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T. H. STOCKTON—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"How are *we* homicides?" said the seconds, simultaneously.

"Did you ever," said I, "read the Ancient Mariner? Did't the crew approve of the killing of the Albatross? Would that I could fasten a dead Albatross round your necks."

"Perhaps," said one of the seconds, "you would like yourself to take a shot."

"With whom?" said I. "'Twould be a fine thing indeed for me to stoop to your level."

The hands of the principals were now shaking like aspen leaves, and it would have been easy enough to have joined them, but the seconds threw up a quarter of a dollar for the best position, and the principals stood from each other about ten paces.

"Seeing then, gentlemen," said I, "that nothing else will avail, permit me, like Rhoderic Dhu, to help the cause of humanity by a whistle." I whistled and a posse *comitatus* which I had stationed round about, rushed from the woods, and immediately these brave men took to their heels, and even the surgeons and doctors *heeled* it faster than the rest. They never stopped till they had cleared the Ivy Bridge.

The autumn had now fully set in, and the writer began to think of leaving his retirement, and seeking the marts of men. The fields were getting brownish, and the mountains tolerably purple. The placid river began to be curled by rude winds, and the herbage about the Bridge was fading. The writer accordingly took the hint which nature was giving, and after paying his respects to Col. Gilpin he decamped, but not without calling to mind the lines of Keats, who was killed by the relentless critics:

"Souls of poets, dead and gone,
What elysium have ye known?
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Straight Key Tavern."

Ringwood Cottage, Va.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

FREE Kirk of Scotia, lengthen out thy cords,
And spread thy flying tents from hill to hill,
Oppress'd indeed; but thou art still the Lord's,
And onward, onward is thy Master's will.

Old gates are shut, where once thy holy men
To list'ning throngs redemption's story told;
But now the fir-tree copse and shrubless glen,
To peasant crowds their sylvan doors unfold.

Thy people stand all rang'd in musing flocks,
Just where their fathers stood in ancient days;
By straths, and burns, or capes of beauteous lochs,
Whilst from the greensward rose the psalm of praise.

In vallies then, set round with mountain rings,
 By open caves where fell the thund'ring flood;
 Thy moral warriors laugh'd at Papal Kings,
 And haughty captains red with martyr blood.

Wild heather floors and rolling convex skies
 Thy temples now; but let thy quarriers scale
 The shelving rocks, and then shall Kirks arise,
 From Pentland Firth to flow'ry Teviotdale.

Well done old Kirk! the Kirk of Scotia's realm.
 That rangest free of Anglia's galling chain;
 Now ring thy bells in knots of pine or elm,
 On the brown heath or on the hawthorn plain.

Unfetter'd thus to foreign fields advance,
 Warm with thy moral breath Canadian snows;
 In Australasia plant the lowly manse,
 And rear on Indian isles the Sharon Rose.

To thee may Afric's ravenous lions come.
 With Persia's deer, and Bengal tigers bold;
 And Syria's kids to beg in accents dumb,
 For sweet repose in thy millennial fold.

Ringwood Cottage, Va.

FANNY BALDWIN.

BY REV. JACOB M. DOUGLASS.

FANNY BALDWIN was the daughter of poor parents, who lived in the village of B——, not far from Philadelphia. Her father was employed as a laboring man, by the wealthy farmers in the vicinity. Her mother, who occasionally prided herself on being related to one of the officers of the county, took in sewing, and frequently officiated in the capacity of a nurse. Sometime after I was called, in the Providence of God, to preach the Gospel in the village of B——, a revival occurred. Many were induced to cry out in the language of penitence and fear, "What shall we do to be saved?" Many asked the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, weeping as they went. In the church, I observed a solemnity deep and affecting on the countenances of the multitude. I redoubled my exertions, observing the display of the goodness of the Lord. I instituted a weekly lecture in the church, and in addition, preached and exhorted from house to house. Many, having been justified by faith, and having found peace with God, applied to be baptised and admitted into the church. Those were pentecostal seasons. The boisterous passions ceased to disorder and distract the minds of my parishioners. Malevolence lost its keenness and edge in the house of God. Every emotion, every tumultuous rising subsided into a thoughtful but pleasing calm. Conscience asserted her rights: and the Spirit of God spoke in language that could not pass unheeded, nor be misinterpreted nor misunderstood. The reminiscences of those seasons are most sweet and dear to me. They come over my soul like the glad and blithesome dreams of youth, that oft times visit the slumbers of care worn age.