NIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
The poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

For the Northern Christian Advocate.

MY QUIET, RURAL RETREAT.

Remote from city pride,
Unenvi'd by the great,
Contented, I reside,
With men of low estate.

No more abroad I roam
My mission to fulfill,
"In labors oft" from home,
Weary, and worn, and ill.

What though no daily mail,
Nor telegraph is near;
Nor ships with steam or sail,
Nor printing press is here;

The countless forms of art,
And scenes of years gone by,
No longer move my heart,
And charm the ear and eye;

Yet God himself is here,
And gives me health and meat;
And friends unite to cheer
My pastoral retreat.

What can I more desire,
Except it be—more grace,
To toil, endure, expire,
And find God's resting place.

M. TOOKER.

Rushville, May 3, 1850.

For the Northern Christian Advocate.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW

FOR APRIL.—ARTICLE V.

Dr. Peck, in his editorial notice of the Quarterly Review for April, 1850, says of Article V., (which is "an inquiry into the meaning of 2 Peter 3: 13, by Rev. T. H Mudge,") "the writer seems to give good reasons for understanding this passage as referring to the Gospel dispensation, especially of its latter days—the Millennium. The exposition is the result of a thorough examination of the subject."

And what are these "good reasons, and the evidence of thorough examination?" As far as they can be made out by reading the article, they are simply these: the new heavens and the new earth, spoken of by Peter, cannot be the new heaven and the new earth which John saw as mentioned, Rev. 20: 1, because "the Apocalypse was, without doubt, written after the Epistle of Peter." And the writer of this article is sure that the Old Testament does not contain "a passage in which God promises *a* new heavens and a new earth, in the sense in which many understand 2 Peter 3: 13; that is, *a new literal, physical world, in which the righteous are to dwell after the destruction of this earth by fire.*" "Yet in the Old Testament, without doubt, is our promise recorded. After some search, we have not been able to find in the whole Bible the expression, nor any thing equivalent to the expression before us, nor heavens and new earth, except in the Apocalypse, and in Isaiah. The Apocalypse we have already laid aside, because not then written. But the passage in Isaiah 65: 17, answers, in all respects, to the requirements in our text. Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth. Is not this the promise to which Peter refers?" And because this "promise" is only a representation of the Gospel dispensation, the writer in the Quarterly will have it that Peter, by the new heavens and new earth, meant only a "highly figurative and beautiful description of the Gospel dispensation, especially of its latter days—the millennium." "If Isaiah speaks of *a* new heavens and a new earth, as a figurative designation of the millennium, so must Peter."

Now, inasmuch as our author would oblige us to adopt what I believe to be a very unnatural construction of the passage he explains, I shall attempt some mode of disposing of his difficulty, by which I shall not "feel compelled" to adopt his view of the passage.

And first, I would inquire, are we obliged to suppose that the Apostle referred to any *one* particular promise in the expression, "we, according to his promise," &c.? Might he not have meant the scope and tenure of the Scriptures make out to us such a prospect? Though there be no passage in which God promises "*a* new heaven and a new earth," is there no passage in which God promised to his people a state of blessedness in a future world, even in the Old Testament? In what book do we read, "they are not to be heard who feign that the old fathers did look only for transitory promises?"

But I would next suppose the Apostle might have referred to this passage exclusively, (Isaiah 65: 17,) and still I do not arrive at the conclusion, that Peter only intended a "highly figurative and beautiful representation of the Gospel dispensation by the "new heavens and the new earth." "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." Now, the writer thinks this must be figurative, because "these men still build houses and inhabit them, plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them, &c.

But why must our expositor insist that the new heavens and the new earth is figurative language, and yet maintain, that the building of houses, and inhabiting them, &c., is to be understood, as "*literal and physical?*" Have I not as much right to say, that those buildings and vineyards are figurative, and the new heavens and earth literal, as he has to say the reverse?

It ought to be understood that many predictions of the prophets are so interwoven with different matter, that it has been needful to have an inspired interpreter to give us an understanding of them. For instance, take Hosea 11: 1, "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt." Now, who would have seen any allusion in this passage to Jesus Christ, if the Evangelist had not applied it to him in the passage, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord, by the prophet, saying, out of Egypt have I called my son."—Matt. 2: 15. And it would not be difficult to cite different passages from the prophets, which have their application both to things present, and to things future and eternal. This passage in Isaiah, concerning the new heavens and the new earth, for aught I know, may be one of them. But whether it is or is not, or whether we yield the point of its having any allusion to scenes after the judgment, I cannot, without violating my own understanding, not to say conscience, adopt the sentiment that 2 Peter 3: 13, is "only a figurative representation of the Gospel dispensation."

Now, the author of this theory admits, that Peter represented the scene of the world's literal conflagration, as it will take place at the last day, in the passage, verse 10, "But the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat: the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Also in the phrase, verse 12, the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."—And he is well aware that it forms an "objection to his exposition:" "But still," he insists that "no violence is done, either to the context, or to any rule of exegesis," to suppose that Peter so suddenly changed from a view of a literal conflagration and ruin of the literal heavens and earth, to the view of only a figurative restitution. "Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." After we have been pointed to the grand event of our world in flames of dissolution, as in verse 12, then we are suddenly drawn back from the scene beyond the judgment, in verse 13, to a view of a simple, moral triumph, which shall take place, as the Gospel makes its progress over the earth. But if it be a truth, that new heavens and a new earth, are to succeed the ruin of this world, when could there have been a more natural occasion for speaking of it, and declaring it, than when the Apostle had spoken so plainly and literally of the destruction of the present world? I ask, also, in what language he could have more clearly set it forth? And I think our expositor admits that a new world will succeed the ruin of the old. For such is the meaning he attached to Rev. 20: 1. Now, I insist that we are not so much concerned to know whether the Apostle referred to any particular promise, recorded or unrecorded; whether he referred to Isaiah 65: 17, or something that has never been embodied in our own Scriptures, as we are to know, whether it be *a fact* that we are to look for new heavens and a new earth, after the ruin of this. And if the new heavens and the new earth are not a fable, then I will claim, that Peter spoke of them in the passage before us. And if he did not, then I shall have my doubts whether any thing literal was intended by the Apostle, when speaking of the heavens passing away with a great noise. And I ask if we have not the evidence furnished here, that the saints will have a sure habitation, "though the earth be removed," where is the Scripture that will furnish such evidence? Because the same sort of learning and "thorough examination" that has explained this evidence away, might be just as successful in explaining away any other Scripture which relates to the same subject.

Finally, Mr. Editor, I wish to say respectfully and frankly, I think that if the views of the author be *correct*, not a world of benefit is to arise from his showing such a host of divines and commentators their mistake; and on the other hand, if he should himself be in error, considerable evil might grow out of his exposition, for the reason that it gives countenance to a mode of interpretation which has always been the resort of those who have denied the doctrine of future and eternal punishment; and that is, to refer those passages which speak of the future destiny of the wicked to time and the present world. It will be recollected that this text itself, is a portion of that paragraph in which Peter had to deal with those scoffers, who said, "where is the promise of his coming?" And not a more vivid description of the future judgment do we have in the whole Bible, than is given in the few verses which precede this passage. Now if it can be made out that the new heavens and the new earth are only temporal affairs, figuratively expressed, will it be difficult for those who are disposed to doubt the reality of the future judgment, to refer this whole scene of grandeur and terror to some national calamity which has long since transpired—the destruction of Jerusalem, for instance.

I. S.

Van Buren, April 27, 1850.

For the Northern Christian Advocate.

CONVERSION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Dear Bro. Hosmer:—It is not necessary to give your readers a history of my early religious training. This may be seen in the first number of my brother's conversion, which he gave in your Advocate a few years since, for our religious education was about the same. But it may not be improper to notice, in this communication, a few things which led me to take my present stand in religion.

It is now about ten years since my brother John left the Catholics. When his "apostacy" was known, the news produced an uncommon sensation in our family. It was a new and a very unexpected thing to us all. Nor was it we alone who felt on the subject. The priest, to whom John had been to confession, was deeply affected. His fears were aroused lest he should lead some of his flock into green pastures. He thought it was necessary even to preach on the subject, and thus to confirm the weak and wavering. And the French people generally felt deeply. They were highly exasperated at the thought that one of their ranks had given up Popery. They well remembered the Methodist mock-meetings my brother held among them. He had been known to wait on the priest as regularly and sincerely as any one could; and now for him to turn about and shout for good, was a thing intolerable.—They could not have it so. Their depraved hearts were moved as by a whirlwind. Their dreadful imprecations were heard everywhere.—Anathemas were heaped upon him from every quarter, and one would have thought that a volcano had broken, and its fury was deluging the surrounding country with burning lava.

But all this did not take place without producing impressions on my mind. My brother, coming out as he did, led me to read the Bible. This I was obliged to do for self-defence. He argued from the Bible, and, of course, he must be met on his own ground. I knew that Catholics were not allowed to read the Scriptures for themselves, but the question would often come up, "How shall Scriptural arguments be answered, if not by Scripture?" But while I was seeking for weapons to oppose John, my eyes beheld passages which were against me. These, however, were laid aside, for the time being, having resolved not to be out-done by my opponent. Yet, for some reasons, those Scriptures would often trouble my mind. The following is one of them: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them," &c. Ex. 20: 4, 5. 1. I saw, in this second command, that no graven images and likenesses were to be made before which men were to bow; but Catholics made both, and consequently were wrong. 2. I was also taught not to bow down to them, nor "serve them;" but Catholics did bow down to them, and consequently they must be wrong.

My own eyes have seen many graven images made by Catholics, and it is not to be doubted by any, that there are thousands of Christs, Apostles, Saints, and Virgin Marys, made of clay, chalk, wax, wood, brass, silver and gold. Nor can any Roman Catholic deny his bowing down to one or more of the above images, or having been taught so to do. Thus did I see that the Church was against the Bible. In my prayers, the *saints* as well as God must be supplicated for blessings.—And if this be not "serving" saints as well as God, I am no judge in the matter. At any rate, my suspicions were aroused, for I found this commandment in the decalogue given us in the Bible; but behold the Pope and his retinue had seen fit to reject it altogether! Yes, and made *two* out of the *last*, to make up the number *ten*!! These startling facts rather led me to guess at the reasons for their course in this work.

Again: I found that St. Paul was against speaking in an unknown tongue in the Church. 1 Cor. 14: 11, 19. According to this, the Catholics are barbarians to their priests, and these, in their turn, barbarians to their members. This cannot be denied. More than two-thirds of all that is said in Catholic Churches is "in an unknown tongue." This practice seemed to me altogether contrary to the Bible, in spite of all my preconceived notions in favor of Papacy.

Another subject which troubled my mind was, the Lord's supper. My instructors had taught me that the host or wafer made of flour, "contained the flesh, the blood, the soul and divinity of our Savior." I was farther told, "Christ is as complete in a small host as in a large one."—Yes, even divide *one* host in *twenty* parts, and there will be as many Christs!! But somehow my mind was not settled. The priest I knew received a host when he communed as much as we did, and yet he must have some wine with the host or wafer. Here, then, I saw an inconsistency which could not be reconciled with the Bible. Moreover, the Scriptures did not teach the above doctrine—*none* that I could find. Our Savior declares, when about to suffer, "He took bread, and gave thanks, and break it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. Likewise, also, the cup after supper, This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you." Luke 22: 19, 20. Here I found, 1. The bread and wine did not contain, *literally*, the "flesh and blood, and soul and divinity of Christ," for He *himself* administered the supper to his disciples. 2. These disciples were to continue this supper "in remembrance of him," as having given himself a ransom for them. 3. When they commenced, they were *all* to use both emblems—the bread and wine. These, and other passages, rather shook my confidence in the Catholic faith. My mind was led to inquire after truth. The contracted bounds of Catholics were transcended—the field of religious investigation was spread out before my anxious mind—its golden truths already glowed in the distance, and the intent powers of my soul were aroused as from a deep and long slumber, to search as for hid treasures.

In the meantime, while reading the Bible, I kept an eye out upon my brother. Opposed as he had been, at home and abroad, I expected he would be discouraged, and make crooked paths in his new enterprise. Threats were made of his being disinherited, and thus thrown out upon the world as a vagabond, houseless and friendless. But in the midst of all this, he seemed unmoved. He had launched out upon the tempestuous sea of life, towards a better land—but not alone. Looking at the compass by which he professed to be guided, his little bark moved on slowly.—Though the billows rolled high, and the tempest blew a hurricane, and pirates were every where lurking about, he kept beyond their power, he escaped the dangers which were around his pathway. In view of this, I was led to conclude that Christ was with him on board, or he must certainly have made shipwreck. So pleasantly did he glide along, in the midst of all his conflicts, that a secret wish often arose in my mind, O that I enjoyed what he does! O that my shackles were broken!

His conduct towards God was not only according to the Bible, which I was examining, but he loved his enemies, and sought even to do them good. While I was thus comparing my brother's conduct and that of Catholics with the Bible, a question arose in my mind, Are Christians known by their fruits? The answer, of course, was in the affirmative. If so, then let us look at them. I knew what was my brother's conduct before his conversion. He could *then* spend the Sabbath in playing, hunting, dancing, &c., but *now* nothing of this is seen. His tongue is employed in praising his Creator. But what is the conduct of Catholics around him? They must spend the Sabbath in gambling, fishing, hunting, dancing, &c. These things, I thought, could not be the fruits of the Spirit. But this is not all. When my brother first left the Catholics, he was strongly opposed, and yet he manifested no spirit of retaliation. He was abused by many, but he spoke mildly. They would curse him, and show him their fists and teeth, but he cared for none of these things. Some advised father to shut him up, but courage failed. The Germans threatened him hard, but he went among them unhurt, for no man laid his hand on him. Surely, the Lord was with him.

As favorable, however, as I had become to the views he entertained, I was careful not to let him know my mind. When we met, I opposed him, and gave him to understand he had at least one opponent. It is true, when away from him, I wept like a child for abusing him so shamefully. But such had become the state of my mind, that when Catholics spoke to me on religious subjects, I opposed them. Having followed this course for a few years, my knowledge of the Scriptures and of Catholic doctrines greatly increased. Still I was a Catholic. Being yet under the parental roof, I must remain in the fold, or incur the displeasure of parents and friends. But this could not be done. Finding myself in this unpleasant state of mind, the following resolution was made and carried into execution: Resolved, to go to confession once more, and to attend to it in the best possible manner. The day came, and off I was seen going to the priest, with my load of guilt. Going into the vestry room, I found him ready to wait on me. All the sins I had committed were told over, and such was the nature of my confession that the priest told me to *clear*, for he could not pardon me. "But, sir," said I, "can you not give me a penance which will correspond with my confession?" "*No*," said he, "but be off." "What! no penance for me?"—"*No*, no!" But conversing still with him, and perceiving my sincerity, he finally told me to retire for a few minutes, and then come again in the vestry room. The priest having spoken to me as he did, rather sobered me down. While out, all my past conduct was reviewed, and my heart began to melt. Soon I returned to the priest, and seeing my tears, he gave me a penance. Some time after this, I went to the communion. But my conscience was not at ease; something was wanting, after all my best endeavors. An aching void was felt in my soul, which no m[illegible] greatest pretensions, could ever fill. [illegible] hour, I ceased to look to men for a religion which can satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind.

JOSEPH COKINE.

Cape Vincent, 1850.

INTRODUCTION OF RAILROADS

IN GERMANY.

The peasants of Germany, especially of the distant and Catholic provinces, are still victims to the strongest superstition. This arises partly from the thousands of legends, romantic or terrible, that crowd around every spot, favored by nature with some peculiar class of scenery or phenomena, whether beautiful and soothing, or wild and exciting.

Among many incidents of this nature which came under my notice, none left a more vivid impression than a curious adventure in one of the provinces of Austria. A railroad had been constructed through it, and the trial trip was to be made with an American locomotive. Some fifty invited guests—including officers of the government and road—composed the party, and we started off in high glee to penetrate the wilds of Styria for the first time with steam. The peasants far and near had heard of the wonderful fire-dragon, and collected in great numbers to see the monster. On stopping at the first station, on the borders of Carinthia, the chief engineer was accosted by two Capuchin monks, who requested the privilege to travel with us. On announcing to them that it was an invited company, and they could not be admitted, they remarked, that it would be well to take them, to pacify the peasants of the province we were about to enter. This, of course, led to an explanation on their side, and we gathered the following curious information. The peasants had heard that the ferocious, snorting, fire and smoke-spitting, screaming, screeching, whistling, whizzing fire-dragon was about to invade their hitherto peaceful province, and in the accounts of its performances, true and exaggerated, they very naturally connected some supernatural idea with its existence. Some wiseacre among them had suggested that to perform such wonders it must be possessed of a devil. Thus, by the time the locomotive made its first trip, they had worked up their imaginations into a truly characteristic story, for all the world like one of their wild and ghostly legends; namely, some of them imagined that a man whose soul was sold to the devil, was put into the engine, and the writhing agony of his torments caused it to fly, spitting fire and smoke. Some of them, however, conceived that such superhuman exertions could not last long, and were convinced that one trip was sufficient to cause the raving soul to leave the torments of this world for those of another. In this way, a new man would be required every trip, and railroads would become nothing less than joint stock associations to sell men's souls to the devil. This idea was of course revolting to the Carinthian peasants, and the old Capuchin monks seemed to think that their presence, as upright men of God, would dissipate this wild illusion, and conciliate their feelings. They accordingly entered the cars, and we proceeded to the next station. As usual, the peasants here crowded around the engine, looking with evident apprehension at its suspicious-looking limbs. In this moment the engineer sprung on the platform, and let the steam-whistle give one grand, terrific scream. The consternation produced beggars description—men, women, children, horses, colts, cows and calves, in one supreme confusion, pell-mell among each other, fled as if the evil spirit had left the engine and entered them. It is needless to say that we were not molested, and that the peasants soon became reconciled to the performances of the fire-dragon, especially as the jolly fat old monks did not hesitate to ride with us, did not refuse to partake of the sumptuous banquet prepared for our arrival, and did not drink less wine and crack less jokes than the majority of a very jolly party.—*Ladies' Repository.*

THE CATENONI,

OR FOREIGN PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

The *Eco d'Italia* has recently rendered good service to the community, by apprising it that there are associations of impostors in Italy, called Catenoni, that is, professional beggars, who act in concert, form partnerships, and prey upon the charitable and the credulous, by means of forged papers, which are plausibly and skillfully gotten up, and are sure to deceive where there is no suspicion, and that there has been a recent influx of these worthies into the United States, and they are now doing business, no doubt, in our cities and elsewhere. These cheats are mostly from Borzonasca, near Genoa, and not from Catania, in Sicily, as some, misled by the name, have supposed. The Sicilians, says the *Eco*, are generally excellent emigrants, and incapable of dishonoring themselves, as the rogues of Borzonasca do. We will just add, though of course not for the information of the editor of the *Eco*, that Catenoni is derived from *catena*, a chain, and may mean, for aught we know, rascals who deserve the chain, or who, in their origin, had been sentenced to it in the galleys. This business of begging, with forged papers, has been a good one in the United States for the last forty years, and some foreign rogues have acquired snug little fortunes at it—have carried it on successfully for years, and then have gone home to enjoy their ill-gotten gains, and to laugh at our gullibility—not to praise our charitable, unsuspecting natures. They used formerly to make regular campaigns in the South and West, and in the North too, we suppose, prepared with any quantity of official-looking documents, garnished with huge and imposing seals of red wax, with certificates of character and good conduct, and sufferings and calamities without end, from consuls, ministers, and all sorts of dignitaries.—Sometimes it was fire that had consumed every-thing; sometimes a shipwreck, and sometimes the fathers, brothers or husbands were slaves and in chains in Algiers, or elsewhere. All of these stories were inventions, and all the papers forgeries of course, but they answered the purpose as well as though they had been genuine. Some of these scamps were probably Catenoni.—*Globe.*

LYDIA DARRAH.

During the Revolution, when the British army were in possession of Philadelphia, its Adjutant General made his quarters in the chamber of the house of Lydia Darrah, a Quaker lady, and at this chamber, the private conferences of the British officers were held. On the 2d of December, that officer informed Lydia that he should have company that night—told her that all of her family must retire at an early hour, and the fire and candles be extinguished; that when the company desired to leave, he would call her to let them out. She accordingly got her family in bed—let in a number of officers—retired to her room—extinguished the light—put off her shoes—ascended the stair, and had recourse to the key-hole of the chamber of conference, to satisfy the woman curiosity, which the orders with so much circumstance had awakened.

She there heard read a secret order of Lord Howe, that all of the troops should march out of the city on the night of the 4th, to surprise General Washington, at his encampment at White Marsh. She betook herself to her room in a state of deep agitation. When the meeting broke up, she allowed the officer to knock several times at her door to arouse her. She rose and let out the company. Such was her apprehension and alarm, that she could neither sleep nor eat. She was in possession of a secret which might save the lives of thousands of her countrymen, and which she dared not reveal to her most trusted confident.

The time was short—the American camp was [illegible] miles distant. She was a woman of delicate [illegible]d feeble frame, trembling and agitated under the pressure of such circumstances, but they made her a heroine, and nerved her to the high resolve, that the important secret should reach Gen. Washington, and that she would convey it. With that contrivance, as ready in woman as curiosity, she made her way to Lord Howe; stated to him that her family were out of flour, and obtained a pass through the lines to Frankfort, where there was a mill, "for the purpose of obtaining a supply of meal for the use of Mistress Darrah"—(thus ran the pass.) She passed the sentinels—left her bag at the mill—struck into the fields, and through the most secluded places, in the direction of White Marsh. Her weighty errand gave speed to her willing feet, and regardless of obstacles, she had accomplished about five miles of the distance, when she came suddenly upon a small reconnoitering party of American Light Horse, commanded by Lieut. Col. Craig. She knew the officer, and he, riding up, enquired where she was going? She replied, to see her son in the American army. Urging him to send his men out of hearing, and to dismount and walk with her—struck by her singular appearance and her excited manner, he ordered his troops to fall back—alighted from his horse, and walked with her into the field. There, under a promise never to betray her, as it was a matter of life and death to her and hers, she disclosed to him the momentous secret. The solemn purpose which had given the frail woman energy for so unwonted exertion, was accomplished, and she sunk fainting and exhausted at his side. Col. Craig conveyed her to a dwelling near—procured necessary attention and means of conveyance for her towards the mill at Frankfort, and then hastened with all speed to head-quarters, and General Washington made instant and effectual preparations to meet the intended surprise. Lydia reached the mill and her own house with her sack of flour.

On the night of the 4th, she heard the troops march silently out of the city on the projected enterprize. Two days afterwards she saw them return. She dared ask no question, though very solicitous to learn the result. On the same evening, the Adjutant General requested her to follow him to his room. She complied; he turned the key and desired her to be seated, in a manner to excite her apprehensions that she had been betrayed. He enquired, "Were any of your family up on the night of the meeting at my room?" "The whole family were in their rooms at 8 o'clock," she replied. "I know *you* were asleep," he said, with quickness and to her great relief, for I had hard work to rouse you, to let the gentlemen out of the house, and how Washington received information, unless the timber out of the wall carried it, I cannot imagine, but," continued he, striding across the apartment as he spoke, "we found cannon placed and his troops ready to receive us, and we marched back again like a *parcel of fools*."

Thus the contrivance and fortitude of this high-souled and heroic Quakeress, saved hundreds of lives, and perhaps the fate of the American army.—*Rochester Democrat.*

DEATH OF JOHN COMFORT.

JOHN COMFORT, Esq., the father of Rev. Silas Comfort, of the Oneida Annual Conference, died at his residence in Lanesboro, Pa., on the 5th ult., after a short illness of some thirty minutes, aged 74 years. His sudden death was in accordance with impressions made upon his mind years since, and which, from time to time, he had expressed to some of his friends, that his death would be sudden. Though quite feeble, and in some respects painfully infirm, neither himself nor his friends had reason to expect that his end was at hand, until they saw him gasping and dying.

The subject of this memoir was a man of great energy of character. He came to Lanesboro in the year 1810, when all was in a wilderness state. The forest and fields, the waters and ways, bear imperishable marks of his stirring industry and enterprise. And Providence crowned his labors with success—he accumulated at least a competency. In the same year he was convinced of sin and converted to God, through the labors of a brother Lewis, a local preacher, then residing in that section of country. He immediately joined the M. E. Church, and for 40 years was warmly attached to her doctrines and discipline, and liberally supported her institutions. His liberality was equal to his ability. His sense of personal responsibility led him to appropriate his means as they came to hand, retaining for his children sufficient to encourage their industry without inducing idleness. The unfortunate and needy were often relieved by him. The gospel at home, and the cause of missions abroad, shared alike his liberality. His forwardness in aiding feeble societies in building churches and parsonages, and relieving those in debt by the erection of such edifices, was praise-worthy. In due time, through his enterprise, a suitable church and parsonage was built in his own neighborhood, and then he was ever ready to encourage the erection of others, by proposing to pay the last $100 in the cost of the building; giving no encouragement to trustees to contract Church debts.

He was a warm, enlightened patriot, and filled several civil offices with the most scrupulous fidelity. And as an officer of the Church, whether trustee, leader, or steward, he was remarkably efficient. These offices he resigned about the time that he retired from the more active business transactions of life, assigning, as a reason for so doing, that he could not consent to hold the highly responsible offices of the Church, when he was no longer competent to attend, efficiently, to his own temporal business. But his uniformly devotional habits, and his accustomed benevolence, continued to the day of his death. Within the last six months of his life, he paid $100 for the erection of a church at Mc'Cleur's Settlement, of Lanesboro circuit, and subscribed $100 for a church in Jackson, of Brooklyn circuit, now under contract. A few weeks previous to his death, he paid $25 for finishing a church at Harford, of the same circuit, and a few months previous, sent $40, on the day of the dedication of the New Milford church of Montrose circuit, to be appropriated as the last $40 of some $400 to be raised on that occasion, to relieve the trustees from debt.

He commenced and concluded each day with appropriate religious devotions at the family altar, and was particular to have all in his employ, as well as his children, present at the hour of prayer. The social meetings of the society he uniformly attended; and if, by reason of ill health, or other unavoidable circumstances, he could not be at the place of prayer, it was his custom to have a family prayer-meeting at home at the same hour, in which his wife and children participated. He had the happiness of witnessing the conversion of all his children before his death. Two of his daughters had entered before him into the heavenly rest, and the remainder are laboring to enter therein. He was a man of stern integrity, nothing could turn him aside from what he thought to be right. With him, every thing must be done exactly at the time. He had a place for every thing, and every thing in its place. And he had but little patience with those that acted on other principles. In short, he was a good man—not faultless, but one that trusted in his God, "Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." He worked while the day lasted, and now rests from his labors.

D. A. SHEPARD.

Binghamton, May 1, 1850.

TAXED HEAVILY FOR FOREIGN COMPLIMENTS.—Mr. Morse was taxed $90 at the N. Y. Custom House, for the splendid order, set in precious stones, for the wonderful application of magnetism to telegraphs, received from the Porte of Turkey; and recently Mr. Colt, the inventor of the six barreled revolver, had a magnificent gold and enameled snuff box, with the lid inlaid with brilliants, sent to him as the Turkish Sultan's appreciation of his famous pistols. Colt paid $500 to our Custom House for the cost of importing this present.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MRS. SALLY BAKER, wife of David S. Baker, and youngest daughter of John G. Evans, died in Montezuma, Cayuga Co., N. Y., April 30, aged 27 years.

During the last twelve months, her sufferings were severe, from an affection of the lungs, terminating in consumption, but she had learned, from a Christian experience of seven years, to look for support, in all trials and afflictions, to the Savior. The closing scene was one of holy triumph. Heaven was brought near, and the departing spirit permitted to look within the veil, and, viewing the palm and crown held out, just ready to be given, seemed to rise above the pangs of dissolving nature, and sung, and praised, and exulted in God, her Savior, for the unspeakable privileges of that hour. Taking her companion by the hand, (who is not a professor,) she said, "will you seek Jesus and meet me in heaven?" In broken accents he responded from a gushing heart, "I will." Then turning to her pious parents and brothers and sister, "don't give him up, no, never give him up;" and finishing her dying charge by exhorting all to secure an interest in Jesus and meet her on high, she sunk peacefully to rest.

H. C. HALL.

EUNICE M., daughter of Elizabeth and Hackaliah Corhortt, died of scarlet fever, March 8, 1850, in Collamer, aged 5 years.

Short was the sickness and sudden the removal of this lovely little girl from the fond embrace of her bereaved parents.

"Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal home?"

ALVIN ROBBINS.

JEREMIAH B. KETCHEM died at Salina, N. Y., March 19, in the 55th year of his age.

The subject of this brief memoir was born at Fort Miller, Washington Co., N. Y., April 24, 1795. He professed religion more than 20 years since, and united with the M. E. Church, in whose communion he continued until he exchanged the militant state for the Church triumphant in heaven. For the last 15 years of his life he was a great sufferer, being confined to his house and most of the time to his bed, with a species of spinal affection. But amidst his severest trials, his confidence in God was unshaken, and he appeared to enjoy the peace and assurance of hope in Christ, to the very last. It may be truthfully said of him, that in his case, "patience had her perfect work;" for though he was so long deprived of health and the public means of grace, (the latter he prized highly,) he could say, "the will of the Lord be done in all things." May his death be blest to surviving relatives and friends.

B. PHILLIPS.

Salina, May 4, 1850.

MRS. SILENCE PADDOCK, wife of Henry Paddock, died of consumption, in Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., April 15, 1850, aged 48 years.

Sister Paddock was converted to God in 1828, and soon after united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose communion she remained till transferred to the Church triumphant. Her attachment to the Church of her choice was strong, and she was active in promoting the interests of her Savior's cause. She eminently adorned "the doctrine of God, her Savior," in her life and conversation. During several of the last years of her life, she was afflicted by disease, but was a patient sufferer—always calm and resigned—expressing great confidence in God, and looking for eternal life through the merits of her Savior. As the time of her departure drew near, she was joyful in the prospect of heaven. She conversed with her friends, and exhorted them to meet her in glory. The last words she was heard to articulate were, "I am going," "I am going," and in a few hours after, fell "asleep in Jesus."

T. B. HUDSON.

Penfield, May 3, 1850.

MARGARET, consort of Rev. Joseph Swallow, died April 28, in the village of Olcott, in the 29th year of her age.

Sister Swallow experienced the power of saving grace in Canada West, when but 18 years old. Her disease was of a pulmonary nature, flattering at first, but very severe and rapid in its last stages. Although the enemy made his appearance somewhat sooner than was expected, she was not taken by surprise—he found her ready. She met death with more than composure, being in the end enabled to rejoice, yea, triumph over her last foe.

REUBEN C. FOOT.

MRS. POLLY ANN WHEAT, wife of Mr. Charles Wheat, and youngest daughter of Norman and Elizabeth Wells, died in Jackson, Tioga Co., Pa., aged 26 years.

She was converted to God and united with the Presbyterian Church about 6 years ago, and remained a consistent member of the same, until called to her reward.

THOS. EVANS.

MELVILLE R., infant son of Rev. I. S. and Jane M. Bingham, died in Adams, N. Y., on the 28th ult. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I. S. BINGHAM.

MONEYS RECEIVED

At the Northern Christian Advocate Office up to May 7, 1850.

The following subscribers have paid each $1.

A—J Anderson, C Alexander, A K Allen.
B—J Brown, Miss Buckout, J Bowers, J Bliss, J Brundige, Rev P Burritt, Wm Bean, O Barker, A J Brown, J Brickford, Geo Beeseeker, Mrs S Barney, Mr Brown, P Barker, J Benedict.
C—Miss R Crofoot, J Crane, N J Coonrad, J Cadwell, M Champion, Rev J Carter, N Carhart, B Cowal, E Cobb, C Cook, W Collins, W Critchell, T Cowan, A Castle.
D—C Davis, A Decker, N Dunham, C Deyo, J Dye.
E—E Edwards.
F—P Finch, I Foster, C Fisher, W H French, L B Furgeson.
H—Mrs A Hutchinson, G F House, W Hibbard, J Hutchins, A Hosmer, Miss M E Higgins, I Huggins, E Kness, S J Hovey.
I—N Ives.
J—C Jerome, H Jones, H B Jones, Mrs E Jones.
K—N A Kennedy, A Kendall, T Kelsey, Mrs Mary Ketcham.
L—A Lamberson, B Loomis, J Little, Miss M Locklin, E K Lakeman.
M—W L Murphey, S Morris, B Mitchell, J Munson, J L Miller, J Mosely, Mrs L Montgomery, A N Marsh, A S Martin.
N—W Newton, C Norton, E Northrup, S P Newton.
O—M M Out, Mr H Orton, E Osborne.
P—E Potter, Mrs A Peggs, H Payne, J P Potter, O Pease.
R—Wm Rogers, W W Roe, D Roe, Rev W Rowbotton.
S—R Stevens, A Smith, F H Sanders, J Spaulsbury, E Seager, W O Sloyter, W S Steele, A J Shapard, J Soules, B Swartout, Miss D A Smith, D Stiles.
T—A Titus, J Tompkins, Wm M Tompkins, B Taylor, L Turner, S Tuthill, I Thatcher, Widow Tower, G F Tubbs, S Tompkins, F E Taylor.
U—P Underwood.
W—M Wightman, Mr Willett, A B Wait, Mrs Wood, H Wirbeck, R F Western, E Wilcox, D Whipple.
Y—Mrs N Young.
The following subscribers have paid as follows.
W Edget, R Brail, 25c; Mrs B Johnston, Mrs F. Stiles, A Terwilliger, 50c; J M Souverill, W Hudson, J Van Etten, T Colwell, $2.

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