

hymn, which she used often to sing with them, and which was as follows :

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with him and he with me,
Even here alone I cannot be."

The colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the colonel restored the daughter to her mother. But there were no parents or friends in search of the other little girl; it is supposed that they were all murdered; and now the child clung to Regina, and would not let her go; and Regina's mother, though very poor, took her home with her. Regina repeatedly asked after "the book in which God speaks to us." But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost every thing when the natives burnt her house. She resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy one there, but the pastor Muhlenburgh, of that place gave her one. It was most extraordinary that Regina still retained her early instructions, and was able to read it immediately.

In how remarkable a manner did the Lord realize his words, "Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

And what reward did the mother, who had diligently taught her children while yet in infancy, the word of God, receive in finding her lost daughter, by the means of those instructions? Why do so many parents forget to communicate this best of gifts to their children! To dress and adorn them, to leave to them earthly treasures, to advance them in their life-time to honor and dignities—these they trouble themselves much about: but to teach them to know their Saviour, to pray to him, to believe in him, to love and obey him; how many forget these things! But what folly! For, "what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

From the New England Review.
Mormonism.

Mr. Editor,—As the papers seem just at this time to be noticing the troubles of the Mormons, it may be interesting to some of your readers, to give a brief history of the rise and progress of this sect.

In the year 1828, one Joseph Smith, an illiterate young man, unable to read his own name, of Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, was reported to have found several golden plates, together with a pair of spectacles, the relics of high antiquity. The spectacles were designed to aid mental vision, under rather peculiar circumstances. They were to be adjusted, and the visage thrust into a close hat. This done Smith could interpret the sacred mysteries of the plates, in which lay, by the hypothesis, in the top of the hat! But what gives Smith peculiar claims to the title of Prophet and Divine Messenger, among his followers? The fact that no other eyes than his have been able, as he claims, to see the plates. For, by an attempt to exhibit them, he

once incurred six months of "spiritual darkness;" which circumstance serves effectually to quiet the inquisitive. Hence he enjoys his indisputable claims to supremacy, without fear of rivalry.

Previous to his "spiritual darkness," he gained the credulity of one Harris, a simple, but rich farmer.—During this period, he was assisted in committing to memory several chapters from the New Testament.—He was also informed of the most common words, printed in Italics, as not being found in the Greek original. At length "after much humiliation, frequent and fervent prayer," his lost powers of vision were restored. Now in order to establish more firmly his claims to divinity, he would put on his glasses; draw over his hat, and refer his hearers to some chapter—then commence the rehearsal, observing to omit all words which have been inserted by translators. If, however, by failure of memory or otherwise, he chanced to differ from the commonly received text, he always claimed a prerogative—pleading error of translation.—By these and like means, he imposed upon the credulity of many well meaning persons. Of these, however, Harris was the favorite, not only as being the first to embrace Mormonism, but also for being unwavering in the faith of Smith's mission from the Almighty to "publish hidden mysteries." Consequently, he so far gained the confidence of Smith as to be commissioned by him to act as amanuensis in recording an interpretation of the "golden plates." Whilst this work was progressing, Smith received intimation, "miraculously," of the propriety of publishing it. This was well calculated to test Harris' zeal—for all the expense of publication must inevitably fall on him. The terms of the printers, as at first proposed well nigh subverted his faith; but at length the parties agreed, and the "Book of Mormon" was published.

The number of proselytes now increasing, Smith and Harris "dreamed" of a land of promise! Accordingly, all with their effects, commenced a pilgrimage westward. They soon found the desired tract on Connecticut Reserve. But here they were doomed to encounter new trials; for the occupants refused to part with their possessions. However, a purchase of a small part of the promise was effected, on which they took up their abode, holding all things in common. In this place they claim to have wrought divers miracles—to have had immediate communications from heaven, &c., &c. In one instance, a young man, among them gave out the time and place for his receiving a letter from heaven! At the time named, many repaired to the place, and, as "they say," saw the letter fall into his hands. According to his account, the epistle was written with letters of gold, in a round Italian hand.—When copying it the letters of the original disappeared as fast as he progressed; for which reason it has never been exhibited. Of their number was a negro also, who, unwilling to be out-done in these matters, conceived the idea that he could fly! With this conviction he mounted an eminence, and leaping off, rode majestically a perpendicular descent of fifty feet, into the top of a lofty tree! At the end of his flight he was better convinced than ever, that flying was not so very difficult—but the lighting!