary object of inquiry, with a traveller, to ascertain if possible its state in the countries he visits. More is to be known of a people, both as it regards their present situation and their future prospects, by knowing their religion, and the hold it has upon them, than from any other item of knowledge concerning them. On religion depends morality, and on morality depends prosperity. It would be easy to demonstrate this position from all history, both sacred and profane. But you have no incredulity on the subject, that calls for any such demonstration. I may therefore go on to my proper business, of detailing to you what I have learned of the religion of the people of Gibraltar. Only I would premise, that my delay has been owing to a wish to possess myself of all the information which my stay here will allow me to obtain, that I may give it to you altogether.

I was in Gibraltar but a very short time, until my attention was attracted to the Spanish chapel, convenient to my hotel, by the almost incessant

ringing of its bells. It is a large building, of modern construction, exhibiting nothing remarkable on its exterior. But within, the profusion of ornament, comprehending pictures, crucifixes, gilding, painting, &c. gives a brilliancy and glitter to the whole, that to a stranger is very imposing. This, connected with the full-toned organ, accompanied with fine vocal musick, renders the place very attractive, but to me, much more for the gratification of curiosity and amusement, than the exercise of devotion. It is open at all hours of the day, and every evening there is quite a congregation assembled for evening prayers. If a stranger takes off his hat, it seems to be regarded as no intrusion to go quietly through the house, and look at all its exhibitions; even though he has to wind his way among the kneeling devotees, who may be scattered over the floor—offering their adorations before the pictures of saints or crucifixes, as each one likes best. There are no pews; the floor is quite vacant—except here and there some benches, where those who are disposed may sit, and give themselves to silent meditation. On one of these I have often sat, while my feelings were soothed and softened by the exquisite musick, and while I have wondered at the strange devotion going on around me. Each worshipper, as he enters, crosses or sprinkles himself with the consecrated water, contained in a large marble vase near the door; then goes to the situation preferred, generally before some painting or crucifix; where dropping on his knees, he repeats in a low whisper, his prayers, gazing on the object before him with a countenance of solemnity and awe, as if looking at the very Deity. Some, without any object before them, with closed eyes, seem to be absorbed in silent supplication. If appearances are to be trusted, there is much sincerity and reverence on the minds of many of these Roman Catholic worshippers, that do them credit; and which ought to put to shame, the profane thoughtlessness and levity, that



mark the appearance of many protestants, during their pretended worship: for surely the worship is only pretended, where reverence and sincerity are wanting. The Roman Catholick worship, like the ancient temple service of the Jews, the pomp and ceremony of which it copies, is eminently calculated to affect the senses, while alas! it appears to furnish very little to enlighten the understanding, or to amend the heart. Whether the ringing of the bells is considered by them as belonging to the very matter of worship, I cannot say; but it really appears to me that nothing less will justify the serious annoyance, arising from its frequency and duration. I think, since I have been here, the bells of the chapel have rung nearly equal to the half of every day, putting the different times of their ringing together; besides a great deal at intervals through the night.

From all I have seen, it does appear to me, that the Roman Catholick religion is a most burdensome expense to the people who keep it up. The number of priests to be supported, for the daily and nightly drudgery of the chapel service; the amount of expenditure, to furnish the images and costly paintings, with which the chapel is ornamented; the loss of time, which an attendance on the various devotional exercises through the week necessarily calls for; with a large amount of *etceteras*, must be a grievous drawback on the temporal prosperity of any people, who are subject thereto. I never was so sensible of the greatness of the blessing, in a temporal point of view, conferred on protestant countries by the reformation, as since I have been here. In the town of Sanroque, where poverty and beggary seem to have fixed their abode, every particle of grandeur appears to be monopolized by the church. The town stands on an eminence, and the church occupies the crown of that eminence. To it all the principal streets point. It is large, and its exterior indicates it to be very ancient. It looks indeed

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like a mouldering ruin. But on stepping into it, the magnificence and grandeur of ornaments strike one with astonishment. The interest of the capital expended in the establishment, added to the annual charge of supporting its service, if expended on bibles and schools, connected with a mode of worship on the sabbath calculated to enlighten the understanding, and impress the conscience with a sense of moral duty; could not fail in a little time, not only to renovate the population, but the whole face of the surrounding country. It would shed an influence on the half desolate vicinity, that would cause it "to blossom abundantly." It would give it "the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

There are but two places of protestant worship in Gibraltar. The one is occupied by the chaplain to the garrison, who of course is a member of the established church of England. The other belongs to a small society of Wesleyan Methodists. The chaplain, I am informed, is an excellent fox hunter on the hills of Spain; and a very conspicuous character at a ball, or a masquerade. This information removed from me every disposition to attend on his ministrations on the sabbath. I had therefore no alternative, but either to remain in the tavern, or partake with the methodists. The four sabbaths which I spent on shipboard were without the comforts of social worship. Neither the weather (being very boisterous) nor the state of my health, would allow me to attempt any thing beyond prayer in the cabin. The first sabbath after I arrived here, I felt really anxious to be once more in the house of God, to enjoy its ordinances: and in hopes of something that might edify, I repaired alone to the Methodist Chapel, as their place of worship is here called. It is a small building, but neatly fitted up. I was early in my attendance, and found a reader in the clerk's desk, who read, for about half an hour, lessons out of the scriptures, while the congregation were

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assembling. Small as the house is, the collection of worshippers did not quite fill it. About one half of them were soldiers, in full military dress. After singing and prayer, the minister, a plain looking man, in a voice rather monotonous and very inanimate, gave us a plain but edifying sermon, from these words in the 119th Psalm, 'I am a companion of all those that fear thee, and of them that keep thy precepts.' The congregation, through the whole of the exercises, were entirely orderly and serious. During the prayers, I heard from some of them an occasional Amen, uttered in a suppressed tone of voice. Except this, there was nothing observed different from an ordinary Presbyterian congregation in the United States, unless it was, perhaps, a little more evidence of solemnity and engaged attention, than I have sometimes witnessed. I need not tell you that the edification, (I do not say *entertainment*; that is a quite different affair) of an attender on public worship, depends very much on the frame of his own mind: ordinarily, a great deal more than on the ability or effort of the minister who officiates. Certainly I have seldom gone to a place of worship under circumstances more calculated to call forth devotional feeling, than on this occasion. I was a stranger, and as it regarded religious society, a lonely stranger. For four sabbaths I had been as an outcast from the house of God; in feeble health, and disappointed in my expectations of deriving benefit from the sea voyage. I had abundant reason to feel like David in the wilderness, banished from the sanctuary. Under such circumstances, the privilege of prayer, and praise, and preaching, with which I could join, ought to have been to me, as I hope it was, like "springs of water in a thirsty land." I had sometimes been present at Methodist worship in my own country, to gratify curiosity. But *this* was the first time, I believe, that I have ever *worshipped* with them. There was no service in the

afternoon: but intimation was given that there would be sermon at night. Fearing night exposure, I did not attend. The week succeeding was spent without religious society, or any social worship. The following sabbath, I attended at the Methodist chapel again, and had the same satisfaction. Anxious for something like religious society, I determined to seek an acquaintance with the minister. Without any introduction, as none could be procured, I called upon him in the evening, and showed him a testimonial of my standing. He received me with a Christian courtesy that was very gratifying, and insisted on my preaching for him that evening. I was not hard to persuade; as it was really a desirable thing, after so many silent sabbaths, to be once more employed in declaring the glad tidings of the gospel to perishing men. On coming down from the pulpit, I was accosted by a number of both men and women, without any introduction, and shaken by the hand, with a freedom which I believe characterizes the members of the methodist society generally, and with a friendliness very becoming Christians, every where. I now found myself at once among friends, and friends from whom I have received no small kindness. On the Monday, I dined with the minister, and spent a pleasant afternoon in his house. He resides in a kind of parsonage, a neat little house of several rooms, adjoining the chapel, owned and furnished by the society; including also a library, containing a number of valuable books on general literature, besides divinity. This is certainly an excellent arrangement, particularly on the Methodist rotation plan; which requires their ministers over settled congregations, to alternate with each other. The new minister, coming to a place where he is to reside six months, a year, or two years; if he has a family, finds a house furnished, and books; so that he can devote himself at once to study, and to his pastoral duties—with little cause for interruption from secular con-



cerns. The present incumbent, Mr. R. has been here not quite a year. He appears to be a plain man, without classical acquirements; and what pleases me much, without the controversial captiousness which infects too many of the clerical brethren, I am afraid, in all denominations. During the afternoon, in the course of free conversation, I told him candidly I was a Calvinist; adding, that while I deemed the Calvinist doctrines of high importance in their place, I entertained entire charity for pious Arminians, as adhering to the most essential points of divine truth. He replied, that he was in principle an Arminian; but entertained the same charity towards Calvinists that I did towards Arminians. Here the subject dropped, and has not been since renewed. He is, as may be expected, a great admirer of John Wesley; but admits that he had his imperfections. He allows him to have been too much attached to that supreme authority, which he exercised in the Methodist church. He says Mr. Wesley, to the last, allowed no interference in arranging the whole corps of preachers, on the circuit or elsewhere, as he thought best. And if at any time, refractoriness was manifested on the part of any individual, Mr. Wesley would tell him; "Sir, we can do without you; you may take your saddle-bags and go home."

On the Wednesday following, I dined with the local preacher, at the house of his son, a young man lately married, who fills the place of first clerk in the department of naval stores. The father informed me, that the Methodist society at Gibraltar had originated through his son's labours. From speaking to his acquaintances on the subject of religion, he got to holding prayer meetings and exhorting, and thus a little society was collected; and by and by they obtained pastors sent over from England. This man still continues to occupy the pulpit, on Wednesday evenings. At his pressing invitation, I preached in his stead. And last

sabbath evening, I preached again. The novelty of an American preacher, the first that had ever been heard in Gibraltar, filled the little chapel to overflowing. I found myself quite in a novel situation, and felt a little awkward in it. For a strict communion Presbyterian, to be all at once mingling with Methodists, and worshipping with them, seemed like a "Jew keeping company and going unto one of another nation." But I think I have been taught, with Peter, "What God hath cleansed I ought not to call common." If God has not a people among this little society, then I have no skill in the operation of divine grace on the human heart, and in forming the human character.

I have found it a little difficult in preaching, to avoid every thing that might be construed as bearing on the Arminian controversy. This I think could be of no use in my situation; particularly, as I remain here so short a time—and it might do harm. Yet after all my circumspection, my preaching has had so much of a Calvinistic tinge, as to be recognised by two persons who are Calvinists; and I believe the only ones in the place. They have both called upon me, at my lodgings. One is an Independent; a mechanic some years ago from England. He expressed great satisfaction, in having once more heard the good old doctrine, which he had not heard before since he had been in Gibraltar. The other is Dr. P. surgeon of one of the regiments of artillery. I consider it a loss that I have not become acquainted with this man, until so near the time of my leaving the place. As a gentleman of cultivated mind and warm piety, I have been much gratified with him, and equally so with his lady. She is the daughter of an English rector, near London, of the school of Scott and Newton. Being quite Calvinistic in their views, and warmly attached to the church of England, they cannot feel at liberty to unite with the Methodists; and having no other place of worship,

(the publick services of the chaplain of the garrison they hardly consider as worship;) they feel themselves very desolate. Never have I been so sensible of the value of Christianity as a bond of union and a spring of kindly feeling between strangers, so soon as they recognise in each other the relationship which their common Christianity has produced, as since my experience of the friendship of these interesting individuals. I had been advised before leaving home, in prospect of my travels, and as a passport to kindness among strangers in Europe, to become initiated in the Freemason society. What the value of this institution may be to travellers, I do not know; and my prejudices against it on several accounts, I am very sure will never allow me to know. But my lack of knowledge on this subject, I am very confident will never be matter of regret, should I be so happy, in the different places of my sojourn, as to meet with such Christians as I have found here: and I may add, the superiority of Christianity above masonry in the production of kindness towards strangers, is very conspicuous in this respect, that it reaches the female bosom. It excites, and directs, and sanctifies the kindly feelings of this more kindly part of man, which masonry excommunicates from its fellowship. If mankind were generally Christians, in practical compliance with the truly Christian injunction, "owe no man any thing, but to love one another;" Masonry, and every thing else which claims to be a bond of brotherhood in our world of selfishness and discord, would soon be superseded. In that case, the Christian traveller would find a home, and kindred, fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters, wherever he went; with the very large additional enjoyment of a grateful heart that it was so.

I am just on the eve of leaving this place. Whether I shall have time to write again, before the vessel in which I have taken my passage for Messina in the Island of Sicily

sails, I do not know. I have yet a few things, which I would wish to communicate. I may find time to put them on paper on shipboard, if not before.

I remain, most affectionately,  
Yours, &c.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

No. VI.

GLEANINGS AND HINTS TOWARDS AN ARGUMENT FOR THE AUTHENTICITY OF 1 JOHN, v. 7.

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one."

"Ex uno codice æque divina hauriri potest fides, atque ex mille: hoc præsertim loco, ubi adamantina versiculorum coherrentia omnem codicum penuriam compensat." *Bengelius, Apparatus Criticus*. p. 771.

Mr. Editor,—In No. V. I endeavoured to exhibit, as briefly as I could, the *internal* evidence by which our verse is sustained. On that species of evidence we lay great stress, and justly too. We say with Bengel, in the extract at the head of this paper—and we say it with strong emphasis: "From one codex, faith equally divine can be drawn, as from a thousand: in this place, especially, where the adamantine connexion of the verses compensates for all the penury of manuscripts."

The bishop of Peterborough in one of his lectures has, indeed, advocated this doctrine, "that no internal evidence can prove a passage to be genuine, when external evidence is *decidedly* against it."\* But his antagonist, bishop Burgess, in his review of that lecture, has justly observed, what must strike every scholar; that "the external evidence may be *decidedly* against a passage, and yet not *decisively* against it:—it may be so decided by the opponents of the passage, and even admitted to be so by

\* Theol. Lect. 27. on the Integrity of the N. Test.



THE  
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

MAY, 1825.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XIV.

The subject of the present lecture is thus expressed in our catechism—“When God had created man, he entered into a covenant of life with him, upon condition of perfect obedience; forbidding him to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, upon the pain of death.”

As it is my wish in this course of lectures, to touch, at least cursorily, on as many topicks as I properly can, a knowledge of which may be of use in the study of the scripture, I shall here say a few words on the garden of Eden.—It is proper to take notice of it here, if we notice it at all.

Few subjects have given rise to more fanciful speculations, than the question *where* the garden of Eden was situated. It appears, however—the general deluge notwithstanding—that it was the intention of Moses to mark out the place, in such manner that his cotemporaries might know distinctly its location. But the face of the earth has been so changed by a variety of causes, since the time of Moses, that it is not possible to find any place, at present, which fully answers to the Mosaick description. In the land of Chaldea, we find the names of two of the four rivers mentioned by Moses, as having their source in the garden of Eden—These are, the Euphrates and the Hidde-

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kel or Tigris. At some distance below the conflux of these two rivers, and not far from the head of what is now called the Persian Gulf, we may, I think, with the most probability, fix the site of the garden of Eden. A little below this site, the stream formed by the junction of the Euphrates and Hiddekel, is again parted; and the eastern branch may have been the Gihon, and the western the Pison, of Moses.

The garden of Eden, in its primitive state, was a place of exquisite beauty, and calculated for affording every kind of pleasure and enjoyment to sinless man. It is sometimes called Paradise—the Greek term for a garden or enclosure; borrowed, it is supposed, from the Persian, and which, in the New Testament, is sometimes used to denote the heavenly state itself.

The terrestrial Paradise produced all manner of pleasant fruit; and the business of our first parents was, to dress and keep this garden. It is worthy of your notice and remembrance, that even in a state of innocence, man was formed for *industry*, and not for idleness. The garden, indeed, produced its fruit spontaneously—To till the ground, in order to obtain its increase, was a part of the curse inflicted for transgression. But to preserve and dress the garden, so as to keep it in its pristine order and beauty, and to gather its fruit, was the employment of man in innocence.

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meaning of *αιων* is not eternity, or that the proper sense of *αιωνιος* is not eternal, and that the literal meaning of the former is age, and that of the latter *during age*—than did the quotations from Homer, adduced to prove the same thing, and to which a reply was given in the first number of this essay.

5. One objection more and I have done. It is said that we read of the end of the *αιων*. "*At the end of this world,*"\* in the English translation—*At the end of this age*, according to the objector. This objection is made upon the supposition that if *αιων* can any where be found not to mean eternity, then it *never* has that meaning; but as the supposition is, as we have shown, utterly false, the objection is entirely powerless. A. C.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

*Mediterranean, brig Shepherdess, Jan. 28, 1820.*

My dear Friend,—I am once more embarked, and on my way over the boisterous waves, towards the eastern world; going farther and farther from home, whose power of attraction over my heart seems to increase as I recede from it. It will perhaps be some relief to my over-anxious feelings, to occupy my leisure time, of which I have a surplus, in putting on paper for your amusement, the little I have yet to add, concerning the interesting place from which I have lately sailed. Something to occupy the mind, during the tedium and monotony of shipboard, is highly desirable; to me at least, who find it very much to correspond with Dr. Johnson's account of it, viz. "The confinement of a prison, with the chance of being drowned." However, I think it much better to call it a school of instruction, where dull scholars like myself are tasked to the hard lessons of pa-

tience, submission and trust. To learn these all-needed lessons by compulsion, is indeed neither very desirable nor very creditable; but still it is much better thus to learn them, than not at all. Only a *little* progress, in these first of Christian virtues, will amply compensate all my privations: and in this way, which was certainly little thought of when I left home, I may make far greater gain, than by success in the immediate object I have had in view; namely, invigorating the organs of my digestion. If we can only be Christians, in reality, what a happy lot will be ours. We shall loose by nothing—our very disappointments will enrich us with far greater gains, than success in our earthly pursuits could give. But I beg pardon for thus detaining you by these moralizing remarks; a tendency to which you must have observed to belong to my besetting propensities.

My intention, when I sat down to my pen, was to give you a short account of my tavern society; before detailing the motives which have led me to the course of travel I am pursuing. For a little more than three weeks I have had my home at a tavern and mixed with its society, which has been something new to me. But it has furnished an opportunity of seeing a little of what is, or ought to be, a leading object of the traveller's attention, "men and manners." The company at the hotel in Gibraltar, was a very mixed assembly of comers and goers, but by far the majority were Americans; who, out of their own country, appear to cling together with an attachment equal to any other people. Sea captains, supercargoes, and travellers, comprehend the leading classifications, into which they may be distinguished. Among the variety of character exhibited, by far the rarest was that of the Christian. My Roman Catholic friend P— still continued to interest me much. He and I occupied the same chamber, while he remained in Gibraltar. His health and spirits, during that time, recruited a little, but not to a degree to furnish

\* Matt. xiii. 40.



to any but himself, a hope of his restoration. Still his faith appeared to tranquillize his mind, in the prospect of any issue to his complaint, which Providence might order. A letter written to his wife, which he read to me, detailing the low situation to which he had been reduced on ship-board, contained some very gratifying expressions of his resignation and peace of mind, in prospect of being committed to a watery grave. His friends at Gibraltar thought the air of Sanroque, in Spain, would be more favourable to him; and thither he had removed, some time before I sailed. I visited him the day before I came away, and had my feelings greatly excited at leaving him in a land of strangers, in so low a state of health. Strongly do I forebode he will see his country, his beloved wife and children, no more.\* The tears rolled down his cheeks as he shook my hand, and bid me good bye. Fondly do I cherish the hope, that this estimable man, though greatly mistaken in his attachment to that fallen church, at whose head the "man of sin" sits, is not without a golden grain of faith, which will stand the fire, on that day when his wood, hay, and stubble will be consumed. We know a man may be zealous, in a certain way, for *all* the leading doctrines of the gospel, and yet perish at last. And it is not for us to say, how much error, and gross error too, may be mingled with the faith of some of God's own children.

We had also a young man in the hotel, to whom I became a good deal attached, W. D—n. He was the supercargo of a ship, owned by Mr. P—t, of Philadelphia. He had been to South America, and stopped at Gibraltar for some trade, on his way home. He, too, appeared to be sinking under a pulmonary complaint. I found him, (after Mr. P—'s removal to Sanroque,) sometimes my only companion in the evenings; as neither he nor myself chose to be much out

at night. He was sensible, discreet, and not without some thought on the subject, of all others the most momentous. The critical situation of his health increased the interest I felt in him, and compelled me to overcome the criminal shyness, to which I too frequently give way, of introducing topics of religion into conversation, with persons not known to be religious. Christians, whose privilege it is to be the "light of the world, and the salt of the earth," ought to carry the good seed of the gospel with them, wherever they go, and be ready on all occasions to comply with Solomon's counsel—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that." My young friend sailed a few days before me. We parted, I think, with mutual feelings, that will render a future meeting, should it take place on this side of time, not unwelcome.

Another of my Gibraltar acquaintances I am willing to introduce to you in a brief notice, Mr. D—. He is a young man from Jersey, on his return from a tour through some parts of Europe. He is lively, sensible, and communicative. He has been through Italy, and tarried a while at Rome, where he has had the honour of kissing the pope's toe, and has brought away with him some relicks of the ancient grandeur of that great city, which, in the days of her glory, "ruled over the nations." He is a perfect enthusiast on the subject of the happiness to be derived from treading on classick ground, and seems to think the recollection of the places he has visited, and the objects he has seen, will be a standing feast for the rest of his life. To have ascended to the very capitol where the august Roman senate were wont to meet; to have trod the same ground where Cæsar trod; to have looked on the same objects on which once Pompey and Cicero looked, &c. &c. Such privileges, he does not hesitate to say, are cheaply purchased at the expense of a man's whole fortune. I have been much

\* I have been informed he died some months after, at Lyons in France.



amused with his conversation, while I have wondered and lamented that the little things of man should call forth such feeling, and that the great things of God, in creation, in providence, and in gospel truth, should fail to excite comparatively any interest.

Another sojourner, during part of my stay at the hotel, was ———, a young Englishman, certainly not a fair sample of his countrymen, as such characters are found to disgrace every country. He appeared to have had some education, and to have seen something of the world, little to his real advantage. He had the Frenchman's loquacity, with the Englishman's consequence. I have seldom met with a character more exactly answering to the apostle's description, "whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame." For profanity of expression, he equalled, I think, the second officer on board the *Pacific*, mentioned in a former letter. After a hearty dinner, he generally outsat the rest of the company, at his wine. On coming in at evening, I have sometimes found him with his glass still before him, and orange peel soaking in the claret, to impart a wholesome bitter for the stomach. On hearing his blasphemy, and seeing his intemperance, I was only deterred from giving vent to my feelings, in strong reproofs, by recollecting our Lord's admonition, "cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

Mr. W——, another Englishman, also spent some evenings with us. He is just returning from a tour through Egypt, Palestine, and the adjacent countries, where he has spent more than a year, travelling, it would seem, chiefly for curiosity. The cheapness at which he supported himself, passing on foot through those countries, is one of the most marvellous items of his journey. He speaks of a few guineas having subsisted him comfortably for a year. He spent a considerable time at Jerusalem, and gives a most deplorable account of

the state of things in that ancient capital of Judea, where ignorance and barbarism reign among its motley mixture of inhabitants, Turks, Arabs, Jews and Christians—the last ranking with the lowest in the scale of degradation. The holy sepulchre, he says, is enclosed in a large church, the right to which has been the subject of fierce contention between the Roman Catholics, and the Christians of the Greek church. The first were far the minority in point of numbers, but possessing the most wealth, were able to carry their cause before the Mahomedan authorities, from whom they obtained a decision, vesting the right to the place in them; under a provision, however, that they should allow the Greeks the liberty of a few hours occupancy every morning. Under this regulation, it was very common for the Greek Christians to assemble in vast crowds, and at the moment of the doors being opened, to rush in and fill the place completely, to the exclusion of the Roman Catholics, for the greater part of the day. Mr. W—— thinks the missionaries from Boston, sent to Jerusalem, have entered on a most hopeless undertaking. He pronounces it impossible, to do any thing with effect towards introducing Protestantism there. The missionaries, however, if they heard his statements, would be very little discouraged. It is very evident that he is a man wanting the faith that can remove mountains. A man who seasons his discourse with only a little profanity, can have but little zeal for the spread of the gospel; and will have as little judgment about the measures likely to succeed in such a cause.

We were honoured for a day or two with the presence of General M'Donnel, the Spanish governor at Algeiras, at our hotel, very little to our gratification; as we did not consider the sight of his excellency and suite a sufficient compensation for the loss of our sitting room, converted to his exclusive use. During his stay, a soldier kept guard continually before the door, and a good deal of parade



attended all his movements. I have had an opportunity of noticing in the society of Gibraltar, a little of that increased regard to rank which characterizes European manners, and is more congenial to their monarchical institutions than to our equalizing republicanism. Even in the Methodist society, where least expected, I was surprised to find so much of it. My Episcopal friend, Dr. P—, mentioned in my last letter, lamented to me, as one of the hardships of his situation, that he had no religious man of the *same rank* with himself, with whom he could associate.

Upon the whole, living in a tavern, with the freedom it admits, amidst the variety of ever-changing society there found, has its attractions. That men, whose finances will admit of it, and who do not know the very superior sweets of domestick comfort, should be fond of it, is not surprising. But to a Christian, whose great object ought to be, and indeed is, (for he is not a Christian with whom it is otherwise,) to maintain and perfect the life of grace in his soul, it is most objectionable. Social worship is there hardly known. Even the decency of owning the God of Providence, by craving his blessing on the meals he bestows, is seldom allowed. Contaminating society, often very ensnaring, because very fascinating, is often to be encountered. Christians who reside but a few weeks at a publick house, have need to double their watchfulness against the variety of temptation that will not fail to beset them.

My health, during my stay at Gibraltar, greatly improved. I providentially discovered an article of diet, from which I think I have derived much benefit, and hope to receive still more. It is goat's milk. At home, you know, for many years, I could make no use of milk. But the milk of the goat, warmed and sweetened with loaf sugar, I find to digest well, and to be very nourishing. The climate of Gibraltar is not considered the most favourable to invalids, for a length of time, on account of a wind

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they call a *Levanter*. It blows occasionally from the east, coming across the Mediterranean from the African desert, and operates severely on the nervous system. It is frequently too, attended with a dense vapour, enveloping the town; the oppressive effect of which has procured for it, from graceless wits, the odd appellation of the *Devil's night-cap*.

You know my intention was to have passed from this place to the south of France, where the winter is represented to be very mild, and the climate particularly salubrious for debilitated constitutions. I have changed this destination, in consequence of meeting with the vessel in which I sail, bound for Messina in the island of Sicily; which is still more to the south, and the climate of which, for the winter, is said to be very desirable. It will be easy to get from thence to Italy, which it adjoins, and which will furnish the opportunity of travelling, (and my chief hope for restoration, as it regards means, is on travelling,) by the way of Naples and Rome, over the Alps into France. I confess, too, that I am not without a little of the same idle curiosity which has wrought so forcibly and so foolishly in minds of far more wisdom than mine—the curiosity of seeing that centre of ancient grandeur and modern delusion, Rome. My friend O—, of Boston, who came out with me in the *Pacifick*, being of the same mind with myself on this subject, bears me company.

We hoisted sail late in the evening of the 22<sup>nd</sup> inst. While passing out from among the shipping at anchor in Gibraltar bay, our captain was much surprised by a gun fired after him, which he thought struck the rigging of the vessel, with some grape shot. Concluding it might be a signal, and if so certainly a very forcible one, for him to hoist a light at his fore-castle, (a very proper measure for the safety of the ships among which he passed,) he did so, and experienced no repetition of the thing, nor heard any explanation why it had taken

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place. Probably the advantage of a fair wind that carried him too fast for pursuit, saved him from the damage of about four dollars, said to be the usual expense to the party at Gibraltar, that occasions the necessity of firing a cannon.

The current, combined with the fair wind, gave us a very prosperous outset. You are not unacquainted, I presume, with this very strange phenomenon, which has puzzled philosophers, viz. the current that continually sets up the straits of Gibraltar, running at the rate of about four miles per hour; so that it would seem that the Mediterranean, whose only vent is at the straits, instead of discharging here the waters that continually pour into it from so many thousand miles of country with which it is surrounded, actually receives a vast additional supply from the Atlantick Ocean. They say it is ascertained, that there is, at a great depth below, a current the other way; so that, agreeably to what might be expected, the waters of the Mediterranean do empty into the Atlantick. This, indeed, solves the difficulty; but it appears to me to do so at the expense of establishing another, equally great. What can be the cause of these counter-currents? Whence is it that in a narrow channel of a few miles, there should be on the surface a constant current, running with great violence, and on the bottom another current directly in opposition? Thus it is the works of God manifest his greatness, by exhibiting to us much that is unaccountable; and why, then, should we be stumbled to find in his government, as well as in his word, much that in this respect accords with his works, in being to us incomprehensible and seemingly contradictory.

The next morning after setting sail, we were gratified with the sight of what is really a curiosity. In the middle of the sea, a rock, apparently square, and a few rods in diameter, projects about fifty feet above the surface of the water. There is none but itself to occasion the sailing dan-

gerous. When first discovered, we were steering right for it, and had to alter our course to escape it.

The coast of Spain on the left, and that of Africa on the right, continued visible for several days, but gradually continued to recede until they have disappeared. On shipboard there is something very cheering in the sight of land. Though in reality the danger is greater, as shipwrecks generally take place on the coast, yet while land is in view, you feel as if you had a refuge near, in case of disaster. But when nothing is to be seen all around as far as the eye can look, but a waste of waters, wave rolling behind wave, you seem forsaken to their mercy, without protection, except from the thin planks of the frail vehicle in which you are borne over their surface. Then is the time for the Christian to rejoice in his privilege, a privilege for which it is worth while to be a Christian, in high preference to being a philosopher, with all his boasted stores of stoick fortitude—the privilege of appropriating and singing the 46th Psalm, “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear,” &c.

The weather, so far, has been very mild and pleasant for January. We have had some days quite warm, with excessively heavy dews at night. The sails in the morning are quite filled with water, so as to drop upon the deck, as after a shower of rain. This is the characteristick of the climate of the eastern world, to have the dews much heavier than in America. We have had too, some days of very calm weather; and you cannot think what a weariness a calm of long continuance at sea produces. It is little short of an affliction to lie motionless on the smooth surface of the water, with nothing to interest you, but anxious lookings and longings for a wind to spring up from some quarter.

Our accommodations are good. The supercargo, who is in part owner, is a very agreeable man, a man I hope of religion; well read in all the late authors of orthodox divinity. Perhaps



he is too much like myself, in having a larger store of doctrinal than practical religion. The captain is a good sailor, temperate, and to me entirely civil; but he distresses me with his blasphemy, from which he seems to make no attempts to restrain himself on any occasion.

But I beg leave here to close for the present, as I have wearied myself, and wish to be released a while from the drudgery of writing and thinking. On the subject of your satisfaction in the perusal, I make myself quite easy, knowing that curiosity and friendship will be gratified with details, which would be otherwise perfectly insipid.

I remain, &c.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

No. VII.

GLEANINGS AND HINTS TOWARDS AN ARGUMENT FOR THE AUTHENTICITY OF 1 JOHN, v. 7.

“There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.”

“Potuit igitur Hieronymus scribere Græcorum Codices fuisse integros; negarique non potest adeo, Patres Græcos locum citare.”

*Am. Dorhout, Animad.*

Mr. Editor,—I observed in the close of my last number, on the external evidence of the authenticity of this text, that it was contained in the primitive liturgy of the Latin church, which was composed in her purer times, and also in the ancient liturgy and confession of faith of the Greek church.

The existence of our verse in the publick standards of these very ancient churches is, unquestionably, a strong proof of its authenticity. A schism, as early as the Arian controversy, had separated these two churches from each other, and had removed the hearts of their respective pastors and doctors an immeasurable distance from brotherly love and Christian intercourse. It is scarcely

credible, therefore, that the one church would copy from the other; and especially so, when fresh occasions of animosity were often occurring to widen the breach, and perpetuate the separation.

Our opponents do indeed say, that “there is reason to *suppose* that this clause was interpolated into the Greek liturgy and confession, so late as the fourteenth or fifteenth century.” But whosoever takes the slightest survey of the state of things in the Greek church in these centuries—and particularly, if he considers the state of the feelings of the Greek church towards the overgrown tyranny and revolting mass of superstition and idolatry, presented in bold relief before the eyes of the Greek church—he will assuredly not yield to such an ill supported and rash *conjecture*. A few, I will even say many, of the Greek clergy may have been drawn over, and may have been made devoted partizans of the Latin See. But how is it possible that a body of the Greek clergy, (far less a few,) could add such a clause, in the face of the Christian people—in the face of her priests and bishops of different gradations? Was it done in some council? We demand the proof of this. If by a council, it could be no secret. It must be a subject of historical record. Was it effected by stealth—by the intrigue of some daring innovator, who imposed it on patriarch, bishop, priest and people? Is this supposable, even by the aids of the greatest credulity? The fraud would have been detected instantly, and a loud voice would have been raised against it; for the supposition of our opponents is—that a clause, containing our verse, had been added to the liturgy and confession of the Greek church, throughout her vast extent of churches—and so late as the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, when copies of the liturgy and confession had been multiplied, in a ratio proportioned to the length of time from her establishment and to the number of her churches and priests! In *all these an entire clause had been*

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JUNE, 1825.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XIV.

(Continued from p. 196.)

It only remains to consider the penalty of the covenant of works—it was *the pain of death*. There is every reason, both from observation and scripture, to believe that the penalty threatened to Adam for disobedience, was *death*, in all the various and fearful significations of that word—death *temporal, spiritual, and eternal*. There is indeed scarcely any thing, against which men of corrupt minds have more vehemently contended, than against this. But the mournful fact is ascertained and confirmed by the whole current of scripture, and by the actual state of the world. Do not men die? Who denies it? Are not men, without exception, depraved? Every day's experience proves it. Where is the human being so foolish and abandoned, as to say that he never sinned, in thought, word, or deed? Should you hear such a declaration, you would only consider it as proving the truth which it denied. And is not eternal punishment threatened to sinners? There is really nothing more clearly declared in holy scripture. Now, was any part of all this incident to man, before the fall? No, certainly. He was immortal; he was sinless;

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he was to be eternally happy. How comes it, then, that man is so changed? Why does he die? Why is he depraved? Why is he an heir of wrath? Beyond all, peradventure, his apostacy from God is the cause of all. This it was that changed the primitive state of man, and changed it totally. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

Some have supposed that there was some natural quality in the forbidden fruit, which changed the state of man's body, so that he became mortal. This is certainly a mere conjecture—There is not the least evidence from scripture, that the forbidden fruit possessed any inherent deleterious properties. On the contrary, as already intimated, it rather appears that the fruit was indifferent, till it was prohibited. The worst effect was, that man's *moral powers* were changed and prostrated; and this could not be effected, by the mere natural operation of any material substance.

On the whole, the threatened penalty was—

(1) Temporal death:—the body should die and return to dust. (2) Spiritual death:—the loss of his original righteousness and the favour of God. (3) Eternal death:—the exclusion of soul and body from God and happiness for ever. Such was the awful penalty threatened for sin:



some of the chief of sinners; and remark—what to the people of God is quite as wonderful—that a gracious influence is continued to them, notwithstanding their base ingratitude, numerous backslidings, and most criminal grieving of the Holy Spirit—continued in such measure as to be a prevailing principle of new life, and of holy love and obedience—this surely must strike us as a wonder of Godlike grace.

Considering likewise, that it is the grace of God which inclines the heart of every real Christian to every right disposition, feeling or exercise, that ever takes place in his mind, and to every good action that he ever performs—the reward of these exercises and acts, as if they had proceeded wholly from the believer himself, is an exhibition of the purest and most astonishing grace—Verily the whole process, by which every individual of our sinful race is renewed, preserved and rewarded, is, from the foundation to the top-stone, most emphatically *a work of grace!*

*No. VII.*

The doctrine of free grace has of-

ten been charged with leading to licentiousness. This it never does, when truly believed and felt. He who truly believes this doctrine, and feels its genuine influence, will find his heart affected and grieved by nothing so much, as by the thought of sinning against a God who exercises this grace—grace so unmerited, so abundant, so astonishing. The real believer in this doctrine will see his acts of transgression, and all his remaining corruption, depravity, and pollution, in no light that will show the whole to be so abominable, and so intolerable, as in the light of this precious doctrine. To have indulged in any thing contrary to the will and the honour of a God so gracious, and a Redeemer so inexpressibly kind, will often sting the believer to the very soul; and among the most earnest and urged pleas that he will ever make in prayer, this will be one, that he may be preserved from requiting the God of his salvation so basely, as to abuse his grace and mercy by yielding to temptation, or by indulging in any known sin.

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**Miscellaneous.**

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

*Messina, Feb. 8th, 1820.*

My Dear Friend,—Through the good providence of that great Being “who rides on the wings of the wind,” and “rules the raging of the sea,” I arrived safe at this place the 4th inst. We had frequent calms and contrary winds, which protracted a passage, ordinarily of from eight or ten days, to thirteen. We met with nothing of much interest, until the night before making land, when we were gratified by the sight of a very strange phenomenon—the pro-

jections of Stromboli—a burning mountain, or rather an island mountain, near the coast of Sicily. Some time after dark, at a great distance, nearly ahead of our ship, we observed in the horizon, what appeared to be a round globe of fire, rising to a considerable height, and then dropping down; and this at intervals, of from five to twenty or thirty minutes, until we became tired of watching. There was little difference in the size of the substance projected; and little difference in the height to which it seemed to ascend, at different times. It resembled the full moon, when she appears largest in the horizon; only that it was of a glowing red colour.

Probably the great distance we were at, prevented us from seeing the smaller fragments of the eruption, which could not ascend to the same height. Our captain estimated from his reckoning, that we must be about forty miles from it. We heard no noise accompanying the projection. The next morning we found the mountain in sight, and passed it about the middle of the day, at the distance of a few miles. It is really a great curiosity, considered merely as a mountain. It rises out of the sea exactly like a sugar loaf, and towers tapering to the top, to the height, I should suppose, of more than two thousand feet. Around its base, it is less steep in its ascent, and is capable of cultivation. We saw fields and dwellings, with cattle browsing. On the side opposite to us, I am informed, there is quite a settlement, with a considerable town. The whole population on the mountain is estimated at about ten thousand.

The opening of the volcano is not exactly at the top of the mountain, but some hundred feet below, on the side next to us, as we passed it. We could distinctly see a sunken spot, which constituted the crater, over which a cloud of smoky vapour hung. At intervals of from five to twenty or thirty minutes, there was an explosion like distant thunder; when columns of smoke were projected to a considerable distance into the atmosphere. The glare of sunshine prevented our seeing the fiery emissions, which were so visible at night. Not like *Ætna*, which remains sometimes for months, and even years, quiescent, and then bursts forth in a river of burning lava, *Stromboli* is in constant operation; while its discharges being so much less, are proportionably harmless. Its vast inferiority to *Ætna*, is, no doubt, the reason of its being so much overlooked by travellers. The little wonder is quite eclipsed by its contiguity to the great. The snow capped summit of *Ætna* was at this time in sight, on the not greatly distant island of Sicily.

As we gazed on the ascending columns of smoke, and heard the rumblings of the earthquake, which no doubt shook the mountain at each explosion, it was impossible not to be reminded of that "pit which is large and wide, the pile whereof is fire and much wood, and the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it." Since the remotest antiquity, has this mountain been burning, and still its fire is not quenched. Our blaspheming captain was exceedingly tickled at the association of ideas called up into *his* mind, it would appear, as well as mine, by this miniature memorial of the "place of torment;" and he indulged his mirth in jests of much more profanity than wit, on the subject of getting a view of Satan's residence. If they are "fools who make a mock at sin," then what is the folly and hardened presumption of those, who, without disbelieving in the reality of fire and brimstone, as the materials of eternal torment to lost beings, can yet make a jest of it. One would think it impossible for a rational being not to feel a chill of terror passing over his spirit, at any sight which called up a reflection kindred to that of the prophet,—"*Who of us shall dwell with devouring fire; who shall dwell with everlasting burnings.*" Surely it is, as Solomon says, "that madness is in the heart of the sons of men while they live." O, what a catastrophe will it be, to those who have made a jest of the regions of endless wo, by and by, to find themselves there!

When my curiosity had become satiated, by looking at the "mountain burning in the sea," I found leisure to turn my eyes to the Italian coast, towards which we were progressing, and which could now be seen, with great distinctness: and certainly I looked on it with no small degree of excitement. I said to myself, is this the land where Romulus, so many ages ago, founded his city? That celebrated city, whose inhabitants rose to the mastership of the world, and whose influence hath



given an impulse to succeeding generations, that hath not yet spent itself! That celebrated city, which hath survived so many vicissitudes, and continues even to this day a great place; the seat of a power that still claims universal dominion over all who bear the Christian name! I own I felt myself moved, with not a little emotion, at the prospect of, by and by, standing on the banks of the Tiber, and looking on all that remains of the faded glory of Rome.

The coast of Italy, as we sailed down it, appeared mountainous and rugged; too steep for much cultivation. We could distinguish a few habitations in the gaps of the high hills, with cultivated spots adjoining; and on the steep face of the hills, where no cultivation appeared, we perceived here and there, a dense smoke ascending, which I have since been informed, issued from coal pits. The mountainous coast furnishes the Italians with much of their fuel, and their practice is, to charr the wood, as a measure of economy, previous to using it. In a little while we began to enter the straits that separate Italy from the island of Sicily, and had the very welcome sight of land, on each side of us, at no great distance. We passed the rock of Scylla, at the distance of perhaps a mile and a half; but so diminutive did it appear, that we should not have noticed it, without a careful scrutiny of the shore from which it projects, or appears to project, at the distance we were from it. A town to which it gives name, stands close by the shore, a little way from it. A little beyond it, on the other hand, we found the celebrated whirlpool of Charybdis; which is indeed a curiosity. We brushed close along the edge of it, and saw the water agitated with a powerful whirl; which would certainly be dangerous for small vessels. Presently the city of Messina, the place of our destination, came in sight, and we were all joy, in the prospect of being soon released from our floating prison. The air was remarkably pleasant. Though

it was February, there was a softness and warmth in the temperature, resembling April with you. I was delighted to see flocks of goats ranging over the hills: as it gave me the prospect of enjoying again the benefit of their milk, which I had found so salubrious at Gibraltar. The passage had thrown me back considerably, in point of health. Though I had felt no sea sickness, I was sick of the sea; and in proportion as I was so, was my joy at arriving in port, to be soon on shore, and recruited, as I hoped, by travelling through the interesting country of Virgil and Cicero.

Elevated expectation, having for its object worldly happiness, I have always experienced to be dangerous. I think I have found it, in a remarkable manner, the precursor of disappointment. And so I certainly found it on this occasion. On coming near to the city, a row boat, having a number of hands with a pilot on board, took the direction of our ship, and towed her into "*quarantine ground*," as they call the region of water appropriated to quarantine. Here we let go our anchor, late in the evening, on the opposite side of the bay from the city, distant about three quarters of a mile. A man in the boat, who spoke English, informed us that, coming from Gibraltar, we might certainly expect our quarantine would not be less than *forty* days. You can readily judge, what an effectual damper this intelligence was, to the too sanguine expectations in which I had allowed myself to indulge. But there is no heartache, for which the religion of the gospel does not furnish a ready remedy. It only requires an act of faith, in that infinitely wise and holy Being, "who rules in Jacob, and to the ends of the earth," to allay the throbbings of anxiety and disappointment under any occurrence, and cause them to give place, not to tranquillity only, but to *joy*. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." If I did not pass the night in "perfect peace," my unbelief was the cause.

The next morning, we were visited by an officer of the port, in a boat, who made the usual inquiries, whence we came? the nature of our cargo? the health of the ship's company? &c. &c. and departed without giving us any information concerning our fate. Shortly after the American consul came alongside, and made similar inquiries. He informed us, that the publick authorities had it under consideration, whether we should be allowed to remain at all; but if we were allowed to remain, it would be under a quarantine of not less than forty days. The plague existing on the coast of Africa opposite Gibraltar, and the yellow fever having prevailed during the preceding summer, in Cadiz in Spain, made them very rigid in their quarantine regulations. The consul understanding that we had some beeswax on board in straw bags, which were stitched with pack-thread, and patched in some places with tow cloth, advised by all means to have it emptied into casks, and the bags secreted in the hold, as the smallest article of linen, or woollen, known to belong to the cargo, would subject us to being immediately sent off. Two soldiers were shortly after put on board, and our whole company ordered to repair in our boat to the health office, a small one story building, which stood on the wharf, a few yards from the water. In front, it was enclosed with a high pale fence; into which enclosure we were landed, and paraded before the door, within which stood the health officer, who with a large eye-glass, reconnoitred us one after another with much scrutiny. My friend O—— and myself, who were the only passengers, were closely catechized on the subject of our coming. Our passports were demanded, and pronounced to be insufficient, as they wanted the signature of the Neapolitan consul, at the places where they were obtained. We were informed we could not be admitted any where in the Neapolitan territories—The island of Sicily, you will understand,

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belongs to the king of Naples. This was indeed making bad worse, for us. Our consul however, to whom I had a particular letter of introduction, and who is a very influential character here, being present, told us not to be uneasy; that he would find means to overcome the difficulty, and remarked to the health officer in our hearing, that if they would not grant us permission to come on shore, he would smuggle us in, when our quarantine was expired.

In a corner of the yard stood a small furnace, in the shape of a cone. Here a soldier kindled a smoke with brimstone, and any letters or paper which had come in the ship, and were to be conveyed to persons in town, after being perforated in several places with a chisel, were held, in long tongs, over the smoke, until they were completely brown, and then handed into the house to a person in waiting to receive them. After our return to the ship, an intimation was received that the vessel might remain, but subject to the expected quarantine of forty days. Our captain and supercargo were rejoiced at the intelligence, as their fears had been awakened, that the vessel might be sent off immediately. To Mr. O—— and myself, nothing remained but to exercise patience; which would have been much easier, but for the too elevated expectations and feelings in which we had indulged, the evening preceding our arrival. However we tried to make our submission easier by indulging the hope, that the government will not be so unreasonable, as to enforce this absurd quarantine, in all its extent. After our vessel shall have disposed of her cargo, and taken in another, and sailed—which will occupy twenty or twenty-five days—they will surely, on finding us passengers, untainted with any infectious pestilence, receive us into the pure atmosphere of their city. However, in this calculation, we have perhaps been reckoning without our host, as they say. We are not in the United States. We have



left the land of liberty, and of liberal proceedings, far behind us; and must expect the government of despotism to rule us, as it does the common herd of our species in these regions.

A very surprising instance of the rigour with which quarantine regulations are enforced here, occurred not long since in the case of Commodore Bainbridge, with some of the vessels belonging to the American squadron, which entered this port, but were not suffered to remain, from a suspicion they might have touched lately at some place where pestilence existed. Some of the people of Messina, having had intercourse with him, in supplying him with necessaries, were not allowed to undergo the purgation of quarantine in the Lazaretto of this place, but were sent to Malta, which is about four days' sail from here. At Malta they are now undergoing quarantine, at the expiration of which, returning with a clean bill of health, they will be permitted to undergo quarantine here, and afterwards allowed to enter the clean city of Messina—as clean it certainly must be, if all its regulations regarding impurity *within*, correspond with these precautions to guard against contagion from without. What a happiness would it be, if mankind were equally cautious to guard against the infections of sin. If they were as much afraid of those seeds of moral pollution, which bring death eternal into the soul, and would watch against them with the same assiduity as against the sources of disease to the body—this would be a wisdom worth my while to come all the way from the United States to learn.

Our vessel has begun, with great activity, to unload her cargo, which is carried in lighters to the Lazaretto, where it will be purchased by the merchants of Messina; and our supercargo has commenced his negotiations for another from here. He goes in the boat to the health office, there he converses with the Ameri-

can consul, at a little distance, and through his agency, as a commission merchant, the whole business of sale and purchase is managed. Fruit, consisting of oranges, lemons, figs, filberts, raisins, with wine and silk, are the chief articles. My exercise, from morning to night, has been to pace the deck, and look at the strange objects around. While their novelty lasted, they were not a little interesting; but now that this is over, they have become quite monotonous and tiresome. To relieve the weariness of doing nothing, I shall try to put on paper, some of the leading objects that have attracted my attention; though in doing so, I shall very probably fail to awaken in your mind any interest. To describe objects to those who have never seen them, is very generally to heap words together without conveying ideas. But as my own amusement is in view, as much as your gratification, I can only fail in one half of my intentions.

The narrow arm of the sea, which separates the island of Sicily from Italy, is (to speak by guess) between two and three miles wide. Consequently, from the position we occupy, the country on each side of us is fully in view. Yet the coast is so high, on both sides, as to allow us to see almost nothing beyond the steep face of the hills, that rise from the water's edge. In some places there are gaps or breaks, and these show small villages, with cultivated grounds around. In many places, a considerable number of trees appear, unlike the hills of Spain around Gibraltar, which generally are very naked. Far back in the interior of Sicily, we can see the top of a range of mountains, connected with *Ætna*, covered with snow. By far the most interesting object in view, is the city of Messina, which is directly in front of us, something less than a mile distant. That we might enjoy a nearer view of it, Mr O—— and myself have several times gone in the ship's boat along the whole length of it, a few rods from the wharf. Viewed from the water, it appears to consi-



derable advantage. It has certainly some fine streets, with palace-like edifices. The buildings are generally of stone, and most of them show much antiquity in their exterior; some of them have quite a mouldering aspect. In this respect, there is a most surprising contrast between Messina and the cities of the United States, which have a lively freshness in their appearance, that must make them, I should think, appear to much advantage in the eyes of a European. In the suburbs, there are rows of houses, entirely in a state of ruin, into which they were shaken by an earthquake, some forty years ago. Old cities, it would seem, like old people, recover from calamity much slower, than our youthful towns in America. There are several streets, running parallel with the water, that seem level; and I presume, constitute much the best part of the town. Behind these, part of the city appears to be stuck on the abrupt termination of a promontory, almost as steep as the rock of Gibraltar, while another part of it lines the bottom and sides of the valley, running back into the country, in an ascending direction. It is evidently a large place, yet to me it looks small, for the population of 80 or 90 thousand inhabitants, which it is said to contain.

The harbour of Messina, is one of peculiar beauty and safety. At the upper end of the city, a tongue of land projects into the water, and sweeps down in front of it, very much, as has long ago been remarked, in the form of a sickle, enclosing a basin of water of three quarters of a mile broad, and more than a mile long. Into this basin, vessels enter by a narrow passage, when the point of the sickle comes to within a few rods of the wharf; and the largest man-of-war finds ample depth to ride in safety. The water has a transparency that astonishes me. When the weather is calm and there is little undulation, we can see the bottom with great distinctness, at the distance, I suppose, of more than twenty fathom.

Multitudes of fish, great and small, are often seen sporting in all directions. They furnish me with quite a change of prospect; and I spend hours, very idly to be sure, in watching their movements. But I have extended this communication long enough, while I have nearly exhausted my materials for narrative. I must wait until the revolutions of time shall furnish me with something farther, that may interest your friendship to hear. My next will very probably contain the history of my extrication from this passport and quarantine trap, in which I find myself caught. How it will terminate I cannot tell; and I hope it is unnecessary to repeat how much I am,

Yours, &c.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

TRANSATLANTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

IT was on one of those bright and balmy days which give so much animation to the scenery and the inhabitants of the south of Scotland, that I left the little village of Selkirk, to visit the celebrated ruins of Mellross Abbey, as well as the residence of the no less celebrated Sir Walter Scott. The appearance and the incidents of that day are as fresh and vivid in my recollection as if it were but yesterday. As I stood amid the scenery of the "border minstrelsy," and knew that I was within an hour's walk of the living bard who sung those witching strains;—As I gazed upon the little classic Ettrick, rushing as with enthusiasm into the bosom of the more classic Tweed, I felt something of the inspiration which poets feel, when they pour forth "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Perhaps there are few spots more beautifully romantic than that part of the country, through which the little Ettrick murmuringly pursues its devious and winding way, until it becomes lost in the broad expansive



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LECTURE XV.

(Continued from p. 292.)

But it is infinitely more important to consider the wiles of the adversary who lay concealed under the serpent, than to determine what was the original form of that animal. The account given of the temptation of our first mother, like every other part of the narrative, is very short and comprehensive. Yet comprehensive as it is, enough is said to show that the subtlety of the great deceiver was all exerted on the occasion. Nothing can be imagined more artful and insidious than his temptation. He begins with an inquiry addressed to the woman, in regard to the prohibition by the Creator of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. She answers it in a manner seemingly calculated to justify the divine prohibition of the interdicted tree, and to magnify the bounty of God in granting liberty to eat of all beside. The adversary then proceeds to question and deny the penalty of death, and in such manner as seems to intimate that possibly Eve had mistaken it; and yet carrying clearly the charge both of cruelty and falsehood, against the great Creator. Eve listens, deliberates, and is lost. She appears to have hesitated for some time; to

have viewed the tree attentively, to have strengthened her desire of eating by the view, and thus to have gained resolution to perpetrate the fatal act.

Ah! my young friends, remember while you live, this tampering with temptation by our first mother; and while, at this hour, you feel its consequences, follow not the fatal example. Remember it as a warning; and especially in youth, while the passions are ardent and the fancy is active. It was written for our learning. Remember that if you begin to parley with temptation, you are undone. Repel the tempter without listening to him. If he can gain your fancy and your passions, he will certainly succeed. *Obsta principiis.*—Dash from you, with abhorrence, the poisoned cup, the moment it is presented. Never listen to temptation—Never make it a question whether you will comply or not. Never suffer it to become the subject of meditation—There it first pollutes the soul. Look upon it, and think of it, and you will comply. Remember too that all seducers, and tempters to sin, are acting the part of Satan. If you listen to them you are lost. Hear them not; repel them with abhorrence, scorn and indignation. Avoid temptation, likewise, as far as possible. “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.”

## Miscellaneous.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 251.)

Messina, March 10th. 1820.

My dear Friend,—I am here still, in a state of “durance vile;” but which, however unpleasant, I hope will result in good; if no otherwise, at least from the necessity it imposes of learning patience and submission to the divine will. When I shall have acquired enough of these all important articles of spiritual instruction, I may expect to be released from the school that is designed to teach them. But while my deficiency remains so great, I certainly ought to be thankful that the lessons are multiplied. Impatience on account of protracted hardship, is decisive evidence of an existing necessity for the continuation of these very afflictions, the removal of which is so anxiously desired. Children at school, to escape chastisement and obtain the favour of their teacher, will often apply themselves diligently to their book. But christians, seldom think of giving diligence to learn the lessons of grace, as a means of release from the rod of correction. Yet certainly it is the course that ought to be pursued, and God’s word furnishes great encouragement to hope for success in such a course. And though such a procedure might sometimes fail of shortening the days of an irksome quarantine, or putting an end to a calamity sooner than it would otherwise terminate, it might prevent the speedy return of further chastisement.

But my proper business is to detail the events, (and they are events worth detailing only for the gratification of friendship,) which the

“days have brought forth” to me, since the date of my last letter.

On the 27th of the preceding month, the brig *Shepherdess*, having completed her lading, sailed for the United States. Until this time we had remained on board of her; but were then obliged to remove into the lazaretto, to finish our quarantine. Here we have had our home for near two weeks, and it has furnished a new variety to all the former modes of living I have experienced; but it is one, to which even novelty has failed to communicate any charm. Let me try to give you some idea of this same lazaretto, and of the rules of quarantine here, with which I have become so well acquainted: and which I think will fill no small place in my recollection, as long as memory shall continue to do its office.

The lazaretto has been, and is still, (if it was kept in proper order,) a noble building; admirably fitted to answer the end of its original destination. It is situated directly opposite the city, on the other side of the bay, upon the tongue of land, which I mentioned in my last as projecting into the straits, and by a circular sweep enclosing the fine bay that constitutes the harbour of Messina. It is two stories high, the width of two spacious rooms, and extending on all the four sides of a parallelogram, or oblong plot of ground, so as to enclose a yard in the centre, of an hundred yards long by sixty broad. In this yard, is a fountain pump of fresh water. One part of this immense building is appropriated to goods, not allowed to be landed in the city. And the remainder furnishes ample rooms for the accommodation of the ill fated prisoners of quarantine. These rooms might be rendered very comfortable, but neglect and dirt, have



rendered them very much the reverse. The lower rooms have no other floor than the earth, and those of the second story have little to keep out the storm, except rude batton shutters. The whole is surrendered to every kind of filth, to a most disgusting degree. But what is far worse than all the rest put together, is the multitudes on multitudes of fleas, with which the whole premises are infested. What I have suffered from these vermin, I apprehend will awaken a horror at the recollection, as long as I live. A small compensation to the soldiers, who had been stationed in the ship, and who had to go into quarantine with us, until purified from all pestilential taint derived from our contact; cleared our rooms of the other filth. But the fleas bid defiance to every measure, either of discharge or defence. It is literally true, that in the mornings, I have found the neck and wristbands of my shirt, thickly speckled with blood, from the depredations of these vermin during the night. You can easily judge from this, of the repose enjoyed by the victim of such assailants. But for this, our situation would not have been so uncomfortable. The very hospitable attentions of the American consul, have enabled us to furnish our rooms with all that is necessary for our accommodation, such as tables, chairs, beds, &c. Articles of provision, whatever we choose to order, are every day supplied at a cheap rate, by boats from the city. A high wooden pailing separates between the rooms, and the yard in the centre of the lazaretto. The prisoners of quarantine are all required to be in their rooms at sundown, when the gates, which allow a passage into the yard through this pailing, are locked, and not opened again until eight o'clock the next morning. Not fully aware of the strictness of their regulations, the first morning of my confinement, I had risen early. Finding the gate

locked, I waited an hour. Still no turnkey appearing, I became impatient, and with some effort, succeeded in surmounting the wooden pailing, and obtained the liberty of walking in the yard. In the course of the day, however, I was called before the officer who has the charge of the place, and threatened with an information to the governor for disorderly conduct. As it becomes every culprit to do, I made an apology and promised amendment, and so was dismissed.

The regulations of quarantine are extremely rigid. If a stranger visits his friend in quarantine, and shakes hands with him, or even touches him, he will have to go into quarantine with him. If two persons in quarantine for different periods—for instance, one for forty days, and the other only for a week—touch each other, either by accident or design, the person in for a week will be condemned to the forty days, with the person by whom he has been touched: and the same consequence will ensue, from only handling or touching the same article, if of woollen or linen, by two persons under quarantine for different periods. A few days ago, while passing near some sailors in the yard, who were amusing themselves by playing ball, their ball struck me, and you can hardly think what a perturbation it threw me into, lest the occurrence might subject me to other forty days, to be devoured by the fleas. It happened however, that the sailors belonged to a vessel, whose period of quarantine expires as soon as my own.

No evidence of health, will obtain any reduction of the period for which quarantine has been ordered. After we had been a few days in the lazaretto, we transmitted to our consul a petition, to be laid before the board of health, stating the perfect health in which the vessel had remained during her stay at Messina; our own entire health, since we had gone into the lazaretto;



the great inconvenience, to which we were subjected by so long detention, and not omitting the very unpleasant discomforts, to which we were compelled to submit, in our disagreeable abode. But the consul thought it too hopeless an undertaking to present it.

There are not many undergoing quarantine at this time, in the lazaretto. The seafaring community generally prefer passing their time on shipboard, to spending it in this dreary abode. The want of society is one ingredient, and not a small one, in the hardship of my situation. My companion, W. O., is a worthy man, without any thing unpleasant in his disposition or habits, and I account his company no small privilege. But the turn of his mind is altogether mercantile. On the subject of religion he wants interest; and there is, on the whole, too little similarity in our views and habits, to beget much kindred feeling between us; so that I feel very much alone. This has led me more to reflect on, and *feel* the value, of that item of Christian morality which we are assured at the great day of accounts will be rewarded with such special approbation, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." I am persuaded words can hardly convey an adequate idea of the cordial, which the mind of a man who has been long the tenant of a prison, receives from a visit of kindness on the part of one of his fellow men. Oh! how much does the world need the spread of the gospel among its inhabitants, to produce in them, that disposition, to alleviate each other's hardships and soothe each other's sorrows, for which there is so much occasion, in this vale of tears; and which the gospel always will produce, in exact proportion to the degree in which it is received into the heart. If my little taste, (and it surely has been a very little taste,) of the privations of confinement, has the effect to awaken me to a more prac-

tical regard to that duty which has given the name of Howard to "everlasting remembrance;" the duty of "remembering the forgotten; attending to the neglected, and visiting the forsaken"—then I shall not regret the few days of confinement I have suffered here.

The idleness in which much of my time has been necessarily passed, has constituted another heavy item, in the catalogue of my calamities. Employment, I have long thought, where there is a capacity for it, to be a blessing. Now I am sure of it: since I have tasted so sensibly the misery of idleness. He was a wise man who said, "the oil of gladness will glisten on the face of labour only." I am verily persuaded, that much of the pleasure, which the higher classes find in their dissipations, springs from the labour they are made to undergo, in the pursuit of them. I might indeed employ myself as much as I pleased, in reading and writing. And the kindness of the consul has furnished me with books, not indeed on religion, for I believe he has none, but of history and entertainment. The want of exercise, however, with confinement, by increasing the atony of my nervous system, has forbid such employments, except in small measure; and the consequence has been almost entire idleness. But what is there, from which the Christian may not derive profit? The misery of compelled idleness, may operate as a salutary correction for the neglect of duty, when the season of useful industry was enjoyed: and whatever produces repentance for sin, is to be ranked among the first of blessings. Sloth is one of the vices of our nature, and one of the very worst: I believe few Christians, have any adequate sense of the sin they commit, by the indulgence of this corruption.

Cut off from the privilege of ministering to the flock I have left far behind, and uneasy in mind, for the very little I have done in time



past for their profit, I have endeavoured to contribute a mite, towards supplying my former lack of service, by furnishing them with a token of my very affectionate remembrance, in the following pastoral letter; a copy of which I beg you to receive, in lieu of any thing further at this time from

Your very affectionate Friend, &c.

—  
*Messina in Sicily, March 6th, 1820.*

Very dear Brethren of the Congregation of ———:—Though far separated from you in body, I am often with you in spirit; feeling, I trust, something of that deep interest in your welfare, which twenty-four years' labour among you, must almost of necessity have produced. While wandering, a stranger in strange countries, and passing many silent sabbaths, excluded from the privilege of publishing or hearing the precious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, I have been led to ruminate much on the days and years that are past, when I went up with you to the house of God and kept our solemn holy days.—The result upon my mind has been, an increased desire towards you; and I feel myself impelled to give you this proof of my affectionate remembrance. Fain would I once more offer you some advice and exhortation, which it is possible the Lord may bless to your profit. Of necessity, it must be some time yet before the earnest wish of my heart can be gratified, in my restoration to the beloved service of proclaiming to you the words of eternal life; and as all things future are covered with uncertainty, it may never be the case; but the present may prove a farewell address.—The burden of all I have to say to you is this—Give all diligence to know the Lord Jesus Christ, in the power of his grace, receiving his gospel into your hearts, and cleaving to it as that, and that only, which gives substantial comfort under all the

labours and afflictions of this life; while it holds forth the joys of immortality in the life that is to come. I hope I can say and testify, that the result of all I have seen and felt, since I have been separated from you, is an increased conviction that this short life is redeemed from vanity and vexation of spirit, *only* by those present comforts and future hopes, which the gospel furnishes—But *my* testimony on this subject is not needed.—Revelation furnishes a cloud of witnesses. Men who were great men in their day; men of whom the world were not worthy; have sacrificed their all for the gospel; have sealed it with their blood: and to encourage us to tread in the footsteps of their attachment, have left us their testimony that they counted not their lives dear to them in so doing; and shall you not, my brethren, give diligence to know this Saviour, who was so precious to them; to feel his grace upon your hearts, and to know the consolations of his gospel in your souls.

That there are among you some, to whom the Lord Jesus is dear; who have at times tasted that he is gracious; I rejoice to think: and one of the consolations I have enjoyed, amidst the discomforts I have experienced, while feeble in health, and far from the enjoyments of my family and my home, has been a hope that to such, my weak ministrations have not been without some use; and that we shall, if not in this life, yet in a short time, meet in a better; to rejoice in one another, as those who are made kindred by grace,—the trophies of the Redeemer's love. To *such* I would say, Gird up the loins of your minds, and grow in all that constitutes the reality of the divine life. Remember that religion cannot be cherished in the soul without vigorous effort, put forth in daily care and watchfulness. Hence it is called a *fight*, a *warfare*. Those who are not making progress

in it, are certainly going back; will assuredly grieve the Holy Spirit of God; and feel the consequences, in the withered comforts of their souls, and the blighted usefulness of their lives. Remember, I beseech you, how much is incumbent on *you*, to promote in the world, the honour of that Redeemer who has bought you with his blood, and who calls you to the important station of "shining as lights in the world," and being "the salt of the earth."—*Whose hands should build the house of the Lord, but yours? Who should make sacrifice for the interests of Zion, but you?*

But it has been all along the distress of my soul, to fear that a number in the congregation, have never seen as they ought to see, nor felt as they ought to feel, on the all important subject of personal religion—contenting themselves with a "name to live while they are dead." To such, my conscience bears me witness, I have often endeavoured to give warning; and would to God, this testimony I now send across the waves of the ocean, might be blessed to convince them that the real Christian is a very different character, from the mere formal professor; who is in truth, still a man of the world.—A *very different character* in the feelings of his heart, and in the regulation of his life—"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away and all things are become new." And let me once more beseech you to reflect, that that gospel which you fail to accept, must hereafter heighten exceedingly the condemnation to which you expose yourselves. It is impossible but the Judge of all the earth, who does right, will visit the abuse of gospel ordinances, and the rejection of gospel grace, with a severity equal to the greatness of the crime—and, believe it, the crime is represented in the word of God, of no less magnitude than "treading under foot the Son of God, and counting the

blood of the covenant an unholy thing." Nay, my brethren, do not deceive yourselves. Eternity is fast hastening upon you; and it is no small enhancement of your present privileges, that they will soon cease to be yours.

*Elders of the church*, let me beseech you, to look well to yourselves, and to the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers.—Realize the importance of your station. In the bonds of brotherly affection, counsel, advise, reprove, and admonish, as those who are accountable for all who are under their care. Provoke the zeal of others, by being yourselves zealous. In wisdom, sobriety, faith, charity, and universal godliness, be ensamples to all. And especially let your daily prayers be offered up for the interests of Zion. Neglect not to minister at the bed of sickness, and overlook not the fatherless and the widows within your charge.

*Heads of families*, once more be reminded by your absent pastor, who has often admonished you upon the subject, that the souls of your dear offspring are a trust committed to your hands, of more worth than worlds. Let not all your care terminate on their perishing bodies. Believe it, an earthly inheritance, without grace, will assuredly prove a curse, and not a blessing; and the greater the inheritance, the greater the curse. Teach them early and late, that system of gospel truth, without the knowledge of which they cannot be saved. By your wholesome discipline, and godly example, form them to habits of early piety, which may guide them to latest life. Let the truth be upon your minds, when you lie down, and when you rise up, that if they are saved, you are called to have a special instrumentality in their salvation; and if they perish, through negligence on your part, at your hands, the blood of their souls must be required.—And



O! deny them not, I entreat you, the benefit of your daily fervent supplications, at a throne of grace. Assuredly when you cease to pray with and for them, you cease from all the fidelity of parental duty; and have no right to hope that you will be blessed in them, or they in you.

*My dear young friends.*—With the feelings of an affectionate Father towards you, let me beseech your attention for a moment. You have been much upon my mind since I left you. Often have I told you, what I now testify to you over again, that the things of religion, are the *great* things which claim your attention; and that the days of your youth, are the season above all to attend to them. Graceless, ill-spent youth, generally terminates in graceless old age—if life is so far prolonged; and in hopeless death.—Let me solemnly warn you, of the inevitable consequence of indulging in a course of idleness, carelessness, dissipation, and pleasure, to the neglect of your immortal interests; or of becoming companions of them that do so. Assuredly by such conduct, you will be making shipwreck of reputation, peace, comfort, health, and all that belongs to well being in this world; as well as in the world to come.—Seek instruction, seek it diligently.—Follow after sobriety, industry, humility, chastity; and above all, give yourselves to prayer, and to the Lord Jesus, in an humble reliance upon his merit and his mercy, as the Saviour of lost sinners: so will you rank among the excellent of the earth, and shine at last as the brightness of the firmament, among the angels of heaven.

Finally, my brethren of the congregation;—the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ, that passeth all understanding, be with you abundantly—Pray for me, that I may be preserved in the path of duty, while wandering a stranger in strange lands, and if it is the Lord's will, shortly restored to you, recovered

in health, (which from present circumstances I have some reason to hope,) and that the visitation which has produced a temporary, and threatened a final separation, may be blessed to us both; producing an increased diligence in duty—I to minister, and you to wait on and receive my ministrations; so that we may be much more profitable to one another, and blessed in one another as pastor and people, than we heretofore have been. But should it be the Lord's will to remove me, and I am to minister to you no more, my last charge, my dying charge to you, is, to obtain, as speedily as possible, the stated dispensation of Gospel ordinances, by a well qualified godly minister—Grudge not the expense. A people half your number, would belie themselves, to say they were not able to support the Gospel, and support it liberally. Since I have left you, I have seen people poorer than you, expending much more to support a superstition that destroys them, than it would cost you, to support a well gifted messenger of grace, to break the bread of life to you and your little ones, from sabbath to sabbath. Beware I beseech you of “a saving that tendeth to poverty.” May the God of wisdom and grace, counsel, direct, and bless you, abundantly, at all times, and in all things.

Your absent and affectionate Pastor. ———

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

*No. IX.*

GLEANINGS AND HINTS TOWARDS AN ARGUMENT FOR THE AUTHENTICITY OF 1 JOHN, v. 7.

“There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.”

“Numberless circumstances conspire to strengthen the authority of the *LATIN*

THE  
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

SEPTEMBER, 1825.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XVI.

The first subject of attention at this time, is the following very important answer in our catechism, to the question—What is sin? “Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God.”

That we may understand correctly the nature of sin as it is here defined, it will be of use to consider briefly, the nature of that law of which all sin is a violation. The law which sin violates is the law of God. “Whosoever committeth sin—says the apostle John—transgresseth also the law; for sin is a transgression of the law.” In defining a law generally, Hooker says—“That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a law.” More shortly and popularly, a law may be defined—a prescribed rule of action.

The laws of God, for the government of men, have some of them been temporary and local, and some of perpetual and universal obligation. The ceremonial and judicial laws of the Jews were, during the continuance of the Mosaick economy, perfectly obligatory on that people—as much so as the precepts

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of the decalogue. But they were local and temporary. They never were binding on any other people beside the Jews; and not binding on them after the advent of the Messiah. They were given for a particular purpose—That purpose has been accomplished, and the Deity, the legislator who enacted, has repealed them, and they are no longer laws.

But there are other laws of God, which are of perpetual and universal obligation—These are called moral laws. But here, again, there is a distinction which deserves to be noticed. Some of these laws are technically denominated *moral natural*, and others *moral positive*. Laws *naturally moral*, are those which seem to derive their obligation from the very nature of things; insomuch that you cannot conceive that they should not be obligatory, while the relations exist to which they refer. Thus you cannot conceive that a rational and moral being should exist, and not be under obligation to reverence his Creator—You cannot conceive that it should be lawful, for such a creature to disregard and revile the infinitely great and good Author of his being.

On the other hand, laws *positively moral*, derive their obligation, not from the nature of things, but solely from the explicit command of God. Thus the intermarriage of brothers and sisters, must once



O! be careful in this—Your natural openness, and ingenuousness of disposition and temper, will require you to be careful—to watch and pray—for you must avoid the very appearance of evil. Be thou “an example to believers in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in word, in faith, in purity. Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine—neglect not the gift that is in thee.”

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### Miscellaneous.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 351.)

*Genoese Brig, Mediterranean,*  
April 6, 1820.

My dear Friend,—The progress of time, which is carrying empires to ruin, and hastening the final dissolution of the world itself, equally carries forward the humblest individuals in their career of life, and finishes the incidents that go to make up the little history of their existence. The few weeks that have elapsed since the date of my last, have brought about my release from the irksome confinement which detained me so long, and so much against my will, at Messina. But in our world of hopes and wishes, rather than of enjoyment, one adverse occurrence very commonly only gives place to another. I have got free from the hardships of quarantine, but very undesirably have been compelled once more to embark on the ocean, and submit to the privations of shipboard; and that too in a vessel of such diminutive size and lumbered cargo, as puts comfortable accommodation out of the question. This is the allotment of Providence, in lieu of what my fond hopes had anticipated, viz. travelling the classick grounds of Italy, and gratifying my curiosity, by surveying all that is interesting in Rome. But shall I be dissatisfied? That is, shall I call in question the wisdom that planned the universe, and conducts all its operations; or shall I doubt the

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goodness of *Him*, who “so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but enjoy everlasting life?” My wishes have indeed been thwarted, and my expectations disappointed; but if infinite wisdom and infinite goodness has done it, I may well change my discontent for rejoicing, assured that all is as it should be.

But as my communications have assumed the shape of history, however much the dignity of subject is wanting, it will be proper to resume my narrative where my last left it, and give, in regular detail, the incidents which have issued in my present situation. I believe I did not inform you, that we had a chaplain in the Lazaretto, who said mass once a day through the week, and twice on the sabbath. He had a little chamber in the wall, with windows opening into the yard, in which he officiated, and around which the worshippers collected, falling on their knees, and uncovering their heads. Attendance during the service was altogether voluntary, and no regard was paid to those who absented themselves, or continued their diversions, which I often noticed, at a distance sufficient to avoid giving disturbance. The chaplain, during the service, was arrayed in most splendid vestments, that gave him a very imposing appearance. I have sometimes met with him, walking in the yard in his every day dress, which was rather shabby. He possessed a countenance remarkably indicative of good natured simplicity. Having

nothing to do, and being so much out of society, I was very willing to have scraped some acquaintance with this clerical step-brother, and on one occasion took the liberty to accost him in Latin. But either my very deficient expression of the language, or his ignorance of it, prevented him from understanding me. He made no attempt to reply, except in Italian, which was just as much an unknown tongue to me.

About two weeks before our quarantine expired, we underwent a fumigation, rather more ludicrous than comfortable; designed, I presume, to destroy any pestilential taint, that might still be lurking about our persons. One of the soldiers, who had been stationed on shipboard with us, and in consequence, had to perform quarantine before he could be readmitted into the city, was furnished with an iron pot, containing burning charcoal, with a paper of rosin, sulphur, and a variety of ingredients, but little allied to spicery. Having called us into a back apartment, and closed the door and window, by throwing some of the ingredients from time to time on the burning coals, the room was soon filled with a very dense and suffocating vapour. By squatting on the floor, I for a while was able to endure it. Fifteen minutes, we were told, was the time allotted for this purification. Before much more than the half of it had expired, I took the liberty of opening the door, and extricating myself from any hazard of suffocation, by going into the open air. The soldiers soon followed me, too glad, I believe, to be themselves released, to compel my return. Surely the good folks of Messina, by their sufferings at different times from the plague, must have been frightened almost out of rationality on the subject, to be induced to adopt such absurd and rigorous quarantine regulations, to prevent its return upon them. But the thing that astonishes me be-

yond measure, is, that it should never come into their heads, to adopt any regulations favourable to cleanliness, among their preventives. Had it been the middle of summer, I would have been seriously afraid, that the amount and variety of filth, with which the place abounded, would of itself have generated some pestilential disorder. Once, during our stay in the Lazaretto, a physician inspected the health of the inhabitants, having them paraded before him in the yard: but any inspection of the state of the establishment as it regards cleanliness, I believe was never made, during this time. What the situation of things must have been, you may be able to guess, from the following statement, which, I believe, may be considered as a sample of what frequently took place. Mr. O—, myself, two soldiers, and a labourer, who had all been on board the ship together, made what might be considered one family, occupying one house in the building. This house consisted of one large room below, and two above. The lower apartment being without a floor, and having a hearth without a chimney, was used chiefly for cooking. Mr. O—, and I, assumed the right of appropriating the front room above, to our exclusive use, assigning the back apartment, through which we had to pass to get below, to our companions. They, we observed on the first day of our residence in the place, commenced their house-keeping, with the practice of clearing their table, by discharging all its offal, the dish-water not excepted, on the brick floor. And, moreover, one of the soldiers, an old grey headed man, who gave evidence of being the victim of a class of vermin, equally disgusting with fleas, I observed in the evening, went no farther than the head of the stairs, to answer the call of nature. As our companions expected some perquisites for waiting on



us, we were able, by strong remonstrances, to bring about some better management. Filthiness, is, beyond a doubt, a part of the degradation, and, I may add, depravity, that belongs to fallen human nature: and no small amount of the physical evil to which man falls a prey, is the offspring of this very depravity. We need exceedingly, in our defiled world, the power of Christianity to make us clean. It is moreover, no small testimony, in favour of the gospel, that wherever it exerts its proper influence, it is found to purify the outward, as well as the inward man. A filthy people, can hardly be a truly religious people: they may be a superstitious people; like our old soldier, who at times appeared very devout, and through the night, kept a puny lamp burning before a tawdry picture of the Virgin Mary, probably to assist his prayers to her ladyship, for protection from pestilential disease.

Our consul had told us, that he thought he would be able to beg off a few days, in the rear of the forty, to which our quarantine had been fixed. Whether he failed in the attempt, or forgot to make it, I am not able to say; but it so happened, that it was two days over the period, before the much-wished for emancipation arrived—owing, I believe in part, to the difficulties that existed in arranging the disposal of us, when released. Long after we had been locked in our apartments, when it was quite dark, and all hope of deliverance for that day (the forty-second of our confinement) had expired, to our great joy, the consul arrived with a boat, to take us from the Lazaretto. Our joy however was soon damped, on being informed that he had failed to overcome the difficulty that existed on the subject of our passports. The government was peremptory in enforcing their regulations, and these regulations enacted, that all strangers, whose passports were not

countersigned by the Neapolitan consuls, at the place where they were granted, should be escorted by the police to the frontiers, and discharged as vagrants. Some relaxation in our favour, the consul had effected. He had prevailed upon Capt. U——, of Boston, whose ship lay at the wharf, to receive us on board with him, and with great generosity, to enter bail for our safe keeping—that we should not be allowed to come on shore, nor have any intercourse with the people on shore; and, moreover, that we should leave the place in eight days. Such were the best terms that could be obtained for us; and they were so great a mitigation of the original severity of the law, as to entitle us to accept them with thankfulness. But oh! how we felt the value of American liberty, now no longer enjoyed, which gives a stranger a right of admission, into the country, without the formality of a passport, and to protection while passing from one end of it to another, if he only conducts himself with propriety.

Our situation on board Capt. U——'s ship we had reason to regard as a change much for the better, though we were still in confinement. We had here excellent accommodations for shipboard, a very orderly company, the captain much the gentleman, and very attentive to our comfort. I shall long feel myself under special obligations to this man, for his gentlemanly and very hospitable treatment, rendered without charge, in addition to the heavy responsibility, under which he came to the police for our safe-keeping. "I was a stranger and ye took me in." I think I have a right to know a little better than I ever did before, the value of this item of Christian morality, which, when exercised from Christian motives, we are sure will at last meet with a special reward. Capt. U——, however, I am afraid, is not a Christian. This I infer from his unhappy habits

of much profanity, when I was not immediately in his company. It is a very painful thing to draw this inference, concerning those we have reason to regard with special respect. What a pity, that men of cultivated minds, temperate habits, kind, friendly, and generous, should not also possess that quality, without which all others will be unavailing: viz. "The fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom."

Capt. U——'s ship lay at the wharf, about the centre of the city, which gave us an opportunity of seeing a little more of the place and its inhabitants, than we had enjoyed before. Having nothing else to do, I was not inattentive to the passing crowds, which from morning till night, thronged the broad and busy street, along the water's edge. One of the first things that struck my attention, was the numerous cavalcades of priests, which seemed to indicate quite an over proportion of this class of the population. They went generally in troops, and their variety of costume, indicated the variety of orders to which they belonged. Some were clad in long coarse garments, of dun and dusty colours, with hoods, in place of hats, and bare-footed. These passed along, with slow pace, and demure appearance, that indicated, at least the profession, of being mortified to this world. Others were remarkably the reverse. They wore large cocked hats, black gowns, small clothes buckled at the knees, black stockings, and shoes ornamented with large shining silver buckles. I was amused to see, as well as I can remember, exactly the fashion of dress, (and a very grotesque fashion it was) that was in vogue, gowns excepted, among the clerical order in the United States, when I was a boy. These marched along with an erect gait and parade of appearance, which seemed to express no small amount of conscious elevation in society. Certainly so-

ciety at Messina must be well instructed, if the whole number of those, whose appearance declare them to belong to the teaching order, are themselves well taught, and diligent in their vocation. But if "the light in them be darkness, how great is that darkness!" What a heavy calamity must it be to a people, to support a superabundant class of agents, whose business it is to spread error and delusion, and perpetuate them down from generation to generation.

Another thing that struck me most forcibly, was the amount of the miserable looking, filthy, begging population, with which the place abounded. I have never seen human nature, in such abject wretchedness, as it appeared in here. It was painful to look upon human beings, covered only in part with a few dirty rags, who looked like misshapen fragments of men and women. Directly opposite to our ship, was a watering place, on the wharf. A huge stone in the figure of Neptune, discharged a large stream of fine fresh water, at which the serving part of the community, were continually filling their pitchers. Around this hydrant, was the remnant of a stone wall, with some rude seats. This place appeared to be a kind of rendezvous, for the class of beings expressed above. Here they squatted behind the wall; they rested themselves on the seats, and seemed to lie in wait for the strangers from the shipping, from whose pity they might stand a chance to wring a pittance. The place reminded me of the "gutter of the Jebusites," where the lame and the blind formed such a formidable host, that the inhabitants of the city tauntingly defied David to vanquish only *their* resistance and take the city. I have been led, too, from what I have seen, to a more satisfactory understanding of the reason, why this miserable part of the species should be "hated of David's soul," as we are told they



were. It sounded harsh in my ears, that this class of beings, whose wretchedness called so loudly for compassion—"the lame and the blind,"—should be hated of David's soul. But I am convinced the horrid moral degradation, in which they were sunk, was cause sufficient, why they should be held in abhorrence by every virtuous mind. There are no doubt exceptions, such as existed in the case of Lazarus, but generally speaking, the very lowest degrees of moral turpitude, will be found among this offal of human nature. The American consul, in conversation, offered a very odd, but I believe too often not incorrect reason, for withholding charity from these street Lazaroni, as they are here called. He remarked, that "to give one of those fellows a piece of money, would enable him to feast on a turkey, a pig, or a chicken; and this would be putting it in the power of the worse animal to devour the better." Oh! how much is genuine Christianity needed here, with her Bible, her preaching, her Sabbath schools, &c. &c. to revolutionize society through all its branches, and bring about a healthy state of things, from the monarch upon the throne, to the homeless Lazaroni of the street.

A political revolution appears to be maturing in this country. While on board Capt. U——'s vessel we had intercourse with some of the lower classes, transacting business with the ship. Among them I found an enthusiastic passion for liberty. The greatest interest was expressed for the success of Spain, in her begun struggles in the cause. And there is abundant reason to believe, the same feeling pervades many in the higher classes. After we had taken our passage in the brig, in which we now sail, the consul thought we might venture to take a little liberty, and invited us to his house. Here, to our surprise, we met at his table, the health offi-

cer, who had reconnoitred us with his eye-glass at our first arrival, and pronounced our passports to be insufficient. He spoke very good English, and was quite sociable. He made no hesitation to avow himself entirely on the side of liberty.

Almost every thing in the shape of news, must pervade the community of Messina, through the channel of report. The single fact of there being but one newspaper, for a city of ninety, or an hundred thousand inhabitants, is of itself sufficient to manifest the unenlightened state of the publick mind. Even this paper is not daily, and is printed on a sheet about the size of common writing paper. It contains little beside mercantile information.

Having removed to the consul's house, we ventured still farther, to take a walk in company with him through the city. And no notice being taken of it, the two following days which immediately preceded our sailing, we boldly walked at large. It was very sweet to find ourselves once more at liberty. Our liberty, however, being assumed without authority, and for which we were liable to be called to heavy reckoning, was not without some uneasy feeling, similar to what the prisoner experiences, who having broken jail, looks often behind him, in terror of a fresh arrest.

I found the city of Messina to improve nothing, on a nearer acquaintance. It has indeed some fine streets, with ancient, palace-like buildings, of surprising grandeur of exterior. It has too, some very fine fountains, furnishing, from the mountains back of the town, an abundant supply of fresh water. But many of the streets are very narrow, the buildings shabby, and mouldering with age: and the whole city is most disgusting for want of cleanliness. I have often heard the Italians taxed with this vice—want of cleanliness. Cer-

tainly, all I have seen, justifies the charge in full. There must be a numerous population in the place, who use the streets, without reverencing the best buildings in them, as common necessaries. It is no wonder, that the better class of citizens, should universally occupy the upper stories of their houses, that they may be a little removed from the atmosphere of the surface. And it is certainly wise, to adopt the most rigorous measures, to prevent the introduction of pestilential disorder from without. Any contagious disorder, breaking out in the midst of so much putrefaction as the city supplies, must become doubly mortal. The wonder however is, that measures of internal purification, should not, in some degree, find a place among their preventives.

It was matter of some regret, to be compelled to leave the island, without having an opportunity of looking at its interior. Friend O—— and myself, had contemplated a journey across it, to the city of Palermo, which is the capital of the country, taking a view of Mount *Ætna* on our way. Our inquiries relative to such a journey, led to some information which surprised me much. That an old country, of such dense population, should be without stage travelling, or any established mode of publick conveyance of any kind, and not only that, but almost entirely destitute of roads for any kind of wheel carriages, is unaccountable—yet such is the fact. And we were informed that travellers who sought any conveyance sheltered from the weather, could be furnished with a kind of covered chairs, fixed on poles, like hand carriages; the projecting ends of these poles, resting on the backs of mules, one behind and another before. Such vehicles were to be obtained for hire. What a disgrace to the Christianity of a country, that for eighteen hundred years has failed to effect almost any

amelioration of the state of society, beyond what existed under paganism. Surely such Christianity must be something very different from that contained in the scriptures, which, rightly understood and practised, must in the course of time, produce a wise, industrious, free, and improving people. My belief is, that bad government, with all its desolating effects on society, is the result of bad religion. Calabria, or the Italian continent, is just in sight of Messina. It is said to be a country possessing many advantages. It is inhabited by a numerous people called Christians—such Christians as the Pope is not ashamed to own, and in such a state of half barbarism, that travellers would scarcely be safe in traversing it, and would find themselves almost as deficient of roads and tavern accommodations, as among the American savages. What a necessity here exists for missionary efforts? but alas! Popery, ruthless Popery, worse than paganism, makes it death for the missionary to declare that gospel which would bring wisdom, and liberty, and industry, along with eternal life, to its deluded victims.

On the 29th of the last month, we received notice from the captain of the brig in which we had taken our passage for Genoa, of his intention to sail that evening. This information required us to leave the consul's, where we had spent two very pleasant days, and repair to our prison ship. Capt. U——, who had been sponsor for our safe keeping, the Genoese captain, and the American consul, proceeded to the police office. Here Capt. U—— was released from his responsibility on our account; while the Genoese captain gave bond to take us from the place, and not to land us any where in the Neapolitan territories. These formalities being executed, a police officer, and two soldiers, guarded us like prisoners, as in truth we were, while we marched



from the ship in which we had been confined, to the one in which we were about to sail; and, to make "surety doubly sure," the soldiers kept guard, one in the ship, and the other on shore, until we sailed. As there was no probability of our sailing, before the turn of the tide, for want of wind, after dark we prevailed on the soldiers, for a very trifling gratuity, to accompany us to the consul's, where we much preferred taking our tea. We were desirous, besides, of taking a final and grateful farewell of the only individual in Messina, from whom we parted with regret. To this man, John Broadbent, Esq., I shall ever feel myself under special obligations, for special hospitality and kindness received at his hands. He is an Englishman, who has never been in the United States. But in principle, he is a thorough republican, and his attachments are entirely American. He is a bachelor, so far advanced in the wane of life, that his head is white as wool; though the health and vigour of middle life, still mark his appearance. Many years ago, he came to Messina, a wandering dyspeptick, like myself, in pursuit of health. Here he found an opportunity to fix himself in the mercantile line, in which he appears to have succeeded in a high degree. When the American trade began to take root in the Mediterranean, as no citizen of the United States was found in the place, he was appointed by the government to be American consul; and when a squadron was stationed in these seas, received the additional appointment of navy agent. Both which offices, I believe, he has filled to great acceptance. His unbounded hospitality, unitedly with the goodness of the harbour, has induced the national vessels to spend a great deal of their leisure time, and often to winter at Messina. And their presence being a source of much profit to the citizens, has contributed, in

addition to his personal qualifications, to render the consul highly popular. There are few characters in the place of equal standing and influence. But one thing, and alas! it is the main thing, seems to be lacking. It is religion. Whether a protestant of piety is to be found in the place, I had not the means of ascertaining. I heard of none. But that there are many, on whom the faith of popery has little hold, is beyond a doubt. Many embrace principles of infidelity. The fields are white for a harvest, could missionary labourers find any access; but, alas! the sword of Rome, the mother of harlots, which has drunk the blood of so many saints in former ages, turns every way to exclude their approach.

The wind having sprung up towards morning, we got under weigh, and it was a hearty adieu I bid this ancient city, the next day, as its apparently retiring steeples sunk from my sight. I felt, however, too feeble in health and sunk in my animal spirits, to experience much elevation, on an occasion that would have been otherwise truly joyful.

The month of February and beginning of March, at Messina, were uncommonly fine weather for that season. There was no frost, and much clear pleasant sunshine. The winter was considered, indeed, uncommonly mild; while farther north in Europe, it is said to have been very severe. Early in March, it came on to be windy and very wet, and for the season very uncomfortable. But what was far worse, was the wind called Sirocco, from the coast of Africa, which, to invalids, is most distressing. As I was without the comforts of a chamber with fire, its effects on my system were such, that had it continued for a few weeks longer, I must have sunk under it. This, combined with the long confinement I have experienced, has thrown me back very far, in my progress towards restoration; so much so, that I begin to re-

gard restoration, as an event that has almost ceased to be probable. It is not my business, however, to look into futurity, but to live from day to day by faith, and happily, the warrant for its exercise is always the same. The man who can say, "I know in whom I have believed," is a happy man, even though he had but another step to make, until he reached the grave's mouth, and that step lay in a foreign land, six thousand miles from his family and his home.—The information I have here communicated relative to my health, is calculated to make you feel uneasiness on my account. However, you will very probably not receive this, until it is accompanied with my next, which will very likely be dated from Genoa, and I am not without hope that enlargement, travelling, and exercise, will exceed expectation, in lifting me up from my present depression.

I remain, as ever,  
Yours, &c.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

No. IX.

GLEANINGS AND HINTS TOWARDS AN  
ARGUMENT FOR THE AUTHENTICITY  
OF 1 JOHN, v. 7.

(Continued from p. 266.)

The absence of our verse from some Latin MSS. is readily admitted by us. And the following facts may lead to the discovery of the cause of that.

Something of the nature of the superstitious custom of the Jews, of avoiding the pronunciation of the Hebrew word for Jehovah, and of using a circumlocution—"the word of four letters—tetragramaton"—had, it seems, passed into the primitive Christian church, in relation to the mysteries of the Holy Trinity. The fathers avowed this custom. "We speak not openly of

the mysteries, but many things we speak in a concealed manner: that those who believe and know may understand; and that those who know not may not be hurt." "Ουδε τα περι των μυστηριων" κ. τ. ε.—And again: "The mysteries concerning the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, we explain not before the heathen." "Ου γαρ εθνικω" κ. τ. ε.\*

Now it does appear that St. Jerom had given out two editions of the Epistles of the New Testament. In the edition designed for *private* use among Christians, he *inserted the verse*. But in the copies designed for *publick* use, he had *omitted it*.—This unjustifiable mode of proceeding has been, in my view of it, established against him by the learned Nolan.†—And in some parts of his prologues to the epistles, St. Jerom does seem, in no obscure terms, to avow this. "Accedunt ad hoc invidorum studia," &c. "To this may be added the zeal of the envious, who blame whatever I write. And sometimes against the dictates of their own consciences, *publicé lacerant quod occulté legunt*, they *publickly* assail what they read *in secret*. Therefore, I beseech you, Domion and Rogatianus, that you be content with the *private* reading: nor do you bring these books into the *publick*, nor heap up food to those who are full. But if there be any of the brethren to whom our labours are not disagreeable, *to them show the exemplar.*"‡

To the evidence derived from the *most ancient* Latin MSS. which contained our verse, we may add the testimony still found on the face of a class of ancient MSS. which do not contain our verse. I allude to the singular fact that in the ancient class of MSS. to which our reference is made, there are found in

\* Chrysostom, Homil. in 1 Cor. xv. 19. tom. x. p. 379.

† Inquiry, p. 101, and 561—563.

‡ S. Hieron. tom. iii. p. 344. and Nolan, p. 101. Note: also p. 563.



THE  
**CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.**

OCTOBER, 1825.

**Religious Communications.**

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XVI.

(Concluded from p. 389.)

The next answer in our catechism has been so much anticipated, that it will require but little to be added, to what you heard in this and the last lecture; and we will, therefore, dispose of it by a very short discussion at present—it is stated thus:—“The sin whereby our first parents fell from the state wherein they were created, was their eating the forbidden fruit.”

It has already been remarked, that our first parents sinned *before* they ate the forbidden fruit. The action of eating that fruit, flowed from a heart already yielded to sin, and in rebellion against God. To ascertain this fact to the guilty parties, beyond the possibility of denial, might be a part of the design in the prohibition of that act. A sense of guilt and shame, however, does not seem to have been felt, till the outward and visible transgression had taken place.—Then, indeed, it was felt with an overwhelming force. “Their bodily nakedness (says Scott) had not previously excited the sensation of shame: but now, being stripped of the robe of innocence, and despoiled of the image of God, the defence of his protection, and the honour of his presence, they perceived that they were, indeed, made

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naked to their shame; and their outward nakedness, appeared an indication of the exposed and shameful condition to which they were reduced.”

The aggravated guilt of the sin of our first parents, it is awful to contemplate. I think it cannot be better described, than in the following quotation from a commentary on Gen. iii. 6, by the excellent writer whom I have just now quoted.—“Considering this offence in all its circumstances, and with all its aggravations, we may term it the prolific parent and grand exemplar, of all the transgressions committed on earth ever since.—Whatever there hath been in any sin of unbelief, ingratitude, apostacy, rebellion, robbery, contempt, defiance, hard thoughts of God, and enmity against Him: whatever there hath been of idolatry, as comprehending faith in Satan, the god and prince of this world, worship of him and obedience to him; of exorbitant pride, self-love, and self-will, in affecting that independency, exaltation and homage which belong to God; and of inordinate love to the creatures, in seeking our happiness in the possession and enjoyment of them: whatever discontent, sensual lust, covetousness, murder and mischief, were ever yet contained in any one sin, or all which have been committed upon earth, the whole centred in this one transaction.—Nor have they been wide of the truth, who have laboured to prove, that all the ten command-

cease of course. Laws and exertions would no longer be necessary to secure a religious regard to that day whose return would be anxiously looked for, as a season in which all secular employments and worldly amusements, should give place to the hallowed and more sublime pleasures which would be found in the house of God, and in attending on all the ordinances of his appointment, both publick and private—in making preparation for the eternal Sabbath of heaven, and in anticipating its unutterable delights.

SABBATICUS.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 400.)

Genoa, April 12, 1820.

My dear Friend,—My last informed you of our happy escape from the hard gripe of the Neapolitan quarantine and police regulations at Messina, by taking passage on board a small brig bound for this place. I have now to record another mercy, from the munificent hand of that Great Being to whom we owe so much, in our no less happy release from the confinement and danger of the “tempest tossed barque;” and our safe arrival at this place, after a tedious passage of eight days. How great is the debt of gratitude we are continually accumulating. It grows as life advances,—increased by the occurrences of every passing day. Here, in a spacious apartment, warmed by a good fire, during the rawness of a very rainy time, and surrounded by all the comforts to be had in a good hotel, I feel myself once more my own master; and I assure you it is a very comfortable feeling, which you in the land of liberty would know better how to prize, had you experienced sixty

days’ captivity in the regions of despotism.

It may be acceptable to your friendship, to receive some items of our passage to this place; which was not entirely without interest. When one enters on ship-board, the first objects of his scrutiny will generally be, the accommodations and the company. In point of accommodation, our vessel, at first view, presented a prospect of very slender promise indeed. Although it carried three masts, which would entitle it to rank as a ship, in size it corresponded very much with the coasters I have heard called mud larks, on the Delaware; exceeding them, however, considerably in length, but falling short in width. The cabin furnished two births on a side, of very forbidding appearance; and was so low as to allow, with any comfort, only a sitting posture. But how mercifully does Divine Providence arrange the incidents of this world, so as frequently to render one adverse occurrence the alleviation of another. This was the first vessel that offered, sailing near the direction we wished to travel; and so glad were we to get away from “the house of bondage,” that the ill prospect of its accommodations damped but little the joy we felt, in making our escape from a city which had allowed us such slender evidence of its hospitality.

Our company consisted of the captain, his son, who served as mate, and five sailors; all very shabby in their dress. The sailors were of very forbidding appearance—their dress dirty, tattered, and patched, to a degree that indicated absolute beggary. But the captain, who was in advanced life, wore a countenance expressive of so much placid good nature, as to give entire relief from any apprehension that we were got into a den of thieves. And his son, a youth of about twenty, showed such features of intelligence and benevolence, as



could hardly belie a favourable prognostication. At first, our situation promised to be very awkward and unpleasant, for want of any medium of intercourse. We spoke to them in English, and they answered us in Italian, without the smallest comprehension of what was said, on either side. Our negotiations, on the subject of passage, had been carried on through the agency of the vice consul. After, however, a few vain attempts to make ourselves understood, the mate, to my great surprise and joy, accosted me in Latin; and by the use of this language, in which he was more ready than I, (being lately from school,) we were able to get along comfortably through the passage. I regard this occurrence as a special goodness of Divine Providence, as from it special benefits resulted to me; besides the relief it furnished from a situation of great embarrassment, which might have become, under certain circumstances, distressing. It begot, at once, between this young man and myself, an attachment, something akin to what they feel who have been in classick education together. It appeared too, immediately to conciliate the regard of the good natured old captain, who manifested much pleasure at his son's being able to converse with me, in a learned language. From these men I received a degree of kindness and hospitality which served exceedingly to alleviate the discomforts arising from ship-board, particularly in such a vessel as theirs; and this, notwithstanding all the prejudices usual to popery against protestantism. The young man, being of a sociable disposition, it was not long before religion became the subject of discussion in our broken dialect; and he was soon apprized of my vocation as a protestant clergyman: but it produced no alienating effect. Very possibly, political harmony had some effect in softening religious antipathy. I found this young man

a warm republican, and such he informed me, were the mass of the citizens of Genoa; who, if they could, would very gladly shake off the yoke of the king of Sardinia which has been imposed on them, and establish a free government. The very friendly attentions of these strangers was a cordial to my drooping spirits, (drooping they were, from the increased debility induced by the long confinement from which I had just been emancipated,) which I shall never forget. Yesterday they both called upon me in the hotel, to take a final leave. The kind old captain, after wishing me every happiness, both here and hereafter, according to Italian custom, (as his son informed me,) kissed my cheeks when he bid me good bye. Had you been present, you would no doubt have smiled at the uncouth embrace of "bearded men." But if it ever falls to your lot to sojourn, a lonely stranger, many thousand miles from all the endearments of home, expressions of friendship, even with such accompaniments, proved to be sincere by preceding acts of kindness, will not be without their value. Oh! how much is it in the power of human beings to alleviate the sufferings, and minister to the comforts, of each other! And how much would it be done, if instead of the irregular impulses of humanity operating here and there on a few choice individuals of the species, gifted above the rest with a greater portion of "the milk of human kindness," the power of Christianity enforced on mankind universally its holy and blessed commandment, "Love as brethren."

After leaving Messina, the fine breeze which carried us nearly out of the straits, separating Italy from Sicily, died away, which compelled us to steer for the shore, and cast anchor, in order to prevent the current from carrying us back to the place from which we set out; which we certainly had no wish to



revisit. While at anchor, the captain took it into his head to go on shore; and shortly after arriving there sent back the boat, with a message to his son, to bring Mr. O. and myself, to him. We well knew how contrary it was to police regulations that such unaccredited citizens of a republic should set foot on the royal territory of his majesty of Naples; but as it was at the captain's risk, more than ours, and he took the responsibility on himself, we did not hesitate to avail ourselves of the relaxation and amusement which the invitation promised. We rambled about over the hilly and rugged coast for some hours, and returned to the shore towards evening, without making any discoveries. But before embarking I did make a discovery, relative to the state of my own stomach, from which I anticipate considerable improvement to its tone and vigour. It is, that it will bear the stimulus of a moderate quantity of wine. You know, that before leaving home, every thing spirituous, and every thing fermented, were rejected by it. Its being brought to bear the use of wine, encourages me to hope that it has undergone a revolution in this country, where revolutions are so much needed, which may eventuate in considerable restoration. The discovery was made on this wise: On returning to the shore, to requite the civility of our ship officers, I invited them to a publick house, which stood near, and treated them to some bread and wine. Exhausted with my walk, and both hungry and thirsty, with only bread and water to meet the cravings of appetite, I ventured once more, as I had fruitlessly done many a time before, to take a little wine with my bread. The experiment was made with fear and trembling; but, contrary to all my fears, succeeded; and I have continued the use of it since. It is a standing article of diet, in these regions,

with all classes. The sailors had it at all their meals.

After passing out of the straits, we were again within a few miles of the burning island, Stromboli, which we found continuing its volcanic operations, as when we passed it before; and in which, I believe, it has suffered little change since the remotest antiquity. When nearly opposite to it, a row boat put off from its shore, and made for us. As we had very little motion for want of wind, it soon neared us. But when within a few rods of our ship—and it was evident they were disposed to come along side—the captain, to my surprise, presented a musket, and ordered them to be off. Inquiring of the mate the reason, he told me his father was afraid, that by stopping at any intermediate place on his passage, or allowing his vessel to be boarded by persons belonging to any of those places, he might be subjected to quarantine, on arriving at Genoa. If the word *quarantine* sounds in his ears as it does in mine, I do not wonder at the excess of his caution to guard against it.

For some days the winds were very light, and our progress consequently slow; but the weather was very pleasant, which was a great mercy, as we were so ill provided for encountering either cold or wet. Our course lay up the Italian coast, about the same track Paul sailed, after his shipwreck at Malta on his way to Rome: generally we had the land in sight. On the seventh day, we were opposite Rome, about forty miles distant, agreeably to our captain's guess. We could see this celebrated city with great distinctness, the atmosphere being remarkably clear and serene. Even the dome of St. Peter's church, when pointed out to us, we could plainly discern, with the naked eye. The help of a spy-glass, enabled us to mark the varia-



tions of its parts, and distinguish the adjoining houses. To be so near this ancient "mistress of nations," and present "mother of harlots," without being permitted to enter it, I felt as a disappointment. But depression of mind, arising from the state of my health, rendered the disappointment very light. What signifies all of this world that is venerable for its antiquity, or admirable for its grandeur, to a man whom disease has reduced to a skeleton, and whose feelings tell him that he is treading on the verge of the grave. To pass by a thousand Romes, in such a situation, would hardly awaken a sigh of regret. A single act of faith in Him who is the "resurrection and the life," would be more to such an one, yes, and to any one, than all the antiquity and grandeur this world has to show.

We passed within full view of the little island of Elba, on which Bonaparte has bestowed the celebrity which is henceforth to be attached to every thing with which his name is associated. While reminded of this man, so long the world's wonder and the world's terror, I could not help reflecting, as I had often done before, how much of either good or evil, a single man, gifted with extraordinary intellect and energy, is capable of achieving. This individual, from the obscurity of humble life, in the small island of Corsica, (in sight of which we also passed,) lifted by his own efforts to an empire, almost turned the world upside down. What a gift is superior intelligence, and what a responsibility do they incur, who possess it! Alas! who would wish to be Bonaparte at the judgment day, when the criminality of all the good to his species within the reach of his mighty ability, left *undone*, is added to all the waste, and havock, and murder, committed to gratify the cravings of a detestable ambition. *Then*, the men whom superior criminality

has lifted to a "bad eminence" in this world, will occupy a corresponding depression in the ranks of the reprobate, under the visitations of that justice, which will render even the least guilty a "terror to themselves and to all around them."

The seventh night of our passage is impressed on my recollection with a vividness, I think, never to be forgotten. Until the day preceding, the weather had been generally pleasant, more calm than windy. But that day a storm came on, of very threatening aspect. Towards evening the wind had increased to the violence almost of a hurricane. "The sea wrought and was tempestuous," while the rain at intervals poured in torrents. Our captain, fearful of remaining at sea over night, determined to run into a small harbour on the coast, from which we were but a few miles distant. But the wind blew with such violence off the land, as baffled all his efforts, and compelled him to seek safety by fleeing the shore and standing out to sea. As night came on, the storm abated nothing, while the dense clouds from which the rain was discharged, rendered the darkness complete. It was indeed an hour of tremendous interest; calling for strong faith in Him who rules the raging elements, to keep peace in the bosom, throbbing under the apprehensions of a watery grave. Friend O—— and myself retired to our births, at a late hour, calculating that if the wind continued to blow off the land, and no increase took place, our little barque, which for her appearance, proved a good sailor, might weather the storm. But should the wind shift, and blow *on* the coast, with equal violence, safety would be out of the question. I had succeeded in falling into a sound sleep, when, some time after midnight, I was suddenly waked up, with an universal scream of "all upon deck," indicating the very



highest degree of alarm. To this succeeded an universal bustle, such as occurs when all hands are engaged in an instantaneous effort to put about the ship. The thought instantly took possession of my mind, that the wind had chopped about, and was driving us on the breakers. You will suppose that I felt at the moment as the man feels whose hope of life has nearly expired, and who counts on his entrance into the eternal world, as just about to take place. The cabin-boy came springing into the cabin, and carried off the dim lamp, that was kept burning there, and left us to our terrified expectations, in total darkness. We were not, however, kept long in suspense. The bustle on deck ceased, and the mate coming down, informed me, that the alarm had arisen from discovering another vessel right ahead, ready to run foul of them, but they had happily escaped the danger. You may readily suppose that the relief to our minds was such as the prisoner on the scaffold experiences, when an unexpected pardon snatches him from the hands of the executioner.

The transitions from adversity to prosperity, from feelings of alarm and terror to those of congratulation and joy, and the contrary, are often surprisingly sudden. A very remarkable instance of this we experienced on the next morning. The driving wind had carried us rapidly on our course; the storm towards the close of the night had abated; the sky had cleared off. When it was fairly day, the captain sent for us on deck, and pointed to Genoa, fully in view, and at no great distance from us. The morning spread upon the mountains is always a delightful prospect. At sea it is peculiarly so; and more especially when the weather-beaten mariner can discover, at the foot of the distant hills, which day-light has gilded, his desired haven. What must

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have been our feelings, after a night of tremendous hurricane, and being brought to the very last gasp of hope, to be waked up to behold a clear morning, and the city of our destination within a few hours sail. In addition to this, the prospect which Genoa exhibited from the position we occupied, was one of beauty equal to any thing my eyes ever beheld. It is situated near the head of a gulf, of ten or fifteen miles in circumference, at the foot of a rising slope, that towers back behind it to a mountainous height. The suburbs are scattered for a long way on each side of the city, along the face of the slope, and almost the whole face of the mountain appeared studded with villas and country-seats, interspersed with trees and verdant grounds. The whole together, when the sun rose to glisten upon the spires and towers of the majestick city, (and a majestick city it is,) formed a prospect that looked like enchantment. Soon we were all eagerness to enter a place which appeared to so much advantage at a distance. But here again our hopes were excited only to "make our hearts sick," with their deferred enjoyment. Two hours of a fair wind, would have borne us triumphantly into the harbour. But a strong breeze sprang up directly ahead, which detained us the whole day, beating against it, and left us at the approach of night, nearly as distant from the object of our desires as we were in the morning. The mate informed us, that it was almost a uniform thing to meet a head wind at the entrance of the gulf of Genoa, which often detained vessels several days; so that on the whole, we had great reason to be thankful for our success. A calm taking place in the night, the sailors, by the help of their oars, gave us the joy of awaking next morning at anchor, opposite the city. No quarantine was exacted; and we had taken special care at



Messina, that our passports from thence should not want the signature of his Sardinian majesty's consul. Accordingly, we suffered no detention, and had the great gratification of taking our breakfasts the morning we arrived, in the hotel where we have taken up our residence, called the Grand Cross of Malta. It is one of the best, I believe, in the place; and particularly suitable to us, from the circumstance that the landlord speaks English. At almost all the good taverns in the Italian cities, we are told people are to be found, who speak French. But our acquaintance with that language is too limited to allow much facility, either of understanding or being understood in it.

The residence of a few days will allow a stranger little opportunity of acquaintance with a place, that may qualify him for giving an accurate account of it to others. It is certainly little less than presumption, for a traveller passing hastily through a country—as not a few have passed lately through the United States—to undertake to describe the country, its inhabitants, manners and customs, &c., passing sentence decisively, on all that has come under his notice, and on much that has *not* come under his notice. All, I conceive, that a transient stranger has a right to undertake, in his communications relative to the countries of his sojourn, is merely a faithful detail of what he sees and hears, being very sparing of his comments and conclusions. This is simply what I intend. And a particular circumstance threatens to render my opportunities of seeing and hearing at this place, much more limited than they otherwise would be. It is an inflammation in my foot, which has prevented my walking abroad almost altogether, since I have been here. Anxious, however, to be abroad, and to enjoy every advantage of exercise which I so much

need, after such long confinement, I have taken several rides in a gig, with a driver, and shall give you the result of my superficial observations on the exterior of this very interesting place.

One of the first things that will strike a stranger on his entrance into Genoa, is the height and magnificence of the houses, in the principal streets. You see whole streets, where the houses, built of the finest polished marble, some white and some variegated, tower to the majestic height of from ten to thirteen stories, and of dimensions and ornament corresponding; each of them worthy to constitute a palace for the accommodation of royalty. We have met with an English gentleman at the hotel, who has access to the interior of some of the principal of these superb edifices. He speaks of their decoration within, with the highest admiration. Nothing that he has seen in London or Paris, is at all equal to them. It serves to give a very high idea of the immense wealth, which this city must have accumulated in the days of her mercantile prosperity. Some of the buildings appear in a dilapidated state, indicating age and neglect: and the whole shows to be the work of former ages. You see no new buildings going forward. All the houses have an air of antiquity, as if they had stood for centuries.

I have been able yet to call only on one of the gentlemen to whom I have letters of introduction. He is an English merchant, who has been long a resident of the place. He informs me, that the style of living among the merchants, who from their wealth constitute the really higher class of citizens, does not at all correspond, in point of luxury, with the magnificence of their dwellings; and never did. A republican plainness characterizes the mass of the wealthy merchants of Genoa; so much so, that a remarkable deviation from it, on the

part of any individual, would expose him to more obloquy than he would be able to withstand. And on this principle he accounted for the immense splendour of their edifices. The simple style of living, imposed by the universal manners of the place, cut them off from the usual vent of surplus wealth, by numerous retinues of servants, splendid equipages, luxurious tables, &c. And hence they were led to display their vanity, by burying their immense amount of dead capital, in the gorgeous marble structures which adorn their streets.

Another thing that will strike a stranger, at least one from America, with surprise, is the *narrowness* of their streets. There are only a few of them, that *will admit the passage of a wheel carriage at all*. Several of them I found only the width of two good steps, from one front of the immense marble structure to another. They are paved with stone, and all of them without footways. What motive could have given rise to this excessive crowding, I have not inquired, and cannot myself conjecture. The steepness of the mountain back of the city allows, indeed, no room to extend in that direction; but along the shore, on both sides, there is no lack of situation for building. One advantage arising from this narrowness of the streets, will be coolness; which is, no doubt, of great importance in this hot climate. There are few spots in any of the streets, where the rays of the sun will ever reach near the pavement. But this abundance of shade will be more than counterbalanced by a deficiency of light, in their lower stories. In cloudy days, as I noticed in the under apartments of our hotel, they light candles, to enable them to see to carry on business. It is only the upper stories that can be occupied, as I conceive, with entire comfort; and verily, their

great height makes it a serious labour, as well as a grievous waste of time, to mount up to them. Our dining and sitting room in the hotel, are at the top of an immense flight of superb marble stairs, consisting of no less than eighty-three steps.

Another consequence of the narrowness of the streets, which will not fail to amaze a stranger, is the immense crowds with which, especially the streets of business, are gorged. To make your way through them, is like meeting the current at a church door, when it is emptying. The widest street I have noticed, is the one in front of our residence. It is, too, a principal street of passage to the shipping in the harbour, at no great distance off. And here is to be seen and heard, from morning until night, one of the oddest spectacles I have ever witnessed. It is the mass of living animals, horses, mules, asses, &c. dragging drays; but far more carrying burdens on their backs, mixed with men, women, and children, many of them, too, loaded with heavy burdens, all jammed on one another, all in motion, and trying to make progress, without any of them seeming to get along. Some of the first times I rode out, not considering at what expense to my patience I was accommodating my lameness, the gig was brought to the door. Our progress, until we reached the termination of the crowd, was about the rate of twenty yards in twenty minutes. This estimate was made, by marking the time on my watch, and afterwards stepping the distance travelled during its loss. The hubbub of noise too, especially when heard from the small balconies that project from the windows of our dining room, adds exceedingly to the curiosity of the exhibition. Here in high elevation above the whole scene, like Cowper's crow perched on the dizzy top of the steeple, I



have sat for an hour at a time, looking down on

“The bustle and the raree show  
That occupy mankind below;”

listening too, to the wild uproar of their noise, like the confused sound of the ocean, to the entire oblivion of home and every thing beside the objects below me, the discomfortable feelings of my own stomach not excepted.

I remain, my dear Friend,  
Yours, &c.

THE REV. MR. STEWART'S PRIVATE  
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(Continued from p. 408.)

Friday, 26th.—Mr. Ellis and myself have been occupied for the last few days with the sketches, that are to accompany the report of the tour of Hawaii, now preparing for the respective societies in England and America. Mr. E. has a correct and cultivated taste in drawing, and many of his sketches will be highly interesting. The volcanic views are grand, and more perfect than any thing of the kind I have seen. Ever since the exposures at night which I underwent during the sickness of Keopuolani, I have been considerably indisposed from a heavy cold; so much so, that for the last day or two I have scarcely been able to do any thing at the sketches. As a change of air may be beneficial, and as there is much important and interesting business before the mission at Honorable, I have been persuaded to accompany Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Hume-well to Oahu in the *Waterwitch*, this afternoon. We sail in a few minutes, and as it is probable I shall write much during my absence, I must bid you farewell for the present.

Tuesday, Oct. 28th.—As was my expectation when writing the above, I sailed for Oahu the same evening, now more than a month ago, and

after a passage of nine hours, was at the mouth of the harbour of Honorable, which we entered at sunrise. I was detained there much longer than I expected to be, not meeting with any opportunity to return till last Saturday, when the young prince came up with about seventy of his attendants, in a small pilot boat. I never suffered more than on the passage of forty-eight hours, being exposed during the night to very heavy rains, and during the day to a burning sun, from which I could find no retreat. I did not leave the deck for a moment; for though a part of the small cabin and a berth were assigned to me, and reserved for my use during the whole time, the heat and crowd below was so intolerable, that I preferred lying in the rain and water on deck, to enduring it even whilst the rain was most heavy and sun most powerful. At 5 o'clock, however, the captain of one of the whale ships recruiting here, kindly took me from the schooner in his boat, before we had come to anchor, and brought me to my rude but neat and happy cabin, and to the bosom of my precious little family, doubly dear from a separation protracted to a painful length. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston sailed from Oahu the evening before I did, to take their station at Kairua on Hawaii: the brig in which they were, anchored here during the night, and we had the happiness of receiving and welcoming them to our establishment to breakfast, after the *severe trial* of a voyage of four days in a dirty, crowded, native vessel—*trial* I say, for I absolutely have known none equal to those of that voyage I last made, since I have been a missionary—A gale in the Gulf stream, or passage round Cape Horn, in a decent vessel, in point of comfort and enjoyment, is not to be compared with it. Nothing of particular moment occurred while I was at Oahu. It was the season at which the whale ships recruit at the islands on their way from Japan to the American coast, and I had the pleasure of seeing the cap-

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**Religious Communications.**

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LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XVII.

The important and interesting subject of discussion now before us, is thus stated in our catechism:—“The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind, descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him, in his first transgression.”

The first point demanding attention in this answer is, that the covenant made with Adam related not only to himself, but to his posterity. Let us examine what evidence we have of the truth of this position.

We have heretofore shown that a covenant was made with Adam; and that the promise of it was eternal life, and the penalty eternal death. But how does it appear that this promise, or penalty, was to reach all his offspring, as well as himself? Can it be clearly shown that Adam was the representative and covenant head of his posterity, so that they were to be considered as standing or falling with him? Yes, my young friends, this is clear, beyond all rational controversy. It is clear, both from the unequivocal statements of scripture, and from observation on the actual state of the world. The Apostle Paul, in

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more than one instance, runs a parallel between the ruin brought on the whole race of man by the disobedience of Adam, and the benefits procured by Christ for all his sincere disciples: and this parallel is run in such a manner as to put it beyond a reasonable doubt, that Adam was a covenant head in the fall, and Christ a covenant head in the redemption and restoration of man. In a word—and that the word of inspiration—“By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.”

Farther.—Observation on the actual state of the world demonstrates that there is much moral evil in it. This is not denied as a fact, by any but atheists. It is readily admitted by many of those who deny altogether the prevalent tendency of our nature to evil,—which is to be particularly considered in a subsequent discussion. If mankind, then, are admitted to be actually in a state of depravity, and it be inconsistent, as heretofore shown, with all our ideas of the divine character and perfections, that man should have been originally formed by his Creator in a sinful or depraved state, it follows, that he is not now in the state in which he was originally formed. Without revelation, indeed, we could not know that he fell from that state by his connexion with his first



commands and promises of God, where they are so explicit. It is, alas, too true that the children of many pious parents have become profligates; but it is no less true that many pious parents have miserably neglected to train up their children in the way in which they should go. We may not, indeed, be able always to discover wherein they have erred: we may, however, be assured of this; that the word of God is *true*—that the promises of the Holy One of Israel cannot fail.

Ever dear Mary, let a mother's warmest affection urge you to firmness and perseverance. Your little Charles may not *now* be able to read your countenance. But sooner than you are aware he will discern whether your face reddens with anger, and your eyes sparkle with rage, while you overpower him into obedience: or if your eye beams with tears of sorrow and affection, while you administer that "correction and reproof, which giveth wisdom." The former temper, if manifested, will excite only obstinacy and resentment; the latter will produce sorrow, contrition and amendment.

We may learn much respecting the sentiments and feelings of others, by looking into our own hearts. And we may learn much of what our children feel, by reverting to the days of our own childhood, and retracing its exercises. O, to trace the human heart, in all its windings, back to the days of our earliest remembrance—what a sad and appalling review!—Ingratitude to parents; impatience under restraint; disobedience and neglect of duties:—and of the sabbath, and worship of God, how often has the language of our hearts been, "What a weariness is it!" How early did the baleful passions of anger, resentment, and envy begin to burn within our bosoms: and how justly did our much loved poet say—

"Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death."

Do any really deny the native depravity of the human heart? Let  
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them look into their own bosoms, and consider what they find there. Let them *faithfully* educate a family, and narrowly watch the first dawnings of the infant mind. Methinks they must be convinced, without one reference to the oft repeated truth in holy writ. They need not go so far from themselves, to find that "every imagination of the thoughts of the heart is only evil continually." Can it be that this awful truth, so manifest, is by many denied! But, alas, the *understanding* also, is darkened by man's sad apostacy: and we now need the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to discover to us what is even in our own hearts, and what we every day see with our own eyes. Every bar and lock we affix in our houses, proves that we have "no confidence in a brother;" and that we are under the dire necessity of thus securing our property and our lives. A belief in this doctrine too, is by no means inconsistent, as some suppose, with the utmost love and goodwill to our neighbour, and to our children. Its proper tendency is, to redouble parental vigilance and activity; for we know that if the uncultivated soil will produce nothing but thorns and briers, we must prepare, and sow, and plant, with increased diligence and care.

(*To be continued.*)

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN,  
OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(*Continued from p. 452.*)

Nice, April 17, 1820.

My dear Friend,—You will perceive, from the time and place at which I now date, that my stay at Genoa has been very short: and you may well wonder that a place furnishing to an American stranger so much to excite curiosity, as well as to gratify it, should be so soon relinquished. Certainly it would not have been the case, had not health

been the sole object of my present regard: and a longer delay at Genoa promised nothing advantageous in relation to this object. The inflammation in my foot, cut me off, almost altogether, from the exercise of walking, or riding on horseback; and to ride through the crowded streets of Genoa in any wheel vehicle with a hired driver, is a tax both on patience and the pocket, altogether too much for one but slenderly furnished in both particulars. Besides, I have taken up the opinion that the inflammation referred to, being of the erysipelatous kind, is connected with my general debility; and to be removed by the same means that will give tone and vigour to my whole system; and for this, land travelling, under Providence, is my chief dependance. These considerations decided me to a hasty removal from a place which, to a traveller whose object was curiosity or amusement, would compensate a delay of some months.

Before proceeding to narrate the incidents connected with my voyage to this place, I have a few things further, and but a few, to communicate, relative to the one last left. I was not able to visit any of the churches at Genoa, which was matter of some regret; as they must contain much splendour of decoration, if their interior corresponded at all with their outward appearance. As I rode through the streets, I passed some vast edifices, built of the richest variegated marble, polished to the highest gloss that art could effect. Owing I presume to this superior polish, some of these churches maintained a freshness and lightness in their appearance, as if they had been built but yesterday; while time had thrown a dun and dusky hue over the houses of the streets, built of the same kind of materials, and perhaps about the same time. In all the Roman Catholick churches I have heretofore visited, I have found the exterior appearance to fall utterly

short of the magnificence of decoration within. If the same disparity characterizes the churches of Genoa, they must be grand indeed. Our Lord tells us that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light:" and from what I have seen, it would seem that the devotees of a false religion are more liberal for its support than the professors of the true. That Popery imposes immensely more expense than Protestantism, is beyond a doubt. With all the increased liberality which begins to characterize the present age of Protestantism, in the support of Bible, missionary, and tract societies, &c. &c., still the expenditures of Protestants in the cause of their religion falls materially short of the expenses of Roman Catholicks, in the support of their superstition; which upholds despotism in the state, while it entails death, spiritual and eternal, on themselves and the generations after them.

Mercantile business, we were told, is in a very depressed state in Genoa: and I was informed by the American consul at Messina, that the Genoese had sunk very much in their mercantile character; that while they had become little better than hucksters, as it regards the extent of their business, they were little better than hucksters also, in regard to the veracity and integrity of their dealings. Their harbour is certainly very beautiful, though not large; the shipping in it were not numerous, and consisted very much of small craft. I recognised none belonging to my country, and was told there was very little trade between Genoa and the United States. We have there a vice-consul, an American gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and whose kind offices and friendly attentions made me feel as though I had found a kinsman in a land of strangers. Our landlord at the hotel complained of very dull times, in his line of



business, and the emptiness of his vast house, furnished for a large number of visitors, showed that he did not complain without reason. By the way, this same landlord must be an exception from the common run of his craft, especially through these countries, who are said to vindicate their title to the character of "publicans and sinners," by the petty extortions they practise on their stranger guests. I had given him a great deal of trouble, during the week of my sojourn with him. No man could be more attentive than he was, and this with so much apparent sincerity, as made me believe it was his honest wish to oblige: and in the settlement of his bill, no man could be more distant from manifesting any disposition to extort. Certainly, if I have ever an opportunity, it will be a gratification to myself to comply with his request, by recommending to any of my countrymen who may visit Genoa, the *Grand Cross de Malta*, as a house of very excellent entertainment and very moderate expense.

The population of Genoa, as seen by me in the streets, were certainly of respectable appearance; well dressed, and of agreeable countenances. The streets were tolerably clean, and without any thing like the amount of squalid beggary, which disgraced the streets of Messina. I saw hanging at the doors of some of the wine dealers, a sample of skin bottles, or casks, not a little odd in their appearance: they resembled so entirely fat hogs, well cleaned, of full size, with head and feet, &c., that I had no suspicion of their being any thing else, until the oddity of such marketing, hanging at store doors, led me to inquire on the subject. This produced the information that these skins, instead of pork, contained wine, which the country people brought to market in this disguise. Whether these vessels were used on account of cheapness, or from what other motive, I did not inquire; very proba-

bly it is the result of custom, time out of mind. In these old countries, where religion and government have continued almost without improvement for ages, and have exerted such an unhappy hostility to the progress of the human mind, it is reasonable to expect that changes and improvements, in minor matters, will be much retarded. Whether this same cause operates to render even fashion more lingering in its changes, with regard to dress, I will not say; but I was surprised to see among the well dressed people in the streets, a much greater number of cocked hats, and other articles of dress rather grotesque, and belonging to the last age, than in the United States. Among the horses and mules too, while some had shoes formed as with us, others, according to old custom no doubt, had their feet set in a kind of cups, or plates, covering the whole bottom of the foot, and turning up round the edge of the hoof, to which they were nailed.

On the evening of the 14th inst. I embarked for this place. It was with much reluctance I once more submitted to be tossed by the winds and the waves, in the confinement of a ship. But there appeared, under existing circumstances, to be no alternative. The journey from Genoa to Nice by land, requires a long circuit round the projections of the sea, and over the Alps; where the road, for a considerable distance, will not admit of a wheel-carriage. My inflamed foot would not admit of the hanging posture required by the saddle; and my general debility called for the protection of a covered carriage, at this very uncertain season of the year. The gratification therefore of ascending the Alps, and from their "cloud-capped summits" surveying the prostrate countries, of France on the one hand, and Italy on the other, I was obliged to forego; and to take my passage in a small coaster, which the Italians

call a felucca, of still more diminutive size than the vessel that brought me to Genoa. It is really matter of great surprise, showing how far behind the new world this old country is in improvement, that the large cities round the coast of the Mediterranean, as Messina, Rome, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, &c., which maintain a constant intercourse with each other, and are places of much trade, should be without, not merely steam-boats with spacious accommodations, but even regular packets, affording to passengers the comforts of a decent cabin. Yet so it is: and it is all to be laid to the charge of a gloomy superstition, occupying the place of Christ's religion, and bending down the faculties of the human mind in a way that paralyzes the progress of every improvement.

It was the dusk of evening when I went on board. My friend O—, who was here to separate from me, intending to return by the way of Leghorn, and see more of Italy, together with the vice-consul, accompanied me to the ship. After they had taken leave, I found myself left to my meditations, in a diminutive and most cheerless looking vessel, affording no accommodations but the lumbered deck, without a human face to look upon that I had ever seen before; more debilitated in body than when I left the land of my home, and with a foot under a lingering inflammation, to such a degree as hardly to allow the exercise of walking about. I believe I never before felt myself in a situation so desolate. The captain of our puny barque had gone on shore after some business, which detained him until it was quite late; and consequently detained us from sailing. While the vessel lay motionless on the bosom of the water, alone and shrouded in darkness, I had full leisure to ruminate on the cheerless situation in which I found myself placed. Certainly I felt

myself needing, in an eminent degree, those supports which faith only can give, and which faith cannot fail to give *under all circumstances*. Ought that man to feel desolate or desponding, who has such a promise on which to depend, as the following: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee, with the right hand of my righteousness?" Relying on such a promise, one might venture cheerfully to the grave, to which he *must* go alone; and why then should he be cast down, though a lonely stranger, traversing strange lands and seas, more than four thousand miles from his home. It is faith that is the true fountain of courage; and he who has it in full measure, will be bold as a lion, while in the path of duty, however beset with danger, and though he has not a human being to stand at his back. You will not understand me here, as boasting of *my* attainments, (alas! they were very far short of this,) but as expressing what they ought to have been, and what I humbly hope was endeavoured after.

Between nine and ten o'clock the captain arrived, and we got under way. After a frugal supper, which every one made on his own provisions, we prepared to go to rest. A tarpaulin, i. e. a tarred canvas sheet, was thrown over head, and supported on poles, passing through the shrouds. This furnished a shelter from the air and dews of the night. Mats were spread on the deck, on which we laid down, and those who could do it, covered themselves with their own blankets and great coats. There were five passengers besides myself. Of these there were three whose appearance awakened no inquiry who they were. One of the five was a merchant of Smyrna, who spoke English, but was very little disposed to converse. The fifth was an English



surgeon, who had belonged to the army, and was living on his half pay. The situation of this man, being so much worse than my own, administered to me a strong reproof for the feelings of despondence, in which I felt myself too much disposed to indulge. He was far advanced in life, uncommonly corpulent, and far gone in a dropsy. His limbs were swollen like posts. He was equally without any one to feel an interest in him, with myself. So utterly unwieldy was he, that he did not venture to lie down, but sat up the whole night upon a trunk, in a very raw and damp atmosphere, without even the covering of a great coat. But what rendered his situation, and would have rendered any situation, deplorable in the extreme, was, his being a stranger, alike to the restraints and consolations of the gospel. He was most blasphemous in his expressions, and irritable in his temper, beyond any human being into whose company I have been thrown.—Wrathful passions were written with astonishing distinctness, in every feature of his countenance. I could not help feeling a degree of horror, while contemplating him as a spectacle of misery, with whom I would not have exchanged situations for a thousand worlds.

The morning of the succeeding day was fine, and the wind fair. But truly we know not what a day may bring forth. Towards the afternoon the clouds began to collect, the wind rose, and in the course of a few hours it became a perfect tempest—while the rain descended in torrents. Our situation, but uncomfortable at best, soon became really critical; as our ship was quite too diminutive to encounter the violence of the raging elements. We soon lost all care for our comfort, in our anxiety for the preservation of our lives. Our seamen however performed their part with admirable dexterity, and succeeded in running the vessel into a shelter-

ed bay, and casting anchor about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, opposite to a small village. Still however our situation was not without some danger. The vessel rocked on the tops of the waves like a cradle, and seemed at times as if it would capsize. Our Smyrna merchant, with another of the passengers, ventured with some of the sailors, into the long boat, to go on shore: promising if they found it practicable, that they would return before night for the rest of us. I had little expectation, if they once got on land, that they would think much about us; and indeed I had not much anxiety on the subject, as venturing into a small boat, in such an agitation of the elements, and crossing the breakers at the shore, appeared to be an increase of danger, quite equal to the increase of comfort, to be expected from getting to lodge in the village. Contrary however to my expectation, about dusk a large boat, well manned with additional hands from the town, arrived for us. And a more perilous effort I never witnessed, than taking our unwieldy surgeon from the rocking vessel, into the still more rocking boat at its side. It was done however without hurt, and our very obliging seamen, after running us safe through the breakers until the boat grounded on the shore, carried us on their shoulders from the boat to the land. Here we had great reason to be thankful for a warm supper and a comfortable bed. The next morning we were summoned early by our captain, to go on board; and very seldom have I witnessed a contrast more astonishing, than that which now appeared in the elements, from what they were the evening before.—All was serenity: the clouds had vanished; the winds had lulled; the raging waves had sunk into quietude—scarce a ripple was to be seen on the smooth face of the deep, which only a few hours ago raged with so much violence. Thus

the Almighty Ruler of the universe at one time displays his omnipotent power, by rousing the violence of the elements, and at another by hushing them into silence.—“He rebuked the winds and the waves, and there was a great calm.” And this surely, that he may awake in our insensible bosoms a becoming awe for his terrible majesty, united with humble confidence in the all-sufficiency of his power.

Shortly after getting on board, a fine breeze sprang up in the direction we wished, and brought us, about the going down of the sun, into the harbour of Nice. Our captain repaired immediately to the custom-house, and returned with the unwelcome intelligence that it was too late for the officers to transact any business, and that we must remain on board until the morning. Our Smyrna merchant, who understood such matters, requested him to return, with the offer of a few francs, to expedite our getting on shore. This message proved successful; and the expeditious clerk found light enough to examine our papers, and give us the necessary authority for having our baggage conveyed to a hotel.

I intend very shortly to leave this place, as I am very anxious to try the effect of land travelling, for which I have yet had no opportunity, since coming from my own country. But for this, I should be disposed to make some stay here; as it is really a very pleasant place, and I am situated at an excellent hotel, with a very obliging landlord. For this accommodation, I am indebted to an awkward, and at the time rather embarrassing occurrence, which serves as an example to show how much our comfort and discomfort, our success and disappointment in life, depend on the arrangements which Providence is pleased to make, of what, at the moment, seem to be trifling and fortuitous events. While I was waiting on the shore for a hack

to carry me, with the unwieldy Englishman, still worse fitted for walking than myself—before I was aware, a porter, who had been called to carry the baggage of some of the other passengers to another tavern than where we intended going, picked up my trunk, and was gone some distance with it. As I could not call to him in Italian to lay it down, I was compelled to follow after as well as I could; and was thus brought to excellent lodgings, with a landlord who has already rendered me some very kind offices in a very obliging manner. He is a Frenchman, who speaks English; and if not an honest man, he is so like one, that I can hardly help putting a good deal of confidence in him.

The city of Nice falls far short of Genoa, both in population and magnificence. It belongs to the king of Sardinia, and stands within a mile or two of the border of France. It consists of two distinct parts—an old and a modern town. The old part is extremely ugly; the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty, and the buildings mouldering with age. Only the impulse of strong curiosity, compelled me to submit to the penance of going through it. The modern part, though probably much less in population, is greater in extent; it is very pleasant, the streets wide and furnished with side walks, some of them planted with trees; and very much resembling some of our American towns. It is reputed to possess a mildness and salubrity of atmosphere, rather superior to any other city on the French side of the Alps: which makes it a place of great resort, by English travellers who are in pursuit of health: and so many of them come here in the last stages of decline, and die, as to give it the proverbial name of “the grave of the English.” Setting out from this place, I shall be turning my face towards *home*; and this circumstance seems already to be



felt like a cordial. After this I need not repeat how much you, and the relatives from whom I am so far separated, are upon my heart.

I remain, &c.

THE REV. MR. STEWART'S PRIVATE  
JOURNAL.

We have great pleasure in being able to continue, in our present number, the private journal of the Rev. Mr. Stewart. A short time since we had transmitted to us, by an obliging friend, the manuscript of which we now publish a part; and which we shall continue to publish, till the whole be laid before our readers. This manuscript is accompanied by a beautiful drawing, made by Mr. Stewart, of the island of Maui and the harbour of Lahaina. But as it would, in a plate, exhibit little more than that which we have already given—and the general accuracy of which it fully confirms—we shall not have it engraved.

Lahaina, Island of Maui,  
March 1, 1824.

Released for another quarter from writing the publick journal, I once more most cheerfully address myself to you, my beloved sister, with the design of communicating from time to time the most interesting occurrences *with us*. There has not been a period since we left America, when the privilege of writing to those we love—of making known to them the particulars of our situation, and of imparting the thoughts and feelings of our hearts—has appeared more valuable and precious than the present. If our thoughts ever revert with tenderness to the scenes and objects of our former happiness, it must be at times when we are situated as we now are, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Richards at Oahu:—when entirely alone, on one of the *specks of desolation* that constitute this solitary group. The various duties of the station (which now devolve entirely on me) prevent a feeling of

loneliness; but the want of all society, except that of our own little family, predisposes us in an unusual degree to frequent recollections of *home*; and we have never, perhaps, thought more, spoken more, and felt more, concerning yourself and family, and the many—many friends, in our native country, who are the objects of our warmest remembrance, than at the present time.

The weather too, to-day, is of a character to call up in our minds many domestick scenes, in which we have often had a part, when a lowering sky and driving storm had shut us within the walls of our houses; and by interrupting the ordinary engagements without doors have made us, in an especial manner, dependent on the family circle and fireside, for our pleasure and amusement. Indeed, the present aspect of every thing without, is one principal reason why I have taken up my pen: it is so totally different from all we have witnessed, except in one or two instances, since we arrived at the islands, that it is more worthy of notice than any thing that is just now taking place. Instead of using my own language, however, I beg leave to copy a few lines from a "*Sea Sketch*" which I have accidentally seen since the storm began. They struck me as highly descriptive of the actual state of things around us, and will convey to your mind, I think, a more correct and lively image of the scene, than any thing I myself could say—

—“Dark and portentous clouds o’er-  
hang the sea,  
While here and there upon the surgy tide,  
With bellied sails, the vessels, dim de-  
scried,  
Against the opposing blast toil heavily:  
On sullen wing, the sea-gull wheels away  
To isles remote, in crevice dank to dwell  
Of loftiest rock, beyond the utmost swell  
Of billow, lashing high its dizzy spray:—  
The wild waves curl their bleak and  
foamy heads,  
From the thick south the wind impatient  
raves—  
Tumultuous murmurs through the ocean  
caves

THE  
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

DECEMBER, 1825.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XVII.

(Concluded from p. 483.)

Having shown that Adam was the covenant head of his posterity, and likewise considered the equity of this appointment, it may be proper to say a few words on the manner in which a corrupt or depraved nature has been transmitted from one generation of man to another—from Adam to the present time. Nothing that I have ever seen on the subject—and much has been written on it—has appeared to me so pertinent as the following remarks of Dr. Witherspoon; and I only regret that he has not given more expansion to the few important and judicious observations which I shall now repeat—He says—“As to the transmission of original sin, the question is to be sure difficult, and we ought to be reserved upon the subject. St. Agustiné said, it was of more consequence to know how we are delivered from sin by Christ, than how we derive it from Adam. Yet we shall say a few words on this topick. It seems to be agreed by the greatest part, that the soul is not derived from our parents, by natural generation; and yet it seems not reasonable to suppose that the soul is created impure. Therefore it should follow, that a general corruption is communi-

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cated by the body; and that there is so close a union between the soul and body, that the impressions conveyed to us through the bodily organs, do tend to attach the affections of the soul to things earthly and sensible. If it should be said that the soul, on this supposition, must be united to the body as an act of punishment or severity: I would answer, that the soul is united to the body as an act of government, by which the Creator decreed that men should be propagated by way of natural generation. And many have supposed that the souls of all men that ever shall be, were created at the beginning of the world, and gradually came to the exercise of their powers, as the bodies came into existence to which they belong.”

Agreeing, as I do fully, with what is here stated, I shall do nothing more than enlarge a little, on the ideas suggested in the quotation. You will carefully observe then, that it is stated, that this is a difficult point in theology, and of course that we ought to be reserved in speaking upon it. Wherever scripture is silent, it is best for us either to be silent too, or else to speak with great diffidence and caution; and to lay down nothing that we would propose as a matter of faith, even to our own minds; but only as a speculation, in which the mind may indulge, as offering a solution of some difficulty, and which we may receive as probable,



happier shores, and here developed their baleful influence. "Let reason govern your children, and beware of severity and restraint; for if you break their wills, you break their hearts, and destroy every energy of their souls."—It was thus the gay widow of a French gentleman, taught at a party of the younger and the graver matrons of our village. Fortunately for us, we had before our eyes, in her family, evidence of the effects of her theory, when reduced to practice. And we saw that she herself, the most unhappy victim of the miserable consequences of this false maxim, was still blind to the cause of all her sufferings. She indeed broke not her childrens' wills, but it was only the want of sensibility, if they did not break a mother's heart! From the first day that our village was peopled, its inhabitants had never seen a family so dissolute—or at so early an age, so far advanced in the broad way to destruction. We are told to correct our children "while there is hope;" but these were soon beyond hope. I would not dare to record their crimes on this sheet.—They have gone far away. But the short and narrow grave of little François, remains to tell us what a mother is, without religion, prudence, and natural affection—totally destitute of all correct notions respecting parental duties.

(*To be continued.*)

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(*Continued from p. 503.*)

Montpellier, May 6, 1820.

My dear Friend,—My stay at Nice was very short; but not because it is a place without attractions. Had I been in health, with a pleasant companion, and furnish-

ed with letters of introduction to English society, of which I believe the place generally contains abundance, I could have passed a few weeks with much gratification. The spring was well advanced, in a climate where vegetation never entirely ceases: the environs of Nice presented much fine cultivation in the gardens: the distant Alps, whitened with snow on their summits, showed to much advantage; and the shore of the Mediterranean furnished a very delightful walk.—All this, in addition to a handsome city, as it regards the modern part of it, and a hotel of excellent accommodation, kept by a landlord who spoke English, remarkably obliging, sensible, and communicative, invited longer delay. But in my situation, five days sufficed to view the exterior of all that appeared worth seeing. Eager to try the effect of exercise, after my long confinement, I took passage in the publick stage for Marseilles; which you know is a principal city in the south of France, situated on the shore of the Mediterranean. About two miles from Nice, we left the dominions of his Sardinian majesty, and entered the territory of France. Here our passports were examined, and our trunks strictly searched for contraband goods.

My first day's travel was a day of interest never to be forgotten, from the great amount of novelty it presented from morning till night. Hitherto I had seen little more than *cities* of the old world, with their environs. On this day I was introduced in full, to the *country*—its towns and villages, its roads, its cultivation, and its outlandish inhabitants. And a strange country it did appear to me; differing in almost every thing from the land of my nativity. I am sure I should fail, if I should attempt to give you an adequate idea of things as they presented themselves to my view. Yet I cannot help trying, though I should not succeed, to give you

some description of a few of the objects, which, interesting as they appeared to me, would have had double interest, had I enjoyed your company to look at them with me.

The public stage, called here *the Diligence*, in which I was conveyed, was the first thing which called forth my wonder; and my wonder has not ceased to be called forth, as often as I have seen any of this sort of vehicles; which indeed I have generally found to correspond, as far as I have yet travelled. So rude, so clumsy, and so altogether grotesque are they in appearance, that, judging from them alone, I should suppose the people who use them to be no more than half emerged into civilization. The hubs project beyond the plane of the wheel at least one foot, and the ends of the axletrees project beyond the hubs some inches farther. The collars on the horses are at least one foot in thickness, and project above the horses' necks from twelve to fifteen inches, exactly like a sugar loaf. The hames which embrace these collars, and to which ropes instead of harness are fastened, are boards, four or five inches in width where they surround the collar, but rising with a rounding top on each side of the sugar loaf top of the collar, and spreading so as to show faces of from twelve to fifteen inches broad, fringed and painted in a way designed for ornament. The horses are always five, two behind and three before—frequently all studs. On the near hind horse the driver sits, dressed in a frock coat of linen or cotton, resembling our hunting shirts, dyed green, and amply furnished with fringe; with a little round hat, and his hair gathered into a queue of two or three inches in length: his legs are thrust into a pair of long boots, reaching in front some inches above the knee, and which cannot be less than from ten to twenty pounds weight each. That this is no exaggération you may believe, when I mention that

an American gentleman with whom I have conversed on the subject, estimated them at fifty pounds. They are made of wood, clasped with iron, and covered with leather. The design of them, I presume, is to protect the leg from the strokes of the tongue of the carriage, which passes between the horses. He drives ordinarily at the rate of from four to five miles per hour; except when entering a town or village, when he sets off at the fastest trot to which he can push his horses, and cracking his whip above his head with ceaseless vehemence, until he reaches the tavern where he is to stop. The inside of the stage contains two seats only, which accommodate three persons each, who face each other. The corner seats are much the most comfortable, especially those in the hinder part of the carriage, which allow the passengers to face the horses. The sittings are numbered: those in the corners answering to 1, 2, 3, 4, and those in the middle being counted 5, 6. The passengers are entitled to choose, in the order they take the stage; and are so marked on the way-bill; the first passenger being entitled to No. 1, &c.: and it has surprised me no little, as being so contrary to all I had heard of French politeness, that I have scarcely seen a Frenchman, entitled to any of the corner seats, resign his right in favour of a lady. What renders these corner seats peculiarly desirable is, the accommodation they furnish for sleeping; the back of the stage being stuffed and soft, as high as the head: and as the stage generally drives all night, a facility for sleep is of primary consideration. In front of the stage is a seat called the *cabriole*; which also accommodates three persons, and which in good weather is preferable to the inside. Here a passenger may be conveyed at about a fourth less expense; and if he chooses to occupy the top of the stage, where the baggage is often stowed in a



kind of basket, and on which he may sit, or lie, as likes him best, he may get along very cheap: and here I have sometimes seen as many passengers as in the inside. The cost of stage travelling, inside the coach, is very nearly equal per mile to what it is in the United States. Besides the driver, an officer always accompanies the coach, called the *conductor*. He occupies a seat in the *cabriolet*, and is the captain of the whole concern. He has the oversight of the horses, the driver, the baggage, and the passengers themselves, with whom he always eats at table, and sees very carefully to their comfortable accommodation. He is answerable for any baggage committed to his care: and the traveller, journeying the whole breadth of France, from the Alps to the Andes, need not give himself the least trouble to look after any thing in the charge of this officer—he will find all safe at his journey's end. The publick stages, on all the main routes, belong to the government, which of course reaps the profit. Private individuals, setting up any thing of the kind, must pay a heavy tax per head, on all the passengers they convey.

The first night after leaving Nice, we stayed at a town called Antilles, remarkable for its ugliness. Here I was again paraded before the police, and strictly catechised, as to whence I came, whither I was going, the object of my travel, my occupation, &c. &c. The passport I had brought with me was taken from me, to be transmitted to the general police office at Paris, where, I was told, I would again receive it; and a general travelling passport was given me, a copy of which was also to be sent to Paris. This travelling passport filled one face of a sheet of paper, and contained an inventory of all that belonged to my situation and external appearance—my age, occupation, stature, the colour of my

hair, of my eyes, my complexion, each feature of my face, &c. &c., all was distinctly expressed. While it was making out, I underwent a scrutiny by the clerk of the office, as if I had been before a painter, sitting for my likeness. Should I abscond at any time, it contains ample materials for a description in a public advertisement, that will render me very easy to be recognised.

During my journey, nothing of importance occurred. It was seldom that the stage was full; and my acquaintance with the French language was too deficient to allow me to have much intercourse with my fellow passengers. I performed, indeed, a very solitary journey, in the midst of ever changing company. I was always treated with civility, and in the publick houses found the waiters exceedingly attentive. One precaution I have found necessary in French inns, which is very customary, but which would be accounted grossly indecorous in an American tavern: it is, to inquire the price of any article of accommodation, previous to making use of it; without which, you will be in danger of extortion when you come to pay for it. The good inns are generally among the best houses in appearance, in the towns and villages. In their arrangements, they exhibit a surprising deviation from what is customary in America. The entrance into them is generally through the kitchen: and often the kitchen is the only general sitting room where fire is to be had; and the month of April, in this climate, contains a great deal of *raw* weather, which makes fire very necessary. A French kitchen is really a morsel of curiosity. Its variety of fireplace, and arrangements for boiling and roasting, with its multitude of utensils of all sizes, generally made of copper and kept very bright, clearly indicate it to be the laboratory of luxury: and certainly if I may

judge from what I have seen during my journey, the French are a very luxurious people. Generally, the regular meals per day, during stage travelling, were but two—breakfast and dinner; the first about 10 or 11 o'clock, and the last about sundown; but both meals are substantially the same—commencing with soup, and succeeded by a variety of roast and boiled, with wine in abundance. The only difference appeared to be a greater change of dishes at dinner, with a dessert, which the breakfast wanted. The tavern rates are hardly so dear as in the United States.

The appearance of the country through which I travelled, greatly disappointed me in one respect—in cultivation. The population of the country is evidently very full; and a much greater proportion of ground is under cultivation than with us: but the growing crops of grain and grass, do not manifest a luxuriance that indicates superior husbandry—rather the reverse. In many places, the vine and olive appear to be the chief objects of attention. The olive is planted in an orchard, like the apple tree with us, and has pretty much the size and appearance of the apple tree, except that in its leaf it more resembles the willow. The branches of this tree were generally killed last winter by the frost, which exceeded in severity any thing that has been known in this climate for almost a century. The farmers were lopping off the limbs, leaving only the stock, which showed symptoms of sprouting.

The vineyards are generally laid out like our cornfields, in rows both ways. The vines stand at the distance of eight or ten feet apart. They are cultivated exactly as we cultivate Indian corn, by ploughing and cross ploughing, hoeing and manuring round the root of the vine. In the fall, the whole growth of the vine is cut off to within a few inches of the ground. The

stump throws up new shoots in the spring following, which produce the grape: so that not only the grape, but the vine on which it grows, is the produce of the same summer. The vines are articles of great value as well as the grapes, as they constitute the chief firewood of the inhabitants. They are tied in sheaves, of about a double handful, and sold at so much per sheaf.

One thing I was grieved to see. It was the multitude of women, old and young, labouring in the fields. They were driving the plough, wielding the heavy mattock, and in short performing every kind of work which in Pennsylvania is done only by the stronger sex. I certainly think that during my travel, I saw a greater number of women than of men, in the fields, at the labours of husbandry: and at the inns I saw a greater number of men than of women, cooking in the kitchen, and doing the lighter work of waiters. Such a state of things appears to be decisive evidence that society is far back in improvement. The "lords of the creation" manifest themselves to be still allied to savages, so long as they play the tyrant over the weaker sex, and assume the lighter tasks to themselves. Whatever may take place in the polished circles of Paris, verily it is not in this region of France that the fair sex generally are treated with idolatry or flattery. They seem rather to occupy the station of the Gibeonites—to be "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" for their lords and masters.

The villages and small towns through which I have passed, and I have passed through a great many, (so that already I have but a confused recollection of them, like a dream) were, many of them at least, very shabby. The houses are mostly of stone, old and mouldering—many of them without floors on the ground story, and very few recent erections are to be seen. The streets are so narrow, as to render



it often impossible for wheel carriages to pass one another; and so dirty as to be very disgusting. On entering them in the evening, you encounter an atmosphere highly offensive. Certainly there were a number of exceptions; among which, I was particularly pleased with the town of Aix, about twenty miles from Marseilles. The Diligence made a stop here for some hours, which gave me an opportunity to view it. It is beautifully situated, in a level region of fertile country. The streets are wide and straight, furnished with side walks, (very uncommon in most of the towns that I have seen) and planted with trees. Many of the buildings are very fine. I am informed that many of the nobility reside here, and appearances indicate it.

On the evening of the third day after leaving Nice, I arrived at Marseilles, where I stopped several days. Some letters of introduction brought me into the acquaintance of several American families, who are established here as commission merchants, and to whose hospitality I have been greatly indebted. So far, I have found a countryman in a land of strangers, quite equal to a near kinsman at home. My stay in the place was too short to allow me to collect much that is worth communicating. It is a large city, containing a population of about 120,000 inhabitants. It possesses a delightful harbour, and seems to have a great deal of trade. Like Nice, and probably like most of the large cities of Europe, it consists of an ancient and a modern part. The modern part covers much the most ground, and is very handsome, with wide streets, well paved and clean. There are also some publick walks, planted with trees, that are very inviting. The ancient part of the city is truly a curiosity. It is separated from the modern part by a small rivulet, and covers the sides and top of a high and steep hill.

The houses are high, and very rude and old in their appearance. The streets are generally too narrow and steep, to admit any kind of carriage larger than a wheelbarrow, and withal very filthy. I presume the generations of human beings, who some thousand years ago first made it a city, were induced to locate it on such a rugged eminence, in preference to the fine level plain on which the modern part of the city stands, from a regard to their defence in time of war. In our world of war, every consideration of convenience and comfort has been sacrificed to that of safety. In fixing their habitations, men have been compelled to inquire, not where they might enjoy the greatest convenience, but where they might be best protected from the savage attacks of their fellow men. And yet, all their sufferings from war have had little or no effect, in disposing them to listen to that gospel which is emphatically the gospel of peace; and whose salvation will one day, even in our world we are assured, supersede the necessity of "walls and bulwarks."

As it respects religion, I have spent a very dreary time, I may say, ever since I left the good Methodists of Gibraltar. In all the hundred and twenty thousands of Marseilles, not one fell in my way with whom I could exchange a sentiment in religious converse. There are four Protestant ministers in Marseilles, who minister to two congregations: but understanding that none of them spoke English, I sought no introduction to them. I have learned from the Protestant minister here (Montpellier), that none of them are evangelical in their doctrines. I was in several of the Roman Catholick chapels of Marseilles, during my stay there; and I was surprised to see so little appearance of devotion among the worshippers. I presume it is to be accounted for from the general pre-



valence of infidelity in France, which has relaxed the bonds of superstition, even on the minds of the devotees of Popery.

Marseilles is situated in an exceedingly sterile region of country. On the road by which the publick coach entered it, for a considerable distance the immediate neighbourhood of the city appears, in a great measure, a waste; owing, it would seem, to the invincible barrenness of the soil—if that may be called soil, which is chiefly gravel and stones. There is indeed around the city, considerable ground brought under cultivation, by immense labour. The stones are gathered off, and built into high walls, which have the exceeding unpleasant effect of hiding every thing from the view. On almost every way by which you attempt to pass out of the city, you no sooner reach the termination of the buildings, than you find yourself between high stone walls, which treat you as a thief, by forbidding you ever to look within their enclosure, lest you should be tempted to break over and steal.

On one side of the city is a craggy promontory, that towers to a vast height. From its bare and rugged summit, to which I ascended with no small labour, there is to be enjoyed a prospect of great interest; though it exhibits nothing like a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. Immediately before you is to be seen the whole wide spread city. You look down into its streets and lanes, and see its whole arrangement, with all its suburbs and its beautiful harbour, so filled with masts of shipping as to look like a forest—the whole so near, that you are ready to think you could almost leap into it. On the left, you look over a vast space of the Mediterranean, far as your eye can carry its power of vision, until the blue water and the blue sky seem to meet and mingle. Beyond the city, in front of you, and all on the right hand, you look over

an immense territory of bare and barren country, but little cheered with pasturing flocks, or the smiling habitations of men. The whole furnishes a sight truly sublime, for its immensity and its wildness. But dearly did this delightful prospect, in a delightful day of April, seem to be purchased, when I looked away to the west for the land of my home—far, very far from my vision, and felt myself a lonely stranger on one of the mountains of France. I confess to you, that to have seen my own humble habitation, and to have been able to recognise the little domestick circle which I call *mine*, in health and in peace, would have been a joy, most gladly purchased by a surrender of all the sublime prospects which France, or which Europe, has to present. But still I enjoyed a privilege—which, could I have made the proper improvement of it, is ten thousand times greater than that of beholding all I call mine, in health and in my possession—a privilege which he who knows its value, would not surrender, for all that earth can give. It was the privilege of kneeling down on the mountain top, and by an act of faith and prayer, casting myself and mine on the mercy and the care of that Great Being, who is every where present, and whose command is, “casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.” There is a cordial in complying with this injunction, I verily believe, to the body, as well as to the mind. Often do I need it. Often, very often, may I and you know its refreshment. It will help us to forget the sorrows incident to our being strangers and sojourners in a vale of tears.

Most sincerely, yours, &c.

THE REV. MR. STEWART'S PRIVATE  
JOURNAL.

(Continued from p. 507.)

Friday, April 2d. Capt. Paddock, who has been most kind in his at-



THE  
**CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.**

JANUARY, 1826.

**Religious Communications.**

The following discourse was committed to the press, immediately after it was delivered; and a subscription for the copies of a small impression, was opened at the same time. Contrary to expectation, the number of copies subscribed for, was greater than the number printed. Hence, some of the subscribers, as well as some others, who have since expressed a wish to obtain a copy, have been disappointed. These considerations, together with the importance and general interest of the subject discussed, have determined the editor to give the discourse a place in the *Christian Advocate*. Those of his readers who may already possess copies, will excuse the appropriation of a few pages to the gratification of others, and to the promotion, it is hoped, of a most important charity.

THE CHRISTIAN DUTY OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN. *A Discourse, delivered in the Church of Princeton, New Jersey, August 23d, 1825, before the Princeton Female Society, for the Support of a Female School in India. By Ashbel Green, D.D. Published at the request of the Society.*

MARK xiv. 8.—First part.

“She hath done what she could—”

These words are found in the narrative of a very interesting incident, in the life of our blessed  
VOL. IV.—*Ch. Adv.*

Redeemer. Six days before the Jewish Passover at which he entered on his last sufferings, a supper, or festival entertainment, was made for him at Bethany; a village in the environs of Jerusalem, frequently mentioned in the evangelical history, and particularly memorable as the residence of Lazarus, whom he raised from the dead. The supper was made at the house of one Simon, a leper; who, it is highly probable, had been cleansed by the miraculous power of Christ. Lazarus was a guest at this entertainment; which some suppose was made, either wholly or in part, at his expense; and his sisters, Martha and Mary, were both present. With her characteristic activity, Martha served at the supper-table; and Mary, with her wonted reverential love to her Lord and Redeemer, and animated no doubt with the liveliest gratitude for the interposition of his almighty power, in calling her beloved brother from the tomb, gave him, on this occasion, a signal expression of her sense of obligation, and of the high estimation in which she wished that others should hold him. She had made preparation for this expression of her gratitude and love, by procuring an alabaster box of the most costly and fragrant ointment; such as was then used about the persons of individuals the most distinguished by birth or office—that with this she might anoint her benefactor, whom

tainments exceed theirs, as the mark at which they ought to aim.

Some have supposed that the evil of esteeming one's self too highly, is not so great as that of setting too low an estimate on one's abilities; for there are enough, it is said, in the world to pull down the proud, and few to raise the humble. This however is not altogether correct as to the fact; and besides, the sentiment is inconsistent with the word of God. We may make a low estimate of ourselves, and yet be confident, that by exertion and perseverance we may make great attainments.

I know that diffidence is very often the occasion of most painful sensations; but it is also attended with much good: and it always goes far, in recommending the possessor to the wise and candid, and in atoning for many casual mistakes. Are we not disposed to pay more attention to such, than to the bold and assuming? Let not your dear Charles and Ellen become those, whom their friends, for their good, will seek to humble by frequent neglect and reproof, and perhaps by severe mortification. Leave them not thus, to learn lessons of modesty and humility, which their own mother ought more kindly to have taught them. Above all, labour earnestly to teach them *Christian humility*; which differs widely from pusillanimity, and wider still from slovenliness in manners and appearance. It is a grace which must have its seat in the heart; and will be best cultivated, by instilling into their minds the great and fundamental truths of Christianity. Inspire them with a sense of the holy character of God; and of their own lost and sinful condition, by nature and by practice. Teach them the absolute necessity of the Holy Spirit, to renew and sanctify them—of the mediation and atonement of the Son of God—in short, of the whole plan of redemption. We are not as wise or

as faithful in teaching our children these things, as we should be. We do not sufficiently bring our ideas on these subjects, down to their apprehension; nor illustrate them, as might be done, by objects familiar to their minds. We often tell them they must be good; but do not discover to them the insufficiency of their own works to merit any favour from God; nor do we always, in language which they understand, teach them repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

(*To be continued.*)

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(*Continued from vol. iii. p. 552.*)

Montpelier, May 25, 1820.

My dear Friend,—My last from this place, gave you the result of my superficial observations, during the few days I acted the part of a looker on, in the great city of Marseilles. I took passage in the Diligence, the 25th of last month, for this place; the pleasantness of whose situation, unitedly with the supposed salubrity of the atmosphere, has made it, for ages, the resort of invalids, in pursuit of health. My travel here, which occupied a day and a half, including a night, produced little that is worth reciting. The country through which I passed, gives evidence of dense population, by its thickly planted houses, with large villages, at short distances. But its husbandry appeared to me to be, generally speaking, far from good. I saw much land that gave signs of great exhaustion; while the buildings and improvements, evidently indicated a poor and unimproving people.

The principal place through which I passed was Nismes: and it indeed is a great place, beautifully



situated, near the foot of a range of high rocky hills, in a fine and fertile plain. Its vicinity shows some very luxuriant vegetation. The stage stopped here early in the afternoon, and remained over night, which gave me some opportunity of looking at the place. Had I possessed the curiosity of health, instead of the languor and debility of disease, I should certainly have tarried a week; as there is much at Nismes, well worth the traveller's attention. There still exists here an amphitheatre, built by the ancient Romans, when they possessed the country, which is in surprising preservation. These kind of buildings, you know, were erected without cover, for the accommodation of the publick sports. This one at Nismes, is circular, built of massy stone, and covers a space of some acres—speaking by guess. You may form a correct idea of it, by conceiving of a huge bowl, whose bottom encloses a wide space, in which the shows and sports were exhibited; and whose sides within are lined with circular seats, rising one above the other, to the height of sixty or seventy feet. In two places, the depreddations of time have made rents in its sides, from the top to the bottom. It is surrounded with an iron paling; and is no doubt a relick of antiquity of sufficient value, from the resort of strangers which it helps to attract to the city, to merit the expense of such a measure for its preservation. I viewed it with deep interest; and who could have done otherwise?—having his thoughts carried back to the remote ages, when this stupendous fabrick was erected, for the pastime of the mighty masters of the world. And in what pastimes did they delight! how cruel! how savage! How immense the benefits of the gospel!—if only in this respect, that it has rescued Christendom from a taste for the murderous sports of fighting gladiators,

and other demoralizing shows, such as were here exhibited.

At no great distance from the amphitheatre, stands a temple of "The great goddess Diana"—probably not less ancient, and as a relick of heathenism, not less interesting. In size it resembles a small church, one story high. It is built altogether of marble, which from age has assumed a very sombre hue. It is without windows, or any avenue that I could discover, to admit the light. Having little time<sup>on</sup> hand, and in truth, feeling then a more than ordinary depression of spirits, which is always a sufficient damper to curiosity, I contented myself with viewing its exterior, without seeking admission within.

I have learned from the Protestant minister of this place, that Nismes contains a large Protestant population. There are three or four congregations, who have five pastors, settled over them. None of them however are considered entirely evangelical in their doctrines. One of them, is counted a man of some distinction, in point of talents. He conducts a monthly magazine, devoted to moral and literary subjects, with some mixture of religion.

I left Nismes early in the morning, and arrived at Montpellier by noon of the same day. Here I have concluded to make some stay, and try the benefit of this climate. I find constant travelling in the stage is too expensive, and too fatiguing. My first sally from the hotel, where the stage stopped, was to the house of Mons. Lasignot, the Protestant minister, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I found him sick in bed, not however very ill. He received me with much kindness, and I have since found in him a friend of much value. I have taken private lodgings, and ride on horseback almost daily. I have now been here four weeks, during which

I have seen much of the place, with its environs, and shall think my time not entirely lost, if, in communicating a little of what I have seen and heard, I am able to minister something to the gratification of your curiosity.

I would like, in the first place, to give you some idea of the city of Montpellier; as it appears to me a very odd place, quite different from every town I have yet seen in France, or any where else. As its name indicates, it occupies a hill of considerable height; or rather it is built on three sides of a hill, which rises in the midst of a plain, like a sugar-loaf—The very top of the hill, and one side of it, being the site of a publick square, and of a reservoir, which supplies the town with an abundance of fresh water. The ancient city is surrounded with a high and strong wall; but a considerable town has grown up on the outside of this wall. The streets, with the exception of two or three, are very narrow and very crooked; paved with round stones, without any foot-ways. There are no yards, either front or back of the houses. Every thing looks old and gloomy, and the style of building, though substantial, is very plain, and in many of the houses very ugly. The interior of the houses, of the middle class, differs in arrangement from any thing I have seen. You enter a passage on the ground floor, at the extremity of which you find a spiral staircase, usually of stone, with narrow steps, and without light, except what it receives at the bottom. By this you mount up, going round and round, as on the threads of a screw, and hold a rope in your hand, which hangs down loose from the top; and which is really necessary, to enable you to preserve your balance, as you ascend and descend. At each story, you find doors opening into the chambers, on all sides. It would seem as if the inhabitants, in constructing their houses, want-

ed nothing so much as room. Rows of houses are crowded on one another, so as hardly to allow a street between them, of sufficient width for a comfortable passage; and chambers are packed on chambers, without space for a comfortable stair-case to pass from one to another: as if the Almighty Artificer of the great globe of the earth, had constructed it of too limited dimensions, to allow its multiplied inhabitants to dwell together in comfort. But alas! it is man, himself, who, by his mischievous propensities, has marred his own enjoyment. His cities must be surrounded with walls, for safety from the attacks of his fellow man; and of course, the space within the protecting bulwark, must be husbanded, with an economy that puts comfort at defiance. Without the walls of this city there are considerable suburbs. A very handsome street, wide and planted with trees, passes nearly round the whole of Montpellier.

The publick walk, or square, that occupies the crown of the hill, on the three sides of which the city stands, is by far the greatest curiosity of the kind I have ever seen—the construction of which might have cost an expenditure, little short of what would be sufficient to build a small town. The top of the hill is reduced to a perfect level, making a surface of eight or ten acres, laid out in walks, and planted with trees. On the edge next the valley, farthest from the city, stands a stone temple, which covers a reservoir of water, for the supply of the city. This reservoir is replenished continually from an aqueduct of stone, which is carried high up in the air, over the valley, a distance of more than a quarter of a mile—commencing from the side of an opposite hill. Ranges of stone pillars, which, at the deepest place of the valley, cannot be less than from sixty to an hundred feet high, support this immense aqueduct, in



its course to the reservoir, where it makes its discharge. Standing on the verge of the hill top, and looking down, you see another publick walk, a great depth below you, about midway between the top and bottom of the hill. The sides of the hill have been dug down perpendicular, and a stone wall built up, to support the earth; and by levelling the earth so dug down, a terrace walk, more than twenty rods wide, perfectly level and planted with trees, has been made to surround the end of the hill, next to the valley; and it reaches along its sides, until it connects with the street outside of the walls of the city. The tops of the trees in this lower walk, are all nicely trimmed to one height; and this height corresponds with the level of the hill top, so that the spectator above, suffers no interruption of his view from the forest below; but looks over the level surface of the tree tops, to the beautiful prospects, which on every hand stretch as far as his eye can carry its vision, from the elevated station which he occupies. A most beautiful prospect indeed, is here to be enjoyed. On a clear day, the spectator who stands on the Peyron, (so they call the promenade on the hill top of Montpellier,) can look over the whole breadth of France; just discerning in the blue horizon on the north, the range of the Alps which separates France from Italy; and the nearly equidistant range of the Pyrenees, which divide it from Spain, on the south. On the east, he has a full view of the Mediterranean, a few miles distant; over which he can usually discern a few scattered sails, appearing like white specks, here and there, on the blue surface of the waters. It is my uniform practice, to spend an hour before breakfast on this delightful spot, where the sublime elevation, the never cloying beauty of the prospect, united with the general serenity and balminess of the morning air in the month of May, seem

to promise the happiest effects on the animal system; at least so far as the animal system can be operated upon by such causes. Being also usually alone, at so early an hour, the best opportunity is enjoyed for meditation and morning devotion—were my dull spirit only sufficiently excited, to seek its Maker and Redeemer, in this paradise of man's making, where art and taste have done so much. Here it has occurred to me, what a powerful auxiliary the wandering invalid might derive, towards the restoration of his health, from the full exercise of that faith which is "the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of things hoped for." The peace, the hope, the joy, thence resulting, and mingling with highly agreeable emotions—the elevation of animal spirits, produced by exhibitions, such as those referred to above—would certainly, at least double their effect, in giving health to the emaciated body. I do verily believe, if I had more faith, and could derive more refreshment from the exercises of devotion, that I should stand a much fairer chance for restoration—as I should certainly find an increased pleasure, in all those objects in which rational pleasure is found.

[The remainder of this interesting letter, we are obliged to defer till our next number.]

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

No. IV.

TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

"*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

It was in the close of autumn, when in my journeying through Scotland I arrived at its famed and interesting capital. Edinburgh has been so often described, and is so very familiar to the "mind's eye" of most of your readers, that I shall wave any minute delineation of it, and content myself with simply re-

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FEBRUARY, 1826.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XVIII.

The answer of our catechism next in order is the following—“The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery.”

The chief design of this answer is, to make the distribution of a subject, afterwards to be discussed. To say much upon it therefore, would only be to anticipate what is contained in the two subsequent answers. I shall merely request you to observe the nature and manner of the statement, made in this answer, which are—that the sin and misery brought upon mankind by the fall, are called an *estate*, that is, a permanent and invariable condition of existence, in which both sin and misery must be found by all the human race; and that sin is placed *before* misery, intimating that sin is the cause of misery, and misery the never failing consequence of sin.

These general truths are developed and illustrated in the two following answers, the first of which is thus expressed—“The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell, consists in the guilt of Adam’s first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin, together with

all actual transgressions which proceed from it.”

Original sin has been usually distinguished, or divided, by divines, into original sin *imputed*, and original sin *inherent*. Original sin imputed, is the guilt of Adam’s first sin, considered as belonging to each individual of his posterity, and subjecting such individual to punishment or suffering, on that account. This point, with the objections to it, were treated at some length in the last lecture; and it is not my purpose to resume the subject at present.

Original sin *inherent*, is what is called, in the answer before us,—“the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of our whole nature.” “The want of original righteousness” says Fisher, “is the want of that rectitude and purity of nature which Adam had in his first creation; consisting in a perfect conformity of all the powers and faculties of his soul to the holy nature of God, and to the law that was written on his heart. And that all mankind are destitute of this original righteousness, appears from the express testimony of God, that among all Adam’s race “there is none righteous, no not one;” and that “by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight.” It follows, upon this want of original righteousness, that all mankind are as it were, naked before God; and



When you ride or walk, let your Charles be one of the party. He will then become more willing to remain at home; and even now, may form a lasting attachment for his own fire-side. You will find many good opportunities while out, to give him some interesting lessons on a variety of objects, which will arrest his attention. A good mother cannot but feel her own enjoyments enhanced, when they are participated in by her children, and are rendered profitable to them. You know, my dear Mary, I never prosecuted a journey without some, or all of you, as my companions. These family tours were very delightful; and when your improvement was added to other considerations, we ever felt the time and the expense well applied.

I would not by any means recommend to you a line of conduct, which my own practice has not sanctioned, and my own experience proved to be useful. And I am thus authorized to charge you, never to leave your children at home, when you prosecute a journey. Say not, they will destroy all your pleasures; for a mother has no right to pleasures, which can be thus destroyed. If the circumstances of the case are such that at least a part of them cannot go, then remain at home with them. Do you say that they may be troublesome to your friends? Then visit these friends the more seldom.

The lives, no less than the morals of children, are endangered, in the absence of their parents. I have known more than one instance, within the circle of my acquaintance, where a mother, having reached her home after a long absence, found that her darling child flew not to meet her glad return, and to receive the kiss of parental affection—His lips were sealed in death, and the clods of the valley had covered him forever from her view. Some cases I have also known, when disease had taken deep root,

and the mother returned but to perform the last sad offices to an expiring child. The bounds of life, it is true, are set, "that they cannot be passed." Still, as God has appointed means for preserving life, it is our indispensable duty to make use of these means. And a mother's affectionate, unremitting care, may go far in preventing disease, and in restoring health.

Such sad catastrophes as I have just alluded to, I know are rare; but it is not rare to see children, in the absence of their parents, rushing headlong into vice and immorality—often with the connivance of unfaithful servants. O, leave them not to themselves, even for a night, unless in some great and imperious exigencies. Then, at the call of duty, leave them—not alone—not with confidence in servants only—but *leave them with your God*. Go in the confidence of faith—leaving them as helpless orphans in his hands: And if then you see them no more, submit to his righteous providence.

(To be continued.)

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 24.)

The environs of Montpelier contain some very fine garden grounds, which supply the city with vegetables. Being generally without enclosures, I have derived no small pleasure from sauntering through them, without ever being challenged for intrusion. My attention has been particularly attracted to a simple contrivance, for giving to these gardens the necessary supply of water. Every garden of moderate size has a well in it; into which a large wheel, furnished with an abundance of earthen pots, attached to

its circumference as buckets, dips, and which in its revolutions, lifts the water and empties it into a trough, whence it passes to the beds nicely adjusted to receive it, for the purpose of irrigation. This wheel, by means of a very simple gearing, is turned by a mule; and it is really astonishing to see the quantity of water it will throw up. It makes a current that I am satisfied may be estimated at thirty or forty gallons per minute. This climate must be very dry, since in the month of May the watering of gardens is so universal. Yet I have found, since I have been here, a great prevalence of cloudy weather, and of threatening appearances of rain, which nevertheless have passed off, without any. It is very common, especially in the after part of the day, to see dark clouds rising in the west, whose appearance, to one accustomed to the American climate, seems to threaten torrents of rain, and yet they produce only a hurricane of wind and the sweeping of the dust from the dry surface of the earth, in quantities most annoying to the unhappy wight who is caught out in this dry storm, as I have sometimes been. The drought, the wind, and dust combined, must certainly be regarded as a serious calamity in this climate; if they prevail through the summer season, as I have experienced them since I have been here.

The country, in every direction around Montpellier, whenever you pass beyond the application of the manure which the city furnishes, is generally poor. On the side next to the Mediterranean, it is very level, and a great deal of land is lying waste, overgrown with bushes; land too, quite as capable of cultivation, as much that is under it. On the other side of the city from the sea, the country soon becomes very hilly, and the hills are very rocky and barren. The vine is the principal article of cultivation; and I have been astonished, to see it

growing out of a soil, that showed on the surface scarcely any thing but pebbles and gravel. This pebbly soil produces the best wine, though deficient in quantity. I am informed, that no vegetable is so much affected in its juices, from the nature of the soil on which it grows, as the vine. Almost every vineyard produces its own variety of wine; and this, as much from the nature of its soil, as the kind of vine with which it is planted. In this region of country, they reckon upwards of sixty different varieties of wine. In making it, a very great deal depends on the process of fermentation; and the proper method of conducting it, is quite an art and mystery, of difficult acquirement. This belongs to the wine dealers, who purchase the wines from the press, and manage the fermentation themselves. I am inclined to think that in Pennsylvania, a leading obstacle to success in the cultivation of grapes, will be found in the wetness of the climate. In this country, the grape is said to be a very uncertain article of cultivation—so much so, that a full crop does not generally occur oftener than once in four years: and nothing more certainly destroys it than a wet season: and I think it highly probable, that what is esteemed a wet season here, would be accounted with you one of great drought. The vine seems to be the gift of Providence to dry and poor countries. Besides the wine, it is the source of considerable profit, in this region, from the manufacture of verdigris, of which it is the principal ingredient. The process by which the verdigris is obtained is very simple. The husks of the grape that remain after the wine is expressed, are thrown into open vessels, and thin plates of copper are inserted into them. In the course of some time, the action of the acid on the refuse of the grapes, generates the verdigris on the outside of the copper, which being



scraped off, the plates are put back, to undergo the same process.

As a production of agriculture, the vine appears to be little favourable towards increasing the fertility of the soil. The land of a vineyard must be frequently tilled, so as to keep down every other vegetation. The vine itself is an exhauster, though perhaps not a severe one; and it furnishes almost nothing in the way of manure; so that a wine country never can be a very fertile country; and the great mass of its population must, of course, be poor. Abundant evidence is furnished, that this is really the situation of a great part of the inhabitants of this region, both in town and country. The habitations of the country people, are generally very mean; and a number of villages, which I have visited, at the distance of from two to six miles from the city, are really wretched. No doubt, the long wars which have succeeded the revolution, have had a most unhappy effect on agriculture, as well as every thing else, which constitutes the real prosperity of the country. One effect of these depopulating wars, which is most deplorable while it is most evident, is, the deficiency of male population. I was not long in the place, before I was struck with the excess of women, every where manifest. In the streets, at the market, in the fields, at the labours of husbandry, in the churches, it appears to me, two-thirds of all that are to be seen are women. My observation is corroborated by that of others, with whom I have conversed on the subject.

How dreadful are the calamities of war, even the most successful, to a country? In addition to the miseries of the camp, and the horrors of the field of battle, what floods of anguish must inundate the whole country, entering into almost every house, and producing the wailings of bereavement, for a lost husband, a lost son, a lost brother, a lost friend or neighbour: and certainly,

not the least evil, is the afflicting and demoralizing state of things produced, when a material disparity is created in the number of the sexes: and when we reflect, that the *only* effectual remedy for war, with all the other evils which spread misery through our world, is the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is emphatically the gospel of *peace*—how ought it to stimulate the efforts of every individual, who has any effort within his reach, to spread this gospel to the ends of the earth? What a criminal thing, moreover, is it, to indulge apathy and indolence, in a matter of such infinite moment to the welfare of man? We cry aloud against Bonaparte, and the whole race of despots, who make war their pastime and their glory; and surely their guilt exceeds calculation—Yet they are legitimate subjects of the supplication, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” And is there not reason to apprehend, that their guilt is not greater in the eyes of **HIM**, “with whom actions are weighed,” than that of the lukewarm professor and possessor of the gospel, who knows its blessed doctrines, and neglects to teach them to those who know them not?—who withholds his mite towards imparting its high and holy privileges to those who are perishing, not temporally only, but eternally, for want of them? I think at this moment, if I had an opportunity of addressing my countrywomen, the mothers and sisters of America, to the utmost of my feeble ability would I press upon them, how much they owe to the gospel, for that elevation in society, which they certainly enjoy, above the daughters of France: and the obligations thence resulting, to throw all the weight of their influence, their efforts, and their liberality, into the gospel scale; that their daughters and granddaughters, and their sex generally throughout the world, may in due time inherit, not merely

their elevation, their present comforts and hopes, but those that will be still greater, "when the ends of the earth shall remember, and turn to the Lord, and all kindreds of the nations worship before him." But it is time for me to stop, as I find I have got to preaching—and letters, not sermons, are what you will be looking for. Alas! I have little opportunity for sermons, either my own or those of others, in this thrice barren region, this moral desert. You will therefore excuse me, if sometimes I preach to you and to myself, for want of a more numerous audience.

I remain, yours, &c.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

A HINT TO PUBLISHERS OF BOOKS.

Mr. Editor,—I somewhat fear you will grudge the space which these lines, if admitted, will occupy in your useful miscellany, however small that space may be; for I readily acknowledge, that what I am now about to suggest is, in point of importance, far inferior to the bulk of what generally appears, in the instructive columns of the *Christian Advocate*. It is, nevertheless, my conviction, that what I have to state ought to be generally known; and I cannot think of a more effectual method of propagating the knowledge of it, than by communicating it, through the medium of one of your pages, to the publick. Without further preface, then, Mr. Editor, allow me to complain to you, of a practice, which, among those for whom this hint is designed, has, within a few years past, become very prevalent; and which operates as a serious grievance to many individuals, whose circumstances in life do not very well prepare them for meeting the demands to which this practice subjects them. It has, of late, become a very general practice, with

publishers of books, to forward, to every clergyman whose address they can ascertain, a printed prospectus of every work they contemplate publishing; accompanied by a circular letter, recommending the proposed work, and soliciting patronage for it. These proposals and circular letters, they invariably forward by mail; and as invariably, *neglect to pay the postage*. It is of this latter circumstance, that I feel it my duty, as well on my own behalf as on behalf of many of my brethren, to complain. If, indeed, communications of the description I have mentioned were received but seldom, I readily grant, that the complaint might justly be regarded as of a trifling character; for, notwithstanding the complaining attitude in which I now appear before you, I assure you, Sir, there are few articles of expense, which, in general, afford me more pleasure, than the postage I have to pay for letters, received from friends and acquaintances. But really, Mr. Editor, letters, papers and pamphlets, of the description to which I now refer, come so very often, that it actually amounts to a serious grievance. I have heard my brethren complain of it again and again; and for myself, I can say with truth, that it is a grievance to which I have been subjected for the last seven or eight years, to an extent far beyond what ought to be expected from my limited circumstances. Lest I should be tedious, I will add but one remark more. If the gentlemen who send us the communications of which I have spoken, knew how inadequate that provision is, which southern congregations, with a very few honourable exceptions, make, for the temporal support of their ministers, they would exercise a little more forbearance towards us. If you can spare sufficient space, in the *Christian Advocate*, for this communication, it may, perhaps, relieve, from an un-



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MARCH, 1826.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XVIII.

(Continued from p. 52.)

Let us now consider, in the next answer of our catechism, the lamentable and appalling consequences of man's apostacy from God—"All mankind, by their fall, lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever."

Awful, indeed, my young friends, is the description here given, of the condition to which mankind are reduced by the fall. But since the description is as just as it is awful, let us attend to it carefully; let us consider it most seriously. It is by such attention and consideration, that we shall be most likely to escape ultimately, from the misery of that estate into which sin has brought us.

The first ingredient of this misery, mentioned in the answer we consider, is *the loss of communion with God*—a loss and a misery indeed! Before the fall, Adam had the most delightful intimacy, the most pure and sublime intercourse, with his Maker, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his gracious presence. Of this he was instantly and totally deprived, by the fall. He feared and fled from the pre-

sence of his God; and vainly attempted to hide himself among the trees of the garden. From that unhappy hour till the present, man in his natural state, has no desire after communion with his Creator. Indeed, on the ground of the covenant of works violated by sin, he is not permitted to approach his God: and though a new way of approach is opened, through the covenant of grace and the mediation of Christ, yet such is the awful and inveterate aversion of man's unrenewed heart, to all intercourse with a holy God, that he constantly refuses it. The very recollection of the Divine presence is avoided, as much as possible. Hence the Psalmist's character of the wicked—"God is not in all his thoughts." Now, this disinclination to communion with God, is equally the misery and the guilt of man. It is sensible nearness to God, and holy intercourse with him, which constitutes the happiness of heaven, and the highest pleasure of every saint on earth. But to all this, every unsanctified sinner is a total stranger—Thus does the delirium of sin render him hostile even to his own felicity.

The next ingredient of the misery induced by sin, which we are called to notice, is—"the wrath and curse of God." God is said in Scripture, to be "angry with the wicked every day." It is also declared, that "his wrath is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men;

know it: for if their prejudice is excited, and their respect for their teacher destroyed, be assured that their progress will be greatly impeded, if not entirely at an end.

Parents should be very careful to know to whom they delegate their power in the matter of instructing their children; and when this is done, they should cordially acquiesce in his plans, and not attempt to dictate them. Should there be unforeseen errors, take the earliest opportunity of conversing with candour on the subject. There may have been some misunderstanding, or misrepresentation. But you should even suffer much in your own feelings, and be well assured that there is the best cause for it, before you take your child from a school.

When an idle and disobedient child has been justly corrected at school, I have known the parents, from motives of resentment, take their darling home; and this successively, with every teacher, however highly approved by others. But the child in every such case is the principal sufferer. He soon finds himself far outstripped by those who had been his equals; and becomes through life their inferior—O, how can any parent compensate a child for this!

Without a very good reason, allow not Charles to be absent from school even a day; nor ever suffer him by teasing you, to obtain consent for this, against your better judgment. If he knows that by entreaties he can gain his point, be assured the efficacy of entreaties will be often and artfully tried; and the more he remains at home, the more reluctant will he be to attend school. He should hardly know that such a thing is possible, except in the case of ill-health. You will again feel the necessity of inquiring with whom he associates most intimately; for the circle is large and promiscuous, from which, at a publick school, he may select his companions. See

that *they* whom you chose for him in his earlier days, may as far as possible, *yet* remain his best loved friends. The views of *their* parents were similar to your own. These friends may be a mutual advantage and support to each other. They may, if they are worthy of, and satisfied with each other's friendship, prevent many unhappy connexions, which might otherwise be formed; they may become a mutual defence; "and a threefold cord is not easily broken."

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 71.)

Montpelier, June 1st, 1820.

My dear Friend—My stay at this place has been longer than at first I intended. The reason is, some improvement of health makes me willing to remain yet a while, in order to allow means, which promise something, a full opportunity to work their proper effect. This place has been long celebrated as the seat of medical science. Its school is the general resort of students of medicine in the south of France, and a standing is claimed for it, inferior to no establishment of the kind in this country. The kindness of a mercantile gentleman, the son of a Protestant clergyman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, has introduced me to a Dr. Cretian, who is said to be at the head of his profession in Montpelier, and for whose judgment and candour I have conceived a high respect. By his prescription I drink asses' milk, in connexion with a very weak extract of bark; and this, with a proper attention to diet and exercise, is all that he allows. He advises, as soon as the hot weather shall set in, to repair to Bagniers, a watering place



in the Pyrenees, on the borders of Spain, from the medical virtues of whose waters he predicts, with certainty, the most happy restorative effects. Asses' milk, I am informed, is considered among the chief restoratives, in all cases of general debility in this country. I take it early in the morning, to the amount of something more than a pint, warm from the animal, milked at the door of my lodgings. I find myself certainly a little recruited, though no radical change is yet indicated on my debilitated organs of digestion.

The ass appears to be a very important animal in this country; affording not only medicine, but also a much greater amount of labour than any other of the four-footed tribe, both in cultivating the ground and in carrying its produce to market. To me it is decisive evidence of the backward state of improvement, when I see every where so many of this diminutive, slow, ill-humoured race at work, and that too under the management of women; when the horse or mule, directed by the stronger sex, would be so much more effective. Its astonishing durability and easiness of *keep*, recommend it to a poor and ignorant population; such as the great mass of the French, in this region of country, unquestionably are. That they are a poor people, is sufficiently evident on looking at their persons, their dwellings, and the general face of their country. And a poor people, from the very want of the means of information, must, generally speaking, be ignorant; more especially when, as it is here, not more than one in twenty of them has been taught to read.

That Montpellier is a place of general health, I think is not to be doubted. Its high, airy situation, the mildness of its winter (there being but little frost) and the dryness of its summer, with its distance from any stagnant water, must altogether be favourable to

health. But it has one drawback, and one which I conceive constitutes a capital objection to its being a suitable residence for invalids—I refer to the high, sharp winds, blowing occasionally from the sea, similar to what I have mentioned as prevailing in all the cities on the Mediterranean where I have been. Perhaps the sensibility of my nervous system, leads me to estimate it beyond what I ought; and it may be too, that it prevails at this particular season of the year more than at other times. But its existence, as a serious calamity to the place, is evident, from the common appellation given it by the inhabitants. They call it *mal vent de mer*, the bad wind from the sea. I am informed that invalids, far gone in decline are, on coming here, frequently carried off very rapidly; owing very much to the severe operation of this wind upon their system.

The botanick garden, attached to the Medical Seminary, is one of the most interesting items of general curiosity, to be found at this place. It is a grand establishment, which does much honour to the country. Independently of its utility, as a means of communicating botanical and medical instruction, it affords to the citizens and strangers, who have at all times free access to it, a most delightful retirement. It reminds one of the ancient paradise, occupied by the first progenitors of the human family, while in a state of innocence. It is situated in the suburbs, outside of the walls, on the north side of the hill on which the city stands. One part of it contains many varieties of the tree kind, from the lofty oak to the lowly shrub, arranged in rows and beds, with gravel walks in all directions. Another part is devoted to the endless catalogue of plants and herbs; the whole exhibiting the amazing bounty of Nature's God, in the superabundance and endless variety of the vegetable kingdom. But alas! the calamity of ignorance. I have

felt it as a real drawback on my enjoyment, while sauntering for hours, as I often have done, through this enchanting place, to reflect that of the nature and properties of the wonderful vegetable creation with which I was surrounded, I knew almost nothing. Nay, of the very names of by far the greater part of the plants I was utterly ignorant. What would I now give for the botanist's knowledge? Surely, the blindness which has happened to fallen man, as it regards only the things of nature, is a dreadful calamity. Our first father, while in his sinless state, could look into the very nature of all he beheld in creation, and give to every thing a name according to its properties. Had I such knowledge, and without the hard drudgery of learning—which, after all, can arrive at little more than a guessing acquaintance with the objects of its study—how would it increase, a thousand fold, the gratification of an afternoon's ramble through this Eden in miniature. Let me then try to turn my ignorance to some account, by deriving from the heavy privation it inflicts, a powerful stimulus to increased diligence, in pursuit of that immortality which numbers among its boundless blessings, a knowledge something like the omniscience of Deity—when we shall “see as we are seen, and know as we are known.”

One corner of the botanick garden, comprehending several acres, is too steep and rugged to allow of cultivation. It remains in all its original rudeness, covered with trees, rocks and bushes; thus exhibiting, in striking contrast, the wildness of nature, alongside of the beauties of cultivation. In this sequestered place, tradition has marked the spot—a kind of grotto, formed by the projecting rocks—where Young buried his lamented Narcissa. Then, as in some countries yet, the ruthless spirit of popery denied to Protes-

tants the right of sepulture; and this compelled the weeping poet, under the darkness of night, in this lonely retirement to “steal a grave”—

“More like her murderer than friend, I  
crept,  
With soft suspended step; and muffl'd  
deep  
In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last  
sigh.”

Some time ago, an English comedian on his travels in this country, commemorated the spot, by the erection of a monument, corresponding in its simplicity with the rudeness of the surrounding scenery. It consists of a plain board, bearing this inscription,

“Narcissæ flentibus manibus.”\*

Since I have been at Montpellier, I have been introduced to something of a new manner of living, but which is universal among all strangers and natives who are at boarding. I inhabit a furnished room in the house of a private family, for which I pay about five dollars per month. Here I am provided with a morning and evening meal of coffee, chocolate, &c. as I may choose; for which I pay the simple cost of the materials, without any extra charge for cooking. For dinner, I must go to what they call the *Restaurateur*, of which there are abundance in the place. It is simply an eating house; and it is an establishment of some curiosity. On entering it, you are introduced to a large eating room, filled with tables, covered with clean table-cloths. The tables are of different sizes, to accommodate companies of different numbers, from one to a dozen. On setting down at one of these tables, you are presented, at your request, with a printed sheet, containing the whole catalogue of eatables, furnished at the house, with the price marked for a given quantity of each; which given quantity

\* To the sorrowing shade of Narcissus.



is understood to be about a sufficiency of the article for one person. From this bill of fare, you may select your dinner, consisting of the most extensive variety of dishes; or you may make your meal of one item. Your cost will be a few sous, in addition for each article you order. If you call for wine, a bottle will be produced, at a marked price, according to the kind of wine; and whatever you leave will be corked up, and again brought forward at your next visit, if that should be a week after. In this way your dinner may cost you just what you please, from six cents, to a dollar, or a guinea. The cooks are generally men, who have their fires burning, their pots boiling, their materials at hand, their shirts rolled up to their elbows; in short, every thing in the most perfect readiness, to execute the ordered cookery at the shortest possible notice. And it is surprising with what celerity of execution, at any hour of the day, a dinner of roast and boiled will be provided.

The fashionable hour for dinner with the higher classes, and all who ape them, is after sun-down. And with these fashionables, in conversation, it is always morning, until after dinner. But the lateness of the dinner hour, makes the phraseology often strike the ear of one unaccustomed to it, as very ridiculous. A few evenings ago, returning into the city, from an afternoon's ride, I was accosted by a young French officer, with whom I have made some acquaintance, with the salutation, "good morning, sir." At that moment, the last rays of the evening sun were just gilding the tops of the hills. This, by the by, is no unfair sample of what fashion frequently is,—a perversion of common sense; and if it was never found, in equal degree, a perversion of God's enactments, it would be the less matter.

Owing to my deficient acquaintance with the language, I have had

but a slender opportunity of remarking on French society. My almost daily companion has been a young Englishman, with whom I became accidentally acquainted; and who has become the victim of a headstrong passion, to a degree beyond any being, with the operations of whose heart I have ever before been acquainted. He is here, like myself, in pursuit of health. He has received a liberal education, and is pleasing in his manners, free from profanity, and with the exception of knowing little about religion, and being evidently without its power, he is not a disagreeable companion. He was brought up in London, and came to Montpellier, about six months ago, under an incipient affection of his breast: and until very lately had flattered himself with being nearly restored. He has fallen excessively in love with a young French lady, but a few months married. So completely has the fascination possessed his mind, that he could not refrain from talking about her; till at length, suspecting his situation, I drew from him the full disclosure. He does not pretend to justify his passion; but pleads in palliation, the universality of such attachments in French society; and says, "in Rome, a man may do as Rome does." He has not yet had a fit opportunity of making any explicit avowals, to the object of his criminal attentions; but thinks he has sufficient reason to flatter himself, that she is not entirely indifferent to him. A week or two ago he was at an entertainment, where she also was a guest; and which closed, with a great degree of revelling. He declared to me, that such was the amount of the evening's enjoyment, flowing partly from the amusement with which the feasting was accompanied, and partly from her society, that a repetition of the same happiness, through six evenings in succession, he would

willingly purchase, at the price of his whole future earthly existence. This he averred, declaring himself in sober earnest. Such is the intoxication, even to derangement, with which sinful pleasure is capable of affecting the minds of her deluded votaries. What a lamentable example is this young man of the truth of Solomon's remark, "Yea also, the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart, while they live." Every consideration I could think of, derived both from time and eternity, I have urged upon him, to awaken him from his deep delusion; but altogether without effect. This week he spent an evening at my lodging, much dejected, on account of a spitting of blood, which has returned upon him. That this occurrence has been the result of the irregularities in which he has indulged, and especially of the high excitement of his mind, I have no doubt. I embraced the opportunity thus presented, of reiterating my admonitions, entreating him, if he found it impossible to control his passion, to forsake the place, and accompany me to Toulouse, whither I expect in a few days to remove. While conversing with him on the subject, he discovered through the window, in a large room on the opposite side of the street, the object of his unhallowed attachment, making one in a company assembled at an entertainment. Immediately his attention became rivetted to the window, during the remainder of the time he stayed; and all I could say, was like an attempt to "charm the adder."

I verily think, that sending a young man, on whose heart grace has no hold, or whose habits of self control are not fixed, into this land of dissipation for his health, is about as hazardous an experiment as can well be made. Any good effect produced, by change of climate, diet, &c. will, in all probability, be far more than counterbalanced by

the seducements of dissipation, when health begins to be restored. That great dissipation prevails here, is abundantly evident, to one who is only a looker on, without mingling at all in society. Through the day, generally, the streets are comparatively empty, and every body seems following some employment, in an every day dress. But at the approach of evening, the metamorphosis is astonishing: it seems as if the whole population had come forth like butterflies, dressed in their gayest attire, in pursuit of flowers; and the variety of amusement, carried on by moonlight and lamplight, would require other powers than mine to describe—if indeed they were worth description. Never have I before witnessed exhibitions, which so forcibly reminded me of John Bunyan's "Vanity Fair."

Montpelier has a Protestant church, very respectable, as it regards both the size of the building, and the number and appearance of the congregation who worship in it. It is served by two pastors, of whom Mons. Lassignol is the junior. He is a very evangelical man, and if his life is spared, promises great usefulness. His appearance indicates him to be but a little turned of thirty. He reads English, and speaks it a little. His library contains a good selection of our most approved English authors on the subject of theology. The account he gives me of the senior pastor his colleague, is, that he is a man of the world—in his doctrine something between an Arminian and a Socinian—quite opposed to evangelical piety, which he regards as enthusiasm. And such are the great majority of the Protestants throughout France. The principal part of the congregation harmonize with the senior pastor; and of course, Mons. Lassignol is with them a very unpopular man. He scarcely counts on twenty in the whole congregation, who are really pious. Of the consistory, answering to our ses-



of a regard to the religion of their fathers, had a partiality for it, and easily fell into some outward profession of it. It is thus that Popery, by destroying the Protestant religion, produced infidelity; which has avenged the blood of the martyred Protestants seven fold, and may ultimately have a leading instrumentality in putting down the "man of sin."

Perhaps Mons. L——, a wine merchant, to whose civilities I am much indebted, may be quoted as no unfair sample of what too many of the Protestants are, in point of genuine religion. I had brought to him a letter of introduction when I came here, and very politely on the next Sabbath morning, he called at my lodging, and offered to conduct me to the church. Accordingly, having taken me to the vestibule, and committed me to the care of the sexton to show me to a seat, he turned and went away. And though a member of the consistory, in other words an elder, I have not seen him at publick worship since I have been here. Nay, some time after, wishing to have a conversation with my physician, I requested his kind offices as an interpreter. He invited me to call the next morning, at an early hour, at his counting house, and said he would accompany me. I did so; and to my surprise, (it being the Sabbath) I found him with three or four clerks, engaged exactly as on any other day of the week. Still, however, Mons. Lassignol, is greatly encouraged with the growing progress of evangelical piety among the Protestants. He is able to mention several ministers, men of standing and influence, who, he says, are coming over to that side. He has a right to be encouraged on that subject. It is the Lord's cause, and we know "by whom Jacob can arise when he is small." But verily, to encounter the opposition which must be encountered from a variety of quar-

ters, requires a courage which faith only can give.

Yours, &c.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

No. V.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Mr. Editor—I confess that my chief attachment to Scotland arises from her attachment to Presbyterianism; and strange as it may appear to the friends of St. Peter, I do honestly acknowledge that I love her for the obloquy she has borne, and the scars which she has received, in the "wars of the covenant." I am well aware that there are some who will not envy me this object of my affections, and who do not think it any matter of commendation that Scotland *felt* as she *spoke*, when she cried out, "Noli me episcopari." To me, however, this freedom from hypocrisy and this apostolick decision, is a rare and sparkling beauty. By this time your readers will have discovered, that I am one of those short-sighted individuals, who never could see any distinction that the Saviour ever made among his apostles or ministers, which gave them authority one over the other. I would not, however, be understood from this, conjoined with what I have previously said concerning academical honours, as advocating a system of *radicalism*; which would throw open the pale of the Christian church, for the admission of the "clean and the unclean," as was the case with Noah's ark; nor yet withhold honour from those to whom honour is due. On the contrary, as it regards the Christian ministry, though I have no desire to trace my kindred to the apostles, through the murders and adulteries and heresies of the church of Rome, yet I would con-

# THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

APRIL, 1826.

## Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

### LECTURE XIX.

We are now to turn our view from the ruin to the redemption of man; from the covenant of works, to the covenant of grace. It is the twentieth answer of the catechism which introduces this subject, in the following words:—

“God having, out of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace, to deliver them out of the estate of sin and misery; and to bring them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer.”

In treating this answer, I will lead you to consider—

I. The fact asserted, that some of the fallen human race were chosen, or elected, by God, to eternal life; while some were left in their “estate of sin and misery.”

II. That this election is to be attributed solely to the good pleasure of God, as its cause.

III. That the election made was from eternity.

IV. That a covenant of grace was “entered into” by God the Father with his eternal Son, as the head and Redeemer of the elect world.

V. That by Christ all his people are brought out of a state of sin and misery, into a state of salvation.

You are not to expect a long discussion on each of these points. The

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subject of the decrees of God, of which the decree of election is one, has heretofore been considered; and for this reason the less needs to be said at present.—The general argument has already been laid before you, and it would be superfluous to repeat it. My chief view in the distribution I have made, is to show you the method I shall follow in speaking to the answer before us; and to assist your after recollection of what shall be said.

I. Some of the human race were chosen, or elected, by God, to eternal life; while some were left in their “estate of sin and misery.” This is a doctrine of our church, which we believe is explicitly and unequivocally taught in scripture; and perfectly consonant with reason and observation. Among a multitude of scripture passages which might be, as they often have been, adduced in support of this truth, let the following suffice: Ephes. i. 4. 9. 11.—“According as he hath chosen us in him, *before the foundation of the world*, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love:—Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself:—In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated, according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.” Rom. viii. 30.—“Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justifi-



David considered it a crime to harbour such. Ever have it in your power to say—

“Now to my tent, O God, repair,  
And make thy servant wise;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there  
That shall offend thine eyes.

I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
And will their help enjoy;  
These are the friends that I shall trust,  
The servants I'll employ.

The wretch who deals in sly deceit;  
I'll not endure a night;  
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.

I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee:  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling fit for thee.”

Trust not in any promises of reformation by a servant; nor in the native goodness of heart of your own children; but place them as far as possible beyond the power of temptation. It is unpleasant to create a foe, and the evils of a slanderous tongue may be dreaded; but they ought not to be dreaded as much as the contamination of your children's good principles. If the children of your best friend become dangerous, you must forbid their intercourse with yours; for your son may in a few hours learn the arts of profligacy from a wicked companion; and in a few days the labour of years may be overthrown. The natural passions, you know, are all on the side of vice.

Your daughter will not be so easily led into dissipation as your son, because *custom*, not *religion*, has placed more barriers in the way; but then, on the other hand, a smaller deviation will more effectually wound her peace, and destroy her character. Your son may gamble, become in some degree intemperate, and profane, and still retain his station in society; but let your daughter do this, and she is forever excluded from the place and the rank in society which she might otherwise have held. Happy for us that it is so; and happy would it be for the other sex, if they were treated with the

same degree of severity. Alas, for ours! that we should at all countenance the libertine, the profane, and the dissipated! But at least teach your daughter not to do this: for she who countenances profligacy, proves that it is *pride*, and not *principle*, which keeps her from open vice. If she possesses real purity of mind, she will shrink like the sensitive plant, at the very approach or “appearance of evil.”

On the whole then, see that the minds of your children are unsoiled by any “evil communications.” If you know they have had intercourse with those in whom you have not full confidence, call them to an immediate account, and make them relate all that has passed. Watch the countenance, and see that an artless disclosure is made. Let them not succeed in any attempt to deceive. If they attempt it, be assured there is evil which they would not have you know. All parties will become cautious, when they know that what passes will come to your ears. This will give you great advantage in discovering the real characters of your children, and of others around you—And again I must charge you, to set aside all motives, except duty to God and faithfulness to your children.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGY-  
MAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.

(Continued from p. 117.)

Toulouse, June 12th, 1820.

My dear Friend,—I have once more changed my abode, having arrived a few days ago at this place. I may truly say, I live in a world of change. But the change I especially seek, viz. from debility to vigour, in the organs of my digestion, if coming at all, seems very tardy in its approach. It is like another change, far more important, but alas! far less

sought after—a change of heart, from corruption to purity. It has occurred to me, that if we pursued this last attainment with only half the eagerness we pursue health, or wealth, or pleasure, we should have double the success.

I had tarried at Montpellier, until I had become quite tired of the place. But designing to go to Bagniers, to try the waters there, it is necessary to spend the intermediate time somewhere, until the hot weather sets in; and the society of Mons. Lassignol, the Protestant minister at Montpellier, with the use of his library, were advantages I was loth to forego, as I might not find the loss of them made up, by any thing I might meet with elsewhere.

On the evening of the 5th inst., having bade adieu to a few friends, from whom I parted with regret, I entered the Diligence, and after a very unpleasant ride through the whole night, I arrived the next morning at Bessiers, for breakfast. It is quite a large town, situated on an eminence, which contributes much more to the magnificence of its appearance at a distance, than to its comfort as a place of residence. While the breakfast was preparing, I took a stroll through it. But being ill at ease, from fatigue, loss of sleep, and want of the morning meal, I was not in a mood to be easily pleased; and perhaps to this, in a great measure, is to be ascribed the unfavourable account I have to give of it. Narrow, dirty streets, winding up the hill on which the town is situated, shabby houses, with a mean looking population, make up the amount of what I observed, during a very limited survey of the place. The country around is beautiful, among the finest and best cultivated I have seen in France. The contrast between the town and country, is indeed very striking—furnishing an apt illustration of Cowper's remark—that "God made the country, but man made the town." Truly it looks like it, as it respects Bessiers and its environs.

At this place I took the boat, and travelled the remainder of the journey to Toulouse, on the great canal of Languedoc. This canal is truly a great work; and does honour to the genius of France. The novelty of this mode of conveyance, with the general beauty of the country through which the canal passes, made it at first very agreeable. But the monotony of it, its slowness, together with the shabby accommodation furnished by the boats, rendered it very soon tiresome. Leaving Bessiers after breakfast, we came that day to Narbonne, and the day following we arrived at Carcason, where we stayed the second night. With Carcason I was much pleased. It is situated on a level plat of ground, on the bank of the canal, and in the heart of a very pleasant country. The streets are wide and straight, crossing each other at right angles, after the manner of Philadelphia. Some beautiful walks, planted with trees, are found in the suburbs. It is quite a large city, and has a cleanliness and neatness that I have not before noticed in the cities of France. Large quantities of woollen cloth are manufactured here; and the inhabitants have the character of great industry; which sufficiently accounts for the neatness and thriving appearance of the place. Next to religion, I believe a well regulated industry, contributes most to the prosperity of a people.

Our next day's travel brought us to Castelnaudery, which is also a considerable place in point of size; but with regard to beauty and situation, it is remarkably the reverse of Carcason. The country around is hilly, poor, and poorly cultivated; and the town, for ugliness, outdoes any place I have yet seen in France. Immediately in its neighbourhood, I counted twenty-four windmills, all in operation—the wind blowing at the time a strong gale. I have frequently seen windmills in this country, and believe a great deal of the grinding is performed by their action. They all appeared to be about



the same size, and on the same plan. They are very simple in their construction. The house is a round tower, of fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter at bottom, and narrowing, like a sugar-loaf, to the top. In the centre of the house stands a perpendicular shaft, which is turned at the top by the action of the wind on wings connected therewith. This shaft, by the intervention of a cog-wheel, turns the millstone at bottom. I am told that with a good wind, they will grind about three bushels of grain, or a little more, in an hour. From what I have experienced, I am ready to think that France is more favourable to machines of this construction than America—being much more windy. The mills which are driven by water power, so far as I have seen in this country, are very paltry establishments—looking as if they had been constructed in the infancy of the arts. I saw no bolting-chests, but in lieu of them, women with sifters, separated the bran from the flour by hand.

The next day brought us to Toulouse. The country through which the canal passes, is counted equal to any in France. It is a wheat and corn country; and appears to be under prosperous husbandry: but in point of high fertility, it does not entirely meet my expectations. I noticed very little cultivation of the vine, from which I would infer, that grain, on lands which produce abundantly, is more profitable than the grape. The cost of travelling, on the canal, is very moderate: about sixty cents per day, for a journey of fifty or sixty miles. The boats are very shabby—They consist of a cabin below and a deck above. The cabin is without ornament, and without a carpet to the floor, and furnished with only a few long benches round its sides for seats. The deck is simply a place to stand on, without even the protection of a railing, to prevent you from falling overboard. No refreshments of any kind are to be had on board, except what the passengers bring with them. The boat

is drawn by two horses, or mules, and moves at the rate of about four miles per hour—allowing for the passage of the locks, which cause a detention of from five to eight minutes. The locks make a lift of from eight to twelve feet. I have noticed three together, making a rise of not less than thirty feet, at one place. The tow-paths at the side furnish a delightful walk, when the passengers are disposed to take it. The boat does not set off in the morning until after breakfast, and has its regular stages for dinner and lodging. Our company fluctuated much, in point of numbers; sometimes counting fifty or sixty, which were as many as the boat could contain; and at other times the number dwindling down to little more than twenty.

Two things I noticed, with equal surprise. One was, an entire absence of intoxication—During the three days' travel, in all the mixed company with which I mingled, I did not observe an individual, who gave sign of the least excitement from ardent spirits. And the happy effects were, quietness, regularity, and general harmony. This is certainly a credit to the country of a high kind: and this general temperance in drink would, if other things were equal, give the French people an immense advantage over the Americans, in the march of moral improvement. The second thing which struck me in our company was, the great deficiency of reading. Scarce a newspaper, pamphlet, or book of any kind, made its appearance on board. The majority of our company were evidently of plebeian rank, and I presume untaught to read. But a disposition towards this exercise, which is alike the source of amusement and mental cultivation, seemed to be wanting with those who certainly must have been educated. Undoubtedly, in the vast population which France contains, there are many students, and general readers. But the mass of the people are not given to read-

ing; and while this is the case, and such a great majority are even incapable of reading, the progress in every useful improvement must be slow. At Montpellier there is a public reading room, to which I was introduced by the kindness of my mercantile friend. At every time I was present, it was very thinly attended, and the paucity of newspapers, with their diminutive size, and added to this, the lack of pamphlets and periodical publications, furnished decisive evidence, both of the want of disposition to read, and of the proper materials for exciting and keeping up such a disposition in the community.

The company on board our boat appeared to behave with great decorum to each other—mingling together with much freedom and sociality. Though a number, from their dress and riband at the button-hole, seemed to belong to the titled class, no hauteur, or supercilious distance, appeared to be affected. No where have I seen more republican equality maintained. I was fortunate to find in the company, a Protestant minister from Nismes, who continued with us all the way to Toulouse. He was a young man, whose appearance and dress indicated nothing of the clerical order, and it was some time before we recognised our ecclesiastical kindred. As he understood no Latin, and I had very little French, our intercourse was very limited. I was gratified by the friendly attention he manifested, and which seemed nothing lessened by the consideration of my being an American. He introduced me to the mess of which he was a member. The company was generally divided into small parties, who messed together at the publick house. Their custom was, that each should call for the articles he chose, as soup, a chicken, a beef-steak, &c. the price of every article being negotiated beforehand—The whole was eaten, and the reckoning clubbed among the mess. By this means, sufficient variety was obtained at the smallest expense.

The journey altogether, was to me uncomfortable, on account of the weather, which was very windy and damp, without much rain. So far, I think the months of May and June in this climate, though much drier than in the United States, possess no advantage, on the whole, as to comfort, on account of the greater quantity of wind and dust, intermixed with cloudy, damp, and cold spells. The Indian corn, many fields of which I passed, is not I think farther advanced in its growth, than the same plant is with you, at this time in June; which shows clearly that, for the time, the heat has not been greater. This, considering the mildness of the winter, and the earliness of the spring, is rather remarkable; and to be accounted for, I presume, from the same cause, whatever it may be, which produces such an amount of windy and cloudy weather.

I was greatly surprised to find so little business done on the canal. Passing for such a distance, through the finest and most populous region of France, and affording an open and easy communication between so many large cities, one would expect to find on this canal, a large amount both of trade and travelling. Yet ten or twelve boats a-day, and those of but small burden, constituted the whole of what I noticed. It might be indeed, that harvest being near, this was the slackest season of the year. But that there is not near half the travelling in France, in proportion to her population, that there is in the United States, may be safely affirmed. And her revenue arrangements must operate greatly to the curtailment of her internal commerce. Produce coming into any of the market towns, pays an excise duty—This is one of the leading sources of revenue to the government. Hence, the wines of one part of France, carried to a distance, must be drunk at an enhanced price, to those who consume them; and so of every other kind of produce. It is easy to see how this must affect internal trade.



It must be the interest of every section of the country, to consume its own produce, and subsist on its own resources.

On the evening of the 9th inst. I arrived at Toulouse; and by the kind offices of my clerical fellow traveller, was conducted to the *Hotel de Europe*, which is a very fine establishment. Here I am again at home, in a chamber which, while I stay, I am allowed to call my own: and it is a comfort, demanding no small gratitude to the Great Being, who condescends to be called "the *stranger's shield*"—a comfort indeed, to partake the accommodations of a good inn, after the privations of three days' travel, in very uncomfortable weather. I shall tarry here a week or ten days longer, as I am informed it is yet too soon to go to Bagniers. Though situated farther south, on the borders of Spain, yet on account of the snow on the mountains of the Pyrenees which adjoin it, the cold is not dissipated there till near July. I shall have time to make some more acquaintance with this great place—for a great place it is—and shall therefore defer till my next, saying any thing about it; in order that my communication may be as accurate, as time will allow me to make it. In the mean time I remain,

Yours, &c.

TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

No. VI.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Mr. Editor,\*—Allow me, for a moment, to refer to the last note appended to my last communication. That note is perfectly correct, and the expression to which it refers is

\* Our valued correspondent will excuse our omission of a few of his remarks—The reason, we doubt not, he will discern at once. His explanation, relative to the subject of our former note, is entirely satisfactory.—EDITOR.

also correct; with the exception, that the *Reminiscent's* meaning might have been elucidated by a little more amplification. He took the whole mass of Presbyterians into view, and meant that as a *body* they adhered to their forms and principles, with all the ardour and devotedness which a cause so holy deserved and demanded. And, sir, it is an unquestionable fact, that the *great majority* of Scotch Presbyterians are as firmly attached to the doctrine and government of their church, as their church is to the "Rock of Ages" on which it is immovably founded. Even in the establishment, the great majority is on the side of orthodoxy; and when to these we add the large and pious body of Presbyterians, composed of the late Burgher and Anti-Burgher Synods, and the still more rigidly orthodox Covenanters, it may, we presume, be asserted with the greatest propriety, that the Presbyterians of Scotland are ardently attached to the doctrines and forms of their church. But while we believe this to be a fact, honesty and truth compel us to admit with you, that there is "in the establishment, a grievous departure in many, both of the clergy and laity, from the principles of the reformation." I acknowledge, therefore, the truth of your remark, and shall at all times be pleased to be reminded and instructed by the revered Editor of the *Christian Advocate*.

In speaking of the orthodoxy of the church of Scotland, especially as Glasgow is at present the theatre of our recollections, the mind almost instinctively turns to Dr. Chalmers. To speak of the church, or to pass through Glasgow, without speaking of this bright and splendid luminary, would be an unpardonable omission; for to every man who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, Dr. Chalmers must be an object of deep interest. He is, in truth, in every respect an extraordinary man. With neither appearance, nor manner, nor voice, to recommend him, yet by the sheer

THE  
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

JUNE, 1826.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XX.

We now proceed to consider the 21st and 22d answers of our catechism.

"The only Redeemer of God's elect is the Lord Jesus Christ, who being the eternal Son of God, became man, and so was, and continues to be, God and man, in two distinct natures, and one person forever—Christ the Son of God, became man, by taking to himself a true body and a reasonable soul, being conceived, by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the Virgin Mary, born of her, and yet without sin."

In discussing these answers it will, I think, afford as proper a method as any other, and the easiest to be remembered, if we take certain separate portions of the answers severally, and connect, where necessary, those of the first with those of the second. In pursuance of this method, let us

I. Consider that the only Redeemer of God's elect is the Lord Jesus Christ.

You ought to know that the words *Jesus Christ*, although now used as a common appellation, were not given arbitrarily. They are, and were intended to be, descriptive of the character of our blessed Re-

deemer. *Jesus*, or *Joshua*, (for they are the same name in the original of the scriptures,) denotes a *Saviour*, in the most peculiar and extensive sense of the term. Thus it was said—"thou shalt call his name *Jesus*, for he shall save his people from their sins." The term *Christ* in Greek, is exactly of the same import with *Messiah* in Hebrew. Each word, in its proper language, signifies *anointed*, or the *anointed one*. When therefore Peter said—"Thou art *the Christ of God*," it was the same as if he had said, thou art *the anointed of God*. Among the ancient Jews, kings, prophets and priests, were set apart to their office by anointing them with oil. Now Christ as mediator, united all these characters in himself, and is represented as set apart to them by the designation of God—So that the words *Jesus Christ* mean *the Saviour, anointed*, or set apart to that office, by God.

Jesus Christ is "the only Redeemer of God's elect." The Jews are yet looking for a *Messiah* to come. They will not allow that Jesus Christ was the true *Messiah*. But this is only a proof of their judicial blindness and hardness of heart; and is indeed the strongest proof that could possibly be given: For the character, actions and sufferings of our Saviour, are so exactly delineated and described by their own inspired prophets, that they are driven to the most unworthy shifts and evasions, to avoid admitting and allowing it. The prophecy



meanns of youre lordshippe, whom God the Almightye evermore preserve to his good pleasure. Writen somewhat hastely at Parys, the xiii daye of Decembre (1539). Your lorshippes humble and faithfull ser-  
vitor, MYLES COVERDALE."

The first publication of the Bible in English roused the unworthy passions of the prelates; and, filled with jealousy and anger, they laid their complaints before the king; who, in compliance with their insinuations, ordered all the copies to be called in, and promised a new translation. When Coverdale published his translation, the bishops laid their accusation before Henry, that it contained many faults. His majesty, far more favourable to the circulation of the Scriptures than these right-reverend fathers, asked them whether it contained any heresies; and on their lordships saying they had found none, the king replied, "Then, in the name of God, let it go abroad among the people."

Coverdale's immense labours in publishing translations of the sacred volume, exposed him to severe persecution from the angry prelates; who hunted him from place to place, which obliged him to flee

for safety, and continue many years in a foreign land; where he printed the Bible, and sent it to be sold in England, by which he obtained a comfortable support. But this could not be long concealed from the jealous eye of the Bishop of London; who presently inquired where the Bibles were sold, and bought them all, supposing he should be able to suppress their circulation. God so ordered these occurrences, contrary to the prelate's expectations, that the merchant of whom the Bibles were purchased, sent the money to Coverdale; by which he was enabled to print more, and send them to England. This so roused the fury of the prelates, that, by their outstretched arms, they reached him even in Holland; and, to escape their potent malice, and find a place of rest, he was obliged to retire into Germany. He settled under the Palgrave of the Rhine, where he found a secure asylum. In this situation he taught school for a subsistence; and, having learned the Dutch language, the Prince elector Palatine gave him the benefice of Burghsaber; where, by his faithful ministry and holy life, he was made a blessing to the people.

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## Miscellaneous.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 162.)

Toulouse, June 17th, 1820.

My dear Friend,—I have been here eight days; which is a much longer delay than I had intended, and is owing to the coldness of the weather, which is rather unusual at this season of the year. Such an amount of cloudy, windy, raw weather, with very little rain, I have seldom experienced in the

United States. Bagnieres, the watering place for which I am bound, lying on the range of the Pyrenees, whose tops are covered with snow, must be much colder than this place, on which account I have been advised to delay my going thither, until the hot weather fairly sets in; which it ought to have done by this time, according to the usual course of the climate. This delay has given me an opportunity to make some acquaintance with this place, which is well worth the attention of a stranger. An outline of the things which have ap-

peared worthy of notice, I shall put on paper, for the gratification of your curiosity.

Toulouse is a large city, with "walls and bulwarks," beautifully situated in a level and fertile country, on the banks of the Garonne; which is here a fine stream, though rather too diminutive to be entitled to the denomination of a river. It is boatable in the winter and spring. The city contains a population of about sixty thousand; and considered as an ancient place, may be called handsome. The streets are much wider and finer every way, than any of the old towns I have seen in France; though modern taste would pronounce them narrow, crooked, and inconvenient. The houses are generally built of stone, two and three stories high, and very substantial. Those of modern erection, are more generally of brick. The streets are without footways, and paved with round pebble-stones. Many of them have a gutter in the middle, along which a black filthy stream of water flows. This stream is fed from small gutters, that pass from the houses, and discharge all the liquid offal of the kitchens, &c. into the streets. Without great attention to cleaning the streets, it is obvious that they must soon become very foul. It is but justice, however, to say, that except in the suburbs, which seem to be surrendered to nastiness, the streets are carefully attended to. The order appears to be, that every householder cleans to the middle of the street, before his own door, and the accumulated product is conveyed away in carts for manure. There is much garden cultivation around Toulouse; and what would appear to indicate great honesty on the part of the population, many of these gardens are entirely without enclosure, while others are protected from the incursions of cattle, by low walls, built altogether of mud, with a slight cover of straw on the

top, to shelter the wall from the weather. The straw roof is kept to its place by a ridge of clay, laid along above it. It is an indication of great mildness in the climate, that such a wall, with such a roof, should stand through a year.

There is a large publick square, planted with trees, and laid out in walks, which I should have considered very fine, did not its low situation and deficiency of prospect, sink it so far inferior to the hill top of Montpellier, which I so much admired, and which I left so lately. It appears to be a characteristic of French towns, to possess fine publick groves and shady walks, which mark the character of the French people, as fond of gaiety and amusement. That such they are, no one will dispute, who has had opportunity of seeing the throngs of well dressed idlers, with which these inviting resorts are crowded, every evening when the weather is fine. I have not noticed a town of any importance unfurnished with one or more of these publick walks, on the decoration of which, much expense and labour have been bestowed. And yet I am totally at a loss to reconcile with this indication of taste and pleasure in the cities, the almost total deficiency of every thing of the kind, about the country habitations. I have been struck with the general barrenness of the French country. Trees of any kind are a rarity. There are certainly some handsome exceptions; yet, generally speaking, as far as my observation has extended, the country dwellings, even those of the better order, are extremely destitute, both of shade and ornament—I would say far behind the well improved parts of the United States. It would seem as if in France taste and learning had generally deserted the country, and taken up their abode in the cities.

In a large pleasure garden attached to a *restaurateur*, or eating



house, near the hotel which I occupy, I have witnessed an amusement of a description totally new to me. They call it the Russian mountain, from its being, I presume, an imitation of the sliding cars, on the snow covered mountains of Russia. In one corner of the garden, stands a mountain in miniature, the work of art, and as a work of art, by no means of diminutive dimensions, but towering to a great height. On its top stands a temple, handsomely ornamented, and furnishing ample accommodation to those disposed to enjoy the amusement, either as spectators or partakers. Down the sides of the mount, a kind of wooden railway descends, in a winding direction, until it reaches the bottom, when it turns again, and ascends towards the top. On this railway, a sliding car is launched, containing a gentleman and lady, and with amazing velocity glides to the bottom, winding in the direction of the road, and is carried a considerable distance back towards the top, before the force, acquired in the descent, has spent itself. It is an invention lately brought up, and seems to be in great vogue. Besides its novelty, it certainly possesses great interest, at least to him who views it for the first time, who will look on with no small degree of terror, lest some accident should derange the sliding vehicle in its descent, and dash out the brains of the foolhardy riders. Such an occurrence, I am told, is not entirely unknown, in the history of this same idle amusement. It must be a source of no small profit to the hotel establishment, to which it is attached. Six cents per head, is about the price of a launch in the sliding car, which will consume about five minutes, until it is ready to set off again with a fresh cargo. And a crowd of people, attending for hours on this diversion, will hardly fail to make considerable expenditures for refreshments. Alas! what a waste

of time and money is here made, to worse than no purpose. Surely these votaries of pleasure are legitimate objects of the prophet's expostulation, while there is none to address it to them—"Why do you spend you labour for that which is not bread, and your money for that which satisfieth not?" The time bestowed on this useless play, if spent with equal intentness and ardour of mind, in the use of the means of grace, might store the mind with solid instruction, and change the heart to the fear of God—might elevate from the deformity and perdition of hell, to the purity and bliss of immortality; while the money expended might do a great deal towards carrying the gospel to the myriads who are perishing for lack of knowledge.—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

There is a Protestant church in Toulouse, but very small. Once this city contained a large amount of Protestant population. The Protestant minister here showed me the gate, near the hotel I occupy, through which, he said, about five thousand Protestants were driven, to be butchered, at the fatal revocation of the edict of Nantz, when, in the mysterious wisdom of the Almighty Ruler of the universe, the misguided legions of Rome were permitted to triumph over the prostrate disciples of the reformation. The wonder is, not that the Protestant remnant should be so small, after the expiration of one hundred and twenty years, during which their worship was totally suppressed, but that there should be any remnant at all. A little remnant however there is, who have procured a house of worship. Never shall I forget the feelings with which I worshipped on Sabbath last with this little remnant, who have been gathered together in their feebleness, to "build the old wastes, to repair the desolations of many generations." That

He who gathereth the outcasts of Israel, may crown their labours with abundant success, was the prayer of a lonely unknown, but certainly not uninterested, stranger, in the midst of them. They are placed under the pastoral care of the most interesting man I have yet met with in France, Mons. Chabrand. I had a letter to him from Mons. Lasignol, at Montpellier, and find him, as far as I have had opportunity to judge, to answer the character given of him, as an "excellent man." He is very evangelical in his doctrines. This I judge from a little volume he put into my hands lately, published in Ireland, which he is about to translate into French. The title of it is, "Christ showing mercy," which I find to correspond with the account he gave me of it in these words—"O! it is excellent." Perhaps in indefatigable industry, he may fall short of M. Lasignol, at Montpellier, as very few indeed would not; but in most other respects, my estimate would make him superior. I have seen few men grace a pulpit in the same degree. To a very prepossessing person, he adds a fine voice, ready utterance, great gravity of manner, and fervour of delivery. I regretted exceedingly my deficient acquaintance with the language, which excluded me from the full feast, I have no doubt his sermon would have afforded me. On the afternoon of the Sabbath he did not preach, but met in the church with a small Bible class of young people.

To the kind attentions of Mons. Chabrand I have been much indebted, and particularly for an introduction to an English physician, who has been long a resident in Toulouse, and a member of the Protestant congregation. By this gentleman I have been laid under special obligations. It was the next day after coming here, that Mons. Chabrand took me to his house, where we took tea in the

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evening. On the following morning, he visited me at the hotel, inquired particularly into the nature of my complaint, and proffered any assistance he could any way render, without charge; inviting me again to partake of the hospitalities of his table. You can scarcely conceive how a wandering outcast, a stranger and alone, feeble both in body and mind, feels under the reception of such kindness. "Come ye blessed of my Father," &c. "for I was a stranger and ye took me in." May all the gladness which this joyful invitation shall one day inspire, be felt in the heart of Dr. Thomas, of Toulouse.

There are in this city a number of very spacious Roman Catholick chapels. Like the buildings of this kind I have seen every where else in France, they show great antiquity in their exterior, while internally, they exhibit much splendour of decoration. As Roman Catholick houses of worship are always open to receive whomsoever may enter, and as they are really places of curiosity, from the paintings and ornaments they contain, I seldom pass any of them in my walks, without taking a view of what is within. On entering lately a very large one, near the suburbs of the city, you can hardly conceive how much my feelings were shocked, to find it converted into a stable, and filled with horses belonging to the military. This desecration took place under the dominion of Bonaparte—Why it has not been corrected since the restoration of the Bourbons, I am not informed. It would appear that the influence of infidelity must have greatly lessened the demand for churches, as well as the power of religious feeling in the community, before such an outrage could be tolerated in a Roman Catholick country.

Great efforts are at this time making to restore popery to its ancient standing in France. Among other means, there is a company of six or



seven missionaries, going from city to city, preaching; and some of them are said to be men of considerable eloquence. At every city they visit, a wooden image of the Saviour is procured, larger than life, exquisitely carved and painted. This image is nailed on a cross, the stem of which is from twenty to thirty feet long; and this cross, after being carried in procession through the city for several days, followed by crowds of devotees, is erected in some conspicuous situation, where it is left to be the object or medium of adoration, after the missionaries are gone. I saw this procession at Aix, but did not at the time know its nature. I find by the crucifixes they have erected, that these missionaries have been before me, in most of the cities I have visited. There is an immensely high one lately set up in the publick square at Toulouse. It has given me strange feelings, to see well dressed people, coming with hasty steps, and dropping on their knees, to offer their supplications, literally at "the foot of the cross."

The contrivances of popery to enliven the publick attention and enlist the senses, by interesting spectacles, is really astonishing, and displays a zeal worthy a better cause, from which Protestants might learn. The annual processions are taking place at this time in this city, and are very splendid. You will understand that the different religious orders belonging to the Romish church, have each, annually, a procession conducted with vast parade. On one day, the blue penitents walk, on the next day, the white penitents, &c. making four or five days together, devoted to these pageantries; and the effort is, for each order to surpass the other, in their gorgeous exhibition. My powers of description are utterly insufficient to give you any adequate idea of these fooleries. Crucifixes, altars, wax can-

dles of immense size, golden censers, with incense smoking, &c. &c. are carried in slow procession, preceded and followed by long ranks of ecclesiasticks, clad in white, in blue or black garments, down to their heels, walking barefoot, having their heads hid in masks, that give them a most grotesque appearance. Every few minutes the procession halts; bowing, kneeling, every attitude of adoration, takes place, mingled with much singing of psalms. Before and behind, the streets are literally gorged with the multitudes, anxious to enjoy the show. Every window is filled with projecting heads, while the whole fronts of the houses, along the streets where the procession moves, are covered with the finest decorations of curtains, carpets, bedspreads, &c. which the inhabitants can hang out. I have had full opportunity to see the whole spectacle from the window of my chamber, where it would have doubled my gratification had you been with me, to look down upon the moving scene. As matter of curiosity, it is highly worth seeing. But, alas! how grievous is the reflection, that these are the toils in which the souls of men are "snared and taken." It is by these fooleries, that men are seduced to trust the absurdities of popery, as their preparation for eternity, instead of seeking in gospel truth the illumination of their understandings, and the amendment of their hearts. I am sick of such sights; but desire to rejoice for my country and my kindred, that with them the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. To them may it be given in God's "light to see light clearly."

Yours, &c.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

February 28th, 1826.

Rev. and dear Sir—In the January number of your valuable paper, the

# THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

AUGUST, 1826.

## Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

### LECTURE XXIII.

Your attention will be occupied in this lecture, by two answers of our catechism—The first is—“Christ, as our Redeemer, executeth the office of a prophet, of a priest, and of a king, both in his estate of humiliation and exaltation.”

This answer is chiefly to be regarded as introductory and preparatory to the three which immediately follow it, in which the offices of Christ are distinctly and particularly explained. There are, however, some things, of a general nature, which may, with more propriety and advantage, be considered here than elsewhere.

You will observe then, in the first place, that it is in his *mediatorial character*, that our Lord Jesus Christ is to be considered as exercising *all* the offices which have been specified. The mediatory office of Christ may be considered as a *general one*, which he always and invariably sustains, and of which the others are only several, or particular and constituent parts; that is, the office of mediator is never laid aside or suspended, but is always exercised by our Redeemer, when he

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acts as prophet, priest and king of his church.—“There is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.”

Observe in the next place, that there is a clear foundation for these several offices of the great Mediator, both in the scriptures and in the reason and nature of things. This has sometimes been denied, and even treated with contempt; as if to speak of Christ as the prophet, priest, and king of the church, was no better than theological jargon. Nothing, however, can be farther from the truth than this. Christ was expressly predicted to the ancient Israelites under each of these characters; and he actually sustains them in the work of our salvation. Moses foretold the coming of our Lord, under the character of a prophet, “The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee *a prophet*, from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me: unto him shall ye hearken.” Accordingly our Saviour was recognised as being he of whom Moses spake. When the people had seen one of his miracles, they said—“This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world:” and Peter, in the Acts, expressly applies the prediction of Moses to Christ.

Our Lord is also distinctly predicted as a priest, in the 110th



TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 258.)

Bagnieres, July 13, 1820.

My dear Friend,—My last, was dated from Toulouse; where I remained but a short time after I wrote you. I was very anxious to get on to this place, in hopes that here I might receive what I have been wandering in pursuit of—hitherto with small success. This anxiety was increased, from a sensible falling back in my health, experienced during the short space of eight days spent at Toulouse. I presume this is to be imputed to the very unfavourable weather, principally cold, damp, and windy, which filled up the period of my stay there. On the morning of the 19th of June, I again mounted the Diligence, at early dawn, and set off for this place; which is about ninety miles distant from Toulouse. For the privilege of seeing the country, I took my place with the *conducteur* in the *cabriole*, which is a seat in front of the coach, on the outside. But in truth, my feeble spirits rendered me very indifferent to all that was to be seen. Though fortified abundantly with flannel, and wrapped in my great coat, I suffered a good deal with cold, until 10 o'clock. Doubtless, my deficiency of animal heat was much the cause; and doubtless, to this same cause ought to be imputed, in good measure, the evil report I have made, and feel disposed to make, of the cold and rawness of the French climate, in the months past. I think it fair to set myself down, as ill qualified to judge in the case. Very likely an Englishman, (and it is from Englishmen chiefly, I believe, that we have received our information on the subject of the French climate) in robust health, accustomed to the damp and chill atmosphere of his

native island—his mind cheered with the variety and novelty presented during his travel, and perhaps occasionally elevated with the abundance of good wine, every where to be had at a cheap rate—would make report of the climate of this country, just the reverse of what my feelings would dictate. They who would judge and act correctly, ought to guard against being the dupes of their feelings, in more things than climate.

Our first day's travel was through a fine country—level and fertile. The roads, like all the main roads I have seen in France, very fine. While the sun was yet some hours high, we stopped for the night at St. Gauden's, which is, I think, a handsome place. The next day, as we approached the Pyrenees, we got into a hill country,—poor and ill cultivated. Here I saw more woods than I have any where else seen in France. We passed some orchards of chesnut trees, planted in rows, exactly like apple trees with you. We passed through a number of towns and villages, many of which were very shabby, and indicated no improvement for generations past. At one large market town, where the stage made some delay, I was gratified with the exhibition of a fair, such as is common in European towns; but the first that has happened to fall in my way. It presented a new scene, and one that was not a little amusing. The whole place was gorged, with variety that was endless; through which you could scarcely make your way. At one part, the townspeople had their stalls, exhibiting every kind of goods and merchandise, which the country people might need to carry to the country. At another place, every thing that was movable, seemed gathered from the country into the town—horses, cows, sheep, and hogs, grain of all kinds, implements of husbandry, and marketing of every description.—All was bustle and ac-

tivity, buying, selling, and bartering, with a hubbub of noise and strangeness of language, which made me think of ancient Babel. But the item of greatest curiosity, was the uncouth appearance of the outlandish multitude; the entire opposite of the polish and refinement, usually considered characteristic of French people. The great majority were women, whose swarthy complexions and toil-worn features, made me feel for the degraded state of their sex. Their dress was of the coarsest fabric. Their heads were covered with hoods of woollen cloth, from which a cape descended half a yard long, around the shoulders; while the face was without an atom of protection from the sun or wind. The men were dressed in a style equally distant from modern taste. On some of them I observed hats with small crowns, just the shape of the head, and large brims, held by loops attached to the crown; such as I recollect to have seen in our country, near forty years ago. The principal French people known in the United States, are, I suppose, from Paris, or from the cities and country on the sea-board, who have taken their habits of dress and behaviour from the capital. To judge of all French people from this sample, would be an egregious mistake. Nothing, it seems to me, is farther from refinement of manners and appearance, than the half-barbarous population which I have seen collected at this and other places, on this route. Improvement of every kind must progress extremely slow, among a people greatly deficient in education and traveling; and among whom strangers seldom mingle. Even their language will undergo little change. Hence the dialect of these distant provinces is so entirely different from modern French, that it is almost another tongue. Even Frenchmen, from other parts, unless they have learned it, do not understand it. No doubt the

priesthood, who watch so diligently against every appearance of innovation in religion, have an unhappy influence in retarding improvement in other particulars.

About the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Tarbs; which is really a handsome town, of considerable size. It appears more modern in its construction than most towns I have passed. The streets are wide and airy. A fine stream of water, called the Adour, passes through it. The range of the lofty Pyrenees, whose dark blue summits had risen to our view in the distant horizon a good while before, appeared here quite at hand, towering to a majestic height. At Tarbs the publick stage stopped; and a fellow passenger, whose residence is at Bagnieres, and I, procured a hack, which brought us on here about sundown. Bagnieres is about ten miles from Tarbs, up a valley of great beauty and fertility; which is formed by an opening in the mountain, and which gradually narrows as it proceeds, until at the town of Bagnieres, it is scarcely half a mile wide. You will readily conceive, that alone, dispirited, and without an individual who feels the slightest care for me, taking up a temporary residence at every new place, must be attended with some unpleasant feelings. So I find it; and particularly so on my arrival here, where I had but one letter of introduction, and that to a Roman Catholic family, from whom I expected very little. It was evening when I arrived, and seldom have I found myself in a more cheerless mood, than when, after moping about the hotel till dark, I retired to my chamber, there alone, to ruminate on the past, the present, and future. But it is worth while to be in any situation of trial and privation, in which Providence may place us, for sake of the advantage to be derived from exercising the faith, which the Divine promises



always warrant. It is worth while to be a stranger in a strange land, for sake of knowing the consolation which results from laying hold on that great Being, who hath promised "to preserve the stranger," as well as "to relieve the fatherless and widow." Could I have improved it rightly, this is a source of comfort always at hand, and always adequate to the exigency of the case.

The next morning I was introduced by the landlord to an English captain, living on his half-pay, as he represented himself, who stayed at the hotel. He manifested nothing of the reserve I have generally found in his countrymen at first acquaintance. Having learned the object of my coming to Bagneres, he tendered his services with the utmost frankness, and proceeded, forthwith, to take me under his direction. Before I had expressed any wish on the subject, he had sent for a physician, to prescribe relative to the water I should drink, and where I should bathe. Very soon I became quite disgusted with him. His appearance strongly indicated a broken down character; and his conversation was mingled with so much profanity and obscenity, as rendered it utterly abominable. His physician I suspected to be a *bon* companion of his own. He had been an old surgeon in Bonaparte's army. As soon as possible, without giving offence, I disengaged myself from both. After hearing the prescription of the physician, I gave him a small fee, which was received very gratefully—intimating at the same time, that if I wished farther consultation, I would send for him. I afterwards consulted another physician, whose standing I had first ascertained, relative to taking the waters, and from whom I received a very different prescription.

By means of information received from Dr. Thomas of Toulouse, I have found out an apothecary who

speaks English, and whose house is as pleasantly situated as any in the place. With him I have hired a furnished chamber, for which I pay four dollars per week; and in addition, the market cost of what is brought to my table—the cooking being done in the family, without charge. Such is a common custom of the place. A great part of the inhabitants of the town receive their principal subsistence, by hiring out their chambers, furnished, to strangers who come to take the waters; and those who occupy them, have their victuals cooked in the house; or they repair for their meals to *restaurateurs*, or eating houses, with which the place is well provided.

I have been here now four weeks, and notwithstanding the dejection and ill bodings in which I was rather disposed to indulge at the outset, find myself more comfortable than I have been at any period since I have been in France. Through Mons. Camus, the apothecary, at whose house I stay, I have become acquainted with an Irish lady and her family, the widow of a rector in the Episcopal church, who resided in Dublin. Her oldest son, who is here also, is studying divinity. In this good lady and her agreeable family, I have found such society as I needed. As there is no Protestant worship to attend on the Sabbath, I have been allowed to exercise something like ministerial functions, in giving exhortation, and performing worship, every Sabbath afternoon in her house. Through her son, I have become acquainted with an English gentleman, of the mercantile class; who, for sake of society, has left his former residence, and taken a chamber in the house with me. He speaks French, is moral, sensible, and very complaisant. Besides, his untiring loquacity, in which he is rather an exception from the English character, makes him a companion, in one respect, equal to

some half dozen. Thus I am liberally provided for, in one very important article—society. And in addition to all, and which is better than all, I find myself much recruited, and feel more like being in progress towards restoration, than I have been for years past. Shortly after coming here, I once more commenced the use of flesh in my diet; and have been enabled to persevere in it, I think with good effect. Surely I have the greatest reason to be thankful to that great Being “who feeds the young ravens when they cry to him, and without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground;” who thus makes “goodness and mercy to follow me,” as if I was really one of those who fear Him, though I fall so utterly short in gratitude and duty.

I should like very much to give you some correct idea of this same Bagnieres, which as an item of curiosity, falls short of no other place I have yet seen in this interesting country. The town itself is indeed, all things considered, but a paltry place; and it is astonishing to me, that considering the attraction of its waters, which have given it celebrity since the days of the Romans, (and how long before nobody knows,) it should still be little more than a village, containing (I speak by guess) about two or three thousand inhabitants. There is not one habitation in it, whose exterior indicates superior elegance; nor is there in its environs, one country seat that attracts notice. There is one establishment, as a publick boarding house, and but the one, which is at this time being refitted; and when completed in style, according to its progress so far, will be superb in its accommodations. The mayor of the town gave a splendid ball at its opening, since I have been here. Strangers generally were invited. I was honoured with a ticket. Any temptation however, which I might have felt to gratify curiosity, by being a looker on

upon the occasion, was at once repressed, from the circumstance of its being on the evening of the Sabbath. This will give you an idea of the religion of the place, where publick feeling would tolerate such an outrage on the sanctity of the Lord's day.

It is the scenery around Bagnieres which has enchanted me, beyond any thing I have ever yet seen, in all the productions either of nature or art. I have mentioned that the town stands in a valley, formed by the projecting spurs of the mountain, which at the town close in, so as to narrow the valley to about half a mile in width. Directly alongside of the town, the mountain rises from the valley by an abrupt and steep ascent, towering to a vast height. This steep face of the mountain is one continued thicket of trees and brush-wood, equal to any thing an American woods can show; so that you can see into it, or out of it, only a very short distance. Up the face of this precipice, art has formed roads, with great labour, winding in zig-zag directions, so as to make an easy ascent to the top. As you ascend, you are encompassed with a shade, so thick as to hide almost every thing from your view, but the road, before and behind; and are completely protected from the scorching rays of the sun, at all hours of the day. When you arrive at the top, you find it entirely bare, and the whole world seems at once to open upon you. Standing on the brow of the mountain, you are able to see over the thicket that hides its rugged ascent, and to look down on the town of Bagnieres, which, with its whole arrangement, is completely under your view, far below. Looking up and down the valley, you see it in both directions (a beautiful small river winding through it) as far as your eye can carry you, with all its thickly planted habitations and variety of cultivation. Some idea of the ex-



tent of prospect, as well as population of the country seen, may be formed from the fact, that eleven towns and villages can be distinctly counted, within the range of your vision. Looking towards Spain, on the south, you find yourself just on the verge of a world of mountains—Pyrenees towering behind Pyrenees, in long succession, until the tops of the more distant ranges are seen glistening white with snow. But what is better than all, is the lightness and purity of the mountain air. The weather clearing up, shortly after my arrival, has generally been fine, and it would seem that there is something in the nature of the atmosphere upon the mountains, that renders it exhilarating, beyond any thing I ever experienced. No doubt the beauty of the prospect itself has its effect on the animal spirits, and possibly my nervous system, from its debility, may have a sensibility that renders it more easily excited. It is a fact, however, that I have never ascended this lofty elevation, without feeling quite an exhilaration of spirits, which for a few days at first, was something like incipient intoxication. Half my time, from day to day, has been spent in wandering from one mountain peak to another, enjoying that change of prospect which change of position furnishes. The extended surface of the mountain may itself be called a mountainous country—sinking into deep valleys and rising into lofty peaks. The mountains are devoted to pasturage, and appear to make a fine range for all kinds of animals. Flocks of horses, cows, sheep, goats, and hogs, are here under the care of herdsmen. I have some opportunity of gaining acquaintance with pastoral life; and verily, whatever charms it may be clothed with, in the descriptions of poetry, they all vanish into dreariness and discomfort, as I have seen them in real life. The “shepherds’ tents” are among the

last abodes in which I should choose to dwell. The shepherds themselves are the most forlorn wretches any where to be seen.—Dirty, ragged, half-starved looking beings, lying for hours basking in the rays of the sun, in listless idleness; and getting up to mope about, with nothing to interest but the flocks they tend from day to day, and night to night. Jacob I believe gave a pretty correct account of the business, when he said, “thus I was in the day, the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes.”

The medicinal waters which Bagnieres furnishes, belong to the wonders of nature. There are nine or ten different springs, some of them very copious, which discharge a great variety of water, generally of a warm temperature, varying from lukewarm to near a boiling heat. They are used equally for drinking and bathing. The water that is most generally drank, is transparent, perfectly tasteless, and a little below blood heat. It is drank early in the morning, to the amount of from one to three half pint tumblers, and operates in the course of a few hours upon the bowels, without any painful sensation. A little girl attends the spring, and receives from each guest she serves, the trifling compensation of two sous.

The baths are in high credit for a variety of complaints, especially those of the rheumatick class; from five minutes to half an hour, is the usual time of continuing in them. The sensation they excite is very pleasant, except to the olfactory nerves, which are saluted with a slight odour, which every body agrees in comparing to that of rotten eggs. The one I have used is attended by an elderly matron, who charges the low compensation of seven cents each time. As soon as the patient has adjusted himself in the bath, he rings a bell, and the good lady herself enters

and removes his linen, which she again returns at a second ring of the bell, comfortably warm, from a small furnace which she keeps heated for the purpose. Such is the outrage on decorum, which custom sanctions in this country. The bathing operates powerfully on the organ of the skin, as I have experienced, by its producing a tendency to perspiration, in a degree to which I have long been a stranger. On the whole, I begin to flatter myself that it may please Providence, through the instrumentality of these waters, to turn my captivity, and bring about a measure of restoration. All however is in his hand, to whom it belongs to order our lot as he sees proper; and whom we may well trust, from the fact that his wisdom cannot mistake, nor his mercy fail. In the belief of this, I desire to remain, as ever,

Yours, &c.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

No. VII.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Revered and respected Editor—It was my intention to have pursued my Scottish Recollections much farther; but lest I should become too garrulous upon the delightful reminiscences of youthful days, and fatigue both you and your readers, I have determined to take my departure from the "land of the covenant," and to bring my communications much sooner to a close. But can I leave that land of letters and of piety, without casting "one longing, lingering look behind!" Ah! no, thou country of my dearest acquirements and most joyful associations, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, peace be within thee; because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good."

According to "Ledwick's Antiquities of Ireland," Christianity was planted in that country as early as the fifth century, flourishing there like a garden in a desert, while the nations around it were involved in the darkness of the most abject superstition. At that early period, it was so famed both for piety and learning, that students came to it from the neighbouring states, to be instructed by the Irish doctors who excelled in philology, philosophy and theology. At the head of the religious orders of that day, who were known by the name of "Culdees," was the celebrated Columba, who afterwards established religion in Scotland, from whence it extended to England and Wales. The church, during this period, was of the Presbyterian form, and continued such until the eleventh century, when prelacy was inflicted upon it, with the other miseries of the papal dominion, under which it unhappily fell. From that period until the reign of James, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Presbyterianism, and, indeed, piety and religion, may be said to have been banished from the island. About this time many thousands of the Scotch, together with their ministers, flying from persecution at home, came over to Ireland, and settled in the province of Ulster, and reinstated Presbyterianism; which has to this day continued to flourish, in despite of the combined opposition of English and papal prelacy. The following, however, will appear a curious fact in the present day:—"When Mr. Blair, a Scotch licentiate, arrived in Ireland in 1611, and scrupled an episcopal ordination, Eclin, bishop of Down, proposed that the Presbyterian ministers should join with him in the ordination; and that any expressions to which Mr. Blair might object in the established form, should be omitted or changed. The bishop of Raphoe granted the same indulgence to a Mr. Livingstone, and the same form was used in the ordination of all the Scotch ministers, who



THE  
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

OCTOBER, 1826.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XXIV.

(Continued from p. 388.)

The subject of the ensuing lecture is the answer to the 25th question of our catechism, which is thus expressed—

“Christ executeth the office of a Priest, in his once offering up himself a sacrifice, to satisfy divine justice, and reconcile us to God; and in making continual intercession for us.”

My dear youth—No part of theological truth is more closely connected with what is essential to our salvation, than the priestly office of Christ, the subject which is now before us—Give it, therefore, your most serious attention.

“A priest, (says Fisher in his catechism) is a publick person, who, in the name of the guilty, deals with an offended God, for reconciliation by sacrifice; which he offers to God upon an altar, being thereto called of God that he may be accepted—No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that was called of God, as was Aaron.” Thus, under the Mosaick dispensation, the high priest, in performing his most sacred duties, was the representative of all the tribes of Israel; and in token of it, he was commanded to

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bear their names on the shoulders of the ephod, and on the breast-plate of judgment upon his heart, whenever he should go into the holy place, “for a memorial before the Lord continually.”

In all this, the legal high priest was nothing more than a type of Christ, the true high priest of his church, who appears before God in the name of sinners, to make atonement and reconciliation for them;—and who, in this transaction, bears, as it were, the names of his people on his heart.

You will particularly observe that it is not a mere inference made by me, or by other fallible men, that the ancient priesthood was particularly and circumstantially typical of Christ. The infallible words of inspiration, in the plainest manner declare and explain this truth. They show, in detail, how those ancient institutions “are a shadow of good things to come, but that the body is of Christ.” This is especially done in the epistle to the Hebrews, where the inspired writer shows the superiority of the antitype to the type;—of Christ as a priest, over all who sustained that office in the Mosaick ritual: and in relation to this superiority there are a number of important particulars, which it may be proper cursorily to mention.

1. The superiority of his nature and person. The Jewish priests were but mere men; He was “the

But may'st thou early learn to prize  
The plaudits of the good and wise,  
Alone as real fame;  
Nor let the race absorb thy soul,  
But keep thine eye fix'd on the goal.

"Thy mother!—never may her eye  
Be damp with tears for thee,  
Save for those little ills, which try  
Thy tender infancy;  
And may'st thou to man's sterner worth,  
Join her warm heart—her guileless mirth  
—Her frankness—constancy;—

Her love, which time cannot estrange,  
Which knows no ebb—and knows no  
change.

"And when at length into thy breast  
Death's chilling tremors creep,  
O may'st thou sink into its rest,  
As to a gentle sleep,  
Unreach'd by doubt—unchafed by pain—  
Leaving behind thee not a stain,  
O'er which the good may weep;  
But with thy spirit plumed, to rise  
To that pure world beyond the skies!"

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## Miscellaneous.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGY-  
MAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.

*Bordeaux, August 2, 1820.*

My dear Friend,—My sojourn at Bagnieres, (from which my last was dated), was from the 22d of June to the 26th of July; when I left it for the place at which I now date. I think I have received a real benefit from the water, but imagine I continued the use of it too long, as I began to experience some debilitating effects.

Concerning Bagnieres, I have yet two or three things to add to what my last letter contained. The resort of company there, during my stay, was small, and far short (I was told) of what is usual, during the watering season. For this, two reasons were assigned.—The general pressure of the times, felt by all classes, which compels even the votaries of pleasure to curtail their expenditures; and the coronation of his majesty, George the Fourth, which has been fixed for a day in this month; and which is supposed to have detained almost the whole corps of fashionables, from England, who ordinarily make a large proportion of the summer company at Bagnieres. It is not a little odd, how the events of this world are linked together; and what an effect things, apparently the most distant,

have upon each other. One would think the inhabitants of the little town of Bagnieres, in a remote corner of France, could be but little affected by the inauguration of the king of England to his throne. Yet we find it has actually occasioned a very serious deduction from their gains, for the season; and what other mighty effects, in the history of our world, it may give birth to, time must disclose.

Judging from all I have seen, I would say that the inhabitants of Bagnieres are a very quiet, industrious, and temperate people. During my stay among them, I saw nothing like riot or disturbance in the streets; nor did I notice a single instance of intoxication. The people who come in from the country, on market days, have a homeliness and rudeness of dress and appearance, that indicates either great poverty or deficiency of cultivation, and may be both. They generally wear wooden shoes, which, for clumsiness and inconvenience, exceed any covering for the feet I have yet seen. A block of soft wood, is rudely formed into something like the proper shape—into which a hole is scooped to receive the foot. The sole—about an inch thick, is closely set on the outside, with broad headed nails. The wearer lifts his foot, exactly as if a weight was attached to it; taking care as he pushes his step forward,



that the uncomplying covering does not drop off. On a market morning, when the town is crowded, the clattering noise of their feet, armed with these heavy, iron nailed shoes, on the stone pavement, is not a little astounding to the stranger who hears it for the first time.

As it respects religion, Bagnieres is a very barren region. Among the inhabitants, I did not hear of one Protestant. There is a chapel, and but one, in the town. It is large, and appeared to be amply provided with a corps of priests, who performed frequent service through the week, as well as on the Sabbath. The congregation that attended, appeared thin for the population of the place. A few evenings before my departure, I witnessed a publick fete, or spectacle, that was new to me. It took place directly in front of the chamber I occupied, at the head of the publick square, which furnished abundance of room. A large post, ten or twelve feet high, split into fibres, and filled thick with dry faggots, was set upright in the ground. A bundle of fagots was tied on the top. The whole was very combustible. Just at dark, when a large crowd were collected around, a cavalcade of priests, in their canonicals, issued from the church, bearing wax candles in full blaze. With slow pace, they marched several times round the post, singing some kind of a hymn. At length one of them applied his candle to the faggots, and the whole troop decamped with a very hasty retreat. In a few seconds, the whole combustible erection was in a flame, and the surrounding multitude, who had maintained perfect silence, became a shouting, huzzaing mob. As soon as it was all burned down, and nothing remained but the fiery stump, an universal scramble took place, who should possess themselves of this precious fragment. As it was pretty firmly fixed in the earth, and all above

ground was a fiery coal, it was a work of some time, and no small squabble among the competitors, before it could be uprooted and borne off in triumph by a victor—to whom it certainly was a very costly prize, from the burns sustained in getting possession of it. The whole scene seemed to furnish vast enjoyment to the multitude who partook of it. Alas! for the state of mind, which could receive enjoyment from such folly. And alas! for the degradation to which the professed ministers of God, let themselves down, in lending their services, and prostituting the ordinances of their religion, to such a purpose. I learned it was a fete in honour of some saint—But a queer *saint* he must be, who would count himself honoured by such a fete. The remnant of the burnt stump was supposed to have become impregnated with precious efficacy for a variety of purposes; which rendered it the object of such fierce contention among the crowd, who should gain possession of it. During the exhibition, I was forcibly reminded of the tragic scenes of burning heretics, for which the church of Rome has rendered herself so famous. I had no doubt but it was a memorial of something of this kind, and could hardly help thinking that the saint (I forget his name, as he is not within my very limited acquaintance with this reverend fraternity) must have acquired his saintship, in part at least, by his meritorious services in scorching heretics.

Bagnieres is the only place where I have been treated with the least disrespect on account of my religion; though my standing, in this respect, has been generally known; and here the ground of complaint has been very small, and of a kind only to awaken pity, while it provoked a smile. The chambermaid, who acted in the capacity of cook and waited on the table, rendered her whole services under manifest indications of re-

luctance and terror, lest she might contract some pollution. At first, her disobliging manner, with shrugs and shudderings, surprised me, being so totally different from the studied respect and sycophancy of the whole serving tribe every where else. I was not long in surmising the cause: yet the application of a little of that precious article, which answers so many valuable purposes, though it produced a degree of conciliation, failed to overcome entirely the repugnance which at first was so strongly marked. Religious prejudices take the fastest hold of the mind, and are the most difficult to overcome; which furnishes a strong admonition to take heed how we indulge them in ourselves, or foster them in others. The individual whom we view under a mistake that endangers his salvation, ought to be regarded as in the first class of the unhappy, for whom we should feel double compassion—whom we ought to treat with special tenderness, that by offices of love we may win him over to the truth. It would be well if Protestants always acted thus, instead of returning hatred for hatred, and contempt for contempt.

Having concluded to remove to this place, I took passage in a *voiture de return*, for Agen, going by the way of Tarbs and Anch. The *voiture* is a species of hack carriage, owned by individuals, to be met with frequently in the south of France. They take passengers for a stipulated sum to any quarter, and return empty, or with such way passengers as they may be able to pick up. Meeting with one of them on its return to the place which you wish to go, you may often obtain a passage in it for less money and with greater comfort than in the publick stage, where you are liable to be crowded, and sometimes with very unpleasant company. To guard against imposition, I wrote an article, in which Monsieur —, the owner of the carriage, obligated him-

self for 30 francs to convey W— in his *voiture* to Agen, travelling by the best routes, stopping at the best inns, and in all things consulting the comfort of his said passenger. At signing, the owner of the *voiture* put into my hands two dollars, as confirmation of the agreement and security for its faithful performance, for which he received a receipt. Such is the way in which a matter of this kind is usually managed here. I was two nights and part of three days performing this journey, which proved a very uninteresting one, as I was without all society, except that of the driver. Many towns and a great variety of country fell under my notice. But my curiosity has become somewhat blunted, and both town and country have ceased to awaken the interest I formerly felt. The harvest had been some time over, and the inhabitants were generally busy in thrashing and cleaning their grain. In these operations I perceived much to corroborate the remark I have often made, that the French people are very far back in the business of agriculture. Their thrashing was generally performed in the open air, on earthen floors. I have seen eight or ten persons, men and women, in mixed company, some with rude flails, and others with long poles, beating out the wheat on the ground by the road side. In cleaning their grain, the nearest approximation to a fan which I saw, was two men exciting the wind by a large cloth, moved quickly between them. Some used the shovel, to toss the grain from one part of the floor to another. Others riddled it before the wind, when it blew sufficiently strong. I was told of a fan, lately brought to Toulouse, as a new invention; the owner of which carted it from one farm to another, and for hire, assisted in cleaning the grain. It pained me to see so much of the drudgery performed by women. Surely civilization is wanting where



the gentler sex are seen exposed to a burning sun, without covering for the head, wielding the flail on the same floor with men.

I arrived at Agen, a very considerable town, on the river Garonne, in the forenoon of the third day, and the same afternoon took the publick Diligence for Bordeaux; in which, after riding all night, I arrived the next afternoon, too much jaded with nocturnal travelling to have attended to almost any thing by the way. When we reached the suburbs of the city, a scene presented itself which roused all my attention. It was an immense crowd of people, just beginning to scatter from an execution. The cart containing the body of the criminal was just starting. The guillotine was standing on the scaffold, and two men were washing off the blood, preparatory to its removal. Had we been a few minutes earlier, we might have *enjoyed* the whole spectacle. What a spectacle to *enjoy!!* To mark the movements and features of a miserable culprit, about to lose his mortal existence—to look upon his dying throes—to reflect that his day of grace is expired, and that his immortal spirit, in all probability, takes its plunge into everlasting burnings; for how slender the hope, bottomed upon a repentance compelled on a hardened conscience, by the terrors of the guillotine or the gallows. Surely there must be something wrong in the constitution of that mind, which finds *enjoyment* in such a spectacle. For me, it was enough to have such ideas called up to my mind, by so much of the rear of the exhibition as remained for me to see.

When we arrived at a particular street, agreeably to my request, previously made to the conductor of the Diligence, I was set down, and my trunk given to a porter. I assure you, all my curiosity to view the novelties of a great and splendid city, was completely anni-

hilated by the desolateness of the situation in which, all at once, I found myself; and never do I wish a returning visitation of the feelings of that moment. An utter stranger, dropped in the heart of one of the largest cities of France, without a human being on whom I could count for taking a particle of interest in my welfare, ignorant which way to turn to find a lodging, I did feel like one lost; and looked after the stage as it drove off, regretting to part with a vehicle, in the benevolent attentions of whose conductor I had found something like friendly society. A kind Providence was my guide. The porter was able to conduct me to the number of a mansion kept by an English lady, with whom I was recommended to lodge. She, however, was unable to accommodate me. But by her recommendation I am provided with a comfortable chamber in the house of a citizen, the attentions of whose fat landlady, for two francs per day, without board, furnishes no bad substitute for the kind offices of friendship. Here I have been once more at home for a few days, and have found ample employment in looking at the exterior of this great city. And a great city it is; containing fine buildings, fine streets, and fine publick squares, planted with trees. But any gazetteer will furnish you with a much better description of the place, than a few days superficial observation can enable me to give. One thing in the arrangement of the city greatly delights me. It is the wide, vacant space, all along the bank of the Garonne, in front of the city; directly the reverse of what is seen in Water street, on the Delaware, in Philadelphia; and what is usual at the water, in every other commercial place I have seen.

In Bordeaux, the finest houses are on the street that runs along the margin of the river. But with much judgment and good taste, a

wide space is left vacant along the bank, which furnishes ample room for the transaction of business, gives a free circulation of air, while it allows a full view of the river, with all its shipping up and down the stream. But it is very surprising that there are no wharves for the shipping to come to. They all lie at anchor in the middle of the stream, and the business of loading and unloading is performed by boats. To what cause this very inconvenient and expensive arrangement is to be imputed, in a city of so much commerce and wealth, I am not informed. A bridge is at this time being built over the Garonne, at the city; and this too is matter of no small surprise, that so ancient and populous a city should to this day never have had the accommodation of a bridge over the river, on the margin of which it is built—though a stream not more than one-third the width of the Delaware, at Philadelphia.

I have seen very little of the people of Bordeaux, except in the streets. And here their appearance exhibits nothing remarkable, except in one particular, and that is very striking. It is the head-dress of the ladies. They wear no bonnets generally, but a cap of surprising magnitude. I had observed in Montpellier, and other towns, that the fair sex generally, appeared in the street and at church with a cap only, and the size of this article had attracted an occasional notice. But in this city, in point of dimensions, it so far surpasses any thing I have seen elsewhere, as to excite wonder. From the upper part of the head it swells out in all directions, and towering up at the same time to something like the size and appearance of a half bushel. To one unaccustomed to the sight, it appears exceedingly ridiculous, to see the dome of the figure, so out of all proportion to the middle and basement stories. Every vanity

brings its proper degradation to the individual who indulges in it—and none more than the vanity of dress—which furnishes its votaries with deformity and discomfort, instead of the beauty and convenience, which humility and good sense would seek in the covering of the body.

There are three Protestant ministers in Bordeaux, one of whom is said to be evangelical in his doctrines, and a man of respectable standing, every way, in society. I was much disappointed in not finding him in the city. I had a letter to him, from Mons. Lassignol, at Montpellier. This disappointment has prevented me from learning any particulars of the Protestant church in this place; as I have not met with any individual who is able to satisfy my inquiries on the subject. On Sabbath last, which is the only Sabbath I expect to be in the city, I attended worship, performed according to the manner of the English church, in a room fitted up for the purpose, in the house of the British consul. I was early in my attendance, and found but two or three who had arrived before me. Shortly after I was seated, the clergyman entered, in his ordinary dress, and commenced arraying himself in his canonicals, for the service of the day. While adjusting his band and surplice, &c. &c. with great familiarity he addressed himself to individuals in the room, and shortly noticed me, inquiring if I had lately come to Bordeaux, &c. &c. and by the time his adjustments were finished, he had informed himself of a good portion of my history. His whole figure and manner awakened in my mind very slender expectations of his performance—which were certainly not disappointed. His sermon had nothing in any respect interesting, to make up for its total deficiency of gospel doctrine—if indeed such a deficiency could be compensated by any thing. A small, but very



genteel company in appearance, were present during the service, and behaved with great decorum. One thing disgusted me out of measure. It was a statue, in an elevated situation, of a well grown boy, in a state of perfect nudity, except a small leaf, which effected no concealment. Such an outrage on decency I should not have expected in a private dwelling, much less in a place of public worship. Had it been in a French chapel, it would have little surprised me, as I have occasionally seen, in some of their churches, paintings of a nature very ridiculous and very indecent. But that an English congregation should so far comply with the licentious taste of the land of their sojourn, is really a stigma on their character.

Shortly after arriving here, I met with a very pleasant adventure, or rather providential occurrence, which I ought to regard as a special favour at the hand of Him, who deigns to be called "the stranger's shield." I was very slenderly furnished with letters of introduction for Bordeaux. The Protestant clergyman, who speaks English, on whom I counted much, was absent. An American merchant, established here, on whom I counted more, had his family in the country. Some others, on whom I counted little, did not disappoint me. The consequence was, I found myself almost out of society, and without the means of getting into it. Hearing of a Boston gentleman, whose store near the river was said to be a kind of rendezvous for Americans in the place, I introduced myself to him as a stray American, in pursuit of health, who wished to get a little into the society of my countrymen; putting into his hand, at the same time, an open letter of introduction to Mr. Gallatin, at Paris, from which he might learn my standing in society. After reading it, he handed it to a Dr. A——, who happened to

be present at the moment, who took me home with him in his gig, and has since shown me uncommon kindness. Dr. A—— many years ago left New York as an adventurer. He has been over a great part of Europe, and encountered a great variety of adventure. Now, at length, in the wane of life, he finds himself married to a rich French lady, and living in considerable style in the suburbs of Bordeaux. He is a character of no small oddity, with which I have been a good deal amused. Having seen much, and succeeded much, in the world, it is not surprising, if without the ballast of religion, he should manifest a little too much elation. With great fluency he discusses all subjects, and claims acquaintance with the highest characters. I certainly have a right to remember, with much gratitude, the kindness he has shown me. In addition to his hospitality and assiduous attentions to every thing relative to my comfort, he has furnished me with letters to a number of his friends, in places where I may be, in which, with great benevolence, he has commended me for qualifications to which I have no claim, and titled me, in addition, with the highest honours of the university.

To the traveller who has time and money, with a mind at ease, and free to make amusement his chief object, Bordeaux, I conceive, must be a place of many attractions. It is really a fine city, and discovers more marks of modern, and still progressive improvement, than any city in Europe I have yet seen. Its splendid exchange sufficiently indicates its large mercantile trade, and its superb theatre, of vast dimensions, (said to be among the largest in the world,) shows to what degree pleasure and dissipation have kept pace with its prosperity. But what are these things to me? I am anxious to be away. I have delayed so long in France, chiefly for the benefit of the waters of Bag-

nieres, and this being now had, I am anxious to be home. But feeling a little recruited, and in a situation that promises more benefit from travelling than I have yet experienced, I conceive it will be within the limit of duty, (which ought to limit our every movement on earth,) to make a circuitous route, and pass through England; a country, from the sight of which, I anticipate more gratification than that of any other. With this intention, I expect to set out on the morrow for Paris, from whence, if spared, you may again hear from me. And in prospect of a journey of some hundred miles, ought I not to rejoice in the privilege of committing myself to the watch and care of that great Being, who, to infinite wisdom and infinite power, adds infinite mercy; and thus divesting myself of the anxiety and dread I might otherwise feel—"  *Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you.*" What an invitation and promise! Have the whole unbelieving world any thing like it? My dear friend, be less straitened in yourself than I am, seeing you are so little straitened in God your Redeemer.

Yours, as ever, &c.

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PROPHECY VERIFIED.

"The tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly." *Isaiah xxxii. 4.*

In the interpretation of that part of Scripture prophecy which is not yet fulfilled, it is not always easy to decide how much is to be understood in a *literal*, and how much in a *spiritual* sense; and sometimes a spiritual sense may be chiefly intended, and yet a literal sense may also be one that shall be circumstantially verified. This theory receives countenance from some remarkable examples in prophecies already fulfilled. Thus in relation to our Lord Jesus-Christ, it.

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is said, Psalm lxxix. 21—"They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink;" And in Psalm xxii. 18—"They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture." In the symbolical language of prophecy, these passages might be considered as only intended to exhibit generally, and by sensible images, the bitter sufferings of our blessed Saviour; and his being treated as a criminal, who had forfeited both life and property to an offended government. Yet we find in the evangelical history, particularly in the 27th chapter of Matthew, that these predictions, as well as several others in the Psalms from which they are taken, were fulfilled to the very letter.

The prophecy of Isaiah, a part of which is quoted above, refers, according to the best commentators, ultimately and chiefly, to the latter day glory of the Christian church; and they suppose that the cited passage will have its principal accomplishment in spiritual favours, then to be conferred on those who antecedently could not speak of the truths and blessings of the gospel of Christ, on account of their ignorance, either total or partial—"The most rude and illiterate, such as could not speak so as to be understood, shall discourse clearly and intelligibly of God and of their duty—The text may be fitly expounded of the conversion of barbarous nations, and their giving praises to God in their several languages." This is the interpretation of the passage by Lowth, as quoted with approbation by Scott. And that this is a proper interpretation, giving the spiritual and most important sense of the quoted words, is not questioned, but cordially adopted by the writer of this—the editor of the Christian Advocate. He has, however, been lately called to be the personal witness of facts, which have presented to his mind a new



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**Religious Communications.**

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XXIV.

(Concluded from p. 433.)

II. The second part of Christ's priestly office is intercession. "He ever liveth," saith the apostle, "to make intercession for us." "We have an advocate with the Father," says another apostle, "Jesus Christ the righteous." As the priests daily, under the Mosaick dispensation, offered sacrifices and prayers for the people, and as the high priest once a year, on the great day of atonement, entered for the same purpose into the holy of holies; so Christ, after offering his one perfect sacrifice for sin, has entered into heaven, there to appear in the presence of God, to plead its efficacy in behalf of all his people; and to present their prayers, perfumed with his merits, to the eternal Father. The Father himself, loves his people, and is infinitely disposed to confer on them every needful good. But man has been a sinner, and to approach the God whom his sins have offended through an intercessor, is a constant recognition of a sinful character; and as such, it is an order useful to man, and honourable to the majesty of God. It also honours the Son of God, as showing that all which sinners receive is given on his account;

and it likewise endears him highly to all the redeemed. These purposes we can perceive that it serves, and it may answer other ends unknown to us.

Christ is a powerful, prevalent, intercessor—He is never denied—Here on earth he could say to his Father, "I know that thou hearest me always." Nay, his intercession is to be regarded as the expression of his own will; for not only is he always one in will with the Father, but in virtue of what he has done, he has a *covenant right* to express his will, in regard to his people. Thus in his last intercessory prayer on earth, (the best exemplar of his intercession in heaven,) he says—"Father, *I will* that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." He intercedes for the conversion of his people, while they are yet estranged from God, and is answered. He intercedes for their restoration, when they wander—He intercedes that their faith may not fail, as in the case of Peter, to whom he said—"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." He intercedes for each of them *personally and individually*; for of "all that the Father hath given him will he lose *none*."

Of the precise mode or manner in which the intercession of Christ in heaven is carried on, we are not informed in the sacred scriptures; and

Must fill up the moments of life,  
Till the anguish of death shall come o'er  
them.

And weep for the nations that dwell,  
Where the light of the truth never shone,  
Where anthems of praise never swell,  
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.  
O weep!—that the herald who came,  
To proclaim in their dwellings the story  
Of Jesus, and life through his name,  
Has been summon'd away to his glory.

Weep not for the saint that ascends  
To partake of the joys of the sky,  
Weep not for the seraph that bends  
With the worshipping chorus on high;  
But weep for the mourners who stand  
By the grave of their brother in sadness,  
And weep for the heathen, whose land  
Still must wait for the day-spring of glad-  
ness.

L.

THEM THAT SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD  
BRING WITH HIM.

The hireling, weary of his load,  
Longs to behold the ev'ning sun;  
And there remains a bless'd abode  
To cheer us when our race is run.

What privilege!—to see the stream  
That bounds the worlds of faith and  
sight;

To catch the first inspiring gleam  
Of Heav'n's unfolding visions bright!

To feel our tenement decline,  
Our fabric shake without a sigh,—  
Supported by a hope divine—  
The hope of immortality.

At length to pass the barrier dread,  
The pang of parting scarce perceiv'd;  
And while survivors' tears are shed,  
To be, by Christ, with smiles receiv'd.

To sleep in Jesus, rapturous thought!  
To close in peace our mortal days!  
Safe to the heav'nly Canaan brought,  
To join the anthems angels raise!

To sleep in Jesus—what delight!  
Increasing still, and ever new!  
To mingle with the saints in light,  
And be as pure and happy too!

To dread no pain, to know no care,  
No sin or frailty to molest;  
And on each glorious object there,  
To see *eternity* impress!

Haste, moments, to unloose my chains!  
Come, Jesus, let me sleep in thee!  
The happiest hour that time retains,  
Is that which sets my spirit free!

## Miscellaneous.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGY-  
MAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.

Paris, Aug. 14th, 1820.

My dear Friend,—You would think it strange, if I made you no communication from this great city; where, through the good providence of God, I arrived a week ago; after a fatiguing journey from Bourdeaux. Yet I feel strongly disposed to disappoint you, for two reasons; first, because any communication I can make, will fail to meet your raised expectation; which will look for something corresponding with the magnitude and grandeur of the place from which I date: and still more, because my mind is not yet settled, from the confusion produced

by the multitude, variety, and novelty of the objects, which have crowded on my attention, since I have been here. But I know the partiality of your friendship supersedes any necessity for apologies; and you will keep in mind, that it is not Paris, but your friend in Paris, of which you are to receive some account.

Of my journey from Bourdeaux, and the country through which I passed, I can say very little. I can hardly conceive how a journey of equal distance could be performed, with less interest and observation, by a thinking being, than this same journey has been performed by me. Doubtless, the *manner* of the journey had its effect, in producing this insensibility. It occupied three days and four nights, all which time, (with the exception of one night, passed in



a tavern) I was on the road. That I was able to undergo the journey at all, in this fatiguing manner, was owing to the happy circumstance, of having so few fellow passengers. There were only two, besides myself, for the inside of the coach; and they occupied one seat, which left the other to myself; on which I could lie down through the night, and sleep with some comfort. It is wonderful, the effect of novelty on the human mind. When I recollect the intense interest with which I looked at every thing French, during my first day's travel in the country, four months ago, I am astonished at the insensibility, with which I have passed through so many towns and such a variety of country, as fell in my way during this journey. Tours is almost the only place in the whole route, where I seem to myself to have been awake. It was the only place where the stage made any delay, longer than was necessary for refreshment. We arrived at Tours on the afternoon of the second day, and remained until some time after night. I had intended to have tarried a day or two in the place to rest; but the fear of not finding so comfortable an accommodation, as a whole seat to sleep on, in an after stage, induced me to go on. I had time however to deliver a letter of introduction, and spend the evening with a gentleman I was not a little curious to see. He is a Mr. Grattan from Ireland, who offers himself as a candidate for the highest honours of poetry. He has just published an epic poem, near the size of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, entitled *Philbert*. It had been put into my hands at Bourdeaux by Dr. A. from whom I was favoured with a letter to the author. But I had too many things to look at in Bourdeaux, to allow time for much reading; and perhaps too little of the inspiration of Parnassus, to be capable of doing justice to the work. Of its merits therefore, I have no right to speak. With the man I was much pleased. He is yet in early life, and much the gentleman in his manners.

He is married, and in his hired lodgings, lives in a style much above what is understood, usually, to fall to the lot of the poetic race. Tours contains a large amount of English population; so much so, that that very day, the ceremonies of installing a clergyman, to minister stately to a congregation, respectable in point of numbers, had taken place. He belongs to the English established church. With the appearance of the city every way, I was much pleased. It has an air of elegance, quite superior to most of the French cities of the middle class, which I have seen. No doubt, this is the cause of its attracting so large a number of British emigrants.

On the morning of the fourth day's travel we passed through Versailles, just at break of day. This, you know, is the usual summer residence of the kings of France. It is about sixteen or eighteen miles from Paris. The stage stopped but about five minutes, to change horses. Here I felt roused from the lethargy, under which the journey hitherto had been performed, and made the best use of my opportunities, in viewing from the coach windows the fine avenues and magnificent buildings, which presented themselves on both sides of the street. The place appeared to me to bear, very distinctly, the impress of royal magnificence. The road from thence to the city, is generally level, and the country fine; yet I was certainly disappointed, in seeing so few of the usual indications of the neighbourhood of a great city; such as fine cultivated grounds, elegant country establishments, &c. We entered Paris by the way of the Elysian fields; which is an immense wood, on its skirts. It was matter of astonishment to see, in a region where ground must be so precious, so vast a plain filled with trees. It reminded me of an American forest—so large are its dimensions, and so thick its plantation. There are roads through it, in different directions, along side of which the trees stand in regular rows, while in other parts,

they stand without order, as if they had sprung up from nature's planting. In some places, the trees are large, and stand at a distance from each other; and in others, they are crowded into a thicket, that darkens the atmosphere. The whole surface of the ground is beaten and bare, like a high-way, by the treading of the crowds that resort thither, by day and by night. The place is well named the *Elysian* fields—as it regards the cool shade and pleasant walk it furnishes, fitting it to be an appendage to paradise. But if regarded in respect to too many of the transactions which take place in it, perhaps it would merit an appellation bearing a reference to a very different region.

By the recommendation of my poetical friend at Tours, I took lodging at Morice's hotel—a very splendid establishment, resorted to principally by the English; but I soon found I had made a wrong location. To the lords and dukes who thronged the place, I had no introduction; and found myself as much out of society almost, as if I had been the only lodger in the place. On the second day, by the recommendation of Mr. Wilder, a gentleman from Boston, who is established here as a merchant, and who has laid many of his countrymen under obligations, as well as myself, I removed to another tavern, where I have good accommodations much cheaper, and meet with some American society. Judging from my own feelings, I am ready to suppose, that the most powerful sensation which a stranger will feel, on finding himself in Paris—especially if, like myself, he is alone, and rather relaxed in the tone of his nervous system—will be that of a lost, bewildered being. The immensity of the place, the crowd of its population, the strangeness of every object, the universal bustle which fills every street, and especially the dread of losing himself, if he goes out of sight of his lodgings, will unite in producing a confused, bewildered state of

mind, that will require some days to wear off.

My first measure, after arriving here, was to deliver some letters of introduction; and in performing this, I soon found, not the convenience merely, but the necessity, of the hack carriages; the abundance of which, will not fail to strike the attention of a stranger. They are all numbered, and under regulations prescribed by the government, which also fixes the compensation they are permitted to charge—so much per hour, or half hour, that they are employed. Without any previous negotiation, you may step into one, and direct the driver where to take you; and when you cease to employ him, give him the compensation which the law allows. If indeed, you do not know what this compensation is, you will be very liable to be imposed upon. In passing through Paris, a stranger will be struck with the astonishing contrast of magnificence and meanness, with which he will be presented at almost every turn. From streets of great beauty—wide, airy, planted with trees, and adorned with palaces fit to accommodate royalty—he passes into others—narrow, confined, dirty, without footways, polluted with a filthy stream of black water, running down the middle of them; and such as these last, are a great majority of the streets of Paris.

The place, above all others, to which I have most frequently resorted, and which, if I may judge from the crowds I never fail to meet there, is the most resorted to, is the garden of the *Thuilleries*. The *Thuilleries*, you know, is the royal palace. With a liberality that does honour to royalty, this garden is open to all visitors, from early in the morning until late at night. The palace stretches to the distance of near four hundred yards, and the garden—surrounded with an elegant iron railing—extends in front of it, over a space, to speak by guess, of from ten to fifteen acres. And it is difficult, at least for me, to conceive what more,



art could do, beyond what it has done, in the decoration of this spot—with arbours, flowers, shrubbery, walks, statuary, fish-ponds, water-plays, &c. &c. It is *such* a paradise as man can make; and has an effect, at least for a while at first, in regaling the senses, and in soothing, cheering, and elevating the mind, beyond what I could have expected, from a production of the kind. The company who resort here, belong to the curiosity of the place—such crowds of saunterers, dressed in the highest style of elegance, pacing backwards and forwards, and indicating by the placidness of their appearance, if appearances might be trusted, the highest enjoyment. Who would suppose from all that appears without, that these were fallen beings—the victims of sin, and heirs of the curse. Alas! in all probability, such a thought is scarcely found in their minds. And any intimation of such a state, as belonging to them, would be regarded as little less than insult. The present situation of his majesty who calls the whole his own, is a striking example how poor royalty may be, while in possession of all its grandeur. He is laid up with an attack of the gout; which for some months has confined him to his chamber. His battered constitution, is fast sinking into premature debility.

Next to the garden of the Thuilleries, and perhaps nothing inferior to it, as a public promenade and resort of fashionable society, is the street called the Boulevards—that is in English, the bulwarks. You will understand that in days of yore, when Paris was little more than half its present size, it was nearly circular in its shape, and surrounded with a wall and fortifications. In modern times, when the city had extended far beyond these fortifications, they were entirely removed; and the space they occupied, is converted into a spacious street, about two hundred feet wide. This street is lined with trees on each side, leaving a space for an ample footway, between the trees and the houses. The finest

private dwellings in Paris, are on both sides of this street; and altogether it is elegant far beyond any street, of any city, I have yet seen. The crowds of well-dressed people that throng these broad footways, from the noon of day to midnight, is a sight of astonishment. Under the trees, double and treble rows of chairs are set out, on which those who are fatigued may sit down to rest. These chairs belong to women, and as soon as one of them is occupied, the person who occupies it, is called upon for two sous of rent to the owner.

The garden of plants, is a botanic establishment, of vast dimensions, and equal in elegance to any thing of the kind, that can well be imagined. As a contrast to all that art has done, one section of the place, occupying an elevated situation, and extending over some acres, is surrendered to nature's wildness. The ground appears sterile in its quality, and is covered with bramble and brushwood, of impenetrable thickness. In the centre is a mound, or mountain in miniature, that towers like a sugar loaf, to a very considerable height. Around the sides of this mountain, a spiral walk winds to the top. While you ascend, you see nothing but the impenetrable bramble that surrounds you. But when you reach the top, a view bursts upon your sight, all at once, that fills you with astonishment. It is all Paris, spread out on the plain below you. You look over a wilderness of houses, far as your eye can reach. In a little temple, on the very top of the sugar loaf, you find a telescope, with the use of which an old man accommodates you for a trifle, to reconnoitre any place that claims your particular attention.

The palace of the Luxembourg, has given me no small amount of enjoyment. It is a gallery of painting and statuary: and like all the public institutions of Paris, is free to all strangers, to be visited as often as they choose. You will judge of the immensity of the collection of paint-

ings, arranged on each side of the gallery as you walk down it, from the fact, that the simple walk is of an extent sufficient to induce fatigue. And the neatness, cleanness, and regard to decorum, you can judge of, from an incident which took place with myself. While resting on one of the cushioned seats, which are placed at intervals in the gallery, I had taken off my shoe, to ease an unpleasant sensation, arising from a slight inflammation on my foot. The person having charge of the place, came up to me, bowing, and very gently remarked, that it was not decorous to sit in the gallery with the shoe off. The order of arrangement, the neatness and taste displayed throughout the whole immense establishment, is itself a curiosity. Of the gratification to be had in viewing such a collection of fine paintings, I say nothing. Doubtless any thing which I felt, is nothing, compared to what an *amateur* enjoys. The gallery of statuary, is an exhibition equally wonderful. But verily, if it be a school of the fine arts; it is, under existing regulations, in a far higher degree, a school of depravity—the like of which I pray my country may never know. I was shocked beyond measure, and moved to indignation, to see gentlemen and ladies, promiscuously walking in troops, among these figures in a state of nudity generally—Nay, gentlemen and ladies, walking arm in arm, and stopping before a marble representative of the human body, in complete undress; and remarking on its features and proportions. Calling to mind the reproof I received, for sitting in the gallery without a shoe, I thought, verily, here is straining at a gnat and swallowing the camel, with a witness. But the same abominable outrage on decency, exists in the garden of the Thuilleries, and is to be met with in every part of Paris. This is itself a sufficient evidence of the debauchery of the place; while it acts as a powerfully exciting cause, in promoting that vice. I have indeed been told, that

it is altogether a matter of usage, and that they who have been accustomed to such exhibitions, are liable to no improper impressions from them. Such an argument is a reflection on the heart and understanding of him who offers it. On the same principle, if it was customary for a company to divest themselves of their clothes, as often as the temperature of the atmosphere would make it comfortable to do so, the commonness of the thing, would soon do away any corrupting tendency in the procedure.

We are told by the prophet, that “pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness, in her and her daughters,” were the leading causes of generating that depravity, which ripened Sodom for the vengeance that consumed her. Doubtless, there must be in Paris an enormous amount of similar depravity, from the abundance of the same exciting causes. The throngs of idlers, with which every place of amusement in this vast city is crowded, from noon to midnight, exceeds conception, to any one who has not seen it; while the caffees and eating houses, in their number and display, give evidence, to what extent luxury and pride of show are carried. You have heard of these last establishments—you must see them, to have any adequate conception of their adaptation to provoke and pamper appetite. They belong to the wonders of Paris. They are wonders, however, that are dangerous to gaze upon. They are the toils, in which the ‘subtle fowler’ entraps immortal souls. It is madness—it is worse than madness, to send American youth to Paris, or I believe any part of France, for improvement. It is seeking outward polish, at the expense of inward purity. It is jeopardizing the soul, for the sake of gratifying curiosity. It is estimated that there are ordinarily, about one hundred thousand strangers, on an average, in Paris; including Frenchmen from the departments of France. The majority of these, are no doubt, the votaries of plea-

sure, gathered to this great capital—a centre of dissipation, perhaps to the world! *Twenty* theatres are found little enough, to accommodate the devotees of theatrical amusement. Through the week, fewer will suffice; but on the evening of the *sabbath*, they are all in requisition. This fact alone, is sufficient evidence of the low state to which every thing like religion must be sunk. The resident population of Paris, is estimated at about six hundred thousand. Of these, one hundred and ninety thousand, are counted to belong to the church of Rome. About ten thousand may be protestants; and the remaining *four hundred thousand* are infidels. There are six protestant ministers in Paris, of whom one only is considered as entirely evangelical in his doctrines: and as they preach some how in rotation, it is only on every other sabbath that it falls to his lot to officiate.

I have been here one sabbath; the forenoon of which exhibited nothing in the streets, to distinguish it from the other days of the week. The stores were all open, and the workshops occupied. Buildings were going up, and carts and drays, with their loads, passing and repassing, as usual on any other day. In the afternoon, every thing of this kind had ceased; and the whole population seemed to have come forth, dressed in their best, for idleness and amusement. Such I have found, indeed, to be pretty generally the custom, where I have been in France. There is here a Wesleyan Methodist clergyman, Mr. Hotrie, sent over from England as a missionary, attempting to gather a society; but hitherto with very little success. I heard him preach in English in the forenoon. No other English service could be attended which promised any thing. I was pleased with his exercises, but the congregation was a handful. Having been introduced to him, he called the next day, and spent some time with me at the hotel. He is an

intelligent man, with, perhaps, some eccentricity of manner. He had been a captain in the British army, previous to his conversion, and from his own account, a very dissipated man. "Oh!" (said he) "I shall sing high when I get to heaven; to think that such a wretch as I, should ever find admittance into such a place." He lamented much, his unfruitfulness as a minister, since he had been stationed at Paris; which had not been long, and imputed the cause, principally, to the impossibility of finding people to attend upon his ministry. He thought, he said, "he would soon be able to give the Holy Ghost credit for some conversions, if he could only obtain an audience." He has a large family, and is anxious to emigrate to the United States. Having remarked to him, in reply to some inquiries, relative to the encouragement I could give him on the subject, that persons of intelligence, morality, industry, and economical habits, however they might encounter difficulties at first, stood a fair chance ultimately to succeed—he said, "he had no wish for his family, but to bring them up to useful industry." Once he had thought otherwise. When he was first converted, he had a strong wish to go to heaven, in the capacity of a gentleman. But he had been taught otherwise, and now he was quite of Dr. Clarke's opinion, that 'God Almighty never made the thing usually called a gentleman.'—What matter of gratitude, that there are in this great city, still a remnant of such men as Mr. Hotrie appears to be, and I hope is—like 'a little leaven hid in a barrel of meal?' But when shall the whole be leavened? What a change will it be! and what matter of joy to know, that He who hath promised, is able to perform! The Lord hasten it in its time; and give you and me, to 'see the good of his chosen, and to rejoice with his heritage.'

Yours, sincerely.



THE  
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

JANUARY, 1827.

Religious Communications.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE'S "FORGET ME NOT."

This is the season in which it is usual for friends to present to each other a memorial, or token of remembrance, for which the single French term *Souvenir*, is used by some, and by others the English phrase, *Forget me not*. Let the Christian Advocate then, present to his friendly readers a FORGET ME NOT—mindful himself, and reminding them, that an *Advocate* is one who speaks, not for himself, but for him whose cause he pleads, and whose claims he urges.

*Forget me not*, is the injunction of the Father of mercies, addressed emphatically to the *young*. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." Reflect, beloved youth, and you will be convinced, that this command of the Most High is as reasonable and benevolent, as it is authoritative and obligatory. Can any thing be more rational, than that the opening faculties of the mind should be consecrated, in all their vigour and freshness, to the love and service of Him who bestowed them all? In all the bright visions of futurity which your imaginations delight to create, can fancy itself pourtray any thing so desirable, as an allotment to be chosen by a Being of in-

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finite wisdom, power and goodness —That HE should select for you the whole course of life, guide and guard you through it, and assure to you its termination in an eternity of bliss? Now, this will actually be done—it will be found, not an illusive picture of the imagination, but a substantial and blessed reality, if you remember your Creator in the days of your youth; if you consecrate to your Maker and Redeemer the morning of life. His own unfailing declarations are— "They that seek me early shall find me—Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace—Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come—All things work together for good to them that love God —All things are yours—whether life or death, or things present or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Can the madness of that folly be described, which would sacrifice what is here promised —promised in words of eternal truth—for vanities fleeting as the meteor, and empty as the wind. Nothing that is worthy of your rational and immortal nature is prohibited by him, who demands your hearts and your obedience. His "yoke is easy and his burden is light." *Forget him not*—Every sentiment of gratitude unites with every consideration of interest, to

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some quaintness, they contain much good sense and fervent piety. They are in fact proverbs, or maxims, in which are often concentrated, in a few words, subjects for lengthened and profitable meditation.

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Though few there be that care to be virtuous, yet fewer there are that would not be counted so.

Nothing but what is God's dishonour, should be our shame.

We must not walk by example, but by rule.

They that drive away time, spur a free horse.

As often as a man lays out for God, he lays up for himself.

We have nothing that we can properly call our own, but what we have reason to be ashamed of.

We are never well informed of the truth, till we are conformed to the truth.

A conceit of knowledge is the greatest enemy to knowledge, and the greatest argument of ignorance.

They that presume most in prosperity, are soonest subject to despair in adversity.

It is as great a mercy to be preserved in *health*, as to be delivered from *sickness*.

As they, who for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they, who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

Be lively, but not light; so<sup>l</sup>l, but not sad.

Keep the body under, but the spirit up.

Keep such company as God keeps.

To render good for evil, is God-like; to render good for good, is man-like; to render evil for evil, is beast-like; to render evil for good, is devil-like.

Carry yourself submissively towards your superiors, friendly towards your equals, condescendingly towards your inferiors; generously towards your enemies, and lovingly towards all.

—  
*From the Christian Observer.*

#### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

No worldly pomp, or Eastern pride,  
The Saviour chose to grace his birth;  
Nor stooped with monarchs to divide  
The mimic pageantry of earth!

But he preferred a heavenly gem,  
Which far and wide its radiance shed;  
It was the Star of Bethlehem,  
That crown'd the infant Saviour's head.

And while the bless'd Redeemer lay,  
By mortal sages unadored,  
That spark Divine illumined the way,  
To those who prophesied the Lord.

Bright gem of glory, sign of grace!  
Appear to guide my wandering feet;  
And lead me in the heavenly race,  
To find the Saviour's mercy-seat.

And though the Saviour now appears  
On earth no more, nor star is given,  
Let faith direct my future years,  
That I may find my Lord in heaven.

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### Miscellaneous.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGY-  
MAN, OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.

(Continued from Vol. IV. p. 358.)

London, Aug. 23, 1820.

My dear Friend,—You will no doubt be surprised, to find me so

soon decamped from the French metropolis. I confess, a delay of only ten days, in a city which furnishes objects of curiosity, more than sufficient to occupy as many months, can hardly be justified under any ordinary circumstances. But I am in truth in a hurry to be at home, and all Paris put together

could not present a spectacle, to me half as gratifying, as the smoke of my own chimney. If spared, I must cross the Atlantick before the storms of winter; and therefore I have been in haste to get into England, which is the country, I conceive, above all other countries, interesting for an American to visit. It is the centre of the arts, of learning, and above all, of the Protestant religion.

The leading impression on my mind, brought away from the hasty survey I have taken of Paris, is, its enormous voluptuousness. It is another Sodom. A night ramble through its eating houses and crowded places of amusement, must fill the mind with the idea of a city wholly given to idolatry!—The idolatry of worshipping the goddess of pleasure. It is fair however, to ascribe to the surrounding nations, a full share of the vice and abominations, with which Paris is polluted. The idle and profligate rich of all Europe, flock to Paris, as a common centre of amusement; and so vast a concourse of such strangers, in the keen pursuit of pleasure, is more than sufficient to inundate any city with debauchery: and I am inclined to think, that the English come in for a full share of this censure. They are richer than any other people of Europe, and of course, have the means of profligacy more within their reach. I have no hesitation to say, that profaneness of language prevails among the young English travellers, quite beyond any thing I have observed in the educated of any other country. The frequency of one expression, G—damn me? to the outrage of grammar and common sense, as well as of piety, in ordinary conversation, and without the smallest item of provocation, has made me look with amazement and disgust, on men whose appearance and information would otherwise seem to entitle them to pass for gentlemen. Owing to this, the usual appellation of an Englishman, among the wait-

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ers in hotels at Paris, and elsewhere in France, is ‘Monsieur G—damn me.’ This fact I had heard before being in Paris, and heard it ascribed to the hatred which the French bear to the English. But any person who has had opportunity of hearing the disgusting frequency of the expression in their conversation, will be at no loss to account for the degrading nickname. And where profaneness is abundant, we are sure no power of conscience exists, to deter from the worst abominations. Let then accounts be fairly balanced; and while condemnation is passed upon the enormous debauchery of Paris, let those of other nations, who greatly minister to its production, have their proper share of censure.

On the morning of the 17th, I set off in the Diligence, having taken passage for London, which is only a journey of three days from Paris. Passing from the French to the English capital, is but a small affair—less serious than a journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. Three Englishmen occupied the top of the coach, and a West-Indian, from the island of Jamaica, with myself, had the inside. As usual in French staging, we rode all night; and as very frequently occurred to me, I had heavy complaint to make of the climate, on account of the cold, the wind, and the dust. Not that I suffered much personally, being protected by closing up the carriage. But our English companions on the top, when daylight returned, exhibited a bleached and be-dusted appearance, that was not a little deplorable. One of them was an uncommonly fat, jolly man, who turned it all into jest. Next to grace, it appears to me, that good humour, is the best qualification a man can possess, for getting comfortably through this world. It is as Solomon says, “He that is of a merry heart, has a continual feast.” But the man who has grace and good humour too, with a competency of

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that "prudence, which is profitable to direct;"—he is the favourite child of Heaven. My Jamaica inmate of the coach, was an intelligent, sociable man. Our sociality, no doubt, was not a little promoted, by the circumstance of his being a warm republican. He was a strong advocate for the West India islands becoming connected with the United States. Agreeably to his representation, great discontent prevails in them, towards the government of Great Britain.

The country through which we passed, as far as my blunted curiosity prompted to observation, appeared pleasant, generally level, yet I would say, not on the whole, under very high cultivation. The road was certainly very fine—In many places for a long distance, planted with trees on each side. This is an improvement very desirable, which does honour to the publick taste. Beside the beauty, which is very great, the shade, in hot weather, is a large addition to comfort. The evening of the second day brought us to Calais, which is not a large place, but discovers equal, if not superior neatness and cleanliness, to any place I have seen in France. The next morning proved very stormy, and we were detained some hours, before we could embark in the sloop that was to convey us across the British channel, about twenty miles, to Dover. We had proceeded but a small distance, when the violence of the wind, rent our main sheet from the top to the bottom. This put it out of our power to proceed, and, the tide being out, we could not reland at Calais until it rose. The consequence was, that we had to beat about under a tremendous gale and on a raging sea, for about five hours, until the flood tide allowed us to reach the wharf from which we had set out. There was a number of passengers on board, and the scene that ensued from deadly sea-sickness and the terror of shipwreck, can be con-

ceived, only by those who have experienced something similar. I suffered enough to impress the recollection while I live, and to make me deeply thankful for getting once more on shore, which we were permitted to do, towards evening. Sweet indeed is deliverance from distress and danger. It may be safely asserted, that exquisite enjoyment is only known, in the hour of rescue from hard suffering and imminent peril. A good fire, and a comfortable meal in the hotel, after a five hours' endurance of such privations and dangers, was a happiness worth enjoying; but verily, I should wish to be excused from purchasing it a second time, at the same cost. It made me think, of what the ransomed sinner shall enjoy, on finding himself in glory, safe from the perils of perdition, which at times, in the tempest-tossed ocean of this sinful life, he had scarce hoped to reach.

In the evening, the violence of the weather having abated, we again embarked, and arrived at Dover about midnight. I had found a place where I could lie among the baggage, and was fast asleep, when the vessel reached the harbour. On being suddenly waked up, I was much surprised to find myself in the hands of two men, who were feeling over every part of my body. Inquiring what they meant, I was told, they were searching for smuggled goods. The light silks of France, on which enormous duties are levied, by the English government, are sometimes concealed about the bodies of smugglers: to detect which, the agents of the custom-house, are authorized to make on passengers, the rude investigation of which I was the subject. They were soon satisfied, however, that my lank person was enveloped by nothing contraband. Had it been daylight, I presume I should have escaped without suspicion. My trunk was carried, without my leave, to the custom-house; where

it underwent a close inspection in the morning. A fellow-passenger conducted me to a tavern, where I found a good bed, and a comfortable nap, until daylight. The idea of being in England, was sufficient excitement to rouse me at an early hour; and as the stage did not set off, until about nine o'clock, I had opportunity to gratify my curiosity, by a ramble over the town.

Dover is a small, but neat town, romantically situated in a low valley, at the water's edge; and surrounded on all sides from the sea, by high hills. Pursuing a road which led to the hill at the end of the town, I was conducted to an excavation into the hill. Entering a short distance, I found the excavation to assume an upright direction, and a flight of stairs, winding round and round, carried me by an ascent of about two hundred steps, into a fortification on the hill top; bristling with cannon, that pointed in all directions. Here I enjoyed a prospect of no ordinary beauty and grandeur. The neat town, spread out on the little valley, far below on the right.—A vast range of undulating country behind, with the wide watery expanse of the English channel in front. The atmosphere was uncommonly serene. Not a trace of yesterday's tempest was to be seen: but the smooth level of the water was like the face of a looking-glass. Here I ought to have adored that almighty Being, who "made the sea, and the dry land;" whose works are so manifold, and whose merciful providence had protected me in all my wanderings, and brought me to that romantic spot. Here I did take a last *adieu* of the French continent, the distant hills of which, were dimly visible in the blue horizon. It was an *adieu* of joy, mingled with no regrets at parting. A dreary sojourn of five months, I have had in a land of outlandish people, and strange language. Certainly, I have no reason to be dissatisfied with many persons

and many things in France: and great reason I have to be thankful, for having passed through almost the length and breadth of the land, without meeting with any injury, and in some degree successful, in the one object of my travel, a restoration of health. But alone, a stranger, knowing not enough of the language to enjoy the society of the people, and more than all, subject to the frequent depressions, incident to ill health and a debilitated nervous system, you will not wonder if I felt, on getting out of the country, like a captive released and permitted to return to the land of his home. I did look on its distant hills with joy and thankfulness, that I was no longer there, and no more to return thither. I did feel a high excitement, that I was in old England, among a people of kindred manners, of kindred language, and above all of kindred religion; where I might expect to enjoy the services of the sanctuary, as I had been accustomed to do in the land of my fathers. Yet, I did feel great regret, not at leaving France, but at the situation in which I left it. It is a great country, inhabited by a vast population of lively, industrious, and in one sense, sober people; who are destined one day, when emancipated from ignorance, infidelity, and the gross superstitions of Popery—when brought under the full influence of Bible morality, and Bible liberty, to rise high in the history of ages to come. At present, its situation is that of deep depression, and without a hastening in the ameliorating progress of things, (for which we have indeed some reason to hope,) must remain so, for a long time to come. It would seem to me, that according to the slow progress of truth, and of liberty, civil and religious, in times past, a century, and perhaps more, must elapse, before the people of France, reach the position which the United States now occupy; and will have to make the

attainment at the expense of desperate struggles, sacrifices, and blood. At this moment, I appreciate the advantages, with which the sovereign mercy of Providence has endowed the church and people of the United States, in a tenfold higher degree than ever I did before. If due improvement be made of the start that has been taken, what are the attainments in religion, in morals, in the arts, which our posterity may make, before other nations arrive at the point from which we now set out? I rejoice for my country; but I rejoice with trembling, knowing how frequently the fairest prospects are blasted, when the issue depends on human instrumentality. And I tremble still more, to think how much the cause of liberty, of religion, and of human well-being generally, is suspended on the course which the people of the United States may pursue. Any serious miscarriage, on the part of America, relative to the subject of government, or religion, would have a blasting influence on the best interests of man in every country, but especially in France. It was remarked to me, by the intelligent Protestant minister at Montpellier, that the eyes of the advocates of liberty and religion, in their present struggles, were turned towards the United States; and large calculations were made, of the advantages to be derived from our example. God grant, that in these calculations there may be no disappointments.

About nine o'clock, the stage coach for London was before the door, to receive its load. At once, it attracted my notice, from the astonishing contrast it exhibited, to those kind of vehicles I had seen in the country I had just left, not excepting even those of Paris; which, to be sure, are immensely superior to the rude, grotesque machines, to be seen all over the south of France. Taste, neatness, and

convenience, are the characteristics of the English stage coach. The inside allows only of four passengers. But they have every accommodation of elegance and comfort, which a private carriage could furnish; with the privilege of paying the full value for them. The top of the stage, in front, furnishes a seat for three passengers, to which there is a foot-board, behind the driver, who sits low before. Iron hoops round the back and sides, sufficiently secure the passengers from any fear of falling from their elevated situation. A projection behind, on a level with the body of the coach, gives a seat to two or three passengers, on each side of it; who sit facing each other, and ride side foremost. The horses are elegant, the harness shining black, with brass hames and mounting, sparkling with brightness. The whole establishment, before dust or mud has soiled it, is truly elegant, and outdoes altogether any thing of the kind, I have seen in our country, and much more in France.

The day was uncommonly fine, and certainly few days of my life have passed with more intense interest, from morning to night, than this. I was completely roused from the apathy, under which my latter journeys in France had been performed. Mounted on the top of the coach, I had the finest opportunity for seeing the country, and a fine country every where presented itself to be seen. It was about the middle of harvest, in the region of Dover: but travelling north, we had arrived among fields too green for the sickle, before we reached London. Looking at the wheat, the oats, the barley, one could say, "This is emphatically the land of plenty." The whole country seemed under cultivation, and the produce abundant. The only exception I noticed was, here and there, waste grounds laid out for horse-racing, a degrading sport, to which the country gentry are



much addicted. We passed through a number of towns, as Rochester, Canterbury, &c. which in point of neatness, and cleanness, presented a surprising contrast to the rudeness and impurity of many of the French towns I had seen. But the rapidity of our motion, forbade any inspection beyond a passing glance. We left Dover a little before nine o'clock in the morning, and about dark, I was set down in London, at the Black Bear Tavern in Piccadilly—a distance of about 70 miles, in 12 hours, including the time necessary for refreshments by the way. This is nearly double the ordinary rate of travelling in France. And here I beg leave to close my history for the present. Whether you will hear from me again, before leaving this place is uncertain. At all events, you must expect very brief details. The little time I shall have to remain here, will be too little to take more than a slight look, at the multitude of curiosities, which every stranger must look at: and it would be foolishness in me, to spend time in endeavouring to describe to you, things which you can find much better described, in the printed accounts of fifty travellers, who have preceded me. Should any thing new fall in my way, worth recording, you may count upon receiving some notice of it; either before or after I go hence. "Arise! let us go hence." How frequently have I been obeying this mandate for some time past! and how soon in obedience thereto, will be the removal of us both to that distant country, from which no traveller returns, nor yet sends back any letter of information relative to his journey thither, or reception there! Let us seek to hold ourselves in constant readiness, that the mandate, which may be at a moment's warning, may not take us by surprise. With much affection, I remain,

Yours, &c.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

No. X.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

THERE is no people, perhaps, under British domination, so much oppressed and trodden down as those of Ireland, and there is none other that has produced so many "chef-d'œuvres." The courts of England and Rome have joined in destroying both the moral and physical energies of this people; and yet, like some noble spring issuing from its Alpine source, they have ever and anon arisen to a height of moral and scientific elevation, loudly declarative of the superiority of their mental resources. If we search the library of wit and of elegant literature, we shall find Swift and Steel, occupying a distinguished station. If we examine the cabinet of theology, Magee, as every student of divinity knows, stands almost unrivalled. If we wander for recreation among the fragrant and flowery meads of poesy, we shall see that Ireland, from the days of her Ossian, down to the time of her Moore, has been a land of "song." In oratory, whether senatorial, forensick, or ecclesiastical, she stands second to no nation, ancient or modern. Who thinks of the bar without associating with its honours the unrivalled eloquence of Curran, and Flood, and Plunket? When modern writers dispute the palm of oratory with the ancients, do they not place opposite to Cicero and Demosthenes, the proud names of Burke, and Sheridan, and Grattan? When we search the annals of pulpit eloquence, shall we find in its whole extent a more conspicuous name than Kirwan? It is but a few years since Kirwan, Dean of St. Patrick's, enjoyed a fame for sacred oratory, far more distinguished than ever did Chalmers or Irving. It is

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**Religious Communications.**

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XXVI.

*The Humiliation of Christ.*

“Christ’s humiliation consisted in his being born, and that in a low condition, made under the law, undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God and the cursed death of the cross; in being buried, and continuing under the power of death for a time.”

Christ’s humiliation, in general, consisted in his condescending <sup>as</sup> have that glory which he had with the Father before the world was, veiled for a time; by his coming into this lower world “in the likeness of sinful flesh,” to be “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” You will be careful to observe, that this humiliation was, in the highest degree, voluntary, on the part of Christ—He yielded to it by no constraint. It had no other source but his own, and the eternal Father’s self-moved, undeserved LOVE to lost mankind.

Let us now consider the several steps of Christ’s humiliation, as they are mentioned in the answer. “He was born, and that in a low condition.” It had been an unparalleled condescension in Christ, to assume our nature in any imaginable circumstances. How as-

tonishing the stoop for him who was the eternal Son of God, happy in the bosom of the Father, the Creator and the Lord of all the angelick host, and receiving their profoundest homage—to become the Son of man, and be made, as to his human nature, of a woman! Had he made his entrance into our world with all the state, and pomp, and splendour of royalty, that condescension had still been ineffable. But how are we to conceive of it, when, in place of external grandeur and respect, we consider the low condition in which he was actually born! His mother, as well as his reputed father, were, it is true, of the most honourable descent—They traced their lineage to David and to Abraham; and the descent of Christ, according to the flesh, is particularly recorded in the New Testament, to show that the promises of God to those ancient saints, that the Messiah should proceed from them, had been strictly and remarkably fulfilled. But, at the time of our Redeemer’s birth, his mother, although of royal ancestry, was reduced to such a state of obscurity and poverty, that in nature’s most trying hour, she could procure no admission to an inn. With the cattle of the stall she was obliged to seek a refuge. The Son of God was born in a stable, and laid in a manger—There it was that he who made the worlds,

will lead our minds to a knowledge of the glory of his nature; his wisdom, power and goodness, his incomprehensible greatness, universal supremacy, and his unremitting and irresistible agency.

One important use of genuine science, is to enable us to perceive the immediate operation of Divine power, in all the changes presented to our view in the material universe. It is agreeable to the most enlightened philosophy, that matter, however modified or combined, is essentially inert; and consequently that all its changes are produced by the immediate agency of mind. Mind alone is essentially active, and capable of originating and continuing motion. The laws of nature, or the laws of motion, which some ignorantly mistake for efficient causes, denote either general facts, or different modes of Divine operation.

Philosophical inquirers have generally discovered a disposition to exclude God from the government of the world, both intellectual and material; and to account for the various changes which take place, independently of his universal and immediate interposition. Men will rather speak absurdly, and without any rational meaning, than ascribe the events and changes which we witness, to the Almighty Creator and Governor of the world. They are disposed rather to ascribe them to nature, to the laws of nature, to the natural tendency of things; words which have no distinct and intelligible meaning; unless they are employed to signify that order of events which God has established, and which he carries into effect by his incessant operation.

This conduct is both irrational and impious. It assimilates the general style of philosophical systems to Epicurean atheism and absurdity. It invests nature, and the laws of nature, with the attributes of Deity, and the government of the world, to the exclusion of the

almighty and intelligent Author of all things. It deprives God of the glory due to him for his wonderful works of creation and providence; and tends to lead away our minds from the contemplation of his perfections and universal agency.

(*To be continued.*)

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGY-  
MAN OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.

(*Continued from p. 13.*)

London, Aug. 26th, 1820.

My dear Friend,—That I may not entirely disappoint your reasonable curiosity, I must try to say something of my short sojourn in this vast metropolis, which I expect to leave in a few days. I have had a busy time since I came here. Anxious to make the most of my brief stay in the place, I have been from morning till night, going from place to place, taking a hasty look at the multiplicity of objects which crowd upon the stranger's attention; and the result is, a perfect chaos in my mind. By the time I am a few months out of London, it will be to me like a dream, that ever I have been in it. And in truth my very curiosity has become jaded; so that I cease to look with half the interest I did at first, or that a stranger would who had just arrived in full health, and with time on hand to allow him to go leisurely to work, without making "a toil of a pleasure." I mentioned in my last, that the day which brought me here, was one of exquisite enjoyment. The idea of being in *Old England*, and on the road to London, combining with the fineness of the weather, the beauty and fertility of the country on the whole route, could hardly fail to produce an excitement in the mind, of a very high grade. But our animal system is so constructed, that high excitement kept



up for any great length of time, will subside into satiety and relaxation, often followed with depression; at least so it is with me, and so I found it on this occasion. In the stage tavern, deserted of all my travelling associates, I spent a solitary evening, on the night of my arrival, amidst a bustle of strange company, who cared nothing for me.

The next morning, I had a silent breakfast, at a small table in the eating room, by myself. A common breakfast-table, for the whole company, as often prevails in the United States, is not known here. High-flyers take their breakfasts in their chambers. The common eating-room is crowded with tables of all dimensions, from the small round stand for an individual, to the oblong board sufficient to accommodate a dozen. So that he who comes alone, feeds alone; and every party keeps by itself. Whatever benefit may attend this arrangement, it operates badly on the solitary stranger, by excluding him from the opportunity of a sociable meal—the best of all opportunities for “scraping” an acquaintance with fellow strangers. Thus situated, with a mind jaded by the travel and excitement of the preceding day, and ruminating on home, I have seldom felt more solitary than on the first morning in London. No doubt, my depression was not a little increased, by the anticipated distress incident to a very shy mortal, compelled to beg, by introductory letters, the kind offices of strangers. It was with no small reluctance I ventured, under the direction of a guide, to sally into the crowded streets, in quest of the Rev. Dr. Waugh. It was a little day’s journey to his house. Happily I found him at home, and was soon set perfectly at ease, by the Christian brotherly kindness of his reception. Through his kindness I have been again provided with a home for a

few days, in the family of one of his parishioners, in a central part of the city.

Two things cannot fail to fill a stranger, on his first coming into London, with amazement: the immensity of its size, and the vastness of its business. In point of size, Paris dwindles into littleness on a comparison. To pass through London, is a journey of no small extent. From a walk on the top of Meux’s brewery, a very high building, situated on an elevated part, I had a view over the greatest part of the city; which in some directions appeared to extend as far as I could see, even to the verge of the horizon. Mr. S——, a gentleman with whom I had become a little acquainted in Baltimore, when he was there some years ago, and the only individual I have met with abroad whom I have ever seen in my own country, was good enough to devote a day to rambling with me over the town. After an early breakfast, we left his house with an understanding that it would be out of the question to think of returning to dinner; and accordingly at the distance, by his estimation, of about three miles from his house, we dined at an eating-house. The man in business in London, must submit to immense drudgery in out-door transactions, from the distance of places, or be subject to heavy taxation in the hire of hackney coaches. The number of these vehicles in Paris surprised me; but verily they are not to be compared to those of London for multitude.

To see the shipping, the warehouses, the custom-house, the exchange, &c. &c. cannot fail to excite an amazing idea of the amount of business transacted in this city. The leading idea impressed on my mind relative to Paris is, that it is a place of pleasure; but London is emphatically a place of business. Nothing, however, produced in my mind so much astonishment, at the

vast scale on which business is transacted here, as the Bank of England. A mercantile friend conducted me through it. The space of ground which the building occupies, the number and size of the rooms, but above all, the multitude of clerks and persons in its employ—estimated at about two thousand—sink every thing of the kind which I have seen elsewhere, into insignificance. One large room, connected with the building, is appropriated to stockjobbing transactions. And here a scene presented itself, on which I looked with as much astonishment, as on any thing I have seen in London. It was crowded with people on their feet, seeming to be in incessant motion, and every one vociferating as loud as he was able. The hubbub was most astounding, and a perfect Babel of confusion. Persons without business were not allowed to go farther than the door. Here I looked on, perfectly incapable of discovering what the wild uproar could mean. The explanation given by my friend was to this amount. That there were so many calling out the names of persons they wished to find in the house, or the kind of stock in which they wished to traffick, &c. that those in conversation were compelled to speak in the loudest tones, in order to hear each other.

The churches, and the state of church affairs, you will readily suppose, has made a principal object of my attention. Yet on this subject I have gathered but little worth putting on paper. To a republican and a Presbyterian, accustomed to the equality of rights and privileges existing among the different religious denominations in the United States, it is not a little gratifying, to see the proud superiority of the churches of the establishment, over the *chapels*, as the houses of worship belonging to dissenters are called. The churches are generally large majestick build-

ings, many of them ornamented with vast steeples, bells, and clocks; while the chapels are comparatively quite small, humble erections, with little ornament, either in their interior or exterior. Very few of the dissenting churches, which have come under my notice, are to be compared in point of size and ornament, to many of the churches in Philadelphia and New York. The immense pile of building called St. Paul's Cathedral, of which you have often heard, is scarcely to be regarded as a place of worship. More than three-fourths of its vast interior is completely vacant, except the pictures and monuments with which it is ornamented. One small section, enclosed with an iron railing, and furnished with pews, is appropriated to Divine service. I was present one forenoon, when a high dignitary of the church read the church service to a few attendants. In parade and formality, it appeared very nearly to correspond with the Popish mass I have so often witnessed in France. To me, the whole exhibition was more like any thing else than devotion.

At the invitation of Dr. Waugh, who is the chairman, I attended a meeting of the Board of Managers of the London Missionary Society, and heard the examination of three young men, who offered themselves to be received as missionaries, to go wheresoever the Board may choose to send them. I need not tell you the gratification I felt, at being introduced to some of the leading men of a society, whose formation is an era in the church; almost equal in importance to any thing that has taken place, since the days of the apostles—the reformation from Popery excepted. My heart hailed the magnanimous men, who divesting themselves of sectarian prejudices, and forbearing one another in love on the subject of minor differences, met in common council, and united

their means and their energies, to send the gospel into all lands—sealing their attachment to each other as brethren, and their devotedness to the common cause, by participating at the same communion table, in the memorials of their crucified Redeemer. Already the fruits of their co-operation are such as correspond to such an auspicious commencement. We have reason to say, "what hath God wrought" by their means—And what hath God wrought by their agency, not only in heathen lands, but by the awakening impulse given to the slumbering church of God, in other places throughout the world.

This society have formed a missionary museum, consisting of the various items of curiosity, which the missionaries have been able to send home from the countries they have visited. Already the collection fills two rooms, and promises in the course of some time to become very interesting. One article lately received, cannot be viewed, I think, without awakening much feeling. It is a collection of Otaheitean gods. You have already been informed, that these late idolaters, since their conversion, have packed up their gods, and sent them in a chest to London, as a present to the Missionary Society. There are a great many of them, arranged on the shelves of the museum. And truly they are an exhibition worth looking at. Westminster Abbey has shown me nothing that has produced in my mind so much excitement. They are of different sizes, made of wood, and painted. Some of them are ornamented with feathers, &c. Their figure is a combination of the human with the brutal shape, in a way to give effect to all that is ugly and frightful in appearance. Surely they are fit to represent the hatefulness of devils, and correspond well with the shocking rites of devil worship. Who that has a heart to feel, can refrain from re-

joicing that the mercy of God has rescued a portion of the human race from the horrors of such an idolatry! And who that has a mite to bestow, would grudge to give it for a purpose so noble.

In or out of the establishment, I do not learn that there is among the clergy of London any man, at this time, of very superior celebrity. Among the evangelical corps, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, of the Episcopal church, has been mentioned as one of the most prominent. For the time, I have heard as much preaching as I could obtain, and most of it has been good preaching; but nothing superior to what I have frequently heard in my own country. The Rev. Dr. Waugh, to whose kind attentions I am much indebted, is a man without show; but unless I am much mistaken, of great worth. He is an old Scotchman, who has long ministered to a congregation of his countrymen, belonging to the Burgher seceders. Under his ministrations, the congregation has greatly prospered; and it would have been strange had it been otherwise, considering his talents, his piety, and peculiarly conciliating manners. His large muscular person, mild countenance, and gray locks, give him a very venerable appearance; while his sprightly, playful humour, renders his conversation very attractive. Like most Scotchmen, he has a strong predilection for his country, with a sufficient attachment to the church of the secession, to which he belongs—yet much relaxed from the rigid ideas of Christian communion, which have characterized that church, both in Europe and America. A few evenings ago, I attended in the church of Mr. Burder, to hear this venerable Independent, whose printed discourses, under the title of "Village Sermons," have been so popular in our country. I found in his place Dr. Waugh, who had no scruple to conform to the usage



of him whose pulpit he supplied, by giving out the Psalms of Dr. Watts, before and after his sermon. Indeed it appears from all I have learned, that the controversy on the subject of psalmody, which has been so keenly agitated with us, is properly American, and is hardly known in Europe.

I remain, truly,  
Yours, &c.

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TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

No. X.

(Continued from page 15.)

*A Communion Season in the North of Ireland.*

The sacrament of the Supper is observed twice in the year, spring and fall. The time is generally announced from the pulpit some weeks before. The arrival of communion week is farther noticed by a sermon peculiar to the occasion, preached on the Sabbath which immediately precedes it; and from that time until the middle of the week which succeeds it, even a stranger may know by the look and words and gestures of the people, that something of a deep and solemn interest occupies their attention. On the Thursday before the communion a holy fast is observed; when it is expected that the congregation, laying aside all secular employment, will come up to the house of the Lord, where a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, is preached by the pastor. After sermon and a deep and searching exhortation, the pastor informs the congregation of the names of those brethren whom he expects to assist him on the approaching occasion; as well as of the times and parts in which they are to act. Saturday is the day of immediate preparation; when a sermon, by one of the invited brethren, is preached to the congregation; and after the close of the services, the pastor of

the church, descending from the pulpit to the clerk's desk, distributes to the members of the church *tokens* of admission to the table of the Lord; and without a *token*, no person would presume on the coming day to approach the sacred board. This, you will perceive, is done to prevent imposture, lest any *profane* person, or one *unsound* in doctrine, should come presumptuously to the holy ordinance. This day may be called the preparation of the Sabbath; and hence every thing is done necessary to make the Sabbath literally a holy day of rest: and when the Sabbath sun arises, he shines on a people still and solemn—the deep feelings of the heart are depicted on their calm and contemplative countenances—and save the voice of prayer and praise, the whole neighbourhood looks something like a land over which the sirocco blast had just passed. But this is of short duration; for at an early hour, every field and pathway and road, leading to the holy temple, is literally thronged—the whole neighbourhood seems to turn out with one consent—every cottage pours forth its inhabitants for miles around; and they stream along to the church of God from every direction, like lines from the circumference of a circle to its centre, in which they all meet and mingle.

Nor is this confined to any one particular denomination; for apparently forgetting their distinctive in their generic appellation, all ranks and sects press forward to the church, in which the Holy Supper is to be celebrated. The first thing which arrests the attention of a stranger is a table, placed at the gate which admits into the church enclosure, covered with a white cloth, on which is placed a large pewter plate, attended by an elder, to receive the collection. On this plate every one deposits what his pocket or his inclination permits.

If the day is pleasant, it generally happens that the church cannot con-

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APRIL, 1827.

Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XXVII.

*The Exaltation of Christ.*

We are now to enter on the important subject of Christ's exaltation—It is thus stated in the catechism. "Christ's exaltation consisteth in his rising again from the dead on the third day, in his ascending up into heaven, in sitting at the right hand of God the Father, and in coming to judge the world at the last day."

When we speak of the exaltation of Christ, you are not to understand by it that any new glory was conferred on his divine nature—that was impossible; for as God, his glory was infinite and unchangeable. But this glory, as we have seen, was eclipsed and hidden, while he assumed our nature, and appeared in our world in the form of a servant. His exaltation, therefore, properly and strictly consists in a *manifestation in the human nature, which for a time had veiled the divine, of the same glory which he had eternally possessed as the Son of God.* This we are taught in his own intercessory prayer—"And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which

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I had with thee, before the world was."

It was with a manifest, and most impressive propriety that this exaltation should succeed immediately to his humiliation. Such is the representation of Scripture. "He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Thus it was that the Sun of righteousness, on passing from under the dark cloud of his humiliation and suffering, shone and astonished with the most striking and glorious lustre. The ignominy of the cross was thus wiped away; and God who raised him from the dead and gave him glory, gave to his people also, the evidence, that when their reliance and expectations are placed on him, their faith and hope shall be in God.

Let us now consider the several particulars of our Redeemer's exaltation, as they are stated in the answer before us.

1. He "rose again from the dead on the third day."

We have already had occasion to

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Assembly? is a question will soon be echoed through the land. Is it to make laws for the church? No; its authority is only ministerial. But suppose it were to legislate—Synods, according to the proposed measure, can make laws as well as assemblies, if they can judge and execute better. Every argument in favour of the expedient is as good for the entire abolition of the Assembly, as for the proposed measure. Is the object to supervise the proceedings of Synods? Synods are as capable of terminating all other supervision, as that of appeals and complaints. Consequently you do not bind me to respect the Assembly in consideration of any ability, or necessity implied in this.

Is it to give the whole church knowledge of her religious state? Each synod is certainly competent to publish its own report, and send it to all the other synods.

Is it to superintend theological seminaries? May not this be done by synods quite as well as by the Assembly; since a theological professor, who may be unjustly censured by a presbytery, or synod, cannot appeal to the Assembly? No, my dear sir, I have not more confidence in a synod than I have in the General Assembly; therefore I would not terminate the most important business of a church court in a synod.

Is the object to preserve *purity* of doctrine, and the *peace* of the whole church? Why prohibit an appeal for those very objects? Why prevent the influence and authority of the whole church from bearing upon these vital interests? *Expediency* is the reason given. But we ought to look well, before we sacrifice principle to an expedient. Will the church be satisfied, I think not. Nothing should ever be done to weaken the attachment of the church to her Assembly—nothing to promote sectional feelings and interests.

My *third* objection is, that its *object cannot be attained*—and the expedient will only serve to *perplex*

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the Assembly, and increase dissatisfaction in the church.

Every case, in which a synod is not perfectly unanimous, will come up by protest. If every document in the case, both of testimony and records, from all the courts below, be not spread on the minutes, it must be ordered up, which will occasion one year's delay. If the whole volumes of documents are registered in the synod book, they must be read, the whole case investigated, opposed by the minority protesting, and defended by the majority. Such course will inevitably occasion more loss of time, and more perplexity, than appeals and complaints regularly brought up—and it is no difficult problem to solve, whether the parties, or the church, will be better satisfied.

To make the measure effective, you must shut out the possibility of getting the case before the Assembly. Cast as many difficulties in the way as you will, the litigious appellant and the aggrieved judicatory are not prevented the approach. You cannot make the way so difficult that they will not occupy it, to your greater annoyance. Possibility of access is enough to set aside the contemplated effect of the expedient.

But suppose it should stop the cases from coming before the Assembly, it would not remedy the evils which I have named. Those evils do not arise out of appeals and complaints—of course stopping them will neither remove, nor essentially diminish, the difficulties. All that the measure can promise, is to lessen the time of the Assembly's sessions—and even that I do not believe it can accomplish.

Yours, truly, &c.

Feb. 22. 1827.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued from p. 69.)

London, Aug. 29th, 1820.

My Dear Friend,—It was not my

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intention to say a word to you concerning the noted objects of curiosity which London offers to the attention of strangers—as the Tower, the Monument, St. Paul's, &c. &c., which have been so abundantly described by others, whose leisure for observation, and powers of description, so far surpass what has fallen to my lot. But I cannot resist the impulse I feel, to tell you something of that consecrated place, Westminster Abbey; a place consecrated to the ashes and memorials of the "mighty dead;" surpassing in interest every other place of the kind which is, or perhaps has been, on the face of our globe. The building itself—once a Roman Catholick church, before the Reformation—without reference to its contents, is a great curiosity. It would be esteemed an immense edifice, did not the vastness and magnificence of St. Paul's Cathedral cast it so far into the back ground. Its exterior indicates great age, and so much has it suffered by the dilapidations of time, that a renovation has become absolutely necessary.—And it is at this time undergoing repair that will, when executed, make it appear quite new. As far as this repair has progressed, an exact copy of its ancient figure and ornament is preserved. On entering, one cannot help a feeling of awe, as if approaching the presence of those, whom learning, nobility, or great achievements, had elevated to a kind of semi-deity. A guide, for the compensation of an English shilling, takes you from object to object, and hurries over a brief explanation of all he shows you. But his hurrying from object to object, impatient to get through his task, soon made me impatient of his haste; so that I often chose to forego his explanation, and linger behind the group that followed him, that I might view particular objects with more leisure. It is indeed a place to moralize on faded greatness. Here you see wax figures, bearing, it is said, a correct likeness of many of the ancient kings and queens of England, and

dressed in the identical clothes they wore, before the grave had devoured them. And to be sure, the grotesque fashion of dress, and cumber of ornament, leaves no ground to regret that fashion, in its fickleness, has deviated far from what it was in the days of Elizabeth. With no small excitement I gazed on the figure of this princess; a little old woman, whose withered countenance and weasened arms and hands, form an astonishing contrast to the ideas of masculine greatness I had been accustomed to form of her, from reading her history. A figure of Lord Nelson, dressed also in the clothes he wore, attracted my attention, still more than that of any of the crowned heads of ancient times. Very few monarchs in British history will continue to receive from Englishmen, half the devotion that will be offered to the memory of this naval hero. While looking upon his figure, decorated with the insignia of those honours which his grateful country has bestowed upon him, I could not help thinking—what has become of his immortal soul! What has been its reception, passing from the triumph of victory, to the tribunal of judgment, where the highest grade of military merit makes no compensation for a destitution of faith, and the absence of the love of God from the heart! If biography speak truth in his case, how hopeless, on Christian principle, must be the fate of his lordship. Who would not enter the eternal world in the capacity of the least of the regenerated ones, rather than in that of the hero of Trafalgar? "Let me die the death of the righteous;" and let me keep constantly in view, as an effectual damper to the ambition which sacrifices the hopes of the Christian to worldly grandeur, that tremendous day, "when many that are last shall be first, and the first last."

My curiosity in viewing the contents of this wonderful church, dedicated much less to the worship of Deity than to the homage of the great and noble of past ages, has

been robbed of more than half its gratification, by the preparations for the coronation of his present majesty, which fill the greater part of it. You have no doubt been informed, that this ceremony was to have taken place some time ago. It has been postponed until after the trial of the queen, which is just now taking place. The object of the old monarch (old in years, but especially in constitution, though a young king) is, to obtain a divorce; and thus escape the sad mortification of having his hated wife crowned along with him. In the middle of the church a long platform is erected, of rough boards, and at each side, seats of the same, rise one behind another, like a gallery, to the sides of the house. Thus the spectators, whose privilege it will be, on this august occasion, to occupy them—covered as they will then be with the finest carpeting—will have full opportunity to see the whole spectacle. The coronation chairs are really a curiosity. They are simple rush-bottomed arm chairs, of the very rudest construction, without polish, stained a red colour with some kind of paint. They must have been formed at the time when arm-chairs were first getting into use among kings, and when plebeians had only three-legged stools. As relics of antiquity, which indicate the progress of the arts, they are very precious articles. I have had the honour of sitting in one of them, and presume the advantages I have derived therefrom, may equal what most of my predecessors have enjoyed, when their accounts of gain and loss have been fairly balanced.

The trial of Queen Charlotte is the one object which at this moment seems to engross all London, and I suppose I may say all England; and that to a degree entirely beyond what I would have supposed any thing of the kind could have effected. It fills every newspaper I see, and is the leading topick of conversation in every company. It has raised such a ferment in the minds of the populace, as requires the

strong arm of military force to restrain from breaking out into violent outrage. It is indeed a bitter sarcasm on monarchical government, and a stigma on the good sense of the nation, that a whole people should be thrown into such a ferment, by the disgraceful squabbles of one man with his wife; both of whom, it is acknowledged on all hands, rank with the very lowest in the community, in point of moral respectability. It is enough to make every American hug his republicanism, and rejoice for his country; where I fondly hope the monarchy of publick opinion would, before long, compel such august personages as have created this disturbance, to find their level, very far below the high stations they occupy here.

The trial had been suspended for a while, until a fresh cargo of witnesses should be imported from Italy; and these having arrived, it has been again resumed, with increased interest. The apartment where the House of Lords meet, before whom the trial is pending, is small, and the regulation is, that every peer has the privilege of introducing two friends, and no more. Of course, as there are so many whose claims take precedence of mine, with this honourable body, I have had no admittance. Indeed it has been with some effort I obtained a stand within sufficient distance to see the house, at the time of adjournment, and to witness the occurrences of that occasion. To keep off the crowd, double rows of post and rail fence are run quite across the street, both above and below Parliament house, so as to enclose a large vacant space in front. Between the ranges of this fence, on both sides, a file of infantry with fixed bayonets are stationed. And within the enclosed portion of street, in front of the house, a strong corps of reserve are posted. Accompanied by a mercantile friend, I repaired to the place nearly an hour before 4 P.M., which we were told was the usual hour of adjournment. But

such was the gorge of human beings in the street, for a great distance, that we did not think it safe to venture among them, farther than to be just in sight of the house. Here we found an opportunity of stationing ourselves on an elevated step, with our backs to the wall, which enabled us to see over the heads of the crowd. It was not long until the whole street above us, became equally crowded with the distance intervening between us and the Parliament house. Such an immense mass of human beings collected into one place, I never saw before. It served to give a person an idea of the vast population of London; but surely it is little credit to their good sense and sober habits, that an occasion so trivial, should call them together in such quantity. The sole object was to see the queen, and do homage to her as she passed. We had waited nearly three hours, until my patience was completely exhausted, when the huzzaing and hubbub near the house, gave notice that her majesty had made her appearance. With no small effort, the military, with the point of the bayonet, cleared a passage for her up the street, past where we stood. Her carriage showed great splendour. It was drawn by six horses, which with the postillions, three in number, glittered in gold lace. The falling top was down, so as to allow the gazing multitude a full view of her person. She sat alone, on the hind seat, while a maid of honour sat facing her on the seat before. She was dressed in plain mourning, as the whole nation is, for old George the Third. Her appearance was that of a rather lusty, good looking woman, verging towards fifty, without any thing remarkable about her. Loud, repeated "huzzas for the queen," thundered along the street as she passed up, while white handkerchiefs and flags waved from the crowded windows and balconies, on each side. Her countenance expressed complacent smiles; but surely her heart must

have been wrung with inward bitterness.

Shortly after the queen, the lords followed, some in carriages, and some on horseback, making their way through the crowd at a very slow gait. The friends of her majesty were greeted with loud cheers; while groans, hisses, and insulting grimace, were plentifully bestowed upon her enemies. I was not a little amused, to observe the perfect sang froid with which it was all received on the part of their lordships. They moved along, without indicating by any change of feature, that they so much as noticed what was taking place around them. The king, since the commencement of the trial, has kept close at his palace at Windsor, about twenty miles distant from London. It is generally believed he would not be safe from insult, and perhaps something worse, from the enraged mob, should he make his appearance in the city. Such is the interest taken in this trial, and such the avidity of the publick mind to know its progress, that to gratify it, the printers, by an astonishing effort, have the testimony of every day published in the evening papers of the same. The mass of testimony already taken, filed as I have seen it in some of the papers, is sufficient to make a large octavo volume. It is an amount of brothel abomination, utterly surpassing any thing I have ever seen in print. The sober part of the community lament exceedingly, as well they may, its exposure to the publick eye, on account of the corrupting effect it is calculated to have. If only a moiety of it is true, her majesty must be a character of uncommon baseness. Yet it appears as if the popular favour towards her rose, in proportion as the testimony against her increased, both in quantity and malignity. The populace regard her as a persecuted woman. The whole testimony against her being that of foreigners, is considered a mass of hired perjury; of course its abun-



dance and blackness is proof, in their estimation, not of her guilt, but of the malignity of her persecutors. Besides, it is alleged with acknowledged truth, that she cannot be worse, in the particular criminality with which she is charged, than her royal consort. And the publick mind revolts at the depravity and cruelty on his part, in pursuing her for crimes not worse than his own, and crimes into the strong temptation to which he compelled her, by casting her off, so soon after having married her. The uniform favour, too, extended to her, to the very time of his derangement, on the part of the old king, is a powerful support to her cause. The very high estimation in which the memory of old George the Third is held among all classes, altogether surprises me. From no quarter have I heard any thing but the voice of eulogy. Among the religious community, it appears to be a unanimous sentiment, that he is a saint in heaven. The *good old king* is his usual appellation.

The publick mind is at this time in a violent ferment. Political parties run very high; and the licentiousness of the press quite surprises me. It appears to equal any thing that ever existed on our side of the Atlantick. I have seen a pamphlet publication, entitled "A Peep at the Peers," in which the high titles, hereditary distinctions, and large salaries from government of many in the House of Lords, are handled with all the roughness of which democracy is capable. Did I not know the rude shocks which the British government has resisted, I should be ready to apprehend things here to be fast verging to a crisis, that might result in revolution. The discontent in the publick mind is certainly very great. But the most discouraging item in the whole aspect of affairs is, the hold which infidelity has on the community—very far, I think, beyond what exists in the United States. I have observed, inscribed in large letters, over the door of a printing office, in a publick

street, "*The Office of the Republican and Deist.*" The conspirators lately executed for an attempt to massacre the ministers, were notoriously of this description. After their condemnation, some of them expressed great contrition, and gladly received the visits of such clergy as called on them. Thesselwood, their chief, remained obdurate to the last. On the scaffold, it is said, he remarked to one of his associates, "we shall soon know the grand secret;" alluding either to the being of a God or the truth of revelation.

To-morrow I expect to bid adieu to London,—certainly with some regret, to leave so soon a place where there is so much to be seen and heard. But I suppose it would be still more so, after a month's sojourn. I have been informed that the medicinal waters of Cheltenham are very much of the same kind with those of Bagnieres, from which I derived so much benefit, and that the place itself is very inviting; and health being my paramount object, I have concluded to spend some time there on my way to Liverpool, from which I count upon sailing by the beginning of October.

Sincerely, yours, &c.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

No. IX.\*

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

It is well known that the Province of Ulster is the strong hold of Presbyterianism in Ireland. This is easily accounted for, from the fact of its propinquity to the coast of Scotland, from which country the forefathers of the present race emigrated. Belfast, the capital of this province, a place of some notoriety, is beautifully situated on Carrickfergus Bay.

\* This number ought to have been published before the last—an accident prevented it. We therefore still affix to it No. IX.—EDIT.

THE  
**CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.**

MAY, 1827.

**Religious Communications.**

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XXVII.

*The Exaltation of Christ.*

(Continued from p. 148.)

The second step of our Lord's exaltation was "his ascending up into heaven."

The place of Christ's ascension is well worthy of particular notice. It was from Mount Olivet, nigh to Bethany; from the very mountain, perhaps from the very spot, where, in his awful agony, his soul had been "exceeding sorrowful even unto death;" and he had "sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." What an interesting, what a well chosen contrast! How proper that on the spot where his disciples had seen his deep depression, they should witness his glorification; that from the place where he had tasted, as far as innocence could taste, of the pains of hell, he should ascend to heaven; that from the ground once moistened with his blood and tears, he should rise to eternal joys. His eleven faithful apostles—the traitor Judas having gone to his own place—were the chosen witnesses of this glorious scene. Their Divine Master, we are told, led them out as far as Bethany.—Let us go with them, my children, guided by the word of truth. As they passed along, the Lord charged them not

to depart from Jerusalem till they should have received the Holy Ghost, which he promised he would shortly send. He told them, of course, that this was his last personal interview with them on earth, and that he was just going to ascend to the Father. Yet, to raise their drooping spirits, he promises them his spiritual presence, without interruption—"Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

—But the place of separation is now reached—the time to part is come. He gathers the little group around him—I think I see them all kneel to receive his last blessing—He lifts up his hands in prayer and benediction; and while he is blessing them, behold! he rises from the ground. But still he blesses them—till his voice can no longer be heard. He ascends rapidly, but they follow him with eager eyes, till a cloud receives and covers him: And still they look at the place where they saw him last—They hope to catch one more glimpse of their dear departed Lord, and they look and look, till they are roused from their reverie by a voice—They cast their eyes downward, and see two angels clothed in white, who say—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you, shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven"—Then the holy apostles prostrate and worship their ascended Master. Beyond a reasona-

I am aware that the force of the argument, derived from the influence of precedent, depends upon two things—the *character* of the alteration—and the *prospect* of further innovation. Now test the argument by these two considerations—and it should lead us to pause and think well before we touch a vital principle of our constitution. Let not the abuse of a good principle lead us to expunge it from our system. While there remains a remedy consistent with presbyterianism, let it be applied. But when there can be found no remedy, without breaking in upon those radical and tried principles, it cannot be long before the General Assembly must cease to represent the whole Presbyterian church in this country—Evils producing such a dire necessity must cure themselves by violence, or the body be annihilated.

I am well convinced that the plan which I have proposed will meet with opposition. The attention of the church has not yet been directed to the subject. It was introduced into the Assembly at a late hour last spring, and just upon the heels of an untried alteration in the ratio of representation. There was of course little prospect of even an examination into the principles, much less the details of the plan.

But it must be brought before the church, canvassed, and, I trust, adopted.

I might enlarge on several topics, but you now have possession of my object, and some of the most prominent views which I entertain on this very important subject.

Yours, truly,  
Φ.

Feb. 26th, 1827.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGY-  
MAN OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.

(Continued from p. 157.)

Cheltenham, Sept. 16th, 1820.

Dear Friend,—Shortly after the

date of my last, I bade adieu to London; and felt both regret and joy in doing so. Regret, at leaving the busy metropolis of the world (as London, regarding influence and magnitude together, may be called) having seen so little of it—Joy at the thought of making progress towards home. The weather during my stay, was raw and rainy, and this, with rather over exertion, to make the most of my time in seeing and hearing, seemed to operate rather unfavourably on my health; which made me the more willing to get away. Having derived so much benefit from the waters of Bagniers, and being informed that those of Cheltenham were much of the same nature, I determined to spend some time at this place, which is nearly in the route from London to Liverpool, where I intend to take the packet for New York, the first of October. The weather, on the day I set off, compelled me to take the inside of the coach; which was a great drawback on the gratification of seeing the country. We had gone but a little way from the suburbs, until my attention was taken by a vast tract of heath country, level, desolate, and bare, except of cattle browsing upon it. To see such a wild region, on the skirts of such a populous city, strikes the mind as an astonishing contrast. Its surface, though poor, did not indicate invincible sterility; and its state of commons, I was told, is owing to its original grant as such; which offers some legal barriers in the way of its being enclosed, and brought under cultivation. It would seem that what was charity, in the first instance, has resulted in great injury. The value of such lands as commons, is a trifle, compared with the benefit which would result from their improvement. Could those waste grounds be brought under cultivation, and the product applied to the moral cultivation of the poor, for whose use specially they have been given, how great would be the gain, both to them and the community.



About twenty miles from London, we passed in sight of Windsor, where the king has his country palace, at which he spends most of the summer months. It was matter of some regret, to pass so near, without stopping to take a view of a place on which royalty has shed its decorations. "The eye is never satisfied with seeing." The country around it, is certainly very fine. Our company at setting off, seemed to be all strangers to each other, as well as to me, and as is usual under such circumstances, little conversation took place. By the time, however, we had gone a little way beyond Windsor, they had dropped off, one after another; and a new set had taken their place; among whom was a Scotsman, of cultivated mind and sociable habits; who proved a great acquisition to our party, and the pleasure of whose society made me pass the chief part of what remained of the day's travel, in almost entire inattention to passing objects around. On hearing that I was an American, he turned the conversation to our country, and to my surprise, though he had never been in it, discovered more acquaintance with our publick characters and national affairs, than many of its natives, who pass for respectable citizens. And he is the only man I have yet met with in England, who has evinced much knowledge on the subject, or much curiosity to be informed. Certainly the mass of the English people do not take half the interest in American affairs, that we do in those of England; and this is evident from the fact, that the English newspapers do not contain half the amount of extracts from the American papers, that ours do from the English. It was with real regret I parted from our Scotsman, a little before we arrived at Oxford. The gratification of his company made me think what an increase of happiness our world would receive, if its inhabitants generally, were educated, sociable beings; disposed to, and capable of, giving and receiving the

gratification that is found in instructive conversation. I am sure it would add exceedingly to the usual comfort of stage travelling: in which it is little less than a calamity, to be crowded from day to day, with a set of beings, among whom you are annoyed at one time with the loquacity of ignorance, and at another with the taciturnity of pride: but the last the worst. It is really provoking to witness the demure silence of a self-important being, who refuses to communicate the little he knows, lest, unhappily, he should chance to let himself down, to company who might be found to be below the level of his fancied rank. Christianity, felt in its power, would cure this, with other evils. It would fill our hearts with the milk of human kindness, ready to flow out to every human being we met with—in any way in which we could minister to his profit, or afford him innocent pleasure. Heads well instructed, united to hearts well tempered, would give us a paradise in society, where we often find only a desert.

Early in the afternoon, we arrived at Oxford—a little over fifty miles from London. Here the stage stopped until the next day: and this delay afforded a welcome opportunity to take a hasty survey of this ancient and celebrated seat of learning: the result of which was, painful regret at being put off with only a hasty survey of its exterior. It is indeed, in appearance, a delightful place. From the balcony, around the elevated cupola of the Bodleian Library, I had a full view over the whole city and its environs. It is not a large city; and with the exception of two main streets, crossing each other nearly at right angles, the streets are rather narrow and crooked; nor did I see any buildings of uncommon magnificence. The whole place too, bears the marks of great antiquity; but there is a neatness and cleanness, with an air of elegance about it, that renders it exceedingly attractive. The situation

is delightful. It stands on a little elevation, in the forks of two streams—the head waters of the Thames: and the country around looks like the land of Eden. The colleges, nineteen in number, with five halls, which, in appearance, differ nothing from the colleges, are scattered here and there, as accident has located them, over the town. They are generally, neither very large nor elegant, in their exterior—rather piles of gloomy looking stone buildings, with small Gothic windows, and weather-beaten outsides, that indicate them to have seen the winters of ages. Some of them which I visited, have large enclosures, whose walks and bowers, with shrubbery and flower cultivation, render them worthy to be the haunts of the muses. The whole together, gives one a high idea of the vast provision for, and patronage of, learning, which exists, and has long existed, in this country—the main-spring of all its greatness. It was the season of general vacation, and of course the lettered and learning population were generally absent.

The next day's travel, of about forty-five miles, brought me to this place, without affording any thing to arouse me from the torpor induced by jaded curiosity, with the depression of bad weather; which confined me to the inside of the carriage. What I saw from the windows, impressed me with the idea of much fine country, and with delightful rural scenery. Though the "spirit was willing," I found it impossible to keep my mind sufficiently on the alert to enjoy what, under other circumstances, would have been highly gratifying. My associates in travel were, to me, without interest. I would have given ten thousand of them for the Scotsman of the preceding day.

Cheltenham, you know, is a celebrated watering place. I have been here now for two weeks, and have found a comfortable home, for the time being (as far as accommodation and society, in a place of many delights, can give comfort) in my own

hired chamber, in the house of the Baptist minister. My time has been spent in laborious idleness, trying to see and hear all I can, but doing nothing. In point of wild romantick scenery, Cheltenham bears no comparison with Bagnieres, where I tarried so long in France. There, nature has thrown a magnificent wildness into the surrounding mountain prospect, with a lightness and salubrity of mountain atmosphere, that leaves Cheltenham an unmeasurable distance behind. There too, nature has dealt out her healing waters, with an abundance and variety equally superior. But the efforts of art, have given the town of Cheltenham, with the surrounding suburbs, an elevation, in other respects, far above Bagnieres; so that in the comparison, it sinks into littleness and deformity. And this corresponds pretty much, I suspect, with the circumstances of the two nations generally. Nature has done every thing for the French, and the English have done every thing for themselves. It is not a great while since Cheltenham, as a watering place, has grown into great repute; and it is since this period that it has assumed its decorations, and grown to its present size. Owing to the lateness of its improvements, in point of freshness and lightness, it has more the appearance of an American town, than any place I have seen in Europe. But the elegance of many of the late buildings, very far outdoes what is common on our side of the water. Around the town, in almost all directions, are to be seen beautiful seats, with enclosed grounds, laid out and ornamented in a way that only wealth and taste of a high order could effect. Most of the late buildings are of stone, plastered over smooth, on the outside, with a white, improved plaster, that in a short time assumes the hardness of stone itself. There are only three waters of medicinal quality of note: Two of them saline, and the third chalybeate—all very limited in their supply. The saline are celebrated chief-

ly for complaints of the liver. They are pumped up, I am told, from a depth of near one hundred feet; and to obtain a supply, adequate to the manufacture of salts, which is largely carried on, a number of wells are dug round, at considerable distances from the one in which the pump stands, and connected therewith at the bottom, by perforations, with leaden pipes. The gravel walks, passing in all directions, lined on each side with thickets of shrubbery, and planted with trees, whose boughs meet and entwine in places over head, are equal to all that luxury and sauntering idleness could wish. And to be sure, the crowds of well dressed strangers, to be met with at all hours of the day, in these walks, sufficiently indicate that luxury and idleness abound equal to their inducements.—The musick of a full band, in the mornings and evenings, resounds through the bowers, and falls on the ear of the distant listener, in tones of exquisite sweetness. But, verily, all these are pleasures, to be paid for at an expense which, to the man of light pocket, must give twitches of uneasiness equal to all the enjoyment. The head boarding houses charge from two to three guineas per week; and notices are posted up at the watering pumps, that the use of the water, for a month, is half a guinea; and the privilege of occupying the publick walks the same, in addition.

The country around Cheltenham is broken, in some directions; and the original quality of the soil barren; but good cultivation has brought it to show a face of great fertility. A gentleman, to whose uncommon hospitality I shall always feel myself greatly indebted, has carried me in his gig as far as Gloucester, on the one side, and into the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, on the river Avon, on the other. In both directions the country is under high improvement. From a range of high hills, in the neighbourhood of a Baptist clergyman, on whom we called, I had a delightful view of a rich

country, on the Avon; and looked at it with an interest, nothing lessened from the circumstance of its having given birth to Shakspeare, "The sweet Swan of Avon." Returning that evening, we found all Cheltenham in an uproar. Mr. Denham, the colleague of the celebrated Mr. Brougham, as counsel to the queen in her late trial, which has terminated in a triumph to her partizans, had come to town in the afternoon. The populace met him on his arrival; and unharnessing his horses, dragged his carriage with loud huzzaing to the inn. They then sent a deputation to the rector, for the keys of the church, that they might ring the bells. The rector being, with most of the established clergy, on the side of the king, refused to give the keys. On which the mob paraded to the front of his house, and smashed every window in it; and afterwards found means to get into the steeple, and ring the bells until they were satisfied. This is a sample of the manner in which things are sometimes managed on this side of the water. I went the next morning to see the house of the rector, who bears the character of a respectable man, and rather on the side of orthodoxy in his principles. It made me sorry to see a fine three story house, exhibit an appearance so defaced. His enemies, however, say it is a most fortunate occurrence for him, as in all probability it will be the means of elevating him to a bishoprick.

In point of religion, Cheltenham may be considered a privileged place. The church of the establishment is a large building, in which a numerous congregation, with decent solemnity in their appearance, assemble. I was present one afternoon, in hopes of hearing the rector, but found his curate in his place; with whose performance it is probable I should have been much more edified, had my devotion been more, and my curiosity less. Another splendid church is building, under a late act of parliament for increasing the number of



parish churches. There is a large chapel, belonging to the Independents, in which a Mr. Brown ministers to a full house of very respectable looking people. Mr. Brown, as far as I had opportunity of judging, is quite evangelical in his doctrine; and some discourses I have heard from him, were certainly both in matter and manner of a superior order. One night I heard, in his pulpit, the celebrated Rowland Hill, whose eccentric humour is often exhibited in his discourses, very much out of place. He is now quite an old man, greatly revered by the pious, for his acknowledged piety, and goodness of heart; and greatly followed by the gay, for his vein of humour, which he appears incapable of suppressing. His discourse, that evening, was prolix and desultory, with little specially interesting of any kind. Towards the close, he apologised to his audience for his prolixity: but remarked, he was not detaining them as long as a number of them, very probably, would wish to be detained at the theatre.

There is a handsome chapel in Cheltenham, occupied by a Mr. Snow, who ministers to a small congregation, belonging to a denomination I have not before heard of. They are called here, (whether they adopt the appellation I do not know) *New Lights*. They profess to be Calvinistick; and in the main, evangelical. Their leading distinguishing tenet, is a refusal to pray, or perform any act of worship, in the company of the unconverted. Preaching they do not consider an act of worship; and the profane world are admitted to it. The reason they give for their procedure is, that to admit unconverted persons to their acts of worship, is extending *communion* to them.

The Baptist congregation is small—quite of recent formation; but has had a rapid increase. On last Sabbath they had their communion. The manner of proceeding on the occasion was this. After morning ser-

vice, in usual form, the congregation were dismissed. The members of the church remained. The elements were then brought forward, and set on a small table; at which the minister sat down, and with great deliberation, broke the bread into small morsels, on a plate, talking familiarly of the Redeemer all the time. Then, after a consecrating prayer, the elements were handed to the communicants, as they sat in their seats, during which the minister made an address. Prayer and singing closed the exercise. The whole service was solemn, and, to me, acceptable. Having no scruples on the subject of holding fellowship with the disciples of Christ, in acts of duty, I gladly accepted the invitation of the minister, offered the week before, to participate on the occasion. An ardent controversy is at this time carrying on in the Baptist society, throughout England, on the subject of church fellowship; and the denomination is divided into two parties. The one party is called *Mixed Communion Baptists*, because they mingle in church fellowship with Christians of other communities; and the other, *Strict Communionists*, because they reject from their sacramental table, all who do not in full receive their peculiar tenets. Their difficulties and prejudices, as well as those of some among ourselves, I do not wonder at. Such was the power of prejudice on Peter's mind—the effect of education and habit—that a good while after he had received the extraordinary measure of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, it required an additional revelation from heaven, to set him right on the subject of Christian communion; by teaching him that “what God had cleansed, he was not to call [nor treat, as] common or unclean.”

A few days ago, the Baptist congregation opened, or consecrated, a new house of publick worship, which they have just built, having assembled heretofore in a room in the town hall. It is a neat, commodious building, that does honour to their

exertions, considering their numbers. It was on a week day, and was really a very interesting occasion. Old Dr. Riland, of Bristol, long the professor of divinity in the Baptist connexion, commenced the service in the morning. His venerable appearance, with his weight of character and weight of matter, made his sermon very acceptable. A Mr. Cole, from a distance in the country, gave a good discourse in the afternoon. At night, Mr. Jay, of Bath, who is an Independent, preached to an overflowing house. He is such the most interesting man in the pulpit, I have seen in England. His printed discourses, which have been very popular in America, you have seen and admired. From these, you may judge of his popularity, when I tell you that, with his powers of elocution, weak discourses would be accounted forcible. His voice is one of the finest; and his manner, for simplicity and gravity, is just what you would wish to see in the pulpit. This man, who now occupies a standing of the first eminence, among the dissenters in England, was educated and brought forward from deep obscurity, by Winter, who was himself brought forward by Whitefield.

A powerful encouragement this, for charitable education efforts. One thing on the occasion greatly delighted me—In the whole of the exercises, not a sentence did I hear, of sectarian controversy, or party asperity. That gospel, which breathes "peace on earth, and good will towards men," was preached in a tone and spirit that accorded with it. Another thing I did not entirely accord with, though universal custom, on occasions of the kind, sanctions it in this country—The whole of the clergy present, to the number of thirteen or fourteen, belonging to different denominations, with members of the congregation, and other invited guests, dined together in a tavern, at a dinner bespoke some days before; and it was a sumptuous one. Certainly the least irregularity was not noticed; yet it struck me as incongruous, and almost bordering on the "appearance of evil," in these days of dissipation, for a large party of grave divines to pass from the church to the tavern; and again, after the conviviality of a feast in such a place, to adjourn back to the church, in the afternoon, to renew the exercises of devotion.

Sincerely yours.

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### Reviews.

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For the present month, we place in this department of our work the following communications; connecting with them such remarks of our own as we have thought proper should accompany them.

We have given a ready insertion to the first communication, because we consider every attempt to misrepresent the contents of the sacred volume, by false glosses, and especially by erroneous translations, as of the most pernicious tendency—It is to endeavour to poison the very fountain of religious truth; and no duty is more imperatively incumbent on a Christian Advocate than to expose, and withstand to the utmost, every such endeavour. We

have not examined all the examples of alleged unfairness and misrepresentation, on which our correspondent has thought proper to animadvert—He is to be considered as solely responsible for the justice of his particular remarks. But we have inspected, for ourselves, the volume which he criticises—inspected it sufficiently to convince us fully, that, whatever may have been the intention of its author, its tendency is mischievous. We hesitate not to say, that he is utterly deficient in those qualifications which are essential to a competent translator and interpreter of the Holy Scriptures; and that he has attempted unfairly to avail himself

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**CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.**

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AUGUST, 1827.

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**Religious Communications.**

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LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XXIX.

We are to begin the present lecture with considering the answer to the 31st question of our catechism, which is thus expressed—"They that are effectually called, do in this life partake of justification, adoption, sanctification; and the several benefits which, in this life, do either accompany or flow from them." This answer is to be considered chiefly as introductory to several answers which follow it. To enter far into any of the subjects of these answers would, you perceive, be only to anticipate what a proper discussion of those topics will demand, when they come in order before us. All that I shall, therefore, remark farther, on the answer now in our view is, that it should serve to impress on our minds this important truth,—that all the blessings and benefits of redemption are indissolubly connected, or linked together; and that they are all insured to every individual, who is *effectually called* by the grace of God, to that vital union with Christ which was described in the last lecture. Hear the words of infallible truth—"For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be con-

formed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first born among many brethren: Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

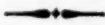
Let us now consider the next interesting answer in the catechism—"Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight; only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith alone." In this answer is contained the sum and substance of the gospel. It explains God's method of forgiving sinners and receiving them into his favour, as it is revealed in the gospel; and which, but for that revelation, we could never have known. Here the great problem is solved, which perplexed and confounded all the heathen moralists and philosophers, namely, how God can pardon sin in consistency with his own honour and glory. Here it is shown, that God can be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. What wretched folly as well as wickedness is it, for any who call themselves Christians, to deny this doctrine; to un-gospelize the gospel; to throw themselves back into all the darkness of heathenism; to have no ground to hope for pardon, but that which is common to them and to those who are denominated



different from that with which he regards the moral excellencies of character and action.

It is equally an imperfect description of vice or wickedness, to say that it consists in *impropriety*. Actions in the highest degree improper, have often little or no moral quality. Impropriety of behaviour sometimes proceeds from mere inadvertence, sometimes from unavoidable ignorance, sometimes from a defect of acuteness or sensibility; and in many instances it excites laughter rather than disapprobation. But wickedness always deserves disapprobation and punishment.

It is admitted with pleasure that the different modes of speaking, which I have ventured to controvert in the preceding essay, have often been used with the best intentions. But if the remarks which have been made be correct, they do not deserve to be retained; since they appear to be either essentially defective, or absolutely void of meaning.



TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN 1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADELPHIA.

Ship Nestor, Atlantick Ocean,  
Oct. 12, 1827.

My dear Friend,—I hope it will not be long before our personal meeting shall supersede the use of paper communication: and under this expectation, I would not write at all, (having so little to communicate,) but, having given you a pretty full detail of the little occurrences which have marked my progress since I left home, I am willing you should have the whole upon paper; knowing that your friendship will set a value on what would otherwise be scarce worth reading. Besides I want some employment, which may serve to relieve the monotony and idleness of shipboard. You have seen from the place where I date, that I am once more embarked on Ocean's bosom—a con-

finement which to me is irksome in no small degree. The chief alleviation is, that the winds are moving me every hour, rapidly towards the land of my home. Home! you will never know the charm which this word contains, until you have had the waves of the Atlantick rolling for a year between you and the dear place.

Shortly after the date of my last, bidding adieu to a few friends whose kindness I shall long remember, I left Cheltenham, and found myself on the evening of the same day at Birmingham. Here I had intended to remain a day, looking at the exterior of "Europe's toyshop." But a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, and to whom I stated my intentions, having received me rather coldly; (and I ought to mention, that it is the only instance of the kind, of which I have had reason to complain in England,) the next morning, under the influence of a foolish pet, I took the wings of the stage, and fled to Manchester—distant about ninety miles. You will readily allow, that a flight of such expedition in one day, gave very little time to notice either town or country, by the way. Here the very friendly reception of the Rev. W. Robey, of the Independent connexion, made up amply for the apparent coldness of my Birmingham friend. At Manchester I remained only one day, occupied chiefly in reviewing this great manufacturing place; which would require the inspection of months, to enable the visitant to give any adequate account of it. To me it presented the appearance of a very busy and crowded place, though far from as large as its population would seem to require. The streets are narrow, crooked, and very far from the cleanness and neatness characteristic of the English towns generally. For this, however, a sufficient apology perhaps existed, in the wetness of the weather, which

had been very abundant for some time preceding.

From Manchester, I proceeded to Liverpool, where I tarried a week, waiting for the packet to sail. The evening of my arrival at Liverpool succeeded a wet day, in which, of course, the travelling had been unpleasant and fatiguing. The inn at which the stage stopped was crowded: but I was solitary and dejected, without a being to take the smallest interest in any thing that interested me. After moping some time by the coal fire, which the rawness of the evening rendered very necessary, I ventured to accost a genteel looking man, whose countenance indicated complaisance and good nature. I found in him nothing of the shyness and distance I have usually met with from the English, when an introduction was wanting. He proved to be a merchant belonging to a town in Wales, very communicative, and I hope a man of piety. On hearing that a merchant of New York, a friend of his, was also a friend of mine—a man who has laid the religious community both in Europe and America under some obligations,\* he appeared at once to take a particular interest in me, and I spent a very pleasant evening in his society. The next morning he took me to the house of a widow lady of his acquaintance, with whom I was accommodated with comfortable private lodgings while I remained in the place. The frank, open-hearted kindness of this man, has left a relish on my mind, which will not soon wear off; and made me reflect on what has often occurred to my mind before—the immense happiness which would accrue to society, if mankind were generally well instructed Christians, disposed to treat each other wherever they met, with confidence and kindness. Then would the stranger find friends wherever he went, and enjoy the solace of kind atten-

tion in every inn, where he only tarried for a night. What a substitute would this be for the shyness, the neglect, the suspicion, the scrutinizing inquiry, and ill-natured remark, so frequently to be encountered by the traveller, in all countries.

The week spent in Liverpool, afforded as much opportunity for enjoyment as could well be desired, had I possessed the buoyancy of animal spirits incident to health, with a heart less hankering after home. A few letters of introduction gave me access to some excellent families of the Baptist denomination. Of this connexion there are two congregations in Liverpool, and both of them thriving. There are three congregations of Independents, one of Scotch Presbyterians, and one of Seceders. The different denominations live together in much harmony, and hold alternate meetings for divine service in each other's churches, on week evenings. I was present at one of these meetings, in a Baptist church, when the Rev. Dr. Stewart of the Seceder connexion, took a share of the exercise. He was just returned from Glasgow, where he had been attending the union, lately taken place, between the Burgher and Anti-burgher synods. He gave, publicly, a very interesting statement of that occurrence. The coalition took place, by design, in the same church, where many years ago, the lamentable separation had occurred, preceded by bitter contentions, relative to the burgher oath. The joy and gladness, the mutual greetings and cordial shaking of hands, between the members of the two bodies, at their coming together, surpassed, he said, any thing he had ever witnessed; and produced an excitement of feeling, never to be forgotten. The whole scene seemed to partake of the joy of heaven, and indicated a new order of things as beginning to come about; when forbearance, harmony and union, shall take place of

\* The late Divie Bethune, Esq.

the lamentable contention and strife which have so long alienated the affections, and divided the councils of those who are one in Christ Jesus, and ought to co-operate as such.

I had a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Raffles, the successor of the celebrated Spencer, in the Independent Church: but owing to his spending the week out of town, missed his acquaintance. I read, during my sojourn in Liverpool, with much interest, his biography of this astonishing youth, to whom he has succeeded, and of whom, though possessing no mean powers, by report, he falls far short in the pulpit. The account I have received of Spencer, from a Mr. Wm. Johnson, of the Baptist Church, (a gentleman to whose hospitality I shall always feel myself greatly indebted,) in addition to that of his biographer, leads me to regard him as a prodigy; who, if spared, would have rivalled Whitfield in pulpit eloquence. His early education had been very deficient. According to custom in the Independent Church, he commenced preaching occasionally, almost as soon as he began to study divinity; and from the first, when yet a boy, (and he was little more when he died) he drew crowds after him. He had been but a short while settled in Liverpool, where he had gathered a large congregation, who erected for him the very splendid house of worship, in which Mr. Raffles now ministers. He had a flow of language and power of utterance, combined with a simplicity, a pathos, and above all, a fervour, which indicated his whole soul to be in his work, that rendered his eloquence irresistible. When not yet twenty-two years of age, he was drowned in the Mersey river, near the city, while swimming, supposed from cramp. Mr. Johnson said, such a day he never witnessed in Liverpool, as that on which the occurrence took place. There was a general stagnation of business, as if

some national calamity had been inflicted. All faces gathered blackness. It was a general burst of grief and dismay among all denominations. That a youth of such promise should be cut down in such a way, in the very bud of his usefulness, is another example of the mystery that marks the dispensations of that Providence, whose "way is in the sea, and his paths in the mighty waters, and his footsteps are not known."

Liverpool is a great place, and growing with vast rapidity. In point of trade, it is second only to London. Its docks, its warehouses, its shipping, the bustle of carts and drays along its crowded streets, impress the mind with the idea of immense business going on in the place. In the business part of the city, the streets are narrow, crooked and dirty, and in many places, the buildings are old and unsightly. But the new part of the city, where wealth and nobility have fixed their residence, is delightful. It occupies an eminence, which gives a prospect of the lower town, the shipping, and the flat country all around, highly improved, with the river Mersey winding through it, that altogether is most enchanting.

The botanic garden in the suburbs is a noble establishment. In the variety of its cultivation and taste of its arrangement, it appeared to me to surpass that of Montpellier, though in point of extent, and advantages of situation, it falls immensely short. In another particular too—freedom of admission, it is equally defective. It is astonishing, the start in liberality and generosity of feeling, which the French seem to have obtained over their neighbours, whom they are so far behind in most other things. With them, the diffusion of enjoyment, in their public establishments, seems, as it ought to be, a national object. They understand something of the happiness that consists in making others happy, for which they are entitled to



no small credit. The botanick garden at Montpellier, I visited almost daily; and met crowds of all descriptions of society, from the highest, down to the very beggars, enjoying freely the cool shades and delightful walks of the place; while at Liverpool, by a ticket from one of the owners, I had the special favour of one admittance; and while rambling through its Eden sweets, scarcely met an individual sharing my enjoyments.

Passing along the street one day, I met accidentally my friend O—, of Boston, the companion of my outward passage, and my associate under the privations of the *Lazzaretto* of Messina; from whom I had separated at Genoa. Though the intimacies of friendship had never grown up between us, and the cast of our minds is far from kindred, you can scarcely conceive the surprise of joy, felt, I believe mutually, at so unexpected a meeting. I went with him to his hotel, and after a social meal, the evening was spent in talking over the past, and detailing the events each had encountered since our separation. After I left him, I could not help reflecting, if a few months' society in trial and difficulty, is sufficient to awaken so much sensibility in the parties at a casual meeting, after a short separation, then what will be the sensations of those, whose friendship has been cemented by grace, when they meet above, after the long separation of the grave; and when, sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, they review together, the scenes through which they have passed in this vale of tears. And how will it enhance their enjoyment, to be able to unravel all the mystery, which overhangs much of the Divine dispensations towards them here; so as to be able to see distinctly, the utility of those occurrences, of which they are now ready to say

with Jacob, "all these things are against me."

The passage out to sea, from the port of Liverpool, is both difficult and dangerous, when the weather is stormy: and the first of the month, the day fixed for sailing, proving unfavourable, our vessel delayed setting off until the third; when we weighed anchor, and set sail, with a smooth sea and gentle breeze. I suppose no person, possessing common sensibility, ever sets off on a passage across the ocean, without feelings of very strong excitement. The bustle and hurry of preparation, taking leave of friends, getting on shipboard, &c. may for the time keep down reflection; but when all this is over, and he is fairly afloat, with nothing to do but to stand and gaze, sometimes on the shore behind, fast receding from his view, and sometimes on the boundless ocean in front, as it opens to his vision, he will find feelings of awful sublimity arising in his mind, awakening sensations of almost throbbing interest: at least so I felt it. And the joy predominated, from the consideration that I was setting off for home; yet certainly I felt regret, as I bade adieu to the shores of England—Regret, at leaving a land where there is so much to interest, after so short a sojourn in it, and having seen so little. Prejudice apart, England is a fine country—made so by the industry and intelligence of its inhabitants. The English are a great people; highly favoured in their literature, their arts, their commerce, their agriculture, &c.; and, which I believe is the foundation of the whole, their religion. With sincere respect, I took of their shores a last look; and with a heart, I think, not unthankful for hospitality received among them, I bade their land farewell. Between them and the people of my beloved country, may there be never any strife, but the strife of

grace—who will render to each other, and to the world at large, the greatest service; and if in this effort they beat us, to God be the glory, and to them be hearty thanks and an abundant reward. But well assured am I, that neither they nor we, if we compare what we are, with what we ought to be, and what we do, with what we ought to do, will find any cause for self-congratulation.

We have been now better than a week at sea, during which, the weather has been fine, and every thing going on as well as we could expect. Our captain is a plain, quiet man, who knows his business, and attends to it; meddling with nothing else. It is under such men, that business usually goes on well in this world. Religion is wanting. He however treats it with respect, and allows of morning and evening prayers on deck, at which he usually attends. The accommodations of these packet ships, allow a comfort to passengers, beyond any thing I could have expected. The chief part of the ship below deck, is cabin—divided, however, into two apartments, one of which is for the accommodation of ladies. Down the middle of the main cabin, a long table extends; which, with seats along each side, is made completely fast; so that a company can sit and enjoy their meals without the least inconvenience, during the roughest weather. Along the sides of the ship, are small apartments, called state-rooms, containing each two births, with sufficient room for trunks, and to allow the occupants to dress and undress. The doors of these apartments are constructed with Venitian blinds, which give privacy, while they admit both air and light. Our company in the cabin are twenty-eight, part of them English. And it is no small compliment to American navigation and management, that British officers, of whom we have several on board, give a preference to these

packets, over those of their own country.

The mode of living, I am sorry to remark, is luxurious and dissipated in no small degree. Breakfast is served up at eight; at twelve is luncheon; at three is dinner—succeeded by tea in the evening. And few hotels exhibit a table of greater abundance and variety. Our company, with the exception of a few, who affect the vulgarity of blasphemy, so characteristic of the young English of fashion, are civil. A few are, I hope, really pious, who are able to keep one another in countenance. A number sit over their dinner glasses until near evening, and when the cloth of the tea-table is removed, cards succeed, at which, amidst occasional libations of wine and brandy, the precious hours are wasted until midnight. On the whole, I consider the place as very ensnaring; and he who takes passage in one of these packets, had need to put on the whole armour of God, as protection against the seducements of company and luxury, to which in all probability he will be exposed.

I think myself very happy, in having as the partner of my state-room, the Rev. Wm. Ward, Baptist missionary from Serampore. I would like to introduce you to some acquaintance with this man, who has commended himself much to my esteem, since we have been together. I have scrutinized him with all the attention one is disposed to bestow on an eminent character, with whom he is brought into contact: and the result of my scrutiny is, admiration at what grace, in eminent measure, will effect, on a mind originally not above mediocrity. Diligence, good sense, humility, and devotedness to the cause of Christ, are the great qualifications, (and they are each of them great qualifications,) which have shed a lustre on Mr. Ward's character, and brought him for-

ward, under Providence, to so much honourable usefulness in the church. With him every hour is precious, and all his time, except what is necessary for meals, rest, and relaxation, seems conscientiously improved in writing and preparing matter relative to his object in visiting our country. One would expect great ardour of mind, and something like high wrought enthusiasm, in an individual, whose zeal had led him to forsake his country, and with a few associates, undertake the arduous task of Christianizing the Hindoos. But nothing like this appears in the cast of Mr. Ward's mind; which I would say, constitutionally partakes much more of the phlegmatick, than the ardent qualities. But what I admire in him most, is his humility. He is a modest, retiring man; not in the least disposed to speak of himself, or the great things done by his instrumentality, and that of his associates; who have achieved so much in the Baptist mission in India. I consider him eminently a pattern of what a Christian ought to be; and am gratified at the homage paid to Christianity, in the general respect with which he is treated, and that without the smallest claim being put forward on his part. If Christians generally, and especially Christian ministers, were in all their deportment, such as he appears to be, there would be little need for written defences of Christianity. This would be the best argument, to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

Yours, &c.

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TRANSATLANTICK RECOLLECTIONS.

No. XI.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

About the time to which these recollections refer, religion was perhaps at a lower ebb in Ireland than it had ever been since the reforma-

tion. Popery, like a spiritual incubus, was pressing upwards of six millions of the wretched inhabitants beneath its horrible influence; and the Episcopal establishment was collecting its *tythe* at the point of the bayonet.

But although, as a church, the establishment was adding to the miseries of this miserable people, I cannot forget, and feel bound distinctly to mention, that even at this time its priesthood contained men of primitive and apostolick purity, who were a living censure upon the heterodoxy, and laxity, and sensuality, with which they were surrounded. Still it must be told, that these rebukers of a degenerate age, who were the very salt of Irish episcopacy, giving it all its sweetness and savour, were "despised and rejected of men," especially of their own brethren.

During a visit which I made to the Irish capital about this period, I was peculiarly impressed by the appearances in the religious world. Spiritual death seemed to be diffused through the ecclesiastical atmosphere, producing in most places the silence of the grave: and yet there was, ever and anon, a visible stirring of the Spirit, which did more than proclaim that all was not a "valley of dry bones."—Yes, and amid this darkness, the few, flitting gleams of light which portended brighter days, came from those men whom the dominant party in the church branded as "radicals," and "evangelicals," and subsequently as "low churchmen." It was at this time that Mr. Mathias, the celebrated preacher of the Bethesda, drew after him such admiring crowds. I recollect myself going to the Bethesda, on a Sabbath morning, long before the church doors were opened, and taking my stand in the middle of the street, among hundreds who were waiting to rush in and secure a seat. After standing on the outside and sitting in the inside, until I was thoroughly weary, this man of God entered the sacred desk, and repaid me richly,



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Religious Communications.

LECTURES ON THE SHORTER CATECHISM OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES—ADDRESSED TO YOUTH.

LECTURE XXIX.

(Concluded from p. 340.)

The righteousness of Christ is commonly considered as constituted by his active and passive obedience. In his active obedience is usually included, the holiness of his nature and the righteousness of his life, in full and perfect conformity to the whole law, without the least defect at any time or in any degree. Thus the entire equity and reasonableness of the law were shown; and the reflection and dishonour cast upon it by the disobedience of man were completely removed, by its receiving the honour of the perfect and ceaseless obedience of the eternal Son of God.—He magnified the law and made it honourable.

The passive obedience of Christ includes his satisfaction for sin, by bearing, in all their extent, the inflictions of the curse of the broken law of God due to all his people—"He bare our sins in his own body on the tree—he was made a curse for us"—His infinite dignity and worth, connected with his inconceivable sufferings, rendered the short endurance of those sufferings as complete a satisfaction to the pe-

nal demands of the law, as could have been made by the endless torments of all those in whose room and stead he stood. The sufferings and death of Christ are called his passive *obedience*, because they were, on his part, entirely voluntary, and undergone in perfect acquiescence in the will and appointment of the eternal Father.

The *union or aggregate* of this active and passive obedience of Christ, constitutes that complete and finished righteousness, which is the formal meritorious cause of the justification of every saint. It is on this account, precisely, and no other, that believers are accepted of God as righteous.—We are told expressly that "the righteousness of God is UPON all them that believe." This is the declaration of infallible truth. But this righteousness cannot, in the language of Scripture, be *upon* them that believe, otherwise than by being imputed or reckoned to them.

Much noise has been made about the words *imputed righteousness*, as well as the phrase *the satisfaction of Christ*. But it may be truly said that the whole is noise, and nothing else. The substantial ideas conveyed by those words and phrases, and all that we intend or mean by them, are fully and clearly conveyed in other language, into which they are not introduced at all; and though we will not relinquish the

parts are designed? The conclusion, then, is manifest: no man can be qualified to pronounce, that of all possible systems, the present is the best which Omnipotence can produce; that it includes the greatest sum of perfection and happiness, which infinite wisdom and power can bring into existence. It is presumptuous and hazardous to make assertions, limiting, in appearance at least, the attributes of Jehovah.

The truth is, the friends of this theory do not pretend to find much, if any, direct evidence in its support, either in the Holy Scriptures, or in that part of the great system of creation which comes within the limits of our observation. Their main dependance appears to be placed upon the supposed necessity of the Divine determinations to that which is best, or upon the manner in which they think it necessary and proper for an infinitely perfect Being to choose and to act. A consideration of the arguments derived from this quarter must be deferred till my next essay.

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TRAVELS IN EUROPE FOR HEALTH IN  
1820. BY AN AMERICAN CLERGY-  
MAN OF THE SYNOD OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.

Ship Nestor, Atlantick Ocean,  
Oct. 20, 1820.

My dear Friend,—As narrative fails, it will be necessary, in order to keep up my practice of occupying leisure hours in writing to you, to resort to speculation. I think it good to guard against idleness in this floating prison, by trying what I can make upon paper of certain ideas which have been long in my mind, on the subject of restoring and preserving health; the great value of which I have had large opportunity of knowing, from suffering the want of it. It is an old proverb, that every man is either a fool or a physician at the age of for-

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ty. There are certainly few men who have not had opportunity, by the time they arrive at that age, of acquiring acquaintance with some diseases, and the medical treatment proper for them. As it regards dyspepsia, this I think has been eminently my case. And if I have made no discoveries, it is not for want of having ruminated, as well as read, much on the subject. Yet I flatter myself, that my researches have not been altogether in vain. A remedy has suggested itself to my mind, which I am convinced is of inestimable value.— Though it is not new, it is comparatively little known, and very seldom prescribed by the medical faculty. It operates both as a preventive and cure; and what enhances its value is, that its efficacy reaches to most other complaints beside those of the stomach, to which I have been so much the victim. If you have not thought upon the subject, you will be surprised, and perhaps smile, when I tell you that this all-efficacious *Panacea*, is the pure faith of the Gospel, taken in sufficient quantity. I do not hesitate to assert, that (all the spiritual and eternal benefits of faith out of view) its efficacy, simply as a medicine, in preventing and curing the maladies of the body, and I will even say most maladies, entitle it to the first place in the whole catalogue of *materia medica*. I am far from meaning that it will act miraculously and instantaneously, as was once the opinion, it is said, of the celebrated Mr. Wesley; who, if my recollection is correct, according to some account I have seen, attempted the immediate restoration of himself from a particular illness, by a direct act of faith. My idea is different—I think it acts gradually, as other medicines do, and produces its effect, according to the quantity and perseverance with which it is used. It must, too, be genuine. There is as much spurious faith in the Christian world, as

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there are adulterated drugs in the apothecary's shop. The infallible criterion of genuine faith, is pointed out by the apostle.—It works by love, and purifies the heart. Indeed, by the medicinal faith of which I speak, you will understand me as intending the great principle of holy obedience; and of course, the piety and morality which necessarily grow out of faith, are comprehended with it, and have their proper agency in the cures it effects.

As a preventive, I think it above all price; and the old proverb has much truth in it—that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. There are very few of the disorders with which the human body is afflicted, which cannot be traced distinctly to moral, or rather, immoral causes—either the following, or others similar, viz: ignorance, imprudence, intemperance in eating or drinking, slothfulness of body or mind, sinful indulgence of the passions of grief, anxiety, fear, anger, love, &c. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; and in nothing is this more evident, than in the mysterious influence which mind and body exert over each other. The mind, from ignorance, or the undue excitement of some passion or appetite, fails to regulate the conduct of the man, according to the laws of rectitude. A sinful measure of sloth is permitted from day to day, or an undue indulgence of some appetite or passion is allowed. This produces a slight irregularity in the bodily functions, from which at first no inconvenience is felt; but as the dropping water gradually wears away the stone, so this slight irregularity, silently and gradually operates, until at length serious disease is induced; while the cause is never suspected by the unhappy sufferer, who thinks only of removing his disorder by the drugs of the apothecary. Every body knows the effect of intemper-

ance, in deranging the animal system; but it is not sufficiently considered, that every immoral indulgence, whether of mind or body, has as truly its legitimate effect, in impairing the functions of animal life, as the excess of excitement from intoxicating drink. Now you will agree with me, that the faith of the Gospel is the great principle of genuine piety and morality; and of course, it is the only effectual preventive of all those bodily complaints, which have their origin in deficient morality. Let a man be in the exercise of strong faith from early youth—from its excitements, let him apply himself diligently to wisdom, to prudence, to active usefulness, to temperance, to chastity; let him be mortified to pride, to anger, to fear, to discontent; let him rejoice always, or in the words of Solomon, let him possess the merry heart, which does good as a medicine—and he will possess a protection from indigestion, nervous affections, and all other bodily maladies, of more efficacy, twice over, than all the drugs of the apothecary. Should he even have inherited a predisposition to particular complaints—the visitation of the sins of his ancestors, which is a very common case; his faith, if it come sufficiently early, and act with sufficient power, will go far to lessen, if not to remove, this unhappy seed of bodily indisposition.

As a positive remedy, in the generality of complaints, the faith of the Gospel has an efficacy little inferior to its power as a preventive. The celebrated Dr. Rush, in one of his essays, has some thoughts on the cure of certain moral infirmities, by physical remedies; and that such remedies may be used as auxiliaries, with benefit, in the way he speaks of, I have no doubt. But sure I am, moral remedies, the chief of which is faith, and all of which have their origin in faith, may have a far greater efficacy in curing physical diseases, and that



of almost all kinds. So strong is this conviction, that I do not hesitate to assert, that in all cases which will admit of its exercise, faith ought to make an item in the physician's prescription, and in very many cases, it ought to be the very first; and this from a simple regard to its healing virtues. Its healing virtues will be found, I apprehend, in three respects.

1st. In all cases where immorality, either immediately or remotely, is the exciting cause of the disease, it will tend to remove it. And every person may know, as well as a physician, that until the exciting cause is removed, a permanent cure can never be effected. The most that medicine can do, will be to palliate, and give temporary relief. A relapse will soon take place.

2d. In all severe cases, it will counteract, or rather prevent, the highly unfavourable action upon the system of a disturbed state of mind, arising from fear, anxiety, remorse, guilt, &c. A very anxious distressed state of mind, will often induce disease, where there was previous health; and how much more, co-operating with disease, must it tend to defeat the good effect of medicine, and sink the patient, who might otherwise have recovered.

3d. The peace, the tranquillity, the hope and joy, which spring from faith, when in due measure, and acting as a cordial, will have a positive healing efficacy. Every physician knows the very great importance of simple hope, to the recovery of his patients; and too many will not scruple to cherish it at the expense of truth, by declarations of encouragement, quite beyond what their own judgment will warrant. But the simple hope of recovery is a very inefficient feeling, compared with the confidence and joy, that spring from strong faith, which are exhilarating in proportion as their object is elevated. There are

many instances, I have no doubt, of fatal result, in which, had the cordial support of faith, in full measure, been enjoyed, the powers of nature would have been assisted to throw off the disease, and recovery would have been the consequence. You have often read accounts of death-bed scenes, where the inward happiness of religious feeling has been so strong as almost to swallow up the agonies of very acute disease, and render them scarcely felt; and have you not noticed in many such instances, that dissolution was remarkably lingering, so that the patient lasted quite beyond his own, and the expectation of all who waited on him. Now, as every thing not miraculous is the result of natural causes, may it not be, in some of these instances, that the mental enjoyments operated as cordials to support the sufferer, quite beyond what the powers of nature would have been capable of without them? If, instead of these animating feelings, gloom, fear, and dejection had operated, would not the patient have expired much sooner?

I may remark, that the declarations of scripture appear to be in direct accordance with the foregoing opinion. To you, quotations need not be multiplied. You will recollect the explicit declaration of Solomon. "Let thine heart keep my commandments, for *length of days* and *long life* and *peace* shall they add to thee." So frequently, in the writings of the Old Testament, are the enjoyment of health, long life, peace, and prosperity, connected with a due observation of the Divine requirements; that a strange opinion has prevailed among commentators, that these blessings were promised much more to the church under the Old Testament than under the New, while the fact is just the reverse. For obedience to the Divine government, being the instrumental cause of health, longevity, and general

prosperity; that dispensation which includes a much larger amount of knowledge, a greatly purified rule of duty, and a larger measure of the spirit of faith and holiness, must include a greater measure of those outward blessings, which necessarily flow from knowledge and piety. It is necessary however to remember, that as the duties are enjoined on the whole community, and the whole community are held in a measure bound for one another, the outward blessings contemplated, can only be realized in their full extent, when the whole community are brought to the obedience of faith.

For myself, I have no doubt that the peace, the prosperity, the health and longevity, which all who look for a millennium, allow to belong to it, will be simply the fruit of the faith and piety of the Gospel, in due measure pervading the whole mass of the community, without any miracle in the case; except it may be the increased outpouring of the Holy Ghost, under whose operation, mankind generally will be not only converted, but carried forward in the duties of the Divine life, until "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the seas—" then their piety will be in accordance with this increased measure of knowledge. May we not suppose that human nature is capable of great improvement, even in its vital energy, as well as its moral acquirements. An opinion has grown up in my mind, that the gradual shortening of human life, which took place from Adam down to Moses, when it reached its minimum of three score and ten and four score years, may be imputed to the gradual weakening of the energies of human nature, under the excessive wickedness of these times. After the fall, human nature had a vigour and vitality, that carried it to the age of Methuselah. From this it weakened down gradually, until life reached its present brief span. Now this

was done through an operating cause, and to what other cause can it be ascribed, but the one which has been mentioned. But it seems a law of animal being universally, that whatever has been deteriorated by bad management, may, by proper treatment, be restored to its primitive standard; and why not also human nature? There is nothing in scripture, in the shape of law, that fixes human life beyond the hope of improvement, to four score years. In the 90th Psalm it is simply declared, that "our days are three score and ten," &c. But make men wise, prudent, humble, self-denied,—in other words, give them the faith and purity of the Gospel, to all the extent to which, through grace, they are capable of receiving it in this imperfect state, and the result must be, that war, slavery, intemperance, bad government, with the whole catalogue of those outward calamities which now desolate society, will in a great measure cease. The comfort of living in society, must be increased more than an *hundred fold*; and is it an extravagant supposition, that the same causes should, under that gradual improvement of which human nature is susceptible, in the course of many generations, operate on improvement in health, and longevity almost *tenfold*? Then will be accomplished what the scriptures clearly predict: "they shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat—for, as the days of a tree, (i. e. five and six hundred years) shall be the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

I have one idea farther to offer. Society is already in possession of knowledge, which, but for the immorality that exists, would be adequate to banish nearly the whole tribe of pestilential disorders, and bring salubrity to places the most unhealthful. What is it but war, bad government, avarice, and ignorance, in the mass of the people,

that prevents all our cities from being so arranged, so ventilated, and so cleansed, that, with a moral population, they would be quite healthy? And what but the same causes prevents the whole surface of the earth, so far as population has spread, from being so drained and so cultivated, that the seed and food of pestilential disease would no longer exist? If society were only moral, with the knowledge already possessed, it would be easy to protect any place, either city or country, from the chief epidemic diseases with which they are infested. But, as the faith and piety of the Gospel progress along with all other improvements, medical science will also improve, and discoveries be made, which will greatly add to the health and happiness of men. Yes, my dear friend, the truth and morality of the Gospel is just the salt of Elisha, which, cast into the waters of society, will heal them, and heal the very climate and ground where society inhabit, so that there will not be from thence any more dearth or barren land.

And now, my dear friend, if I was writing a sermon, (to which the foregoing speculation bears some resemblance,) I have reached the point, where it would be proper to wind up with an improvement, and this improvement should consist in an exhortation and an inference.—The exhortation would be something like this:

Very dear brethren, be exhorted to improve our doctrine, for the purpose of self examination. Test both the quality and quantity of your faith, by the improvements it has produced in your wisdom, your prudence, your self denial, &c.; and be assured, if it has fallen short of such an amendment of your hearts, your tempers, and your lives, as goes towards the improvement of your health and happiness here, you have reason to doubt its genuineness, and to fear that it will fall short of taking you to heaven hereafter. That godliness which is

not in its *nature* profitable for this life, will be little profitable for the next.

My inference would be as follows:—That true faith is little to be found on the earth in that part of it called Christendom, (alas! how ill deserving the name,) is evident from the single fact, that so little yet has been effected, in improving the health, promoting the happiness, and bettering every way the condition of those who profess it. It is a most bitter reflection on Christians, as a class of people, that at this day of the world, there should be any need for formal treatises, to prove to philosophick inquirers, the Divine origin of their religion. There must be a lamentable lack of fruit, when serious dispute exists in the 19th century of its growth, whether the tree is a vine or a bramble bush.

If I had the world for an audience, instead of your single self, they "would surely say unto me this proverb—physician heal thyself." Surely this ought to be my first concern, as it should be of every one else, and God grant the all needful grace that it may be done. Yours, &c.

[To us it seems that our ingenious and entertaining correspondent has pushed his hypothesis to an extreme. But let our readers judge for themselves.]

FROM THE ANTIDOTE.

*Extract of a Letter from an American Gentleman travelling in Europe, dated Leipzig, Saxony.*

"A few of the peculiarities of this country shall occupy the remainder of this sheet.—Europe is a military country; every town, street, and corner is crowded with soldiers.—Saxony, which at best is but an inconsiderable kingdom, (the one half having been ceded to Prussia by the Holy Alliance, because the king made common cause, or for awhile took part with Napoleon,) containing about 1,300,000 inhabitants,