

# Indian Advocate.

"And the Desert shall Rejoice and Blossom as the Rose."

By the Board of Indian Missions.

LOUISVILLE, JULY, 1853.

VOLUME VIII. NUMBER 1.

## THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

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### The Missionary's Father.

The following letter from Rev. William Goodell, missionary to the Armerians, to his brother in this country, on receiving tidings of the death of his father, will be read by all with interest. It is the portrait of a man of God, drawn by a son worthy of such a parentage:

COMMUNICATED, August 18, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—The intelligence contained in your letter was not unexpected. Our father and mother died on a great age, having only five days of being eighty-six years old. He was full of days and full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. How long he had borne the image of the earth—how long he was removed in that spirit of his mind, I know not; but I know he had long borne the image of the heavenly.

Though I am but thirty-five years of age, I cannot look back to the year when he was not living a life of faith, of prayer and self-denial—of devotion to the world, and of close walk with God. This was the more remarkable as in the Church of which in those days he was a member, there was scarcely one individual who could fully sympathize with him in his religious views. This great evangelical doctrine of the Gospel, which his own minister never preached, and his own Church never adopted into her creed, was his most and dearest. "The more, through an unbroken link, brought back to English," was a common expression of his on returning from abroad, where he had been able to pick out of much that a few crumbs of the bread of life. His religious views: prayer-meetings were unknown: the sun to set, or about the sun told of his glory, was the daily Bible, an copy of Watt's Psalms and Hymns, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Platts' Catechism of Catechism, the second volume of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and the Assembly's Catechism. But through this maze of green was not lost, yet, meditating day and night on God's law, his name was dear; and he was like a tree planted by the stream of water, whose leaf is always green, and whose fruit is always abundant. Whenever his mind was on heaven, would, if he had himself committed, to almost any to see him engaged in prayer. Whoever should work with him in word and deed, would find his thoughts as actively employed above, as his hands were below. Wherever of the Lord's people met him, by day or by night, at home or abroad, alone or in company, would find him ready to sit down with them in heavenly places, in order to comprehend "what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height" of the love of Christ.

Being the youngest of the family, you can have but an imperfect conception of the small home on the side of the hill, containing two small rooms and a garden, flowered with roses and peonies, where traces of us were born; and of the small clump of apple trees before the door, where your father and mother and children played in the days of their domestic childhood. There, with us, he sat at any day, and no boy to any work, or dinner, or supper; there, when, as I am told, nothing new would be an old story, which may even be told, long before this, have been told; there, our father, long before he was with all proper and appropriate in the light; there, on every Sabbath-day, he sat to those solemn, important and all-comprehensive questions from the Catechism; and there, with eyes and heart united to heaven, we used to sing to the tune of old Bethesda:

"Oh, my father and my mother,

My father and my mother,

My father and my mother,

My father and my mother,

My father and my mother,

My father and my mother,

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My father and my mother,

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My father and my mother,

My father and my mother,

My father and my mother,

assembled early one morning in her little bed-room, to see her die. Her gaze was like a river; she was full of triumph; and she was able to address to us words of heavenly consolation. All the had actually crossed over into shallow water, within one minute, of the opposite of the Jordan—*heaven*—and all its glories full in view. Precious woman—"Were my children but pious," then did she say in thy last long sickness, "how cheerfully could I leave them and go away." But what these eyes were not permitted to behold, have not the angels long since told thee—that the eight children then did leave behind, with all, or all but one of their parents, were partakers of that blessed Gospel, "which was all thy salvation, and all thy desire;" and that three of thy sons were performing it to others? Yes, God hath heard thy prayers, and "hath remembered his holy covenant," so we are all witnesses this day.

But before I close, I must say something more of the early habits and character of our venerable father. The little farm he once possessed, if it were not all *plowed* over, was, I am confident, almost every foot of it, *plowed* over. And some dried apples from it, which a subsequent owner sent me a few years since, were to me "as the smell of a field which the Lord has blessed." He was full of the millennium and of the missionary spirit, long before the existence of the present missionary societies; praying daily for both Jews and Gentiles—saying, with the Psalmist, "Let the people praise thee, all of them"—and like his uncle, Solomon Goodell, was ready and desirous to contribute something for the spread of the glorious Gospel, long before he had an opportunity for so doing.

He survived three years in the missionary war; and I was struck with the fact just commemorated, of his being early on the morning of the memorable fourth of July, amidst the roaring of cannon, that he slept in peace. And though to his children he left no inheritance, so, not much as one cent, yet, in his gently earnest and prayerful, he has left, than the very richest legacy which any father ever bequeathed his children.

Religion in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

March 10th, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—After a residence in this city of nearly two years, I have almost, if not quite, concluded that it seems an indication of Providence that I should spend my days here, and lay my dust upon those shores, that once seemed so far away from home. Often, very often, I ask myself, Why am I here? How did I come? So truly important does it seem to realize the fact. And, indeed, when I do ask the question, I am only answer it, by admitting, as the only reply, that He knows who brought me, how I came, and for what purpose; and may he grant that I may faithfully answer his call.

Nearly two years I have been here, and although I have not brought my family, I expect to do so in the course of a few months, and consequently the future of this State has an interest more than general to me, whilst the experience I have obtained, enables me to judge of its wants, its capabilities, and its destiny. On these and kindred subjects I now propose to address you, in the hope of communicating a more than general interest to one so able to judge, so competent to advise, and so efficient to act.

Not to weary you with a long letter, I wish to draw your attention to the condition of this population in relation to the Presbyterian Church, and shall be so concise as to confine myself mainly to this day.

There is supposed to be here a population of between 40 and 50,000 people. Within the last year a very large emigration of families has occurred, and there are now some twenty-five hundred children in the Public Schools, where, when I came, not a child was to be seen in the street, or, if seen, was a child as new as to the state. These schools are well supplied with teachers, and liberally supported by the City Councils. There are two Episcopal churches, one of which preaches to an average of 100,000 people; one Baptist, both full of converts; one Methodist, and one Unitarian; one Congregational (conducting a brick office at an expense of \$100,000, and another about to be organized; one Presbyterian, one Catholic, one Unitarian, one very noble Welsh Presbyterian, and one Old School Presbyterian, with about 120 com-

municants; one Mormon church, and one Infidel Association. Our population, though far more mixed than you could find even in Paris, is mainly American. Society has, too, settled itself down, and is very fast assuming a right shape. The Sabbath is pretty well observed, better than in New Orleans. Gaming is decreasing, the laws are observed, the police is good, and public opinion has a strong, beneficial tone.

A most remarkable feature of the emigration is, that numbers of converted men are here, and coming here; and what is truly a blessing, the churches are reaping not only their converted young men, but their converted young women also, so daughters, sisters, and wives; and a very marked feature is, that a very large number of these are Presbyterians! You will at once ask, "How is this? If so many are Presbyterians, why have you but 120 church members?" It is even so: hundreds roam the streets, or go to other churches, forgetting that which forgets them.

Who have we in this State? Three ministers, and the Chinese missionary! One here, where there could at once find congregations and ample support. One at Benicia, heretofore a very important point, but now made the capital; and one at Stockton; whilst there is now at Sacramento, the second city of the State, with a population of 10,000, a church for a church. The Methodist Church, North and South, are making this a battle-field, and each have some twenty-five men on the ground "Preaching Christ of contention," and doing a vast deal of injury, by whetting up angry passions upon the slave question, now assuming more and more bitterness among them, as the question of a State Convention is now under discussion. This alone indicates how much we need a conservative body like our own Church upon the same now, whilst, also, but few come, and they not of the right sort. Recently, the Congregational and New School bodies have received a large accession of able men, who are crowding in and occupying ground that should be ours, and is really needed by our people.

Are there not then men of the right sort to be found in your extensive circle of acquaintance, who could be induced to come here? It is no fourth of July figure to say that in twenty years this will be the largest city, and the most important, upon this continent. Her tongue is now, at four years of age, the fourth on the list of our ports. She is the only port on our continent to which a clipper ship, those huge leviathans, can sail; and in less than one year more, a Mail Steam line will be opened to China and Japan, as is now opened to Australia. No city, anywhere, in Europe, in Asia, or Africa, or America, has half the importance as missionary ground, that this town possesses; and no point could the ablest man in our Church place himself, so commanding in influence, so powerful for good, so efficient for usefulness.

But, perhaps you would say, "What kind of men do you need?" Let me state a case, and you will see.

Suppose that to-day, even while you read my letter, in Kentucky, that all the old men, all, or nearly all the women, and the children, were suddenly abstracted from your State, and none left but the young and the ardent, the energetic and the enterprising; suppose that an influence should suddenly fall on them to withdraw their energies, and use them with a power to will, that had never before been seen; and each man with his hands full of money, and accustomed to have everything his heart desired, regardless of cost, and willing and ready to pay for it at five times the accustomed rate; and, finally, suppose every-thing of this population educated, and you have a picture of California! What kind of missions would you send them? What kind, would they listen to? None, but the very best! None, but such as could make them think—or as we wished the other day, "who could drive him up in the corner of his pet." Such men, who do not put preaching a corner upon the same level as the reading of a newspaper, who feel what they say, and act as they speak, could now, if here this day, three to ten of them, receive from three hundred to five hundred dollars per month promptly paid to them.

It is a great mistake to suppose that one must suffer persecution here. In no country or city in the world can you find a more intelligent or more thoughtful society. In no place can you find so many highly educated men, such civil and aristocratic class—the whole world has contributed of its

best young mind to make us up—I say "young," for he it known to you, that you shall be at my door one hour, and during which ten times as many persons shall pass you as you would see on a busy day at any point in Baltimore street of the city of Baltimore, and you will not see three old men! Nor ten as old as I am myself. And as to living, there is really no place where you can procure the same luxuries or the same necessities that you can have here. In fact you cannot have them, for neither your soil nor your climate will yield them. The turnips, beets, cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes, melons, game, butter, peas, grapes, a fine everything but apples, (and we shall soon have them,) are greatly superior to the products of the old State. And in ten years a railroad will carry as home again what reason can take then be, why the best men in the Church will not come while the door is open, rather than wait until every point of vantage ground is laid hold of by others. Why then cannot you, or Dr. ——— or President ———, or a dozen that I know you could name, come here, and pitch your tents, and give our Church a position that she ought at once to take, and could maintain. If you will, any one or more of you, I can assure you of a hearty welcome and a satisfactory support.

I remain, dear sir, very truly yours.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.—It is a spectacle over which an angel might weep, if there could be tears in heaven—man, feeble man; child of dust, and crushed before the moth, strives with Almighty God. Who has not done it? How many are doing it yet! And while man does it in his thoughtlessness, he hears not, or if he hears he heeds not, the sound which comes from the distance, and falls upon the ear in tones so solemn and distinct, and with a cadence so dreadful. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." He heeds it not, but goes on in his way resisting the Holy Ghost. Thus he harkens on to a condition of hopelessness and helplessness. Quick as the mind can act, he speeds him onward. Every stifled conviction accelerates his movements. Every Sabbath's light but lights him forward. Every message of the truth, every argument and appeal of the sanctuary which falls upon his ear and reaches his spirit, serves but to quicken his progress. Ere long the crisis comes. In an unlooked-for moment, the griefed and insulted Spirit greets him with wings for a final flight, and so he goes he leaves upon the soul a dead which neither earth or heaven nor hell can break. The die is then cast, the work is done, the decision is recorded. "Let him alone!" is the sentence which has gone forth, and the man is lost. Thereafter his career is one of growing delinquency. Thereafter his state is one of spiritual sleep, profound as that of the grave, undisturbed by any Sabbath argument, undisturbed by any threatening announcement, undisturbed by any realization of another world; and though he may live amid scenes of spiritual beauty, and though the refreshing showers of heavenly grace may brighten and give new verdure to the moral landscape around him, there he is, a spot blotted by Heaven's fire, which can never be cultivated; a tree scathed by heaven's lightning, ready to be cut down as fuel for the burning. I may seem to you to speak strongly, but oh! how lame and feeble are my words to give expression to the sentiment which God has uttered:—"We utter them when I depart from them!"—*Arabian Nights*.

BETHLEHEM AND INDIAN HEATHENRY COMPARED.—

At the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union, recently held at London, the Rev. Dr. Duff, who was one of the speakers, in the course of his address said:—"He had been comparing notes between the condition of the heathen of London and the heathen of India, and he was compelled to say that, contrasted with the outrageous and wild orgies of Indian heathenism, there were heathenism in London that heathenism was actually surpassed in wickedness by the heathenism of England—(here) —and he believed it would continue to be so until the mission of the gospel learned to turn out on the Sabbath day, and go down from the great churches into the lanes and alleys of the city, to

It is in dispute as to whether, where the weaker side will be after light, and make a great town, to make the many believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

# The Indian Advocate.

LOUISVILLE, JULY, 1853.

## Removal of the Rooms.

The Rooms of the Association have been removed to the corner of Third and Market streets, adjoining those occupied by the Western Recorder and Christian Repository; entrance on Third street.

## Agents for the Board.

Rev. B. W. Thomas, Gen. Agent for Kentucky.  
Rev. V. R. Thornton, Gen. Agent for Georgia.  
Rev. W. M. Manning, for Mississippi.  
Rev. A. G. Nagart, for Indiana and Illinois.  
Rev. B. Kimbrough, Tennessee.  
Rev. L. Comper, for Mississippi.

## Special Notice!

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to

Cor. Secretary Am. Ind. Mss. Association,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to

CHARLES S. TUCKER,  
Treasurer Am. Ind. Mss. Association,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

It is also particularly requested of all persons coming to the city, having in charge money for the Association, that they call at the Treasurer's Office 609 Main street, and pay it there.

## The Prospects.

We are sure that every friend of missions will rejoice to learn that the prospects of future usefulness to our missions among the different tribes of Indians are brightening daily. After several months languishing and fever, God in his mercy is now smiling upon his cause and confidence is being restored. We were led to believe that the noble, generous hearted Christians of America would abandon a mission of so much interest and importance to them. From every part of the land letters are coming in bearing full testimony to the fact that the cause of Indian evangelization and elevation is a cause dear to the hearts of true Christians. Our missionaries are again inspired with the hope that they are not to be entirely abandoned by the Church, and left to perish as the Indian, neglected and despised. No, no. The churches of free, prosperous America will never suffer such a foul blot to rest upon the pages of their future history. The prayers of scores who have devoted the best days of life and all their lives to the cause of Indian missions, will not remain unheard, God will answer them speedily.

The Corresponding Secretary is now writing letters to brethren in almost every part of the country, asking their aid in contributions and collections. He will continue this work until winter. This plan has been adopted for the following reasons:

1. The principle reason is to try by this means to interest the pastors and brethren everywhere in the mission. We are sure to become interested in a cause we work for, and if we work for it we will pay for it—and if we pay for it we cannot withhold from it the affections of our heart.

2. It will prove an immense saving to the Board in agencies. One hundred letters may cost the Board three and a half dollars—should each brother or sister who the letter is addressed collect and send in return only ten dollars, and some will no doubt send ten times that amount, there will be a thousand dollars to the Board at a mere nominal cost. But we shall defer the calculation of results until we hear from our brethren.

3. We are in need of funds to provide our mission families and stations with clothing and provisions before winter, that they be not left to suffer when these things cannot be had, and led to doubt whether they are cared for by their brethren at home. The interest now felt among the churches inspired these brethren and sisters to go to the Indian country, and surely we do not intend to desert and neglect them. No, never—only nurture them.

From the Western Recorder.  
Indian Mission Association—Rev. G. L. Helm.

It gives us unspeakable pleasure to announce—and we are sure the announcement will meet with a hearty response from the breasts of myriads of the pious and benevolent throughout the land—that the prospects of the American Indian Mission Association were never so brilliant for usefulness as they are now. For some time its affairs have been in rather a languishing condition. The Board had been unable to secure the services of a suitable Corresponding Secretary. This object, at last, has been effected. Rev. G. L. Helm has accepted the station; has already, to a considerable extent, entered upon the duties of his office, and in a few weeks will do so fully by removing to Louisville. His appointment gives universal satisfaction. A Secretary more acceptable, more capable, or more devoted to the interests of this great enterprise could not have been selected.

As stated in another article, brother Helm has also accepted the pastoral charge of the East Baptist Church. This was done by the advice, and with the full sanction of the Board. It was considered a matter of economy and sound policy. His duties as pastor will not interfere at all with his duties as Secretary. The latter will require his constant attendance here. He has also to conduct the Indian Advocate. And the Board must have other agents constantly in the field. It has already a most efficient general agent in Kentucky. The Corresponding Secretary could not devote his time to traveling, without the Board would incur the expense of employing some one to fill his place when absent; and this would more than compensate another efficient agent. Under the present arrangements he can and will discharge all the duties of his office, and at much less expense to the Board than any of his predecessors.

The Missionaries all seem to be greatly encouraged by the appointment of brother Helm. Their letters indicate that a new life and spirit has been imparted to the enterprise. The churches too are waking up, and the treasury is being replenished. A liberal response to the Circular of March last is still being received; and every mail from the Missionaries cheers our hearts with accounts of refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord among the poor Indians.

This Association should receive the especial favor of the churches. It is emphatically an *Indian Mission* and a *national* society. It is in high esteem among the Indians—perhaps more so than any similar institution. It has, under God, been a great instrument of good to them. This they feel and acknowledge. It may be given capacity for still more good, and the wants of the Indian demand it at our hands. Two or three ladies are now needed at the Potawatomi school as instructors. Another good male teacher is required by the wants of the Armstrong Academy; besides several good Missionaries in the same region. The field is white unto the harvest. The victor supplies of the Missionaries should be provided for without delay. The treasury at present is not able to meet this latter demand. But we are sure that our brethren need simply to be informed in relation to these things to provide for the exigency. We make no appeal to their sympathies; we call not upon them as philanthropists; we merely state facts.

There are enough for Christians who act from judgment and in the fear of the Lord. They are more eloquent to such than the tongues of orators, and more persuasive than even the wall of suffering thousands.

THE LEXINGTON APPEAL.—The Rev. Dr. John Beechler was once preparing for a Sabbath-school meeting in Lexington, and requested Mr. Watson to take part in the exercises. It was with difficulty that he could find time to attend, but Dr. Beechler was urgent and said, "Mr. Watson, you must speak." Mr. Watson, in a calm tone replied, "Well, sir, in the language of Isaac—" "That is true," replied Dr. Beechler, "but you know that we are all sinners here." Mr. Watson said he could make no further opposition after this appeal.

From the Western Recorder.  
Missouri Baptist Indian Mission Association.

LEXINGTON, Mo., June 16, 1853.

BROTHER WALLACE.—The Missouri Baptist Indian Mission Association met in Lexington on the 10th inst., (Friday last.) The meeting, though not many delegates from other churches attended, was one of deep interest to those who did attend.

At the request of the Board, brother D. Lykins, long a devoted missionary at the West station, attended the meeting and brought with him two Indian boys from the Mission school, and also a young man and his wife and child. They had been educated at the school and are members of the Baptist church. One of the boys is also a church member. They formed an interesting group, and as specimens of the practical results of Indian Missions, added greatly to the interest of the occasion. To hear them read the word of the Lord with clear and distinct utterance in the English language, and to answer correctly questions put to them concerning the meaning of what they read, and also to express their own heartfelt interest in these blessed truths, brought tears to many eyes, and made some resolve more firmly than ever to remember the children of the Prairie in their prayers and contributions.

The presence of Miss McCoy, who has for years shown her love to Christ, in the humble employments of the Mission school, served much to deepen the impression which I hope this meeting has left on the hearts of these inattentive. Our brethren and sisters who were absent can hardly imagine the deep thrilling joy of heart they have lost.

I am aware that many were prevented from attending by the fact that the General Association met only the week before; but notwithstanding this, I believe many more would have made special efforts to be present had they but anticipated a more so deeply interesting.

This Association originated some years since in the Lexington Baptist church. Its social meetings have been at different places. This plan, however, seems not to have accomplished as much as was anticipated, and the brethren seem disposed to abandon this migration of the meetings and confine them to this point. The next meeting at any rate is to be held in Lexington, and by that time they can judge better whether to continue them permanently here.

Collections and pledges were made chiefly from Lexington amounting to near two hundred dollars. The amount of contributions from other quarters I cannot now state. Our Minutes will soon be published, and will show increasing interest in this cause.

I anticipate a great enlargement of members and means by the next anniversary.

The experiment of an agency has been tried with some success the past year, by brother Crockett, who will shortly take charge of the Potawatomi station by appointment of the Lexington Board, and brother W. C. Bachelor succeeds him as our agent. The brethren confidently expect that the foundation which has been already laid will be much extended and strengthened by brother Bachelor's labors.

The Baptists of Missouri, while they have already done well, have not yet come up to this work with all their hearts, as they will hereafter do.

The hands of union with the parent Board instead of being broken are gaining strength, and will appear by our recent action.

The Association heartily recommended brother Helm for the Secretaryship of the present Board, and committed the recent measures of that Board.

We have appointed a commission to visit the Mission stations this year, who will report from actual observation.

On the whole I am satisfied that more energy will be displayed by the Missouri Baptist Indian Mission Association during the current year, and that the Lord will strengthen the hands and multiply the labors in this holy enterprise.

Yours in the gospel,  
D. L. BOWELL.

Sabbath-School Book attended.

Is it possible? Who turned them? The sons. They have come over from Europe to teach the children of the United States. And these are among their first lessons. Who would believe it? How did they get hold of them? Some Protestant parents sent their little bright-eyed daughters to be taught by the sisters of the Lacrosse Ward. As this was a religious school and said to be very excellent, these innocent girls took along their Sabbath-school books to read in the intervals, as these were the best they had, and they thought it would do them good. The same seized and burned them! They must have been notarians. No. They were each books as the history of the Creation, and others containing simple Bible truth. But is there no mistake? No. The fact is indisputable. Why marvel? Did not Romanists, but the other, day imprints the Medial, and have they not burned the Bible itself? Burned it in the United States? Yes, in the United States. Do they not say and publish, that it will be perfectly right to persecute us when they get the power? Do they not say they will have it? Well, perhaps they will, if Protestant parents choose to sleep as they have done—to send their sons and daughters to Jesuit schools as they have done.

But now there are many thousands of happy youths, born of free parents—born in the sunny and of liberty—nourished under the shade of the American constitution, whose pulse beats strong for freedom, who love their Bibles, and their teachers, and who have been delighted with the elegant libraries prepared for them by their Christian friends, and have fostered their minds and hearts on the rich, pious instruction, yoked by the very best and ablest men in the country; and what will they say to this burning? How will they like to enter the schools where such fires are kindled? I ask my boy. He says it's too hot a place for him. Well, there are many thousands more, who were not born here, who have emigrated with their parents and friends from the despotic governments of the Old World, who have been charmed and delighted on a sweet Sabbath morning after their arrival on our shores, to be taken by the hand by some pious friend and led away to the Sabbath-school, where bright eyes and happy faces greeted their entrance, and intelligent, kind-hearted teachers busily engaged in their instruction, with no other reward than the pleasure of doing good. And what do they say to the burning of such books in America? They may have seen such things in Europe. They may have gazed under the look of the priest, as many a poor Irishman has done. But did they expect such things here in this sweet land of liberty? Do they desire a repetition of their former sorrows? They would the waters and leave the sea to find a Jewish and a son, and enjoy the luxury of seeing religious books burned? Some, indeed, may be so cowardly as to be willing, siding and shoveling all this. But are there not thousands of hearts, who have had enough of it? And who, having plucked some of the golden fruits, which cluster on the tree of Liberty, and inhaled some of the exhilarating air of this happy land, would rather die than return to the chains and burning of a priest-ridden education. O Liberty! My God protect thee and thy sons and daughters.

AMERICA.

F. B.—The reader will readily perceive that the holy temple, where his hands were employed in this burning, present, must of necessity possess many valuable qualities, and be adorned with many spiritual graces, possibly being as to be a pattern of holiness, and a safe guide to our dear children. So they may also be!

Captain Brown.—We regret to learn that on Sunday night, the 28th ult., the 1st Congregational church of Chicago was destroyed by fire.

Very happy were the last hours of Count Montcalm. They were spent in praising God for having answered so many prayers. "I only hoped," said the Count, "to do a little good, in a few poor brethren torn to the Lord, and behold themselves here believed."





