Woman.

BY REV. J. N. MAFFIT.

Oh, woman! truth and passion rear the throne Where thou dost sit triumphant and alone; Bright shapes of fitful fancy throw Prismatic colours o'er thy beauty's glow-Before a thousand shrines thy feelings burn, As vestals wave their tapers o'er the urn; A seeming fickle nature oft imbues The colour of thy mind with rainbow hues.

Yet, when awakened to some daring deed, When grief and trials come, and nations bleed, When fields of blood re-echo shrieking cries, And hope's lone star hath left the shrouded skies, Tis then thy mighty heart shall fully prove The strength of all thy constancy and love!

Who longest lingers at the bed of death, With kisses winning back the fleeting breath? Who longest at the chill lone tomb shall stay, Pale sentinel o'er cold and paler clay? Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave,' Oh, woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save, When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low, Shattered and broken by the stunning blow.

(From the Journal of Religious Education.)

The Confession. A TRUE STORY.

Children should be early impressed with the necessity and importance of recalling and confessing their sins. To confess particular sins is often a profitable exercise, as, by repeating only a general confession, they may acquire a habit of passing it thoughtlessly over, or of looking upon sin merely as something of common and unavoidable occurrence. The following story was related to me by the person under whose observation the incident happened, and will serve as a striking instance of the hardness of heart which may come upon those who neglect or omit this important duty.

Several years since, the commander of a vessel, on the eve of sailing for America from Calcutta, was applied to by a seaman for the purpose of being engaged in his employ. He professed to be an Englishman, and, by his conversation, appeared to be above the class of ordinary sailors. He was pale and thin; and, withal, had such a as, in broken and detached sentences, he related dejected and care-worn countenance that he seemed hardly fitted to undertake the duties of a long voyage. He produced, however, testimonials of faithfulness and industry from several respectable employers, and as he declared himself in good health, and stated that the climate had caused his he, grasping my arm and looking in my face, as temporary emaciation, he was engaged, and forthwith entered upon the duties of his new station.

After the vessel had set sail, he became distinguished among his fellow-seamen for his reserve and unwillingness to be associated with them, | ness. evidently not from pride, or personal dislike to them, but from a peculiar sullenness of temper; | heart, knows if I have repented or not; but always wore, and the short, repulsive answers which he gave to all soon estranged him from the kind regards, and even the passing notice, of his | mercy?' I said. He paused, and then answered, companions. He was, however, statedly seen at For so many years I have been accustomed to giving you any adequate idea of what I saw and his duties: passively and silently obedient to think of him only as the angry judge of my soul, every order, neglecting nothing that was assigned | that I have never thought of his mercy. If I had

cold, and unmoved, and uninterested. 'Never,' said his commander, 'have I seen such a personification of a statue. His features penitent sinner he will receive and pardon.' were as of chisseled marble-fixed and unrelaxing, and his eyes with one amazing expression of sul- | sin be within reach of his mercy.' len despair. In so large a ship's company, we were not often thrown into close or familiar con- seth from all sin: wash in it, and be clean.' tact; and, when not in the act of obeying my im- 'Oh, those precious words!' he exclaimed. by the winds! mediate orders, he would always avoid me when | they are like some half-remembered dream. thing in his air and conduct to repel inquiry, yet | they, indeed, speak to me?' He sank back faint

of repulsing even his superiors. without any incident occurring worthy of note. signs for me to speak more. I told him he was not I had remarked no change in him, except that he | in a condition to hear more that night, and that I had become evidently much emaciated; and, would see him in the morning. He stretched though no complaint escaped him, he was visibly out his hand, and clasping mine, would not relax and daily losing strength. When I told him I his hold. I stopped and whispered, 'I must leave was willing to excuse him from his more laborious | you alone with God; to him make confession of duties, he coldly replied: 'I do not wish to be your sin, and implore his forgiveness. I cannot idle-I am not so strong as I might be, but I am | save you from his wrath, but one mighty to save well enough.' This was said in his usual repul- | you has interceded for you, and he will prevail. sive tone: and, as I saw his unwillingness to re- | He has invited you to come to him, and accept the ceive even the expression of kindness or interest, salvation which he died to obtain for you.' He I forbore to molest him further.

'About this time, we experienced a severe hur- almost inaudibly, 'to-morrow.' ricane, which required every one at his post, and at active duty. In the course of the day, I missed | permit, I again visited him, carrying with me a the English seaman, and, on asking for him, was Bible, which I presented to him. He received it told he was so feeble as to be unable to leave his joyfully, and exclaimed, 'this is the message of enough, but was too cross and lazy to work; that | characteristic kindness, to administer to his wants. leisure to attend to him, I own I had almost con- new view he had of the character of God. ceived a dislike to the man, so forbidding and disagreeable had been his whole behaviour; consequently, I felt but little inclination to have more engagements, however, were too peremptory to open before him, and he was almost constantly have thought two hours of uninterrupted sleep a early life to confess my sins constantly to God,

fair weather, and never was rest more needed or until I was tempted to commit that fearful crime. fect calm, and, about midnight, I had thrown my- ness, and that this one could make me no worse stairs, a tall, strange looking figure wrapped in a never stay away from Christ.' sheet which nearly touched the ground. One wasted arm was exposed, and as the emaciated The bright moonlight enabled me to discern every Africa.

feature; and so intensely were the black sunken eyes fixed upon me, that, for an instant, a feeling of awe came over me. The next moment I was on my feet; and, receiving no answer to my question of 'who are you?' I stepped forward and raised my hand as if to grasp the arm, when the man replied, in a low voice, 'do me no harm, sir, I am Ned Wilson.' It was the English sailor, whom I had not seen for three weeks, and who had become so altered that, not until I had looked fixedly at him, did I recognize his pallid features.

'I said to him, in a stern tone, 'and what has brought you here at such an hour? Come, go immediately back to bed.' He answered, but in a tone of voice so unlike his usual manner of speaking, that I was touched in a moment Don't speak harshly to me, sir, I beseech you. "Well then,' I said as kindly as I could, 'tell me what has brought you here at such an hour. It is not fit that one so enfeebled as you appear to be should be out of his bed. Come, I will take you

'No, no,' and he gasped for breath as he laid his hand upon my arm, 'they-my messmateswould hear what I have to say, and it must not

'The thought instantly occurred to me that he was not in his right mind, and I again said to him, 'Come, come, you must go back; it is very wrong for you to be here-you will be better in bed.' 'Sir,' said he, in a solemn tone. 'you must hear me. I rise from my death bed to tell you what no other ears must hear, and which must be told before I die, or' --- he stopped, and a convulsive shuddering shook his whole frame. 'Or what?' I asked. 'Or my soul is lost forever,' he

'I was, for a moment, subdued and awed by his unearthly appearance; and the solemn stillness that reigned around added effect to what he said. It again occurred to me that he might be raving, and I again endeavored to persuade him to go to bed. But he stopped me with-'As a dying man, I will be heard; and, if you would save my soul, you will hear me.'

'Willing to soothe his increasing agitation, I told him, then, to be brief, as, if he wished to comsoon be interrupted by the awaking of those sleeping near us. He looked suspiciously around, and, approaching me closely, whispered, 'but you must swear, swear solemnly, never, never, to reveal what I shall confess.'

'I promised, faithfully, to keep his secret; and the particulars of a deadly crime which he had committed several years before, I became almost as agitated as himself. As he concluded, he seemed relieved of a fearful burthen. We were both silent for several minutes. 'And now,' said if his destiny depended on my answer, 'tell me if my soul is lost forever.'

'I replied, 'yours is a dreadful crime; but to the repentant sinner there is offered free forgive-

'Repentant!' he exclaimed, 'God, who sees my and the abstracted and unhappy look which he | have never ventured to ask his forgiveness, convinced that he could have no mercy for me.'

· Why have you presumed to set limits to his to him, and under all circumstances appearing | thought of it, I should also have remembered that he has also promised to punish the wicked.'

'I replied, 'he will punish the wicked, but the 'But my sin!' said he emphatically; can such 'I answered, 'the blood of Jesus Christ clean-

approached him. Though there was every have heard them many, many years ago; can I several times ventured to ask him particulars of and exhausted, and with difficulty I conveyed him his health or history. His answers, though re- to his bed. I offered him some refreshment, spectful, were short and unsatisfactory; and, in- which somewhat revived him, and giving him in deed, he seemed possessed of a peculiar faculty | charge of one of his companions, was leaving him to the repose which he seemed so much to re-'Nearly two months of the voyage had passed | quire, when he beckoned me to remain, and made pressed my hand, and then released me, repeating,

'The next day, so soon as my leisure would bed. Being, myself, constantly engaged in the salvation! He was extremely weak, and spoke duties of my station. I gave orders that he should with difficulty. His calm and pleasant answers be well taken care of; and, when I afterwards in- had attracted the attention of his companions; quired after him, I was always told he was well and they had gathered around him, with their it was of no use to offer him any kindness, as he I heard them, as I passed, wondering what could would only answer angrily in return, and that he have changed his angry ways towards them. He was of too bad a temper even to eat more than | told me, himself, he felt like another being; and occasionally a sea-biscuit. Even if I had had from day to day he continued to rejoice in the

'He lingered two or three weeks, and then died calm and resigned. As his bodily frame became more wasted and feeble, his mind seemed supintercourse with him than was necessary. My ported and strengthened. His Bible was always admit of further attentions on my part than in- engaged in prayer-his lips moving when he quiries respecting him. For three weeks, we could no longer articulate. He expressed strong experienced such a continuance of boisterous and faith in the merits of his Saviour, and, when severe weather that every man in the ship was | thanking me for having led him to that safe rein almost constant requisition. I was, myself, fuge, he said: 'Sir, it was confession of sin that nearly worn down with want of rest; and I should | brought me to his feet. If I had been taught in should never have despaired of his mercy; but I 'At length, we were cheered by the return of went on, from sin to sin, reckless and hardened welcomed by all. It had become almost a per- I thought I had already sinned past all forgiveself across a berth and fallen asleep. I had been | but confession of sin brought repentance for sin sleeping, probably not more than half an hour, I then this hard heart was softened, and first felt the when I was awakened by a slight noise; and, need and sufficiency of the Saviour. Oh, those perhaps a parallel in nature. As I leaned over And the bright out-courts of immortal glory! standing up, I beheld, at the foot of the cabin who confess their sins to God, and repent, will the Table Rock, and cast my eye downward upon

AFRICA.—The Baptist African churches, in

(From the Knickerbocker.) Rev. Mr. Bascom's Sketch of the Great Cataract.

NEW YORK, February, 1839.

The following picture of Niagara, is from the pen of an eloquent divine, with whose high reputation our readers are not unacquainted. those who have seen the falls, it will recommend itself for its vivid truth; and to those who have not, we commend the writer's introductory note to the editor:

'MY DEAR SIR, -- In complying with your request to furnish you with the following letter, for publication in the Knickerbocker Magazine, I must claim the protection of one of the most indulgent canons of criticism; that which suggests that every production, claiming to be a mere revelation of personal impression and private feeling, should be judged of mainly in view of the mind's peculiar state in giving it birth. The annexed sketch except the last paragraph, was written on an angle of 'Table Rock,' at the instance, and for the exclusive gratification of a friend, and without any, the most remote reference to publication, then or subsequently. It was produced under the in fluence of high wrought feeling, and does little more than reveal the heart's mythology, in presence of one of the most fearful manifestations of the power and grandeur of physical nature. the feeling which gave birth to the fragment you have asked for publication be responded to by the reader, I have nothing to regret, and nothing farther to hope for. Very truly and sincerely, H. B. BASCOM.

My DEAR E -: - I have seen, surveyed, and communed with the whole! and awed and bewildered, as if enchanted before the revealment of a mystery, I attempt to write. You ask me in your last for some detailed, veritable account of the falls, and I should be glad to gratify you; but how shall I essay to paint a scene that so utterly baffles all conception and renders worse than fruitless every attempt at description? municate any thing secretly to me, we should the 5th, I desended the winding path from the five minutes after my arrival, on the evening of 'Pavilion,' on the Canadian side, and for the first time in my life saw this unequalled cascade, from 'table rock;' the whole indescribable scene, in bold outline, bursting on my view at once. I had heard and read much, and imagined more, of what was before me. I was perfectly familiar with the often-told, the far-travelled story of what saw; but the overpowering reality on which was gazing, motionless as the rock on which I stood, deprived me of recollection, annihilated all curiosity; and with the motions of sublimity, till now unfelt, and all unearthly, the involuntarily exclamation escaped me, 'God of grandeur! what a scene!!

> But the majesty of the sight, and the interest of the moment, how depict them? The huge amplitude of water, tumbling in foam above, and dashing on, arched and pillared as it glides, until it reaches the precipice of the shute, and then, in one vast column, bounding, with maddening roar and rush, into the depths beneath, presents a spectacle so unutterably appalling that language falters; words are no longer signs, and I despair felt. Yet this is not all. The eye and the mind necessarily take in other objects, as parts of the grand panorama; forests, cliffs and islands; banks, foam and spray; wood, rock and precipice, dimmed with the rising fog and mist, and obscurely gilded by the softening tints of the rainbow. These all belong to the picture; and the effect of the whole is immeasureably heightened by the noise of the cataract, now reminding you of the reverberations of the heavens in a tempest, and then of the eternal roar of ocean, when angered

The concave bed of rock, from which the water falls, some two hundred feet, into the almost boundless reservoir beneath, is the section of a circle, which, at first sight from Table Rock, presents something like the geometrical curve of the rainbow; and the wonders of the grand 'crescent,' thus advantageously thrown upon the eye in combination, and the appropriate sensations and boom of the waters, render the sight more surprisingly sublime than anything I have ever looked upon or conceived of. As it regards my thoughts and feelings at the time, I can help you to no conception of their character. Overwhelming astonishment was the only bond between thought and thought; and wild, and vague, and boundless were the associations of the hour! Before me the strength and fulness of the congregated 'lakes of the north' were enthroned and concentrated, within a circumference embraced by a

single glance of the eye. Here I saw, rolling and dashing at the rate of twenty-five hundred millions of tons per day, nearly one-half of all the fresh water upon the surface of the globe! On the American side I beheld a vast deluge, nine hundred feet in breadth, with a fall of one hundred and eighty or ninety, met fifty feet above the level of the gulf, by a huge projection of the rock, which seems to break the descent and continuity of the flood only to increase its fierce and overwhelming bound. And turning to the 'crescent,' I saw the mingled rush of foam and tide dashing with fearful strife and emulation—four hundred yards of the sheet rough and sparry, and the remaining three hundred a deep sea-like mass of living green-rolling and heaving like a sheet of emerald. Even imagination failed me, and I could think of nothing but ocean let loose from his bed, and seeking a deeper gulf below! The fury of the water, at the termination of its fall, combined with the columned strength of the cataract, and the deafening thunder of the flood, are at once inconceivable and indescribable. No imagination, however creative,

can correspond with the grandeur of the reality. I have already mentioned, and it is important that you keep it in view, the ledge of the rock, the verge of the cataract, rising like a wall of equal height, and extended in semi-circular form across the whole bed of the river, a distance of more than two thousand feet, and the impetuous flood, conforming to this arrangement, in making its plunge, with mountain weight, into the great | Foretastes of heaven on earth-pledges of joy, horse-shoe basin beneath, exhibits a spectacle of Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's storythe sublime, in geographical scenery, without The preludes of a peace that cannot cloy, the billowy turbulence of the angry depth, where the waters, tossing and whirling, coiling and springing, with the energy of an earthquake and hand grasped the sheet, it seemed as if, through the island of Jamaica, have raised the necessary a rapidity that almost shocked my vision, I found the transparent skin, every bone could be counted. funds to support two missionaries in Western the scene sufficient to appal a sterner spirit than mine; and I was glad to turn away and relieve

my mind by the sight of a surrounding scenery; bays, islands, shores, and forests, every where receding in due perspective. The rainbows of the 'crescent,' and American side, which are only visible from the western bank of the Niagara and in the afternoon, seem to diminish somewhat from the awfulness of the scene, and to give it an aspect of rich and mellow grandeur, not unlike the bow of promise, throwing its assuring radiance over the retiring waters of the deluge.

"The 'rapids,' which commence nearly a mile above the cataract, and, sparkling in the sun, spread out like a sea of diamonds, seem admirably to give notice of what awaits below; and when examined from a position on Goat island, become extremely interesting, from the dash and foam of the broken flood, the noise which, distinct from that of the great fall, would remind you of the murmurs of an Alpine forest, in the rising swell of the coming storm. In crossing the river below the falls you have one of the richest views of the whole cascade that can possibly be imagined, and the rising bank and mossy rock, the lofty trees and luxuriant shrubbery, on either side, are in fine keeping with the scene, and are essential to the unity and completeness of the picture. But what most interested me here was the tumultuous tossing and whirling of the water, where its depth must be more than two hundred feet, and its width at least seven hundred yards. The whole mass seems to be heaving with infuriate life. A thousand counter currrents and eddies meet, break and mingle in the general 'torrent and whirlwind' of the water. Within a circumference of two or three hundred yards, near the American shore, this singular action of the element gives the water an elevation of from five to seven feet above the ordinary level; and the strong conflicting currents are seen tossing and struggling with volcanic force, like the Adriatic turned up from

But the most appalling combination of wonder and awe was felt when, after descending the spiral staircase at Table Rock. I passed under the great falling sheet. Divesting myself of the most burthensome part of my clothes, and girding an oil-cloth mantle about me, with a hood for the protection of the head, I entered the hollow space, half luminous, half obscure, between the projecting rock and the boundless mass of water pouring over in arch, like a sea of molten lead. In this way I proceeded one hundred and fifty or sixty feet, to 'Termination Rock,' a point beyond which no human being has ever penetrated, and here, amid a tempest of wind and spray, almost depriving me of respiration, I paused to look up and around, awed and agitated by the stirring grandeur and sombre mysteriousness of all I could

hear or see.

the bottom by a tempest.

The edge of the precipice, over which the water falls, is a projection of about fifty feet over the base where I stood. After remaining here for several minutes, and selecting some pebbles from the path at my feet, with an increased sense of danger I effected my retreat, sincerely thankful that I had not purchased the gratification of my curiosity with the loss of my life. I spent four days and nights with the exception of a few hours for rest, in the examination of the falls, and in solitude with the majesty of the engrossing scenea majesty all its own-untyped and unshadowed by aught I had ever seen before; and having surveyed the grand object of my visit, from nearly an hundred different points of view, I was more than satisfied, that the cataract of Niagara is a wonder in nature, wholly unique in its kind, and affording a rich, if not an unequalled harvest of interest and observation to every beholder. Indeed nature seems to have done her work here in a mood and upon a scale of the most creative prodigality; consulting alike, as the Pagan poet would say, 'her own amusement and the admiration of man.'

My last look at the falls was a night view from the upper portico of the Pavilion; the brilliant lamps and mooned loveliness of an autumnal heaven adding to the splendour of the vision. From this point amid the tremulous shaking of the earth and the heavens in silent communion with the mighty cataract, the eye takes a more extended range—the most magnificent of prospects. The whole scenery, diversified and vet one, is spread out before you in living beauty and picturesque majesty, you see the plains and forests, above, the cliffs, and rocks and islands around; the dreadful precipice, and the bold sweep of the watery mass, while the fall of the vast pervading column strikes your ear, like the thunder chorus of the 'vasty deep,' warring with its bounds!

I felt about me a heart-reaching, a spirit-stirring influence, that detained me till midnight; and when I retired fatigued and exhausted, and threw myself upon my pillow, it was only to feel the more intensely, the power and expression, the oneness, the depth, the nameless grandeur of the scene; and ear and thought still linger to catch and commune with far-off chidings of the flood, as they wailed to the one the requiem of departed waters, and murmured to the other the melancholy dirge of their passing sway!

CATARACT OF NIAGARA, September 9, 18-,

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of Henry Vaughan, an eminent physician in England, who died in 1695.

Sabbath Days.

Types of eternal rest-fair buds of bliss, In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week-The next world's gladness, imaged forth in this-Days of whose worth the christian's heart can

Eternity in time—the steps by which We climb to future ages—lamps that light Man through his darker days, and thought enrich, Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight. Wakeners of prayer in man-his resting bowers,

As on he journeys in the narrow way, Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's waking hours Are waited for as in the cool of day. Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,

Period appointed to renew our trust-A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

To raise our thoughts and purify our powers-

Published monthly, at One Dollar per annum.

PRINTED BY JOHN D. TOY, CORNER OF MARKET AND ST. PAUL STREETS, Who executes Book and Job PRINTING with neatness and accuracy.